RE

Looking out not in

A Norton Rose Fulbright magazine
RE:
issue 10


ARE YOU
FUTURE READY?

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Afro on purple: silhouette of my daughter. Accra, Ghana. Photo by Nana Kofi Acquah, @everydayafrica.

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This is the tenth issue of *Re:*, a magazine for everyone in Norton Rose Fulbright around the world and for our friends, among them our clients and alumni. Australia fairly leaps out at us in this issue, from articles on parenting and social history to the idle pleasures of the flâneur, and a profile of one of its many strong women, Tricia Hobson. But so, too, does Africa. Perception is everything, and Peter DiCampo's photo essay—@everydayafrica—shows again how powerful the image is and how much power social media wields, bringing about changes in point of view. *Re:* rejoices in new perspectives, and in this, our tenth issue, we have made a few changes. We now have a column devoted to movies, reports filed by global correspondents and more space for photographers. Some things don't change. Style is ever present, and in this issue we look at men with beards (and ask why).

Re: has in the last year won two industry awards, the latter for the quality of its design. Issue 11 will appear in May 2017. See you then.

The Editor

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

I had a go at reading 'Greek Chorus' and am afraid I could not get to the end of it. I did not find it captivating enough. I gave it to a colleague who has a Greek heritage: he was disappointed that the richness and sophistication of Greek culture does not come out in the article. I hope this helps you redeem the Greeks in future.
Patrick Bracher, Johannesburg
Greek chorus, issue 9.

It was with admiration that I read 'The Sporting Life' and found out about Laura Shumiloff's passion for polo. Thank you for this column. I love sports: I am myself a Marathon runner and was also a rider (I love horses!) and I practise fencing.
Nicole Trudel, Québec
The sporting life: three women who know the meaning of endurance, issue 9.

I am a lawyer and an endurance athlete. I am planning to compete in my first Ironman race at the end of this year. Ironman and endurance sport is a time-consuming exercise which requires sacrifices. Having a career as a lawyer is also a demanding pursuit—so trying to combine the two can be challenging and can feel at times foolish. However, both fulfil me in very different ways: I couldn't be happy doing one without the other. I believe I am a better lawyer because I train for triathlon and a better triathlete because I have a job that challenges me mentally. I strongly believe that life is about balance, so it is particularly encouraging to read about women in our firm who have forged successful careers whilst continuing to pursue their passion for endurance sport.
Lauren Boxsell, Perth
The sporting life: three women who know the meaning of endurance, issue 9.

Miriam, I LOVE your article in *Re:*. Totally wonderful and inspirational in every way. I'm just waiting for my children to grow a bit more and then we can do the same! And, as a postscript—your piece gave me the prod I needed to get out of my child-induced holiday paralysis. I am taking my children on a three-day hike to some remote villages in Laos.
Lily McMyn, Singapore
The guide: on two wheels, by Miriam Davies (London), issue 9.

I have just seen the whole magazine online. My word, you do a beautiful job with it. It is a really lovely publication.
Anthony Tierney, Dublin
Four Courts Press
The heart of the lead: a photo essay, issue 9.

We reached our fundraising target for the Special Olympics, thanks in part to the advert you ran for us in the magazine.
Cheryl Lee, Singapore
Mission Mount Rinjani, issue 9 (inside front cover).
Re: posts advertisements for corporate responsibility initiatives in the firm by request, as well as advertisements promoting selected charities. Ed.

Great to see the publication rising to even greater heights—many congratulations on making it award-winning.
Ken-Hui Khoo (alumni)
Director, Legal & Regulatory
Temasek International Pte Ltd, Singapore
In February, Re: *was awarded 'Best print magazine' in the UK (CIPR #Inside Story, 2016) and in July we were shortlisted for best design (IoIC). See below for what the IoIC judges had to say. Ed. And stop press: we won the award.*

"The content is thoughtful and well written, with a diverse range of topics – many of which are surprising for such an organization. It has a brave and refreshing editorial approach."
Judges' feedback, IoIC 2016 awards (UK)

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Looking ahead
Let me know your ideas for future issues. We are planning a feature article on depression. If you feel you have something to contribute to that, please get in touch. Ed.

OBITER DICTUM

Latin, deconstructed
By Patrick Bracher

lex fori

Law of the forum. The law of the court in which the action is heard.

lex loci

The law of the place. The law where the act occurred.

lex non cogit ad impossibilia

The law does not compel the impossible. As in failing to report an accident when unconscious.

lis alibi pendens

The lawsuit is pending elsewhere. You cannot sue for the same cause in two different courts at once.

lis sub judice

A lawsuit before a judge. Often used as grounds for 'no comment'.

locus classicus

A classic place or source. It refers to the leading authority on a point.

locus standi

Legal standing. The right to be heard from a court in a particular place.

magna carta

The great charter of liberty and political rights of 1215, much written about in 2015.

mala fide

In bad faith. Done fraudulently or dishonestly.

mala grammatica non vitiat chartam

Bad grammar does not invalidate a contract—but it may substantially change the rights of the parties.

mandamus

We command. Usually a court order obliging the respondent to do something.

PB is a director with Norton Rose Fulbright in Johannesburg.

RICHARD CALNAN ON JURISPRUDENCE

Lord Mansfield was the Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench in Westminster Hall in London for 32 years, from 1756 until he retired at the age of 83 in 1788. He was described at the end of his career as 'the founder of the commercial law of this country'.

The common law is created by judges deciding cases. It is established incrementally, case by case. This gives it the flexibility to adapt to meet changing circumstances. But the danger is that—rather like history—it can become a series of isolated incidents: 'one damn thing after another'.

In the second half of the eighteenth century, there was an explosion of commercial activity both in England and internationally. What was needed was a coherent system of commercial law, and Lord Mansfield was well placed to create one. Born in Scotland and educated in England—giving rise to Samuel Johnson's aphorism that 'Much may be made of a Scotchman, if he be caught young'—he was very much an Enlightenment man. As a young man, he was a member of Alexander Pope's literary circle at Twickenham and, later in life, Robert Adam built him a Palladian villa at Kenwood on Hampstead Heath. As a lawyer, he had an understanding of Roman law and the civil law systems on the continent of Europe.

Much may be made of a Scotchman, if he be caught young

Lord Mansfield considered that the law 'would be a strange science indeed' if it were decided on precedents only. The purpose of precedents is to illustrate principles, and what he did was to take the precedents and create from them principles with general application which would then apply to all commercial transactions.

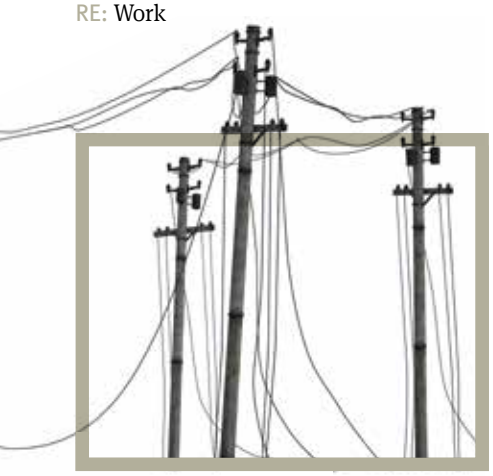
This new commercial law came from a number of different sources. He placed great reliance on how commercial transactions were conducted in practice —by the merchants. And he was also keen to ensure that his judgments complied with what he called 'natural justice and equity'. His concern was to do substantial justice, rather than necessarily to follow what he described as 'the niceties of law'. But he recognised that reliance on natural justice and equity can create uncertainty and that 'nothing is more mischievous than uncertainty in mercantile law'. He therefore saw commercial law as having two objectives—convenience and certainty.

In some areas, Lord Mansfield had a clean slate on which to write his conception of what the law should be. Perhaps the best example is insurance law. Insurance was becoming increasingly important to international trade, but there was little existing law on the subject, and he was therefore able to mould the law in a way which suited his ideas of natural justice and equity. In spite of recent changes, the insurance law which we have now is still recognisably the inheritor of Lord Mansfield's conception.

He was rarely overruled, but he did lose his battle with the law of consideration. The common law only gives effect to a contractual promise if the beneficiary gives something in return. The law describes this as consideration. In *Pillans v Van Mierop* in 1765, Lord Mansfield decided that, in a commercial transaction, a promise would be binding if it was made in writing, even if there were no consideration. This made a great deal of commercial sense, but it was overruled by the House of Lords in 1784. We still struggle with consideration over two hundred years later.

Next time: Freedom of contract

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



Stringers

Reports filed by occasional correspondents across the world

RUNNING RAMPANT IN DURBAN NORTH

From our South Africa stringer: Andrew Robinson

Stuck in the broiling sub-tropics on the far eastern coast of South Africa, the Kwa-Zulu Natal climate best lends itself to exercise in the morning. Thanks to a combination of geography and the stubborn indifference of the rest of the country (which takes its national time from the distant meridian running through Cape Town), this province balances the insufferably hot summer afternoons and its short but steamily humid dusks with long-lit, cool mornings.

At around 0445 on at least three mornings a week, wives, husbands, life partners, occasional bedfellows, pets, babies (but not teenage children who will sleep through even the apocalypse) are wrenched out of the arms of Morpheus by the many-noised alarms of the runners living among them. The conscientious among us proceed on tip toe, through unlit rooms, to the place where we have assembled our running kit and fitness watch. Danger lurks everywhere: the lone Lego block; the slumbering cat; the unscheduled briefcase—all of which escape the light of a smartphone torch. In the dim confines of kitchens, bathrooms and hallways, shapes of all sizes squeeze into their running gear.

Even in the darkest mornings of a Durban midwinter, when the night air is chilled by the snow-cooled breezes that ease down to the sea from the high basalt flanks of the Drakensberg, there gather at the town's main intersection a group of dedicated runners who make up the core of Regent Harriers. There is no club, no members, no subscription—you are, simply, a Regents Runner and you need only pitch up to run.

Twice a week the runs are called. All the runners—the medal-winning racing snakes and the 'run to drink' plodders—gather around the caller as he chants a series of street names and directions covering ten kilometres of tarmac'd torture, his near-mystic intoning muffled by groans when the notoriously steep climbs are mentioned. In winter, the hardy regulars huddle together and, once the route has been revealed, shuffle off into the sloe-black dawn, keen for the first hill to warm up their cold limbs. In summer, when the sun is up well before the start, the gritty knot of winter runners will grow to several hundred early-to-rise souls, whose cheerful pre-run chatter matches that of the mynahs roosting nearby.

During much of the run, your view is to the east—and in spring, as the sun rises out of the sea, the sky and clouds explode with colour. This is your soul-stirring reward for the early, eye-rubbing start.

AR is a Norton Rose Fulbright director in Durban and head of transport across the Africa region.

THERE ARE HOW MANY COWBOYS IN CALGARY?

From our Canada stringer: Marek Jacina

"You look like an idiot", she said. I thought that was a bit harsh, coming from my wife. It's not like I had a choice in the matter. I knew there would be thousands of makeshift cowboys walking around downtown Calgary—and more if the Alberta economy hadn't tanked this year.

I moseyed on over to the bus stop and sat down between a fifty-something woman wearing an embroidered denim shirt and a five-year-old boy sporting the full Western ensemble, including sheriff's badge and plastic six-shooter in a holster. Looking down at him, I realized my wife had a point. My attempt at passing for a ranch hand was just marginally more authentic because I didn't have a plastic whistle around my neck.

Touted as The Greatest Outdoor Show on Earth, the Calgary Stampede is Alberta's biggest tourist attraction, with more than a million visitors each year. Kicking it off is Stampede Parade Day—my favourite day of the year—when people who work downtown stay at home as they just cannot get into the office because of all the marching bands, floats, horses, and onlookers.

At the rodeo there's steer wrestling, calf-roping, saddle bronc, bull-riding, all for the real cowboys—for the pretenders, only fifteen dollars and the cost of medical insurance separates you from a mechanical

bull. Kids get to enter the mutton-busting or pony-taming events, where terrified parents watch their offspring hold on for dear life while farm animals try to get away from them—with hilarious consequences.

Later, surviving family members try out the rollercoasters, Ferris wheels and other rides of dubious mechanical quality. The less adventurous play games run by people of suspect moral character in the hope of winning a giant fluorescent panda that won't fit anywhere in their home or garbage can.

Health risks abound. Where else can you get bacon burgers with doughnuts instead of buns? Deep-fried pickles with a hot dog in the middle? Not exactly 'heart smart', but it demonstrates Canadian make-sure-you-have-enough-fat-for-winter ingenuity.

Amidst all the mayhem (and debauchery) that is Stampede is the grandstand show that follows the nightly chuck-wagon races. Seeking to emulate a Las Vegas cabaret, it succeeds in being a stark reminder that Calgary is still really, really far from Vegas. A cast of one million children, supplemented by five professionals, sing and dance in garish costumes; any gaps are filled with circus performers and stunt bikes. This spectacle is topped off with a fireworks display that can be heard concussing through the city until midnight.

The Stampede is the proverbial tip of the hat to Alberta's earliest days. Reluctantly, I will continue to pull out the tickle trunk every year and dress up like an extra in a spaghetti western, no matter what the wife says.

MJ is a Canadian proposal manager with Norton Rose Fulbright in Calgary. He has lived in Canada, the UK, Germany, the Czech Republic and New Zealand, and speaks four languages.

ART V ARCHITECTURE IN LONDON

From our UK stringer: Lesley Browning

The space is immense and the staircase spectacular. Tate Modern in London—already the most popular gallery of modern and contemporary art in the world—has expanded its gallery space. The Switch House extension is now open to visitors, and I am one of the four (or five) million people who will climb that staircase over the next twelve months.

They say that this is the UK's most important cultural building in twenty years. Is that hype or truth? Is the £260 million invested worth every penny? Planning permission was granted in 2007, so the building has been years in the making. It has been described as a ziggurat, a fortification, a mountain. Looking at it now, it seems more a logical continuation of the existing building, a new limb, or perhaps an elephant trunk. The brickwork and tiny windows mirror those of the original power station, and yet they are different: the bricks are perforated to let in light, the windows less severe.

Only four of the ten floors are gallery space. The others will be offices, restaurants, member spaces and study facilities.

And what of the art? That has to be understood in the context of the simultaneous re-hanging of the original Boiler House galleries. Female and international artists now have more wall space.

The subterranean galleries take me by surprise. Built in the former oil tanks of the power station, their polished concrete and fluorescent lights lend a touch of local authority car park but also a stark beauty. The gigantic rooms are filled with video installations and the lighting is not entirely suitable for middle-aged myopics (I nearly tripped over a youth reclining in the dark on a bean bag).

The higher galleries are completely different. They still nod to the Tate's industrial heritage with rough-sawn floorboards and high ceilings, but these are huge spaces, flooded with light. As I move up the staircase—its meandering, serpentine flow—I think, this could be in a cathedral, albeit one of concrete.

On floor ten I arrive at a perfect panorama of London: views over the Thames, the City of London, Canary Wharf. The fact that this is free of charge and open air gives it the edge over other panoramic viewpoints. It may be lower than, say, the Shard, but that places me at an excellent height to take in the view.

Some of you may come to Switch House to admire the architecture rather than look at the art, some of which is admittedly challenging. But you can also look at people (always absorbing). And you can see directly into the adjacent designer flats—in fact, a sign urging gallery visitors to respect neighbours almost encourages one to look harder and longer, as life imitates art.

LB is a Norton Rose Fulbright partner in London

The historian

Sorrel Palmer

KINGS CROSS—RED LIGHT DISTRICT—IN TRANSITION

For forty years 'Enjoy Coca-Cola' has been emblazoned across the entrance to Sydney's red light district, Kings Cross. In August 2016, the forty-metre billboard was dismantled and each neon letter auctioned on eBay. The sale attracted national media attention due to its provenance, and the proceeds (A$100,000) went to a local parish mission, the Wayside Chapel.

Kings Cross is a leafy precinct found a kilometre east of the city centre within the suburbs of Potts Point and Darlinghurst. It has been a social melting pot since the mid-nineteenth century. Its traditional owners, the Gadigal people, were briefly corralled here before Governor Macquarie gifted it in land grants to colonial subordinates.

The Cross became an unlikely Arcadia: Sydney's Montmartre, Schwabing, Soho and Greenwich Village, 'a tract apart from the rest of the city contemptuous of the rules'.

But time has marched on. This community, long celebrated for its tolerance and diversity, is at a crossroads.

Sydney is defined by constant redevelopment. This is apparent in the Cross, which is a tapestry of architectural styles. The Italianate mansions of early settlers gave way to terraces and townhouses before a shift to apartments and boarding houses took place in the 1920s. With the concentration of people came the concentration of vice.

The Morality Squad—a division of the New South Wales police force—referred to 1939 as Sydney's worst year for sly grog. The *Mail* trumpeted news of 'members of the underworld' making fortunes, with sellers springing up in the Cross overnight.

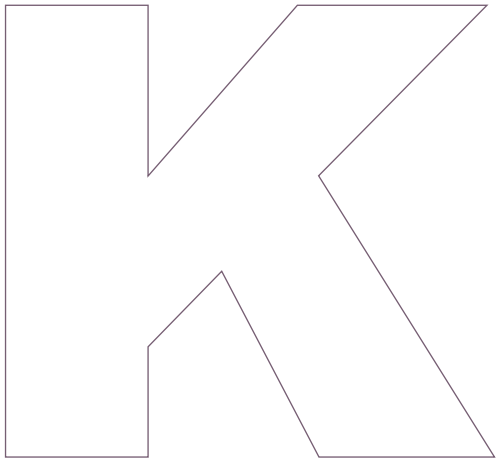
The war years transformed the Cross again. Alongside a booming trade in strip joints was a drag scene akin to 'gorgeous bedlam'. The area became a soldiers' playground. And, later, the arrival of refugees and migrants represented a culinary watershed, fatally introducing Sydney to machine-made coffee.

The Cross—declared the *Sunday Mail* in 1949—was a 'continental nook where the rackets are bad and the sausages are wurst'. It hosted everyone from the Jewish Welfare League to the Country Women's Association, and made the rest of Australia seem stale and parochial.

Never an expensive place to live, by 1952 Kings Cross had a population density greater than New York. Its residents included single working women of all stripes, soon-to-be celebrated artists and writers, bookies, judges and musicians.

By the 1960s the Cross was less theatre and more tawdry. During the Vietnam War it teemed with US troops on R&R. It was the only place you could get a drink after ten o'clock.

The Cross supported the unconventional and the emerging. It was here that rock musician Billy Thorpe got his big break. Indigenous rights activist Faith Bandler galvanised the community for the all-important 1967 Referendum on Constitutional change. And it was the site of the mass arrests and



police brutality which marred Sydney's first Gay & Lesbian Mardi Gras in 1978.

Social nostalgia for the Cross is matched by its reputation for violence, with endless press stories about razor gangs, 'standover men' and corrupt police.

In 1980, the State Government decided that the character of the Cross had been ruined by a proliferation of sex shops and blue-movie houses and sought to remove them from street level. The culprit was probably more sinister. Kings Cross became known as the 'heroin supermarket of the 1980s', aided by systemic police corruption. By 1988, Australia's first AIDS testing bus was doing, noted the *Canberra Times*, a 'roaring trade'.

But even then the charming Art Deco apartments were attracting young professionals who would be accused of driving up the rents and pushing out the last of the bohemians. Today, Kings Cross is a place where farmers' markets thrive alongside Australia's only supervised injecting centre. You still encounter the stoned and the sober, the old and the young, the newly arrived, those with status and those who have nothing; but gentrification has taken root. Models in 1940s sequins advertise million-dollar studios promising 'a return to the age of elegance'. Sydney City Council has widened the pavements and installed trees and a library. Two years ago, heavy restrictions on licensed venues were implemented to combat alcohol-related assaults. People began to refer to the area as having lost its vibrancy.

The sentiment is not new. In previous decades, poet Kenneth Slessor and cartoonist George Sprod both lamented the loss of 'their' Kings Cross, which was, said Slessor, both a real place and a state of mind. Although the Cross remains a symbol for the antithesis of suburban virtue in Australian film, literature and folklore, its image as a haven for the bohemian and the transgressor is not supported by evidence of contemporary trends.

The Coke sign has been replaced with a shiny replica: twelve hundred neon tubes upgraded to LED rope lights. The old sign, like the old Kings Cross, is gone. Its glittering past survives only in the retelling.

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hiddensydney.com.au
thewaysidechapel.com

SP is a graduate with Norton Rose Fulbright in Sydney.

Way of life

IN MELBOURNE

They are both parents. One stays at home. The other goes out to work.

THE FATHER

Mark Newby

I call it 'Stay-at-home Dad' or 'Full-time Dad'. This has been me for two years now. It's been an interesting journey, making the transition from a corporate life in infrastructure project management to a life revolving around home and school.

I was very hands-off in their early years. A succession of nannies took care of things during the week, my wife supervised, and I assisted where I could on weekends. Back then, my mind was closed to any role at home; in retrospect, I valued work life more highly.

Then, in April 2014, our eldest was selected for an award to be presented at a school assembly; Nicole couldn't attend and asked me to go. I was sitting in the school hall on that Friday afternoon, glancing at the parents around me (none of whom I knew), when two thoughts occurred: 1) up until now, I had missed out completely on this aspect of my son's life; and 2) I should do this more often.

I found that I was playing the idea forward in my mind. I came across articles by stay-at-home dads. I raised the topic of full-time parenting with female friends who had stayed at home with kids for a few years before returning to work. On weekends, I imagined what it would be like to be with my kids all week. I was becoming comfortable with the idea.

I raised the topic with Nicole. When she picked herself up off the floor, she was supportive but not overly optimistic. Still, we looked at the financial impact and saw that we could make it work. The challenge was laid down.

My employer suggested that I think about it, take time off, have a dry-run. I took two weeks' leave and spent that time with our children. I consulted widely, and overwhelmingly I heard that I wouldn't regret it. Our eldest was six and the twins were four: there was still plenty of time for me to get the most out of our time together. The only downside I was aware of was that I might feel isolated but, as someone who quite happily enjoys my own company, this was not a major issue.

> "I've slowly earned my children's respect"

Six months after I had those first thoughts, I'd resigned, the nanny was gone, I was on my own!

I read with them in class, put myself forward for class representative on the 'parents and friends' committee, organised parent coffee mornings, play-dates, etc, all with the aim of getting to know the other primary care-givers. As expected, most were female, but I found two full-time dads in my son's year. Across the whole school, the incident rate of male primary care-givers is about 1 in 100.

Two years on, I have no regrets, other than that perhaps I should have started earlier. The people I come across are generally comfortable with the notion that this dad runs his household (there are some who struggle with the concept). The shopping, cleaning, even homework was no problem. Cooking interesting meals for little kids did present a challenge. And I have found buying clothes difficult: I just have no feel for it and am only just getting on top of it now.

I've slowly earned my children's respect. I'd like to think that I'm firm, fair and consistent in my approach. I think my children appreciate it.

I still do some consulting work for my previous employer. The work is sporadic but it's welcome when it comes, and I'm able to fit it in.

I am in two minds about the future. In a year or so I could go back to the corporate life. Or I could find a meaningful role (or roles) which allow me to continue to support the kids as I do now. I think I'd prefer the latter.

MN is an engineer and NW's husband

THE MOTHER

Nicole Wearne

I could never do it. I always knew that I wanted children, that was really important; but I love my job as a litigator. I couldn't imagine not doing it.

We were older parents so Mark was forty-seven when he made his decision. We talked through why he wanted to do it—he told me the real reason was because he wanted the kids to like *him* as much as they liked me. I told him that would never happen!—and we talked about what it would involve, and that he would have to do everything that the nanny was already doing. It was a proper job. I love my husband, but I still didn't want the kitchen to be in a mess when I got home, not unless there was a good reason.

Mark is superbly organised. He immediately implemented this regimented process with the kids, which has worked really well. He takes them to school and to all their activities. He does their laundry, cooks their meals, does the shopping, buys their clothes, spends Sunday nights ironing their school uniforms. We have a housekeeper come once a fortnight to do a big clean, but the rest of the time he does it all.

I love cooking. That's my outlet. So I have to have certain things—like spices—in certain places in the kitchen. But other than that, he has free rein.

He's a bit hard on them sometimes. I know that because they tell on him. And of course I'm there on the weekends.

At the school, he's class rep in both year groups and he's on the committee. His goal is to be the first male president of the parents and friends' association. I'm sure he will get that goal.

"We're together the whole time"

The school is in an area where there are a lot of professional working women and there's a lot of part-time parenting. I see many more dads at the school than I did a few years ago. A lot of them get there for the early-morning sessions. I have noticed that the mother's day event at the school is always at 2.30. The father's day event is always at 8.30. Always.

Mark and I have been together thirty years so I know him reasonably well. I always thought he would be very good at it but I knew that if I were the one to suggest it, it wouldn't happen.

I get a little jealous from time to time. When there's a special thing at school and I cannot get to it, I do think he is lucky. But I know that this is my choice, so that's just how it is. I spend as much time as I can on the weekends with them, doing their thing—and making time for myself. On Saturday mornings a cousin looks after them, so he gets time out and I get time to do my mundane things. After that, we're just together the whole time until they go to bed on Sunday evening.

During the week, I try to get home before the twins go to bed at quarter to eight. And I can see that they're really happy. Not that they weren't with our lovely nanny. It's just different.

He loves it. He has a wonderful relationship with his children, and that's what he wanted. And do they like him? Yes. But they still don't like him as much as they like me! No, I don't know.

This is just what works for us.

Having children is, I think, the most satisfying thing that you do in your life. Even though Mark came late to the idea of having children, he finally got it and then worked out that actually that was more of a priority for him than anything else.

He's in his total element.

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nortonrosefulbright.com/getthebest

#disabilityconfident

LET'S GET THE BEST FROM EACH OTHER

HEARING

I may be able to lip-read, so make sure I can see your mouth when you talk. Not everyone with a hearing impairment lip-reads, but a lot do.

Avoid background noise: it can make it more difficult for me to follow a conversation.

Speak clearly. Don't cover your mouth, turn your head away or rest your chin in your hand. You don't have to speak loudly or slowly. Just avoid eating or chewing while we talk.

If you are chairing a meeting, make sure people speak one at a time.

Talk to me, not to my helper or interpreter. Maintain eye contact with me. There's no need to ask my helper or interpreter for their opinion.

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DISABILITY CONFIDENT

Pride

Everybody has the right to have a workplace that they're comfortable in.

Troy Ungerman—Norton Rose Fulbright partner—in support of our global 'showing pride' campaign

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NORTON ROSE FULBRIGHT

Freediver

Words by Louise Nelson

Freediving is the art of diving underwater on one breath without the aid of mechanical devices. Common among ancient cultures around the world as a means of gathering food and resources, the first documented dives date back to 5400 BC. Greeks collected sponges off Kalmynos island and the Ama divers of Japan gathered pearls. Freedivers were also employed for the salvage of valuable items from sunken ships and to sabotage enemy vessels or ferry supplies. Spearfishing has its roots in freediving, too.

"freediving requires that you enter into a state of total, meditative calm"

I have had a lifelong fascination with the sea. As a child, I consumed every book and documentary I could about the oceans and I swam from an early age. I spent most of my childhood summers in pools, lakes and oceans in Canada, Mexico and the Caribbean. I have a PADI Advanced Open Water scuba diving qualification and have done about fifty dives around the world, including some wrecks. Freediving was really the next natural step.

There is no time like the present. I joined a freediving club in London this year and became a certified freediver this summer. There are about ten freediving clubs around the UK. My club, which has thirty regulars, trains every Monday at a pool at the Queen Mother's Sport Centre in Victoria. We also meet regularly on weekends to dive in open water—lakes, dedicated watersports quarries, and the sea. My partner is a freediver, too, although we met before we each qualified. Over the past six months, the club has become a family to us. It's a diverse, international group and the wider freediving community has been so welcoming. I love the camaraderie of training and exploration.

As a new freediver, you learn a lot about safety, science and, specifically, the mammalian dive reflex. This reflex allows mammals to optimise respiration underwater for extended periods of time. Aquatic mammals like seals and dolphins exhibit this trait most strongly but it also exists in humans. The reflex is triggered by cold water contacting the face. When this happens, various changes happen in the human body which allow for the greater conservation of oxygen, namely the slowing of the heart rate and the shift of blood to the lungs, heart and brain.

Freedivers hack into this dive reflex. We learn to stack the odds in our favour through extensive and specialised training in and out of the water. Cardiovascular endurance, flexibility, mobility, alignment, and strength are critical. Although it looks like freedivers move gently

through the water, freediving is anaerobic and is metabolically closest to sprinting. So we do a lot of interval training in the pool and in the gym: short sprints or bursts of activity with brief periods of rest. On land, we practise yogic and sequential breathing exercises and learn to breathe fully. This helps to increase our tolerance to higher levels of carbon dioxide, which is what actually triggers the urge to breathe even if oxygen reserves are sufficient. We never, ever hyperventilate before diving—that is dangerous and disturbs the mix of gases in our blood. Safety is the number one priority. Freedivers learn never to dive alone without a certified 'buddy' who observes each dive. Rescue is also a part of our ongoing training. We have total respect for the water, especially the ocean with its tides and currents.

Physics also comes into play at depth. As we descend into water, the pressure around us increases at a rate of one bar every ten metres. The pressure in the airspaces in our sinuses, ears, and diving masks also increases. To relieve this pressure, we need to 'equalise' these cavities by pushing air into them. This is often done by pinching and blowing one's nose at the same time, which forces air into these spaces. Equalisation is probably one of the most challenging and important aspects of freediving. The deeper a diver goes, the more sophisticated the equalisation technique must become. Anything beyond thirty metres of depth becomes highly technical.

We don't use air tanks but we do use specialised equipment. A freediving fin is double the length of a normal scuba diving fin and much wider; my fins are the length of my legs and you need to use a long kick from the hip to propel yourself with them, hence the need for core strength. A freediving mask has a lower volume than normal masks, which means less air is required for equalisation. To control our buoyancy, we use a few kilogrammes of weight fastened to belts. And to prevent our core temperatures from dropping, we use two-piece open-cell neoprene wetsuits. Open-cell neoprene is effectively a smooth rubber and it melds so closely to the skin that we have to lubricate the suits to get into them. This kind of wetsuit also allows for a great range of mobility and streamlining.

Given how technical freediving is, an official body was formed to set safety standards and govern competitive freediving events—AIDA, l'Association Internationale pour le Développement de l'Apnée. AIDA is also one of the main organisations responsible for freediving certification. After several months of training and study, I achieved my AIDA 2 Star qualification, which involved taking a written exam as well as fulfilling specific diving, swimming and safety requirements. The exam tests your knowledge of biology, physics and anatomy as well as safety protocols. The technical requirements require a two-minute static breath hold in the water ('static apnea'), a forty-metre horizontal swim underwater on one breath with fins ('dynamic apnea'), and a dive to a depth of sixteen metres on one breath with fins ('constant weight'). These are the main freediving disciplines and I'm working on safely extending my performance in each area.

In most sports, one thrives on adrenaline. But freediving requires that you enter into a state of total, meditative calm—even in competition. To preserve oxygen, every single muscle relaxes, the breath slows, all thoughts become still. For all the physicality of the sport, I think freediving is ultimately in the mind.

To me, freediving is a form of meditation in movement: it's about the synergy of mind, body and spirit. It has much in common with Buddhist meditation, another important part of my life.

Every time I dive, I take a journey. Sometimes, I feel as though I'm travelling into space, into a great expanse of unending blue. Sometimes, the experience is intensely physical—I sense the movement of my limbs through water. But most often, I feel a deep connection to nature and life itself.

I became a freediver to connect with the underwater world in the purest way. My goal is to swim with large aquatic mammals and pelagic fish such as seals, dolphins and whale sharks. Freediving also allows me to indulge my passions for photography and film. The sport marries many of my interests—exploration, history, science and nature. My partner and I recently tried underwater foraging for scallops, crabs and lobsters with our hands, as ancient divers did. To get ten scallops took us repeated dives ten metres down over three hours.

I believe we were born of the sea. There are scientists who think that life began more than three billion years ago in deep-sea hydrothermal vents. An aquatic microorganism may be the common ancestor to all living things. There is a richness to the underwater world that amazes me. I think life must have begun in water.

Freediving should not be undertaken without appropriate certification, supervision, training and fitness.

Flâneur

Words by David Cross

Up until the 1980s, television channels in Australia would close down each night, after which only the test pattern was displayed. Each night at closing, Channel 7 used to show a short film of the American entertainer Tommy Leonetti singing 'My City of Sydney' as he sauntered along the streets and down to the harbour. To watch the film now is to be reminded of the many changes that have taken place in the city's skyline and of the unchanging nature of the themes perceived as central to the city's identity—the natural beauty of the harbour; one or two iconic buildings; people enjoying themselves on or in the water. How real is any of this? To find out, let us do as Mr Leonetti did. Let us engage in some idle *flânerie*.

The land through which we will walk is home to—and owned by—the Cadigal and Wangal tribes of the Eora people. I will wait for you at the main quadrangle of the University of Sydney. That's about two kilometres west of the city centre. If you're not planning to start by walking there, I suggest you catch a bus.

The colonial architect Edmund Blacket—The 'Wren of Sydney'—is responsible for the design of the university quadrangle. The buildings, which started to go up in 1854, are pure gothic revival and are made of glorious sandstone hewn from quarries in Pyrmont, about a mile to the north. We will have occasion to refer to this wonderful building material and the labours of the stone-cutters during our peregrinations.

While I wait, I take a stroll around the quad, my thoughts pleasantly interrupted by the carillon (one of only two in the country), and I consider the collective effort which led to the reproduction of an Oxbridge quadrangle in the middle of a dairy farm on the other side of the world.

But here you are, crossing the quad. Let us go then, you and I.

We leave the university behind and stroll east, high-stepping along the thoroughfare of Broadway. Over to the left is the tower of the University of Technology. This has to be Sydney's most detested building. The university has redeemed itself in recent times with a building designed by Frank Gehry and inspired by a crumpled paper bag: all we have to do is head north from here toward Ultimo Road and you will see it.

But I want to stay on Broadway. You nudge me and direct my gaze over to your right (my south), where a massive project of urban renewal is under way on the site of an old brewery. There is a tall tower with vertical gardens and a cantilevered array of mirrors; all the light is being directed into a courtyard at the bottom. Beyond the tower we come to a small park (swiftly seen and dismissed) and then turn into the streets of Chippendale, once a malodorous slum. On nearby Balfour Street is the White Rabbit Gallery, the cause of a mild disagreement between us. The White Rabbit contains the largest private collection of contemporary Chinese art in the world; and a teahouse. You are interested in the thought of a bowl of black Yunnan tea and the chance of a pause. I am accustomed to pressing on.

A short hour later, and now quite refreshed, we find our way back to Broadway through Kensington Street, at the heart of the old brewery. I can see you glancing across at a very fine restaurant, Automata, and I realise that we may be in dangerous territory. Behind the row of tiny terrace houses—once accommodation for brewery workers—is any number of great Asian eateries. I steer you past a restaurant given over entirely to desserts.

We keep walking, one foot in front of the other, heading east, and so we come, as does everyone eventually, to Sydney's principal railway station and its grand clock tower. The station was built between 1901 and 1906 on the site of the colony's first large cemetery. I know this because every undertaker in the jurisdiction was called upon to disinter the remains and cart them off—including the business to which my grandfather was apprenticed. This history keeps us in conversation right up to and beyond the moment, on platform 21, when we board Sydney's underground, such as it is. There are five stations in the underground, forming a loop around the CBD. We decide to leave the train at St James. As we emerge into the sunlight of Sydney's Hyde Park, I am still dwelling on my grandfather and his tales of people being buried or shut away in crypts when they were not in fact dead but quite possibly only in some kind of coma from which they later awoke, terrified and trapped.

That topic of conversation now exhausted, we turn east and pause in front of the imposing JF Archibald Memorial Fountain. Archibald was a press magnate who made two significant bequests: funds for the creation of a fountain by a French artist to commemorate the association between Australia and France in World War 1; and the Archibald Prize for portraiture, now Australia's most prestigious (and litigious) art prize.

Our homage to the fountain over, we stumble upon an architectural masterpiece. The Lands Office, in all its gothic sandstone splendour, reflects the colony's pride in the Torrens Title system of land registration. This, I explain to you in some detail, was one of the two great Australian inventions of the nineteenth century, the other being the stump jump plough. Ah, but look, you say, at St Mary's Cathedral: those two impressive spires were lifted into place by a giant Russian helicopter just fifteen years ago.

Shall we press on? We cross College Street, head along Art Gallery Road—Robert Burns is there leaning on a plough but it is not a stump jump model so his statue is quickly dismissed—and arrive at the Art Gallery of New South Wales, where you point out to me the names of great artists printed along the gables of the

building. A little disconcertingly, the name of the Renaissance genius is rendered as 'Michael Angelo'. I suggest we pop inside to view the permanent collection of Australia art. We do, and discover that the gallery restaurant has a superb view of the harbour.

Outside again, and heartened by some caffeine, I take my customary pleasure in admiring the Henry Moore sculpture of a reclining woman, while you take pleasure in drawing my attention to the nearby abstract sculpture which children, apparently, call the Poo Sculpture.

Enough of childish things. Across the road is Sydney's greatest treasure, the Royal Botanic Gardens. There is much here to nourish the mind and please the eye. The gardens, established in 1816, occupy a large site with high ground to the west sloping gently to the harbour, where in colonial times the first tentative experiments in agriculture were carried out. Among the convicts who worked the gardens in those early years were Scottish nationalists held as political prisoners. Some are believed to have been buried there.

Reluctantly, I agree that today is about the idle wandering and walking, stopping and staring, and not the many pleasures of the Gardens. We leave, and head west onto Macquarie Street, home to the Conservatorium of Music. Before us stands the Chief Secretary's Building, designed in the Venetian Renaissance style by James Barnet (who succeeded Blacket as chief architect). This august building housed a number of governmental functions and, more recently, the State's industrial tribunal. The creation of that tribunal, now more than a century ago, is connected with a period in Sydney's history where there was significant agitation about workplace rights, starting with a campaign for an eight-hour working day. Our conversation turns again to the stone-cutters, whose handiwork has adorned our walk: these craftsmen were in the vanguard of that campaign.

At your suggestion, we stroll on toward Bridge Street, where I learn of three excellent restaurants along this stretch: the Bridge Room, 11 Bridge and Mr Wongs. To our right we gaze down upon

Circular Quay—where the city's water-borne transport is organised—and, behold! we glimpse Harbour Bridge; and there is the Opera House.

Like all famous structures that have become visual clichés, the Bridge and Opera House are best approached in an indirect way, in fact much as we have done today. From sideways on. Allowing us to see them, and the city which surrounds them, in better perspective. Then we understand that Sydney's identity is not defined by the waters of the harbour nor its beaches, but the ground. Ground that was tended by the Cadigal and Wangal, ground on which the first pitiable attempts at agriculture were ventured and which later became the sites for seats of learning and government institutions projected from models established far away, churches, breweries, slums and now places of twenty-first century recreation. Ground from which the stone-cutters extracted the essence of Sydney's built environment, and on which they began a movement for modern social democracy. Ground to which we will one day return.

But not today. Today, we turn on our heels and wander off in contented mutual agreement to sample a certain chef's six-course menu at a fine restaurant you know just a short walk away. Later, we plan to catch a harbour ferry, and put our feet up.

@everydayafrica

THE STORY OF A PHOTOGRAPHIC PROJECT THAT WENT VIRAL THROUGH INSTAGRAM

Words by Peter DiCampo

In 2012, I was a photographer on assignment with Austin Merrill (we work as a writer–photographer team) in a part of the world that we had both lived in for years. While reporting on the post-conflict situation in Ivory Coast—interviewing refugees and the victims and perpetrators of violence—we put the professional camera down and started using our smartphones to take simple photographs that felt more in tune with the daily lives of most people in the country at that time. Everyday Africa was born.

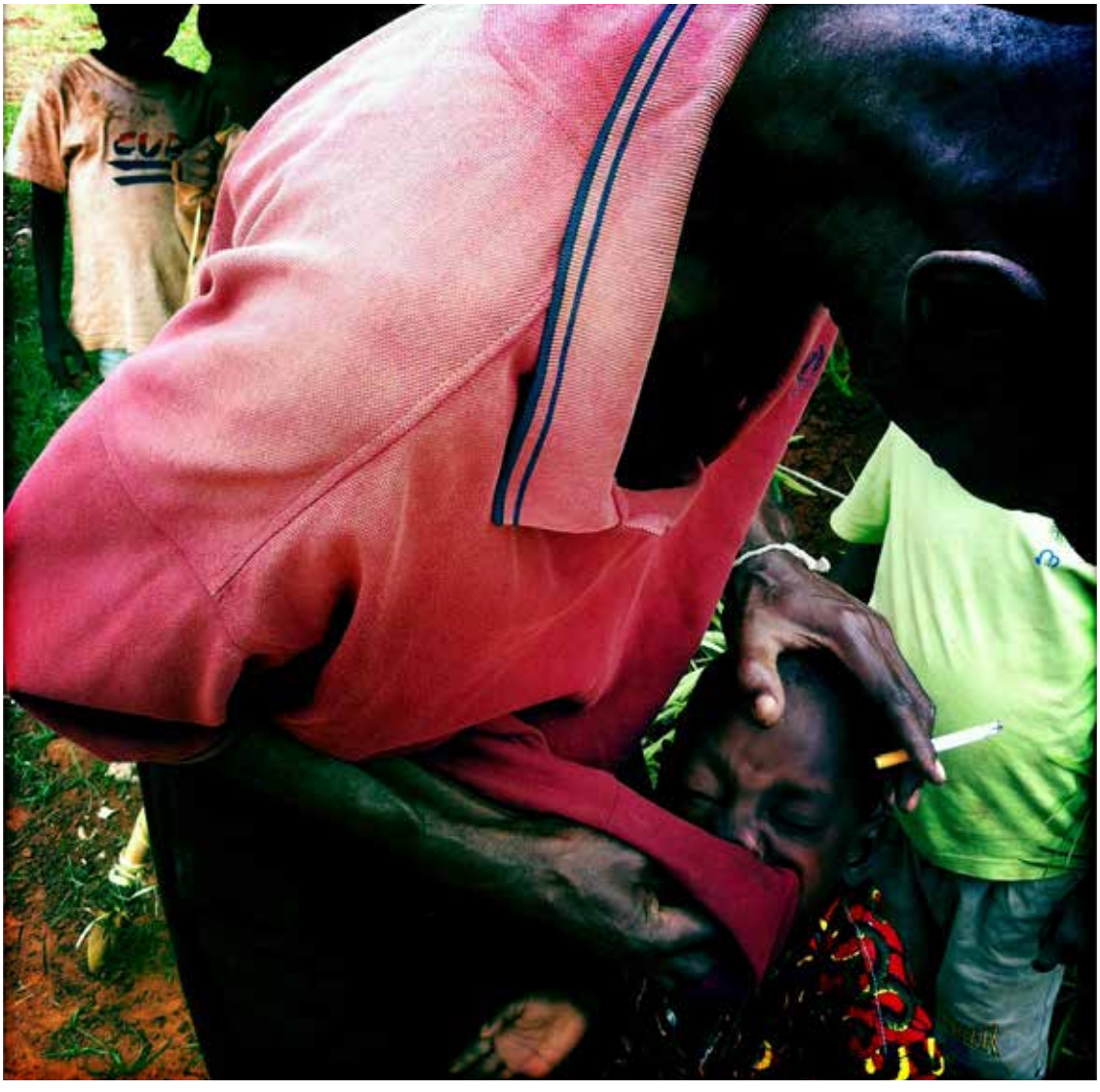
p26 *Nigeria*: Malin Fezehai

p27 **above and below** *Ethiopia*: Girma Berta; *Nigeria*: Yagazie Emezi

Over the last few years, Everyday Africa has grown to become many things. A prominent Instagram feed, with more than 300,000 followers, featuring daily-life images from around the continent. A US high school curriculum, designed to broaden students' perceptions of Africa and challenge them to consider the media stereotypes that affect their own community. And a network of contributing photographers, predominantly African, that grew organically. We found new contributors, both professional photographers and skilled amateurs, via #everydayafrica, the hashtag which they were adopting in their own social media posts to broadcast scenes from their ordinary life and that of their community to the rest of the world.

p28 **from top left, clockwise** *Ivory Coast*: Tom Saater; *Nigeria*: Saater; *Nigeria*: Saater; *South Africa*: Barry Christianson

p29 **top** *Ivory Coast*: Peter DiCampo; **below, left to right** *Uganda*: Edward Echwalu; *Liberia*: Ricci Shryock; *Guinea*: Shryock




a vie !
Fanta

p30 **top, left to right** *South Africa*: Christianson; *Zimbabwe*: Austin Merill; *Ghana*: Saater; **mid, l to r** *Senegal*: Holly Pickett; *DRC*: Jana Ašenbrennerová; *Gambia*: Jane Hahn; **bottom, l to r** *Ghana*: Hahn; *Nigeria*: Nana Kofi Acquah; *Cameroon*: Acquah

p31 top, **left to right** *DRC*: Ley Uwera; *Burkina Faso*: Acquah; *DRC*: Ašenbrennerová; **mid, l to r** *Tanzania*: Sam Vox; *Kenya*: DiCampo; *Guinea*: Shryock; **bottom, l to r** *Chad*: Shryock; *Ethiopia*: Berta; *Nigeria*: Saater

p32 *DRC*: Uwera

p33, **from top left, clockwise** *Senegal*: Hahn; *Nigeria*: Emezi; *Nigeria*: Emezi; *Nigeria*: Saater

***Everyday Africa*, Kehrer Verlag 2016**

Instagram is a constant, flowing stream of images, seen by people of all ages, but particularly the young, right across the globe. To capture this moment in time, we have selected 250 photographs to go into a (crowdfunded) book which will be published at the end of the year. Included is some of the Instagram commentary these images have elicited—a marker of our increased global connectivity, the letting go of antiquated notions of Africa, and our shared human need for more storytelling. The launch party for the book will be in Ethiopia. After that our project will continue: we have no plans to slow down.

everydayprojects.org

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Put this on your To Do list

Challenge 67

A global call to action for Africa

Nelson Mandela fought for social justice for 67 years
Now it's time for us to step up
It's time to take action, inspire change

Take the Challenge 67 pledge and raise funds in any shape or form centred on 67

nortonrosefulbright.com/corporate responsibility

In support of the Nelson Mandela Foundation
and working with Habitat for Humanity and Food and Trees for Africa
Every individual has the power to transform the world and the ability to make an impact

Law around the world
nortonrosefulbright.com

Life

now that spring is upon us, take my lovely fourteen-month-old daughter to swimming lessons Rorisang Mongoato, Cape Town. learn to play Stevie Wonder song on the piano—'As', from *Songs in the Key of Life* Johnjerica Hodge, Houston. go jogging with dog (dog jogs, I train) and learn to crochet (make soft toys for beloved sons) and paint dining room walls new colour (at last—untouched since forever) Stéphanie Caron, Québec. plan winter holiday on tropical island with boyfriend and finish reading Philip Knight's biography before sinking back into work Ginevra Biadico, Milan. fish Tiger on Zambezi, off iLombe island, with eldest, Josh Gregory Nott, Johannesburg. balance: do everything you can to achieve it David Navetta, Denver. build desk out of live slab of wood Andrew Elkhoury, Houston. 1) plan trip across Xinjiang, northwest China—NB drink water of Kanas Lake, near border with Mongolia, Russia, Kazakhstan. 2) draw faces on eggs in fridge Olivia Yang, Beijing. enjoy life in my new wooden cottage Claude Marchand, Québec. learn how to meditate for peace of mind Adriana Gonzalez, Bogotá. attend two destination birthday parties and a destination wedding Joan Liao, Hong Kong. renovate new house in mountains in time for Christmas NB learn to play tennis! Enrica Pagani, Milan. take my two boys to the mountain bike track David Goldman, Sydney. swim once a week until New Year / sponsor brother one-week trip to Japan IF he can lose one kilo per week for 12 consecutive weeks Haruethai Boonklomjit, Bangkok. take beach holiday somewhere remote with no internet, no cell phone reception Leonie Arendt, New York/Munich. travel out of Asia—first time ever Teerapat Pratyaratanawoot, Bangkok. learn two things: how to take care of a horse and how to speak in Italian with 'mio tesoro marito'! Isabella Gandini, Bogotá.

To do

The guide

SAN FRANCISCO

WITH KIM WESTBERRY

The fog, the hills, the cable cars, the architecture, the sudden stunning vistas—San Francisco is iconic. It lays at your feet mystical natural beauty on a grand scale and celebrates all that is good in life. San Francisco sits on the edge of the Pacific Ocean, lies perilously close to the San Andreas fault and is less than an hour's drive from Silicon Valley in northern California. Home to the Beat poets, Chinese ancestors and techie innovators, San Francisco is a city of contradictions and of dreams.

WHAT TO DO

Go to the bridge—where else?

The Marina district offers a picture-perfect view of the Golden Gate bridge and has a lot of things in a small area that make it worth a visit. Start at Marina Green, and walk around the harbor to see the wave organ. Its pipes are set into the water and the sound is generated by the waves—science and art in one. If you like sailing, check out the crew lists published in Latitude 38 or at the St Francis Yacht Club during racing season and jump on a boat from one of the nearby piers (all levels are welcome). Or you could can trace Madeleine Elster's footsteps from *Vertigo* and walk across Marina Boulevard to tour the Palace of Fine Arts, an architectural monolith held over from the 1915 Panama-Pacific Exposition. If you're lucky, you'll see the swans that live in the lagoon just adjacent. From here, you can easily get to the Golden Gate bridge. Take your time, walk across it and enjoy the vistas surrounding it—especially in the late afternoon as the sun filters across the Pacific and bathes it in warm light.

Explore the museums and gardens

Golden Gate Park houses the DeYoung Museum, the California Academy of Sciences and the Japanese Tea Garden (with ancient statues and traditional teahouse). Across town, the SFMOMA is a world-class modern art museum. A local favorite, the Exploratorium—'an ongoing exploration of science, art and human perception'—is great for families and sits at pier 15 on the Embarcadero. These all have discounted tickets and/or free days if you time your visit right.

Take in the views

We have a local tradition, much to the chagrin of our city parks-and-recs folks, of putting rope swings up on our highest peaks. My favorite is at the top of Bernal Heights Park. Speaking of peaks, Twin Peaks is smack in the middle of City and offers a 360-degree view. Drive to the top at night, bring a jacket, and see why everyone falls in love with this city.

Support our local artisans

Stroll down Valencia Street to Four Barrel Coffee (and its lovely parklet) or its friendly rival Ritual, breathe in the cheese at local creameries like Cowgirl and the chocolate at the bean-to-bar factory+café, Dandelion Chocolate. Or go on a whiskey-tasting tour at Seven Stills distillery. Find out how beer has been made for over a hundred years at Anchor Steam Brewery; and then, for something completely different, try out Black Hammer brewery—recently founded, they turn out experimental craft brews as fast as they can think them up, a perfect stop on the way to catch a Giants game down at AT&T Park. (Be sure to wear orange and black to cheer on the local team.)

Go to Chinatown

San Francisco's Chinatown is the oldest in North America and its labyrinth of streets is a delight. In the parks, you will find people practising morning Tai Chi or playing mah-jong; you can get dim sum at a number of places before 2pm and can stop into Red Blossom Tea for a tasting and introduction to their impressive collection. The Chinese New Year Parade in San Francisco is

Photographs (bottom left and right) by Jacqueline Boronow Danson

something else, with dragon floats, traditional dancers and music filling the streets.

Do some yoga in a cathedral

Grace Cathedral offers donation-based yoga on Tuesdays at 6:30 inside the cathedral (not to be missed or found anywhere else).

Go shopping

Union Square is where you will find the world's best brands all in one place.

WHERE TO STAY

The Fairmont Hotel offers a taste of old San Francisco, has panoramic views of the Bay and has a great tiki bar called the Tonga Room at the top. It's elegant and comfortable, and within walking distance of Grace Cathedral, Union Square and Chinatown.

MOVING AROUND

The City is only 7 x 7 miles, and is easily and enjoyably covered on foot or by bicycle. Though the weather stays comfortably between 55–65°F most of the year, it would be wise to bring layers and stay mindful of our many microclimates as you move between neighborhoods. There are maps with routes for walking and biking that avoid too many of our famously steep hills. Or, ditch the map and hike up the hills—the views are worth it! We also have cable cars and a municipal rail line that bisect the City (Muni), or you can use Uber or the Lyft app (developed here) to get a quick, cheap ride to your next stop.

EATING OUT

If something special is called for, Atelier Crenn, a French two-star Michelin-rated restaurant is worth the wait it will take to get a table (call ahead). It is intimate, the service exacting and the menu relies heavily on what we have locally available. The grand tasting menu, with wine pairing, shows off why chef Crenn is famous among foodies.

In the financial district, you can get some incredible fried chicken at Wayfare Tavern and a fresh pint of Crispin cider; or you can jostle for one of the handful of seats at Swan Oyster Depot, serving some of the best seafood in the Bay area since 1912.

For cocktails, head up to the Top of the Mark, best at sunset for an unforgettable view over the entire city.

In North Beach, it's hard to beat brunch at Mama's on a lazy Sunday or Caffe Trieste for a latte. The café culture flourishes at Trieste, with a robust live music schedule and scads of writers hoping that some of what drove Coppola to write the screenplay for *The Godfather* rubs off on them. Wherever you go, bring cash as several smaller places don't take cards.

In the Mission district, Tartine bakery and its bread (ready at 3pm sharp) is what artisan butter is made for; be sure to leave room for their pastries and bread pudding. Nearby, El Tona Yense taco truck is beloved by locals for its carnitas tacos (outside the Best Buy on Harrison Street). And, while there is much debate about who has the best *shao long bao* in town, I adore Shanghai Dumpling King for their soup dumplings—perfect on one of our cold, foggy nights.

Photograph by Jacqueline Boronow Danson

Style

GUIDE TO BEARDS

I am delighted that *Re:* has embraced beards and those who wear them. I have long suspected it of institutional pogonophobia since its publisher encouraged me to shave mine off for charity several years ago.

That long autumn month was a dark time for my face. My wife, suddenly married to the world's most haggard fifteen-year-old boy, swung between grudging acceptance and outright hostility. The wind stung my cheeks, and whenever I accidentally touched my chin I recoiled in horror. Never again. Some heads are just supposed to have hair at the front as well as—or instead of—the top, sides and rear. Coming from a long line of notably bald men, I grew mine as an insurance policy a decade ago and have never looked back.

There is a misconception that a beard is a lazy option. Not so. The growing phase is no picnic, and is best done away from work colleagues. During the transition from arid desert to verdant hedgerow, people naturally assume that you now sleep in your car. Your face itches horribly, which causes some to panic and shave. This is the body's defence mechanism to weed out the uncommitted. If you pass this test, you need specialist trimmers to tame your whiskers. This can go dramatically wrong—the bleary, early morning swoosh which sprays half of your moustache across the bathroom. But beware also of gradual attrition: the daily levelling out, first on one cheek, then the other, then back again. This is known as the 'accidental Abe Lincoln'.

We must be sensitive to those excluded from this Style guide. Some faces, although perfectly manly in their own way, just don't have the necessary hairy firepower to make everything connect. We can only hope that the hair-plug industry lowers its focus from the scalp and invests in helping these poor souls.

Gareth Owens, London

After I grew my beard, I noticed that I looked older, more credible. I decided to keep it for work. I trim it before meetings and important appointments.

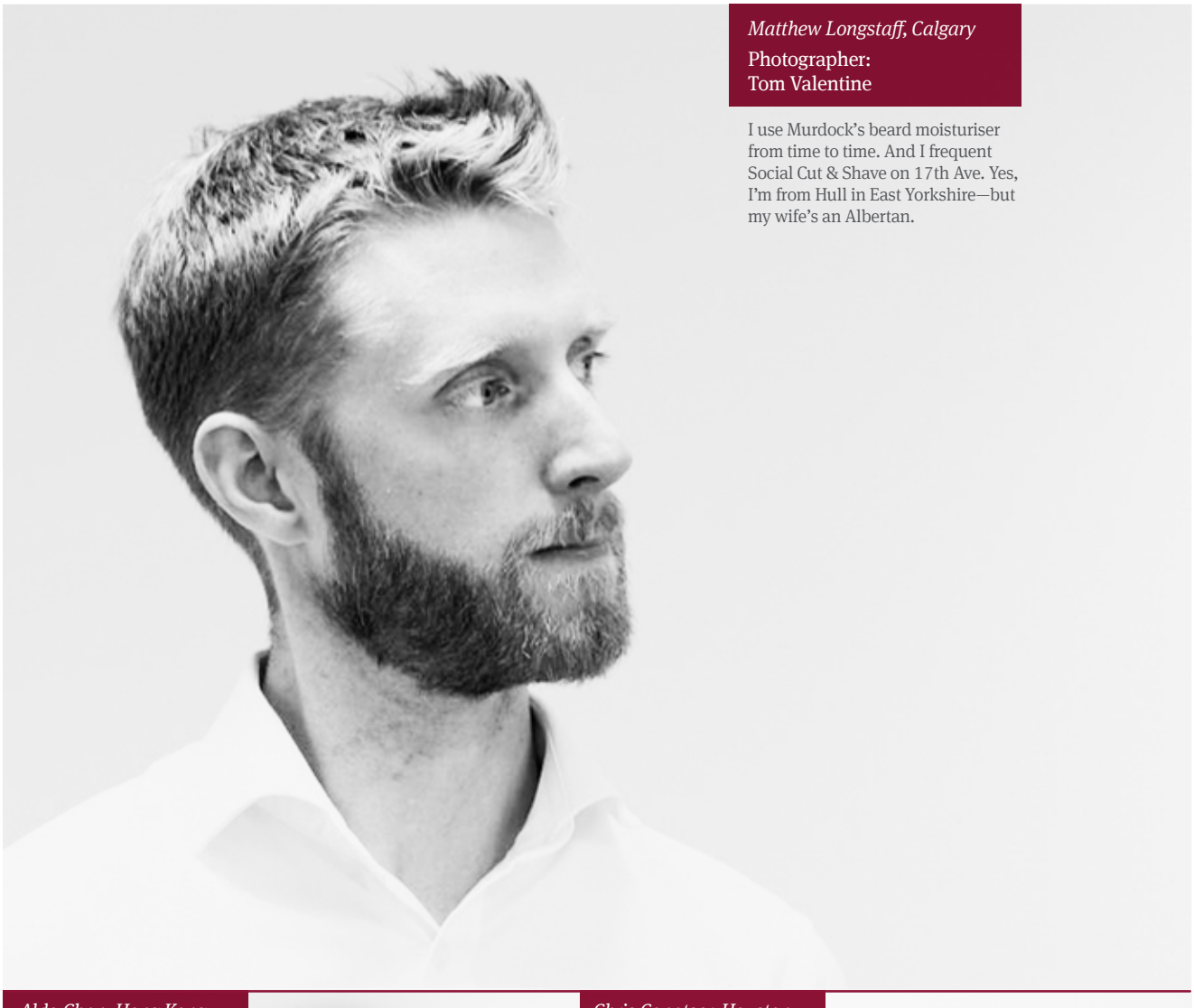
David Ramos, Paris
Photographer:
Bruno Sannier

Daniel Popek, Warsaw
Photographer:
Ivan Maslarov

Dylan McKimmie, Perth
Photographer:
David Wilson

Late last year, I was enjoying a refreshing craft beer when it occurred to me that I needed a faux-hipster beard to achieve maximum beverage satisfaction levels. A chance conversation after the beard took hold led me to the website for The Bearded Stag, which in turn led me to acquire a beard brush, beard shampoo and conditioner, beard oil and a beard balm.

I have been encouraged by our managing partner, Wayne Spanner, who always tells me how much he likes it. I think secretly he wishes he had a beard like mine. Wayne's support for my beard means a lot to me.



Matthew Longstaff, Calgary

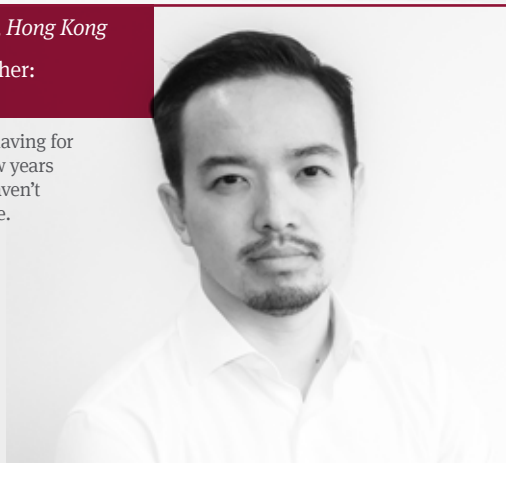
Photographer:
Tom Valentine

I use Murdock's beard moisturiser from time to time. And I frequent Social Cut & Shave on 17th Ave. Yes, I'm from Hull in East Yorkshire—but my wife's an Albertan.

Aldo Chan, Hong Kong

Photographer:
Joan Liao

I stopped shaving for a week a few years back and haven't shaved since.



Chris Conatser, Houston

Photographer:
Mike Ouano

There are more jurors with facial hair than jurors wearing suits on a Texas jury. I have to wear a suit in court but I choose to keep a beard. It matches my accent and my upbringing in a small Texas town.

It just happened one day in December 2014: I decided not to shave myself anymore.

Tomasz Rogalski, Warsaw

Photographer:
Ivan Maslarov

I realized that my 18-year-old son had a more 'cruel look' than my baby-shaved face could ever have, so I made my decision. I would grow a beard.

Adam Kozlowski, Warsaw

Photographer:
Ivan Maslarov

Every other day, I use my trusty Philips beard-trimmer with built-in vacuum.

François-David Paré, Montréal

Photographer:
Christophe Hug

I like to clean shave from time to time to remind myself how I look without the hairy cover. I immediately regret it.

Maksymilian Jarzabek, Warsaw

Photographer:
Ivan Maslarov

Simon Cudennec, Paris

Photographer:
Bruno Sannier

I grew my beard seven years ago, before it was hip to have a beard. No products, no barbers, just (occasionally) some soft Brittany rain—that's all it needs.

The kitchen table

ANDY LIDDELL—IN AUSTIN, TEXAS—GIVES THANKS

THANKSGIVING BRINGS TOGETHER THREE OF MY FAVORITE THINGS: FOOD, FAMILY, AND FOOTBALL. WE SPEND THE EARLY PART OF THE DAY SHUTTLING FROM THE KITCHEN TO THE LIVING ROOM TO THE BACKYARD, COOKING, WATCHING FOOTBALL AND ENJOYING THE MILD TEXAS AUTUMN, BEFORE SETTLING IN FOR A MID-AFTERNOON FEAST.

TURKEY

DRY BRINED AND SPATCHCOCKED

Dry brining ensures crisp skin and moist flesh. Spatchcocking significantly shortens the cooking time. Cooking times are as for 12–14 lb (5.5–6.3 kg) bird.

Brine

6 tbsp / 90 ml salt (Morton's kosher) (or ½ c. / 120 ml Diamond Crystal); 2 tbsp / 30 ml baking soda

Mix salt and baking soda. Pat turkey dry and place on rack in rimmed baking sheet. Coat with salt mix (be generous). Place in refrigerator, uncovered (up to 24 hrs).

Turkey and gravy

3 onions, chopped; 3 carrots, chopped; 4 stalks celery, chopped; 12 thyme sprigs; 9 sage leaves; 1 turkey, backbone removed (backbone, neck, and giblets reserved); 2 tbsp / 30 ml veg oil; kosher salt and black pepper; 1 ½ quarts / l.5 liter low-sodium chicken or turkey broth; 2 bay leaves; 12 peppercorns; 4 whole allspice; 3 tbsp butter; 4 tbsp flour

Preheat oven to 450°F / 235°C. Combine onions, celery, and carrots. Scatter two-thirds of vegetable mixture, 8 thyme sprigs, and 6 sage leaves in foil-lined baking pan, with a slotted wire rack on top. Pat turkey dry. With heavy shears, remove backbone and excess fat around the neck (reserving the backbone for gravy). Turn turkey cut-side down and press hard on the breast until the breastbone cracks and the turkey lies flat. Place turkey on rack. Tuck wingtips behind breasts. Rub with half the oil and season with pepper.

Transfer pan to oven, rotating once or twice during cooking, until a thermometer in the deepest part of the breast registers 150°F / 65.5°C and in the thighs registers 165°F / 73.8°C (c 1 hr 20 mins). (Note: not an error! This method is faster than roasting an intact bird.)

Make gravy while turkey roasts. Chop reserved neck, backbone, and giblets. Heat remaining oil in over medium-high heat until shimmering. Add turkey parts and brown (c5 mins). Add remaining veg, stir until soft (c5 mins). Add stock, remaining thyme and sage, bay leaves, peppercorns, and allspice. Bring to a boil. Reduce heat. Simmer (45 mins). Strain into 2 qt. / 2-liter measuring cup. Discard solids. Skim fat from surface of broth. Melt butter. Add flour and cook, stirring constantly (c3 mins). Pour in broth, whisking constantly until incorporated. Bring to a boil. Reduce heat. Simmer (c20 mins) until gravy is reduced to 1 qt. / 1 liter. Season and keep warm.

When turkey is cooked, allow it to rest (20 mins) before carving. Strain collected juices into a cup, skim off fat, and whisk into gravy.

To serve

Carve thighs, drumsticks, and wings (eight pieces) and arrange on an oval platter. Remove breasts, slice (keep skin intact) and arrange in a ring around the platter.

MASHED POTATOES

4 lb / 2 kg russet potatoes, cut into 2.5 cm cubes; 1.5 c. / 360 ml whole milk; 1.5 c. / 360 ml sour cream; ½ stick / 60 g butter; salt; black pepper; grated Gruyère and Parmigiano-Reggiano cheese (optional)

Peel, cube, and boil potatoes in salted water until tender (c15 mins). Drain and rinse under warm water (30 secs). Process potatoes into a large bowl. Stir in milk, sour cream, and butter. Add pepper.

Optional: Put into a casserole dish, cover with cheese, cook under a broiler until a golden crust forms (c5 mins).

SWEET POTATO CASSEROLE

This recipe is from my dad's home town of Healdton, Oklahoma.

Potatoes

3 lbs / 1.3 kg sweet potatoes; 1 c. / 240 ml sugar; ½ c. / 120 ml melted butter; 2 eggs, beaten; 1 tsp / 5 ml vanilla extract; 1/3 c. / 80 ml milk

Mix all ingredients and spoon into 2 qt. / 2-liter casserole.

Topping

½ c. / 120 ml brown sugar; ¼ c. / 60 ml all-purpose (plain) flour; 2 ½ tbsp / 40 ml melted butter; ½ c. / 120 ml chopped pecans

Mix all ingredients. Spread over sweet potato mixture. Bake at 350°F / 175°C (25 mins).

GREEN BEANS

A Middle American mainstay.

2 16-oz / 500 ml cans cut green beans, drained; ¾ c. / 180 ml whole milk; 1 16-oz / 500 ml can cream-of-mushroom soup; black pepper; 1 can French fried onion rings

Combine beans, milk, soup, half the onions. Add pepper. Pour into 1 ½ qt. / 1.5-liter casserole. Bake uncovered at 350°F / 175°C (30 mins). Top with remaining onions and bake (5 mins).

BROCCOLI AND RICE

Another classic, courtesy of my grandmother. The fake cheese brings it all together, so omit at your own risk (or try 2/3 grated cheddar and 1/3 heavy cream).

1 white onion, chopped; 2–3 celery ribs, chopped; 4 tbsp / 60 ml butter; 1 can cream-of-chicken soup; 8 oz / 240 ml milk; 8 oz / 240 ml cheese spread (Cheez Whiz); 1 box frozen / 1 head broccoli, small florets, cooked and drained; 2 c. / 480 ml cooked rice

Sauté onion and celery in butter. Transfer to bowl. Mix in other ingredients. Transfer to greased casserole dish. Bake at 325°F / 165°C (30 mins).

CHERRY DREAM SALAD

Enjoy as an appetizer, side, or dessert—or if you're my dad, all three.

1 can cherry pie filling; 1 can condensed milk (Eagle); 15 oz / 450 ml can crushed pineapple, drained; 1 c. / 240 ml chopped nuts; 9 oz. / 270 ml whipped topping (Cool Whip)

Fold together. Chill 4 hours or overnight.

PECAN PIE

A slice of my mom's pecan pie is the perfect end to the meal and a great start to the next day.

¼ c. / 60 ml butter; 2/3 c. / 160 ml dark brown sugar; ¼ tsp salt; ¾ c. / 180 ml dark corn syrup; 3 eggs, beaten; 1 tsp vanilla extract; 1 pie-shell; 1 c. / 240 ml pecan halves

Cream butter and sugar until fluffy. Add salt, corn syrup, eggs and vanilla. Spread pecan halves on pie-shell. Pour in the mixture. Bake at 450°F / 230°C (10 mins). Reduce to 350°F / 175°C and bake (c35 mins) until a knife comes out clean.

EATING OUT IN MONTREAL

Les Enfants Terribles

Brasserie sympathique et accueillante d'où l'on a une vue à couper le souffle du tout Montréal. La carte comprend leurs classiques (burgers, pâté chinois (qui n'a rien de chinois!), tartares, salades, calmars) et les prix sont raisonnables. Vous adorerez aller à l'Observatoire de la Place Ville Marie et vous remettre ensuite de vos émotions aux Enfants Terribles.

A friendly and welcoming brasserie sitting atop one of Montréal's landmark skyscrapers, Les Enfants Terribles offers sweeping views of the city. The menu is made up of tried and tested local favourites: burgers, pâté chinois (despite the name, a French Canadian take on shepherd's pie), tartare, salads and fried calamari. Prices are reasonable. Visitors to the observation deck can take their experience to new heights by dining at Les Enfants.

1 Place Ville Marie, 44th floor,
Montréal, H3B 4S6
jesuisunenfantterrible.com

Restaurant critic: Hélène Bourque, Montréal

Hoogan & Beaufort

Si vous appréciez la cuisine française stylisée et élégante, le restaurant montréalais Hoogan et Beaufort, situé dans une ancienne usine de transformation et de construction de trains, est pour vous. Le chef Marc André Jetté dit de sa cuisine qu'elle est délicate, non-rustique et travaillée. Le chef utilise seulement les meilleurs ingrédients locaux du moment et donc le menu est en constante évolution. La cuisine est ouverte sur le restaurant et la majorité des plats sont cuisinés sur un four à bois—un clin d'œil à l'ancienne vocation du bâtiment. La carte des vins est excellente et contient de nombreux crus abordables avec une emphase sur les vins natures.

If you enjoy artistic, elegant French cuisine, Hoogan & Beaufort, located off the beaten path in a century-old railcar manufacturing and repair facility, is definitely worth experiencing. Chef Marc André Jetté, who describes his cooking as 'not heavy, not rustic, more travaillé', uses only the best local ingredients, so the menu is in constant evolution. The restaurant has an open kitchen and most of the cooking is done over an open fire pit, a nod to the building's former life. The wine list is excellent and contains affordable bottles with an emphasis on natural wines.

4095 rue Molson, Montréal QC, H1Y 3L1
hooganetbeaufort.com

Restaurant critics:
Sébastien Clark and James Reid, Montréal

Wide angle

LOOKING ACROSS TO ARGENTINA FROM BRAZIL AT THE SITE OF THE IGUAZU FALLS. PHOTOGRAPH BY BHAVISHA PANCHMATIA. NOVEMBER 2015.

What?

What is the perfect smell? We asked three writers to describe it for us. Then we asked you to do the same, in just a few words.

NATALIA MUSHINSKA, MOSCOW.

A smell can be put on like clothes. It finishes the image and gives a feeling of cocoon, a protection from the outside world. A smell can attract or push away: can ruin everything in a moment, making a person vulgar, aggressive, or simply inelegant. Smell is a cultural code. And at the same time smell itself cannot be put into words, objectively. A description implies tangible bonds (the smell of honey, of soil, of mowing) or tastes (sweet, sharp, bitter) or emotions (aggression, seduction).

What is the point of a smell but to trigger memories touching the subconscious? No wonder the description of a smell is always emotionally coloured. The 'Proust phenomenon' is used by marketeers in pursuit of customer loyalty and sales. Whichever way you turn, a fragrance assails you. This is called aroma-marketing and is essentially about artifice.

Natural scents are disappearing with the development of technologies. The smell of a book, a newspaper, a magazine: we are losing a layer of feelings associated with smell while filing our lives with digital data storage.

In Soviet Russia, at a time when food was scarce, fruits were among the hard-gained deficit foodstuff to be placed on the festive table. Such were the mandarin oranges in winter. This is why, for people raised during the Soviet era, the smell of a mandarin orange is associated with New Year's Eve, one of the great Russian celebrations. It is no exaggeration to say that the smell of childhood is one of the most appealing to all of us. For myself, this is the smell of mandarin oranges in winter.

The smell after it has rained always creates a feeling of perfect serenity.

Tasdikiah Siregar, Jakarta

Honeysuckle and tomato sauce—childhood; chlorine and suntan lotion—adolescence; law books and baby lotion—adulthood.

Judith A Archer, New York

TOM JEFFREYS, LONDON.

Growing up next to a dairy farm, my youth was full of a smell that would overpower the senses, and with it our entire village. My memory of that less-than-pleasant smell is still prominent to this day. Yet at the same time, it reminds me of childhood summers spent outside, and a time now romanticised in my mind; freshly cut grass, the scent of barbecues in the neighbours' garden, the smell of fear as we ran from the same neighbours' dog, all remain with me.

All smells are subjective because they speak to memories and feelings from our past. Summer, just like the sense of smell itself, means different things to different people. Yet summer for most can mean an escape from the everyday, a chance for new adventures, new romance (admittedly, my teenage self saw very little of the latter). Helen Keller, the American author, who was deaf and blind from an early age, once remarked, "Even as I think of smells, my nose is full of scents that start awake sweet memories of summers gone and ripening fields far-away."

No sense evokes memory more than smell. People remember a scent with 65 per cent accuracy after one year, while visual memory sinks to 50 per cent after only a few months. The smell of newly mown grass, and in particular the chemical that causes that smell, is known to relax you and help to prevent mental decline in old age.

What did Juliet say? That a rose by any other name would smell as sweet? The smell of summer in my childhood village may rarely have smelled of roses, but for me it was every bit as sweet.

VICKY MÜNZER-JONES, SINGAPORE.

The smell of victory! This year at Rio was my seventh consecutive summer Olympic games as a spectator. It fascinates me how the scent of a win affects competitors. Some sense it and go in for the kill: the medal is theirs and no-one is going to take it from them. Others, you can see suddenly recognising what a victory will mean to them, how much it will change their lives or what it will do for their country, and they collapse under the pressure of expectation. In a few cases, the athlete seems really to enjoy the expectation of a win and throws themselves into the competition, delighting the crowd.

I once watched an interview with an athlete who had won an Olympic gold in a sprint event many years ago. He said that, before that race, he ran the event over and over in his head; each time, he made sure he won. Losing was not an option. Four years later, when he had to defend his title, he performed the same mental preparation, but this time—to protect himself from the crushing disappointment of a loss—he allowed himself to lose on occasion. It was this emotional hedging, he said, which led to him losing the actual event. Losing had become bearable.

I never dreamed a 58-year-old Nick Skelton, whose poster I had on my wall 35 years ago, would return from a broken back and hip replacement to win show-jumping gold in front of me. I never imagined that Team GB would steal the gold medal from the seemingly invincible Dutch women's hockey team. Sport is pure drama—and the smell of victory is unbeatable.

Olfactory white is the 'white noise' of smell. Excepting food and wine and flowers, odor-free sounds perfect.

Shafeeqa Watkins Giarratani, Austin

No smell whatsoever! Imagine: you have a favourite dish, it smells wonderful on day 1, but for how long can you enjoy it? Soon that wonder will fade.

Seiko Hidaka, London

The smell of thyme/time.

Angeliki Skindilia, Athens

Boronias, freesias, violets. Real flowers.

Sorrel Palmer, Sydney

That smell immediately after a shower.

Robert Corbeil, Toronto

Playlist

STUART LENNON ON JAZZ

Singer-songwriter Stuart Lennon has clocked up more than twenty years of live performance playing rock, grunge and metal in bands in the UK and Hong Kong (where he now lives). He appeared at Clockenflap—Hong Kong's annual indie music festival—and supported legendary US indie band Dinosaur Jr when they played Hong Kong a few years ago. After his children were born, Stuart put away his guitar and started exploring jazz, to a point of near total immersion. He teaches mindfulness, so you can see the connection.

Stuart Lennon is a marketing professional with Norton Rose Fulbright in Asia.

Illustration by Ivan Maslarov

01 AFRODISIA

Kenny Dorham

Afro-Cuban
Recorded 1955

If you think jazz is relaxing background music, this track debunks that misapprehension within the first couple of seconds. One of the first Latin-infused jazz recordings, this was composed and performed by the great hard bop trumpeter Kenny Dorham. Kenny succeeded Miles Davis as the trumpeter in Charlie Parker's group in the 1940s, and went on to become a founding member of the first incarnation of the Jazz Messengers, with greats such as Horace Silver, Hank Mobley and Art Blakey. But he never became as popular as his talent deserved.

'Afrodisia' is the lead track from what's widely regarded as Kenny Dorham's best album, 1955's *Afro-Cuban*. (Check out the great cover art.) With nine instruments—including baritone saxophone, trombone, cowbell and congas in addition to the more common tenor saxophone, trumpet, piano, bass and drums—'Afrodisia' doesn't feel overcrowded but it does sound like it's bursting with life. It's an exuberant blast of joyous energy. It's the one I put on when I want to jump around with my kids.

If you prefer the calmer side of things, take a look at *Quiet Kenny*.

02 IT NEVER ENTERED MY MIND

Miles Davis

Workin' with the Miles Davis Quintet
Recorded 1956

In 1955, Miles Davis was signed to Columbia Records on the strength of his performance of the Thelonious Monk classic 'Round Midnight' at the Newport Jazz Festival that year.

In order to get out of his existing contract with small jazz label Prestige, he booked in for two days of recording with his quintet and blasted through the band's live set. This was then packaged into four albums—*Relaxin'*, *Cookin'*, *Workin'* and *Steamin'*—that got him out of his ongoing obligations and into the more lucrative major label contract. Ironically, these four albums are quite possibly the greatest hard bop recordings ever made.

'It Never Entered My Mind' from *Workin'* is utterly beautiful from the moment the delicate piano part begins the track; and when Miles's muted trumpet glides over the top, it's almost impossible not to feel your heart stir.

03 MOANIN'

Art Blakey & the Jazz Messengers

Moanin'
Recorded 1958

If you want to get into jazz and you're not sure where to start, start here. This bluesy slice of hard bop has an insanely infectious theme that kicks off the tune with total perfection. Each of the musicians gets the chance to shine in their own solo, while Art Blakey's swinging drums underpin and propel this landmark 1958 recording through its nine minutes and thirty seconds. Listen out in particular for the gospel-tinged piano of composer Bobby Timmons and the virtuosic trumpet playing of Lee Morgan.

04 OUT OF THIS WORLD

John Coltrane

Coltrane
Recorded 1962

This 1962 recording is the opening track of the first album to feature John Coltrane's classic quartet—and the effects are magical.

'Out of This World' starts with Jimmy Garrison on bass and the polyrhythmic drumming of Elvin Jones; between them they create an intricate framework from which McCoy Tyner's piano chords punctuate the soundscape. When Coltrane's saxophone arrives, his performance is one of total mastery as he enunciates clear simple lines that speed up into rapid-fire sweeps of notes, culminating in squeals and squawks.

The track lasts for fourteen minutes and five seconds, with bass, drums, piano and sax interweaving and unfolding. It is immensely rewarding to let the music wash over you, following the waves of sound as they ebb and flow.

05 ZOLTAN

Larry Young

Unity
Recorded 1965

I never thought I'd like an album of Hammond organ music. If you feel the same way, cast off any preconceptions you may have and listen to the instrument as it sounded in 1965 in this landmark recording by Larry Young.

Eschewing the bluesy organ music of the late fifties, Larry Young instead picked up the modal jazz breakthroughs of John Coltrane and applied them to the Hammond B3. In his hands, the organ seems to create the soundtrack to a piece of science fiction in which we're encased in virtual spacesuits floating through the cosmos. I love how this bizarre instrument can produce such strange yet compelling sounds.

For a jazz recording, this is pretty heavy stuff. Woody Shaw, who wrote the track, wrenches some wailing screams out of his trumpet, and bounces his solo all over the place in a crazy cacophony of excitement. Joe Henderson on tenor saxophone and Elvin Jones on drums each skilfully push the edges of what's possible in terms of intensity without the music coming apart. It's a thrilling rollercoaster of sound.

The moving image

IVAN MASLAROV, PICTURE EDITOR OF *RE:*, TALKS ABOUT MOVIES

My knowledge of film is not structured. I have profound knowledge of some directors and movies and zero in others. I watch a movie almost every night and most of those are arthouse—but not all. I have my guilty pleasures.

AN ARTHOUSE MOVIE

What does 'arthouse' even mean? Whatever does well in Cannes and not at the Oscars? Makes demands on the viewer, avoids clichés—yet, it's true, sometimes turns into a cliché of its own.

The Return
dir. Andrey Zvyagintsev [2006]

This Russian movie is a minimalist story with few characters and a simple plot. It's very effective cinema. There are many reasons to watch a movie; currently, one is prevailing and that's steady entertainment throughout, with not much challenge. But this has more meat than that. It makes demands through its visual language, presenting you with longer shots than we're used to. It's all about mood. It moved me a great deal. It surprised me a great deal.

The plot in blockbuster movies always progresses at a predictable pace. When you free yourself from that requirement, you can end with a build-up or with lack of action. The ratio of entertainment per minute is different.

Ida
dir. Paweł Pawlikowski [2013]

Ida is a quintessential arthouse movie. It's Polish, it's black-and-white, it's minimal in terms of composition (so a movie of low contrasts). And—contradicting what I said earlier—it won an Oscar for foreign feature film. It has what I really like in a good movie, which is ambiguity. You can read it on a number of levels, one of which satisfies the need for entertainment per minute. This movie has a photographic style of recording, with little or no camera movement. Each scene if photographed would make an amazing picture on its own. It is about a Polish Jew trying to find her identity, to understand her own history. I don't want to say too much, because I don't want to give away any spoilers. I was moved by it.

Phoenix
dir. Christian Petzold [2014]

The *New Yorker* thinks it's rubbish; they think this guy should stop wasting his time bothering with movies. The *Guardian* thinks it's out of this planet. I have watched seven movies by Petzold. His work is very peculiar.

A MOVIE FOR ALL THE FAMILY

Definitely Studio Ghibli in Japan—it's a standout. The movies are very detailed, very beautiful, very delicate. They are morally engaged and usually have an ecological theme. They are often rich in folklore, and they have a feminist sensibility.

Sprited Away
dir. Hayao Miyazaki [2001]

Spirited Away won the Oscar in 2002. Or start with *My Neighbour Totoro*, which is very accessible for a young audience. My personal favourite is *Nausicaä of the Valley of the Wind*; this is beautifully executed, extremely rich in detail. But this could easily apply to *Princess Mononoke*, or any of them.

I would not shut my door to *Finding Nemo*. But it is sad that some films become so dominant. Anything with a different viewpoint ends up being so niche that it's an adventure to find it.

DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME ON THIS ONE

Bridge of Spies
dir. Steven Spielberg [2015]

There's no sense of doom. And it's Tom Hanks. It's a bit of a Marmite film in that sense: either you like him or you don't; I'm not a big fan. The whole movie really leads you by the nose. There is no room for doubt. It's one-dimensional. I question the whole validity of the story. I had this same conversation with three of my friends, who furiously defended the movie.

MY GUILTY PLEASURE

I watch *Game of Thrones*. I cannot say many good things about it, but I do watch it. And I like a good gangster flick. I actually do have a guilty pleasure for a bit of violence. It's weird, I know. *Die Hard*. I like it, but is that a guilty pleasure? *Chinatown*. *Donnie Brasco*. Recently I watched *Black Mass* with Johnny Depp: he was hilariously gripped with a bald head where obviously he was not bald. A movie has to be believable. You go there to be lied to, and if the lies are not good, if you don't believe the lies, why do you watch the movie? The whole illusion does not work. And that is what is wrong with *Bridge of Spies*.

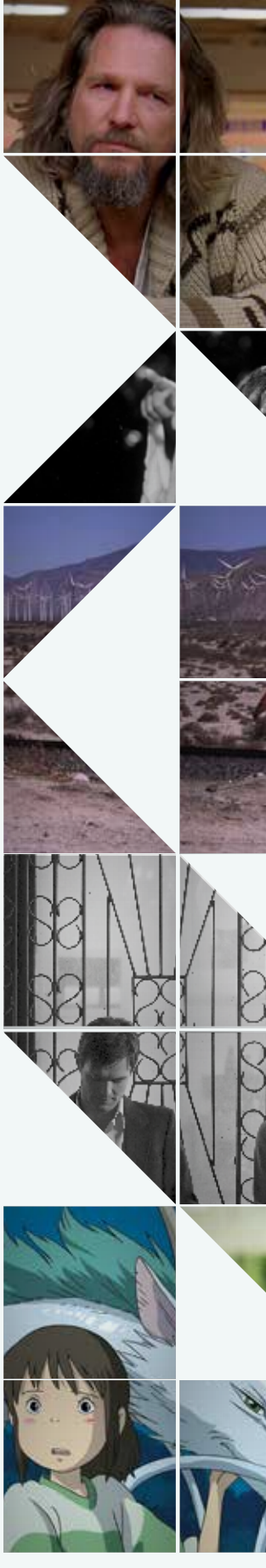
Guardians of the Galaxy
dir. James Gunn [2014]

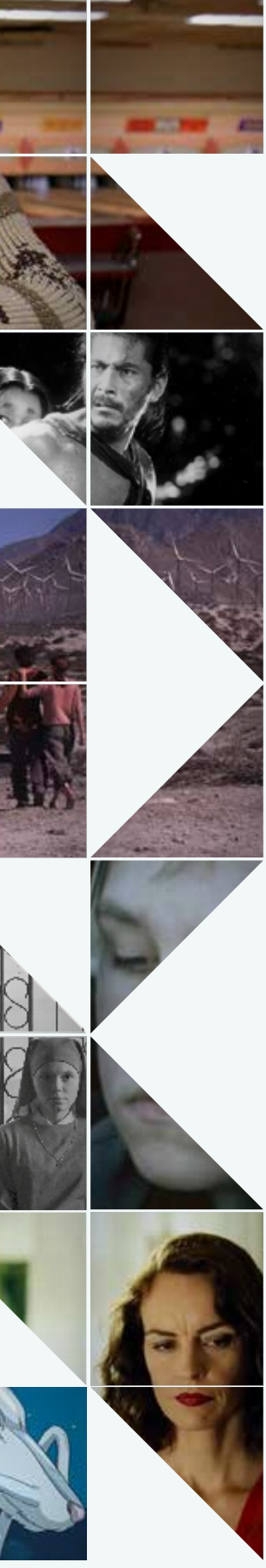
Guardians of the Galaxy is like a B superhero movie, an alternative superhero movie. It's full of humour—and violence, and super special effects.

A BLOCKBUSTER BUT WHY NOT?

The Dark Knight
dir. Christopher Nolan [2008]

It's just very, very good movie-making. As a child, I had access to





comic books, unlike a lot of kids in Bulgaria, and among them were Marvel comics; since then, I've had an affection for Spiderman and Batman. Batman is not your cookie-cutter hero: he has a dark side. It's a very good ratio of entertainment per minute. Usually, blockbusters overload you and don't care about pace. This movie has the classic plot development but (again the duality) it allows for breathing space. You have unexpected readings. It is very glam in terms of special effects, screenplay and directing. I love Christian Bale. It's the ideal cliché, in a good way.

OUT OF MY COMFORT ZONE BUT BRILLIANT

I hate horror movies. I cannot function in fear or that sort of discomfort. Or comedies like *American Pie* that play on somebody getting into deeper and deeper trouble: I feel uneasy and not entertained.

Twentynine Palms
dir. Bruno Dumont [2003]

This is an arthouse movie, and it makes a disturbing, awful, horrifying, deeply horrifying impact on you. It can make you scream. It can make you punch stuff. You want to trash your room. You want to get out of your skin. It makes me regret the two hours spent but at the same time totally admire the person who created it, because they manage to evoke an extremely strong response to something that is fiction.

A ROMCOM

In Bulgaria, growing up, I sat with my father as he watched the Russian films on TV, particularly the comedies. There were classics that cropped up again and again, including this next one.

The Irony of Fate, or Enjoy your Bath!
dir. Eldar Ryazanov [1976]

The acting in this Russian comedy is amazing. And the way of thinking is so different. Probably I'm speaking with a little nostalgia, but it's very entertaining. It's about a group of friends who get incredibly drunk—as happens in most Russian movies—on vodka, no surprise, at the public bath. One of them has to go to Leningrad, boards the wrong plane, calls a taxi and is taken to a building on a street which he thinks is where he should be (but it's not, because he is in the wrong city, but, Soviet style, all the buildings look the same) and his key opens the door. He passes out on the bed. The woman who lives there comes home and tells him to leave and then they argue... Same address, same building, same key for the door: it's a metaphor for Russian society as it was. And it's a love story. There is something for everybody.

A CLASSIC TO BUY AND WATCH ONCE A YEAR

The Big Lebowski
dir. Joel Coen, Ethan Coen [1998]

I love this movie. Jeff Bridges is hilarious. But is it a classic? It's probably a cult classic. I think I have seen every film the Coen brothers ever made. They try out a different genre with every other movie. It's movie-making for the sake of movie-making. They definitely make requirements of the viewer in terms of film knowledge.

The Hateful Eight
dir. Quentin Tarantino [2015]

I like Tarantino. But I don't like Tarantino. It's probably a guilty pleasure. There's a lot of graphic violence—I said earlier that I like violence, but I don't like it when people's heads get scuppered on screen. I think it's unnecessary. But he thinks it's very necessary.

Days of Heaven
dir. Terence Malick [1978]

Richard Gere is in this movie and Sam Shepard, the playwright. It has a very American feel, but that's what 'classic' means to me, something coming from the American tradition. *Apocalypse Now* is another contender. And *Taxi Driver*. That's a cult classic. At the time it was very arthouse. Early Robert de Niro. But it's pretentious. When I was thinking 'classic', I was thinking not pretentious. I was thinking simple.

Rashomon
dir. Akira Kurosawa [1950]

This is a timeless classic for you.

IVAN'S LIST

Great directors
Pedro Almodóvar
Wes Anderson
Ingmar Bergman
Coen brothers
Michael Haneke
Jim Jarmusch
Abbas Kiarostami
Akira Kurosawa
Emir Kusturica
Hayao Miyazaki

Great movies
Amour
Arizona Dream
Autumn Sonata
Certified Copy
Dancer in The Dark
Fargo
In the Mood For Love
Moon
Only Lovers Left Alive
Withnail and I

Bookshelf

LAURA SHUMILOFF, ON THE BOOKS THAT TRACK HER LIFE

LETTRES CHOISIES

MADAME DE SEVIGNE

The letters of Madame de Sevigne, a shrewd observer of life at court in seventeenth-century France. A fascinating commentary on court intrigue and the issues of the day, interspersed with practical household instructions to her daughter. Beautifully and elegantly written. I bought this book in the early 1990s and still read it today. I prefer collections of letters and diaries over biographies and autobiographies; I also recommend Pepys and Woodrow Wyatt (!)

STORIES I STOLE

WENDELL STEAVENSON

"I was happy; charmed, drunk and beguiled like thousands of guests and invaders before me, in the land of hospitality." Steavenson's quote aptly sums up the enduring allure of the former Soviet Republic of Georgia. Steavenson moved to Georgia on a whim in the 1990s. *Stories I Stole* is a series of vignettes of Georgian traditions, culture and society. This book inspired me to visit Georgia: I was enraptured by the people, the scenery and the food.

CLASSICAL BALLET TECHNIQUE

GRETCHEN WARD WARREN

The bible of ballet technique, and an invaluable guide to every ballet position and movement, written in a somewhat patronising manner. I started ballet five years ago and was completely blindsided by its arcane vocabulary. The first section of this book even describes what makes 'good feet' versus 'bad feet' in dancers. I was horrified and then amused to read that my feet fit all the criteria of a bad dancer's foot. I persevere, regardless.

MEMOIRS OF A FOX-HUNTING MAN

SIEGFRIED SASSOON

The first in a trilogy by the war poet and soldier Siegfried Sassoon, originally published in 1928 and later becoming part of *The Complete Memoirs of George Sherston*. A fictionalised autobiography, it conjures up a bucolic view of an upper middle-class English life that came to an abrupt end with the advent of the First World War. I confess that I don't have the stomach to read the other books in the trilogy.

L' ETRANGER
ALBERT CAMUS

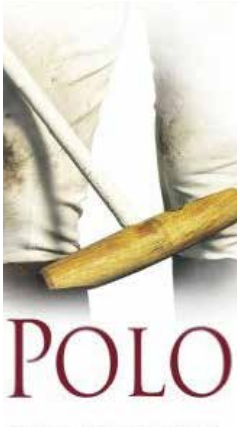
"Aujourd'hui maman est morte." The only book that I can remember the first line from. I studied this in my teens and it was so badly taught that I have never been able to contemplate reading another book by Camus. That being said, I cannot bear to throw it away.

THE LADY WITH THE LAPDOG
ANTON CHEKOV

Another book which, along with *L'Etranger*, stubbornly remains on my bookshelf as a testament to literary hard labour. Stirs memories of sitting in the university library late at night, painstakingly translating from the Russian to the English, word by word, wondering why I opted to study Russian rather than Italian.

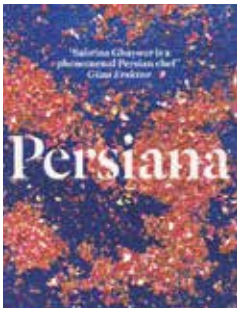
GENERATIONS OF WINTER
VASSILY AKSYONOV

A true Russian epic, which spans the years of 1925 to 1945 and charts the mixed fortunes of members of the Muscovite Gradov family. A gripping insight into the terrible and twisted logic of the Stalinist period. I first read this book in 2001 and still read it today.



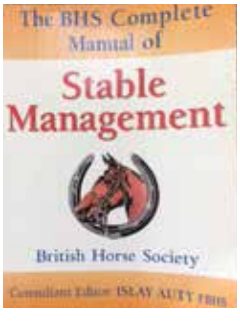
VARIOUS
JILLY COOPER

All Jilly Cooper books are rumbustious and rollicking reads, mainly featuring shameless countryfolk who are obsessed with horses and dogs. I rarely read them now but, at the time, they were perfect literary fodder for a horse-mad teenager—and a great antidote to the trials of Albert Camus.



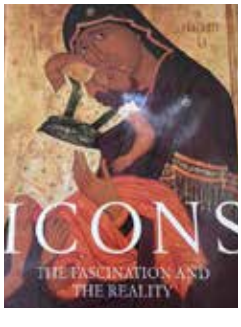
PERSIANA
SABRINA GHAYOUR

A beautifully constructed cookbook, comprising fail-safe recipes from the Middle East region. It very much suits my "guess the measurements", slapdash style of cooking. Reminds me of the food I enjoyed in Iran, years ago.



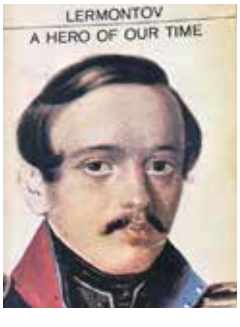
BRITISH HORSE SOCIETY COMPLETE MANUAL OF STABLE MANAGEMENT

Re-acquainting myself with the horse world helped to save my sanity post-divorce. This sounds like a book guaranteed to cure insomnia, but it is in fact an invaluable manual on equine management.



ICONS
KONRAD ONASCH
ANNEMARIE SCHNIEPER

A comprehensive guide to icons from around the world. I collect all types of icon, but my personal favourite is any icon which depicts Nikolai Chudotvorec, or St Nicholas the miracle-maker.



A HERO OF OUR TIME
MIKHAIL LERMONTOV

This book has it all: the quintessential Byronic hero, Pechorin, a host of swashbuckling Cossacks, and beautiful descriptions of the Caucasus. I defy anyone who reads this not to fall in love with Pechorin.

LS is the publisher of *RE*:

Tricia Hobson
Sydney

The person

Tricia Hobson is chair of our Australia practice, head of the Asia Pacific insurance practice and a leading class action lawyer. She is the Australian senior sponsor of sexual orientation and gender identity, supporting the LGBTI community. Shortly after this conversation with Ingeborg Alexander, Tricia Hobson turned fifty.

I have worked unbelievably hard. But that's innate in me, that work ethic.

I think that I have achieved all this as a woman in a man's world. Australia, insurance, the law—they are all very male-dominated arenas, and remain so.

The fact that gender diversity within the law is being discussed so prominently is great. But at the same time, I'm almost fifty years old, I've been in the profession for a long time, and this is something I've been conscious of since the day I walked into my first law firm.

I was brought up in an environment where it never occurred to me that as a woman I can't do whatever it is I want to do. But when I look back at some of the battles I've had, I realise that a lot of those battles were purely because I was a woman.

You have to interact so much with men within what you do, you've got to be able to forge relationships with them which are healthy and strong. But it's quite hard to get the balance right. It feels like a bit of a club sometimes, and you need to be accepted within that club, but you're never fully accepted. You've got to know where the lines are and how to engage with it in a constructive way. I think a lot of women find that quite hard. I don't know whether that's a confidence thing, whether it's a resilience thing, maybe it's a combination. That's something I've had to work very hard at.

I have fourteen-year-old twin boys. I have a husband who has his own career. That's a challenging dynamic from a career perspective.

I suppose there's a huge competitive element to me. There's also a huge element of personal satisfaction.

Work can become all-consuming. It is definitely habit-forming; and you get addicted to successes, and achievements.

At fourteen, I decided I wanted to earn some money. So I told the local fast food place that I was slightly older than I was. And it started from there in terms of my desire to work hard and to achieve. It was about independence and freedom and opportunity. At fourteen, the fast food set-up gave me all of that. I could get a taxi instead of the bus!

Money's never been the main driver for me.

My parents still live in the same house that I grew up in. It's ten minutes away from where we live.

My father was a high school principal and my mother a primary school teacher.

My father had one sick day in his life. My mother had to drag him and make him stay at home, he was so ill.

He wrote textbooks. He sat on committees. He was incredibly dedicated to public education, as was my mother. So, not much money. They don't make much money in Australia. But great public servants.

No connection with law. None. None at all. No lawyers in the family—I'm the first and, according to my children, the last.

My mother's father went off to World War Two; then he and my grandmother split up. My mother was the oldest of three; she had to go out to work to help support her brother and sister, and ended up at teachers' college and that's where she met my father.

My mother went back to university at my age, when she was 49. She got her Bachelor of Education when she was 51. I was incredibly proud of her.

We lived in a small semi growing up: three children, one small bathroom. We went on very modest holidays.

My parents got married young. I've got a brother who is ten years older than me. They had him when my mother was only twenty years old.

My mother was working and my father was out digging graves at night, on top of working during the day and doing all sorts of things to make ends meet.

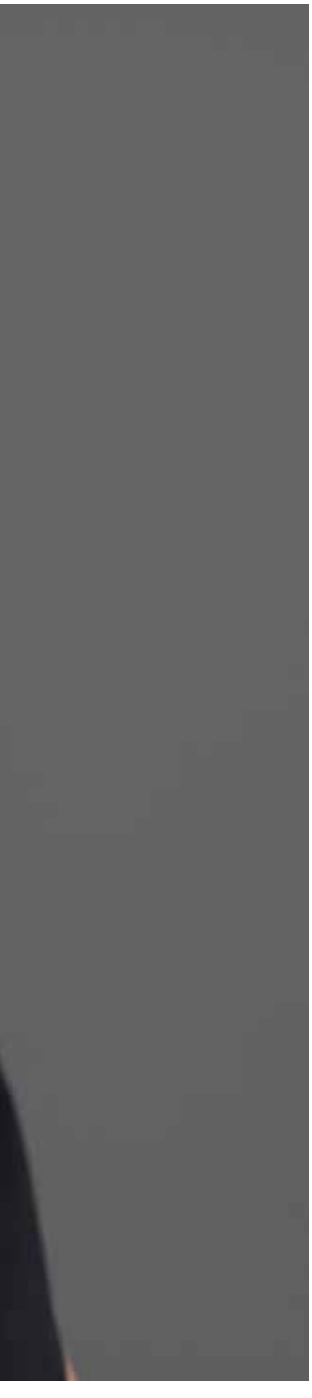
There's one brother inbetween my brother and me. He was two years older than me. He sadly passed away three years ago, when he was forty-eight. He got pancreatic cancer; six weeks between diagnosis and death.

He didn't go to the doctor for months. By the time he got diagnosed it was too late.

Watching my parents go through that was one of the hardest things.

And, he died on my father's birthday. Every time my father's birthday comes round, we do celebrate, we mark it, because that's what Tim would have wanted, but it's a very poignant reminder for my parents.

When it happened—and after the initial emotion—I found it very hard to process. Particularly because, with our work, it's easy to keep busy. I find myself, three years later, more able now...I've been spending time trying to think about lives, length, what you do with them.



Fifty can do that to you, too!

Life goes by very quickly. Wake up, and you're ten, twenty years older.

I'm trying to make sure that everything I do from this point forward is as rich and valuable as it can be, and as important as it can be.

It is lovely seeing your children grow—even though they're currently smelly, grunty teenagers.

It's when you pick them up in the car after school or sport, that's when they will open up and talk—and they'll talk, talk, talk, talk—then they get home, and they'll close off again. I've been adapting my work schedule to make sure that I can pick them up once or twice a week, at least, so that I get that forty-five minutes of download. They don't know that I'm doing that on purpose.

They fight a lot but they take care of each other. Even down to little things, like on the football field, the coach will say, they kick to each other, they find each other, there's some sort of connection.

They've always had each other, they've never had to face starting school alone or moving to a new environment alone.

I'm very rarely idle. The only time is when I purposefully make myself be idle. I'm trying to have more time where I'm not just doing, doing, doing. More time when I can think.

I don't class that as being idle, though.

My husband's a barrister but he's also a writer. I'm an avid reader, as is he. I find that reading helps me think better. I love the beauty of good writing.

I'm reading *A Little Life* by Hanya Yanagihara at the moment.

I also watch very bad movies. There's nothing as therapeutic as sitting on a plane, watching some bad tearjerker movie.

I think friendships just happen.

My oldest and best friend is someone I met when I was four. She had two sisters: I had two brothers. Now, she's a social worker with two daughters and lives on a little farm outside of Wagga Wagga—the 'place of many crows'—about five hours from Sydney.

One of my newest friends comes from a course I did at Harvard. We got to know each other really well in a very special setting. I feel like he's been a friend for ever, even though it's only been a year.

It is harder to have friends within the workplace. But I don't think it necessarily should be. When you're younger and in the trenches, you make some good friends, because you're there together. As you get more senior, it is harder to have what you'd call a true friendship within the work environment. You've all got jobs to do and they're hard, and most of the time they're completely aligned, but not always. You do have friendships, but they've got to be friendships of a slightly different nature.

I've got clients I consider friends, because I've been working with them for twenty years. Tomorrow, I'm taking ten clients out to dinner to say thank you because it's my twentieth anniversary of coming to work in this market, in insurance.

My husband writes fiction. His first book—called *Hell Has Harbour Views*—was about life in a law firm. It was published fifteen years ago and became a bestseller. His fourth book is just coming out. The first two were satire and this one's a thriller, but they've all got a legal element. And they're all fiction.

His passion is writing. There was a point four years ago: we'd been busy raising the boys, he'd been working and he was missing writing. I said, 'Look, take a year off and go and write. Stay at home. Write. I earn enough, we'll be fine.' And he did. He ended up taking six months off and he wrote the book in that six months.

It changed our dynamics completely. He went from not knowing the boys' routine and how to do their lunchbox to doing it all. And from that point in time he's carried on doing a lot of that.

When he's absorbed in writing a book, I can't disturb him, and he will write all weekend and I need to deal with the boys and whatever else is needed. I've learned not to interfere with that process. But he starts early in the morning, so at least I know he's going to emerge in the afternoon and be able to have a civilised conversation.

He does all the cooking. I enjoy cooking for a dinner party but I don't enjoy cooking to survive, and the truth is I'm not good at it. And, because he's done it all, I haven't developed any skills.

I like shopping—but for clothes and shoes, not groceries. Put me into a supermarket and I start to have a meltdown pretty quickly.

From day one, when we started going out, I said, we will always have a cleaner: I don't do that. To me, there's so much more to do in life than do that.

We've had a nanny who has been with us since the boys were six weeks old. She's a Spanish lady in her mid-sixties; she's always worked three days a week with us. She loves them dearly. I'm never going to let her go—they'll still have their nanny when they're thirty, at this rate. She's part of the family.

When we married, seventeen years ago, I had four mothers-in-law, no father-in-law. Four. It's every daughter-in-law's nightmare! My husband's parents split up when he was very young and he never knew his father. His mother went back to Adelaide and she got a female partner. When he was fifteen they split up, and they each got a female partner. One of them sadly died a few years ago, so I now have three mothers-in-law down in Adelaide. All of them are enormous personalities.

I think that's why my husband's been so incredibly supportive. To him, there's never been any question, doubt, thought about my having any career I want.

I have moments where I feel—jealous is too strong—but I do sometimes wish that I could have more moments with the boys, like he does. But the way I view it is, having him there is incredibly important for the family. And they're boys. The father–son relationship is such an important one, at this age.

About once every four months they'll come home and I'm baking a cake and they'll all go, she's at it again, she's feeling guilty again, she's baking us a cake.

The thing is, he has a talent with his writing, a real talent, and it would be an incredible waste for him not to write. I don't have that same level of creative talent.

I like to take photographs, that's what I like to do. I used to do it a lot. One of my sons has developed a liking for it, so it's something we're trying to do together now. I have a science degree (in physics and maths) and I'm fascinated by bridges, dams, structures; I like photographing them. And people, from a distance.

I've just started an Instagram account. In two years, I will be the global chair; while I'm travelling, I'm going to try to use images to communicate with people in the firm.

I run the holidays because travel's incredibly important to me. The social calendar is a juggle between both of us. And, yes, the balls get dropped from time to time. There's many men who I talk to who don't have to think about it, it's done for them—whereas women can never not think about those things. Even if my husband is dealing with the boys, I'm not 'not thinking' about it. I don't switch off in the way that many men get to switch off, because those things are generally taken care of.

I've taken skiing up again. I hadn't skied in fifteen years (my husband doesn't really like it) but the boys are at an age where I want to do things with them that they'll want to keep doing with me. Last year, we went to Japan and it was great, so I'm going to try and keep that up.

Their holidays are so different to mine growing up. Sometimes, I worry that we should be doing more low-key, old-fashioned holidays, but the truth is I love to travel. I'm off to Botswana and Mozambique soon, trying to buffer the fiftieth birthday that's coming up.

When I went to university I got a stark sense of the difference between the way I grew up and the way many who go into law grew up. I went to a very basic public high school. At university, on the law side, there were a lot of people who grew up in very affluent circumstances. I did have a slight sense of not quite belonging. But, like most things in my life, when that happens it just inspires me to work harder and achieve more.

I was at Harvard for a week—discussing authentic leadership—and it was incredible, one of the most amazing things that I've done in my career. I felt a long way from where I had started, from Maroubra Junction High.

There were 175 people there. You're divided into small groups of eight to discuss what comes out of the tutorials. And the eight of you live and work and do everything in the same quarters together. There were very few lawyers there, probably only half a dozen in the whole big group, which was—terrific. I was absorbing all these different views from different people, different backgrounds, different countries, different work experiences. It's one of the things that made it so special. Because you can end up in quite a narrow circle.

And that's one of the things I have loved about working in the London market. When I started twenty years ago, there was everyone from the East End barrowboy to the poshest son of the poshest whoever, and you had everyone inbetween. That's what I loved. And I think that's been a big part of my success. I feel like I can talk to everybody on every level.

We've been together twenty-two years and married seventeen. I know it's a cliché, but he's got a great sense of humour and he makes me laugh. He's bright, he challenges me. He doesn't put up with most of my rubbish. The most important thing in my life is to give my children stability and good values. That has been the bedrock of who I am, and I want that for my children. If, as a couple, you both want that, even though there are ups and downs, and rounds and rounds, it keeps you focused in the right direction.

My parents always let me make my own mistakes. And I made plenty of them. But they were always there to pick up the pieces. It gave me a resilience and the ability to make my own choices. One of the things that I worry about for my children—because of the way people bring children up now, wrapped in cotton wool—they don't learn those things. Trials and tribulations are critical to being able to move ahead.

Interview by **Ingeborg Alexander**
Photographs by **Ivan Maslarov** (p58) and **Sally Flegg** (p60)

Back streets

PRIVATE VIEWINGS OF CITIES, AND STREETS, NEAR YOU.
WARSAW, SEPTEMBER 2016. PHOTOGRAPHS BY IVAN MASLAROV.

Taken at 0550 on September 20, on Długa Street

Taken at 0537 on September 20, on Bonifraterska Street

IM is the picture editor of *RE:*

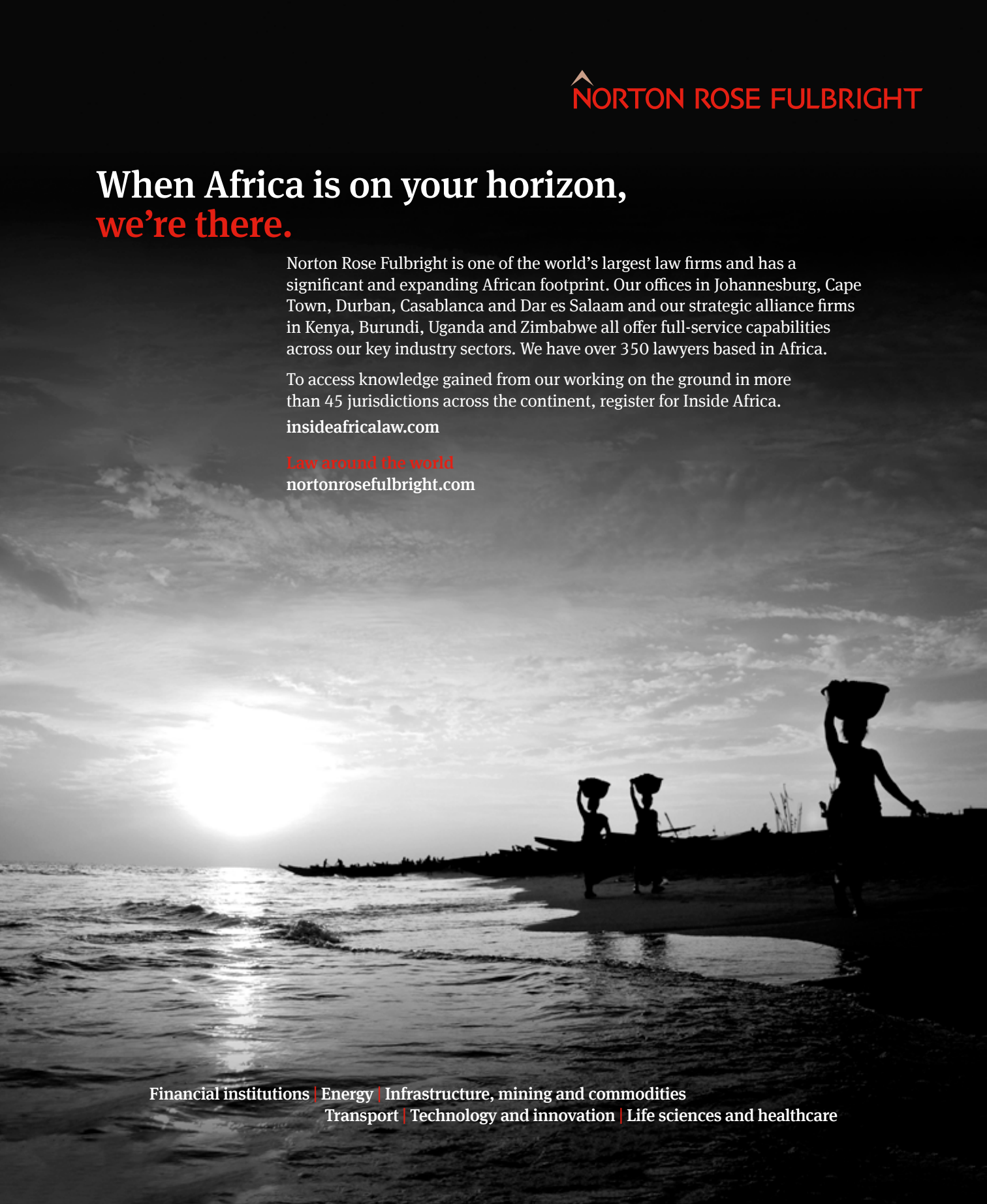
Coda

A WRITER FOR 2016

W H Hudson
natural history

'We live in thoughts and feelings, not in days and years', wrote W H Hudson, recalling an evening on Beaulieu Heath spent 'watching and listening and thinking of nothing'. He described the scene in his 1903 book *Hampshire Days* with characteristic, unaffected clarity; it is as though the desolate, open lowlands freed his mind to receive an impression of nature which he translated directly into prose. Joseph Conrad said that he wrote as the grass grew. Since his death in 1922, Hudson's reputation as a natural history writer has quietly faded, and many of his books are now no longer in print. His style is often eccentrically childlike, sometimes rambling; he writes without fuss or artifice. Perhaps these qualities make him unfashionable. But he is not old-fashioned, for while reading his essays is like slipping out of the modern world, the world one enters is at once ancient and timeless. There myth, life and spirit merge, and the vole or the wheatear share dramas and comedies as great as our own. It is Hudson's extraordinary power of sympathising with, almost of dissolving into, nature that compels; his writing, at its best, is refreshment for the soul.

Recommended by Alexandra Howe, New York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RE
A MAGAZINE OPEN TO NEW PERSPECTIVES

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