

The background is a complex abstract collage. It features a solid red background with several torn, layered pieces of paper. One large piece is a mottled blue-grey color. Another prominent piece is a bright yellow, curved shape that resembles a thick brushstroke or a ribbon. At the bottom, there are two horizontal yellow strips with thin, dark, curved lines drawn across them. In the top left corner, there is a white 'RE' logo with a yellow outline, surrounded by a network of thin, yellow, intersecting lines.

RE

Open to new points of view

A Norton Rose Fulbright magazine

RE:
issue 11

WORK
OPERA IN THREE ACTS
THE PHOTO ESSAY: MARK HEATHCOTE
YOU START WITH STILLNESS
LIFE

RE:
LOOKING OUT NOT IN

RICHARD CALNAN ON JURISPRUDENCE

Should the parties to a contract be free to agree any terms that they want, however unfair or unreasonable they may be?

The law of contract is concerned with the voluntary assumption of liability. Contractual liabilities are not imposed by law: they are freely entered into by the parties. It is for this reason that freedom of contract is so important. There is a choice involved. In the nineteenth century the Master of the Rolls, Sir George Jessel, said that “if there is one thing which more than another public policy requires it is that men of full age and competent understanding shall have the utmost liberty of contracting”.

It is generally accepted that the parties to a contract are in the best position to assess the terms of the contract which they make. If they agree terms, the duty of the court is to give effect to them. It is not for judges to decide on the good sense or commerciality of what the parties have agreed. As Lord Neuberger (now the President of the UK Supreme Court) has said, “judges are not the most commercially-minded, let alone the most commercially experienced of people”.

The result is that there are very few limitations in English law on the ability of parties to write what they want in their contract. It must not be illegal or contrary to public policy, but these rules are quite narrowly circumscribed. Public policy has been described as “an unruly horse”, and English judges are normally loathe to ride it. There are restrictions on penalty clauses, but the circumstances in which a clause will be set aside as a penalty have recently been severely limited. There are statutory rules which protect consumers, but few rules which regulate what commercial parties can say in their contracts.

The difference between the common law approach to contracts (typified by English law) and the approach of the civil law (for instance, on the continent of Europe) is sometimes overstated, but it does exist. Civil lawyers

see contracts against the background of the general law contained in their Civil Code. The purpose of the contract is to fill in the gaps which the Code does not cater for, and so the contract itself can be quite short. And, even if the parties want to, it is not always possible to change what the Code says.

To the common lawyer, a contract is a blank piece of paper on which he can write what he wants. As Lord Hoffmann once said, “One only has to read the covenants in a traditional lease to realise that draftsmen lack inhibition about using too many words.” There are underlying contract rules, but these are just default

rules. They give way to contrary intention. And the goal of the parties is to set out as much as they can in the contract about the arrangements between themselves. Why rely on the general law when you can write it down in the contract?

Within the civil law jurisdictions, there are more limits on the parties’ ability to make up their own rules. Most civil law systems have principles of good faith which require the parties to act reasonably and fairly. This approach is tempting. Surely it is right to hold the parties to some higher standard? But experience suggests that it is not as straightforward as that. Parties to commercial transactions often want to be clear about precisely what they must do and what they do not have to do. No ifs, no buts.

Freedom of contract is so fundamental that it may seem unnecessary to state it. This is because it is not a right (which only exists if it is granted) but a liberty (which always exists unless it is taken away).

Next time: Understanding lawyers

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

The historian

Gijs van Leeuwen

DUTCH TOLERANCE

In the oldest part of Amsterdam you can find a hidden treasure. I am talking about Our Lord in the Attic, a Catholic church built in 1663. Seventeenth-century Amsterdam was predominantly Protestant and the Catholic Mass was forbidden; however, pragmatic as the Dutch are, the authorities permitted the Mass as long as it was kept out of sight. That is why, in the top floor of what looks like a normal house, this church was built, unrecognizable as such from the outside.

Presently, in Holland, there is concern as a result of the influx of people from other countries with often different cultural and religious backgrounds. This concern has arisen in other countries, too. And we have seen that this concern can be voiced in many ways and can influence political decisions. But of course, although it feels like we are living in a time of extremes ('the best of times, the worst of times'), immigration is not a new phenomenon.

In Europe, in the sixteenth century, religious oppression was one of the main reasons for migration. Protestantism was on the rise and the Catholic Church reacted with force (the Spanish inquisition). Holland was already known as relatively tolerant, with some measure of freedom of religion. In the middle of the century, Sephardic Jews, mostly from Portugal, came to Holland in large numbers. They were educated, had money and were very much welcome, as long as they kept to themselves and did not try to interfere with the running of the nascent State. Their numbers were dwarfed by the inflow of Protestants from the north of France and what is now Belgium. The Spanish king, who reigned over the southern and northern Netherlands, gave the inhabitants a simple choice: obey the king, pay him taxes and be a good Catholic; or be sentenced to death by the Blood Council, the local variant of the inquisition. Some stayed and were killed; most fled. Some went to England and Germany but most to the northern Netherlands. If we look at the relative numbers, the impact on Dutch society was

enormous. The number of inhabitants of Amsterdam rose from 30,000 in 1578 to 108,000 in 1622. There was a comparable increase in population in other Dutch cities like Middelburg, Leiden and Delft. The immigrants brought along their skills, their European network of trade relations, their language and their culture. Their skills and trade network were welcomed and contributed greatly to the rise of the Netherlands as one of the main trading nations in the seventeenth-century world. Their culture, their knowledge of foreign languages and their flamboyant clothes, however, did not go down well. The southerners looked down on the northerners as 'brainless country boys'. The northerners reacted by presenting their abruptness and directness in language and social interactions as a virtue. This 'virtue' still lingers on to this day, I'm told.

Despite the influx of predominantly Calvinist immigrants, at the beginning of the seventeenth century under half the population in the northern Netherlands was Catholic, and about a quarter Calvinist. Amsterdam was predominantly not Catholic, hence the hidden Catholic church. The last quarter of the Amsterdam population consisted, apart from the Jewish population, of various Protestant groups like Lutherans, Anabaptists and Remonstrants. Often, these groups did not tolerate each other any better than they tolerated Catholics. The Remonstrants (like the Catholics) were not allowed to hold worship in a way that was visible to the public. They built their clandestine church on the Keizersgracht in the centre of Amsterdam, surrounded by houses which, over time, were purchased by the congregation. The building still exists and is now a well-known debating centre.

As always, in practice the picture is a complicated one.

Ons' Lieve Heer op Solder
Oudezijds Voorburgwal 38, 1012 GE Amsterdam
GVL is a partner in the Netherlands.

Way of life

IN LONDON

Louise Higginbottom

I have three lives; two of these bring huge pleasure, but both are now tinged with sadness and worry, because of the third.

During the week, my first life is pretty routine—the office, the gym, eating and sleeping—but made rewarding by my team and many great colleagues. Weekends are a complete contrast: a rush to the station on Friday evening, and two hours later I am in an idyllic spot between the Quantock Hills and Exmoor, in the UK's beautiful West Country. One weekend, I have my second life; dog walking, cooking and gardening, surrounded by green and birdsong. The other weekend is my third life, when I spend a day caring for my mother, who has fairly advanced Alzheimer's, and lives about an hour's drive away. Both weekends end the same way—the train back to London and my first life. Of course, these lives cross over and collide all the time, and one will be interrupted by an urgent issue from the other, but the differing locations give a separation, and the journeys between them give the chance to adjust to what is coming next, or to regroup from what has just been.

The Friday train journey is normally a pleasure: gin and tonic to mark the end of the week, a catch-up on the newspapers and looking forward to a cheerful greeting on arrival; every so often the trip will be marred by cancellations, but I am normally mellow enough to endure these without (much) complaint.

The journey to my mother's is the most beautiful—through moorland with wild ponies and sheep roaming free, and ending with spectacular views of Glastonbury Tor, but this journey is the hardest; in my other lives the things I do have visible results. But I can't fix my mother or give back what she has lost, however hard I work.

During the visit, we can still share a measure of pleasure in her garden, good food, music and her dog, but the inability to communicate, especially when she is clearly troubled, overlies this. She appreciates my visits, and is generally more relaxed while I am there, especially when she will sit to be read to or have a hand massage. She still knows who I am and will ask questions about wider family and enjoy photos of them. And sometimes the confusion brings amusement, albeit of the black humour variety, including the recent announcement that she is expecting another baby. The need to be gentle, patient and to move at her pace slows me down as well.

The journey back is a time of more complex feelings; leaving is always painful, but then there is relief if it has been a good visit (and, if I am truthful, that I do not have to do it again for two weeks). Worry if it has not. Wondering if she will be all right until my next visit, and will the carer be able to cope with her more difficult moments. And guilt that I only visit her once a fortnight. But as I come back over the moor and down the hill into the valley, I am enfolded back into a safe haven where I can look forward to a relaxing evening, and a busy Sunday country day.

The return train journey on Sunday is more nuanced: the 'back to school' feeling as I leave, but the relief of sitting down after a busy day, enjoyment in some time on my own before the challenges of the week. Finally, the lights of Albert Bridge tell me I am back to my first life, and the cycle begins again.

“leaving is always
painful, but then
there is relief”

LH is a partner in the UK. Her role includes advising on business and partnership risk issues across Asia, Brazil, Europe and the Middle East.

Contributors



Robin Balmer
Which?



Tina Costas
Which?



Valentina Gluhovskaya
Playlist



Patrick Kierans
The sporting life



James Reid
The sporting life



Jarret Stephens
Yoga



Nadine Bourgeois
Yoga



Vincent Dwyer
The sporting life



Jenya Hammond
The kitchen table



Tarryn Lazarus
Yoga



Andrew Robinson
Stringers



Anna Tipping
The sporting life



Patrick Bracher
Obiter dictum



Mia Edin
Yoga



Judy Harvie
Yoga



Ivan Maslarov
In your face



Bruno Sannier
Back streets



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The historian



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The guide



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Martin Scott
Wide angle



Jonathan Wang
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The kitchen table



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Way of life



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On jurisprudence



Tina Glover
Yoga



Alexandra Howe
Stringers
The poet



Attilio Pavone
The moving image



Nick Staines
Which?



Tim Wood
Real science

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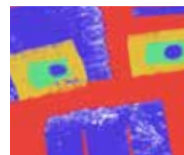
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Cover artwork by
Ivan Maslarov

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

I enjoyed Laura Shumiloff's piece on books. I am not sure that I could stretch to *Classical Ballet Technique* or the *British Horse Society Complete Manual of Stable Management* but Steavenson, Chekhov, Aksyonov and Lermontov all look interesting. Time to buy some more books!!
David Stannard, Hong Kong
Bookshelf, issue 10.

I have the same ballet technique book that Laura Shumiloff mentioned in *RE*. It is great.
Anna Lind, London alumni
Bookshelf, issue 10.

I was happy to help out on the photoshoot with Matt Longstaff (over here we call him 'The Blade'). I am always happy to join in the fun! By the way, I chatted with a friend last week who had a copy of *RE*: so that he could read my mountain climbing piece. He commented on how much he enjoyed the entire magazine. He said it was very well done.

Tom Valentine, Calgary
Style guide to beards, issue 10 (Tom was a contributing photographer), Ama Dablam, issue 8 (a T E Valentine feature).

The concept in Greek Chorus was interesting, but the use of dialogue based on ancient Greek theatre created the impression that the answers would build from one another to reach conclusions; that the characters would take on definite roles; and that the conclusions reached would be novel. These aspects needed to be developed.

Candice Grieve, Johannesburg
Greek Chorus, issue 9.

The magazine looks really great. And wow, I had no idea Everyday Africa would be the cover!!

Austin Merrill, Everyday Africa
The photo essay, issue 10.

I thoroughly enjoyed reading this issue of *RE*: over the weekend. It is a vibrant, engaging and enlightening read!
Han Wenhao, London

I am planning to take a copy of *RE*: home to give it to Mum.
Vicky Münzer-Jones, Singapore
One hundred words, issue 9 (with a hand-drawing by Vicky Münzer-Jones).

I was a refugee; I claimed asylum in the UK after the Iranian revolution. How about a happy refugee story? I spent some years negotiating peace deals in Sudan and ended up a partner in this shop.
Razavi Shamim, Jakarta

Festivals

Do you go to music festivals? Literary festivals? Get in touch with the Editor and let's plan a full-immersion piece on the festival experience.

Aside from the occasional guest contributor, all the writers, photographers and illustrators 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.

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Best design in a feature-led magazine,
IoIC 2016
Best print magazine – class 1,
CIPR Inside 2016

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OBITER DICTUM

Latin, deconstructed

By Patrick Bracher, Johannesburg

mea culpa

My fault! Your insurers won't thank you for saying so.

mendacem memorem esse oportet

A liar should have a good memory. The first thing a witness being cross-examined should remember.

mirabile dictu

Amazingly. Or 'wonderful to relate'. Often used ironically.

modus operandi

Manner of working. Sometimes used as evidence of a pattern of criminal behaviour to prove a crime.

modus vivendi

Way of living. 'Lifestyle' being the modern equivalent.

moratorium

From the Latin *mora* for 'delay'. A temporary **suspension of an obligation** to do something or pay a debt.

mortis causa

In **contemplation of approaching death**—for instance, the forgiveness of debt on one's deathbed

mutatis mutandis

With the necessary changes. As when you incorporate the terms of another document into a contract and minor changes are needed.

necessitas non habet leges

Necessity has no law. Acting from necessity can be a defence to allegations of wrongful conduct.

nemine contradicente

Nobody dissenting. As in the tacit unanimous approval of a meeting. Usually written as *nem. con.*

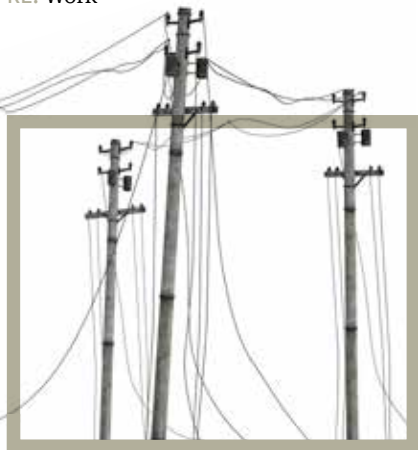
PB is a director in South Africa.

This is issue eleven of *RE*, a magazine for everyone in Norton Rose Fulbright around the world and for our friends, among them our clients and alumni. In this issue, we offer up the virtual reality that is opera in all its rich, comic-tragic, overwrought, unassailable, sobering magnificence. Like it, love it, hate it, it's all there for you. As is tattoo art in Tokyo and coffee shops in Vancouver; the photography of Mark Heathcote; the life of Janet Grove in Canada and Louise Higginbottom in London; quickfire art, notes on movies by Pavone, and a look at time in music. It all starts with stillness, we find, when we take to the street to investigate yoga.

Finally, we announce our Writing Prize, a competition for writers in search of recognition. I hope you will try your hand at this. The next issue will appear at the end of the year. See you then.

The Editor





Stringers

Reports filed by correspondents across the world

I CAN SEE CLEARLY NOW

Andrew Robinson | South Africa

In South Africa, travel is inevitable—and in travel, the window seat is everything.

It gives you access to a wider, wonderful world even as that world rushes by. It gives you fresh air, too (except on aeroplanes, where the opening of windows is not encouraged).

As a child, I was made to suffer the torture of the middle seat each year as we made our hot summer trek north to visit the mad uncles and aunts who lived amongst the mine dumps of Gauteng. Jammed into the back of a 1971 Opel Kadett, I had to the left of me my grandmother with her book of general knowledge quizzes “to pass the time” and to my right Great Aunt Gwen, who travelled always in a blowsy cloud of carbolic fumes. Oh, and those trips back from school rugby tours, wedged between the fat prop forward and the lanky flank, an amalgam of new sweat, old mud, lime and eye-watering liniments.

I made all my journeys to school and university by train, setting out from the genteel seaside village of Fish Hoek, half way down the Cape of Good Hope, famous for its windswept scimitar of white sand and, idling in its shallows, its malevolent great white sharks with their giant “swallow you whole” maws.

The first few miles of train track ran along a thin belt between

mountains and coast—on a clear summer morning I could look, through an open window, as the sun rose over the blue-ridged mountains on the far side of False Bay.

One needed to be on one’s guard. There was a man, two windows up, who used to spend a station or two working up a lung-shredding cough before expectorating the fruits of his labours out of his window and—thanks to the Venturi effect—straight into mine. The things schoolboys remember!

I have clearly been spending too much time in airports lately. When my daughter asked me to conjure up a name for her bulldog—“It must begin with a ‘B’, Dad!”—I suggested Bag Drop, which I thought was funny.

But I love that aircraft window seat, just behind the wing, where you can watch the mysterious mechanics of flight at work, and see the world fall away and turn into a pattern of hard hills and desiccated Karoo earth; the small dirt roads that struggle to connect homesteads and hidden, reclusive towns; and those dust tracks that just don’t seem to go anywhere at all.

AR is the head of transport across the Africa region. He lives in Durban and, soon, Cape Town.

A HALL OF MIRRORS

Alexandra Howe | United States

I am an Englishwoman living and working in New York City.

I love being a foreigner. I love discovering the different ways that people approach life, what their buildings look like, the words they use (and the words they don’t), how they get around, what they eat, where and when they eat. I love standing on the sidelines and watching it all, belonging and not belonging at the same time.

Living in New York is like walking through a hall of mirrors at the fairground. Everything is familiar, but distorted. I recognize things, or think I recognize things, but when I look more closely, I realise I don’t. Sneakers are trainers and trainers are fitness instructors; a check is a bill and also a cheque. Everybody seems overwhelmingly friendly at first, but everybody is impatient. Temperature is in Fahrenheit. Dates are back-to-front. Taxis are yellow!

People tell me that I am living here at an interesting time. I arrived in October 2016, when the red maples in Central Park were glowing deep, brilliant scarlet. I saw the tourist shops around Times Square fill up with election memorabilia and heard the chants of protesters passing our offices on Avenue of the Americas on 9 November. I tried my first (possibly my last) slice

of pumpkin pie on Thanksgiving and marvelled at the size of the Christmas tree outside the Rockefeller Center. Like most things in this city, it was big.

I watched the snowflakes whirl upwards in eddies outside my office window on the 29th floor of a Midtown skyscraper, and the skaters circling the rink outside Central Park Zoo like figures in a Brueghel painting. I sat in the American Wing café at the Metropolitan Museum of Art and thought about what *objet d'art* I would take home if I could choose one thing from the collection. (Would the *Portrait of Madame X* actually fit in my apartment, though?)

This city is a *wunderkammer*, a theatre, an endless, restless pursuit of diversion, set to the rumbling soundtrack of traffic, pulsing through its streets like arterial blood, day and night. Viewed in the darkness from the deck of the Staten Island Ferry, Manhattan glisters like a jewel-encrusted snuffbox, a prize in the collection of that exquisite magpie Henry Clay Frick. It feels alluring, and slightly dangerous. Certainly, it's an interesting time to be living in New York. Could it ever not be?

AH is RE's: arts editor.

HUGGING AND KISSING

Natalia Mushinska | Russia

Recently, a man was travelling by train and conversing loudly on his phone. He was talking about vodka. About which food goes with vodka, what type of shot glasses to use, what temperature the vodka should be, how to prepare the chasers, and in which progression the whole should be consumed. It was morning rush hour and the carriage was full. The other passengers were listening attentively, and after a while started their own discussion. Some suggested alternative recipes, others argued the whole set of chasers, and still others were begging everyone to stop talking about food as the day was young and dinner some distance away.

Each time I fly on a plane full of Russians, at the end of the trip I see people who had been strangers hugging and kissing each other goodbye. Once, a Russian woman in her sixties, a fellow-traveller sitting next to me on a flight to Zurich, told me a story. She found herself in a group of six Russians, absolute strangers to each other, who missed their connecting flight and had to spend the night in a US airport hotel. They stayed awake the whole night laughing, eating and drinking; at the end, one of them paid the entire bill.

I feel Russian. This is a feeling that comes over you when you go to a formal social event and unexpectedly meet someone

with whom you have a very open conversation, the kind that stays with you long afterwards. You find yourself charged, inspired. This, by the way, is the secret of Mr Putin's attraction. He builds personal relations with every person he meets; and he does this because he is by nature very Russian.

Communalism (do not confuse with communism!) is a basic attribute of the Russian character and it is this that lies at the heart of the overwhelming Russian sociability. For Russians, doing things together is sometimes more important than the outcome—to put it another way, the act of doing things together can make the outcome already good.

Our weaknesses are always an extension of our strengths. This is where intolerance toward opponents is rooted. It's an intensely personal feeling, hard to resist. "Those who are not with us are against us." This year, 2017, is the 100th anniversary of the Great October Socialist Revolution (to use Soviet era terminology). An event which has yet to be properly located in Russian history. An event which shamelessly exploited one of the most appealing attributes of the Russian character—communalism.

NM is RE's: Moscow correspondent.

CHALLENGE 67

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**EVERY INDIVIDUAL
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AND THE ABILITY TO
MAKE AN IMPACT**



NELSON MANDELA
FOUNDATION

Living the legacy

Wide angle

A COMPOSITE VIEW OF HONG KONG
BY PHOTOGRAPHER MARTIN SCOTT





MS is a managing partner based in the UK; his remit covers Europe, the Middle East and Asia.

Opera

Act I

The Tale of Januarie

Interval

Act II

Oedipe

Interval

Act III

The Exterminating Angel

Production credits

Welcome to a night at the opera, and if this is your first time, come on in. This is opera with the sound turned down but with all the playful tricks of theatre come alive. Tonight, you can move freely from one opera to another to another.

First up is an opera retelling a comic tale by the English poet of the fourteenth century, Chaucer—a tale that, like some of the best comedies, ends on a note of unexpected pathos. That's followed by an opera which reworks the fate of Oedipus as recounted by the Greek playwright Sophocles in the fifth century BC. Our third opera is contemporary, surreal and inspired by the film work of the twentieth-century Spanish iconoclast, Luis Buñuel.

No need for words. Soak up the images. If you want the words, we have the stories; we have the artists (composers, directors, designers) talking about how they created the work; and we have the opera-goers in a blow-by-blow account of their evening.

Between each opera is an interval. Make yourself a drink, get yourself an ice cream, go along to one of the talks. Where did opera start? Where is opera headed?

It's theatre. And it's free. For one night only.





Act



juyl 15 16 + 17 18 + 19 20 + 21 22

juyl 15 16 + 17 18 + 19 20 + 21 22 + 23

juyl 16 17 + 18 19 20 + 21 22 + 23 + 24



octobre 21 25 + 26 + 27 28 + 29 30 31

10 11 + 12 13 14 15 16

THE TALE OF JANUARIE

A rich old man called Januarie picks out a milkmaid called May to be his bride. Their wedding night is bliss for Januarie but not for May, and she takes as her lover the old man's servant. Their actions are observed by the gods of the Underworld, Pluto and Prosperina, who argue over the rights and wrongs of the matter. Januarie, blinded by lust—and by Prosperina—has no inkling of the deception being played out on him. In front of his unseeing eyes, the young lovers climb into a tree to consummate their passion; and the god Pluto in anger at their behaviour restores the old man's sight. May lies to Januarie and once again he is deceived ('no fool like an old fool'). At the end, Januarie has died and is about to pass over—but the gods are merciful and allow him to think that the child that May is about to bear is his.

The Tale of Januarie—the first opera to be written in Middle English—was created for students at the Guildhall School in 2017 and is based on *The Merchant's Tale* by Chaucer (1343–1400). All the action takes place against the backdrop of a pear tree and the passing of the seasons.

The composer

"I was trying to write a piece that would have a broad appeal. I see opera within a broad theatrical context of theatre-making rather than as a very specialised high art. I can't exist—operatically—in a world that is only pure and rarified. I need both ends of the spectrum.

I found Middle English incredibly rich and stimulating linguistically. Modern English is so problematic to set. You don't have the lovely elisions and vowel-rich possibilities that Italian and German and even French gives you. Middle English is a gift for a composer. It felt like I was setting an opera in a number of languages, because the language spoken in Chaucer's time was in such flux.

Any new opera if it's worthwhile involves an experiment. The risk from my point of view was writing a piece that seems at the outset to be bawdy and comic and that ends up having a tragic note. But that's what interests me. That's very much my sort of thing. It's about being inbetween things.

In Chaucer's tale, 'Januarie' marries 'May'; we completed the cycle of the seasons and added an epilogue which took him to the point where he passes over to the Underworld. When we workshopped the end I did some cutting to tighten it. The worry is that you get to that point just when people are thinking it's time to go home—and you've got an extended meditation on the meaning of life!

Of course, we were working with a young cast whose ideas about the passing of time were different to our own. There's a poignancy in that. Those of us further down the path have a different sensibility about mortality and the brevity of life.

There is never enough time. The composition took a year; and that felt very tight. In a way, a creative process never ends; it's just that at some point you really do have to stop. With opera, that dilemma is played out in a very stark way. Opera is so expensive and involves so many people. So everything hinges on what's practical. You can cut, but you can't revisit and remake.

Chaucer has this capacity to bring together a bawdy rough humour with high poetic thoughtfulness. He's exploding the notion of difference between high and low art—just as Shakespeare does. You're laughing at someone you think is ridiculous; and then you end up feeling this extraordinary empathy for him. The fact is that we're all on the same mortal coil: we're all ridiculous.

That's all there in the Chaucer."

Julian Philips—Guildhall School, London





INTERVAL

Where does opera come from?

Opera has only been around for about four hundred years. You could say it was invented, by committee. And it is fundamentally illogical. People don't *sing* when they speak: they speak. Yet what we have at the beginnings of opera is *recitative*, endless acres of speech—sung. And for this, we can thank a bunch of Florentine poets, musicians and intellectuals in the late 1500s, in particular Jacopo Peri, the composer of the first opera, *Dafne*. Not that people did thank Peri: the composer was uncredited and the score unpublished.

Music in Europe, other than folk, was until the late Middle Ages liturgical; its shift into the secular realm began in the 1500s and drew on the practice of *commedia dell'arte*. The traditions of theatre, pantomime and liturgy came together when the Florentine *camerata* (Jacopo and his friends) decided to set a play to music. Three years later, Peri did it again: his second opera, *Euridice*, was performed in 1600. Things moved quickly after that point—with the arrival of Claudio Monteverdi—but it's worth pausing to note three facts: that there was not a single aria or other melodic device in those early compositions; that the storylines looked back to Antiquity, its influence traceable throughout the mediaeval period; and that the *camerata* could never have created an opera without the support of their patron, the Count Giovanni di'Bardi. He is the one we should be thanking.

Monteverdi—the greatest composer of his day—pushed opera into being as a flesh-and-blood art form when he said that what it needed was a little variety. *Orfeo* was performed in 1607 in Mantua. Opera had arrived. And why? All because the wealthy Duke Gonzaga of Mantua heard Peri's *Euridice*, decided he wanted one too, and instructed Claudio to learn the form and write him one. No patron, no exquisite art.

Let's not delude ourselves: opera was from the start an exclusive and private treat for a wealthy, well-connected group of individuals. This changed only when, in 1637, the first opera house opened to the public—the Teatro San Cassiano in the Free City-State of Venice—and even then the prices were horrendous. What would it take for opera to throw open its doors to the hoi polloi?

Act
II





OEDIPE

Oedipus is a man born to a tragic fate: he is destined to kill his father and marry his mother. Abandoned at birth and raised in a foreign land, he flees to escape his destiny. He kills a stranger—his true father—at a crossroads. He outwits the Sphinx and weds the Queen of Thebes—his birth mother. Years pass. Children are born. Peace is abroad. Then plague strikes the kingdom, and his search for truth as a means of ending the plague leads him to the knowledge of his actions. To atone, Oedipus blinds himself and, with his daughter Antigone, wanders the land. Years pass. Grief grows old. At the last, Oedipus finds peace.

The opera *Oedipe* had its premiere in Paris in 1936. It was composed by a Romanian, George Enescu, who started playing with the idea in 1910. The opera is based on plays by Sophocles: *Oedipus Tyrannus* and *Oedipus at Colonus*. This production (by the Catalan theatre group La Fura dels Baus) was first staged at La Monnaie, Brussels, in 2011.

The director

“It was our set designer Alfons Flores who suggested using clay as a visual leitmotif. It speaks to so many things. The creation of the first human from primeval clay. Our connections with Antiquity through its sculptures; you see this in the two hundred terracotta figures filling the tiered galleries, in their posture, the monochromatic colour of their robes. The enduring flow of time. And the chorus—as onlookers bearing witness to a man’s life—play a central role in *Oedipe*; the warm, earthen tones of clay gave us a way of unifying them. And of course the plague: the clay symbolises the sickness.

Jean Cocteau wrote a play in 1932 called *La Machine Infernale*; this made me think about time as perpetual motion and our helplessness in face

of this onward sweep—and our fear of the future. In *Oedipe*, only one person acts to change their destiny, and that is Oedipus. We show his humanity throughout our production. His life was tragic; but we remember him, down through the whole measure of time we still remember this man Oedipus.”

Alex Ollé—La Fura dels Baus, Barcelona

The set designer

“I don’t believe in predestination: some book in which my life is written. No! Life is full of vicissitudes. The more Oedipus struggles, the more difficult his life becomes. I had to find an image to show this. The red clay came from TV images of a catastrophe in Hungary, but you see it too at Chernobyl. People will suffer for years: impossible to escape. All my work is a way to express my feelings—about love, justice, madness, desires. I lived for eighteen years under a dictatorship. I know these things.

People ask how I can work all the time in darkness, from morning till late at night on the stage of the opera house, no light, no outside world. But this is my joy. As a child I played on the stage, hammering nails, while my father did his work as a technician. Now it’s the same, it’s play!

I have a lot of pain inside. I have two lives: in my public life I am a happy man; when I am alone I am a sad person. Theatre gives me the possibilities to speak about these feelings.”

Alfons Flores—La Fura dels Baus, Barcelona





 INTERVAL

Where is opera going?

If people take against opera, it won't flourish. It has to have its patrons, but it also has to be accessible to all, not just the cognoscenti: otherwise it has no future.

Opera always illuminates something else: a myth, a Shakespeare play, a Greek drama, a moment in history. I would never say that opera is vital for life—clearly it isn't!—yet it is a wonderful source of entertainment and it can be intensely moving.

But not always. In the 1960s and '70s opera was in a state of confusion. New operas became—like the 'plink plonk' of much post-war music—impossible to understand. Audiences ran for shelter to the familiar, the Verdi, the Puccini. For many, the new was regarded with horror, or apprehension. The form was pushed to its limits by, among others, Stockhausen's *Donnerstag (aus Licht)*, first seen at La Scala in 1981, and Birtwistle's 1986 *The Mask of Orpheus*, which included a fusion of electronic synthesis in Act II that stunned audiences into a depressed silence. (His *Minotaur* is far more accessible.) The minimalist composers of the 1980s, people like Philip Glass and John Adams, were instrumental in enabling modern opera to absorb fresh ideas that would open it up to a wider audience. Over the last two decades there has probably been a levelling out; opera is, once again, melodic. That's not the only change that has occurred but that is where opera's future lies.

Over these four hundred years our sound world has expanded. Wagner changed the way key structures work. Puccini had more notes to play with than Mozart. Stockhausen exploded the form. And now, as the age of minimalism passes, lyricism lives on, in a new, sometimes challenging, form. We have a living example of that in Thomas Adès, whose most recent opera you are about to experience. Adès has developed a style of modernism that is bringing people to the opera houses in droves. Music is always changing, as is our receptivity to it. Where is opera going? Into the future.

 Laurence Slater

Act
III





THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL

A group of rather glamorous people arrive (twice) to attend a dinner party. At the end of the evening they find they cannot go home, although there is nothing to prevent their doing so. No sealed doors. No guards. Time passes and still no one leaves. Order and civility collapse. Lust, anger, sex and madness creep in, as do hunger, thirst, sickness and death. At a certain point, they do leave; and they enter an uncertain world, with no fixed frame of reference.

The Exterminating Angel had its premiere in Salzburg in 2016 and its UK premiere at the Royal Opera House in 2017. It is based on a 1962 film by the master of cinematic surrealism Luis Buñuel: *El Ángel Exterminador*. The composer is Thomas Adès.

The opera-goers

“Summoning us, the bells toll as we file in, find our seats and observe the sheep wandering footloose on the stage. The servants flee and the guests arrive. And then arrive again, the whole welcome scene replayed. Civilities over, the courtesies begin and dinner is served, music is played and the evening comes to an end. That’s when the surreal horror starts. Why don’t they just go home? But they don’t. They have lost the will to act. God have mercy on me, I think; let me out of here. When the interval comes I stumble out into the Crush Room at Covent Garden, where I see men and women at small tables with glasses of wine, studying the menu. Is there no end to this night? Outside, on the street, a thin man with a cup in his hand asks for change. Returning to my seat, I hear people talk of the menace, the captivating atmosphere. The second half begins and it seems that we have arrived in Hell, in Buñuel’s vision of filth, violence, incest and the stench of the corpse. Time no longer has meaning. A bear

appears in great hulking form. Death flies among them. Water, food, fire: elemental needs. Sex. Desire for blood (sing three of the women, who appear to have formed a coven). There is no relief—not even when they emerge.

As we leave the opera house I hear people talk of the translucent score. My companion says that this is high art and it is a good thing to be left with questions without answers.

Thomas Adès is a wunderkind of contemporary music and now, at 46, critics say he has reached a turning point. ‘I do feel,’ he tells the BBC, ‘that this is a coming-out piece as a composer.’ Is it because of the sheep? The singers compelled to sing at the vocal limits of their range? Or the extraordinary impact that this piece has on its audience? ‘I spent years on this’, says Adès. ‘When you’re writing it, that’s your reality. It’s quite a bleak vision but it’s energising. ...If the music needed to go somewhere, I wanted it to go there, no matter where it was.’

Adès describes the experience of *The Exterminating Angel* as taking the audience ‘bit by bit down the wormhole into this vision of Buñuel... like walking into the sea. It comes up over your ankles and then over your knees and by the end you’re really in deep water.’”

Nicola Liu, John Lee—Norton Rose Fulbright





CREDITS

ACT I

THE TALE OF JANUARIE

Based on Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*

Music by Julian Philips

Libretto by Stephen Plaice

Director Martin Lloyd-Evans

Set designer Dick Bird

Januarie was played by John Findon

Julian Philips is head of composition at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama and Stephen Plaice is writer-in-residence

Interview with Julian Philips by Ingeborg Alexander

Images (pp14, 16–19) supplied courtesy of The Guildhall from its 2017 production © Clive Barda

ACT II

OEDIPE

Inspired by plays by Sophocles

Music by George Enescu

Libretto by Edmond Fleg

Directors Àlex Ollé (La Fura dels Baus) and Valentina Carrasco

Set designer Alfons Flores

Oedipe was played by Johan Reuter

A longer form of the Àlex Ollé text first appeared in the ROH 2016 programme (translation by Susannah Howe) and is printed here in a revised version by permission of Àlex Ollé

Interview with Alfons Flores by Ingeborg Alexander

Images (pp15, 20–23) supplied courtesy of The Royal Opera House from its 2016 production © ROH/Clive Barda

ACT III

THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL

Based on a screenplay by Luis Buñuel and Luis Alcoriza

Music by Thomas Adès

Libretto by Tom Cairns with Thomas Adès

Director Tom Cairns

Set designer Hildegard Bechtler

An ensemble piece with an international cast

BBC Radio 4 *Front Row*, April 25, 2017
Images (pp15, 24–27) supplied courtesy of The Royal Opera House from its 2017 production © ROH/Clive Barda

INTERVAL TALKS

Laurence Slater is a student of opera



**STREET PHOTOGRAPHER
MARK HEATHCOTE**

I am not a documentary photographer (no time); I am probably what most people would refer to as a street photographer; I prefer just photographer.

I wander the streets on my own for hours at a time. I have my camera with me when I commute, and when I go shopping. My wife finds it embarrassing when I suddenly run off and photograph a stranger while pretending to shoot something behind them. Sometimes she is annoyed when I run off in the middle of her talking to me. This is a by-product of becoming aware of the details in your surroundings.

Caroline

Bright colours always attract me, and, combined with the harsh light, deep shadows and vertical lines, I knew there was a photograph here on this street in Houston. For me, this illustrated my impressions of Houston: the art murals dotted around the edge of the business district, the construction, the quiet streets.



Red Riding Hood

Sometimes an image will tell a little story. Different viewers will sometimes see a different story. In this photograph, the dog heads were intentional, as were their positioning in the frame. The girl's shadow was luck, but combined with the background scene that I was stalking, it reminds me of something menacing, like the story of Little Red Riding Hood.

I look for images that are interesting enough to stand alone. Sometimes there is a group of photographs which might turn into a sort of collection. Mostly, I shoot for the pleasure of sometimes getting something interesting. It makes me tingle.

Discovering a couple of good shots after five hours of random walking excites me. Many times I come back empty-handed. This is a numbers game, with a lot of effort and a bit of luck.

We can all train ourselves to notice things around us, but it takes practice. I have come to learn that the world becomes a



Zombie Love

Seeing a shadow stretch across the road, I saw the opportunity to try to use it on a pedestrian to produce something interesting. In this case, his sunglasses reflected just enough light to give a surreal feel. Another photographer viewing this image called it 'zombie love'. His interpretation has stuck with me, and now I see a zombie every time I look. You never quite know what you will capture, but seeing the opportunity for something is key; then I try to let the magic happen.

more beautiful place through the eyes of a photographer, something I did not expect when I started out.

The images on show here are some of my favourite photographs; some of them are in colour, and some in black and white. Sometimes colour gets in the way of the aesthetic of an image, sometimes it is a key component, but if I see it, I shoot it. I hope you enjoy looking at my photographs. If you see something deep in them, it is of course intentional.



Pushing Someone's Buttons

I have noticed some of my work becoming more abstract over time. I find this image confusing, but somehow compelling. There are several unrelated things going on which make the picture. The thumb perfectly pressed against the bright green circle initially grabs attention, but then the obscured girl's feet jump into view. While these unrelated things are being processed, the woman looks on with a strange expression and clasped hands, as if slightly confused.

Photographers who have inspired me include Saul Leiter, Elliot Erwitt, Tony Ray Jones, Alex Webb, Constantine Manos and any, in fact all, of the Magnum photographers.



Life's a Beach

Using more traditional framing, this photograph from Brighton, UK, brings up thoughts of a carefree childhood, something that is so quickly lost. The photograph works because of a number of factors: each subject is surrounded by space without overlapping; the subjects are evenly balanced across the frame, but at different layers of depth; finally, there are a number of specific activities of interest going on, like the girl's leg hanging, the two children interacting, and the child mid run in the background.

"I don't have a philosophy, I have a camera"

Saul Leiter



Browsers Welcome

The title for this photograph is stolen from the sign in the photograph. It doesn't mean anything, and the photograph is not trying to tell a story; it is purely about the aesthetic. It is another photograph with space around most of the subjects and layers of depth. This time, however, some little mystery is added by the half dog in the corner and different heights of the men that appear to be at the same distance but can't be. Or are they? Sometimes we over analyse things. Ultimately I enjoy looking at this photograph without really knowing why.

MARKHEATHCOTE.COM
INSTAGRAM MARKJHEATHCOTE



Yoga

Words by Mollie Bunce

Why has yoga become an important part of my daily life? For the past four years I have been attending weekly yoga classes in my home town since I first saw an advert for them in a local paper. I was apprehensive at first, but the benefit I have gained since joining the group is not just the 'feel good' factor I experience after each class but realising I am not yet 'running out of steam'! My 90th birthday is in October. Our lovely teacher, Yvonne, says she follows the Iyengar style of yoga, which concentrates on alignment and precision, and as our class age ranges from sixty upwards that gives me a lot of scope. I am a great disciple of yoga and cannot imagine having to stop.

you start with stillness, and breath



THE WORD ON THE STREET

Jarret | [New York](#)

I started practicing because my husband had gotten very into yoga and I wanted to understand what he was doing. I was very skeptical; I basically thought it was a whole lot of mumbo-jumbo. It wasn't until I managed to suspend my skepticism that I began to see its benefits. Yoga helps to restore my emotional and physical resilience in a way I could never have anticipated.

Mia | [Singapore](#)

Yoga means union: between yourself and others as well as between your body and mind. The *asanas* (postures) are the first step on the journey toward self-awareness and well-being, together with *pranayamas* (breathing techniques) and *kriyas* (cleansing techniques). I like to attend classes led by Indian teachers; they have an holistic approach which expands well beyond the *asanas*. A good yoga class leaves your mind calmer, your breath slower and your body invigorated.



Tina | London

The early forms of yoga were all about meditating; sitting still, emptying the mind. The movement in yoga gives the mind something to focus on while emptying itself. As you go through the sequence, the mind starts to quieten. Practised over years, it is transformative.

Nadia | Jakarta

I have done yoga for seven years—a combination of hatha yoga, universal yoga, yin and yang yoga. I either had a teacher come to my apartment or I joined a private class. I used to go to Bikram Yoga Kuningan to do Bikram yoga. I still go to anti-gravity yoga when I can, either to Yoga @42 or to a private class with my teacher and two friends.

Judy | Calgary

In the 1990s, I was introduced to Svaroop: ‘bliss of your own being’. It involves holding the postures for a longer time, allowing for spinal tension release; there is also individual support using rolled blankets as ‘support equals release’. I have teacher’s training in this style. I have studied Iyengar, Ashtanga, Vinyasa and Kriya, but Svaroop is the yoga that speaks to me. It prepares the mind for meditation. I am a classically trained singer and have found that the focus which comes from a meditative state is the same as in singing.

the mind starts to quieten



Tarryn | London

People say, “I’m not flexible, so yoga is not for me.” I believe yoga is for everyone. It’s about mindfulness, learning to breathe—which I still have to remind myself to do. It’s about the ability to concentrate on the now; but most importantly it’s about you, and taking from it what you need. I have been practising yoga for thirteen years. I practise Vinyasa, Iyengar, Jivamukti, TriYoga and Yin Yoga. I’ve had lessons with incredible teachers throughout London.

Nadine | Frankfurt

I have been practising Kundalini yoga for more than four years, at classes in the office, at home and at yoga retreats. Yoga has become part of my life, with fixed appointments in my diary each week. It is my re-energising time—a wonderful combination of exercises, relaxation and meditation.

Jarret | New York

I have been practicing for several years. My practice centers around breath work, but I draw on Vinyasa, Kundalini, Hatha and meditation. It all depends on the day: if I’m high energy, Kundalini and meditation help to center me; if I’m low energy, Vinyasa energizes me. I go to local studios in New York City and the Berkshires. It’s an escape from the pressures of everyday life. Yoga calms and energizes me at the same time.



Tina | London

I have practised yoga for ten years; over the last three years, I have been practising the Mysore style of Ashtanga at Stillpoint. It's only in the last year that I have realised how important breath is. Most people go to yoga now to build strength, stamina, flexibility. It certainly does all those things, but the real benefits come when you start to focus on the breath, which should be calm and constant.

Judy | Calgary

The yogi's journey is incremental, as with life, and is not necessarily an easy or straight path. It takes courage, determination, persistence and patience. It's about being 'consciously' aware of yoga's precepts and applying them within your life. There has been a commoditization of yoga in parts of the world, and I feel concerned about the consequent dumbing down and commercialization. People can hurt themselves because they see it as an outward practice. I see yoga as an inward practice.

Mia | Singapore

I have been doing yoga since 2000 and practise traditional Hatha yoga. I found out about yoga therapy through Master Lakhi at Ananda Yoga in Hong Kong. To become a yoga therapist you had first to become a teacher. So I signed up at Vyasa Yoga. I now teach a style based on the teaching of Swami Vivekananda. I keep the *asanas* pretty simple, combining poses learned from Master Lakhi and Vyasa Yoga, and always include a breathing exercise and *Shavasana* (the corpse pose, the most difficult one to master).

I cannot imagine having to stop



Tina | London

It is about letting go. We push ourselves all the time to do better, to do more—women in particular. We push and push and push. After I realised about breath, I started to soften my practice and be kinder to myself. I'm no longer pushing my body so hard that it starts to hurt. Now, I feel that I am moving my body around my breath. I am more compassionate towards myself and to others. I'm no longer interested in making everything perfect.

Thank you

Tina Glover, Tarryn Lazarus (yoga practitioners)
Ivan Maslarov (photographer)
and
Mollie Bunce (mother of Miriam Davies)

Life

island to island trail running, openwater swimming in Isles of Scilly ÖTILLÖ swimrun Michael Dunn, London. get married (October 14) in Houston and honeymoon in Tahiti Allison Bland, Houston. travel Calgary to Vancouver to see Nature Stefanie Baier, Frankfurt. drink less wine Sascha Graham, Johannesburg. move, keep calm, carry on rollerblading! Annie Z Aymond, Houston. learn to draw, learn to paint, create artwork combining old home in LA and new home in Bay Area Lucy Vargas, San Francisco. step by step to Giant's Causeway in northern Ireland Olivia Cullen, London. train the Labradors to roll over on command NB take floristry course Angela Croker, Dubai. continue practising lifelong minimalism Emma Che, Beijing. complete 7km Spartan Race challenge Jennifer Brightling, Tokyo. do not trip going down the aisle on wedding day at rowing club by the water's edge in September Alexa Biscaro, Ottawa. conclude first cycle of my women's empowerment project: The Modern Cinderella Project Camilla Arno Sant'Anna, Rio de Janeiro. obtain white braided, leather lambskin Chanel short boots with black cap toe and heel on summer trip to New York (not available in Canada) note to self: STOP BUYING SHOES Pamela Cyr, Vancouver. 1. run first 21km 2. tear up To Do list Kerri Crawford, Johannesburg. complete roof on homegrown grand design project, start training for Kilimanjaro Laura Kiwelu, Tanzania. debate urban labour markets in deprived areas Caroline Freisland, Brussels. be patient, plan wedding, lose weight Lucia Salerno, Milan. get poodle puppy, watch FIFA football, grow flowers + cucumbers + zucchini Natalia Klimova, Moscow. learn to play Hotel California on guitar, do sunrise boot camp at beach Anna Gudkov, Sydney. plan trip to Bali NB sky dive Natalie Evans, Brisbane. take my two boys to see Juventus FC play FC Barcelona (hope Lionel Messi and Neymar play) Samantha Beltre, New York. rehearse opera recital, perform opera recital Vanessa Grant, Toronto.

To do

The sporting life

“YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE WITH A RED SAIL. IF WE CAN SEE THE SAIL, WE KNOW WHERE YOU ARE.”

Sailing

ROB BUCHANAN

Sydney

The sea is in me. I was brought up in Portsmouth, a naval town in the UK. As a lad, it was wave jumping, dinghy racing, surfing, beer and roll-ups with the taste of salt in my mouth. Now, it is offshore yacht racing on fast boats.

I've sailed through a hurricane in a mid-Atlantic winter. The waves were like cliffs and the wind was 86 knots over the deck. There are small waves on the big waves, blown flat into froth and spray which feels like darts on your face. We needed ski goggles just to see to steer. It was as much survival as racing.

The sea is massive. Deeper and wider and less explored than anything else on the planet. It's not a question of the sea tolerating sailors: they are simply irrelevant. When you are out a long way, it makes no difference whether you are on a supertanker or a 30-foot yacht. The wrong place at the wrong time and it's all over with no one to save you.

ANNA TIPPING

Singapore

In New Zealand you don't need qualifications to have a boat. I am completely self-taught. We had a holiday house near Akaroa harbour in New Zealand and I used to sit and watch the yachts. Then I decided to do it myself. I went to the library, got out every book they had on how to sail, how to go upwind, downwind, keep the boat upright, all the technical stuff; and I started relentlessly nagging my parents to get me a yacht. I was ten years old.

In the end, they bought me a 2.3m P-class yacht: an 'Optimist on speed'. It was ridiculously overpowered for its size. We took it down to the water, and I rigged it and set out to sea, unaccompanied. The yacht hadn't been used in ages and the centreboard was warped. Long story short, I capsized in the middle of the harbour. So I sat on the upturned hull, retrieved my apple and the centreboard from where they were floating, ate the apple, righted the yacht, figured out how to put the centreboard in the right way and carried on. That's how I started to learn to sail.

My mum always said, “You are the only one with a red sail. If we can see the sail, we know where you are.”

Later, we got a two-person yacht. It was wooden and full of holes (it ended up on a bonfire). I used to wear my grandmother's old diving wetsuit for that one, held together with bits of rope. Then we got a Phase II from my uncle. I was a teenager by then and used to sail it with one or other of my brothers. I was swept off that one quite a few times, especially out around the Coromandel, a place of strong winds and rough waves: exponentially more fun.

We have our own place now in the Coromandel. I keep a second-hand Laser there to use with our three kids. So far, they seem more interested in being towed in an inflatable donut behind a speedboat. I've managed to tip them all out in my time: it all depends on the mood I'm in, so they've learned to be watchful. I lost my husband over the side once when a rope came undone—all part of the learning experience for him.

I like the solitude of sailing. You can really let your mind wander. I like the companionship as well. My mum and I were out sailing one time when we saw a big sea turtle. It had definitely taken a wrong turn. The waters in New Zealand are far too cold for a turtle. I hope it got to wherever it was going.

VINCENT DWYER

Singapore

“The forecast for Sydney harbour and Botany Bay and five nautical miles to sea issued by the Bureau of Meteorology at 8am. Easterly 5–10 knots, tending to north-east 15–25 knots. Seas to two metres. Strong wind warning and chance of a storm from late afternoon.”

It’s going to be a scorcher—34 degrees. I’m glad I’ll be on the water. Much cooler.

Our skipper, Jim, ‘wet & dries’ the transom repair after yesterday’s tango. Jacko has stitched up the top batten pocket on the leech of the main and replaced the telltales on the luff of the No.2 jib. I squeeze inside the hull to sort out the retractable spinnaker pole. Our bowman rethreads the kite halyard which keeps tangling, slowing the drop at the bottom mark.

The race starts at 12.30: a windward-leeward course up to the top buoy, back through the gate, three times.

The start is going to be mayhem—forty boats jostling around the favoured committee boat end of the line. The five-minute gun goes. Time to use the sailing rules aggressively to make space and get clear air. “Up!...Overlap!...”.

Ten seconds—sheets on, feet under the straps, body over the side! On the first beat, we are looking for wind-shifts, adjusting the tiller, shifting weight and trimming the sails in sync with the steering to maximise our net speed, ‘velocity made good’. As the wind increases, we depower, letting the roach spill the wind at the head, flattening the main and reducing the ‘lift’ and tipping moment, similar to the way a plane uses its flaps.

Everyone converges on the lay-line, one small orange buoy.

As we round the buoy, the crew jump in, one letting the jib off, canting the spinnaker pole and grabbing the sheets, the other on the tack-line and the halyard. “Halyard before tack-line!” shouts Jim. A wine-glass is bad, but we really don’t want a crab.

The spinnaker pops and *Emma Peel* suddenly accelerates. I’m struggling to hold the spinnaker sheet, watching the luff like a hawk and trimming constantly—there are no winches or cleats on this boat. Screaming down the harbour at eighteen knots, half blinded by the spray, trying to surf the swell, bearing down in each gust of wind, avoiding the dinghies, the ferry, the motor cruisers—we are only just in control.

T JAMES REID

Montréal

Sailing, for me, is about going as slowly as possible, without any real destination or timeframe. I can think of no better way to escape the pace of everyday life than to be out in my sailboat on a breezy and warm summer’s day, far from shore. The sails are up, the motor’s off, and there is nothing to disturb my thoughts but the sound of water lapping at the hull. There is something intensely pleasing about harnessing the wind to glide, self-propelled, through the waves, finding that perfect balance where the boat seems to float over the water.

PATRICK E KIERANS

Toronto

After her lines have been cast off, her mainsail hoisted and her boom positioned, she comes alive. She comes into her own, taking charge for herself and those mortals now in her embrace. Willingly, she assumes a care for all of those aboard who have entrusted their well-being to this magnificent creature. She communes with the wind. She engages with the sea and becomes one in nature. She seizes on puffs, she relaxes on lulls and loves to fly to windward. With the journey’s end in sight, she glides into port and slides into her dock.

The guide

TOKYO CULTURE

BY JONATHAN WANG AND JENNIFER BRIGHTLING
WITH YUI OTA AND SAORI TAKAHASHI

There is a beauty in the way Japanese culture resists change. In an age where progress and innovation has become the measuring stick for cities around the world, Tokyo's brilliance lies in what it has preserved on its way to becoming a cutting-edge metropolis. This is a city where you come for the bright lights but stay for the way its streets give you that sense of nostalgia—or *natsukashisa*, as we say in Japan.

BOOKS

Jinbocho

Jinbocho station—Shinjuku Line & Mita Line (Toei Subways) or Hanzomo Line (Tokyo Metro)

Akihabara—famous for *manga* (Japanese graphic novels) and *anime* (Japanese animation) culture, is near the top of most tourists' lists. Often overlooked, however, is the fact that the old school publishing district of Jinbocho is a stone's throw away from its neon-lit neighbour.

Tracing its roots to when five law schools opened their doors back in the Showa era (at the turn of the twentieth century), this district quickly became a student hub and home to literature in Tokyo. Bookstores and publishers opened up all around this area. Today, Jinbocho is the Mecca for secondhand, contemporary and antiquarian books in Japanese. If you need early Japanese translations of German or Dutch medical and scientific texts, try Jinbocho. It's a treasure trove.

On the 'antique book street'—Koshotenngai—there are at least two hundred bookstores (it's in the area from Jinbocho crossing to the east exit of the Suidobashi station). Every autumn, the street plays host to a book festival drawing enthusiasts from across the country. Love of literature is quite literally in the air, as the strip is renowned for the distinctive musk of ancient paperbacks.

Jinbocho is also known for its maze of back alleys and myriad cafés such as Nijukseiki, where you can pick up a good read, soak up the atmosphere and catch a *rakugo* (a style of Japanese comedy based on wit and word play).

A lot of Japanese literature doesn't make it out of Japan, apart from manga and the occasional translations of award-winning writers like Haruki Murakami. But you won't need to have mastered the Japanese language to enjoy Japanese literature at Jinbocho.

ART

Contemporary art

The National Art Centre is the perfect place to see contemporary art—Japanese and other. In the second half of 2017, the centre is showing the work of artists across South-East Asia (titled 'Sunshower', a metaphor around the sight of rain falling from clear skies, a common sight in this part of the world). Later in the year, the work of the celebrated Japanese architect Tadao Ando will be on show.

Traditional art

The Ota Memorial Museum of Art in Harajuku holds a collection of twelve thousand woodblock prints (*ukiyo-e*) from artists such as Hiroshige and Hokusai.

Tattoo art and culture

Yokohama station on the Tokaido Line (JR)

The Yokohama Tattoo Museum is run by the traditional Japanese tattoo artist Horiyoshi III and his wife. It is a popular attraction and a must for anyone interested in Japanese subculture. The museum catalogues Japanese tattoo art and cultural history, the modern tattoo movement and historic prohibitions against this art form.



WHERE TO STAY

Atami station on the Tokaido Line (JR) or any Tokaido Shinkansen Line (bullet train)

Tokyo's hotel prices have risen in recent years. But the city still caters for all ends of the price scale from the budget options (like the infamous capsule hotels) to the usual list of five-star accommodation. If you want to experience true Japanese hospitality, go to the *onsen* (hot springs) districts around Atami or the Izu peninsula, where you can stay at a traditional Japanese *ryokan*. This is a favourite for locals and tourists alike.

MOVING AROUND

Tokyo has one of the busiest and most efficient metro systems in the world with more than 24 million passengers every day—so avoid peak hours. The main operators are JR (Japan Rails), Tokyo Metro (Subways) and Toei Subways (City-operated line). The rail network is so extensive that residents (especially people who live within the twenty-three district wards) find little need to travel by car.

Ogino Taro



Tattoo art and culture in Japan has a long and somewhat turbulent history. Tattoo culture became prominent during the Edo period at the same time as a number of other Japanese art forms including *kabuki* and *ukiyo-e*. Large tattoos of protective symbols (carp or water dragons) were particularly popular with firefighters seeking protection. In the years that followed, the use of tattoos as a form of punishment and their association with organised crime has made tattoo culture a taboo. Even today, many gyms, pools and public baths ban people with tattoos from entering.

MUSIC

Golden Gai

Shinjuku station on the Shinjuku Line & Oedo Line (Toei Subways), Marunouchi Line (Tokyo Metro) or Yamanote Line (JR)

Western music has had an enormous impact on the music industry of Japan. Nowhere is this more apparent than on Golden Gai (Gold Street), located in Kabukicho 1-chome (in a notorious entertainment district in the Shinjuku ward). Golden Gai comprises two hundred tiny venues clustered into six alleys. The area was built on the site of a black market which sprang up after the end of World War II and is frequented by writers, musicians, film directors and artists.

Golden Gai has many hole-in-a-wall bars such as H.O.D (punk/70s rock/glam rock), Aces (blues/soul/rock) and Plastic

Model (80s/techno/New Wave). These venues reflect their owner's personality and passion for music. A word of caution: the bars on Golden Gai are tiny (ten people) (and this is being generous with regards to some); this does mean that you get up close and personal with its inhabitants—and the bartenders usually have good English and welcome good banter.

Shimokitazawa

Shimokitazawa station on the Chiyoda Line (Tokyo Metro) or Keio-Inogashira Line (JR)

If you want to see some up-and-coming bands, head down to the live houses such as Era and Shelter at Shimokitazawa. The area around Shimokitazawa station is basically the opposite of the modern 'cool' Japan much of the world has become accustomed to. Replacing the bright pink and outrageous vibe of Harajuku, Shimokitazawa is where you will find thrift shops, secondhand record stores, vintage furniture stores and even an old-school groceries district (under the station bridge, no less!). This is the home of Tokyo's other alternative culture and is famous for live houses which feature young artists who appear there before getting snapped up by record labels.



THEATRE

The National Noh Theatre is near the Sendagaya station. I wish we could comment more on this art form, which stretches back to the fourteenth century, but between us we have no knowledge. The audience appear to be either tourists or the elderly Japanese. The main place to see traditional Kabuki theatre is at the Kabukiza Theatre in the Ginza district. Takarazuka (in Kobe) is an all-women theatre troupe with a strong fan base in Japan. The actresses who play the lead male roles remain major stars in Japan long after retiring.

FESTIVALS

There are countless traditional festivals in Japan with a history going back a thousand years (sometimes longer). Japan is a small country made up of small islands, with differences in history, climate and terrain. Each festival is rooted deep in the local community. The decline in population across Japan is felt most acutely in the rural areas, where the locals are struggling to keep their traditions alive.

Onbashira

To attend some of the most spectacular festivals, some forward planning is in order. If you take a three-hour drive to the northwest of Tokyo, you will find Suwa Taisha (Suwa Grand Shrine) located in the Nagano Prefecture. This is where the Onbashira Festival is held.

Onbashira takes place every six years and began (we think) at the end of the eighth century. *Onbashira* means ‘sacred pillar’; there are sixteen erected around Suwa Taisha. Each Onbashira is seventeen meters tall and weighs ten tons. The locals consider the Onbashiras to be the divine being; every six years they cut down large fir trees from the surrounding mountains to become the new Onbashiras, so that they maintain their sacred powers. Thousands of the locals carry the tree trunks through the Suwa area (down steep hills and across a purifying river) into Suwa Taisha to honour the Onbashiras.

You can find renewal ceremonies like this in other shrines across Japan—Ise Jingu in Mie Prefecture, Kasuga Taisha in Nara Prefecture, and Izumo Taisha in Shimane Prefecture. We Japanese consider that the place for gods needs to be renewed periodically.

The next Onbashira Festival will be held in 2022. Please mark your calendar.

The kitchen table

BAK KUT THE FROM CHINA VIA MALAYSIA

Paul Wee Ei Don

I live in China, grew up in Malaysia (in Kuala Terengganu) and, with my wife, run a Bak Kut Teh restaurant in Beijing. *Bak kut teh* literally means ‘pork bones tea’ and is a classic and well-loved dish in Malaysia (where it originates), Singapore and basically in Asian eateries all over the world. The recipe includes fifteen different—and secret—herbs and spices. It is like gold dust.

Setting up a hole-in-the-wall restaurant in northern China was not a piece of cake. First we had to do our due diligence. Yangyang and I scoured Kuala Lumpur in search of the best recipe at the best price. For a week we ate BKT morning, noon and night. Then we struck gold. After that, we haunted the wholesale market at crack of dawn, buying up pig carcasses, and we cooked the dish from scratch before serving it on the same day to discerning customers. The sun went down and we were still there taking orders.

From there, we went back to Beijing, walked the streets, found the perfect location and wrestled through the layers of red tape to get our restaurant open. It’s a hole in the wall but it’s our hole in the wall.

You may stumble across it if you take a walk through the Fulicheng area in Chaoyang (east Beijing) but if you want to go looking for it, here’s where to find it: 敦杨肉骨茶 | 富力城星光大道商7-6号店铺 | The Bak Kut Teh Specialist | Shop No. 7-6, Xingguang Dadao Shang, Fulicheng.

Bak Kut Teh has a rich and fabled history. It was introduced into colonial Malaya by Chinese immigrant labourers from Fujian more than seventy years ago; they were in need of nutrition to supplement their often meagre diets. In those early years, BKT would have comprised chiefly bones and cast-away body parts but now its main ingredient is pork ribs. BKT can, and usually does, contain other parts of the pig: belly, trotters, knuckles and sometimes offal. It remains a simple and intensely flavourful dish which is cooked slowly (stewed) for three to four hours in a secret broth. Its taste is the taste of comfort food. The herbs and spices I mentioned may include cinnamon, star anise, wolfberries, cloves, fennel seeds, garlic, angelica root, seal rhizome, white peppercorns and red dates—but in which proportion and combination I am honour bound not to reveal. This is as far as I can go: it is a trade secret. No restaurateur will willingly, profligately, share their recipe.

In our restaurant, we cook BKT in batches with about twenty kilograms of pork. I doubt that any typical home cook will need so much porky goodness. I have to tell you, a simple proportionate reduction in the other ingredients based on the amount of pork you would like to cook will not work for this recipe. There is a solution for the eager home cook wanting to give Bak Kut Teh a try. Go online or to an Asian supermarket and look for BKT herb packets. They are ubiquitous and they are perfect for your needs.

I suggest you eat from a bowl—it’s so much easier for your rice to soak up all of that delightful broth.



INGREDIENTS

1.2kg of pork ribs (cut into 3-inch pieces)
2 or 3 whole bulbs of garlic
2 sachets of BKT herb/spice (try 'A1' or 'Eu Yan Sang' BKT sachets)
1 tbsp dark soy sauce
Light soy sauce, salt and sugar to taste

INSTRUCTIONS

1. Blanch pork ribs for a few minutes in boiling water with a dash of white vinegar to remove any scum and any excess porky smell.
2. Put whole garlic bulbs and BKT sachets in a fresh pot of water and bring to a boil. For a heartier, more viscous broth add pork bones (and optional trotters) which have been blanched.
3. Add blanched pork ribs; ensure that the water in the pot is about 1 inch above the pork ribs and bring it to a boil.
4. Stir in 1 tablespoon of dark soy sauce, 3 tablespoons of light soy sauce and 2 teaspoons of sugar.
5. Reduce heat to low and simmer for 2 to 3 hours until the pork is tender.
6. Skim off any fat that floats on the surface and add more light soy sauce, salt and sugar to taste.
7. Now get ready to bite into pork that has been slow-cooked for several hours and is fall-off-the-bone tender bathed in a hearty lip-smacking broth with a faint aroma of herbs and spices that gently dissolves in your mouth with each bite.

ACCOMPANIMENTS

Bak Kut Teh is generally enjoyed with plain rice. For more punch, stir fry some thinly sliced shallots until golden brown and add a sprinkle together with a dash of the oil used to fry the shallots to your bowl of rice.

Bak Kut Teh is usually accompanied with shiitake mushrooms, Chinese black mushrooms, preserved button mushrooms, deep fried tofu, beancurd skins and lettuce. Some people like to eat their BKT in a claypot together with all of the accompaniments, but I'm a purist and prefer to cook and eat them separately.

To prepare, spoon a ladle of BKT broth into a separate pot, add your preferred accompaniments and simmer until cooked. Then add a pinch of sugar and salt to taste.

EATING OUT IN VANCOUVER

Hawksworth

With its sophisticated ambience and impeccable service, Hawksworth is the perfect venue for a romantic dinner or special occasion. The contemporary menu is inventive and ever-changing, with a focus on seasonal and local ingredients. While you cannot go wrong with any of their beautifully plated offerings, the seafood is where Hawksworth truly shines. The pan-roasted scallops with foraged mushrooms and pumpkin gnudi are particularly memorable. For an upscale experience on a more modest budget, visit the equally elegant bar area to sample their stellar (and reasonably priced) cocktail list and bar menu. Located in the historic Hotel Georgia, Hawksworth is open for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Reservations are recommended.

801 West Georgia Street, V6C 1P7
hawksworthrestaurant.com

Ask for Luigi

Ask for Luigi melds fresh and locally sourced British Columbia ingredients with classic Italian cooking style to create a unique Vancouver dining experience. Located on the border between the gritty downtown eastside and the up-and-coming Railtown, the intimate and stylish space is welcoming and unpretentious. The radicchio and bresaola salad and the farfalle and Gorgonzola pasta are exceptional, but the true standout is the meatballs. People have been known to forego dessert just to have a second order. They do not take reservations, so show up when they open or put your name down and go for a stroll.

305 Alexander Street, V6A 1C4
askforluigi.com

Hokkaido Ramen Santouka

This immensely popular eatery is a favourite among ramen aficionados. The Zen decor is a foil for the constant bustle of families and friends, as well as solitary diners who consume their noodles with due respect. For meltily tender pork cheek, try the *tokusen tononiku* ramen. Expect a line-up, even at the newly opened second location on Broadway St.

1690 Robson Street, V6G 1C7
558 West Broadway Street, V5Z 1E9
santouka.co.jp/en

Matchstick Coffee

The best coffee in town can be found at Matchstick Coffee. Each of their three locations has a modern/West Coast feel and they are all located in some of the coolest neighborhoods in the city. Must haves from the menu include the twice-baked almond croissants and the pulled pork sandwiches. This is a must-try for a true Vancouver coffee experience.

Fraser
639 E 15 Ave (Fraser & Kingsway)
Chinatown
213 E Georgia St (at Main)
Riley Park
4807 Main St (at 32nd Ave)
matchstickvvr.com

Restaurant critics: **Alexander Fane** (Luigi and Matchstick) and **Jenya Hammond** (Hawksworth and Santouka), Vancouver

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Elizabeth Speller

Elizabeth Speller is a tutor in creative writing at Cambridge University. She has written three novels, a memoir and other works of non-fiction. She is also a poet and librettist. She read Classics at Cambridge as a mature student, has an MPhil in Ancient History and was a visiting scholar at Lucy Cavendish College and Royal Literary Fund Fellow at the University of Warwick. She has written for the *Financial Times*, the *TLS*, and *Vogue* and is currently completing a novel for Virago. She divides her time between Cambridge and Greece.

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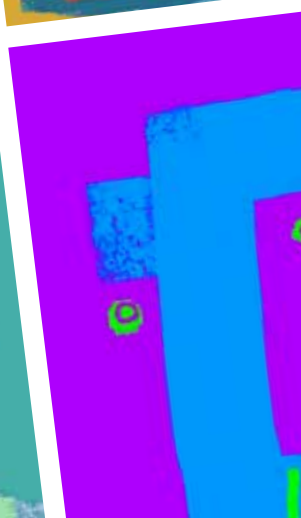
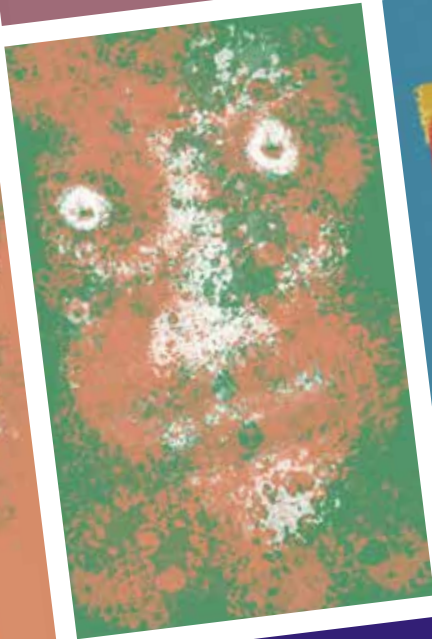
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In your face



I paint faces in the small idle moments in my life. The rest of the time, my days are crowded with tasks and deadlines, a small chaos, every

day. There is not a moment to spare. My young daughter, however, has taught me what can be created in the space of thirty seconds. IVAN MASLAROV



Which?

Which is the best musical instrument? We asked three writers to convince us. Then we asked you to do the same, in just a few words.

ROBIN BALMER, DUBAI

The saxophone. The sax is the sexiest instrument there is (even taking into account that it is played by Bill Clinton). The sax is the epitome of the smoky, late night, sensual jazz classic. The sax is basically the underlying sexiness in the tune. Listen to any John Coltrane and the sax is played with so much soul that at times it is almost toneless breath noises, but never out of place or harmony. The sax is the only instrument capable of the sassy background to the yearning voice of Nina Simone on the fabulous *I Put a Spell on You*.

The sax is not just an instrument for jazz; it can take the lead role in anything from pop to rock with varying styles. Several 1980s pop music hits have a sax solo at their core played with a verve and passion that completely contradicts the

rest of the song and appears from nowhere (Wham!'s *Careless Whisper* being a classic, surprising, example). The sax solo can also be the punch in the middle of a rock song when it is played with a rasping growl, that sound that far outweighs any guitar equivalent, such as on Pink Floyd's track *Us and Them*.

It was *Englishman in New York* by Sting that first got me interested in the saxophone; it's a fine example of how dynamic the instrument is. Branford Marsalis plays the soprano sax and the instrument is completely intertwined into the entire track as it meanders in and out of the foreground to reflect the melancholic feel of the song. The sound is completely different to jazz sax, pop solo sax or rock sax and demonstrates how incredibly diverse the saxophone is.

It's what moved our ancestors. It's what told our stories. What moves our bodies. What holds it all together. Rhythm and soul. The drum.

David Johnson, Hong Kong

It has to be the one the musician chooses: it may be technically underperforming and neither prestigious nor valuable, but if it feels right for the musician they will express their whole soul with it. Look at Toots Thielemans and his harmonica. Or the musicians in the *Concours Reine Elisabeth*.

Annette Wurster, Brussels

TINA COSTAS, DURBAN

The sound of the violin—on its own or with the piano—evokes sweet memories of beautiful places, dancing and the people I treasure most in my life.

I have loved ballet since I was a young girl; even now, it is something I do regularly. No matter what worries or anxieties I may have, the music of the violin, whether it be classical or something more upbeat, lifts my heart. I am swept away by the music as we dance, and through our dancing we bring the music to life. I have in my time performed a contemporary dance to a violin piece composed by Beethoven. It was an honour to dance to such beautiful music.

The haunting strains of a violin will always conjure up memories for me of exploring the most beautiful city in the world with two of the most important people in the world to me. My husband is Turkish and we met in Turkey. Our holiday romance blossomed into something deeper; we are now married and starting out on our life together in Durban. The sound of the violin brings back memories of my visits to Istanbul with him and with my mom. Walking around the Hagia Sophia, absorbing the hustle and bustle of the spice market and the Grand Bazaar, drifting through the Basilica Cistern—built in the sixth century underneath the city. I hear a violin and I think of love, of dancing and of Turkey.

A trumpet playing a *saeta* at sunrise on Good Friday as the Virgin of the Macarena is carried home to her basilica through the streets of Seville. For a not too bad ersatz version, listen to Miles Davis on *Sketches of Spain*.

Kenneth Gray, London

Acoustic guitar. I took lessons as a child but had small hands. I recently saw Lindsey Buckingham in concert; his guitar speaks to your soul. So I am trying again; small hands are the least of my problems.

Stacey Martinez, Austin

NICK STAINES, LONDON

When I was nine years old, I heard *Bohemian Rhapsody* by Queen playing during the opening scene on *Wayne's World*. The bizarre fusion of opera pastiche and rock was the first piece of music to ever lodge itself in my head, driving me to my parents' copy of Queen's *Greatest Hits* and onwards to a lifelong love of the electric guitar.

Twenty years later, I remain a proudly unreconstructed rock fan. For me, no other instrument defines the genre as much as the guitar. It's the sound of my formative years, the earworms of classic rock riffs giving way to the heavier, faster punk and metal fare in my teens, which provided a collective identity for my group of friends as much as it did a soundtrack to our lives.

Even now, guitar riffs have an ability to elicit an instant and visceral reaction. The opening notes of Muse's *Plug In Baby* bring a rush of euphoria out of nowhere, a dopamine release which bypasses the intellect. A plangent string bend from *Motorcycle Emptiness* (Manic Street Preachers) conjures up a mood of contemplative melancholy. The swagger of a Guns N' Roses intro makes me feel arrogant, untouchable, top-of-the-world.

The guitar alone creates these feelings. It can be complemented by other instruments but it is never reliant upon them.

There is no emotion that cannot be communicated through the cello. Listen to an instrumental cover of *Nothing Else Matters* by Metallica and you'll see what I mean. I love what the Brooklyn Duo does with it.

Jullie Bühner, Calgary

The drummer is the backbone of every band—and has more fun than anyone else.

Andrew Elkhouri, Houston

The piano—in my parents' lounge. I recall playing chopsticks with my mother: my six-year-old fingertips pounding on the zebra-crossing keys in equal time with hers.

Elana Benjamin, Sydney

Playlist

VALENTINA GLUHOVSKAYA IN MOSCOW

Music is a godsend to mankind! The language of the world, it bestows on us the gift of understanding each other without the need for words. Let me tell you what Ludwig van Beethoven once said about this gift. He said: “Music should strike fire from the heart of man.” These words are very close to my heart.

Illustration by Sean Rohr

THE TSAR'S BRIDE

Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov

To me, Rimsky-Korsakov is a man with a pure Russian soul.

The Tsar's Bride is a story of love—ardent, passionate and burning—set in the era of Ivan the Terrible. The storyline is rich in Russian historical detail and texture and the images conjured by the music are vibrant. I take such delight in this work!

Rimsky-Korsakov started composing this opera in February 1898 and completed it in just ten months. The libretto was written by his former pupil, the artist and writer Ilia Tyumenev. I am fascinated by Rimsky-Korsakov's depiction of women in his portrayal of the heavenly and virtuous Marfa, the tsar's bride. In opposition stands Grigory Gryaznoy: cunning, malicious, powerful and passionate, who eventually falls victim to his own passion. It is a masterpiece of dramatic expression with a strong, stirring leitmotif and gorgeous orchestration. The final scene is unbearably tragic.

NOCH SVETLA НОЧЬ СВЕТЛА

Mikhail Shishkin

Noch Svetla ('Bright is the Night') is a Russian romance and a great favourite of mine, especially when performed by the wonderful Russian mezzo-soprano Nadezhda Obukhova. She was a soloist with the Bolshoi Theatre and was awarded People's Artist of the USSR in 1937 and the Stalin Prize in 1943.

The music is remarkably beautiful—in its liquid melody, the intense depiction of feelings, the depth of imagery, and its warmth and cordiality, which is traditional to all the old Russian romances.

The best time to listen to 'Bright is the Night'—and any of the other Russian romances—is while you sit on the terrace of your dacha on a warm summer evening, with a glass of champagne by your side.

The composer is Mikhail Shishkin; the lyrics were written by Nikolai Zazykov.



**DON'T SHINE, O DEAR
MOON (UPON THAT
GATE'S THRESHOLD)
ОЙ НЕ СВІТИ МІСЯЧЕНЬКУ**

Musical sense is a very special quality of the Ukrainian people. I listened to my friend, the opera singer Natalia Smirnova, sing this gorgeous folk song, and I loved it. The melody flies off into an unlimited expanse, with a mix of melancholic and light harmonies transporting you into the world of sensuous love songs, where the most beautiful musical instrument is that of mankind.

Ukrainian songs are soulful, rolling and festive. The great Christmas festival in the depths of winter when friends gather in their homes is a perfect time to listen to this song.

**THE DAY OF VICTORY
ДЕНЬ ПОБЕДЫ**

David Fyodorovich Tukhmanov

This Soviet war song was composed to mark the thirtieth anniversary of the victory in the Great Patriotic War. It has become one of Russia's most famous, most popular songs and is very dear to Russians. For me, it is a song which I listen to every year on May 9, on Victory Day, and which I will always associate with the memory of my father and the contribution he made in the war. It reminds me of how proud I am of my motherland.

The composer is David Tukhmanov; the lyrics were written by Vladimir Kharitonov.

RIGOLETTO

Giuseppe Verdi

There is hardly anything that has been better conceived than Italian opera. Verdi's *Rigoletto*, composed in 1850–51, is a supreme example.

I once took part in a performance of *Rigoletto*, playing the role of Maddalena (contralto) in the quartet from Act 3 together with my opera singer friends. Now I feel like a participant in this huge world of opera, this kaleidoscope of joyful feelings. The Italians know how to savour life and are generous enough to share that with us!

The moving image

ATTILIO PAVONE IN MILAN TALKS ABOUT MOVIES

There is an old movie theatre in Milan called Anteo. The people who go there are sort of a cliché, the intellectual Milanese. A little bit radical chic, leftwing bourgeois. I belong to that cliché, partly. I started my love affair with movies as an impoverished student. It was a way of creating my identity—someone who likes cinema as a form of art. I forced myself to push a little. I watched all the films by Peter Greenaway. And the entire *Dekalog* by Krzysztof Kieslowski. Now, I find I appreciate any film if it is well crafted. Movies, like books, need to be well cut and crafted—and end. I don't want endless experience.

AN ARTHOUSE MOVIE

In Italy, it is easy to find the directors of great arthouse movies. You have only to think of Fellini, his *8½*, and *La Dolce Vita*. They are masterpieces. Or the work of Sorrentino—just look at *The Great Beauty*. These are films that are not simply designed to sell, but to tell. They tell a story, and not necessarily an easy or comfortable story.

Primo Amore (First Love)
dir. Matteo Garrone [2004]

This is a film based on a real story, a terrible story. It deals with a psychopath who took girls and convinced them to become anorexic. (The actual character is in prison now.) The story is about love, obsession. Some scenes are completely out of focus. The subject shrinks, becomes thinner. This is of course a theme of the story, becoming thinner and thinner and then dying. You see it as a dream, a bad dream. It is a crime story, yes, a psychological tale, but also there are many symbols, and the

way it is filmed is magnificent. The movie is set in the city of Vicenza and the gold industry. You watch them burn the rooms to change the gold dust on the walls into a single piece of gold. The work of years is transmuted into gold. And this is another metaphor, about going to the bare essence in a sick way.

Garrone also directed *Gomorrah*. But *Primo Amore* is the most famous. You should watch it. It's not a complicated movie. It's very direct. It is a little distressing. But I like to come out of the cinema with some ambiguity, even a little bit of distress. Cinema should be literature. It is not only entertainment.

Garrone directed *Tale of Tales*. Also unsettling. I don't remember the details but I remember powerful images of blood. The idea for this one came from the tales of Giambattista Basile.

A MOVIE FOR ALL THE FAMILY

Monsters, Inc.
dir. Pete Docter et al [2001]

I am the father of a six-year-old son. I love the Pixar movies and I like that they work on more than one level. Even the first *Cars* can give you hints that the kids cannot catch.

Star Wars—Rogue One
dir. George Lucas [1977]—dir. Gareth Edwards [2016]

I was nine when I first watched *Star Wars*. This is a multi-generational film. It's a myth, a fantasy movie. I am moved when I think that I was a kid when I saw it for the first time and now the same robots, the same machines, the same *Astro-ships* are idols of my son. The myth overcomes the substance. *Rogue*

One has more nuances than the old films; it's more complex. But it's still a story that you can share with a six-year-old.

DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME ON THIS ONE

To be paradoxical, I can say that some films by Sorrentino—*This Must Be the Place*, even *Youth*—did not live up to expectations. But they are not rubbish. I detest the pretentious film, the one that doesn't get you anywhere.

Cinema Paradiso
dir. Giuseppe Tornatore [1988]

The long version is unbearable. Even the short one is bad. I found it too 'romantic' in the wrong sense—too transparent, too obvious, the exploitation of emotions. It needs to be more subtle. I remember fighting with my friends over the value of this film.

MY GUILTY PLEASURE

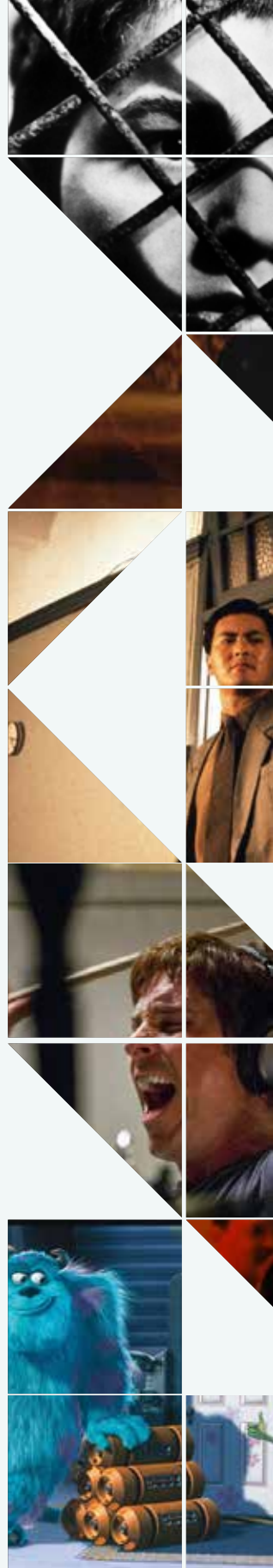
It's childish, I know, but I can love shootings if carefully filmed. I tried John Woo because of my passion for Quentin Tarantino. Maybe that's another guilty pleasure. And *Die Hard*, of course.

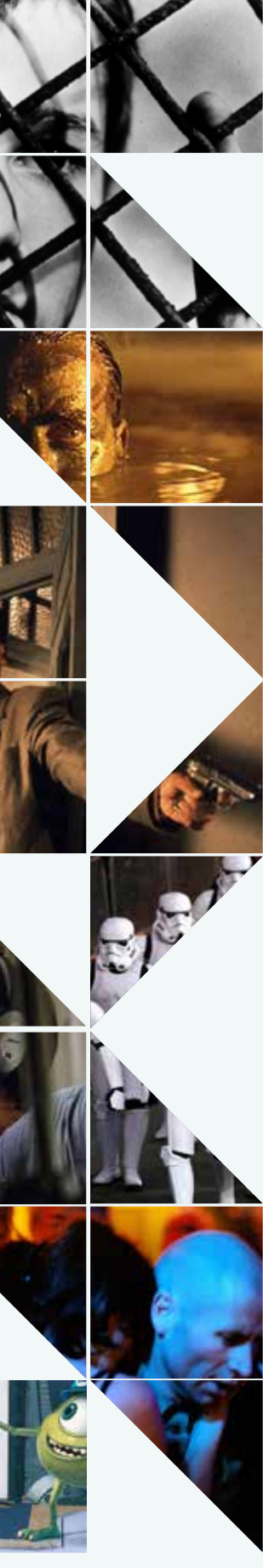
The Killer
dir. John Woo [1989]

John Woo's films are full of shootings. They are so exaggerated it's unbelievable. The early ones are all set in Asia. Then he went to Hollywood. He made *Face/Off* with John Travolta. It's completely crazy.

Heat
dir. Michael Mann [1995]

Robert de Niro and Al Pacino are in this film about a robbery, and there





is a fabulous shooting scene. It's the pleasure of looking at it, almost being in the scene.

A BLOCKBUSTER BUT WHY NOT?

The Big Short
dir. Adam McKay [2015]

I really appreciated it. But is it a blockbuster?

The Wolf of Wall Street is good entertainment with a story. And I love a master like Martin Scorsese. Some films, like *The Big Short*, take something from Scorsese's style. Talking to the camera. There's a good example of this in *Goodfellas*; the Mafia guy stops the scene more than once and tells his story to the viewer. Leonardo Di Caprio does this as well in *The Wolf of Wall Street*. There are some hilarious scenes in *The Big Short* where they want to explain how derivatives can be toxic.

Ryan Gosling is a very good actor. I've seen *Drive*. Wonderful. Powerful. I am not a snob: I love when a film is entertaining and it tells you a story as well.

The 1977 *Star Wars* movie is the best blockbuster of all time.

OUT OF MY COMFORT ZONE BUT BRILLIANT

Alexander Sokurov is very powerful and intellectual. And heavy. Sometimes a little too heavy.

Russian Ark
dir. Alexander Sokurov [2002]

I don't love films with ancient costumes but *Russian Ark* is very good. It's set in the Hermitage Museum in St Petersburg and is made in a single shot, using a digital camera. Two characters

walk through the museum, and the rooms are animated by people from the past. It's not like *Night at the Museum!* It's *Night at the Museum* for intellectuals.

I have seen other films by Sokurov. *The Sun*, about Emperor Hirohito; and *Faust!* That is very heavy, very difficult. I was exhausted by it. But it has a couple of amazing scenes.

A ROMCOM

I loved *When Harry Met Sally*. But this is not my favourite genre. I can appreciate it. I don't go looking for it.

A CLASSIC TO BUY AND KEEP AND WATCH ONCE A YEAR

Les Quatre Cents Coups
dir. François Truffaut [1959]

This movie is a masterpiece. It is in black-and-white, and it tells the story of a kid whose parents are in a crisis. He stops doing homework, then plays truant, then steals a typewriter and is sent to prison. He runs away; and the film finishes with a celebrated scene, where he is running, running and running. Then, quite spontaneously, not instructed by the director, he looks at the camera. And the film ends. What should I do now? This is the final question of the film.

Apocalypse Now
dir. Francis Ford Coppola [1979]

This is my best movie. It is unsettling. Disturbing. After watching this, I read Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES

There is a shift occurring. I see more and more 'entertainment' in the

movie theatre and sometimes some small works of genius on the TV screen. It must be that TV budgets can stretch to brilliant writers.

The Young Pope
dir. Paolo Sorrentino [2016]

Trailers sometimes are a perfect betrayal of the film. *The Young Pope* is a good example. This deserves to be catalogued under cinema. It is about love, power; it tells you something about Life. One of the speeches (about love found, love lost) made me cry, it was so beautifully written.

Paolo Sorrentino co-wrote it and directed it. Sorrentino's parents died when he was fifteen. The character of the Pope is himself an orphan. It's all read through this lens.

Inspector Montalbano
from the novels of Andrea Camilleri [1999–]

Inspector Montalbano is a nice product. It's entertainment. I love it. There's a good story and you can look at Sicily—but Sicily is always a metaphor for the entire country.

ATTILIO'S LIST

Great directors	Great movies
Tim Burton	<i>Apocalypse Now</i>
Coen brothers	<i>Dr Strangelove</i>
Coppola	<i>Fargo</i>
Matteo Garrone	<i>Goodfellas</i>
Peter Greenaway	<i>The Great Beauty</i>
Stanley Kubrick	<i>Les Quatre Cents Coups (The 400 Blows)</i>
Scorsese	<i>Nosferatu (by Murnau)</i>
Sorrentino	<i>Primo Amore</i>
Tarantino	<i>Pulp Fiction</i>
François Truffaut	<i>Wings of Desire</i>

Bookshelf

SASKIA MEHLHORN IN HOUSTON ON THE BOOKS THAT TRACK HER LIFE



LIGHTS OUT

TED KOPPEL

Could there be a cyber attack on our power grid? Koppel does a good job of showing where our weaknesses lie, how the attacks could be carried out, and what governments could be doing to prevent it. I picked this up in the last year after reading a German novel called *Blackout* which had me checking the light switches before I went to bed at night. Koppel is an investigative journalist and he writes well, with no scaremongering. Still, it makes you think how we would behave if days and then weeks went by without power.



THE CIRCLE

DAVE EGGERS

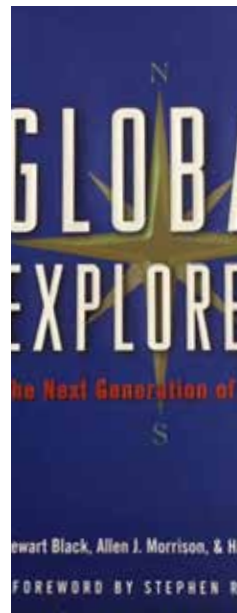
This is a very dark novel. It's set in a not-so-distant future where social media companies rule every part of people's lives. Anyone who does not abide by the motto 'privacy is theft' and who refuses access to their personal data is left to fend for themselves in terms of provision of healthcare, education, and so on. In common with many Germans, I follow the debate on privacy and data protection with a growing sense of alarm which this work of fiction did nothing to alleviate. When it was published (in 2013), it provoked quite a bit of debate.



CHILDREN, TRIBES, AND STATES

BARBARA ANN ATWOOD

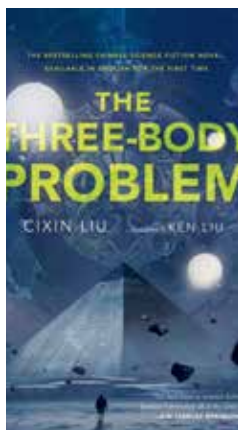
An eye-opening account of the circumstances surrounding the treatment of indigenous children in the United States from post-war to the present day. For two years I was the foreign international law librarian at the University of Houston; in 2010, I was asked to review this academic work for a legal journal. Professor Atwood looks at adoption and custody issues, and explores Native American identity and the role that Indian children play in the survival of the tribes. A complex, fascinating and sad subject.



GLOBAL EXPLORERS

J STEWART BLACK, ET AL

I keep this one in the office. It was written following a pre-Millennium survey of Fortune 500 firms which pointed to a shortage of 'global leaders' and is based on solid research. It reminds us that only fifteen years ago business really didn't understand how important it is to know the culture of the country where your firm is based. I was involved with this whole conversation when I spent two years working in Norway with an oilfield company. How to make people 'international ready' was/is never easy.



THE THREE-BODY PROBLEM

LIU CIXIN

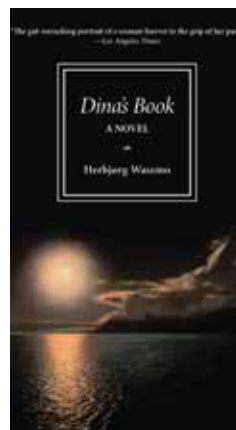
I like science fiction and this is the first in a trilogy. When a military project sends signals into space, an alien civilization captures the signal and plans to invade Earth. What happens next changes the course of mankind. The timeline moves across China's modern history and into the future.



VERSE FÜR ZEITGENOSSEN

MASCHA KALÉKO

My grandmother gave me this book of poems when I was a teenager in Germany and my mom was diagnosed with terminal cancer. I often give books to friends and this is always a special gift. Kaléko was a Polish-German-Jewish poet; her life story is both rich and sad.



DINA'S BOOK

HARRIET WASSMO

When I lived in Norway, a Book Club friend recommended this novel as a glimpse into 'the Norwegian soul'. It took me three attempts but I'm glad I persisted. It is an absorbing, beautifully described story of a woman's life in the nineteenth century. And Norwegian women are quite remarkable!



PAPA IN PANIK

FRAUKE NAHRGANG/
PHILIP WAECHTER

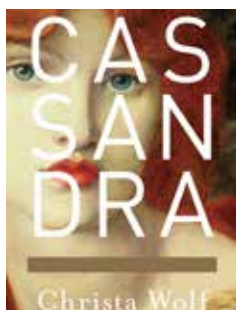
A father strives to keep his family in perfect order. This delightful book accompanied our little family across continents, as our careers took us from Germany to Texas to Norway to Amsterdam and back to Texas. And *Papa in Panik* went with us. Our boys insisted on it.



DIE JUSTIZ VOR GERICHT

GERHARD MAUZ

An analysis (before 1990) of Germany's civil law system and the role of an apolitical, independent judiciary. My aunt gave me this book when she thought I might join my uncle's law firm.



KASSANDRA

CHRISTA WOLF

A literary masterpiece, telling the story of Cassandra, the seer who prophesied the downfall of Troy. It is beautifully written. Wolf starts in the third person and moves to the first person; this fascinates me.



GÖDEL, ESCHER, BACH

DOUGLAS HOFSTADTER

My father gave me this beautiful book. It explores the mapping of formal systems through the mathematical theories of Gödel, the artwork of Escher and the music of Bach.



DER UNTERTAN

HEINRICH MANN

I read this in school in Braunschweig and again a few years ago and now have given it to my son. Mann describes Germany's path to nationalism, the first World War and the rise of fascism. Written 100 years ago, it is still relevant.

The poet

Let us go then, you and I,
When the evening is spread out against the sky
Like a patient etherized upon a table;

T.S. ELIOT

When I was little, one of my favourite books was *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats* (first published 1939). My father gave a copy to my mother as a present before they were married. It is a collection of charming, whimsical poems about the secret lives of cats, which the American-born Eliot wrote for his godchildren. I read it over and over, committed to memory my favourite verses, fantasized about our family cat Arabella (he was male, but that's another story) leading a life of crime like the eponymous anti-hero of *Macavity the Mystery Cat*.

I was delighted to discover, when I was a little older, that T.S. Eliot had published some other things. *The Waste Land* admittedly sounded less jaunty, but my expectations were high. So shocked and baffled was I when I tried to read that poem, I was terrified of Eliot for the next ten years.

The Waste Land (1922), widely regarded as one of the most important poems of the twentieth century, and Eliot's response to—amongst other things—the final, cataclysmic years of World War I and the breakdown of his first marriage, is notoriously difficult and elusive. I know that now, and I am also now not fixated on cracking the meaning of a poem, like solving a riddle. It makes reading poetry an unpleasantly daunting experience, rather than a pleasure. I like the anecdote about Eliot being questioned on the meaning of a line in his poem *Ash Wednesday* (1930): 'Lady, three white leopards sat under a juniper-tree'. He said, "it means 'Lady, three white leopards sat under a juniper-tree'".

As Susan Sontag put it, a work of art is not just *about* something, it *is* something. And I think that the best way to appreciate this with poetry is to read it, or

to hear it read, aloud. The third line in the quotation above from *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* is sometimes said to be where modern poetry starts. That is a slightly oppressive observation, because it makes you feel as though you need to understand not only what is meant by 'modern poetry' but also everything that went before it and how it was different; the entire history of poetry, really. And the risk of becoming overwhelmed with questions of semantics and context are that you no longer hear—or feel—the language. Read those three lines from *Prufrock* aloud to yourself, slowly, and savour the melody, the beauty, the strangeness and sweetness of the words. This, for me, is the purest pleasure of poetry.

Alexandra Howe, New York.

Real science

Elite athletes push their bodies to extremes. Training programmes which condition the body to go further, faster are now commonplace—but our physical and physiological limitations are also governed by genetics. Are our limitations set in stone?

LIMITATIONS

Elite athletic performance is dependent upon the efficient delivery of oxygen to—and the removal of carbon dioxide and other waste products from—muscles in the body. This requires efficient breathing; and the efficient transportation of gas to and from tissues. But that's not all. Mitochondria in the cells use oxygen to produce adenosine triphosphate (ATP) to fuel muscular contraction. Athletes need to utilise oxygen within the muscle itself—to the point of perfection.

Physical training can improve the efficiency of this physiological process, taking someone from the level of a chopsticks-playing child keyboardist to that of a concert pianist; but not everyone has Mozart potential. Studies examining identical twins have estimated that genetics predetermine as much as 66 to 93 per cent of an individual's potential for athletic performance. Variations in the parts of

DNA that code for fuel-producing mitochondria inside the cells significantly influence an individual's response to training.

We've all felt a 'stitch' at one time or other, when our body's maximal capacity to deliver oxygen to fuel tissues—known as the $VO_2\text{max}$ —is outstripped by the demand for energy in contracting muscles. This point is known as the lactate threshold. The body switches on its back-up mechanism for producing ATP, a mechanism which doesn't involve oxygen: anaerobic respiration. Fuelling our muscles in this way sounds like a solution but is unsustainable in all but short bursts. It is possible to improve on our lactate threshold through physical and physiological training. But our genes appear to dictate the ceiling that we can train our bodies to reach.

There is another powerful performance tool, the limits of which remain to be determined, and that is the mind. Elite athletes

often display supra-normal levels of psychological resolve and resilience. They may continue training through significant pain and discomfort in order to reach their genetic potential. This relationship between exercise physiology and psychology is complex; and it's poorly understood. The ability of the mind to alter physiological capability was exemplified in a placebo study a few years back: a pill (containing only cornflour) led to faster times and improved maximal power outputs in track-cycling time trials. Crucially, the pill was administered by a trusted doctor, who explained that it would be expected to enhance performance. It seems that we can perform better by believing that we can perform better.

Timothy Wood with Andrew Beamish, Research Fellow, Royal College of Surgeons (England). TW is fundraising for Save the Children through the 3RESHOLD challenge: the London marathon, the Three Peaks Yacht Race, the Marathon des Sables. He and Andrew will represent the GB Age-Group Team in the ITU Aquathlon World Championships. TW won a bronze medal in the European Championships.

300 words

ON SERENDIPITY

Fiona Evans, Sydney

“There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune”, says Brutus in *Julius Caesar*.

Coincidence had nothing to do with penicillin’s voyage of discovery, from poultices of old bread applied by ancient Egyptians to infected wounds—via a mouldy melon in a Peoria market—through to its function today as the saving grace of millions of lives. Fleming made the critical discovery in his laboratory at St Mary’s Hospital in London in 1928, but lacked the skills to go further. Florey and his Oxford research team built on Fleming’s work, proving penicillin’s curative properties on mice and humans, but struggled to produce it in therapeutic quantities. So in 1941 Florey flew in a blacked-out plane across the Atlantic to talk to scientists in the US. As so often in history, it was war that provided the twin catalysts of means and motivation. The drug companies had the resources to continue the work. Margaret Hutchinson Rousseau at MIT developed a method for mass-producing penicillin. Back in Oxford, in 1945, Dorothy Hodgkin determined its chemical structure and that, in turn, enabled John Sheehan at MIT to synthesise it. Chemical synthesis was the breakthrough moment. It made possible the production of today’s suite of antibiotics. It was a stroke of luck that Fleming forgot to clean his Petri dish before going on holiday. But to call his discovery ‘coincidence’ devalues the dedication that made it possible. Improving stability, increasing yields, commercialising production—yes, moments of genius played their part, but the story is actually one of persistence in the face of failure. It’s a tale of connections, insight, deduction and the sharing of experience. Fleming stood on the shoulders of giants, as did Florey, Rousseau, Hodgkin and Sheehan. That’s not coincidence: it’s serendipity.

First person

Janet Grove

Vancouver

Janet Grove is a Canadian lawyer. She lives in British Columbia and is the daughter of geologists.

My father was a middle-of-the-night worrier. I come from a line of middle-of-the-night worriers.

I tend to process in my sleep. In my younger years, I would get up and go into the office if something at work was worrying me—this was before you could log in remotely. Now it doesn't happen so often; and, if I do wake in the night, I have gotten better at just writing myself a note and going back to sleep.

I do housework. My kids do housework. I don't have a housekeeper or anything like that. My brother and I grew up doing quite a few chores, and so my kids have their chores. Especially having two boys—they need to grow up knowing how to do basic cooking and housework. My older son is in university, but when he is at home they both have regular chores and then additional chores which we pay them to do: power washing the decks and pathways and so forth, or staining the fence. If they do a really good job, they get paid a bit more, a kind of 'pay for performance'.

As a child, I had pet rabbits, pet ducks, pet geese. I would go out in the fields behind my house, catch snakes for fun, then watch them wriggle away. I rode my bike all over the place, climbed trees, built tree forts. Every now and then I got to drive a tractor, when I was visiting friends on their farms.

On a summer day you'd go out in the morning and come home at night and no one would worry too much about you.

The geese would literally bite the hand that feeds them.

I could easily get through a book a day in the summer. I'd get them from the library; that was probably a forty-minute cycle ride.

My dad created an orchard with cherry trees and apple trees; and we had a vegetable garden.

My boys have had far less freedom than I had. The world has changed; or perhaps as parents we are just that much more aware.

There was never a question for me that women can do as much or more than a man; it depends on the person. That is the way I was raised. My mother went to university at McGill when she was sixteen. Most of my life she was working. You were expected to work hard, try hard; the moment I started working I was told to start saving for retirement.

As a child, I planned to become a veterinarian. But I didn't want to euthanize animals just because people did not care for them. So then I planned to become a doctor.

I was considered a bit of a science geek as a teenager. Where I went to school, it wasn't fashionable then to do well in school.

When I told my father that I was going to go to law school instead of medical school, his advice was to reconsider. "If you're interested in law, that's fine, dear, but I think you should do medical school first, and then do law school."

I know he thought that combination would give me an advantage. But also—my brother is a nurse. I think my dad wanted to introduce: "This is my daughter, the doctor; and my son, the nurse."

Turning fifty this year does not feel real. In Vancouver, there are seniors' centres that open their doors to you at fifty-five.

If I had an alternate life it would be one where I was more adventurous. Go and explore the

jungles of somewhere, backpack around places. When I was younger I didn't have the money to take time off. I kept going, always thinking I would have that couple of years... .

We think of ourselves as Canadian; of course, most of us have roots elsewhere. I think people feel even more Canadian now. We're talking about it a lot more.

So far, we haven't embraced some of the populist philosophies that are taking hold elsewhere; but we're not immune, not completely.

I worry for the generations ahead of us.

I met my husband when I was an undergrad. He was in chemistry and I was in biochemistry. I was twenty. So was he.

My friends have been very patient. Through our thirties and forties we were all of us busy with work and families. Now it feels like we're



coming up for air. They're still there and they're still the same people.

In high school I took a course on law that focused on criminal law, and I had no desire to go into criminal law. Never did, never do. There were no lawyers in my family to set me right and when we were younger there was no internet: you really went by the little pieces of information you could find. So I was dead set against law back then.

My dad was a geological engineer. He did his PhD at McGill, which is where he met my mother. She was the only female in her year in geology at that time at McGill.

My dad had a real passion for geology. Many of our family holidays included some sort of geological aspect. We'd stop by an open-pit mine or go somewhere because it had interesting geological formations. Most of my reports in elementary school were on mining (or dogs).

My dad grew up in the Depression. He very much believed that, male or female, you need to figure out a way to make your way in life, and never count on anyone else. Like many of that generation, he was the first to go to university; he worked hard to be able to put himself through. He liked travelling, adventure. His work took him to parts of the world most of us will never see. He wasn't a big socializer; with him, it was always family, hard work.

We've recently built a place on a lake on Vancouver Island. I like just sitting and listening to the sound of nothing but birds and water.

I was a skinny redhead who liked sciences and sports.

Our house tends to be peaceful.

After my second year of biochemistry at university I began worrying about being responsible for another person's life. My father was in hospital at the time having heart surgery, and the person in the bed next to him started telling me every tiny detail of his operation. Seeing stuff doesn't bother me, doing dissections didn't bother me, but hearing about it... I ended up in a research lab; the professor there was working with patent lawyers, and I got interested. That's what got me thinking about law.

My father died eighteen years ago. I was thirty-one. My older son was eighteen months old and my younger son wasn't born. I feel a sense of loss. I have always wished he could have met my younger son and seen both my boys grow. He would be so proud.

My mother has always been an avid reader. And my father loved reading. He left his earth sciences collection to the local university: over two thousand books and journals, and in most of them he would have a notation or a bookmark.

My husband threw a surprise party for my 39th, a Not Quite 40 party. People who didn't know me really well thought it was my fortieth birthday. So he aged me by a year at exactly the wrong time! At thirty, I was nine and a half months pregnant, so I wasn't focused on my age. This year, reaching fifty, I didn't want a party, didn't want pomp and circumstance.

When I was eleven, twelve, thirteen, I worked each summer picking berries on local farms. I'd go to sleep

at night and see strawberries. On a good day I could make about twenty, twenty-five dollars. Maybe more.

Starting when I was seven until I was fifteen (and started working full time in the summer), I would go back to Montréal for a month every summer, usually by myself. I would do the rounds visiting my mother's relatives. My grandfather had a place up in the Laurentians, so I would spend ten days with him, then I'd get put on the train and sent to my great aunt in Ontario, then spend a week with a great aunt in Montréal and finish off with a few days with my mother's cousin; so I would shuttle around. That was always the best part of summer.

My kids have been to Hawaii almost as many times as they are years old. It's a place Vancouverites love to go.

Vancouver is surrounded by oceans and mountains. How beautiful is that? But the cost of housing has accelerated. Young people want to establish a life here and then find it's too expensive. We have the real estate prices to go with Vancouver's reputation as an international city; but the job market is still a Vancouver job market. There's a disconnect, and that's creating a lot of angst for the younger generation. It changes how my husband and I view our own retirement. We now feel a responsibility to be ready to do quite a bit more for our children than might otherwise have been necessary.

You know the saying, "It takes a village..."? Over the years, we have had a combination of family, nannies and friends help as we raised our boys. My mother would often take the ferry from Victoria to Vancouver for the day or week to help out. One friend in particular was also incredibly helpful. When our second child came along we had to get a nanny to handle the logistics. When my older son turned thirteen, he felt strongly that he was old enough to not need a nanny and could help with my other son. My younger son was eight at the time and my husband was in California. (He's a medicinal chemist and got transferred down there for three months,

which became three years.) So she—my friend—was my rock. She knew what was happening at school, she helped with driving and she stepped in if one of the boys was sick. I will forever be grateful.

I have now been to Africa. Now that I've reached fifty, I'm trying to do something different each year. I signed up for the Challenge 67 project in South Africa, to support the Nelson Mandela Foundation. The whole thing was great. We were doing something to help children and that meant a lot to me. And also, I had only just joined the firm, and there I was meeting colleagues from all over the globe. I loved it. I also went on a three-day safari in Kruger, which was amazing.

I tried coffee once when I was a teenager and didn't like it, so I've never seen the need to try it again. I drink wine with all my friends. Sad but true.

Most of my joy centres around my children.

I still worry. Will narrow-mindedness take hold in the world? It could take hold. I would hope and believe that it wouldn't.

The best day ever was in Costa Rica. It started with trekking over jungle rivers, then horseback riding, then tubing down jungle rivers, then having lunch with parrots flying by in the mountains, then more horseback riding, then having the kids jump waterfalls and then going to volcanic mud baths, painting each other with mud. As my kids said afterwards, it was everything different non-stop for a day.

Janet Grove

Managing partner, Vancouver office
Managing partner, Bull Housser & Tupper, 2016 (prior to combining with Norton Rose Fulbright)
Rejoined Bull Housser & Tupper in 2008
Vice-President, Corporate Counsel, Corporate Secretary at NASDAQ/TSX listed biotechnology company, QLT Inc. (now Novelson Therapeutics Inc.), 2000–2008
Bull, Housser & Tupper LLP, 1992–2000

Interview by Ingeborg Alexander

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RE:

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FSC

Back streets

PRIVATE VIEWINGS OF CITIES, AND STREETS, NEAR YOU.

NEW YORK THEN LONDON, 2016. PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRUNO SANNIER OF PARIS.



▲ Lower Manhattan, New York City, May 2016

▶ A view from the Switch House in London, September 2016



Coda

MIXTAPE
on time

Lifetime **Maxwell** Gino Bell, Amsterdam

Until **Cassandra Wilson** David Johnson, Hong Kong

In Between Days **The Cure** Steve Marotte, Calgary

Time After Time **Cyndi Lauper** Adjou Ait Ben Idir, Dubai

Chinese café/Unchained melody **Joni Mitchell** Nicola Liu, London

Wasting time **Nathaniel Rateliff & The Night Sweats** Tom Countryman, San Antonio

Full Circle (feat Boxed in) **George FitzGerald** Richard Berkahn, Sydney

Seven Days in Sunny June **Jamiroquai** Jane Park-Weir, London

Glory Days **Bruce Springsteen** Frank Kuilboer, Amsterdam

Time of Your Song (Youth) **Matisyahu** Fridoun Chee, Jakarta

Avec le Temps **Dalida** Stéphane Braun, Luxembourg

Tomorrow **The Roots** Wendy Wright, Washington DC

This Time **John Legend** Sandile Khoza, Durban