

RE

Open to new points of view



A Norton Rose Fulbright magazine
RE: issue 13
RE:
WORK
THE MOVIE'S ABOUT TO START
THE PHOTO ESSAY: LOOKING DOWN
LIFE



RICHARD CALNAN ON JURISPRUDENCE

In 2009, the highest court in the United Kingdom ceased to be the House of Lords and became the Supreme Court. Although its location had changed, the identity of its judges had not, and the expectation was that the change of name would have little effect in practice. Nine years on, this is less clear. Supreme means supreme.

This reflection is prompted by *R (on the application of UNISON) v Lord Chancellor* in 2017. In 2011, the Government decided that fees should be charged to those using employment tribunals in order to transfer some of the cost burden from taxpayers to users. It decided to do this by using the power contained in the Tribunals, Courts and Enforcement Act 2007, which enabled the Lord Chancellor to prescribe fees for certain tribunals. In 2013, a draft Order was therefore laid before Parliament, which was then debated and approved by both Houses.

The result was a dramatic fall in the number of claims brought in employment tribunals, and that led UNISON to challenge the validity of the Order. The claim was rejected by the Divisional Court and then by the Court of Appeal; but it was accepted by the Supreme Court, which declared the Order to be unlawful.

What is of particular interest in the judgment is the very broad nature of the arguments used by the Supreme Court to justify its conclusion. Courts exist in order to ensure that laws are applied and enforced. In order for the courts to perform that role, people must have unimpeded access to them. Access to the courts is not of value only to the particular individuals involved, but to society as a whole. That is all no doubt correct, although one cannot help but think there is at least an element of hyperbole in its expression. It is not

a self-evident truth that the service provided by the courts is more important than that provided by, say, the National Health Service. The Court went back to the Magna Carta to justify the conclusion that we all have a constitutional right of unimpeded access to the courts. Although charging fees does not prevent proceedings being brought, it does constitute a serious hindrance to doing so. Legislation can only impede access to the courts if it is very clearly expressed to do so. The Act under which the Order was made did not contain words which specifically authorised the prevention of access to tribunals. The Order was therefore unlawful because there was a real risk that persons would effectively be prevented from having access to justice.

This is a difficult argument to accept. Parliament had passed legislation authorising the Lord Chancellor to set fees. The fees set by the Lord Chancellor were then approved

by Parliament. But they were nevertheless unlawful because the legislation under which the Order was made did not expressly authorise the prevention of access to tribunals. This sounds very much like judges wanting to have the last say on an issue which is essentially political.

The justification was that the fees have to be set at a level that everyone can afford. But what that level should be must surely be determined by democratically elected Members of Parliament, rather than by a small group of unelected judges.

Who judges the judges?

Next time: Conceptual reasoning and the law

RC is a partner with Norton Rose Fulbright in the UK, Visiting Professor at UCL and an author with Oxford University Press.

The historian

Jeffrey Anderson

KING JADWIGA

The Grünes Gewölbe in Dresden is the greatest extant example of a royal *Kunstammer*, filled with objects made of amber, ostrich eggs, coral, silver, gold and every other substance imaginable. Among its collection is a fourteenth-century chalice of rock crystal and silver gilt. On my first visit I almost walked past the chalice without pausing, except that it is my habit to look at each object dutifully, even if only for a moment. Then I saw the enamel coat of arms on its base—the arms of Anjou—and stopped for a closer look. The Angevin dynasties that sprang from the French county of Anjou ruled, at various times, England, Jerusalem, Naples and Sicily, Hungary and Poland, and are the most fascinating rulers of the medieval period.

The label stated that the chalice was commissioned as a gift for Wawel Cathedral some time after 1385 by the Angevin Queen Jadwiga of Poland. Yet this is incorrect, because Jadwiga wasn't queen of Poland: she was its king.

Jadwiga was the younger daughter of Louis the Great of Hungary, who had himself become king of Poland after usurping the throne from the descendants—in the female line—of his cousin Casimir the Great. When Louis died in 1382, his elder daughter Maria claimed both thrones, but the Polish nobility refused to be ruled by an absentee monarch and insisted that Hedwig (as Jadwiga was then known) be sent to Poland to rule personally.

The question of whether Maria or Hedwig, as women, could rule Hungary or Poland should perhaps have been a difficult one. England accepted female succession in theory, but rejected it in practice when the Empress Matilda was driven from London in 1141 and prevented from succeeding her father Henry I. France had categorically banned succession in the female line in 1328. In Hungary, however, there was a simple response to claims that women were not allowed

to inherit, whether it be land, titles or the throne. This was 'masculinisation', whereby the king, using his 'plenitude of power', proclaimed that, in the absence of male heirs, women could become 'male' and enjoy full rights of inheritance. The procedure was duly applied to Maria so that she could become king of Hungary. In Poland, things were even more simple, since there was no legal requirement that a 'king' be male.

This laid bare the semantic tension in the words 'king' and 'queen'. If 'king' meant the monarch who ruled the kingdom and 'queen' meant the woman married to the king, then what should a woman who ruled the kingdom be called? The answer was obvious: if a woman were monarch, then she was king.

Hedwig was crowned under the Polish form of her name, Jadwiga, as king in 1384. Jadwiga swiftly became one of the most important monarchs in Polish history, most notably by marrying the last pagan ruler in Europe, Jagiello of Lithuania, when she was eleven. Her consent to the marriage facilitated the mass conversion of the Lithuanians to Latin Christianity and sealed her reputation for sanctity—although some say that she was forced to marry Jagiello and tried to smash her way out of Wawel Castle with an axe in a bid to escape and return to her betrothed, the Habsburg Duke William of Austria.

Jadwiga died in 1399 at the age of twenty-six, a few days after giving birth to a daughter who also died young, but Jagiello succeeded her as king and founded the Jagiellon dynasty which ruled Poland for nearly two centuries. Jadwiga's tomb in Wawel Cathedral became a shrine and she was canonised in 1997. The chalice she commissioned for the cathedral now sits in Dresden, a reminder in rock crystal of Poland's female king.

JA's book about the Angevin dynasties of Europe (900 to 1500) will be published later this year. He works in the partnership office in London.

Way of life

IN CARACAS

Sergio Casinelli

I often read in magazines about people referring to their daily life as their routine and what they do to escape it. I could summarize my ‘way of life’ as swimming the opposite way: trying to bring a little bit of routine to fast-moving, ever-changing days. And being of Italian descent, it is no surprise that my family is the element around which my routine has circled.

Most of the day certainly follows no routine. Indeed, routine aspects can become challenging, but this has embedded positive attributes in most *caraqueños*: an ability to react swiftly when faced with unforeseen events, a tendency to look for creative ways to find solutions, a sense of economy and of not taking things for granted, and a deeply rooted sense of looking out for your family. Coupled with the renowned Venezuelan good humor and a glass-half-full attitude, this creates a powerful combination to overcome the challenges of unpredictable days. And the country itself lends a helpful hand. When we are in Caracas, if my son sobs uncontrollably for any reason, the swiftest way to calm him is to take him to a window to the sight of the ever watchful, majestic Ávila mountain guarding the city. ‘Wow’, he says, in wonder. That’s the power that the landscape has.

My nearest thing to a routine is centered in every day being the first person to wake up and the last one to fall asleep. I get up while it’s still dark and perform the same chores: walking our dog; helping with breakfast; and watching the flocks of blue-yellow *guacamayas* fly in spectacular fashion down the street—unfortunately, I’m often not there to witness their return flight. These past years, I have been driving our daughter to school

in the early mornings; the city at dawn is filled with a stunning mist and light.

The Caracas traffic has become my friend: it gives me an opportunity to listen to news or commentators on current affairs in the morning, and at night allows me to briefly study the drivers and pedestrians that cross my path. I find studying people fascinating. A slow drive also allows me to pay more attention to buildings and structures that are usually taken for granted. Caracas has a mixture of modern and traditional construction, but it is the post-war buildings that I enjoy detailing the most—they recall my grandparents’ modest apartment where I spent most Saturdays, growing up.

Dinnertime is less structured. But at some point the four of us sit down at the kitchen table and share some space—although I have lost my battle for the TV to be turned off during that time. At night, I am always the last person to be awake. As a result of growing up and raising a family in challenging times, for me being the last person to go to sleep allows me to finish my days with a sense of closure: by watching the kids asleep in their beds,

listening to their relaxed breathing, and turning off the lights in our bedroom with my wife by my side, I can lie in bed comforted that, in spite of a hectic, volatile day, my family core at the center of it all has managed to stay firm, undisturbed and immovable. When a day ends in this way, I cannot help but feel grateful for the wonderful gift of waking up with them next to me and for them to be the last thing that I see before going to bed. That is the routine that I swim to as my way of life.

‘Wow’, he says, in wonder. That’s the power that the landscape has.

SC is a partner in Venezuela.

Contributors



Nick Abrahams
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Alen Pazin
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Nick Staines
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Maciej Boniuk
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Louise Higginbottom
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Clement Lehembre
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Ivan Maslarov
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Judith Roelofs
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**Ingeborg Alexander
Alejandro Cartagena
Elion Fistraku
Lucilla Loiotile
Marie Cécile Thijs
Sonia Wong**

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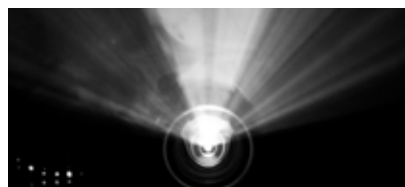
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Cover artwork by
Ivan Maslarov
based on Alejandro
Cartagena's photo
essay

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

What is this thing called RE:? I've never seen it.
Rhonda Cole, LA

Back copies are in the post, and here is a link. Ed.

Looked at Re and saw you chose both of my little anecdotes! It was fun to reminisce and also to read others' stories. Do you send out hard copies or is it just online?

Patricia B, NY

Style, issue 12.

Hard copies go to all our offices; your personal copy is heading your way now. Take it home. Ed.

If I'm guessing I'd say the picture is of Uummannaq, which is a town in the north on an island with a large mountain 'shaped like a heart' (which is the meaning of the town name). But I could be wrong.

Andrew Buisson, London

Wide angle, issue 12.

It's actually Maniitsoq, the sixth largest Greenlandic city. Ed.

Thanks. The meaning of Maniitsoq is something like 'uneven [icefield]', as in refrozen lumps of sea ice.

Andrew Buisson, London

Wide angle, issue 12.

The writing in RE: is tight, engaging and varied. I like the diversity of presentation and topics, and the shortness of the articles. The one that stood out for me was Jon Rice's article on Sam Houston. I had never heard of Houston, and was impressed by his relatively liberal outlook, and how he stood by his view of a moral position.

I encourage you to explore depression and other mental illnesses in upcoming issues. It is a pressing issue, and a challenge for so many in their lives.

Max Collett, Vancouver

Sam Houston, issue 12.

I agree re the importance of voicing thoughts and feelings around depression and anxiety. Will see what can be done. Ed.

I really liked the look and feel of this issue. The front cover was particularly striking. I enjoyed Stringers; Natalia's account, 'Say it as it is', was quite funny as we in London are renowned for being too polite and beating around the bush! My favourite article was 'I'm 29, how should I live my life', probably because it was most relatable to me and I shared a lot of the same thoughts despite being 25. I'm not the biggest fan of the

jurisprudence piece but I see the appeal to lawyers. I loved the black-and-white photo essay, really natural and heartwarming photos. And I love Back Streets. I love these kind of photographs, the ones that capture the everyday.

My favourite season is most definitely autumn, when the leaves change colour and you can wear a big scarf and sunglasses!

Kate Farrell, London

RE:, issue 12.

Thank you. I want to know everything, good or bad! Ed.

I just want to send across my utmost gratitude and honour to be a part of RE:. I will now be sharing this to my friends and family.

Ma. Danica M. Cuna, Manila

In your face, issue 12.

Our pleasure. Ed.

RE: is a lovely dimension to the firm.

Serena Or, Munich

RE: Writing Prize 2018

Thank you to everyone who expressed interest in the Writing Prize 2018. Submissions closed at the end of May and judging is about to start. We were sent poems, essays, stories and reviews from readers (and writers) in South Africa, Canada, Australia, the United States and the UK. I should have a result for you in the next issue of RE:.

Ed.

Most of the writers, photographers and artists featured in RE: are Norton Rose Fulbright people. To talk about becoming a contributor or to pass through ideas or comments, please contact the Editor.

RE: is published twice a year. It is the recipient of industry awards for its design and creativity. It remains steadfastly open to new ideas and new points of view.

nortonrosefulbright.com/about-us/re/

Contact the Editor

nicola.liu@nortonrosefulbright.com

The Editor, RE:

Norton Rose Fulbright
3 More London Riverside
London SE1 2AQ
UK

OBITER DICTUM

Latin, deconstructed

By Patrick Bracher,
Johannesburg

obiter dictum

Something said by the way. In court judgments, a non-binding statement of the law.

obscurum per obscurius

Explaining something obscure by what is more obscure. Often the case when lawyers attempt to argue by analogy.

omnia praesumuntur rite esse acta

All things are presumed to have been correctly done. An odd presumption in a world where life happens.

onus probandi

Usually referred to as the onus, namely the burden of proof. Who bears the onus is important in court proceedings.

opere citato

In the work cited. Usually seen as the abbreviation op. cit. in footnotes.

pacta sunt servanda

Agreements must be honoured. An important principle of law and commerce.

pari passu

With equal pace or force. Particularly when balancing the rights of two or more parties or assets in a transaction.

paterfamilias

Head of the family. The unfortunate Roman law concept that has preserved patriarchy.

This is issue 13 of *RE*, a magazine for everyone in Norton Rose Fulbright around the world and for our friends, among them our clients and alumni. This is the issue of the long read and the slow burn: we give you the life of a man as it unfolds in Australia; and tapes holding accounts of autism from Africa and Europe. I hope you will set time aside to read the stories, listen to the tapes. And then, look away from the words and go straight to the pictures. We have Italy—courtesy of one of our alumni; we have Mexico (through the lens of Alejandro Cartagena); and we take pleasure in introducing the work behind the camera of Stéphane Braun in Luxembourg and Sonia Wong in Toronto. And now, we invite you all to go to the pictures—when was the last time you saw a good movie?

There's more. There's always more; but that's for you to find out. The next issue will appear at the end of 2018. See you then.

The Editor





**DRIVING CHANGE
IN THE DELIVERY OF
LEGAL SERVICES**

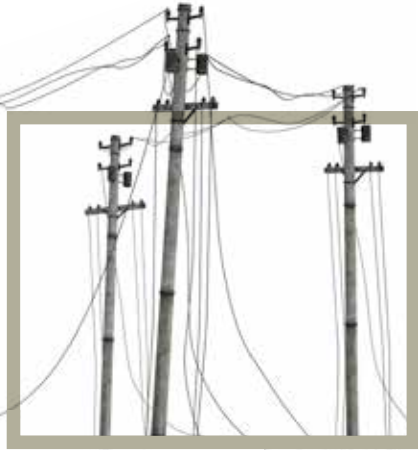


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Stringers

Reports filed by correspondents across the world

A WASTE OF SPACE

Natalia Mushinska | Russia

I cannot imagine a ballerina from the Bolshoi throwing away a cigarette butt on her way home from a rehearsal. Surely it would not occur to her?

We have small bins outside our homes. The idea that I could leave my rubbish there, rather than walk twenty meters to the main container, never crosses my mind. But I see quite a few people dump their rubbish by the entrance without any sense of shame.

Ecology must be somewhere near the top in Maslow's hierarchy of needs. So, if the majority of people are stuck on the bottom level, trying to satisfy their physiological needs, it's no use expecting them to care whether they are littering the planet.

In Soviet times, we did have a system for sorting waste. It was organized on the State level and, I should admit, was quite effective. Large plastic cans were placed near each garbage disposal unit for food waste. There were special points of collection for waste paper, scrap iron and glass. Treating waste carefully was an idea nurtured from childhood. All youth organizations (the Little Octobrists, Pioneers and Komsomol) had to collect paper and scrap iron, and each household was visited by young collectors; everyone had a chance to get rid of their waste. People got money for it—not much, but enough to be an incentive.

At the end of the 1970s (and with the development of publishing houses), a new practice was introduced. You could buy rare books in exchange for kilos of waste paper. By that time people had grown tired of the 'Collected Writings of...' which pervaded bookstores all over Russia and, in search of fresh air, were hunting for *Angélique, marquise des anges* and the novels of Alexandre Dumas. This came to an end in the 1990s, when books were forced out by food coupons.

We have no new waste patterns nowadays, nor any new technologies. I have heard that Russia generates seventy million tonnes of waste each year and only four per cent of that is recycled. The explanation is simple. We have so much land: why build expensive recycling facilities? Let's store our rubbish in a landfill!

'To labour is an honour.' We were taught this at school. Paradoxically, nowhere in Europe have I seen such arrogance toward professions such as that of the street-cleaner as I see today in Russia. In Moscow, you will hardly find one Russian street-cleaner. Our street-cleaners are immigrants from Russia's 'near abroad', Uzbekistan and Tajikistan. They don't seem to find the work shameful. .

NM is RE's Moscow correspondent.

FIREBREAKS

Andrew Robinson | South Africa

Wrapped up against the cold, I look out to the west. The patch of grass in front of the verandah is crisp and brittle with frost. The land slips away into a deep valley choked with dark wattle and clumps of prickly blackjack. Sterkspruit, the steady stream that cut out the valley, chugs stoically over a small weir—a quiet continuo to the peaceful sounds of the rock pigeons. Beyond the valley, the burnt and buff-coloured hills rise steeply up to buttress the great basalt walls of the Drakensberg, their formidable shapes softened by the pale mauve of a winter sunrise.

The dawn seeps out from the east, its progress measured by the long shadows cast by the gnomon peaks and the vivid orange highlights on the range's higher reaches. Beyond the jagged barrier of sheer fluted cliffs and sharp summits lies the Roof of Africa, a cold, desolate, alien area of icy tracks that is terrifying and thrilling to explore.

To the north, where the slopes are less severe, sluggish wisps of smoke appear. Despite the frigid air of early morning, farmers are out burning firebreaks, protecting crops and equipment, shops and roads, barns and homes. Desiccated by the dry mountain air, the grasslands of the lower reaches of the 'Berg are prone to burn with a quick devastation. Even from a distance, the sound of a fire's angry,

callous crackle jars a primeval nerve. Soon the shouts and cries of the teams tending to the precision burn carry up the valley to our exposed cottage; one untoward, unruly gust of wind and the act of defence can turn into a conflagration.

We all need the courage and prescience to burn proper firebreaks in our lives—to protect those things we value the most. Whilst it is now difficult to escape up the escarpment to far-flung spots that hold nothing more than paraffin lamps and wood-burning stoves, there are still places that, mercifully, lack the basics that link you to cellphones, wifi and 4G. Holidays need to be protected from these marvels of the fourth revolution that come to steal time better spent with your partner, children or just with yourself.

Winter holidays in South Africa provide my firebreaks of quiet, so that I can feed off the chatter of my children and their friends and be peeled open by the poems of RS Thomas (found in a dusty volume discarded on a bookshelf); of darkness, so that I can feel the deep breath-snatching awe of a still night sky thick with stars; and of peace, so that I can resolve to do the undone or to reconcile the sorrow of inexplicable loss. And of adventure: earning that honest exhaustion of a trail hiked, a hill climbed—or a firebreak burned.

AR is a writer for RE:

FESTIVAL SEASON

Nick Staines | UK

You press on through the crowd, rucksack straps digging into your back. You reach the destination you've spent half an hour shuffling towards and hand over a crumpled piece of paper to a politely smiling face on the other side of a barrier. They scan the barcode on the paper, attach a fabric wristband to your outstretched wrist and, for the five hundredth time that day, tell you, 'Have a great time'.

You walk on, through flattened grass, surrounded by the cacophony of colour created by flags, tents and gazebos. Eventually you find a patch (not too near the toilets) where you and your friends can just about fit your tents, as long as you don't mind being on very friendly terms with your neighbours. It's been a year, so you have to read the instructions again but eventually you manage to pitch your tent; a couple of pegs are missing so you leave the guy ropes and hope there will be no wind. In celebration, you slump into your folding chair, breathe in the country air infused with campfire and barbecue smoke, and crack open the first warm beer of the festival.

You spend the next three days remembering why you still do this every year, despite a back increasingly intolerant of sleeping on the ground and a general exasperation with the

youth of today (anyone five or more years younger than you). You miss all the artists you came to see and leave with three new favourite bands. You make new best friends one beer-soaked evening and never see or speak to them again. You marvel at how much festival food has improved over the last decade, gourmet pies and vegan-friendly fare replacing the salmonella and chips of yesteryear. Bent out of shape by lack of sleep, a midday acoustic set in a sun-dappled glade by an unknown, local singer-songwriter reduces you to tears.

Most of all, you appreciate the disruption to an urban life increasingly bound by routine. You remember how beautiful so much of the British countryside is and savour the time spent with old friends; time now limited by geography, life's commitments and different paths taken.

Too soon, it's Monday morning. With bleary eyes, you hastily pack away your tent making an unfulfilled promise to yourself to air it out before the next event. Footsore from days of walking and dancing, you trudge back to the car and join the twenty-minute queue that will take you through the dirt track to the nearest main road: your route back to reality.

NS is a music writer for RE:

RE: Work

Wide angle

THE NAMIBIAN DESERT BY STÉPHANE BRAUN, LUXEMBOURG





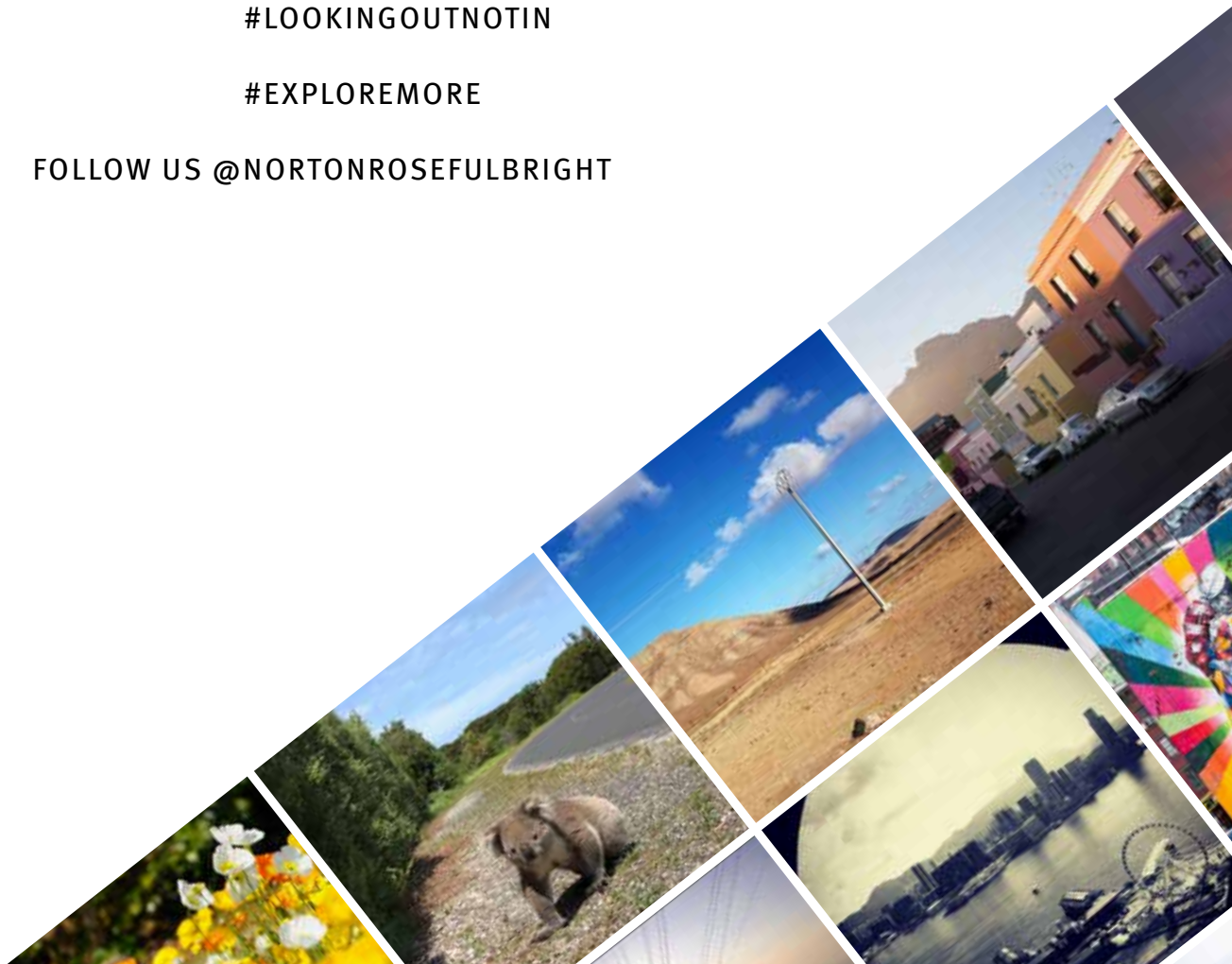
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Accelerating the pace of autism research

The Autism Research Trust funds research to understand the causes of autism, improve diagnosis and explore interventions. By investing in high-quality research, we believe that we can make a difference to the lives of individuals affected by autism, now and into future generations. ART supports projects predominantly carried out by the Autism Research Centre at Cambridge University, including early intervention, vulnerability and mental health, genetics, hormones and brain imaging.

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THE AUTISM TAPES

INGEBORG ALEXANDER

I have a friend in the Netherlands who has two boys: I know the elder boy has autism; I have a feeling that her second is also autistic but we've not been in contact for some years, so I'm not sure. I tell you this because thoughts of my friend Jenny are what prompted me to find some people to talk to about autism.

Autism is essentially the lack of three things: 1 is to do with speech, 2 is theory of mind (the ability to think what other people are thinking); and 3 is social imagination. If you lack all three, then you get a diagnosis of autism. Asperger's is a subset but without the delayed speech. It's all on a spectrum, a three-dimensional spectrum (although it's commonly thought of as a line).

There is one thing above all that I have learned and that is—if you've met one autistic person, you've met one autistic person. (They're all different.)

These are my autism tapes. I'm sorry you can't listen to them, hear their voices in your heads. I hope the words will speak for them.

My thanks to Helena Kosti in Athens (mother of two boys); to Peter Lamb in Durban (father of a girl and two boys); to Andrew Buisson in London (father of three boys); and most especially to Ciaran Dachtler. Everyone's story is different. That goes without saying.

IA, June 2018

START TAPES ▶



CIARAN DACHTLER, LONDON

There's a constellation of symptoms. I've been able to train myself out of a lot of the behaviours and socially camouflage as more normal. After a time that physical effort of trying to adjust into the standard neurotypical behaviours becomes second nature, and then it's essentially learned. Everything I go through, everyone else has gone through at some point in their life but that point is typically early childhood. I've got to figure out that there is a behaviour to address, observe how everyone else does it and then try and get the ratios right and apply it into my own behaviour.

I was diagnosed with Asperger's quite late. I was fifteen.

I was a weird kid. That was definitely the case. On my first Christmas and my first birthday, I had to have my presents unwrapped in a different room to me. I was hypersensitive to noise; and that's continued on. In crowded areas, it's hard for me to listen to a specific conversation because the background noise impedes.

At secondary school I had control over my food budget, so I would overeat to make me feel better. That's something I've been dealing with ever since, unfortunately. How I'm shaped the way I'm shaped is to do with that. None of my siblings is like that. None of them is autistic.

I was taken to a child psychologist by my mum, who was afraid I was depressed. The diagnosis came out that I wasn't depressed, just deeply unhappy; but as a side effect I found out that I was on the spectrum, I had Asperger's. Since then I've become more self-aware. The diagnosis kicked it off. It was such a relief to know that there was a specific thing. 'Oh, this is not just me being weird. There's a framework I can work to here.' Part of the self-analysis thing is I don't like saying good things about myself. I don't want to be smug or self-aggrandising. I am aware of my flaws.

ANDREW BUISSON, LONDON

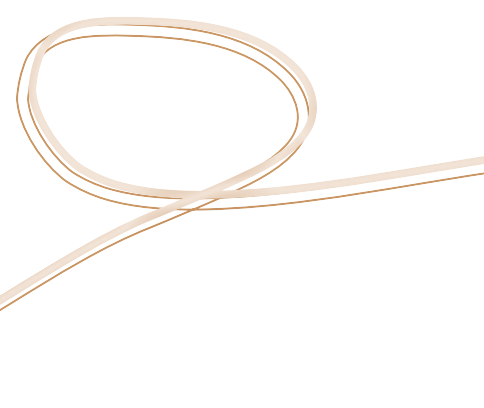
Luke was three by the time we got the diagnosis. Obviously that knocks you for six, you don't know where you are, you're grieving for the child that you thought you had and in fact don't have. And you see other people who have children who are going off and doing this and doing that, and your child isn't. So it's a grieving process and it takes a while to get through and realise that you've still got a son, just different.

As first-time parents we had no idea. I can see now that his behaviour from when he was six months in a little rocking chair was 'stimmy'; a lot of autistic people do it to calm the nerves, to get feedback off their own body of where it is.

He was quite late to learn to walk, maybe eighteen months, and his speech didn't develop quickly, but we had nothing to model it by. At one point they thought there might be a hearing issue, so we had that checked.

He started nursery at about two, and we were told fairly quickly he's not behaving like the other kids. It's difficult for those professionals; all they can do is drop these hints. What they can't do is tell you to your face, we think your kid's autistic. You almost have to find out for yourself that something's different. Eventually, someone suggests you see a psychologist. And the clinical psychologist is the person who makes the judgement: what your child is not doing is this, this and this, and that is consistent with a diagnosis of autism.

You can be given an indication as to where along the spectrum you are, but it's also a function of what else might be going on. In our case it's learning difficulties—Luke's like a four-year-old in a fourteen-year-old's body. He's also got dyspraxia; probably dyslexia; and difficulty with fine motor skills.



LENA KOSTI, ATHENS

His first word in Greek language was 'milk'. Yiannis was a very clever boy. Then in one night our life turned to bad. He was thirteen months old. Suddenly, there was a baby at home screaming because he couldn't tell me if he wanted to drink or to eat or to play. He lost his mind ability, he couldn't walk well, he couldn't stand well; and then our war with autism began.

My youngest son, Rafail, was born with a problem to his legs. Their father left, so I was with two kids that can't manage anything. Till six years, Yiannis was wearing diapers for the night and for the day. It was a hard period.

When Yiannis was seventeen months, I was bringing at home a special teacher. This woman make me feel better because I was very painning, I was very sad for my kid, I couldn't manage all this. It's like you have a baby and you lost your baby. You're feeling like that, that your baby has died.

Yiannis has autism and mental disability. Autism is hard because the kids are in a different world, in their world, in their body. And you have to give them a hole and to pull them out from there, to give them light, to come to our world.

There are many levels that you pass. Thank God, I was strong, I was love him very very much. I took help from the specialists, and I must not to take medicines. I have to make my brain to work differently. Everybody, we grown up in our families with the ways to do that when you get old, when you get married, when you get kids, your mother, my mother, gave us some rules, some methods, some ways, how to mark our life. There was nothing there. There is no instructions.

PETER LAMB, DURBAN

My firstborn turned six in June, and that's a girl, Michaela; and then little Vinay, number two, he's turning five in October. We've just had another little boy, Michael; he turned one in March. We were fortunate that Vinay was our second-born because we had the experience of being parents. My wife is an incredibly wise woman. I recall her saying around nine months that something was different with this boy.

They say fathers of autistic sons are notorious for not picking up autism. I was a perfect case of that. My approach was, 'Do whatever tests you want, but you're wasting your time.'

My one brother is a neuro-paediatrician and my wife's older sister is a paediatrician. When my boy was one and a half, he was taken to a host of doctors to eliminate possible scenarios; we went to Cape Town to have that done. My sister-in-law had an association with Stellenbosch University so we had access to professors in the medical department. Durban is still a backwater when it comes to autism.

What we didn't realise was that we, the parents, had diagnosed our son at a very early age. Most specialists will only make a diagnosis when the child is three. So we had to wait. After the assessment, suddenly doors opened and we could get access to therapists.

He's still non-verbal. If he doesn't talk by five there's a ninety per cent chance that he won't talk. But he takes everything in. You can see it. And the therapists have warned us—little Vinay understands everything that is said to him, everything that's done to him: the difficulty is feeding back to the outside world.

The problem with the child that knows too much is that the frustration levels are raised. I don't mind having an autistic child, I mind having a frustrated child, because then he's unhappy.

ANDREW BUISSON, LONDON

Luke went to a nursery for children with a mix of disabilities, terminally ill, children who couldn't speak or move. Then he went to a mainstream primary school with an autism unit. Some kids there were very sweet—but it became too difficult for him to participate, and that's just because of his learning difficulties, it's not a function of his autism. Now he goes to an autism school in Kent. A taxi takes him to school every day, along with some other kids. There's ten kids in a class, so it's quite a small school.

It's all state school. When you get into special needs it's almost the worst thing to be doing private education. A lot of people go back into the state school system—which is free but you have to fight for everything. My wife has been very eloquent, so we've been able to argue our case. You look at other people and think, there's probably quite a few being ridden roughshod over.

Luke's fourteen, so he's doing things like motor mechanics and animal care. He does cooking at school on a Thursday and he'll always want to show me what he's made. If I get home late he'll take me to the fridge and say, 'Look'. And they're normally very good.

There are places around where they can work, farms that take on kids with special needs. I don't know where he will end up but we'll keep him in education as long as we can.

When he was younger we had little trains that went round in a loop and he would sit there and watch them and watch them. Now, mostly he plays with Pokémon.

There are six hundred Pokémon and he can identify them. There are four massive buckets of soft toys under his bed and there's more in the loft. He'll never go anywhere without two or three toys. So it is problematic sometimes, because he might get them dirty or lose them; but, it's a fact of life. He knows all his soft toys. The trouble is, he'll put all of them on his bed and he has to still get into his bed and I have to get on his bed to read him his story, so we have to make some room, so I put them in the buckets, but there's normally a top twenty which will need to come with him; and he will hunt them out. We've been doing this for years.

Luke's not hugely tactile. He was fine as a kid but now he doesn't really want big long hugs from family members. A cursory hug, that's fine, job done. But he's not averse to touch. He has a sort-of girlfriend, at school. They don't really know what's going on, but he'll certainly want to have his arm round her. They're well matched intellectually. So it's quite sweet. She came with us to the pantomime and they sat together. He says he likes her. But he doesn't volunteer a lot.

He loves the Labrador, it's *his* dog. We got her as an autism assistance dog, but he didn't really need it. He quite likes going for a walk with the dog, not that he interacts with her on the walk, but he quite likes doing that. Whenever he sees dogs out and about he'll want to go and pet the dog; actually, it's quite an opener with people, he'll go and talk to them and say, 'What's your dog's name?'

Luke is quite gregarious, almost too friendly; he's got an innocence.

PETER LAMB, DURBAN

Vinay loves being kissed and hugged and mauled—and he doesn't have a choice because that's how I am with my kids, I just eat them up.

He has no problems with hearing or sight. Crowds can overwhelm him. He scrunches his eyes up when loud sounds are jarring him.

He is very tolerant towards his little brother and he tolerates his sister, but only just. He completely ignores other little children—he's oblivious to them. And animals. We've got ducks and we've got chickens and we've had birds and rabbits and guinea pigs and he's completely disinterested.

He makes little sing-song sounds. They say that the sound is maturing: it's acquiring more mouth movement and articulation. So we encourage that. 'Oh my Gosh, you're talking to us, oh that sounds so lovely!' He occasionally says 'ka-a-a', because he wants to go in the car.

A therapist told me: just because Vinay can't ask doesn't mean he doesn't have a preference; simply hold up two pairs of pants, say 'Which one, Vinay?' and he will indicate which one he wants. The next day we did it and a little finger went up.

He's got some very obvious 'stimming'. He likes to jump. So we bought a massive trampoline; he loves jumping on that. He loves swinging. So we've got this lovely jungle gym and our helpers all know to swing him, often twenty minutes at a time. He loves being squeezed and touched and compressed.

Sometimes people misunderstand his screaming. It's not like a child in pain or fright; there's more of a melody, just high pitched. We've got used to it. A neighbour complained about his screaming in the mornings but I'm not stopping my child from going to the swing and doing his stimming. He needs to self-regulate something in his little body. But we've

got to watch out. Sometimes he bites people when he gets frustrated. If that happens we give him a tap on the hand. The next thing is he tries to bite himself. That's even worse in my book; I'd rather he bite my hand than bite himself.

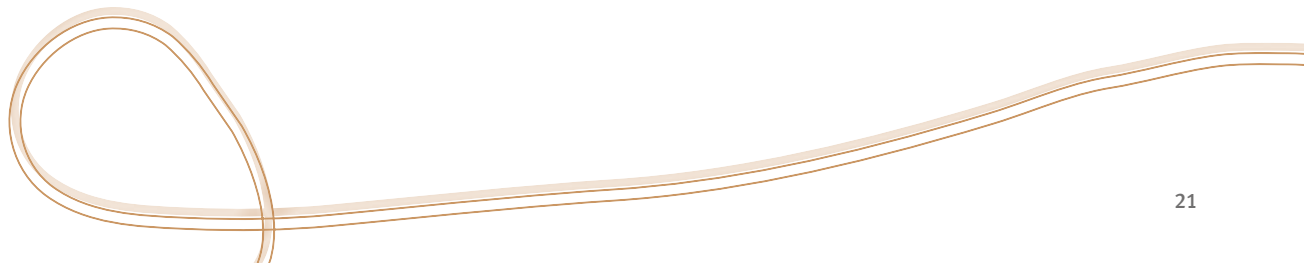
You try and give social feedback. You put your hand to your mouth and say 'Shh, shh, shh, shh, shh, it's too loud' or we try to distract him, so we start stroking his little arm. Touch is good if it's firm. To calm him down you press his feet into his leg and press his calves and his little knees and you do the same motion with his little hands.

We're quite stubborn parents. You do need to stand your ground, otherwise these disabled kids will always be kept at home.

When you grow up with a disabled sibling, as I did, you're so accustomed to disability you're not scared of it. Vinay has only now been potty trained—we had to fly in somebody from Jo'burg for three days to do the potty training—but prior to that he would poo on the floor and mess around with it out of curiosity. That didn't freak me out. My little adopted sister had had so few senses to rely on aside from touch and taste and smell; and frankly, poo is very stimulating, it smells, it's got texture.

Vinay's a *beautiful* child. My little sister had a very obvious disability and she looked disabled. I'm glad for my boy that he's a good-looking child because people will be a lot kinder to him.

I find it amusing when people talk about autism in positive terms. I see autism as a complete theft. You've got this beautiful child and you can see the difficulties he will have to face. Would you prefer your kid not to be autistic? Obviously.



CIARAN DACHTLER, LONDON

One of the things about having collections is that you've got new stuff to show other people, so you're vicariously discovering it again yourself. I've learned not to stare at people while I'm introducing them to films. They know me so they're used to that but it is one of the things I've trained myself out of, because I'm showing them that film for their reactions to it but I don't want to dilute the experience for them by staring at them while they're watching. No, that's distracting and kind of creepy: stop doing that. There were loads of little behaviours I trained myself out of doing.

Eye contact was a common problem certainly in my primary school where my teacher referred to me as learning through osmosis. I was sitting there staring into space. They were talking: that was the information I required—I didn't need my eyes to absorb any of that.

I was an awkward kid in many ways that detracted from the fact that I was fairly bright. There were behavioural issues. There was certainly a temper thing. I'm not sure how that's bundled into Asperger's. Generally, how I was gave rise to some interesting styles of bullying. Weird kid, not socially well-adjusted, I was frequently on my own, just reading stuff outside; so I was a bullying target throughout most of my education.

Slow rhythmic clapping—tying into the noise sensitivity thing. Or chanting. They wouldn't leave me alone. So I'd lose my temper and attack them, whatever, and so the teacher comes, 'Why were you attacking them?' 'He was clapping at me.' That doesn't hold water, that's not a thing.

At secondary school, it was more along the lines of again the loner behaviour.

I went to a grammar school. In terms of academics it was good. In terms of pastoral care it was rubbish. My mother had to do a lot of fighting after I was diagnosed.

I read encyclopaedias, so I would have these formal cadences to everything I said and would talk in slightly obscure language, lots of polysyllabic words when they absolutely weren't necessary and sounded strange coming out of a thirteen-year-old.

There was a Young and Gifted thing that allowed me to do things like Middle English poetry. I liked Latin. But there were very few subjects I applied myself to; unfortunately, Latin wasn't one of them. A lot of how I did was so tied to whether I liked the teacher. I was a B student in the end. I probably could have scored higher; expectations were higher. I just wasn't engaged with anything and having generally a bad time.

I made a bit of a mess-up of university; I don't think I was emotionally or psychologically mature enough. I failed a couple of units in my second year, didn't take the resits, I don't know why even now, and then for a decent chunk of the following year I lied to my parents about going and of course that was one of the worst years of my life. It was a very shameful time. After my parents found out and we had the whole conversation I went back and applied myself and came out with a 2:1. People just see 2:1 and that's it; but for me it was one of the worst periods in my life.

I owe a lot of my social normalisation to the hobbies I have. I'm playing war games *with* other people, playing card games *with* other people. I went to AdeptiCon for several years in a row—that was my holiday, go to Chicago, go there. It's been very socially freeing. You've got the baseline underlying hobby to talk about; you could talk for half an hour and then, 'Oh, by the way, my name's Ciaran, what's yours?'

Everyone's kind of weird. I don't want to meet the one hundred per cent normal person because I think I would be probably kind of bored? As would they.

LENA KOSTI, ATHENS

After all these years Yiannis began to speak. When he was five he say to me in Greek, ‘Mama’—and you understand I was crying. It took me very long time and many years to hear this beautiful word.

His brother helped him very much. Rafail take him and stay there on the floor and play with cars or balls. He understands very well Yiannis. And Yiannis loves him very much and shows his brother that he loves him by his way. No other family could love more.

Every Saturday, Sunday, everybody is in my bed and we stay there for two hours and we are laughing, we are playing. Yiannis, you have to see him to understand that he is happy: he is making a movement like a fish and he is trembling his body and he is making a noise ‘a-a-a-a-a’, a happy noise.

Every Saturday we are at the sea. All August we are in my village and every day we are at the sea. I’m yelling, ‘Get out now! You are one hour there!’

Yiannis didn’t use to eat green things. So the toilet for him was difficult. I made him to drink or to taste. I was putting something on my finger and, as soon as he saw that, he was running around, I was running after him to take him to taste this from my finger. And month by month, step by step, now Yiannis eat the most vegetable at home.

When Yiannis was three and we were going to the playground, he couldn’t take all the noise, so he was trying to get out, he was beating the bars, and then he was on the ground, he was so angry, he was beating himself, tragic tragic.

You don’t know what to do the first time this happens. It is a shock. You are thinking,

now what? So I was taking him and his brother to the sea or to the mountains. I make solutions for my family. And step by step we were going to the playground for five minutes, and six minutes, eight minutes, and step by step time by time, now we are going to the playground for two hours, and I tell him, ‘We have to go home.’ ‘Not yet! A little more, Mum, a little more.’ This is what you can do with years of work.

Acceptance is the magic word. If you accept your baby, your boy, your kid, you can do many things.

My family was not aware of autism—they assumed it was something they can get for themselves, that if it is a ‘flu they can get ‘flu. Many people thought that. If my son has autism, their son can take it from my son! And I was very sad. We are not bad people: we are different. Why they cannot accept my kid?

Here in Greece there are mums that they are hiding their kids. There are mums that they put these kids in hospitals and they are going on with their lives as nothing came up. There are mums that they have these kids like dogs, they don’t pay attention. Many many mothers are taking medicines for themselves. Because it is hard.

I have other mothers, friends, that because your life is changed, totally changed, everybody take you out of their lives, because you can’t discuss with them when you are out for a coffee, you have to take care of your baby. And people left us.

And I make a new life, that I’m Yiannis’ mum, not Helena, I’m Yiannis’ mum. I’m alone, I have divorced, and I have two kids. This is me and my family.

ANDREW BUISSON, LONDON

We hear a lot of jibber jabber from him. We'll be in the car, all five of us, and the one thing you can guarantee is there won't be silence, because he'll start going on about his special thing; it can get quite intrusive, so we'll just say, 'Luke, quiet!' And he will quieten down for a bit.

If he's upset—the homework is the trigger word, to be honest—then he'll go off, shout, get really cross, 'I'm not doing this', get quite enraged. Usually he calms down. If it gets really bad, we might have to take one of his toys away; that's normally as far as the punishment goes.

A lot of the time he's by himself, watching YouTube and listening to music in his room. It's typical teenage behaviour.

He's a difficult photographic subject. If you catch him naturally, you can get a good shot. The trouble is, as soon as he sees a pose coming up he will put a grimace on, which is his view of what a smile is. It's difficult to get good pictures with Luke. But they do exist. I do a good search at the end of the year when I'm making a calendar for the grandparents.

Because Luke's one of three, and I've got a wife and we've got a dog, you know, the house is busy, there's always something to do, whether it's sorting all the washing out, taking the dog for a walk, doing the kids' homework, or the seven-year-old demanding our attention as he does so often; there isn't a lot of time to sit.

The best thing we ever did was have two more brothers. For him. Rather than just sitting and focusing and thinking. Because you can see that with some other parents and I'm glad we're not there. I just don't even want to think about that.

I've absolutely no idea what life's like through his eyes.

LENA KOSTI, ATHENS

After many years I get to know a man, Pavlos, that loved us like the way we are. I was denied in the beginning. 'I am not for nobody. I have my life, it's difficult, I can't say to somebody to change his life for mine. You have to go out to find another woman.' He didn't do that. He told me, 'I want to be with you.' In the beginning no, I didn't trust him. But by month by month... I trust him. And now we are living all together in my home.

I am there to translate Yiannis' words or his movement or his glance.

He has no the manners that there are for us. If he wants to pee, he doesn't care where he is or who is around, he will pee! And we learned him that this is not appropriate. You have to go *there* or to do *that*. He used to run, to do turns around himself or to throw down whatever he didn't need. Now Yiannis goes to the playgrounds or restaurants and he is very very nice.

Now we can see if he is unhappy or not. He is speaking differently, no right or clear, but you can understand him. I am looking at his eyes, I'm looking at his body, if he's calm or if he's anxious.

I am in the middle. For him, for his life, for his little brother, for my ex-husband. Autism are good people. But you have to change your mind to understand them. And thank God I can manage that. I am thinking differently. I see things from many sides, not from the way I used to see.

There is the rumour that autistic does not see you in the eyes. From the first moment Yiannis was looking at me. Me, not the others. Me only.

PETER LAMB, DURBAN

I was in the pet shop getting my daughter a parakeet and bumped into the father of an autistic son who's nine years old. Long story short, the mother refused to have another kid because there's a higher risk of autism.

We took the risk of having another little boy. Having a third kid was a conscious decision. They say autism hits at eighteen months and that it has a genetic base but may be triggered by environmental factors. All we can say is that at present we have got a fat little healthy fourteen-month-old.

The reason why we have Michael is because there's the real possibility that Vinay will always need to be taken care of. I'm one of seven, so my approach is that siblings are a support system. I've got a beautiful little girl, she's loving and caring; if something happens to us, it's leaving her... So, yeah, more kids.

If you can afford it here, you can get the therapy. But the alternate providers are not cheap. In South Africa there are a lot of poor people who could not afford this type of therapy by any means.

My wife is a university lecturer. She's visually impaired so she can't drive, and we have to take that into consideration with Vinay's therapy.

He's at school from eight until twelve. He has one hour OT a week and one hour of speech therapy and we send him to extra activities such as swimming. So we have an au pair and a full-time helper.

Getting time to implement the therapy is problematic. When you come home the helper is exhausted, the kids are tired, it's not like you can sit down in some regimented therapy type environment—and he doesn't want it. Vinay wants to be hugged and kissed, he hasn't seen his Mum and Dad the whole day.

CIARAN DACHTLER, LONDON


You broaden your palette as you grow up, at least I hope you do. I really like Dire Straits and Madness and the Specials. I like skaa and bluesy sort of stuff. I'm a fan of modern progressive rock and the spin-off from that into progressive metal, there's a lot of hip hop I like, there's a punk band I've just got into, a lot of synth stuff, there's so much that I explore and pick out.

I've been lucky: I can be quite funny. One of the things I found out at university is that I really liked presenting in front of my class. The social roles are clearly set, unlike in a conversation; I'm the presenter, they're the audience, and that's clear-cut, I can understand that. I have an interesting use of language and relatively good delivery if you like dead-pan (I do that a lot) and so I would get laughs. It was positive reinforcement: they were laughing, so it was good; and it was laughing at something that I deliberately put in for them to laugh at, so again, good, it meant they were paying attention and would be more engaged to listen to more of it. I had some of that natural low-lying comedic ability or use of words or wit or whatever you call it. That's something socially I lean on a lot. I like making jokes, I like getting that positive reaction; you can't misinterpret it. It's a much simpler emotive response than a slight shift in expression or the way someone sounds in terms of vocal intonation.

I've got a bit of a tin ear for vocal intonation.

Everyone's on the spectrum to some degree, it's just a matter of severity. 'Severity' makes it sound bad but you know what I mean.

END TAPES



Turn your phones off.
The movie is about to start.

WHY DO WE STILL LOVE GOING TO THE MOVIES?

Words by Shamim Razavi

The Golden Age of Television has seen cinema scramble to offer something that Netflix and Co. cannot—3D, 4D, beds!—but there is no need for any of this. Cinema’s core offerings have always been far beyond the reach of the streaming giants. The ritual of vision, sound and darkness—that cinematic act of collective worship—is constant. This is true whether you are in a catacomb (*Eraserhead*, Paris at midnight, 1987; and Tokyo, Uplink arthouse, 2018) or a cathedral (*Matrix Reloaded*, the London IMAX at Waterloo, 2003). I recall watching, in tears, the substitutionary atonement of the Normandy landings (*Saving Private Ryan*, York Museum Filmhouse, 1998). I recall encountering the transcendent (*2001: A Space Odyssey*, in countless cinemas). And coming face to face with the forces of evil (starting with *Bambi*). All of these transformative moments were played out and experienced in public: there is something mystical about that willing entry into a dark collective space and the experience of emerging two hours later, unsteadily blinking, transformed and reborn. I still recall the absolute moment of my conversion to cinema: it’s the Spielberg scene where Elliott’s faith triumphs over the doubters (*ET the Extra-Terrestrial*, Warwick University film society, 1983). TV can keep its box sets and episode arcs; nothing can match the experience of the true religion.

BEHIND THE SCENES

**Holly Terris,
Vancouver**

I WAS A MAKE-UP ARTIST

Much of make-up artistry is unglamorous, covering pimples and wiping sniffling noses. Me, I loved creating gore effects, especially for B-horror movies. I used plastic tubing poked with holes, slid up sleeves and attached to a giant cartoon syringe of syrup-based fake blood. Laying on the ground, just out of frame, I would wait for the cue and unleash the geyser or slow ooze. Actors could be covered in blood for hours, becoming stuck to the floor or to each other or with their arms glued to their sides.

**Cheryl Lee,
Singapore**

I WAS A TALENT PAGE AT THE OSCARS

For five years, I escorted winners and presenters backstage at the Oscars. I had great interactions with Robin Williams, Al Pacino, Quentin Tarantino, Brad Pitt and Julie Andrews. During commercial breaks the theatre would turn to chaos. At my first Oscars, I was struggling through the crowds to get my talent back to his seat (front and centre stage) when the lights dimmed, live countdown started and there I was, staring straight into camera with the cameraman screaming at me to ‘hit the floor!!!’ I stood there, deer in headlights, until a colleague ran up and pushed me face down onto the carpet. I had to crawl my way out.

**Andrew Hall,
London**

I MAKE FILMS

I don’t have a background in cinema, but then you only really learn filmmaking by, well, making films—I suspect the biggest barrier to aspiring filmmakers is their own hesitation. My first was shot on my parents’ camcorder; my twelfth and most recent involved delicate 16mm film and a small army of technicians. The learning curve is startling but the essential process—imagining a scene, identifying what needs to go before a camera to realise it, guiding your cast towards an honest performance, and shooting—stays the same, whether you’re making a micro-short with friends or you’re James Cameron on *Titanic*.

FILM CRITICS ACROSS THE GLOBE

Cheryl Lee, Singapore
 THE FIRST FILM THAT
 MADE A REAL IMPACT
 ON ME

WILD, 2014
 dir. Jean-Marc Vallée

With little preparation or training, Cheryl Strayed embarks, alone, on an eleven-thousand-mile trek. Her resilience and spontaneity really resonated with me—the idea that by being at one with nature you could become one with yourself. Since watching *Wild*, this city girl has become a hiker, walking to Kilimanjaro and Everest Base Camp.

Susan Baldwin, LA
 THE FIRST FILM THAT
 MADE A REAL IMPACT
 ON ME

THE DEER HUNTER, 1978
 dir. Michael Cimino

Cimino's award-winning epic captures the turbulent Vietnam era. We share the experience of three lifelong friends—celebrating life, surviving war and enduring its aftermath. The film delivers emotionally shattering performances as well as explosive Vietnam sequences. It brings home the consequences of war, without preaching.

Mathieu Dahan, Paris
 A CLASSIC

**ONCE UPON A TIME
 IN AMERICA, 1984**
 dir. Sergio Leone

An epic tale of misery, of childhood, of dreams, friendship and love, of ultimate success, and treachery—the very stuff of the American Dream—seen through the prism of a European gaze, contained within a deconstructed narrative structure: *Once Upon a Time in America* is extraordinary, a source of endless fascination, unforgettable, unique. *Récit ambitieux et épique de misère, d'enfance, de rêve, d'amitié, d'amour, de violence, d'ascension et de trahison— quintessence de l'histoire américaine— vu par le prisme d'un romantisme européen assumé, à la structure narrative totalement déconstruite, Il était une fois en Amérique fascine inlassablement. Œuvre unique et bouleversante, à jamais inoubliable.*

Jacqui Kiewiet, Cape Town

THE FIRST FILM THAT
 MADE A REAL IMPACT
 ON ME

PULP FICTION, 1994
 dir. Quentin Tarantino

I was 25 in 1994 and South Africa was transforming itself. I had never seen a film like *Pulp Fiction*; its very difference to all I knew amazed me, its mash-up of scenes and plotlines. The violence hits hard, but it works. The film reads like a trashy novel; the dialogue is shocking, delightful; and the music—brilliant.

Kelli Miles, Washington DC
 A CLASSIC

**GONE WITH THE
 WIND, 1939**
 dir. Victor Fleming

Winner of ten Academy Awards, this one film brings you excellence in direction, acting, film adaptation, costume, art direction, cinematography, music score and more. Its main character, Scarlett O'Hara, was in many ways ahead of her time. A portrait of history. A drama. An action adventure. A must-see. A classic.

Ayesha Mian, London
 A MOVIE THAT
 CANNOT BE
 CATEGORISED, PUT IN
 A BOX, LABELLED

IL POSTINO, 1994
 dir. Michael Radford,
 Massimo Troisi

The desire to learn, and drive oneself, isn't the obvious topic in this quiet film but is certainly the essence of the central character, *il postino* (the postman). Massimo Troisi is superb as Mario; the dialogue is full of subtle, intelligent humour; and the film gently demonstrates that 'simple' doesn't mean simple.

Chris McLeod, Perth
ONE YOU MAY NEVER
HAVE HEARD OF

**NAMELESS
GANGSTER: RULES
OF THE TIME, 2012**
dir. Yoon Jong-Bin

A corrupt customs officer (Ik-hyun) steals a confiscated shipment of methamphetamine and connects with gangland kingpin Hyung-bae Choi. With the relationship-savvy Ik-hyun exploiting his political connections and the cool, suave but violent Hyung-bae providing the muscle, they rise to rule Korea's criminal underworld. But greed overwhelms loyalty and the relationship begins to crumble.

**Sergio Casinelli,
Caracas**
A GREAT COMEDY

**KIND HEARTS AND
CORONETS, 1949**
dir. Robert Hamer

I am a huge fan of Alec Guinness, and there is much to admire in this black comedy about a man who tries to inherit an aristocratic title by murdering the eight relatives who stand in his way. Watching Guinness play *all* eight victims affords a wonderful glimpse into his remarkable acting talent.

Timothy Chan, Sydney
A CLASSIC

**2001: A SPACE
ODYSSEY, 1968**
dir. Stanley Kubrick

I love everything about this film—this extraordinary exploration of the tension between humanity and technology. The gorgeously rich soundtrack, in its stark contrast to the malevolence of super-computer HAL, adds to the powerful feeling of suspense. *2001* proves that minimal dialogue is no barrier to a good story.

Holly Terris, Vancouver
A CLASSIC

REBECCA, 1940
dir. Alfred Hitchcock

What seems at first a classic romantic drama subtly reveals itself as an eerie, suspenseful mystery. The characters are unsettling in their sinister obsessions with the titular character—the first wife, who held sway over the Cornish mansion of Manderley. This is a film that from start to finish gives you the creeps.

Amanda Allen, Houston
A FANTASTIC HORROR
MOVIE

ANNABELLE, 2014
dir. John R. Leonetti

Any horror film worth its salt has to do one of a few things. It has to make me jump, close my eyes, or scream. *Annabelle* does all three. A classic film about a doll that comes to life and wreaks havoc on any and everyone that comes into her path.

Aditya Badami, Calgary
ONE YOU MAY NEVER
HAVE HEARD OF

VICTORIA, 2015
dir. Sebastian Schipper

This riveting crime thriller comes from Germany and was filmed in real-time from dusk until dawn in Berlin—with a cast of unknowns but for Laia Costa and improvised dialogue based on a twelve-page script. You'll be on the edge of your seat the entire time. Includes a great soundtrack by Nils Frahm.

Andrew Hall, London
A MOVIE THAT
CANNOT BE
CATEGORISED, PUT IN
A BOX, LABELLED

**A GHOST STORY,
2017**
dir. David Lowery

Who would have thought that hiding Casey Affleck in a sheet would make for one of the most poignant performances of the decade? The premise—Affleck, in a sheet, invisible—is deceptively simple. Provocative and unpolished, this drama/horror/comedy/romance leaves you feeling adrift, or perhaps reborn.

Shamim Razavi, Sydney
A MOVIE THAT
CANNOT BE
CATEGORISED, PUT IN
A BOX, LABELLED

**KOYAANISQATSI,
1982**
dir. Godfrey Reggio

Nature documentary? Dystopian horror show? Music video? Reggio's masterpiece spawned its own sub-genre categorisable only as being 'like *Koyaanisqatsi*'. The title means, in Hopi Indian, 'life out of balance'. This is a film that, over the course of eighty-five minutes, delivers a punch that remains powerful and perhaps even more relevant thirty-five years later.

IF YOU ONLY WATCH ONE MOVIE, MAKE IT THIS ONE

<i>TWENTIETH CENTURY WOMEN</i> (2016) Call your mum AH, London	<i>IMMORTAL BELOVED</i> (1994) Don't wait JK, Cape Town
<i>CHILDREN OF MEN</i> (2006) The future today AB, Calgary	<i>BLADE RUNNER (THE ORIGINAL)</i> (1982) "Time to die" (tears in rain) AM, London
<i>CRASH</i> (2004) Who are you? KM, Washington DC	<i>TOOTSIE</i> (1982) Memorable. Quotable. Zany. SB, Los Angeles
<i>MEMORIES OF MURDER</i> (2003) Cheeky. Dark. Beautiful. HT, Vancouver	<i>ERASERHEAD</i> (1977) <i>Ceci n'est pas un film</i> SR, Sydney
<i>AMÉLIE</i> (2001) Simple kindness CL, Singapore	<i>DEATH IN VENICE</i> (1971) <i>Amour sublime</i> MD, Paris
<i>TITANIC</i> (1997) Timeless TC, Singapore	<i>THE GRADUATE</i> (1967) Funny. Poignant. Timeless. CM, Perth
	<i>8 ½</i> (1963) Profound. Visually stunning. SC, Caracas

THE END

LOOKING DOWN, AND UP

ALEJANDRO CARTAGENA

A photo essay

Mexico is in the process of becoming a country of homeowners. I have been using my camera to document the impact of this on people's lives since 2006. And I have been wondering—once you have your new home in the suburbs, what then? How do you manage to get to your place of work? You're poor, you don't have a car or a moped. I've been looking for some trace of public transportation—the infrastructure of daily life—and I cannot find it. In the northern suburbs of Monterrey in Nuevo León there are four hundred thousand new houses. Many of the people who live there work some distance away, in the affluent southern suburbs where you find the mansions and the pools. So I see a lot of carpooling—the subject of this photo essay.

I went twice a week to an area in Monterrey where you get a good view from above of six lanes of traffic on the highway. I waited there for the pickup trucks to come by, carrying construction workers and builders; and I did this each week for a year, always in the same spot, capturing this one part of their chaotic, busy lives. I was looking down: they were looking up.

















Life

three boys: Max to UVic, Jack on exchange, leaving James—life's changes Christopher S Wilson, Vancouver. back up the 13,000 photos on iPhone so can add 13,000 more! Michelle Lyons, Houston. remember to get liquor for Chrissy's engagement party Bob Comer, Denver. wean the boys off Fortnite NB catch up on Westworld (work out what is going on) Martin Osborne, Brisbane. hunt for bargains in bric-a-brac shops Silvia Fazio, São Paulo. build treehouse | buy star Fiorella Bellissimo, Toronto. prepare weekly meal plan and go to gym three days a week Tias Karina, Jakarta. meditate amongst mountain peaks in Milford Sound (New Zealand) Zein El Hassan, Sydney. swim with dolphins Lisa Dhawan, London. run 5 km race in 27 mins or under Elizabeth Hernandez, Mexico City. master speed typing on 1927 manual glass key typewriter Sheela Moorthy, Singapore. find app that makes time for living life but before then go see Disney on Ice, in Iceland Ragemah Hendricks, Jo'burg. join 10 km running game with family members Ai Tong, Shanghai. see more of the world: go to Iceland Apoorva Sharma, Houston. Thai-boxing in Bangkok with old friend AND become Dutch Paul Vine, Amsterdam. Swedish death clean my closet Heather Manson, Jo'burg. restore old habits: create annual photo albums for 2014 to 2017 (no more lost photos out there in the ether) Nicola Davies, Singapore.

To do

The sporting life

“THE SLIGHTEST SHIFT OF MY BODY OR THOUGHT INFLUENCES WHAT MY HORSE DOES”

Slow sports

HIKING

Amy Mitchell, Austin

Last summer we hiked a mountain and the sensation was just that of being blown around like crazy by the wind. I couldn't catch my breath. I had to put one foot in front of the other to make it to the top. When I got up there, I felt—exhilarated.

People get struck by lightning if you're above the treeline. You have to be careful. We typically get up early, at first light, so we can be up and down before the afternoon thunderstorms roll in.

We have been going to Colorado every summer since my 31-year-old daughter was four months old. We stay in Estes Park and hike in the Rocky Mountain National Park. I have a hiking buddy in Wisconsin—one of my favorite things in the world is to go hiking with my friend. She and her husband know places in the Park nobody else knows of.

We walk six to twelve miles in a day, either up a mountain or over toward the lakes. In the spring, there's still a lot of snow at the higher elevations. The snow melts in the summer and the streams and lakes are very full.

We always pack food, that's critical; and good shoes, extra socks, a camel pack, and layers: you might get hailed on or snowed on or rained on. I use two hiking poles; they are a little difficult on a plane but they are so helpful.

I get to places I would never otherwise get to see. Places you just cannot see from a place you park your car. I've seen bighorn sheep, elk and moose. Once I saw a bear. You can come round the corner and see wildlife just standing there.

I really want to go hiking in the Smoky Mountain National Park. And I want to go to Acadia in Maine. And the Glacier National Park in Montana. They are amazing, beautiful.

I stay in shape during the year so I can hike. I work out, I walk, I do Pilates, I play tennis, I swim. There's a hike-and-bike trail in Austin which goes around Lady Bird Lake, near the office. I come into work with my tennis shoes and go down and walk the trail. There are people running and biking and out on the lake they are rowing and kayaking.

I have a daughter in New York. That's another good place to go walking.

BADUANJIN

Tracy Wong, Hong Kong

Baduanjin is a form of qigong. It means 'the eight pieces of brocade' and is based on a simple, slow sequence of eight sections. I started to practise it a few years ago, when I realized that I needed to take some simple exercise every day and improve my health. I learned the sequence on YouTube and now I perform Baduanjin every morning. It relaxes the tension in my neck and sets my mind at peace.

For me, learning and practising Baduanjin is much easier than Tai Chi, as I only need to remember the eight sections. As I go through the sequence of eight, I stretch my body to focus on a different physical area in slow motion, keeping my breathing constant. I have to 'draw the bow', 'separate heaven and earth' and 'touch the sky', all before I go to work.

'Slow' is not an easy task for people who work in Hong Kong—especially in Central—but I can see how 'slow' benefits me, physically and spiritually. I recommend it to you.

YIN YOGA

Mia Edin, Singapore

Yin yoga is all about internal focus, physical and mental. By practising it regularly, the practitioner can improve mobility and keep the body flexible even as it ages. While focusing on mindful breathing, the practitioner holds each (typically sitting) posture for several minutes, enabling the body to fully adjust before stretching further into the pose. The postures are passive in nature and focus on working the connective tissue in the hips, sacrum and lower spine. Yin yoga can be particularly beneficial for athletes, allowing them to release tension in overworked joints.

The relatively 'simple' postures (don't be fooled—they can be challenging to hold for several minutes) and the slowness of the practice can, together, reduce stress and anxiety, as the practitioner is continuously reminded to focus on the breath. It is quite common for yin yoga teachers to include meditation practices in their teaching.

Yoga teachers often say that we keep our emotions in our hips. By opening up our hips, we release built-up tension. New students can find yin yoga challenging because of this, as it tends to stir up suppressed emotions. To me, this is the beauty of yin yoga: it brings us back to ourselves.

DRESSAGE

Kate Freeman, London

I started horse riding as a child. When I was younger it was about the thrills and spills of going fast and jumping; as I grew older, I realised how important to me the relationship with the horse is. Horses are perceptive. Whatever my mood, each time I go to see my horse, I know I have to leave all of my worries at the gate, as she will pick up on anything in an instant and become anxious, and her performance will be impaired. Dressage is a discipline that requires riding and training a horse to develop its balance and strength so that, together, you can go through a series of movements. It may look as though the rider is doing nothing, but it takes years of training for horse and rider to perform even the simplest of movements. When I ride I have to be totally focused; the slightest shift of my body or thought influences what my horse does. There is no greater feeling than when it all comes together and we are in harmony. I love the partnership that I have with my horse, old as she is now.

CROQUET

Louise Higginbottom, London

My father, a demon tactician, taught me croquet early in childhood and my passion for it remains. It requires two or four players (in two teams), four balls, six hoops (laid in a rectangle), a finishing post, some mallets, a lawn, and a vicious streak in one's temperament.

The aim is to propel your team's balls through all six hoops (set up in a rectangle) and hit the post first. The fun lies in the 'roquet'—hitting your ball into another ball, and then using your ball to project that other ball towards a hoop (if yours) or into the far distance (if an opponent's). The art is in the angles (as in snooker) and use of follow-through—none, and your ball stays still but the other flies off; follow through, and your ball travels as well. The satisfaction is in keeping the other team's balls permanently at the opposite end of the lawn, while your team progresses round the course.

Croquet pretends to be a gentle game for ladies, played before afternoon tea taken in bone china cups. In fact, it is a gladiatorial, if slow, fight to the death (and a glass of Pimms).

The kitchen table

SUMMER AND WINTER SALADS

Sonia Wong, Toronto

My food is intended to nourish, to indulge, and everything in between. In my family, we eat tons of veggies and grains like rice, oats and quinoa. We generally look for foods that are hormone- and additive-free and we eat our way through large quantities of organic nuts. We consume meat as a component of the dish rather than the main event. But that doesn't mean we don't indulge in the occasional ribeye steak or have a bottle of Sriracha in the fridge. We do! We are not all-the-way healthy nor are we all-the-way careless.

Plant-based. Gluten-free. Paleo. Our way of eating does not fit neatly into any of these labels: we pull from them the components that work for us. Whatever our way of eating is called, my wish is for us to be thoughtful about what we consume with a strong emphasis on the whole and the good. And so, today, I bring you salads—a quintessential summer salad rich in peaches; and a winter salad that celebrates the gorgeous blood oranges of the season.

There is one surprise ingredient that I hope you will enjoy getting acquainted with: *umeboshi* vinegar—also known as *ume* (Japanese plum) vinegar. Umeboshi is a pickled Japanese plum and umeboshi vinegar is a by-product, a salty 'brine' with a bit of tang and fruitiness. You may have tasted it at Japanese restaurants. My first encounter, years ago, was in the form of umeboshi paste inside a sushi roll along with *shiso* leaves. And when I go to a favorite Toronto joint for a bowl of ramen, I love that there's a single, whole umeboshi bobbing in the bowl; the idea is to eat it at the end to aid digestion.

The art of food blogging

'Food blogger' is a title I acquired quite by accident. I see myself simply as someone aiming to create healthy eating habits for the family—especially our two little girls, who are young enough that their food outlooks and taste preferences can be shaped by what they grow up with. Aside from that, I am passionate about food photography. When I picked up a DSLR three years ago and began sharing my homemade meals on Instagram, I didn't know this is where I would end up. But I love sharing my images and my tried, tested and true recipes!

Sonia Wong's recipes and photographs have appeared in *Vogue.com* and on *thefeedfeed.com*, and on the Instagram feed of *lifeandthyme.com*, *beardfoundation* and *cookinglight*. Her own blog is *saltnpepperhere.com*. Her husband is a lawyer with Norton Rose Fulbright (Jung-Kay Chiu).

PEACH AND TOMATO SUMMER SALAD, FOR 4

Gluten-free, refined sugar free.

Also paleo, vegan, dairy-free if the bocconcini is omitted

Pickled red onion

Combine the ingredients. Set aside for at least 15 minutes, at most 36 hours.

1 small red onion, thinly sliced (~1.5C)
3 tbsp extra virgin olive oil
2 tsp pure maple syrup (or honey)
2 tsp red wine vinegar
2 tsp umeboshi vinegar

Vinaigrette

Combine the ingredients, whisking until emulsified. Taste. Set aside.

1/4 C extra virgin olive oil
1 tsp Dijon mustard
2 tsp red wine vinegar
2 tsp umeboshi vinegar
2 tsp pure maple syrup (or honey)
1/4 tsp kosher salt
1/8 tsp fresh ground black peppercorn

Salad

Toss salad greens and microgreens gently with 3/4 of vinaigrette. Taste. Spread on platter. Toss peaches, tomatoes and bocconcini in remaining vinaigrette. Spread atop salad. Scatter the basil, red onion and hazelnuts over the whole thing.

1 box (312g / 11 oz) organic mixed salad greens, preferably with arugula (~10C loosely packed leaves)

2 medium peaches, cut into wedges (~2C)
1 pint (~2.33C) baby tomatoes
2 handfuls of microgreens (or sprouts)
1 handful of fresh basil leaves
1 carton bocconcini, cocktail size
1/2C hazelnuts, toasted and skin rubbed off, roughly chopped
Kosher salt





Photographs by Sonia Wong

WINTER SALAD WITH LENTILS AND HERBS, FOR 4

Gluten-free, dairy-free, refined sugar free.
Also paleo, vegetarian, vegan, if you omit the eggs

Salad stage 1

Cook the well-drained lentils in a medium pot, covered with 3 to 4 inches of broth and/or water plus a pinch of salt if broth is unsalted. Bring to a boil; reduce to simmer and cook uncovered until lentils are tender but still firm, about 20 minutes. Top up with water if needed. Check on them, starting from the 15-minute mark, to make sure they don't get overcooked—we're definitely not going for mushy lentils! Drain and set aside.

Supreme the blood oranges—i.e. separate out the segments from the membranes. Do this over a shallow bowl to catch all the juice. Set aside segments and juice.

1 1/2C brown, green or french lentils, rinsed well and picked over
3–4 blood oranges, supremed (reserve the juice for the vinaigrette)

Blood orange vinaigrette

(makes just over 1/2C)
Combine the ingredients and whisk until everything emulsifies.

2 tbsp finely minced shallots
1/2C extra virgin olive oil
2 tsp Dijon mustard
2 tsp red wine vinegar
2 tsp honey
4 tsp blood orange juice (or other citrus juice)
1 tsp kosher salt, or to your taste
Fresh cracked black peppercorns

Salad stage 2

Finely shred the purple cabbage. Give the parsley and dill a rough chop. In a large mixing bowl, gently toss the mixed salad greens, shredded cabbage, parsley and dill. Drizzle vinaigrette around and down the side of the mixing bowl while tossing everything. Finally, add the lentils and orange segments, with a small toss just to coat.

2C purple cabbage (or radicchio), shredded
1 1/2C fresh parsley leaves, rough chopped
3/4C fresh dill, rough chopped
6C mixed salad greens and/or frisée

Eggs

Serve the salad with 1 or 2 crispy fried eggs per person. Warm egg on salad is epic!

EATING OUT IN MEXICO CITY

Morning

Enjoy Mexican favorites with a Portuguese flair at Casa Portuguesa. Sip fresh passionfruit juice and breakfast on *huevos en cazuela con bacalao* (eggs with cod) while people-watching in the terrace overlooking Parque Lincoln.

Emilio Castelar 111, Polanco
casaportuguesa.com.mx

Café Toscano is a trendy place in a trendy neighborhood, with communal tables and locally sourced coffee hearty organic breakfasts. *Molletes* (baguette, beans, cheese and *pico de gallo*) are an ideal way to start the day.

Orizaba 42, Plaza Rio de Janeiro, Roma Norte

Noon

Taquería El Turix is a hole-in-the-wall serving the best *cochinita pibil* (pork *adobo*/marinade with *achiote* and orange), tacos and *panuchos* in the city. A Yucatecan specialty, *cochinita* goes well with pickled onions and *habanero* sauce. Not for the faint of heart. Cash only.

Emilio Castelar 212, Polanco

A gourmet market, Mercado del Carmen has thirty stalls selling everything from tacos to quinoa bowls to cupcakes. A relaxed, vibrant place to grab a cold beer, rib-eye tacos and churros after spending a morning in the historic San Ángel district.

Amargura 5, San Ángel

Night

Award-winning bartenders at Licorería Limantour will create the perfect cocktail for you while you enjoy catching up with friends. La Limantour has it all: great ambience, cool music, good food and a mural that dates from 1963. Try the emblematic Mr. Pink with *patatas bravas* or a classic negroni with duck tacos.

Av. Álvaro Obregón 106, Roma Norte
limantour.tv

For a modern take on Mexican classics, book a table at Raiz. This restaurant offers excellent food in an intimate setting with exceptional service. Try its take on steak tartare—*carne Apache* (a personal favorite). For foodies and the adventurous, there's a fantastic tasting menu that changes daily. Great wine list.

Schiller 331, Polanco
restauranteraiz.com

Restaurant critic: Micaela García-Ribeyro, Mexico City

The guide

THE (HIDDEN) DELIGHTS OF EUROPE

A HIDDEN DELIGHT IN GREECE

Aspes beach, Heraklion

On the island of Crete, on the south coast of the prefecture of Heraklion—where the Asterousia mountains meet the coastline, some sixty-eight kilometres from Heraklion—there is a secluded beach. This beach is only accessible by boat. It has dark sand and huge rocks raised right and left which create striking shadows and hollows. The water is painted in different colours, giving a tropical tinge to the scene. Aspes lies between the beaches of Agios Nikitas and the lovely village of Tris Ekklisies. The beach and that whole area is perfect for fishing and swimming and rest and seclusion. ***Demi Papayiannopoulou***

A HIDDEN DELIGHT IN ALBANIA

Theth

The Albanian alps—and especially the village called Theth—is for someone looking for a new definition of remoteness. It's between the borders of Montenegro and Kosovo. And is as wild as you can imagine for hikers and explorers. But you should also know about Lake Koman; you can travel by boat up and then through Valbona Valley towards the tiny village of Theth. The hikes here are ideal for walkers of average fitness levels with basic orientation skills. There are maps which mark the trails for the ones looking for a more demanding hiking experience. It is beautiful. ***Elion Fistraku***

A HIDDEN DELIGHT IN BULGARIA

The Seven Rila Lakes

In the middle of the summer heat after a moderately long walk up or a short chair-lift ride, you can find yourself near the first of the seven Rila lakes. This is where horses roam free, in between tall purple flowers, grazing on saturated green grass growing in the edges of the mountain rocks. You will be in some trekking shoes and in your shorts watching out for the stinging nettle and looking along the winding path for lake after lake. The Lower Lake, the Fish lake, the Trefoil, the Twin, the Kidney, the Eye and the Tear. At the top, you can unpack your water and let your eyes rest on the terraced lakes below you. ***Ivan Maslarov***

A HIDDEN DELIGHT IN RUSSIA

The village of Solotcha

Two hundred kilometres from Moscow, in the heart of Meshera—among its forests, small lakes and hidden rivers—there is a little village, Solotcha. My great-grandfather was sent here almost one hundred years ago to look after the forests; as a child, I spent my summers here. There is a sandy hill ('Bald Hill') which borders a forest that stretches down to the oxbow of the great Oka river. The view over the never-ending meadows drowned under water each spring is breathtaking. On Bald Hill are the surrealist remains of a springboard: this is where my father, when he was a boy, attempted his first dives in the winter. ***Alexander Tsakoev***

A HIDDEN DELIGHT IN POLAND

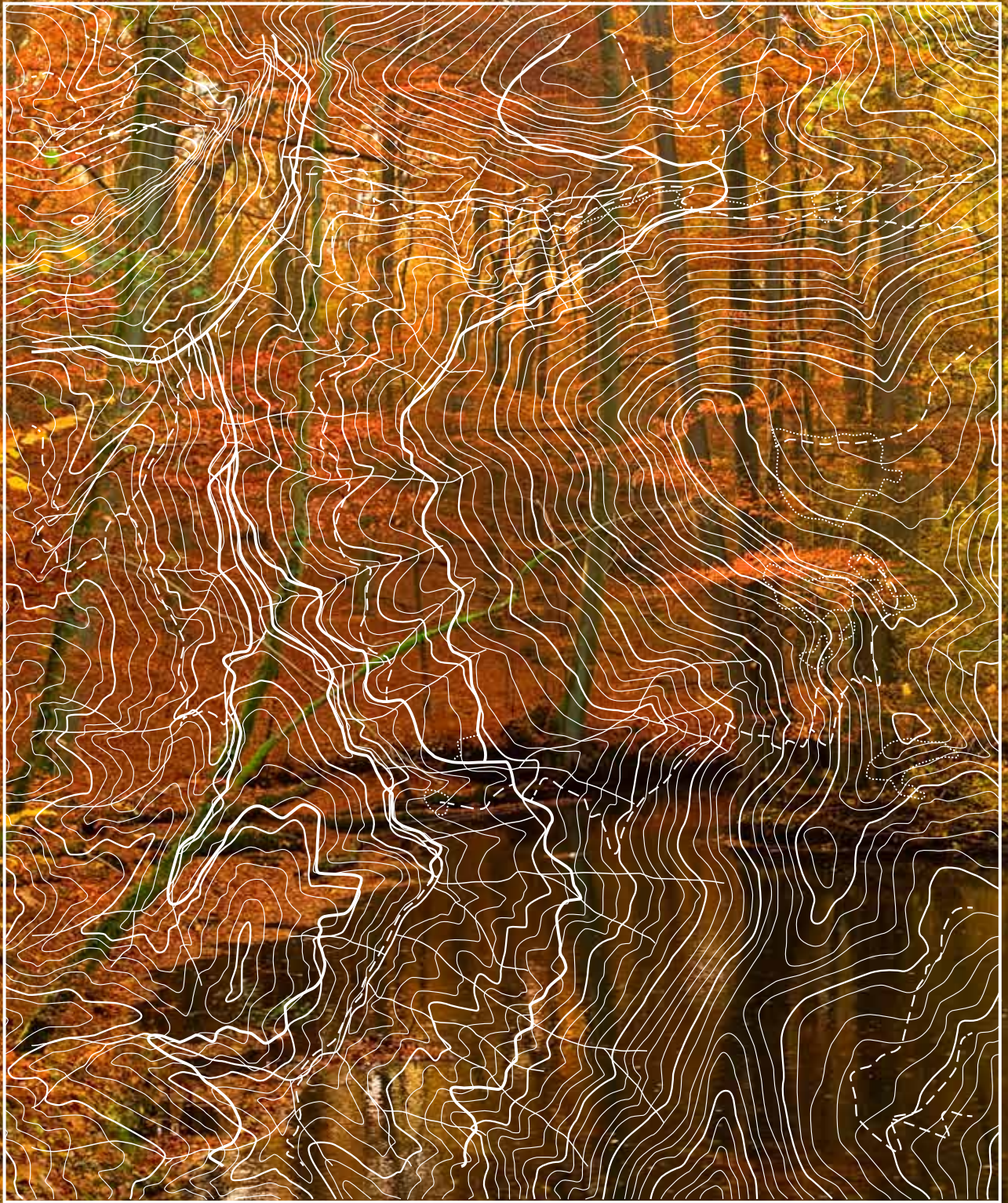
The Roztoki Górne Pass

In Poland's beautiful Bieszczady mountains lies a hidden treasure best appreciated at night: the Roztoki Górne Pass (*Przełęcz nad Roztokami Górnymi*). Located a few kilometres from the nearby village and easily accessible by footpaths and a paved road, the pass—801 metres above sea level—offers one of the best views of the Milky Way in Europe. Lie on the grass and gaze upon the exquisite beauty of our galaxy's intricate structure, visible from horizon to horizon to the unaided eye. If you bring binoculars, be prepared to travel further in time and space. ***Maciej Boniuk***

A HIDDEN DELIGHT IN CROATIA

Nin

Nin is barely a blip on the map; it's a tiny village on the Dalmatian coast, near Zadar. It's fantastically modest, but this is central to its appeal. Summertime in Nin is a languid experience. Days are filled ambling its dusty limestone streets, inspecting its various pre-Romanesque miniature churches, including the Church of the Holy Cross—'the smallest cathedral in the world'—and lolling about the white-sand beaches of the many islets that dot the coast. The village centre sits on one of these islets and is an impossibly small square, replete with Dalmatian grills and superb *sladoled* stores, which sell Croatia's life-affirming version of gelato. ***Alen Pazin***



A HIDDEN DELIGHT IN GERMANY

The Forsthaus in the Sachsenwald

The hamlet of Friedrichsruh lies thirty kilometres east from Hamburg and is surrounded by the biggest forest in northern Germany—the Sachsenwald. One of the few houses here is an old forester's lodge, now a restaurant called Forsthaus Friedrichsruh. It is a peaceful place. When you sit on the terrace to eat typical German food, quite often you could see deer or boar. In the winter, when the forest is white, you can seat yourself by the fireplace and enjoy a wonderful red wine. Sometimes you see quite prominent people, as the castle of the Bismarck family is located a stone's throw away. *Patrick Narr*

A HIDDEN DELIGHT IN DENMARK

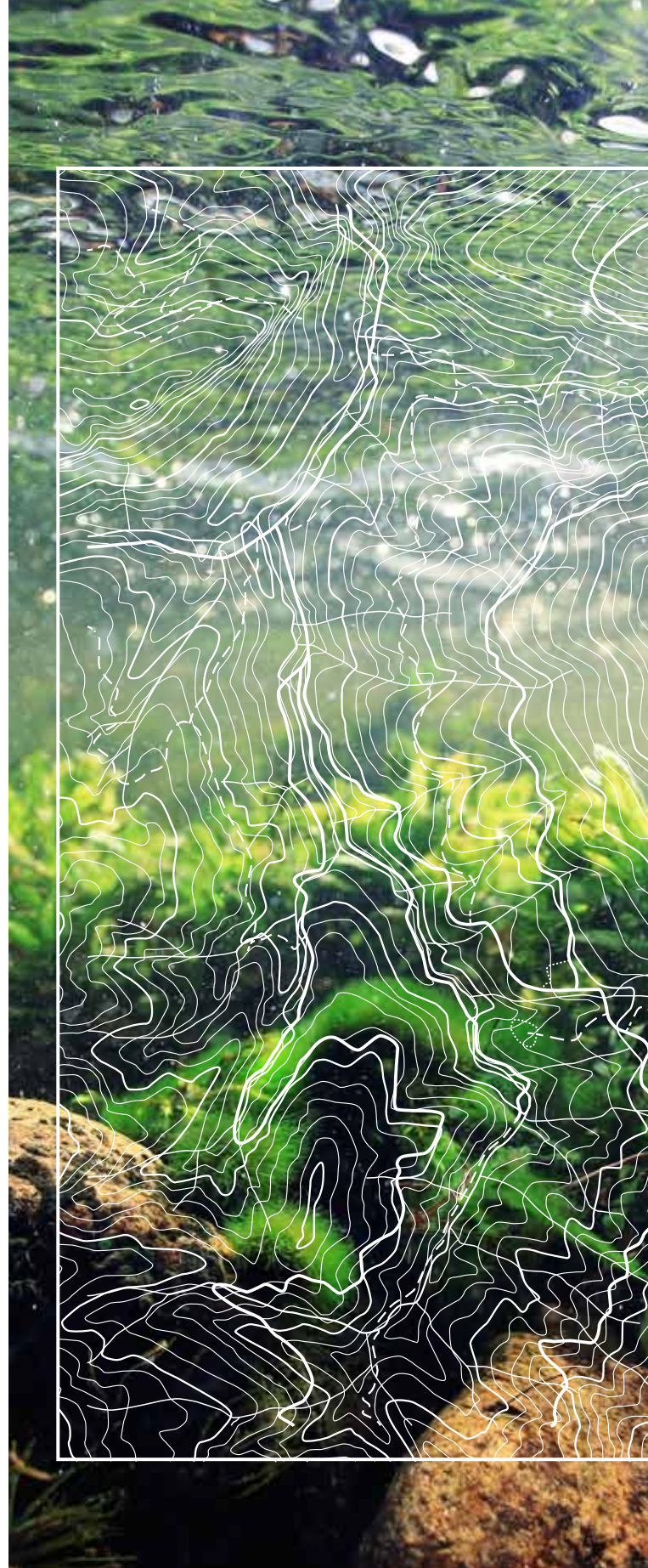
Møn's Klint

The island of Møn—with its large forests and beautiful white cliffs and beaches—is an hour south of Copenhagen and well worth the journey. When I lived there, it was all just nature. Now there is a science centre, so maybe it is not as hidden as it once was. There are many walking trails to higher ground with stunning views of the ocean and the beaches. And on the beaches, fossils are still fairly easily found if you know what you are looking for. This island nature reserve is gorgeous and an amazing source of history. *Josephine Wagner Poedenphant*

A HIDDEN DELIGHT IN ENGLAND

The Cauldron Falls

It's a short walk to the Cauldron Falls from the picturesque village of West Burton, with its village green bordered by cottages, a village shop, a tearoom and a village pub. Before you set off on your walk, breathe deeply: fill your lungs with the fresh, clean air of Yorkshire. These are not the biggest or most spectacular waterfalls in the dales, but when I am there memories of happy times with my children flood back. From the Falls, you can walk out onto the hills; when you're up on higher ground, the views across Wensleydale toward Castle Bolton are breathtaking. *Kevin Hogarth*



A HIDDEN DELIGHT IN THE NETHERLANDS

Alambertskade near Vreeland

As far as you can see, on both sides of the small trackway, is water. In all seasons, there are birds in the sky and on the water; gulls, storks, herons and ducks. Along with a scourge of mosquitoes you can see fabulous sunsets in spring and summer. After a heavy rainshower in the fall, you smell nature in its purest way. And through the groves you may spot a tip of the sail of the Loenderveense windmill, built in 1652. Alambertskade is just twenty minutes out from Amsterdam (on the A2 and the N201) and there you are, lost in nature. **Judith Roelofs**

A HIDDEN DELIGHT IN LUXEMBOURG

Bambesch

Luxembourg is filled with lush greenery. I particularly like one walk in the forest that I do quite often. Ten years ago, it was on this path that, after fifteen minutes of walking, I came across my first porcini mushroom. There it was, in front of my eyes. Since then, I have been venturing each year under the pine trees with my family searching for treasures that are not always easy to find but which have never disappointed us on the plate. Where exactly is this place? Deep in the Bambesch, a land of trees, paths, hikers, trail-runners and foragers. **Raphaelle Kamoun**

A HIDDEN DELIGHT IN NORTHERN IRELAND

Portaferry

Take yourself off to County Down and the Shore Road in Portaferry for a bracing two-hour circular walk, suitable for all ages. In the distance you will see the Mourne Mountains, and the coastal villages dotted around Strangford lough. Take in views of the car ferry, boats, and wildlife—sit on the wall, or if the tide is out walk along the shore. The road winds inland and rises to provide panoramic views of the southern tip of the Ards peninsula. This is a quiet road, except for the odd tractor, or fellow walker. **Paula Moss**

A HIDDEN DELIGHT IN FRANCE

The Gulf of Morbihan

I have been coming to Brittany every year since I was one, and now it is the place where I bring my Chinese wife and our children. The sea goes further inland here than anywhere else in the world. The tidal flow is strong; sometimes the water is there, sometimes not. The boats are flat-bottomed to float with the tide. I go there for the beach; and for the windsurfing; and the sailing—I sail my dad's catamaran. But there are sailing schools everywhere; you can rent a boat or take classes. Also, I eat the crêpes and galettes that you never find anywhere else. **Clement Lehembre**

A HIDDEN DELIGHT IN ITALY

A desert in the Venetian lagoon

If you wish to escape the crowds of Venice you should visit Saint-Francis-of-the-Desert, a small secluded island, one hour away from Venice, hidden behind fog and mist. There lies only a small Franciscan monastery, still inhabited by a few friars, established in 1220 by Saint Francis of Assisi himself, where a number of miracles took place. It has always been a form of 'desert', a delightful place where anybody, whatever origin and religion, can spend a privileged and quiet, introspective moment in the mystic and peaceful solitude of the island, its cloisters and garden surrounded by cypress trees. **Roberto Cristofolini**

A HIDDEN DELIGHT IN SPAIN

Cortegana

Cortegana is a simple place. A small village of whitewashed homes nestled in the rolling green hills of southern Spain, it is a place best enjoyed at a slow pace. Go for a stroll through the winding cobblestone streets that lead to one of several quiet plazas. Pop into a bar to enjoy a plate of Spain's best *jamon iberico* and a cold beer. Climb the narrow steps of the castle overlooking the town and watch the sun set over the surrounding hills. Cortegana is the perfect place to relax and enjoy the very best of Spain. **Mario Rubio**

In your face

In the magnificent, surreal world of the Dutch photographer Marie Cécile Thijs, stillness is key. One sees influences reminiscent of the old masters of the seventeenth century, but her interpretation is completely modern. These portraits are from the series *Amazones*. They can be viewed in the Rembrandt Tower in Amsterdam, where Norton Rose Fulbright has its office.



Left: Marie Cécile Thijs, *Seventeen*. Courtesy SmithDavidson Gallery

Right: Marie Cécile Thijs, *Girl with the Feather Collar*. Courtesy SmithDavidson Gallery



Why?

Why is it so hard to be a global citizen? We asked three writers to shed some light. Then we asked you to do the same, in fewer words.

STEVEN GAMBLE HARARE

There are myriad ways in which I feel a global citizen. Through accident of birth and upbringing, for one. I was born in Kenya (of British parents) and spent my formative years in Belize.

And then choice entered in, as to where I wished to work and live. I was a student in Edinburgh and have worked in the US, London, across Asia and in southern and east Africa. I work in Zimbabwe now, engaging with clients across the globe. I have friends and family around the world.

What else makes me feel global? It's to do with awareness. I am no political activist, yet I recognise and do my best to respond to the inequalities in the world. When I lived in Asia, I helped to support the education of a young student in

Vietnam, and now I support a student in South Africa and two in Zimbabwe. I don't do that alone; it's a decision I made together with my wife (nothing happens in isolation).

And in the small confined space of our home, I (we) do our best to separate out our plastic, paper, metal and organics, and trust this will help in a small way.

Coming up with an answer to this question has pushed me into addressing my life and the choices I have made. Is it so hard to 'embrace the world'? Not for me. It is a glorious thing to be caught up in the global fusion of different and exciting cultures. Getting that balance between being proud of your own roots and culture while respecting the roots and cultures of others can be tough, but can also be simple. It all depends—on you.

It is exhilarating being part of the wider world, feeling it wrap round you, inspire you. There is also a loneliness. The world has to be contained within our own small lives, filled as they are with people we know, love and trust.

Tricia Hobson, Sydney

We fly around the world (on and off the ground) between destinations, losing sight of what's in between. Only fully alert at curtain-up and curtain-down in the globe's theatre, the universal comedy and drama passes us by. How can we be global?

Patrick Bracher, Jo'burg

Is it so hard to be a global citizen? Not if you are in good health and speak English. And, of course, if you have some money and own a 'western world' passport. And... yes, if you are also white, male, heterosexual, and you do not feel the urge to show your political and religious beliefs...

Attilio Pavone, Milan

SILVIA FAZIO SAO PAULO

Is it hard? No, not for me, and not for many of us, I suspect. I am Brazilian and have lived a good part of my life in different parts of Europe, in Heidelberg, in London and in Bologna. I can comfortably say that all these cities, cultures, felt like home. I enjoy contemplating different cultures, trying to understand them; and I am fascinated (if that is the right word) at the sight of my own culture being shaped (contaminated?) by the influence of others. So. The question is not so simple as I first thought. Why? Probably because we like to look at the differences of others—and adapt—but we don't want to lose our own differences, do we?

Why do we all, no matter how global our lifestyles have become, feel such persistent nostalgia around the experiences we had in our early years of life? Are these experiences—the sounds, the words, the places, the tastes, the customs—part of our 'local', our national identity? Maybe the hard side of global citizenship is simply the very human fear of seeing that which we feel to be true to us replaced by something far more homogeneous, a global culture.

ALEXANDRA HOWE NEW YORK

One of my favourite museums in New York is the Tenement Museum on Manhattan's Lower East Side: two tenement buildings, erected in the second half of the nineteenth century, which provided a first home for thousands of immigrant families arriving at America's 'golden door'. The museum estimates that more than 15,000 working-class immigrants from over twenty nations occupied these two buildings in the eighty or so years they were open to residents.

It is a hard thing to leave your homeland and travel thousands of miles to start your life afresh in a foreign country. Taking one of the museum's tours around the apartments they have lovingly re-created, I am fascinated by

the ways in which these people imprinted themselves on their tiny corner of this bewildering, new city. As someone who has recently settled in America, I recognise how they both clung to their cultural heritage and embraced new ways of living. In the Baldizzi family apartment, decorated just as it was when the family arrived from Sicily in the 1920s, a photograph of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt hangs next to an image of the Virgin Mary. Mrs Rosaria Baldizzi prayed to them both every night.

The peculiar experience of the immigrant is to feel yourself caught between two worlds, with a foot in each but your heart in neither. Perhaps that is just my own impression. I mostly do not see it as a burden anyway, but as a liberation. I feel that I can see more clearly from this place in-between. And if that means I have become a global citizen, I am happy with that.

Hard to deny we already live in the global village. Then what makes it difficult? When 'citizenship' was invented, there was just one password to make the guard at the gate let you in; now, we have hundreds. Confused between virtual spaces, belonging everywhere, password overload?!

Andreas Börner, Munich

Room with a view: access to the internet has made global citizens of us all.

Laura Shumiloff, London

"Of fewer people, by fewer people, for fewer people"

The biggest concern is not that we are divided. The biggest concern is that we no longer seek to understand that divide out of some sense that admitting we played any role will be perceived as weakness or fear. Those fears, of differences, of uniqueness,

and of variety, combined with our daily stresses of well-being, economic independence, and overall freedom, are being misused by others to make us more tribal—more willing to believe in the worst some say of others in order to support what we believe is our place in a community.

Paul Keller, New York

Playlist

JEAN-PHILIPPE BUTEAU QUÉBEC

Jean-Philippe Buteau's lifelong dream of playing in a grunge band and of travelling the world in a tour bus now on display at Seattle's Experience Music Project—MoPOP—never materialised. But this former piano- and guitar-player has never lost his taste for music.

Jean-Philippe's playlist is in his native French, with the gist of that given in English—don't expect a pure translation.

Illustration by Ivan Maslarov

WAKE UP

Arcade Fire

Funeral, 2004

Montréal ne fait pas que les meilleurs bagels, elle est une exportatrice mondiale de groupes indie rock à succès. Arcade Fire est l'indétrônable symbole de cette scène musicale montréalaise désormais mythique. Wake Up est un hymne incontournable, qui donne envie de rejoindre des amis au restaurant à la dernière minute. *Some of the best indie rock has come out of Montréal and Arcade Fire is right up there. 'Wake Up' makes you want to head straight back to your friends and keep the night going.*

FIRST WE TAKE MANHATTAN

Leonard Cohen

I'm Your Man, 1988

En plus de la voix d'outre-tombe de Leonard Cohen, cette chanson saisit parfaitement l'époque de mon enfance où le recours aux choristes et aux synthétiseurs était obligatoire. La facture totale rafraîchit et fait taper du pied. L'appartenance identitaire de Cohen est trouble dans une province séparée par la langue et la culture. Mort en octobre 2016, il ne fait plus de doute que Leonard Cohen appartient désormais au monde entier. *Leonard Cohen's voice issues from the tomb. This song recreates my childhood, the choruses, the synthesizers: that's how it was back then. It's toe-tapping music. Cohen was born in Montréal, so always 'belonged' to a place separated by language and culture; now, since his death, he belongs to the whole world.*

SECRET HEART

Leslie Feist

Let It Die, 2004

Révélée au monde entier grâce à la publicité du Ipod nano, la canadienne Leslie Feist, originaire de Nouvelle-Écosse, a pulvérisé au sommet des palmarès une reprise enveloppante de Secret Heart, du canadien Ron Sexsmith. Grâce à sa voix rauque signature, Feist s'est totalement appropriée la chanson. Sexsmith doit aujourd'hui préciser en spectacle qu'il ne livre pas un cover de Feist. *Leslie Feist came out of Nova Scotia and was revealed to the world through marketing shots of the iPod. Her cover of Ron Sexsmith's 'Secret Heart' is something else. Sexsmith has to convince people now that he is not the one performing the cover.*

IOU

Metric

Old World Underground,
Where Are You Now?, 2003/5

Originaire de Toronto, le groupe rock canadien Metric est aujourd'hui inévitable. On le retrouve lors des festivités télévisées du 1er juillet pour le Canada Day ainsi que sur les trames sonores de blockbusters hollywoodiens. La chanteuse Emily Haines a l'aplomb d'une rock star féministe et une sincérité vocale qui transperce à tout coup. Entendue pour la première fois au Festival d'été de Québec en 2007, IOU est la chanson d'ouverture de leur premier album, parfaite pour découvrir l'énergie punk rock du groupe, idéalement en voiture. *The rock group Metric—from Toronto—is everywhere now, on the TV screens for Canada Day and on the Hollywood stage. Singer Emily Haines is the epitome of a great feminist rock star and has a voice that cuts right through you. 'IOU' was the opening track on their first album; it's full of punk energy and is perfect for a car trip.*

C'EST MOI

Marie Mai

Version 3.0, 2009

La vérité? Chez nous, Marie-Mai, une gagnante de télé-réalité au Québec, est jouée à répétition lors des sorties en famille. Sa pérennité musicale a de quoi faire rougir tout snobisme musical. La chanson C'est moi, est la préférée de mes deux filles, et est fredonnée plus souvent qu'à son tour... *The truth? We listen to Marie-Mai—winner of a local TV reality show—on every family outing. My two daughters love 'C'est moi' with a passion. So much for music snobs everywhere.*

The moving image

NICK ABRAHAMS IN SYDNEY TALKS ABOUT MOVIES

I love mainstream movies. In my former life, I did a network pilot for a TV show in Japan—based on what I'd already been doing in Tokyo as a stand-up comedian—and when that didn't get picked up for the series, I applied to USC film school in Los Angeles, where George Lucas learned his craft. Back then, they took just twenty people from several thousand applicants. I was one of them.

After that, I became a creative exec working on the lot at Warner Brothers. At one point I was reading a book a night, along with three scripts—and the next day had to go into work and say whether we should buy them. It was intense. I worked on the development of *The West Wing*. It seems odd now, but people were not sure at first whether it would work.

AN ARTHOUSE MOVIE

This may not exactly qualify as arthouse, but it is my favourite foreign language film.

The Big Blue / Le Grand Bleu
dir. Luc Besson [1988]

It's a French movie and is beautiful. It's about freediving. There is a serenity in this movie which mirrors the experience you actually have when you're underwater.

A MOVIE FOR ALL THE FAMILY

Alvin and the Chipmunks
[2007–15 series]

It's live action with CGI chipmunks. The chipmunks sing: that's the MacGuffin. I had great times with my kids watching these quite silly films. It's not Pixar, so it's not on the same level as a wonderful movie like *Toy Story*. Every writer would dream of

creating Woody and Buzz Lightyear; those characters are phenomenal. I love *Up* as well. And *The Incredibles*. And *Monsters, Inc.*

DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME ON THIS ONE

It takes just as much time to write a bad script as a good one.

Pirates of the Caribbean: Dead Men Tell No Tales

dir. Joachim Rønning, Espen Sandberg [2017]

I loved the first three in this series; the fourth wasn't too bad; the fifth was just hopeless. It's a great shame, because Johnny Depp created in Jack Sparrow one of cinema's great, great characters. Legend has it that when Disney saw the original footage they were going to take Johnny Depp off the movie, because they couldn't believe what he was doing with the character.

With movies, it's all R&D. You never know whether it's going to be successful. So when you get these franchises and you know that No. 1 is successful and you can string it to 2, that de-risks the proposition. I understand why the studios do it. It costs so much to make a movie.

MY GUILTY PLEASURE

Viva Las Vegas
dir. George Sidney [1964]

This is an Elvis movie and Elvis is amazing in it, as is Ann Margaret. There are songs, there's car racing, there are fun antics by the pool, and dance routines. You cannot help but feel happy. And it's important to me personally. To get into USC film school I had to do an analysis of a

film that I loved, and I did *Viva Las Vegas*. The Dean of the film school was Lawrence Turman, the producer of *The Graduate*, so everyone sent in write-ups of *The Graduate* or more lofty titles. I think they thought, 'Let's take this strange guy from Australia—he likes Elvis movies.'

A BLOCKBUSTER BUT WHY NOT?

Aaron Sorkin is my all-time favourite writer, so I'd go with *The Social Network*. But I also love *Iron Man*; Robert Downey Jr truly owns this character. And *Minority Report*—that's a great story; quite a few of its technology predictions are coming true.

I'm fascinated by physics; quantum entanglement blows my mind. I loved *Interstellar* for its depiction of the physics of black holes. And *The Theory of Everything* is brilliant. But I'm going to settle on a James Cameron movie.

Avatar
dir. James Cameron [2009]

You don't change the film world without being strong-willed. James Cameron is a remarkable human being; he is a remarkable director. What he ended up doing with *Avatar* took film-making quite a bit further than it had gone before. When he started, they didn't have the equipment you'd need to shoot those scenes, so he had to keep inventing that stuff along the way.

OUT OF MY COMFORT ZONE BUT BRILLIANT

I don't like horror films. I would never watch anything from Stephen King or the *Halloween* movies or





Freddy Krueger. But there is a Roger Corman film called *Sharktopus*. It's half shark, half octopus...

Sharktopus
dir. Declan O'Brien [2010]

It's funny. It's entertaining. I've probably watched it three times. It's intended to be scary. But, you know, it's walking that fine line. There's a movie called *Sharknado* where there's a cyclone of sharks and that is clearly a spoof, whereas *Sharktopus* is more of a 'monster' movie in the *Godzilla* tradition.

A ROMCOM

I struggle with romcoms because there's a formula and, once you know it, it's a bit hard to get past that.

There's a clear three-act structure: you get a couple who are trying to get together but either there's an unusual situation or they're very different; then something happens which throws them apart; the second act is basically them figuring out they like each other, then they hate each other, they like each other, they hate each other again; and then there'll be a big issue, it looks like they're not going to get together; and in the end they do.

I feel like I've watched a lot of them. *Love Actually*. *Bridget Jones's Diary*. *When Harry Met Sally* is a classic example; and yet I loved it when I first saw it.

Miss Congeniality
dir. Donald Petrie [2000]

Yes, it is a bit of a Sandra Bullock vehicle; but I want more people to see it. Sandra Bullock is a great

comedic actress. There's a scene at the end with William Shatner singing that is hilarious.

A CLASSIC TO BUY AND KEEP AND WATCH ONCE A YEAR

There is only one movie. And it has to be the Final Cut.

Blade Runner
dir. Ridley Scott [1982]

This is one of the greatest movies ever made. It is so beautiful. It is mesmerizing. It was pre-CGI, which is unbelievable when you see it; the atmosphere that Ridley Scott creates in that dystopian future is amazing. It looks like a Tokyo of the future.

The underlying concept, about whether robots can have a conscience, is just fascinating; the way Ridley Scott handles that is unbelievably sensitive. There's a scene at the end where one of the replicants—shortly before he's about to die—muses on whether he has actually 'lived' a life; it's beautiful.

When it first came out the studio released a different version. The Final Cut is the only one Ridley Scott had artistic control over.

Blade Runner 2049 (which came out last year) is amazing as well. I wasn't expecting it to be great. It's moving, it's atmospheric, there's a great soundtrack.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES

To watch a video game now is absolutely a cinematic experience. It's completely immersive in the way that films are immersive.

Augmented reality is going to be very, very significant very quickly.

It started with *Pokémon GO*, where a little animated character appears in your phone with your world in the background. The *Follow-Me-Dragon* app that's out now is far more interactive. You're able to play with this little dragon and it responds to you. It's quite special. AR will be a fascinating challenge to the storyteller: how to make the most of it.

We'll see augmented reality far quicker than we'll see virtual reality; VR technology is difficult and we know that a VR world can be unsettling and make you nauseous.

Comedy still works well in the film format but I struggle to be enthralled by movies that are thrillers nowadays. That's because long-form television is just so good. They're creating great characters and story arcs that travel across years of watching.

Homeland
dir./exec. producer Lesli Linka Glatter [2012–18] [2011– series]

I am addicted to *Homeland*.

NICK'S LIST

Great directors
Lesli Linka Glatter

Great movies
A Beautiful Mind
Apollo 13
Blade Runner
Gravity
Interstellar
Iron Man
Matrix
Minority Report
The Social Network
The Theory of Everything

Bookshelf

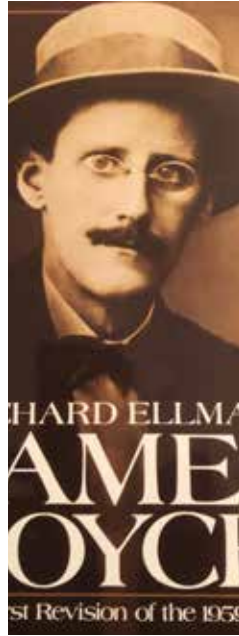
CHAIM WACHSBERGER IN NEW YORK ON THE BOOKS THAT TRACK HIS LIFE



ULYSSES

JAMES JOYCE

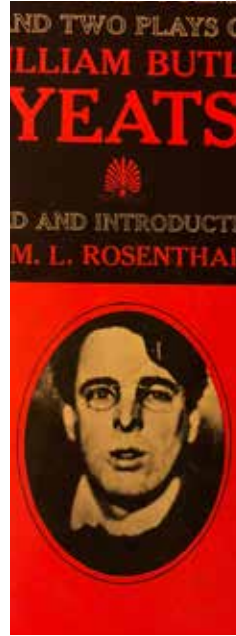
I was meant to read it in a college course on James Joyce, but I was so young, and it was so long. About forty years later (and three years ago), I traveled with a daughter to Oman and wanted a book that, when I tired of desert-cape, would remind me of greenery and grass. Like Ireland. So I took *Ulysses*. It sort of kept me cool, and it's the most wondrous work of fiction I've read. (Read, *inter alia*, the chapter written as a catechism!)



JAMES JOYCE

RICHARD ELLMANN

After the novel, I was compelled to read this. Joyce was a deeply humane artist, with an extraordinary sensibility. He wrote in lifelike detail about Ireland, while living outside of it. During World War II, he lived in Switzerland and ignored the war. He had once written, 'History is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake.' Maybe war was not within his extensive competencies. As unsatisfying as that is, it can be comprehended in such a generous and rarefied spirit.



SELECTED POEMS AND TWO PLAYS

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

In fact, when I majored in English all novels were too long, but poems were just right. (And, you can read just part of a poetry collection.) Yeats's language was the most beautiful and the clearest, sage and heartfelt. He had a lot of mythology that never sang to me, but notwithstanding that he seems to always be writing about people. I can pick up the book at any time and feel grounded and refreshed. Read *The Wild Swans at Coole*.



MOBY DICK

HERMAN MELVILLE

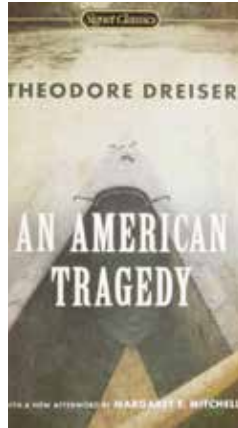
Ulysses was part of my effort starting fifteen years ago to read the literature I should have read in my adulthood, and to clear my head of contractual provisions. This book was first in the effort. I read a third of it and quit. Five years later, I picked it up (having to re-read the first third) and paced it like a marathon. Unlike many, I found the whaling chapters fascinating (while gory). The book has a Shakespearean timbre, and it spins a great yarn.



THE COMPLETE POEMS 1927–1979

ELIZABETH BISHOP

I had not heard of Bishop until I returned to reading. Her language is modern, straightforward, sometimes plain-sounding, always intelligent with an oblique angle. The movie *Reaching for the Moon* captures some of the tragedy in *One Art* ('The art of losing isn't hard to master'). Try *The Moose*.



AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY

THEODORE DREISER

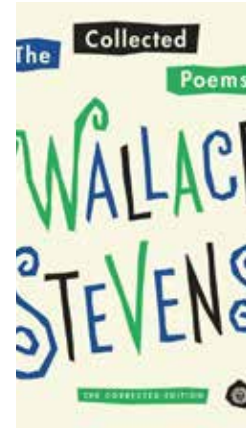
This may be the Great American Novel. But the problem with Dreiser is, you have to read his sentences. Each one has like five elbows. But you're in the scene, and everyone in it is alive. The themes—alienation, American striving, failure, violence, family, religion, innocence, corruption—make it grand.



THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE

THOMAS HARDY

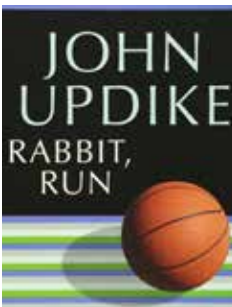
V Woolf said this is one of the great English tragedies, so I picked it up. Hardy tells a tough tale. People run into society's edges; some die; some survive. He's relentless. He says of one character, her youth had taught her 'that happiness was but the occasional episode in a general drama of pain'.



THE COLLECTED POEMS

WALLACE STEVENS

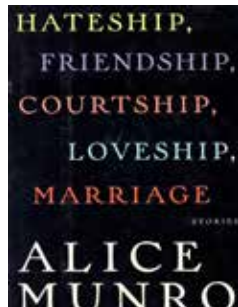
Wallace Stevens is *the* American poet of the last century. His language is clean, elegant and fecund, and I rarely understand him. He has a grand theory that I read about from time to time. It's like mining Bitcoin—consumes a lot of energy. I've read a third.



RABBIT RUN

JOHN UPDIKE

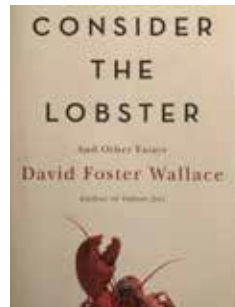
The rabbit multiplied, but first rabbit is best. Someone once said Updike writes as though he has more senses than the normal human. It all pours out in this book. It can feel like you're living it. Not a happy story.



HATESHIP, FRIENDSHIP

ALICE MUNRO

Pick up any collection of stories by this writer and you'll pick up another. She plays with memory and sequencing of time, inserts gothic horror, and shows us in a harsh and understanding light.



CONSIDER THE LOBSTER

DAVID FOSTER WALLACE

I followed his life without reading his books until, sadly, he committed suicide. Later, I started reading. This one is essays. The magisterial work is *Infinite Jest*—I'm not there yet.



THE WOMAN IN WHITE

WILKIE COLLINS

The others are for name-dropping; this one is to read. Great fun. A friend of Dickens; an early detective story; wild dramatics. I had never heard of Wilkie; now I'm raving about him.

CW is a partner in New York and adjunct professor at NYU School of Law.

The poet

About suffering they were never wrong,
The Old Masters: how well they understood
Its human position; how it takes place
While someone else is eating or opening a window or just walking dully along;

from *Musée des Beaux Arts*

W. H. AUDEN

There is a photograph, taken in 1938, of the English poet W. H. Auden with his friend, sometime lover and fellow writer Christopher Isherwood, about to board a train at London's Victoria station. A sign on the carriage window behind them announces that this is a smoking car, and both Auden and Isherwood are dutifully holding half-smoked cigarettes in their left hands. Isherwood, the shorter of the two, looks boyishly fresh-faced; he is standing straight and smiling. Auden looms next to him, slightly hunched, the collar of his tweed coat pulled up, his craggy face pensive. Just behind Auden's left shoulder, a young woman looks out from the carriage; she is also smiling.

Auden and Isherwood had been commissioned by their publisher to write a travel-diary and were about to embark on a journey to China, then in the second year of war against Japan. The resultant book, featuring verse by Auden, prose by Isherwood, and a number of graphic war photographs, was published as *Journey to a War* in 1939.

This photograph is fascinating, as it seems to prefigure a theme which surfaces repeatedly in Auden's work, perhaps finding its most famous expression in his poem *Musée des Beaux Arts*, completed just after he returned from China: that of people's indifference to suffering. It is embedded in the poem's opening lines above: the word 'suffering' which is thrust in front

of us, only for the poem to meander away from it in that extraordinarily long fourth line. It is not that Isherwood was unresponsive to the horrors of war; he certainly wasn't. But it is hard not to be struck by the context of the photograph—the impending expedition into a war zone, the terrible descent into world conflict. It is as though only the grim-faced Auden, like the old masters whose paintings he so admired in the museum of fine arts in Brussels, has a premonition of the 'dreadful martyrdom' to come.

The extraordinary realisation on reading *Musée des Beaux Arts* is that we are shocked not by human tragedy but by human reaction to that tragedy: a meta tragedy. Auden describes an early Flemish painting depicting



Photo by © Hulton-Deutsch Collection/CORBIS/Corbis via Getty Images

the character of Icarus from Greek mythology using ekphrasis: the re-creation of a work of art in words. Icarus attempts to escape imprisonment on wings made from feathers and wax but ignores his father's advice not to fly too close to the sun; his wings melt and he plunges into the sea, where he drowns. In Breughel's painting, all that

is seen of the disaster are two small, pink legs flailing helplessly above the water, while front and centre are dominated by a farmer and a shepherd, each studiously looking the other way.

Auden scorned the attempts of other writers to portray suffering: the 'versified trash' produced following the massacre of the Czech

village of Lidice in 1942, for example. '[W]hat was really bothering the versifiers', he concluded, 'was a feeling of guilt at not feeling horrorstruck enough.' A good war poem, he said, would have 'told how, when he read the news, the poet...went on thinking about...his lunch.'

Alexandra Howe, New York.



If you're in the Atkins family, everyone expects a strong work ethic

First person

Scott Atkins
Sydney

I was born in 1970 in Beresfield, about half an hour from Newcastle. It's a classic Australian small working-class suburb. But a nice place to grow up. The people were good.

It was famous (or prominent) for two things: it had the Newcastle crematorium and the Steggle's chicken factory. Our house backed onto the bushland that the crematorium was attached to. As a child, I would walk to school every day through the crematorium. At four o'clock they'd have the burn-off; it used to be an oil incineration system, and you'd see the black smoke come up. In the end, my mother and my father were both cremated there, so I have a very different association with the crematorium now.

Almost the entire community was made up of people that worked at the Newcastle steel mill or the Oak dairy factory in Hexham—where my father worked—or the Steggle's chicken factory. Some days, I would finish school and we'd go to the supermarket and there'd be people who had finished their shift at the Steggle's chicken factory and they'd still be in their tunics from the chicken factory with blood and gore all over their front.

My father and mother worked at this quite famous department store called David Jones. They met there quite young and then they married and moved to Beresfield.

My mother was a proponent of education. That came I think from her mother, whose name was Myrtle.

Myrtle (we called her Nana) had a significant impact on my life. By every measure she was very successful. She was the equivalent of the chief financial officer of this department store in Newcastle—very unusual for a woman in the 1950s and 60s. She was a disciplinarian, in a good sense. In the early 1950s, she became one of the first divorcees in Newcastle under the old Matrimonial Causes Act. She had to retain a private investigator to get evidence that her husband was cheating on her, otherwise she couldn't get divorced. She maintained her career and raised her two daughters on her own. When she ultimately retired she became a volunteer at Meals on Wheels. I think about her a lot. She was a strong-willed woman.

When I look at our family and common threads, there's a strong work ethic. If you're in the Atkins family or derivatives of it, everyone expects a strong work ethic.

Growing up, I didn't perceive our position as working class. But there is no doubt that my parents were classically working class. They were blue collar ultimately moving into white collar.

I knew that there was another world out there beyond my suburb and beyond my life experience and I was determined to chase it.

My father ultimately moved into a managerial position at the dairy factory and I thought that was a very significant role to have, so I was very proud of him. He was very committed to the local Scout group and ultimately became the Group leader. I remember him being awarded his twenty-five-year service badges and medals.

I made a binary choice in high school. I was determined to get to university so I gave up Scouts. I had decided that anything that I needed to jettison to get to university was a sacrifice that I was prepared to make. I used to pump petrol to make money to get ready for university. And I worked at a pet shop. I knew that there was another world out there beyond my suburb and beyond my life experience and I was determined to chase it.

My mother could see what my aspirations were. My father, probably less so; he was very much of the view that you should be looking for a trade, a manual job.

My brother chose a different path. He left school when he was sixteen, so he didn't complete his high school certificate.

We had an auntie who had this huge sprawling farm in Queensland. I was put on the bus and would travel thirteen hours to have a holiday on her farm. I usually came back with a baby joey or a baby wallaby. I would bring them up and then we would give them to the zoo—a little wildlife park called Blackbutt Reserve. You had to hand raise them with a mix of milk and charcoal, which has enzymes in it that suit their digestive tracts.

My childhood passion was to be a vet. I was obsessed with James Herriot the vet and *All Creatures Great and Small*. I was so determined to be a vet that I changed school—we had to get special permission for me to go to an out-of-region school. I used to ride my bike to the train station, catch the train a few stops, then get a bus to the school. And I would do that twice a day. I was thirteen. The school had a farm, it had tractors, it had the whole lot. It was a fully functioning agricultural enterprise.

At sixteen, it's compulsory to spend time at a veterinary clinic. So I did that and discovered that I couldn't handle the blood. I couldn't handle surgery. Those two weeks were just like living the James Herriot books; there were hands up cows and all sorts of things. We were castrating stallions; we euthanized a donkey; we had to remove a ram's horn. I never passed out but I came close to it.

That was the end of the veterinary science dream. I had planned for that particular outcome for eight years which, when you're eighteen, is about half of your life, and I had to change course. And I was prepared to do that.

There were no lawyers in my family but I gravitated towards it. In Australia, it's the norm to go to your local university but law was not on offer at Newcastle, so I had to leave home. I would never have been able to afford that, there was simply not enough money in the family—but I had a stroke of good fortune. On the last day of high school I was walking past a noticeboard and there was a sign about management development scholarships with the Commonwealth Bank of Australia. I sent off the form and didn't expect to hear anything more. Then I got a letter asking me to go to Sydney for an interview. My mum and dad came with me because it was a big deal: this was my first real encounter with the Big Smoke. The only other time I had been to Sydney was as a six-year-old to go to the zoo.

Everybody wants to go to Sydney if you don't live in Sydney and you're close to Sydney. And so I did. In 1989, I went to Macquarie University to study law and economics and I lived on campus in a residential college which I happen to now chair. The bank paid for me at the equivalent of a teller's salary. It meant that I had a financial foundation—so I could be completely devoted to my studies. And I had that for five years.

The deal was that the payment would be met during the vacation. So each year, when everyone else went off for their three-month vacation, I worked in a different division of the bank. And I was happy to do it. For the first year I worked as a bank teller, back in Newcastle. That was the year we had an earthquake. That was apocalyptic being in a city that is the subject of an earthquake. It was 5.6 on the Richter scale. People died.

After I finished my studies the bank offered me a job in Sydney, and I stayed with them for seven years. I felt an obligation out of loyalty to repay the investment they'd made in me.

In 1994, I did the practical law training and my mother was diagnosed with breast cancer—she died in 1995, shortly after I was admitted as a solicitor. She had been the major support throughout my life.

What that does—obviously it's a very painful thing to go through—I think it hardens your resolve to be successful.

My wife and I were born in the same month in the same year in the same town. We met in kindergarten. By utter coincidence we both ended up at Macquarie, both studying law and economics, both living in Dunmore Lang College. When we discovered this, we tried quite consciously to remain separate from one another. We both wanted to have the lives that you dream of when you move to Sydney.

After two years we ended up together. We got married in 1996. I was twenty-six.

At our combined fortieth birthday party we used our 1975 class photo as the invitation; we discovered that we were actually standing next to each other in the class photo.

Studying law at Macquarie was quite challenging. I didn't want to let anyone down having gotten to that point, so I spent most of my time studying. And I did aerobics. That was the big thing then.

I was never a sporty kid. I was much more interested in reading, raising my chickens and guinea pigs and birds.

But now, my big thing is running. I outrun the young people in the office. That's my thing. Running; and working out; and spin classes—it becomes quite addictive.

The whole week is consumed by working.

I'm a city-centric city-obsessed large metropolis person, that's my orientation. I can't get enough of big cities.

My family keeps me balanced; I've got three children: seventeen, fourteen and eleven. Mind you, they also create a lot of the stress.

My wife and I had resolved never to live more than five kilometres away from the city, but once we had our kids we wanted them to get the best education and so we had to move closer to the best schools. They are full fee-paying schools; they're very expensive. Both my wife and I went to state schools. In Sydney, there's a strong bias for professionals to send their kids to private schools. The extravagance of some of these schools is difficult to justify as an educational offering; what it really is, is an experience.

Like a lot of Australian homes, we've got a pool. So there's the pool man as well as the gardener. And we have someone that cleans the house. The gardener does the stuff that I'll never get to, hedges and things, but I do love spending three or four hours in the garden on the weekend.

We made the family decision to get a cat. Her name is Princess. Everyone loves the cat. Our other pet is a rabbit. The rabbit is Pebbles. Some of the family members would like a dog but we are having the family dog debate, because my wife's not a fan of dogs.

My wife's father is Russian. During WWII he fled with his siblings and his parents from Russia through Germany—they had to live life on the run until they were able to get to the ships that were taking people from Europe to Australia—and he ended up in the Hunter Valley. They were essentially refugees. They turned up with nothing.

My brother established a very successful mechanical business and other businesses—he too has a very hard work ethic—and he now lives on a farm and has pursued cattle breeding. We don't see each other all that much; he's not in Sydney, I'm in Sydney. He does all the extreme things. He's into speedboating, motorbike racing, four-wheel driving, camping, that whole existence—mine's the absolute opposite.

I don't think I was all that emotionally equipped to deal with the loss of a mother at twenty-four. I didn't expect to lose her, in fact. I was in Sydney and my father rang—classic father communication, 'Oh, your mother's in hospital. I don't think she's all that well.' And I said, 'Well, should I come up or not?' 'Oh, let's see how things are in the morning.' Well, she didn't make it to the morning. You've got to be very careful in those situations about judging people's decisions, so I don't judge the decisions, but, you know, I did not expect to get a call at three in the morning to say that she'd passed away, and I never got to say goodbye to her.

My father never remarried. And he then got sick from a form of leukaemia. At the time that happened, we had certainly had two kids, possibly were onto our third, we'd renovated our home, life was good, my career was burning along at a million miles an hour. And at that period when you think life is pretty good, then you get a call: 'I think I might have something.' That was about 2009. I was thirty-nine. I'd just landed a huge job at the firm. So I went from the high to the low very quickly. But he battled on, went into remission, so it was all good. But then he got sick a couple of years ago, and went downhill and died not long before his seventy-fifth birthday.

A lot of the reading has fallen away. But I'm still passionate about books. I made a resolution to my wife two years ago when I did the annual reorganisation of the bookcase, when I was up the ladder, that I wouldn't buy any books for a year; and I ended up buying thirty-two books that year. I am hopeless at not buying books.

We made the family decision to get a cat. Her name is Princess.

I usually have six or seven going at one time which drives everyone in the house crazy, but I can flit between them. We've been having a big discussion about *Lincoln in the Bardo*. Do you love it or hate it? I was in Washington when he won the Booker Prize and I bought a copy; this was going to be my summer book. But my wife picked it up. She didn't enjoy it. She's abandoned it.

We've always bought the children books and read to them. Every time I've had an opportunity I would buy them books, and get in trouble for that as well.

My wife's a Libra. She can never make a decision and I'm constantly making the decisions and then complaining that I always have to make the decisions. I've always felt like I'm a true Virgo—Virgos have perfectionistic tendencies; we probably don't realise just how difficult we can be.

I'm a huge fan of jazz. And cooking. When I cook, which is usually Spanish food, I either have on jazz or opera. I like all types of jazz but I particularly like Ella Fitzgerald. Our middle daughter is called Ella. I love listening to music and I love listening to Ella.

My older daughter is making the decision about what career to pursue: she's thinking of law. I've always encouraged her to be a doctor. I encouraged my middle daughter to be a doctor—and she wants to be a fashion designer in New York.

Every Sunday morning my son rides his bike around the Bay and I run behind him.

My wife's name is Lara.

If you talk about joy, I'll talk to you about my wife and children.

Scott Atkins, Sydney
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Vice president, ARITA

Interview by Ingeborg Alexander
Photograph by Robbie Pattmore

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Laura Shumiloff

Magazine editor

Nicola Liu

Creative director

Robbie Pattemore

Picture editor

Ivan Maslarov

Arts editor

Alexandra Howe

Digital RE:

Clement Lehembre

RE: writers

Ingeborg Alexander

Patrick Bracher, Johannesburg

Richard Calnan, London

Alexandra Howe, New York

Natalia Mushinska, Moscow

Andrew Robinson, Durban

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Alex Boxsell

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Contributing artists/photographers

Stéphane Braun, Luxembourg

Ivan Maslarov, London

Thank you

Amanda Allen, Houston. Aditya Badami, Calgary. Susan

Baldwin, LA. Farmida Bi, London. Andreas Börner,

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contributors.

and

Efthimis Gatos, Athens. Jason Bush, London. Jung-Kay

Chiu, Toronto. David Johnson, Hong Kong. Pria Kaushal,

Vancouver. Taryn Lazarus, London. John Liberopoulos,

Athens. Henrietta Scott, London. Nora Shearer, New

York. Lita Tropea, Sydney. Gijs van Leeuwen, Amsterdam.

Ailsa Veiszadeh, Sydney. Zoe Wood, London.

Featuring

Scott Atkins, Sydney

and

Andrew Buisson, London

Ciaran Dachtler, London

Lena Kosti, Athens

Peter Lamb, Durban

External contributors

The photo essay

Alejandro Cartagena, photographer

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alejandrocartagena.com

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Lucilla Loiotide, photographer and alumni

Commended, 'Culture', Sony World Photography

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Marie Cécile Thijs, photographer and artist

The kitchen table

Sonia Wong, food photographer

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Eliion Fistraku, London

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Contact the Editor

nicola.liu@nortonrosefulbright.com

The Editor, RE:

Norton Rose Fulbright LLP

3 More London Riverside

London SE1 2AQ, UK

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