

RE

Taking a closer look

A Norton Rose Fulbright magazine

RE:
issue 12

RE:
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LIFE



RICHARD CALNAN ON JURISPRUDENCE

Why is it that lawyers write so differently from normal people?

Perhaps it is because they read things differently. In 2010, a case came before the Commercial Court in London concerning the meaning of a provision of a charterparty which said that:

in the event of a loss of time from default and/or deficiency of men including strike of Officers and/or crew or deficiency of... stores, fire, breakdown or damages to hull, machinery or equipment, grounding, detention by average accidents to ship or cargo, dry-docking for the purpose of examination or painting bottom, or by any other cause preventing the full working of the vessel, the payment of hire shall cease for the time thereby lost...

The vessel had been seized by Somali pirates, and the question was whether the charterer had to continue to pay hire for the vessel. This depended on whether the seizure fell within the words of this clause. An experienced commercial judge held that it did not. The words ‘or by any other cause preventing the full working of the vessel’ could not be given their natural meaning. Because of a doctrine known as the *eiusdem generis* rule (obscure rules are often given Latin titles), the expression ‘any other cause’ had to be limited to causes similar to the preceding words, and therefore it did not cover seizure by Somali pirates.

To add insult to injury, the judge went on to say that the position would have been different if the words had read ‘any other cause whatsoever’. That would have excluded the *eiusdem generis* rule, and therefore the words could have been given their broad and natural meaning and would have covered the seizure.

Only a lawyer could come up with such a convoluted way of reading words. It is not surprising that Lord Hoffmann, in an article in *The South African Law Journal* in 1997, referred to:

“Lawyers are wedded to lists. Why use nine words when fifty-seven would do almost as well?”

something which laymen find puzzling, and even slightly repellent, about lawyers, namely their claim to use language in a special way which only other lawyers can understand.

The problem would not have arisen if the draftsman had not started off by cobbling together a list of random events and only getting round to describing the underlying principle at the end. Lawyers are wedded to lists. Why use nine words when fifty-seven would do almost as well?

The good news is that there are signs of change. There is a trend to assimilate the interpretation of legal documents with the common sense principles by which any serious

utterance would be interpreted in ordinary life. Lord Hoffmann has said that much of the old intellectual baggage of legal interpretation has been discarded.

But there is still much to be done, as the case described above demonstrates. Another judge has wryly commented that, although cabin trunks have been replaced by airline suitcases, the contents are much the same.

Part of the problem is that the analogy between legal documents and other writing cannot be carried too far. Novelists and playwrights aspire to ambiguity—where would Hamlet be without the misunderstandings? Ambiguity even informs the titles of novels—as Ian McEwan’s *Enduring Love* attests.

Styles of drafting are also changing. Lawyers do understand the need for clarity, and many appreciate that this can usually best be achieved by the use of simple, straightforward language. Some even recognise that legal documents should be as brief as possible, reflecting the fact that documents—unlike novels—are not read for pleasure.

Next time: Limiting the powers of (unelected) judges

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

The historian

Wang Yi

JESUITS IN OLD PEKING

There's a Tibetan Buddhist temple in Beijing called the Zhenjue Temple (the Five Pagoda Temple). It was built during China's Ming dynasty (1368–1644). I mention it because that's where the Stone Carving Art Museum is. This museum, which contains more than five hundred stone carvings, is largely unknown even to local Pekiners like myself. When I finally went to visit it, I discovered, in the south-east corner, among a hundred enormous tombstones commemorating Ming and Qing dynasty officials, the tombstones of thirty-four Europeans: Jesuit missionaries who had lived for most of their lifetime in China.

The tombstones of the Jesuits were different from the traditional Chinese tombstones. They were, of course, smaller and simpler. But in detail they were also different, and I was struck by this. I know how we bury our own dead, but I don't know how we bury Europeans.

On the Chinese tombstones you can see, at the top, the coiled shapes of two hornless dragons, one to the left and one to the right: these are 螭 (pronounced Chi), one of the nine sons of the dragon. Carved upon them at the very top is a four-character Chinese phrase; as, for example, 流芳百世 (let your good reputation flow on for ever). The base of the tombstone (at least for the highest officials and members of the Emperor's family) is in the shape of a tortoise (螭首龟趺).

Most of the Jesuit tombstones are decorated with flowers (European style) or Chinese cloud and sea patterns. They sit on a simple, square stone base. On most of them there is no 'son of the dragon'. At the very top a cross is carved into the stone.

There are three columns of characters on Chinese tombstones, inscribed from top to bottom, right to left. The centre column gives the name and honorific title. Brief details of the deceased are on the right. The dates and name of the person writing the inscription are on the left. A stone epigraph buried in the tomb records the life of the deceased.

On the missionaries' tombstones, the deceased's Chinese name (family name only) is carved in the centre; on the left is an account in Chinese of their life and on the right is presumably the same, but in Latin.

Missionaries were originally not allowed to be buried in China. This changed in 1610 when Emperor Wan Li permitted the burial of the Italian Jesuit Matteo Ricci in Peking—thereby recognising the legitimacy of European missionaries in China.

The Jesuits came to China from Europe in the eighth century during the Tang dynasty (618–906) and their numbers grew quickly in the Ming and Qing (1644–1912) dynasties. Their mission was religious—to save the souls of the Chinese—but their legacy was also the introduction of Western science, mathematics, astronomy and medicine. They also carried Chinese culture to Europe through translations of major texts, among them 《论语》 (*The Analects of Confucius*) and 《孙子兵法》 (*The Art of War*). Some of these formidable intellectuals won the respect of the whole court including the Emperors of China.

Here is a roll call of their names:

Matteo Ricci 利玛竇

Johann Adam Schall von Bell 汤若望

Ferdinand Verbiest 南怀仁

Joachim Bouvet 白晋

Jean-François Gerbillon 张诚

Michel Benoist 蒋友仁

Jean Joseph-Marie Amiot 钱德明

Dominique Parrenin 巴多明

Each one is buried in what was Peking. Their act of faith in bringing West and East together is forever remembered by the Chinese.

WY is a partner in China and the head of the Beijing office.

Way of life

IN KILIMANJARO

Laura Kiwelu

My laptop symbolises my way of life. I board a plane or go into a meeting and open it up, and I am always horrified at how obvious the film of red East African dust is on the screen and keyboard. I have to find a quick, secret way of giving it a clean. At home, my office is in the garden and when I'm working the dust blows in through the windows unnoticed. In the rainy season that's not so much a problem because the dust has transformed into overflowing mud and the main battle then is running out of the house in the morning dark through the rain and getting to the taxi for the airport without the dogs covering me and my bag in mud.

There is nothing regular about my way of life—aside from the persistent pattern of last-minute meetings in locations across the continent. But I have come to appreciate the regularity of the East African seasons in establishing a routine. Throughout the year, the sun sets at around six thirty and night draws in quickly. Nights in East Africa are seldom quiet. I am aware of the shrieking of bush babies, of neighbourhood radios blasting out late-night news and gospel songs, and local dogs howling in unison. But just before the first cockerel and the morning call to prayer, there is a silence—and when I am travelling, this is often the time I must leave to catch a flight.

After this, the unvarying sound of the dawn chorus will start at exactly six o'clock and the sun rise at six thirty. Like clockwork.

A definite consequence of moving round in life is that there is no one place which you can say is home; and, also, that when you are in one place, part of you will pine for another. This is particularly true at Christmas when we go from the hot and dry season in

Tanzania to the murky mid-winter in England, and I wonder whether I prefer my bright outdoor life in Africa or the cosy festive season and my English countryside roots. I can see our daughter wondering the same thing.

We moved to Tanzania as a family of three from south London in 2014 and are now a family of four. Life in Tanzania is split, as I live between the office in coastal Dar es Salaam and the Kilimanjaro region, where we have two homes: a rented place in town and a small farm that we are developing. Our farm sits on a plain between the horizon-dominating Mount Kilimanjaro to the east, Mount Meru to the west, acacia wilderness and the Kenyan border to the north, and Kilimanjaro International Airport to the south. My husband is originally from this region and it was an unspoken agreement that, on our move from London to Tanzania, home would be Kilimanjaro and I would travel.

We have certainly learned to be resilient this past year, as our infant son had a short period in hospital and then my husband had a car accident on the journey between farm and home hospitalising him in Nairobi for six weeks. As well as this there have been other, more minor, challenges. But for all the difficulties of living

in Africa there are unforgettable moments; such as tracking a herd of zebra who have migrated to grazing near our farm, Kilimanjaro emerging covered in snow after a night of thunderstorms, seeing water pumped from our borehole for the first time, or simply cycling our daughter to school in the cool early morning on the dirt roads. In order to have these moments our way of life must work; and it does.

“Nights in East Africa
are seldom quiet”

LK is a director in Tanzania advising on energy projects.

Contributors



Judith Archer
Style



Patricia Bertagnoli
Style



Vincent Dionne
The sporting life



Alexandra Howe
Stringers
The poet



Josephine Meltzer
Which?



Shamim Razavi
Which?



**Camilla Arno
Sant'Anna**
The kitchen table



Diego Brandão
The kitchen table



Jeremy Edwards
The kitchen table



Steve Jansma
The guide



Natalia Mushinska
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Jon Rice
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Jonathan Ball
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Jennifer Brightling
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Bryon Farnsworth
The sporting life



David Johnson
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Sarah O'Connell
The kitchen table



Henrietta Scott
In your face



Martin Bercott
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Andrew Buisson
Wide angle



Janice Feigher
Style



Laura KIWELU
Way of life



Sarah E O'Connell
Style



Chloe Taylor
Stringers



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Saki Chen
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Rogier de Haan
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Fezeka Mbatha
Which?



Stephen Parish
Bookshelf

**Ingeborg Alexander
Danica Cuna (GSC)
Gary Heery
Graham Long**

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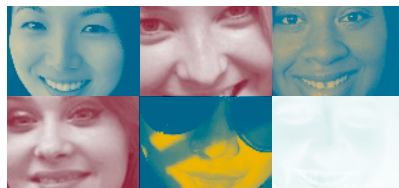
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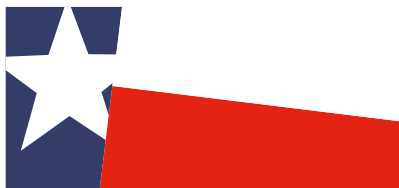
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Cover artwork uses
photographs by
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

In our Warsaw office we always look forward to the new edition. ☺ Especially young lawyers like it.

Bożena Sydorczyk, Warsaw

I've just scanned/read the current edition of RE and enjoyed it very much. Is the mixtape listing available online?

Charez Golvala, London

Coda, issue 11.

I listened to the mixtape on YouTube before committing it to print, so they are all out there. I made some wonderful discoveries—including Cassandra Wilson ('Until'), thanks to David Johnson in Hong Kong; he has his own mixtape for us in the Coda in this issue. Soon, a digital platform will hold the magazine (not replace it) and that will include links. Ed.

I find RE: a powerful HR tool and use it in that sense for the Brussels office. It must be quite an effort to put together such an interesting magazine! Thank you to all involved.

Valérie Allard, Brussels

You always make Milan happy. ☺

Felicia Kohn, Milan

Irrespective of “the moving image”, it is a superb issue, congratulations. I am already handing over copies to friends.

Attilio Pavone, Milan

'Attilio Pavone talks about movies', The moving image, issue 11

Andrew, you may have missed your calling – you have a very nice natural way of writing. When can we expect some more?

Grant Coppin, South Africa

Andrew Robinson, 'I can see clearly now', Stringers, issue 11.

Nicola – RE: works.

Andrew Robinson, Durban/Cape Town

RE: Writing Prize 2018

All genres accepted

Submit 300–3000 words to the Editor

Open to anyone at Norton Rose Fulbright and family members

By May 31, 2018

Re: Competition rules

1. Email submissions to Nicola Liu by midnight
2. Use a Word file with minimal formatting
3. Put your name and contact details on a separate cover sheet, not on your submission
4. You can consult Nicola Liu for advice and suggestions while drafting
5. No work-related writing, please
6. Experimental or traditional is fine: the test is how good the writing is
7. Be brave and freethinking in your choices but don't be clever for clever's sake
8. Good writing is about editing your own work, so allow yourself enough time

Almost all the writers, photographers and artists featured in RE: are Norton Rose Fulbright people. To talk about becoming a contributor or to pass through ideas or comments, please contact the Editor. RE: is published twice a year in print and online.

Best design in a feature-led magazine, *IoIC 2016*

Best print magazine – class 1, *CIPR Inside 2016*

Contact the Editor

nicola.liu@nortonrosefulbright.com

The Editor, RE:

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

OBITER DICTUM

Latin, deconstructed

By Patrick Bracher, Johannesburg

nemo iudex in causa sua

Nobody should judge in their own cause.

No-one should sit in judgment in a matter in which they have a personal involvement or interest which is a ground for asking for recusal.

ne sutor ultra crepidam

Let the cobbler not venture beyond his sandal. Stick to what you know.

nolle prosequi

No wish to proceed. It indicates that the prosecution authority will not be proceeding with a criminal matter. I knew a deputy attorney general years ago who when he got too busy, threw all the files up in the air and those that landed on the floor were stamped *nolle prosequi*.

non compos mentis

No control of one's mind. It is a defence to an accusation of wrongfulness.

non sequitur

It does not follow. Usually used as a noun about something that does not logically follow from what was said immediately before.

noscitur a sociis

Known from fellow travellers. People or words are understood by the company they keep.

nota bene

Note well. A warning to take care with what follows. Now watered down to the clichéd phrase 'it is important to note'.

novus actus interveniens

A new intervening act or cause. A second act which breaks the chain of causation so that the original wrongdoer is not responsible for the final adverse outcome.

noxiae poena par esto

Let the punishment fit the crime (Cicero). A principle of sentencing.

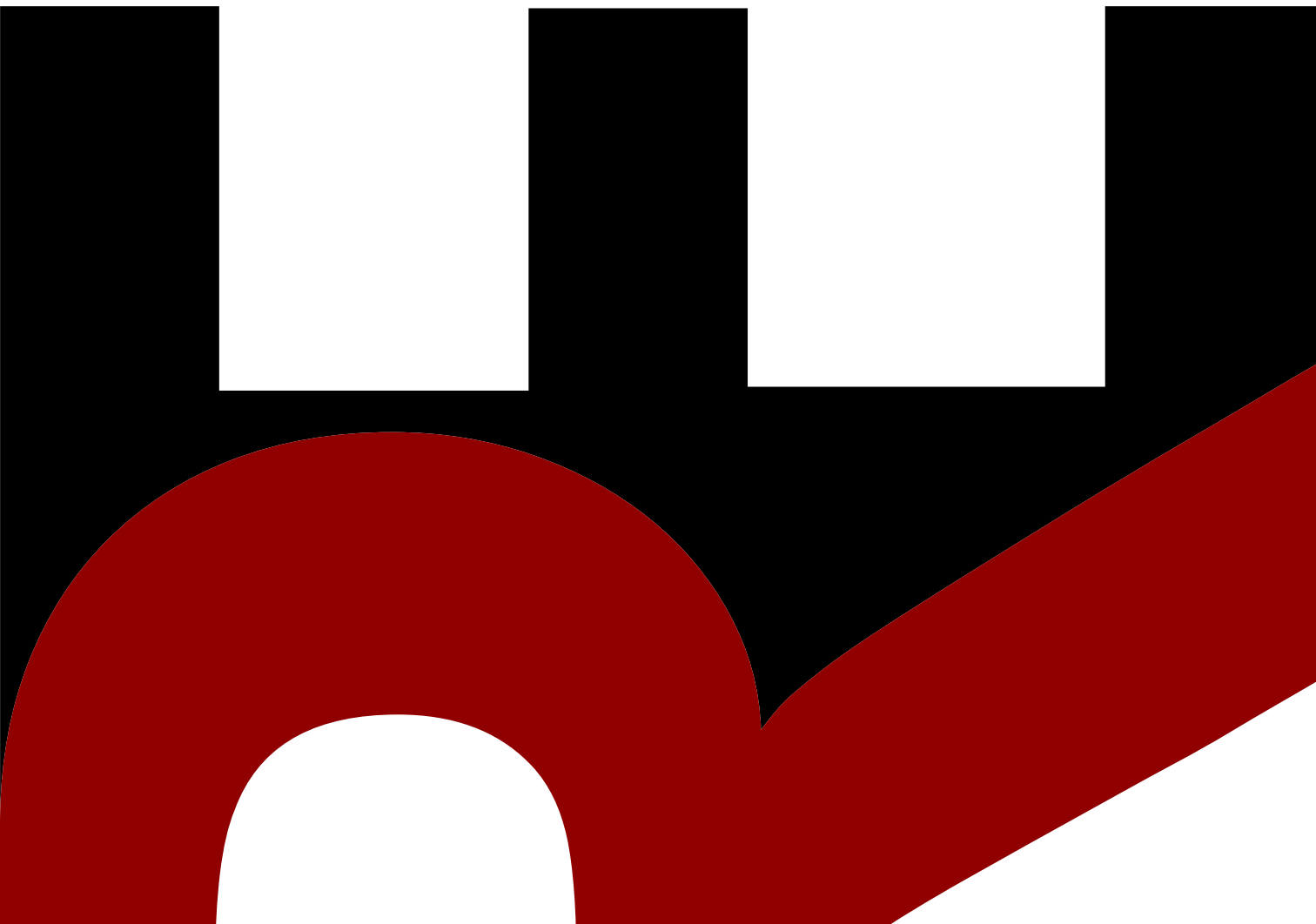
nulla poena sine lege

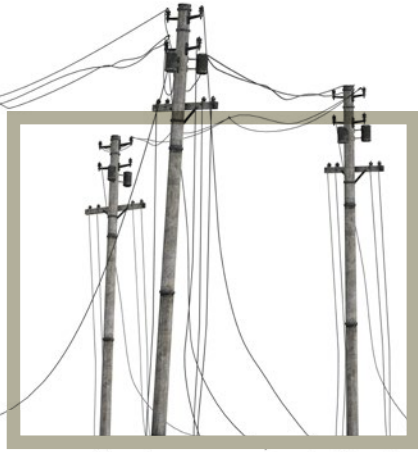
No punishment without law. You can only have criminal consequences for a clearly stated crime which is in force when the event occurs.

This is issue 12 of *RE.*, a magazine for everyone in Norton Rose Fulbright around the world and for our friends, among them our clients and alumni. In this issue, we have a double bill of the inimitable David Johnson in Hong Kong, who gives us his playlist and adds a mixtape, created with love, for you. Love over Hate: that's the theme of our photo essay, coming from Wayside in Australia; if you look back at our launch issue in 2011, you'll find a Wayside photo essay there as well, so we are coming full circle. In the US, Jon Rice profiles Sam Houston and proves that the past continues to have resonance today. And Howard Seife in New York reveals something of his student years in the late 1960s. Women in their late twenties across the globe also have a tale to tell, and I thank them for their honesty. There's someone else I want to thank: Michelle Lyons (in Houston) stepped in to assist for a month, freeing me up to take the dog for some walks in Scotland. Without Michelle, no issue 12.

The next issue will appear in the middle of 2018. See you then.

The Editor





Stringers

Reports filed by correspondents across the world

STRANGE CODES, UNWRITTEN LAWS

Chloe Taylor | South Africa

“When a man is tired of London, he is tired of life.” Although South Africa is my home, I have been visiting London on and off since early childhood. Now I live in this great city, at least for a while, on secondment from Johannesburg.

A great joy, indeed liberation, that London offers is the ability to walk to my office. This is an impossibility in Johannesburg, where the daily commute involves exhaust fumes, road rage, creative contraflow driving, and a random selection of other lethal and sub-lethal hazards; such a commute insists that one remains alert and fixed in ‘survival mode’.

Walking, in contrast, is private time, my time to let the scenery around me flow over and past me, and for my thoughts to freewheel in kaleidoscopic fashion: here comes a flurry of brown, red and orange snowflakes, autumnal leaves driven by a sudden gust, so satisfying to crackle underfoot on the pathway; and the warm and sweet scent, somehow reminiscent of childhood, of caramelized chestnuts that greets me every morning at the steps by Tower Bridge, purveyed by street vendors of Dickensian appearance warming themselves over their ovens. And the noise, always the noise, a backdrop jangle of sirens, trucks, buses, trains and constant motion, immersion in this constant

but ever changing symphony informing new neural pathways in the normally quiet mind.

In a city where each is bidden by his business to be somewhere else, strange codes and unwritten laws seem to apply: witness commuters striding towards each other on congested sidewalks, much like jousters who will not yield their path to another, yet who a moment later somehow brush past as if they had never been opponents at all. Observe those street crossings, where some wait patiently for an illuminated green figure to guide them safely to the other side, surging forward like a released spring when forbidding red changes to permissive green; while others, driven by an unseen but palpable haste, dart between the snarling traffic to the other side, gaining a few seconds on their more compliant brethren. Pace and movement indeed constitute the pulse of this city: a perpetual motion that the outsider might be forgiven for describing as random, but which in fact is purposeful to its participants.

I know afresh each day, on each morning’s walk to work, that I am not tired of London, not yet.

CT is a trainee lawyer on secondment in London.

THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR

Alexandra Howe | United States

On 20 March 2017, at his seventy-five-acre estate in the Hudson River Valley, New York, David Rockefeller died peacefully in his sleep. He was 101 years old, the last of the grandchildren of John D. Rockefeller, founder of Standard Oil and America’s first ever billionaire.

At the time of his death, Forbes estimated David Rockefeller’s net worth as \$3.3 billion. The Hudson Valley property, a magnificent 1930s Georgian-style mansion designed by New York architect Mott Schmidt, was listed on the market for \$22 million in September. In Rockefeller’s will, this and other properties were offered first to his five surviving children, who had the chance to buy at fair market value or else to sell them to fund various philanthropic endeavours.

David Rockefeller lived a life of almost unimaginable privilege and splendour. As a boy he roller-skated with his brothers along New York’s Fifth Avenue, followed by the family limousine in case they grew tired. His personal art collection consisted of around 4,500 works at the time of his death, including works by Picasso, Cézanne and Manet. The Rockefeller name conferred an unparalleled power.

But David Rockefeller remained true to a promise he made in 2010, when he signed the Giving Pledge founded by Bill Gates and Warren Buffet. Committing to contribute a

majority of his wealth to philanthropic causes, he wrote: “Our family continues to be united in the belief that those who have benefitted the most from our country’s economic system have a special responsibility to give back to our society in meaningful ways.”

This is American philanthropy. It is a model that was created by Andrew Carnegie—the son of weavers from Dunfermline in Scotland, who was born in a one-room cottage and went on to accumulate in the New World one of the largest fortunes in modern history. Carnegie once said that he would sooner leave his son a curse than the almighty dollar. His legacy was the assumption of charity. This is not like the personal, pious, almost rueful Old World attitude to donation. It is not about saving yourself and perpetuating your name, or at least, it is not just about those things. American philanthropy is public, and proud, and expected. It is a matter of civic duty.

New York is tattooed with the names of the generous: offices, monuments, parks, plazas, theatres and galleries unashamedly proclaim the names of their benefactors. You can find something similar in many countries and yet, to me, this universal belief that the prosperous citizen has an obligation to her community and her nation feels uniquely American.

AH is RE:’s arts editor, based in New York.

SAY IT AS IT IS

Natalia Mushinska | Russia

My sister got married to a Swiss guy and moved from Moscow to a small Swiss village. “What are you missing most of all?”—I ask her. I expect her to complain about losing the cultural life of a big city and this is, of course, one of the points, but not a prevailing one. “I miss the Russian straightforwardness”, she answers.

“In Russia I always know what to expect. If someone invites you home, it means he wants to make friends with you. I do not understand the people here. They are all very polite, nice, talkative. But in the end it does not mean anything. If they invite you for tea or coffee ‘one day’, it does not mean that you are really invited.”

As it turns out, this is a figure of speech rather than an invitation, just a cultural code implied in the manner of communication. The hidden message is: Ok, look, I am sincere and warm-hearted to everyone on the street because of my sophisticated language capabilities, cultural background and European upbringing. In fact, I live in a closed society and do not want strangers to intrude into my private life.

This, I think, is one of the absolute, fundamental cultural differences between the Western world and Russia. ‘How are you?’ does not anticipate an answer. Then why on earth are you asking me? Why do you need all these speech formalities?

‘Mentality’—they say, when they want to explain something inexplicable, something in the air.

In Russia, people on the street are distrustful of strangers, don’t smile at passers-by and generally are not polite. This is a product of our history. For so long we have had to protect ourselves against enemies, external ones but also internal. Just one generation back, people used to be killed, tortured or kidnapped. Fear is too close, too deeply rooted. The irony is that this same reasoning brought the idea that one could be safe only in a collective: ‘there is always safety in numbers’ and ‘army of one fails’.

This is why in Russian culture such an important place belongs to friendship; but not a friendship in the European sense. We treat friendship as a very close relationship, similar to familial connections, which implies a shocking degree of devotion, intimacy and openness.

Cheerful, friendly Westerners do not actually want close relationships (apart from their family ones); they are happy within their (closed) individuality. Seemingly rude Russians are in fact committed to close interaction with people and are looking for friendship in the highest meaning of the word. Am I right?

NM is RE:’s Moscow correspondent

Wide angle

A NOTE ON KALAALLISUT BY LINGUIST ANDREW BUISSON





Naammatsikkamiullugooq qaavanut
tutilluni oqannguallarpoq illalaarluni:
“Naalittarpallaaraluaqimmanga taamaallaat
akinianguarujara!” Kingornagooq Pukkitsullip
ukiorpassuit nakuarsuup pania nularigujaa,
utoqqanngorlunigooq toquvoq.

Kalaallisut (or Greenlandic) is an Inuit dialect spoken by fifty thousand people on the western and southern coasts of Greenland. It is a polysynthetic language: speech ideas—‘words’—are built up, or synthesised, from a number of components. Concepts such as object, subject, tense, mood, number, direction, intent, passivity, ownership and so on are all reflected in a single flowing utterance. The shape and sound of the suffixes affect the pronunciation of the ones they surround. There are virtually no loan words in Kalaallisut. Its synthetic nature allows them to simply create piecemeal descriptions of new concepts. The name of the people themselves—*kalaallit*—is an adaptation of the Norse term *skrælling*, meaning ‘one with dried-up skin’.

The story told above of the hunter Pukkitsulik dates back to the seventeenth century, shortly before the Danes colonised Greenland. In this excerpt, *naalittarpallaaraluaqimmanga* means, roughly, ‘Well, you certainly had your fun harpooning me, but [now I’ll take my revenge.]’ Pukkitsulik says this just before he unceremoniously buries his arch-rival under a pile of rocks—and then marries his daughter.

Naalittarpallaaraluaqimmanga is made up of *naalit* to harpoon; *tar do* regularly; *pallaar* too much; *ralua* but, otherwise; *qi* intensifier; *mmanga* because you...me.

When speech meets orthography and we write it down, we would call *naalittarpallaaraluaqimmanga* a single word, because that is how we see language. And to us it may seem extreme and exotic—like the landscape or the midnight sun or eating frozen whaleskin. But to a child who is growing up with this language it is the way things are, and no doubt we are the exotic ones to break our speech into such strangely short words.

AB is a partner in London.

CHALLENGE 67

A global charitable initiative

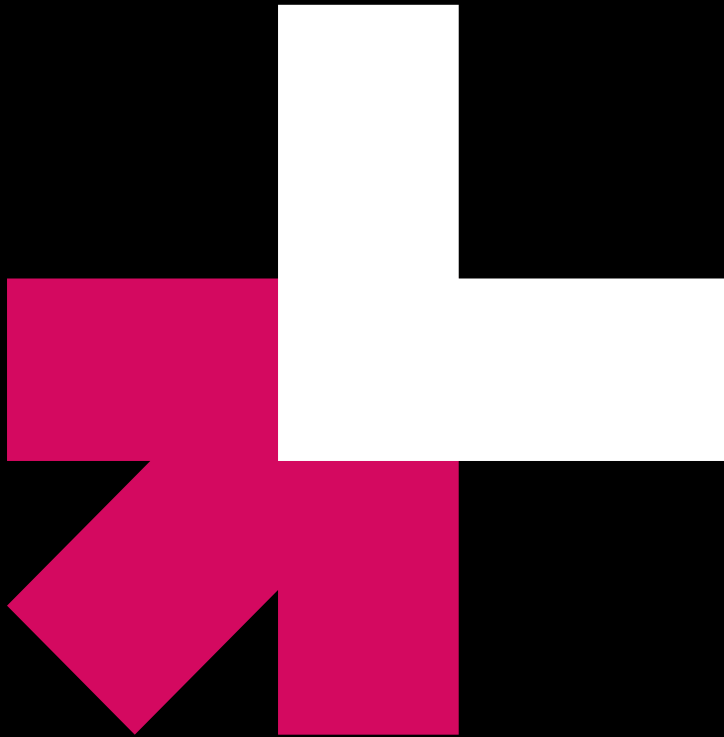
Raising funds in support of the
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I'm

29

How shall I live
my life?

Words by Michelle Lyons

It's no fun being 29, about to turn 30. Or is it? I found six women aged 29 or thereabouts and put it to them.

As we talked, I was struck by how much some of their concerns are still floating around in my life, even though I am roughly ten years ahead of them. I still remember how it was for me at their age and I wonder if I should take stock now. Or maybe not. Maybe I'll give it another ten years.

I love the fact that these women—in China, in Australia, in Russia, all over the place including the US, where I'm from—are all by and large optimistic, energetic individuals, making their way in some of the fastest-moving, most vibrant cities in the world. When you listen to what they have to say, you'll start to observe some common threads. Clearly, some dreams and worries transcend geographical boundaries. But that doesn't always apply: we are all of us still strongly influenced by the culture we live in—national and local. One recurring comment was that 'you really don't know what it will lead to': plans go awry but then things happen and often it's for the good. This is an age full of possibility. It's both a time to settle down and a time to roam. Thirty—I have it on good authority—is a magical time.

You'll notice, by the way, that I only talked to women. Men, don't feel excluded: your time will come. And if you cannot wait until then, drop the Editor a line.

ALICE VUONG

29, TENDER MANAGER, SYDNEY

I have a significant other. We aren't married and we have no children.

We've been looking for a place for the both of us for a while but haven't made the plunge yet. The real estate boom here makes it difficult to purchase property that's affordable. If you want to live within thirty minutes of the city, the prices are quite high. If you look further out, you have a further commute time. People are turning toward renting as a secondary option—we have been considering that, but we're keen to buy. And we want to maintain our lifestyle and our standard of living. We're both professionals so we have disposable income, but we want to buy property that's going to appreciate in value. We're thinking of it as an investment



opportunity as well as an accommodation solution, so we want to make a smart decision. Right now, we're waiting for a downturn in the market.

When I was younger, I thought I might be married at 30, have a kid, and own a house. Now, it's not something I actively think about. Most of my friends are in a similar situation. I would say eighty-five percent aren't in a relationship or, if they are, they're not married yet. And very few have children. It might be a generational thing; or it might be that Australians are eager to travel or work overseas. People of around my age are increasingly looking to move elsewhere.

A lot of people aren't ready to settle down and build a family. Some are for sure, but a lot of people are still looking to experience the world. The impression is that once you get married, the next step is you have a child, and that ties you down. I did have a few friends in the last couple of years who freaked out, but they have since got married or they are engaged now, so maybe sometimes the guys just need a push. A lot of people are just not at that stage in my circle, so it doesn't concern me.

“Be courageous”

Be courageous. After your twenties, there's still ample time to see the world and experience life—you have a long way to go before you have to start thinking about the responsibilities of being an adult. Be carefree.

PHILIPPA WILSON ('PIP')

29, RECRUITMENT ADVISER, LONDON

I'm from a place called Durham in the north-east of England. It's lovely but it's quite a small-town mentality, so if you stay there you settle down and you're married with kids in your early twenties. I thought that I would be engaged by the time I was 25, and married by 27. I'm now 29 and I only recently got engaged.

I'm quite a home body so always thought I'd stay in the north-east. I went to university in Newcastle, which is only twenty minutes from Durham. I studied public relations and wanted to work in the beauty industry. I applied for jobs in London and within three weeks had moved here.



We live in Wapping; it's a twenty-minute walk from work. We've been there five years. It's quiet but it's perfect for getting anywhere you need to be. There's a lovely area called St Katharine Docks that's just a big harbour with bars and restaurants by the river. It's great in the summer. Rent-wise, it's very affordable for us.

A couple of my friends have bought and I'd like to, but the conversation is, "Do we look to buy something in Wapping? Can we afford that?" Not being from London, we don't really know where to look. It's a big thing. We would like to buy eventually—I can't see us ever moving back home now. It's just, knowing where you want to buy, what you want to buy, how much money you have to buy anywhere that's semi-decent; that's really difficult.

I have friends who feel they should be married and others who are older who feel there's no rush. I'm in the middle. I'm more thinking about where I'll be when I'm 35. Will I still be in London? If I have kids, will I be working for a smaller firm?

Me and my best friends are going to Las Vegas or Dubai for our 30th birthdays. We've been saving for the last four years, so our flights and hotels are covered. We're planning this as our birthday present to ourselves. There are three of us; it was meant to be five but one of us is pregnant and the other has a baby who is a year old, so she probably can't go to Vegas for a week.

I'm not depressed I'm turning 30. I still feel like I'm 24. If I could change anything, I would have started to save earlier and not dip into my savings for silly things –and I would have appreciated that when I thought I was fat when I was twenty-two, actually I wasn't.

ALLISON HARRINGTON
30, LAWYER, NEW YORK

Trying to purchase real estate has been a difficult ride. I started out my career thinking that buying a house was my main focus; because of that, I would take the cheapest apartment that I could stand in the safest neighborhood I could afford, so that I would have a really low rent and save as much as possible toward a down payment on a house.

“I still feel like I’m 24”

In New York it's just tough. Whether you're in the city or in Westchester, wherever, there's a problem in terms of supply and demand. You just have to go with whatever you can and you have to move quickly. Real estate in New York is really tough. I'm fine with renting right now.

I live in Bed-Stuy in Brooklyn, so my commute takes me forty-five minutes, sometimes longer. I probably live the furthest out of anybody on one of my teams; most people live in Midtown or Upper Eastside or Long Island City. I feel that most when I'm working late or need to come in really early; if we are working until

“I have definitely found a groove”

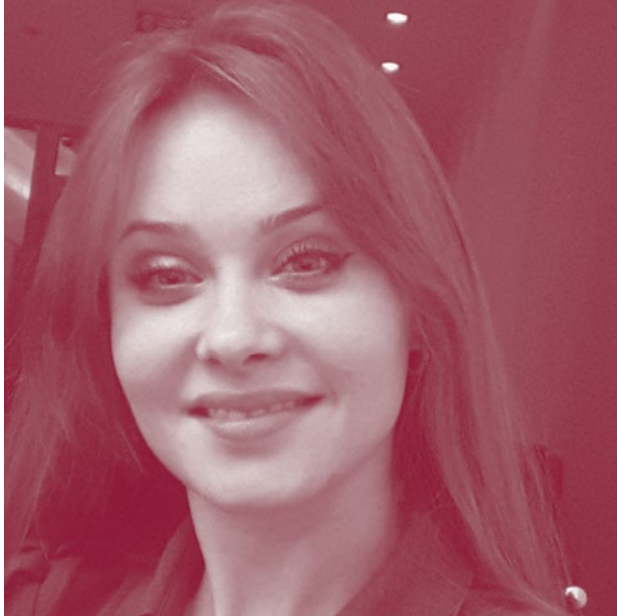
two in the morning, they can be home in fifteen minutes and it will take me an hour. I've had horrible experiences in the last three years where cab drivers fell asleep at the wheel.

I got married when I was 25, but I've been with my husband since I was 19. I was young at the time, but I wanted to get started on married life—and I didn't feel a whole lot of pressure. The only thing I put pressure on myself about was having a kid, but mostly because I wanted to be a mom very badly. And now I am, and I feel very happy about it, and obviously I feel like the next thing for me is to get a house. I thought I would have all of those things by the time I was 30, but that's not the case.

Professionally, I have definitely found a groove. I feel like I have finally found the law I want to practice.

Try Meg Jay's book, *The Defining Decade: why your twenties matter*. Or *Learned Optimism* by Martin Seligman. People have different ways of thinking about the things that happen to them in life and that can be a big factor in how happy you feel.

Start thinking about your professional life as a career rather than a job and start thinking about it as early as possible. Focus on your career in such a way that you are really thinking about the consequences of your actions. And get enough sleep. I've heard from my friends who are 30 that a lack of sleep will start to show health-wise. Oh, and schedule a vacation.



VICTORIA ZHURAVLEVA

31, RECEPTIONIST, MOSCOW

In their twenties, girls usually are searching for their prince. Now, we are more and more independent from day to day as women. It's when we are alone at night that we think about it: when you have only your work and you are alone in the apartment, that's when you think about having a family and children. My female friends worry about this. But men? Not so much.

I'm not married, I'm not engaged and I don't have children. I live with my boyfriend in his apartment. We have been together for two years. A lot of my friends—about six of the closest ones—are married and some of them have children. Before, when they were just getting started, they were getting pressure: “You aren't married? You don't have a boyfriend? What are you looking for? What are you waiting for?” And so on.

Sometimes, I get pressure from my parents, but they have got used to it. “Okay, you have your own life”, they say, now. They live in another country, so we don't speak so often. But sometimes my father will say, “You aren't so young—how are you going to give birth to children?”

Owning real estate in Moscow can be difficult. The percentage is from ten per cent or higher for a down payment. More than half of your salary goes to your mortgage; but it's still better to pay a mortgage than rent. Moscow is a large city and it's not so convenient to go from one side to the other. Most people choose to rent an apartment close to where they work; if you don't make good money, you have to rent far from work. It can take a long time to get to your job; when I worked at the airport as a stewardess, it took me three hours. Now, my commute is just two subway stations, so it takes ten minutes.

I don't remember what I dreamed about being when I turned 30, but I think I'm already ahead, not behind. I lived in another country—Kyrgyzstan—and it's far from here. I never thought of Moscow. There was another plan for me: not this one. But now I work here, in a big country where there are many interesting people. The bigger the country, the more choices you have, especially for young people.

Try to move to other countries. Don't be afraid. All people make mistakes: if you don't make mistakes, you don't grow. If you don't try, you won't taste life.

“If you don't try, you won't taste life”

CHEN JINGXIAN ('SAKI')

32, LAWYER, SHANGHAI

I grew up in Sichuan and have lived in Beijing, for eight years, and in New York, for five years. Now I live in Shanghai.

I've done a lot in the past couple of years. I got engaged when I was 30. I left the US when I was 31. I got married when I was 32.

Last year, I got a private pilot's licence and used a long vacation to fly around the world. It took two months. I flew over the US, Canada, Greenland, Iceland, Europe, Egypt, Jordan, Abu Dhabi, Pakistan, India, China, Thailand, Japan, Alaska and then back to the US. It was a small single-engine plane, so we had to make a lot of stops to refuel. In Pakistan, I had help from the local military with the refuelling. I'm very glad I am a female; otherwise I would have felt nervous! As a female, I'm no threat to anyone.

My husband is Shanghainese. We met in New York when I was 28. He's two years younger than me; it's not a very prevailing trend in China—the husband is always supposed to be a little older; but it's okay. The problem is not how old you are but how mature you are inside. He's a lawyer; he was relocated back to China and I decided to go with him—that's the main reason I left New York City.

Actually, I did not expect to want to get married in my whole life. Even when we were dating I was thinking, I may never get married. In China, you still feel pressure to marry as you approach 30. But I was not in China, so I could escape that pressure. In New York, people don't care what you do. You are free to decide your lifestyle. So I married for love.



“I’m not afraid of getting old”

I don't usually work at weekends but my husband does. When I was in the US, I worked a lot at weekends.

When the right time comes, I'd like to have a baby. People in my family, they're not just asking me: they're urging me.

We're allowed to have two children now in China. I'm quite fortunate because I grew up with a brother; most young Chinese grew up by themselves.

We just bought an apartment. We hired some people to do the refurbishing but I check on it at the weekends. It's an old building—built around 2000. We plan to live there, but for now it's a little far from the office.

When I was single I was always out with my friends, but now I'm married and I'm learning how to live life as an adult. I'm spending more time at home.

When I was 29, 30, I had to decide which country and which city to live in, maybe not for the rest of my life but for a long time. I had a lot of confusion and fears in me. Now, I have found my own way to do things and my own way to enjoy being a female in big cities.

By the time you're 32, you're not that young any more. It's a turning point. You cannot hang out with friends and just enjoy life.

I'm not afraid of getting old. All that you experience will accumulate into your soul and teach you how to live in this world.

CAMILLA ARNO SANT'ANNA

33, LAWYER, SÃO PAULO

I am engaged, and have lived with my fiancé for two years. I'm getting married in a few months.



It's hard to get financing in Brazil to purchase real estate; people are at least 30 before they get a chance to buy. I was extremely lucky, because my father left me an apartment and that's where we live now. We are contemplating moving in two or three years when our family grows, but that's going to be a huge move. In terms of location, São Paulo suburbs are bad areas. You want to be as close as you can to the financial center, where the office is.

Public transportation in São Paulo is terrible, and dangerous, so most people drive—but parking is a challenge. My commute is a six-minute walk, which is ideal. I have a step-daughter and, once we have children, our apartment will likely be too small, but we really like our commute arrangement. My fiancé also works a few blocks from home, so we'd love to stay in the area.

In high school I wanted to become a biologist; I almost went into bio-medicine. But this is a research-driven field and, in Brazil, research is not something that is taken too seriously—which was frustrating. So I became a lawyer.

“Live in the moment”

I turned 30 in 2014. At the time, I felt a little behind in all areas of my life. I was living in Washington DC and didn't feel like I was making enough progress. I was also in a very bad relationship. The following year, my life changed completely and everything fell into place. I met my fiancé and then, on a trip to Brazil, the Rio partners asked if I would come back. I moved to New York first and then São Paulo, where I'm developing our private client and wealth management practice. I truly have a sense that I'm on track now.

Turning 30 puts too much pressure on you, if you let it. All my friends were married back home and getting pregnant. When I was 19, I thought, “When I'm 30, I'm going to be a partner, be happily married and have two children!” But there I was, 29, and none of that had happened.

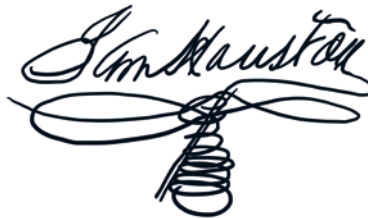
I'm actually really happy that I didn't get married too early: I enjoyed my life and still feel very young. Turning 30 was a big deal for me in the sense that I got less anxious about life.

Live in the moment, work hard and things will fall into place.

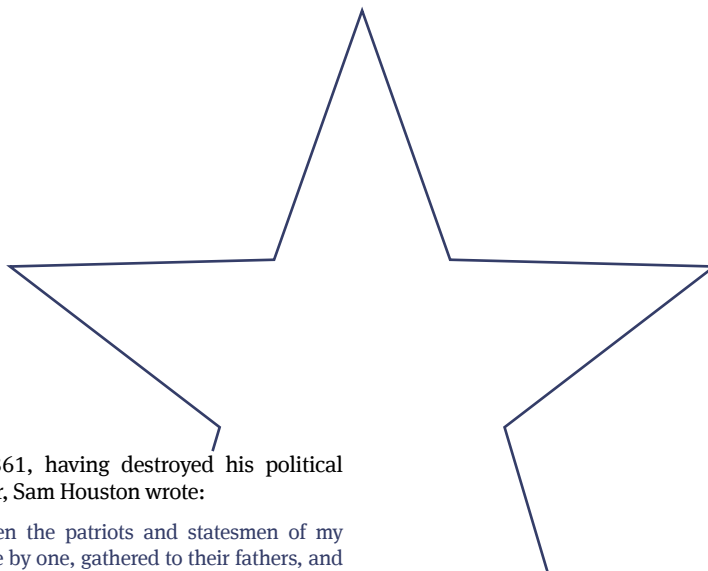
I

stand the
last almost
of a race.

SAM HOUSTON

A stylized, cursive signature of Sam Houston in black ink. The signature is highly decorative, with long, sweeping horizontal flourishes extending from the main text. The name 'Sam Houston' is written in a fluid, handwritten style.

Words by Jon Rice



In 1861, having destroyed his political career, Sam Houston wrote:

I have seen the patriots and statesmen of my youth, one by one, gathered to their fathers, and the Government which they had created rent in twain...I stand the last almost of a race...[and] am stricken down now, because I will not yield those principles, which I have fought for...The severest pang is that the blow comes in the name of the State of Texas.

Two years later, he was dead.

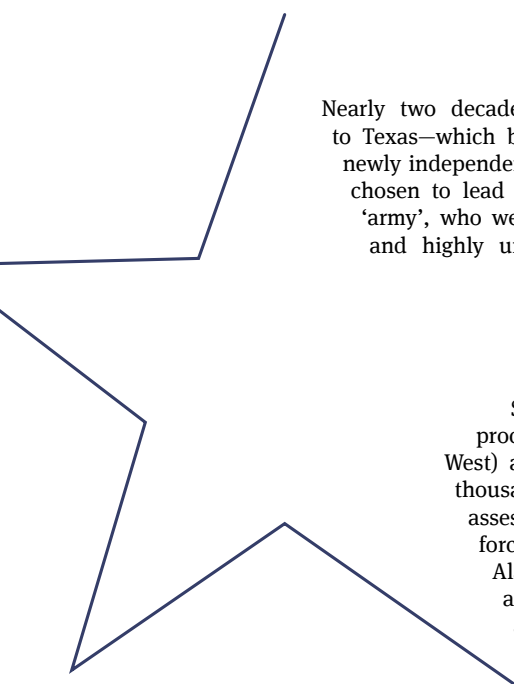
Like his namesake city, Sam Houston resists easy characterization. He was the first elected president of the Republic of Texas, a congressman and senator, governor of both Texas and Tennessee, a gifted orator, and a lawyer. He was smart, funny, charismatic, and hardworking. He was also a slave owner and most likely a recovering alcoholic. He had a series of marriages and children; his second wife was a Cherokee and his third, Margaret, was a Baptist—and the love of his life.

Houston's accomplishments and failures reveal a person who refused to accept the 'known' and 'normal' of his day as immutable limitations, and who, instead, embraced the difficult and potentially impossible. He believed government could solve problems and improve lives; so he sought and accepted uncomfortable compromises.

Houston was born in Virginia in 1793, at a time when George Washington was President of a United States that was less than ten years old and Texas was considered part of Spain. When he was fourteen, Houston's father died and his mother moved all nine children to Tennessee to establish a general store. A prodigious reader, Houston could recite at length from Homer and Plutarch; but he

lacked the patience for the classroom and the family business: at sixteen, Houston left his family and talked his way into a local Cherokee settlement. There, he was adopted as a son by the chief.

Three years later, he fought with Cherokee and American troops against the British in the War of 1812. In his only major battle, Houston received multiple, nearly fatal wounds and suffered from pain and a periodic limp for the rest of his life. Although the Cherokee had sided with their American neighbors against the British, when white Americans no longer needed their help the Cherokee were told to leave their farms and move west. They were naturally reluctant to abandon their homes. Because of his close relationship with local Cherokee, Lieutenant Houston (just twenty-four years old) was appointed an 'Indian subagent' and ordered to force the Cherokee relocation by any means necessary. His first step was to shut down the settlement's liquor store—to the consternation of its owner, the previous subagent. Houston then met with his Cherokee father, chief Olooteka, admitted that they were being treated unfairly but also persuaded the Cherokee that they could not defeat the American army. The Cherokee agreed to go west. Without the approval of his superiors in Washington, Houston used federal funds to equip them with blankets, horses, flat-bottomed boats, and additional provisions. He had complied with his orders but had also found a way for the Cherokee to travel in some comfort and not starve during their first winter. ▶



Nearly two decades later, having moved to Texas—which by then was ruled by a newly independent Mexico—Houston was chosen to lead the Texas revolutionary ‘army’, who were mostly lightly armed and highly undisciplined volunteers.

The Texas rebels were opposed by the Mexican general Antonio López de Santa Anna (the self-proclaimed Napoleon of the West) and his army of several thousand soldiers. Houston assessed his scattered Texas forces and sent orders to the Alamo to blow the building and move defenders and artillery away from Santa Anna’s advancing army. But Houston’s orders were rejected—with predictable results.

When word of the Alamo’s destruction and the death of its defenders reached Houston, some of his volunteers immediately deserted; others were confident that they could ‘whip ten-to-one the carrion-eating convicts under Santa Anna’. But Houston, having seen firsthand the difference between militias and regular troops, knew otherwise. News of the massacre by the Mexicans of nearly five hundred surrendering troops at Goliad removed whatever doubts remained. Houston ordered a hugely unpopular retreat, which his opponents, political and otherwise, would forever cite as proof of his ‘drunken cowardice and ignominy’.

Houston ended his retreat near the banks of Buffalo Bayou at the battle of San Jacinto. By this point, Santa Anna’s army was spread across miles of muddy, seemingly impassable roads. Although Houston’s command over his six hundred or so irregulars was increasingly tenuous, they were at least collected en masse and familiar with the marshes and muddy terrain. On the afternoon of April 21, 1836, crying ‘Remember

the Alamo!’ and ‘Remember Goliad!’, the Texans overwhelmed the Mexican army and captured Santa Anna.

Politicians and historians, then and now, debate Houston’s role in the battle. Was he a brilliant tactician and fearless leader or a lucky poltroon who ‘led from the rear’ while his men fought and destroyed the Mexican army in spite of his orders? The white citizenry of newly freed Texas had no such doubts and overwhelmingly elected Houston the first president of the Republic of Texas.

Houston’s beliefs about slavery were equally complex. He owned around a dozen slaves, all of whom learned to read, write, and acquire employable skills. Somewhat unusually, Houston allowed slaves to keep the money earned using those skills for others. He was also well-known for buying slaves from owners he deemed needlessly cruel. (When Houston freed his own slaves in 1862, it’s said that many wept and vowed to stay with the family, and many did.) Slaveholders in Texas and throughout the South belittled and distrusted Houston, believing him too tolerant with his slaves and too friendly with Native Americans and Tejanos. After all, many white Texans had supported rebellion against Mexico precisely because the newly established Republic of Mexico had outlawed slavery. Farming and dairies may have been acceptable to some Texas colonists, but most newly arrived white Southerners saw slaves and cotton as their surest road to wealth and happiness.

As a senator from the State of Texas in the 1850s, Houston consistently voted against any expansion of slavery—greatly frustrating his slave-owning Texas constituents and infuriating other Southerners. He believed that allowing slavery to expand into new territories would destroy the United States, so he adamantly opposed any law that would encourage that expansion.

In the 1850s, senators were expected to debate and explain their positions on the floor, so in 1854 Houston rose and argued against a bill that would legalize slavery in new western territories. He began by reminding his colleagues that the

land in the proposed new territories had been promised by the United States government in perpetuity to Native Americans:

We have Indians on our western borders whose civilization is not inferior to our own. ...They have well-organized societies [and] females and men who would grace the drawing-rooms or salons of Washington...We should be careful if it were with a power able to war with us; and it argues a degree of infinite meanness and indescribable degradation on our part to act differently with the Indians, who confide in our honor and justice...

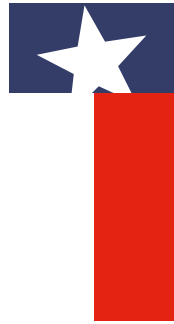
Few in Houston's audience had ever seen—much less broken bread with—any Native Americans, and both Midwestern and Southern senators wanted these lands for their own white supporters. Houston tried appealing directly to Southern self-interest, explaining that allowing slavery into western territories would lead to open conflict and, eventually, the destruction of the South. But in the end, Houston was the lone Southern Democrat to vote against the proposal. He was pilloried in the Texas press and eventually dismissed from his Senate seat.

In an open letter in the *Houston Telegraph*, Houston reminded his fellow Texans:

The present is a momentous epoch in the annals of our country. A vast responsibility devolves upon us. We are acting in the present but for all future generations. We are accountable to posterity. We have received a heritage from our fathers. Shall we regard it with care, and transmit it unimpaired to our children? ...Or shall we sell our birthright for a mess of pottage?

He predicted that Northern and Southern states would 'in profound blindness...rush madly into war, each anticipating an easy victory.I see my beloved South go down in the unequal contest, in a sea of blood and smoking ruin.'

In 1859, Houston was asked by moderate Texan business leaders to abandon retirement and run again for governor. He was elected as an unabashed Unionist and opponent to the expansion of slavery. ▶



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After the election of Abraham Lincoln as President, however, Southern states began to secede. In 1861, the Texas Secession Convention met and brought Governor Houston an ordinance of secession. He refused to sign it. He also refused to take an oath of loyalty to the Southern Confederacy. The Texas legislature then declared his office vacant and replaced Houston with a pro-Confederate politician.

On his way home from the state capital, people asked him to speak about the recent upheavals:

[Secessionists] tell us if war comes that the superior courage of our people...will enable us to triumph in battle over ten times our number of Northern forces. Never was a more false or absurd statement ever made. ...The civil war which is now near at hand will be stubborn and of long duration...The soil of our beloved South will drink deep the precious blood of our sons and brethren. ... The die has been cast by your secession leaders, whom you have permitted to sow and broadcast the seeds...and you must ere long, reap the fearful harvest of conspiracy and revolution.

Houston was equally forthright—and prescient—in Galveston before a large, openly hostile crowd:

Some of you laugh...[but] let me tell you what is coming. Your fathers and husbands, your sons and brothers, will be herded at the point of the bayonet. You may, after the sacrifice of countless millions of treasure and hundreds of thousands of lives, as a bare possibility, win Southern independence, if God be not against you, but I doubt it. I tell you that while I believe with you in the doctrine of state rights, the North is determined to preserve this Union. They are not a fiery, impulsive people as you are, for they live in colder climates. But when they begin to move in a given direction, they move with the steady momentum of a mighty avalanche. My fear is, they will overwhelm the South.

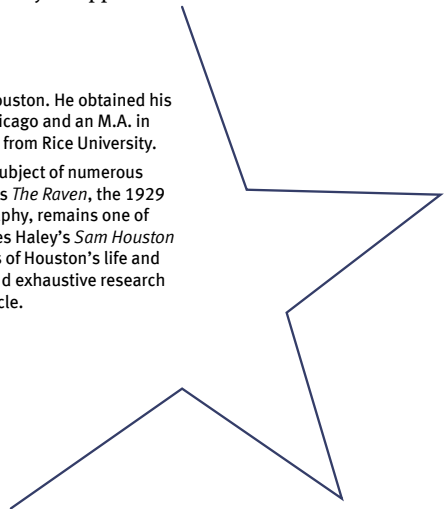
Houston chose principle over popularity or career. Defeated and disgraced in the eyes of most Texans, Houston could at that point have relocated his family north—perhaps to New York, where he was seen as a heroic and enlightened statesman. But he chose to remain in Texas. He died at the age of seventy in 1863, by which time the United States was in the midst of its Civil War.

Of course, Houston was a man of his time. He owned slaves. He believed that whites and African Americans would probably never live together in peace as equals. But he was also a visionary who was instrumental in bringing a million square miles—the states of Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Nevada, Utah and parts of Wyoming, Colorado, Kansas, and Oklahoma—under the American flag. He proclaimed his devotion to the United States even when he knew doing so would make him a pariah in his own state. In an age of graft and patronage, Houston never looked to public service as a means for securing personal or familial fortune. He believed in small ‘D’ democracy and saw people, rather than political parties, as the source of all legitimate power. He continually appealed to both the reason and generosity of his fellow Texans and, not surprisingly, was frequently disappointed.

With thanks to Brian Nutley.

Jon Rice is a trial lawyer in Houston. He obtained his J.D. from the University of Chicago and an M.A. in American intellectual history from Rice University.

Sam Houston has been the subject of numerous biographies. Marquis James’s *The Raven*, the 1929 Pulitzer prize-winning biography, remains one of the best. More recently, James Haley’s *Sam Houston* provides a thorough analysis of Houston’s life and motivations. Haley’s book and exhaustive research formed the basis for this article.



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WAYSIDE

LOVE OVER HATE

The Wayside Chapel in Sydney is a meeting place for the have-nots and haves, homeless and housed, lost and saved, sick and well. The photographs in this photo essay were taken by Gary Heery. The words are by Graham Long.

GIVEN

My dear friends, I will let you into a secret: you are okay. You really don't have to prove anything to anyone. You don't have to make your case to anyone. You were born okay and you are okay. The task before you is not to be someone you're not, but to be the someone you are; someone who was born okay.

SELF

The one thing Wayside visitors have in common is a deep knowledge that they are on their own. You don't have to be homeless to live with the sense that, no matter what it is you're going through, you're travelling alone. Perhaps my time has not come but it's on the way: the time when we will see that the path we are taking to become more comfortable, more functional, or feeling better about ourselves is an endless and insanely expensive journey. One day we will see that what we really need to do is to call people out of their lonely spots and into the difficult but life-giving task of belonging to a community.

We are all human beings and we belong to one another; we all thrive or fail together.



Tammy Hefa, visitor



Gregory Jabaldjarri Wayne, visitor



Baily, neighbour



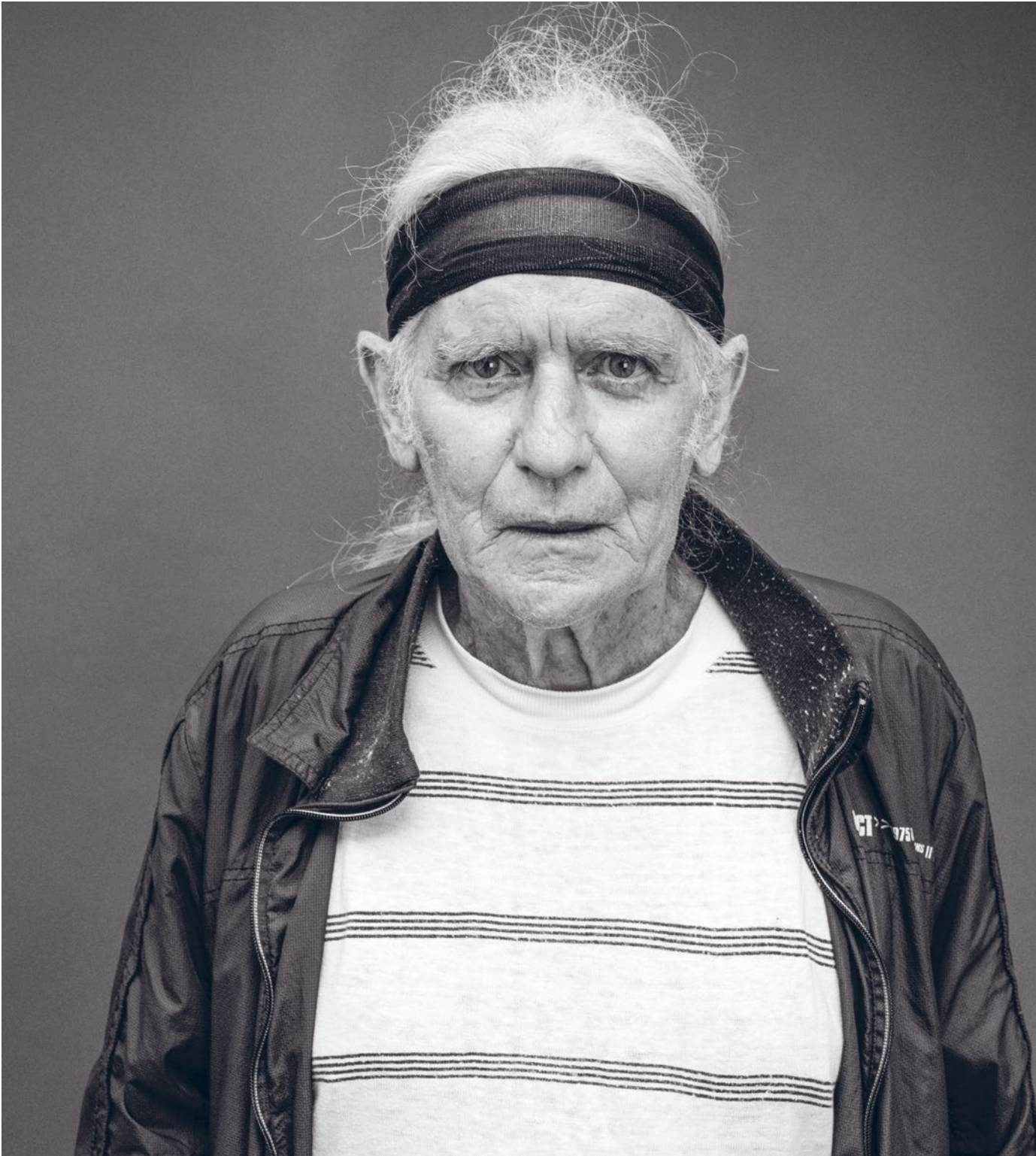
Leearna Foster and Laurel Torrens, visitors



Cecil Coleman, visitor



Lauren Murray, neighbour, with her dog, Kenny



David Henderson, visitor

TAKE

Individuals come to Wayside on the worst day of their lives, and they often arrive with an overwhelming sense of loss, anger and bewilderment—mostly because they don't understand how they have come to this dreadful day. The poor version of entitlement is just as disagreeable as the rich version: 'Get me some undies. I want socks. I want food but I don't want to pay anything.' All this and much more isn't very endearing, but it does indicate that an individual can't see anyone. They don't recognise a gift because they don't see a giver. All they see is stuff and their need of it. That's why I say we don't run an intensive care unit. We're not here to run around and meet all your needs. Instead, we run an 'I See You' unit. If we see a person, they might see a person. If we see only a client, they'll see only a dispenser of stuff. It's our primary job to see people. Every now and then someone wakes up and sight is regained. Because we see a person, sometimes that person sees us. They can begin to see a giver, and for a time their eyes are diverted from their deep pit of need and a world full of stuff.

The photographer Gary Heery has worked on album covers for Frank Zappa, Madonna and Joe Cocker and has worked for *Rolling Stone*, *Life* and *Esquire*. He has been associated for many years with the Wayside Chapel. Reverend Graham Long is CEO and pastor of The Wayside Chapel. Norton Rose Fulbright continues to provide pro bono support to the Wayside Chapel.

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Life

read all seven volumes of Proust's *À la recherche du temps perdu* and then go in search of lost time Olga Farman, Québec. learn to play a song on new acoustic guitar Martin Bercott, London. fly to Rome to watch Scotland's final Six Nations rugby match against Italy David Johnston, Bahrain. pick up my cooking skills and start living with my wife in our new home William Chen, Beijing. make the time to visit friends in Malta Chris Dudgeon, Hong Kong. see Foo Fighters live—Brisbane, January Michael French, Brisbane. earn purple belt in Brazilian jiu-jitsu Jim Currie, New York. walk away from life of luxury and relocate to London: in pursuit of the one I love Gerhard Botha, Johannesburg. live like a local in a new city Timothy Chan, Sydney. master the boleó in tango! Michael Lyons, Vancouver. finish 4,000-piece Lego Death Star with niece: help her blow up planets Todd Larey, Houston. 1. plan wedding day and two-month honeymoon 2. wait for big day to arrive Annemarie Creutzberg, Amsterdam. spend more time planning and cooking meals at home Kelli A Miles, DC. get Marrakech and Budapest off 'must visit cities' list Jeremy Coleman, Newcastle. get off the beaten track! explore the real London Rob Otty, London. walk the Camino de Santiago pilgrimage with my lovely newly graduated daughter as we anticipate my turning sixty Jim Repass, Houston. get fit again or at least give it some serious thought Shane Bilardi, Melbourne. watch as the sun rises over Haleakala Crater, with daughter and husband Katherine A Tapley, San Antonio.

To do

The sporting life

“IT HELPS TO BE SMALL AND FLEXIBLE AND ABLE TO BOUNCE BACK FROM THINGS”

Snow and ice

THE (ICE) HOCKEY PLAYER

Canada

Ice hockey is the fastest game on earth. You have to combine the speed of the game with the skill level required to control the puck: that's what makes it fun to play and to watch.

In the province of Quebec, it's common for children to take up hockey as their first sport. I was six years old when I began; I'm thirty-eight now, and I'm still playing the game with the same passion.

I won a national championship at sixteen and was drafted by the Moncton Wildcats to play in the Canadian Hockey League. I was there for three years, mainly with the Wildcats. My goal was to get into the National Hockey League, but it didn't happen, so that's when I decided to put more energy and effort into my studies. I went to Moncton University: it has one of the best hockey programs in Canada. We played games down in the United States against teams from Yale, Maine, Brown, and Dartmouth.

Ice hockey involves physical plays. I have encountered my share of injuries; I've had concussions, a broken arm, and a cut to my face that left a scar you can still see now. One of my teammates was skating in front of me and he was hit by another player, and when he fell on the ice his skate struck my face and cut my mouth. I had to undergo surgery to repair my lips and fix my teeth. It's just part of the game!

I'm a huge hockey fan. I follow all the scores, and I'm a big fan of the Montréal Canadiens. I still play once a week in a league.

I have a daughter who is four and shows no interest in skating. I also have a son. I hope that he will learn to skate in the coming months but he has to learn to walk first. It's inherent in Canada: you figure out how to walk and the second thing you have to learn is how to skate.

Vincent Dionne, Montréal

THE SKIER

The Netherlands

I've been skiing since I was six years old. My parents had no clue where to go but they wanted to give it a try, so they booked a ski trip through a travel agency and we ended up in Crans Montana in Switzerland. We are a family of four kids and we loved it so much we decided to make it an annual tradition. Next year marks our twenty-fifth anniversary.

I love the rough, rocky scenery of Switzerland. Zermatt has it all: a big, lovely ski area and a traditional Swiss town, which is totally isolated from the outside world: no petrol cars are allowed in. It's at the foot of the Matterhorn, one of the most beautiful mountains in the world.

In Europe, we have the Alps and I have skied in most of the Alpine countries: Switzerland, Austria, France and Italy. I haven't skied outside Europe. I've heard that in Japan the snow is so beautiful and so powdery and so different from what we have in Europe that it's a very beautiful experience.

I've been lucky—I hardly ever fall. I've had a few mishaps, of course. The latest was a year or two ago when, during really bad weather and in really powdery snow, the tip of one (or both) of my skis all of a sudden got stuck in some harder snow. I was moving at quite some speed when my skis came to a complete standstill, whilst I got launched. That was quite a tumble and was a bit frightening. I was wearing a helmet, so I was okay, but it certainly made me aware of the dangers of skiing. It makes you think twice about reaching speeds of sixty miles an hour or higher—which I still, sometimes, cannot resist.

I love being outside in a natural environment. I love the amazing views. I actually like the cold. And the fresh air, and the combination of exercise and fun. We do some great office ski trips.

Rogier De Haan, Amsterdam

THE SNOWBOARDER

United States

It's just fun. It's fun to go fast and fun to go off jumps. It's challenging when you get into steeper, more technical terrain, and it can be scary—but when you're done, it's exhilarating. The speed; and the fluidity of the turns.

I grew up in Idaho. I was an okay skier, but I wasn't great and I didn't like wearing ski boots, so in late high school I switched to snowboarding. It was extremely painful at first. The equipment wasn't good back in 1990. You wore your Sorels (which are just normal snow boots); the boards were stiff so you'd crash a lot; and there wasn't much instruction so you just had to learn with your friends.

I snowboarded through law school and then moved to Denver and got married. My wife and kids ski—the kids have been skiing since they were three. It helps to be small and flexible and able to bounce back from things. My son is going to stick with skiing but my daughter is going to try snowboarding this year—she's eight. We go to Arapahoe Basin, and my kids like Breckenridge and Keystone.

I'm part of a collectors' group; we collect old snowboards. I have around 120 that I keep in the house. I have some in the garage, some in the basement, some in the closets. I have a few prized ones hanging on the walls.

I got into collecting five years ago and I've joined a group I discovered on Facebook. It's mostly guys my age; we try to find all the stuff we wanted when we were young and couldn't afford to buy. Some people drive for hours—you find vintage snowboards in the most way-out places. You might find yourself meeting someone in the parking-lot of a grocery store at eleven o'clock at night to buy a snowboard!

We go to Baldface Lodge in Canada quite a bit. It's a catboarding operation in Spokane, near the town of Nelson. You helicopter in and do runs from a snowcat up there.

Bryon G Farnsworth, Denver

The guide

SAN ANTONIO

BY STEVEN D JANSMA AND TROY VANCIL

The writer Mark Twain famously said that there were only four unique cities in the United States: Boston, New Orleans, San Francisco and—welcome to San Antonio, a Texan city with Spanish roots and historic charm that has been three hundred years in the making!

WHAT TO DO

Remember the Alamo!

The Alamo's history is a story bigger than Texas itself. San Antonio was born in 1718 with the founding of the San Antonio de Béxar Presidio and the Mission San Antonio de Valero (now the Alamo). Although it started as a mission, the Alamo became a frontier outpost in the early 1800s when Spain mobilized its military into the Texas frontier in response to threats from French and American troops. It remained a military outpost into 1821, when Mexico declared its independence from Spain and took residence there as soldiers of 'La Compañía del Alamo', named for their hometown San José y Santiago del Alamo (El Alamo). In 1836, during the Texas Revolution, the Alamo, now a fortress, came under attack by the Mexican Santa Anna on March 6; nearly two hundred soldiers died defending the Alamo.

Today, the Alamo—one of San Antonio's five Spanish-era missions—is a huge tourist destination. Situated in the heart of San Antonio, it offers battlefield tours and summer camps and much more besides! The gift shop is always a popular stop, with coonskin caps in the style of American folk hero Davy Crockett and American and Texas flags documented as having been flown over the Alamo.

Explore the River Walk

San Antonio's River Walk is a world-renowned urban waterway dotted with eclectic shops, renowned restaurants, lively pubs

and luxurious hotels. Accessible by foot, bike or river taxi, the River Walk is made up of fifteen miles of sidewalks and paths, including stone walkways, bridges and staircases providing access to all points of downtown San Antonio including the museum district, King William Historic District and the Spanish missions. Guides known as Ambassador Amigos are available along the way to provide travelers with assistance.

Enjoy Fiesta

Fiesta San Antonio dates back to 1891. Held each April over ten days, Fiesta has been dubbed 'Party with a Purpose', with more than three and a half million people attending over a hundred events including parades, cooking events and music and cultural performances.

Plan ahead for the Tricentennial

San Antonio celebrates its Tricentennial in 2018 with a slate of yearlong activities, including Commemorative Week from May 1 to May 6. Kicking off the event will be a Day of Reflection in San Antonio's historic Main Plaza, followed by a Founder's Day gala and an Art for All celebration when, for a day, the city's museums, theaters and art venues will offer the public free admission. Legacy Day on May 5 will honor the contributions of the missions in San Antonio—the Alamo, Espada, San José, Concepción, and San Juan—as a World Heritage site. The celebration is slated to include five miles of musical entertainment between sites, culminating with fireworks.





WHERE TO STAY

The hip Hotel Emma

Right now, the hot place to be is the Pearl Brewery area, the twenty-two-acre site of a brewery which operated from 1883 to 2001. Hotel Emma is named for Emma Koehler, wife of former Pearl president Otto Koehler (who was murdered by his mistress—also named Emma—in 1914). Emma Koehler kept the brewery going during the Prohibition era by converting operations to dry cleaning and auto repair and making near-beer, ice cream and soda, keeping her entire workforce working while other breweries were shutting down.

The hotel, built in 1894, is the site of the original Pearl's Brewhouse and can be described as nothing less than absolutely, devastatingly cool. Whether booking a room in the original Brewhouse tower, with a private terrace view and fireplace, or in the Garret, a romantic retreat hidden under a corner cupola, guests enjoy eclectic touches such as handmade Spanish tiles, clawfoot tubs, rich leather sofas and four-poster beds. And who doesn't want to be welcomed with a La Bafia margarita?

A resort among the hills

Visitors who might want to take in a round of golf would be remiss not to check into the JW Marriott San Antonio Hill Country Resort & Spa. The resort has two eighteen-hole

championship golf courses, as well as a nine-acre water park complete with a rapid-river ride and lazy river. After a taxing day on the links, guests can retreat to Lantana Spa for relaxing treatments.

The historic Menger Hotel

The Menger Hotel claims to be the 'oldest continuously operating hotel west of the Mississippi'. Opened in 1859 by German businessman William Menger, the Menger was an immediate success, hosting US presidents and business tycoons. It was in the bar that Theodore Roosevelt recruited the Rough Riders cavalry brigade, the first voluntary cavalry in the Spanish-American War. But the Menger is also famous for being 'The Most Haunted Hotel in Texas'. It is said to be haunted by as many as forty-five specters from different eras and is a frequent stop on local ghost tours. If you fancy seeing a ghost, this is your hotel.

EATING OUT

Pearl Brewery eateries

Over the last four or five years, the foodie scene in San Antonio has exploded. There are two primary areas in town where you can find great restaurants and one of those is the Pearl Brewery complex. Among our favorites is Cured, which, and this won't surprise you, specializes in cured foods—everything from charcuterie to pickles. Also noteworthy is Boiler House, which



has an impressive patio and specializes in Texas ranch-style grilling; Southerleigh Fine Food & Brewery, which is described as a 'modern take on Texas' cross-cultural cuisine'; and Supper, which is traditional American guided by what is in season.

Southtown

San Antonio's Southtown area used to be rather rundown but over the last few years has become a restaurant center. Among the noteworthy restaurants is Bliss, a fine-dining restaurant serving contemporary American cuisine. Also worth a visit is B&D Ice House, a Southtown favorite since 1961, that specializes in Texas barbecue and craft beer. Patrons can choose between mouth-watering beef brisket, ribs, turkey breast, sausage and chicken and a host of sides, before finishing it all off with homemade banana pudding. It doesn't get more Texan than that.

Tex-Mex on the River Walk

Texas is known for its own take on Mexican cuisine branded Tex-Mex, distinguished from the dishes of other Latin American regions by the use of ingredients such as cumin, yellow cheeses and beef. Mexican eateries are plentiful along the River Walk; among our favorites is Ácenar HotMex/CoolBar, a modern Tex-Mex restaurant. The décor is as interesting as the food, reflecting restaurateur Lisa Wong's Mexican and Asian heritage. The tableside guacamole is not to be missed.

Mi Tierra: a San Antonio institution

Four generations of San Antonio's Cortez family have kept Mi Tierra Café y Panaderia (café and bakery) a destination for travelers and visitors to San Antonio's Mercado. Open twenty-four hours a day, every day of the year, the restaurant specializes in Tex-Mex fare and traditional Mexican pastries and candies, as well as shipping these delicacies nationwide.

NIGHTLIFE

Rooftop fun on the River Walk

The Paramour is a rooftop bar on the River Walk and is the place to be seen these days. The bar is the epitome of cool. It has special events, a menu crafted by a well-known chef (Jason Dady, who appeared on *Iron Chef*) and a champagne vending machine. Yes, at the touch of a button you can buy a personal bottle of Moët without having to wade through a line at the bar. Even their take on a dress code is cool: 'We won't tell you how to dress. But, Paramour is about style. So come in style.'

The Blue Box Bar

Back in the Pearl district, the Blue Box Bar is a popular choice. An in-house mixologist keeps the liquor flowing with an overall modern vibe thanks both to the hand-crafted drinks and the interior design.

The kitchen table

ENGLISH WINE ANYONE?

Jeremy Edwards

I retire soon (by the time you read this, I may have gone already) and have a few changes in mind. Kay and I have been looking into the viability of planting vines: we own what was once a vineyard by the river Fowey in Cornwall, on the far south-west edge of Britain. After a lifetime of work, who wouldn't relish the challenge of producing a drinkable bottle of wine in an adverse environment? Others have enjoyed success—in spite of the natural difficulties.

True, the first three Cornish vineyard owners we spoke to all recommended that we plant orchards and make cider. And, yes, it takes five years before you can hope to produce your first still wine; and between seven and ten years for a sparkling wine. But the point is—with time and dedication, it can be done. I can see it all now: the days to come are still; and sparkling.

'English wine?' I hear you cry—'where has that come from?' Let me give you a tour of its history. And a couple of recommendations.

What have the Romans ever done for us? Well, they introduced the vine to Britain: the climate in 43 AD is thought to

have been as much as 1°C warmer than today. With the spread of Christianity, wine consumption (for ceremonial use) rocketed. And when William the Conqueror turned up in 1066, along with him came a viticultural boom: the Domesday Book records 42 vineyards.

Move forward five hundred years and we plummet into decline—because of the dissolution of the monasteries in 1536; and the ease of transporting goods across the Channel from Bordeaux. We became skilled in importing, bottling and cellaring wine from the Continent.

Ray Barrington Brock led a revival in the 1950s, and there was a spike in the planting of vineyards in 1993. After that, more decline.

But in 2003 we had a phenomenally warm year, and by 2015 there were 500 vineyards producing five million bottles of wine from 2,000 hectares of vines. By 2020, we're anticipating ten million bottles of wine per year.

There are vineyards from North Yorkshire to Penzance and from Pembrokeshire to East Anglia. The south-east corner is awash with them. English sparkling

wines have won fifteen international trophies since 2000.

This resurgence is to do with a change in climate. The number of 'growing degree days' in the south-east last year was higher than in the Champagne region of France. Sparkling wines made from Chardonnay, Pinot Noir and Pinot Meunier grapes (the traditional French *cuvée*) can now be made equally well in Ebbsfleet. And land prices have shifted: agricultural land in Champagne is thirty-five times the price of land in the south-east of England.

A great way to explore English wines—and the countryside—is by going on vineyard visits. The best time of year is between late May, once the buds have burst and the vines are in leaf, and early September, before harvest begins. Dozens of vineyards open their cellars. One day ours will, too: you'll find us in the small village of Golant.

TRY THESE

Camel Valley Pinot Noir (a sparkling rosé)

Trevibban Mill Black Ewe (a still white blend of their organic grapes from their vineyard near Padstow in Cornwall)



SUPPER IDEAS TO GO WITH AN ENGLISH WINE

Squid in a pot

with a glass of Chapel Down (Kent) Flint Dry

I like ‘one-pot’ cooking, and now that I have practically adult children I love to do my version of an old Rick Stein recipe involving squid, chorizo and potatoes. I often do it late on a Saturday evening for whoever happens to be in the house, even if it’s just Tracy and me.

The original has smoked paprika; I use that but pep it up with chilli—dried or fresh, but it has to have a kick. Any large pan is good and a wok is perfect. Once you have opened a bottle of something cold—like Chapel Down (Kent) Flint Dry—and had a few glugs to get you in the mood, you briefly fry off the squid (sliced into rings), leave to one side, then put in some onion and chorizo and fry that for a few minutes. Meanwhile, parboil some potatoes (not too many, and don’t boil them for too long). Add the paprika and chilli and fry that with the chorizo and onion, maybe with a few splashes of wine (if you can spare it). I often throw in all sorts of other things that I find in the spice drawer—cinnamon; ground cumin; anything interesting. Put the squid back in, with a few sliced tomatoes. A bit of salt and pepper, stir in the potatoes, let those heat for a few minutes, then it’s ready, with some fresh coriander garnish. It’s good with some decent bread like a sourdough. Eat immediately.

JONATHAN BALL

Salmon with miso aubergine

with a glass of Litmus Element 20

Halve one aubergine. Slice the flesh into a criss-cross pattern, leaving the outer skin intact. Spread a teaspoon of brown miso paste over each half and into the cross-crosses. Roast for half an hour on medium heat. While that’s going on, scatter chopped red chillies, garlic, grated ginger and a little soy sauce over some salmon fillets, wrap in tin foil and roast alongside the aubergines for the last ten to fifteen minutes of the cooking time. Serve with pak choi, stir fried in a little sesame oil, with more chilli, garlic and ginger.

SARAH O’CONNELL

EATING OUT IN SÃO PAULO

Maní

A pioneer of Brazilian contemporary cuisine, Maní is known for its originality and simplicity. Chef Helena de Rizzo prioritizes local producers and changes the menu with each season. Everything is exceptional at Maní, but the *pupunha* (heart of palm) spaghetti and *lagostin fideuá* are to die for. For dessert, choose between ‘the egg’—egg yolk ice cream covered by a coconut foam and crispy coconut bites—and the traditional *brigadeiros*—chocolate balls made of condensed milk; or just order both. Maní is casual chic: good-looking people looking to have a good time.

Rua Joaquim Antunes, 210
manimanioca.com.br

Arturito

Paola Carosella (a *Masterchef Brazil* judge) heads the kitchen of the on-trend restaurant Arturito, recipient of the Michelin Bib Gourmand (recognizing ‘good food at a moderate price’). The menu combines organic Brazilian ingredients with classic Argentinian wood-oven cooking. Fresh, tasty vegetables, outstanding fish and perfectly cooked meat are always on the menu. The home-made *dulce de leite* is wonderful; try the tonka-scented panna cotta, with *dulce de leite*, orange zest and Brazilian cachaça—a personal favorite.

Rua Artur de Azevedo, 542
arturito.com.br

Frutaria São Paulo

The wellness trend is catching up in São Paulo, and Frutaria is a great example. Each of its units offers a selection of juices, omelets and salads, and açai bowls. Empório Frutaria, next door to the Vila Nova Conceição and Jardins branches, offers six types of açai and fruit bowl, with the option to add superfoods. Dishes include quinoa spaghetti with tomato sauce, and ricotta and seared tuna with banana puree and hearts of palm. Burgers and very good desserts are also on offer—and caipirinhas.

Av. Hélio Pellegrino, 100; 198 (Empório)
Rua Oscar Freire, 187; 433 (Empório)
Rua Bandeira Paulista, 327
frutariasp.com.br
emporiofrutaria.com.br/o-emporio

Astor and SubAstor

Astor is perfect for a happy hour spent catching up with old friends. It’s in the heart of São Paulo’s bohemian neighborhood, Vila Madalena, and serves the perfect draft beer (ask for a *chopp gelado*) and a great selection of Brazilian bar food. Go downstairs to find the ‘bar under the bar’, the jazzy, romantic SubAstor, with its award-winning bartenders and sophisticated music. Two environments in one and you can’t go wrong with either. Go up for a cold beer or down for an exquisite cocktail.

Rua Delfina, 163
barastor.com.br and subastor.com.br

Restaurant critics: Camilla Arno Sant’Anna (Maní and Frutaria)
and Diego Brandão (Arturito and Astor), São Paulo



A Style guide

TO TREASURE TROVES

IN WHICH WE CELEBRATE THE SIMPLE PLEASURE AND EXTRAORDINARY DELIGHT OF FINDING—OR FINALLY BEING ABLE TO AFFORD—TROUSERS, DRESSES, BAGS OR SHOES CREATED WITH THE UTMOST CARE AND SKILL BY A DESIGNER. EVERYONE WHO THINKS ABOUT STYLE HAS A TALE TO TELL.

A STORY OF LOVE FROM PARIS

I love dresses, so when I one day randomly walked into a petit shop in the Marais called Ambali, I felt I was in heaven. The designer, Mikako Ishii, creates collections that combine elegance, luscious femininity and perfect cuts. My favorite Ambali dress is a black vintage-inspired lace dress with a silk belt. It was love at first sight! I was just walking home, I saw it in the window and I knew it was mine, even if I had absolutely no need for a new dress and no special occasion.

Anne-Laure Bernard-Bouissières | [Paris](#)

A BERTAGNOLLI TALE, SET IN PARIS AND NEW YORK

It still amazes me that one of my best friends is a designer. I met him in Paris years ago; he works for Dior now but he was an independent designer when we first met. He has his own vision. I, too, have my vision and identity—I know who I am.

When I lived in Paris, we used to go shopping for fabric at the Marché Saint Pierre. The colors alone were intoxicating. I loved to stroke the fabric—the double-faced cashmere, bouclé, wool jersey. I used to go to the fabric shops which sold the remnants of the couture houses' previous season and imagine all the items that could be made from them. One year, my friend surprised me and made me a long, fitted, black wool coat which was Edwardian and avant garde all at the same time. That's entirely my style and who I

am! To have someone 'get' you and create something specifically for you is amazing.

In New York, I was always scouring the once ubiquitous vintage shops and the thrift shops. I once found a very pretty, Vera cotton lilac-and-white front-wrap skirt with a multi-tiered black cummerbund for \$3.99. (Vera Neumann was a popular 1960s American designer, known for her use of color and her silk scarves.) I used to wear this skirt with a lilac ribbed-cotton V-neck, black fishnets and black kitten-heel pumps, and a lilac 50s Coro necklace. I was wearing this ensemble one summer day when I ran into Saks, and a sales associate literally jumped out from behind his counter to approach me and tell me how he just loved my skirt and how wonderful I looked. Oh, and by the way, the Vera skirt also had a Saks label! What a score!

Patricia Bertagnolli | [New York](#)

A STORY ABOUT SHOES AND GROWING UP, FROM JAPAN

The port of Yokohama started operating in 1859 and was one of the first ports the Japanese government permitted to open for international trading. I was raised in Yokohama and, until recently, lived there for most of my life. My mother and other ladies around me were all big fans of Mihama shoes. I decided that when I became a grown-up I, too, would own a pair. Mihama makes and delivers made-to-order shoes and it was started in Yokohama in 1923. The famous Japanese writer Naoya Shiga and the composer Rentaro

Taki were their customers. Today, most of their shoes are mass-produced. I still love them, with their chunky heels and round toes. I own several pairs.

Yui Ota | [Yokohama](#)

AN OLD IRISH TALE OF ‘A PAIR OF LEVIS’

I discovered a pair of Levis at a consignment shop in Galway, Ireland, two months into my five-month study abroad. I had arrived with only one suitcase, and by that point in time every item of clothing I had brought along with me was annoying me. These jeans, however, were perfection—worn-in, ripped, and best of all (really) cheap. They made everything else in my suitcase better, from boots to T-shirts. And they made me look far cooler than I am. I loved them.

Sarah E O’Connell | [New York](#)

A DREAM OF FLOWERS AND BUTTERFLIES FROM CHINA

I first encountered Anna Sui in college. Her clothes were new in the China market and I loved the richness of color and imagination in the design. Charming, yes, that was my first impression. Mysterious purple, noble black, flowers, butterflies and crystal stars all brought together in one elegant outfit: the perfect dream of, maybe not all girls, but girls like me. A great outfit can make you stronger: I believe in that idea. Beauty has strength and magic.

Chen Jingxian (Saki) | [Shanghai](#)

THE STORY OF A SCHOOL SACHEL FROM CAMBRIDGE

As an expatriate living in Paris, I’m rarely caught without one of my wonderful—and quintessentially British—Cambridge satchels. They are personalized, they are affordable, they are timeless! I remember my mother’s response when she saw my purple satchel, and how she got excited and started sharing flashbacks of her own school years and her satchel. It was equally as symbolic for my grandmother. I had decided to get one after hearing the

story behind the brand (and after seeing Alexa Chung carrying one during Fashion Week). The Cambridge Satchel Company was created by Julie Deane at her kitchen table, working alongside her mother; it was created purely as a solution to financing education for her children.

Nicola Berry | [Paris](#)

AN OSCAR-WINNING SCREENPLAY OUT OF NYC

I was searching for a gown for a black-tie dinner at the old Rainbow Room. After looking in every department store in New York, I went to Barney’s. And I found a floor-length, black silk, one-shoulder gown by Richard Tyler on crazy sale for \$650—more than I had ever spent on an item of clothing, except for my wedding gown, then or since. I wore it: and so many people told me it looked like an Oscar red-carpet gown. I still have it, but sadly there’s no picture of me actually wearing it.

Judith Archer | [New York](#)

A JAPANESE SNOOPY TALE

My two best friends and I have matching T-shirts from Uniqlo’s Ginza store in Tokyo (it’s got fifteen floors and is one of the largest stores in the world). Our T-shirts are black with a small picture of the cartoon character Woodstock (from the Snoopy series) embroidered on the pocket. We bought our husbands matching T-shirts.

Jennifer Brightling | [Tokyo](#)

A TALE OF TWO ANGRY CATS, AT LARGE IN EUROPE

When my sister chose me as her bridesmaid two years ago, I wanted to wear the right outfit: original, but also low-key to fit the role. I had found the perfect bustier jumpsuit but something was missing. This is when I came across the Cosmoparis angry cats. Walking down the aisle, the guests would see two smart cobalt blue pumps; and from the back, two cat faces would watch them with ruffled whiskers, an infuriated look, and pointy teeth. My son, Oscar, is a big fan of my

angry cat shoes—as, I’ve found, are quite a few other people. You think I’m purring? Watch out!

Janice Feigher, [Paris](#)

AN ANNA SUI STORY FROM THE HEART OF TEXAS

I have a beautiful Anna Sui black mouton fur jacket that I bought for absolutely nothing at a funky resale shop in Austin. It was one of those instances where they simply didn’t realize what they had, and the lining was ripped so I bought it for under \$20. I took it to a seamstress and she mended the lining and I wear it whenever I want to feel sassy and luxurious. I like to wear it in an unexpected way—usually with a pair of jeans and heels and a white men’s button-down shirt.

Michelle Lyons | [Houston](#)

THE TALE OF MOURET AND THE PINK DRESS IN LONDON

One Sunday, in September, I cycled round to Wandsworth Common; I was on a mission to find, with just days to go, a dress to wear at Tina Glover’s wedding, and I had decided to see whether the Trinity Hospice charity shop—on a small parade of shops edging the Common—might have some glorious vintage piece. If not, I would wear black; my wardrobe is full of black, and I love the colour. But to a wedding?

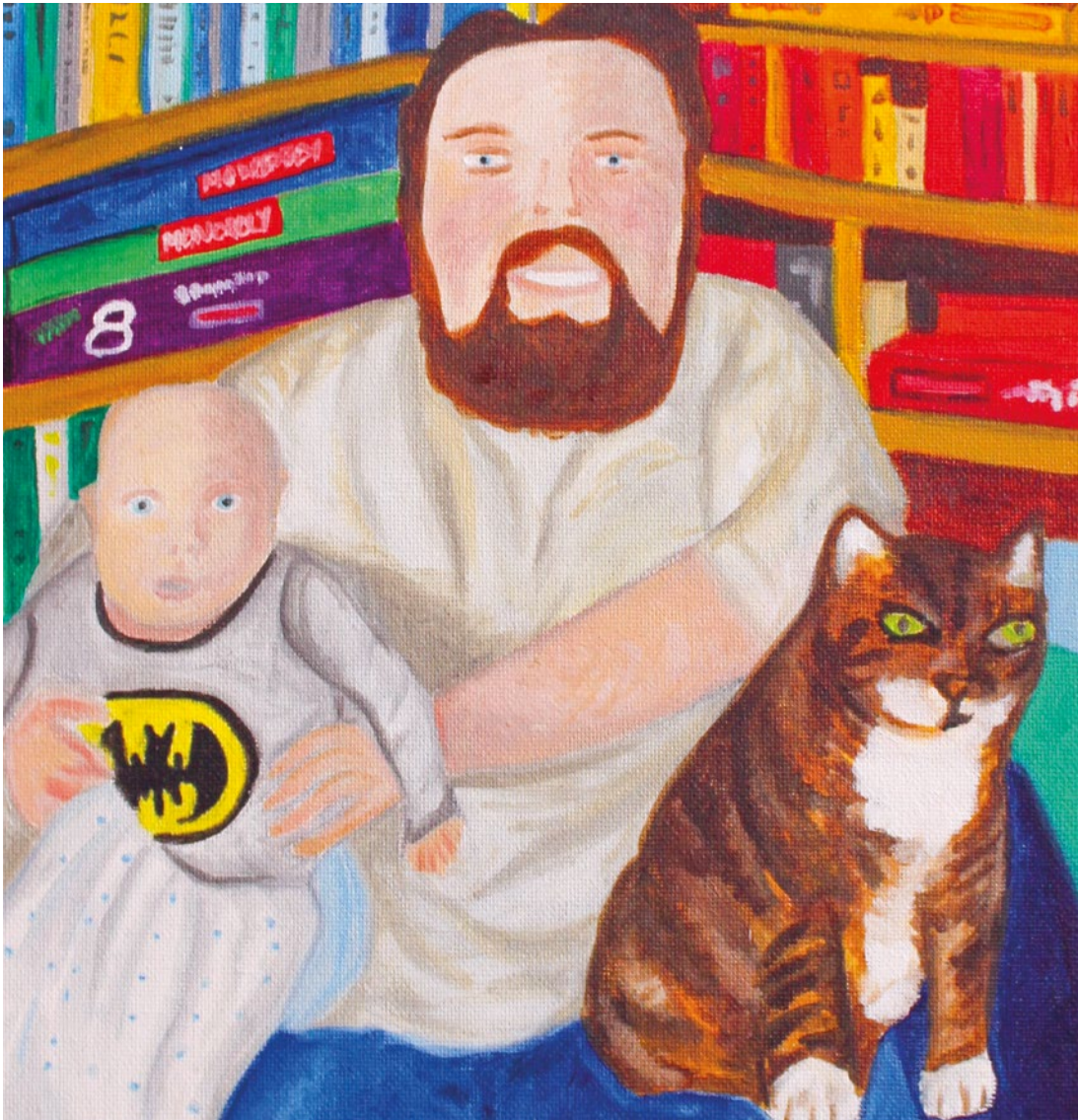
No joy with the hospice shop. As I walked back to my bicycle, I passed a place with gorgeous clothes in the window. I had never seen it there before. It turned out to be a designer resale boutique selling one-off designer items at knockdown prices. Thirty minutes later, I came out with a long pink Roland Mouret dress, cut edges, slanted hems, it flows and drapes and glides, and I love it. And I wore it to Tina’s wedding, despite the chill autumn air and the thunderstorms on the day.

I had never heard of Roland Mouret. The shop assistant said she would write it on my hand, so I could remember to tell people.

Nicola Liu | [London](#)



In your face



I studied art all through school but hadn't picked up a paintbrush for years, not until last year. Now I go every Saturday to Putney School of Art in London. I painted this (in oils) from a photograph I took while visiting

my friend Fran in Edinburgh. This is Fran's family: Calum, Arlo (the baby) and Marple (the cat). The painting is in their home now. HENRIETTA SCOTT



I surround myself with art. I have always lived in the Philippines and used to work at the Art Circle Gallery in Manila. I was there for three years, meeting interesting people, learning new

techniques. This piece was created digitally. It is inspired by an 1889 oil painting by Vincent van Gogh called *The Starry Night*. DANICA CUNA

Which?

Which is the best season? We asked three writers to convince us. Then we asked you to do the same, in fewer words.

SHAMIM RAZAVI, JAKARTA

Ours is a simple life here—not four seasons but two: Wet and Dry. No slow transition from one to the next but an abrupt switch. A brooding sky that breaks out thunderous; a storm that one final day just peters out.

The Wet brings, counter-intuitively, a drop in the cloying humidity that has given us months of the pervasive moisturisation that must be the secret to our soft skin and dashing good looks. It is almost as if the slick sheen is drawn out of the air onto the ground—a ground that appears smooth and rubbish-free for the first time in months. Post-storm air feels cleansed; the particulates and smog have been washed away with the floods. And what floods! Jakarta sits on saturated swampland and when the deluge runs off the surrounding mountains there is

nothing to absorb it, and so roads become rivers, and houses (often those of the city's poorest) are heartbreakingly swept away.

The Dry is more forgiving. When that blessed last downpour falls—in late March—it leaves behind a springtime of sorts. You might find the constancy of the Dry monotonous, but that is to forget the multifarious visual tones: the country here is perma-green but in those first days and weeks the green seems to pop brighter, lighter, *emerald*. And so begins another endless 'summer': a steady 29 degrees Celsius, bright at 6 a.m. on the dot, suddenly dark a sharp twelve hours later. We continue in this way without a drop from the skies until October—when military green takes the place of emerald.

I may look back on the crisp winters of my childhood and its fleeting-but-glorious summers, but here, today, give me my Dry any day.

All of them! I love the MOUNTAINS.
Winter: can't wait to go on ski tours.
Spring: time to get my mountain boots out, go for the first hike. Summer: great for long tours on high mountains.
Autumn: look at the trees, the colours.
Alexandra Preising, Munich

To answer this, one must choose between golf, preserves, love, harvests, theater, beaches, hurricanes, New Year holidays, colds, mosquitoes and forest fires.

Pierre Cimon, Québec

Winter is the best season because it's cold, rainy and miserable. The cold makes it the warmest, since you spend warm moments with loved ones. The rain makes it the driest (in a good way!), since you stay indoors and lose yourself in the rhythmic sound of raindrops against the window. And the misery makes it the merriest, since you drink more and enjoy lots of laughs with friends.

Kofi Mundy-Castle, London

FEZEKA MBATHA, DURBAN

Picture a season which gives you hope and allows you to marvel at nature’s ability to show beauty whilst she is falling apart. Autumn is that time of transition which allows you to enjoy your life without it being too hot, too cold, even too embellished with spring’s flowers.

The Autumn equinox knocks on your door and asks you to take her hand on a journey across familiar territory.

The leaves are falling from the deciduous trees, but they’re not just falling; they are shedding and making space for new leaves—greener leaves, and healthier leaves. In that moment, the tree looks bare, almost unappealing. It’s that same current unappealing state of the tree that gives you hope: you know that new leaves will soon emerge after a much-needed pruning process.

Autumn’s ability to make growing pains look graceful makes Autumn the very best season. Autumn is able to make leaves fall from trees without the strong gust of winds tearing them down. Autumn allows the sun to shine on your skin without the harshness of the summer sun. And Autumn is a natural artist, blending red, yellow and brown with the sun’s rays peeking through the sky.

And when she leaves you, she leaves you in anticipation of your next encounter with her.

JOSEPHINE MELTZER, AMSTERDAM

Rain, rain, go away. Come again another day.

And then the rain stops, just for a while, and the sun comes out and slowly warms the still crisp, fresh air. I love the moment when spring arrives because I know what lies ahead.

In the blink of an eye, the dark moves over and lets daylight take control, like a scene from an old movie. The length of day rapidly increases and the suddenly golden streets fill with people.

It is out on those same streets where people no longer hurry to get from A to Z but take a second to take a breath and say hello to the person standing next to them while they wait for the traffic light to turn green.

Spring is the season when nature comes back to life in an explosion of sound and colour. Spring is the promise of warmer days to come, the promise that the dark days will pass once again.

And when that rain comes again, because it will, welcome it with open arms. After all, April showers bring May flowers.

Summer. Paddle-boarding on the lake on a sunny day is bliss.

Chantal Ouimet, Montréal

Autumn: that quiet time where everything pauses after the long days of Summer to take a deep breath before the Winter cold starts to bite.

Crae Garrett, Calgary

Summer

Crisp morning, no breeze

Bathers towel sunnies keys

Narrow sandy track, beware of sleeping dugites

Sprint to the Indian Ocean, plunge straight in

Float splash sink swim, catch a wave or two

Sun-dried refreshed and ready for the day, are you?

Samantha Maddern, Perth

Playlist

DAVID JOHNSON HONG KONG

David Johnson was born into a family steeped in Jamaica's sound system culture. He grew up in Kingston and New York City and for the past twenty-three years has lived in Hong Kong. His musical influences are diverse and can best be described as '70s Brooklyn. After a lifetime of singing and clubbing (semi-retired), David has settled into his current incarnation of lay musicologist.

Illustration by Ivan Maslarov

KÖLN PART I

Keith Jarrett

Keith Jarrett: The Köln Concert, 1975

This is Keith Jarrett's sublime response to anyone who ever pointed to a piano and said: "Play something for me". This, the second of his series of totally improvised solo concerts, moved me to tears the first time I heard it. It may not be his best work—he prefers the Vienna concert—and it's not even his work that I now like the best (listen to him on the Impulse label with bandmates Dewey Redman, Charlie Haden and Paul Motian) but this was my introduction to him and it blew me away. The playing is excellent—inventive and expressive. He takes us all on an exploration of his instrument and his genius. Do you hear him humming along and yelping with the melody? That brilliance, passion and freedom always inspire me.

SO MUCH TROUBLE IN THE WORLD

Bob Marley and the Wailers

Survival, 1979

Bob Marley's talent was his ability to understand and eloquently express the plight of the less privileged. In his music you can hear the anger, defiance, confidence, humor and religiosity that defines much of the Jamaican experience and that is shared by so many across the world. I react strongest to Bob when he is being an activist and this song starts off his most overtly militant album. It doesn't get much radio or party play but it's good for a thoughtful Sunday afternoon listen. I wore it out in my teen years as my political consciousness took shape and it still keeps me grounded today as so many of the themes he covered are sadly still all too relevant.

"Men sailing on their ego trips
Blast off on their space ships
A million miles from reality
No care for you no care for me..."



FOR ALL WE KNOW

Donny Hathaway

Roberta Flack and Donny Hathaway, 1972

This jazz standard from the Great American Songbook was first published in 1934 and it has since been covered by dozens of great singers. But I love this version by Donny Hathaway not only because it was the definitive version of my youth but I thought that he more than sang it, he meant it. There was a poignancy and urgency to his delivery and his spare piano accompaniment served only to highlight the vocals. Had one not known the provenance of the song, you could easily have thought it was his. And it felt even more so when he ended his life a few years after its release. A tender reminder of love's immediacy. Tomorrow may never come...

DIXIT DOMINUS

George Frideric Handel

Dixit Dominus, The Sixteen Choir & Orchestra, Chandos, 1991

I spent much of my youth singing in various boys' choirs, which has led to a lifelong love of classical music (the 2014 Dustin Hoffman movie *Boychoir* was a great walk down memory lane—be warned, it's not a particularly good film). This piece was one of my favorites to sing. It was fun and lively, reflecting the fact that Handel was only twenty-one when he wrote it. Sadly, I didn't get to sing it until I was in the bass line; I would have loved to have sung this as a treble. I learned it in Latin and it was a couple of years before I thought to read the Psalm (110). That's when I found out that my favorite movement—the seventh—was the most depressing part of the song. Who needs Megadeth when you've got this: "He shall judge the nations, fill the places with destruction, and shatter the skulls in many lands."

MOVE YOUR BODY

Marshall Jefferson

Move Your Body, Trax Records, 1986

Sometimes all a song says is "Hey, get up, it's time to dance." Few do it as effectively as this early house classic from Chicago that filled floors in the late '80s (no matter how tired you were, when this dropped you always found something extra) and still gets dance fans smiling. The genre has exploded, but whenever someone asks me, "What is house music anyway?," I start them here. 120 bpm at its finest.



The moving image

MAYA GOPAKUMAR IN CALGARY TALKS ABOUT MOVIES

I grew up in India. I was five when my dad took me to see my first movie and I am pretty sure it was *Anjali*. I can still remember crying on his lap (it's a very sad film). As with every other teenage girl in India, Shah Rukh Khan was my heartthrob when I was growing up. Now, I'm an IT analyst and a movie fan and I live in Canada; I came here when I was twenty-six. Good movies come down to the script, the casting and the director.

AN ARTHOUSE MOVIE

Wes Anderson has such a distinctive visual style. The first film I saw by him was *The Royal Tenenbaums*. Then there are the others—*The Life Aquatic*, *Grand Budapest*, *Moonrise Kingdom*, *Darjeeling Limited*. Each film has a consistent colour palette. The music also sets all his films apart.

The Grand Budapest Hotel
dir. Wes Anderson [2014]

The Grand Budapest Hotel is one of the most visually pleasing movies I have ever seen. And every character in this movie has far more depth than you would assume at first.

When non-Indians think about Bollywood, they think of a movie with non-stop fighting and dancing that lasts for three hours. Not all movies coming out of India are like that.

Lipstick Under My Burkha
dir. Alankrita Shrivastava [2016]

This movie has sparked a lot of controversy. Censors rejected the certification and made derogatory remarks like 'the story is lady-oriented, their fantasy about life'. It's certainly not your typical

Bollywood movie. The film focuses on the lives of four women in India who rebel against social stereotypes and the conflict between their dreams and the vested interests of a patriarchal society; all of this is there in the narrative without any reservations and with no unnecessary cinematic liberties or melodrama—unlike many recent movies dealing with the same issue (leaving aside Leena Yadavs's riveting drama *Parched*). The word 'Burkha' represents the veil over feminine dreams; it in no way targets or aims to hurt the religious sentiments of the Muslim community.

A MOVIE FOR ALL THE FAMILY

Anjali
dir. Mani Ratnam [1990]

Mani Ratnam is a brilliant director from south India. He gets wonderful performances from his actors including, in this Tamil-language movie, the three-year-old girl who plays Anjali. The film is a heartbreaking tale of a family with a secret, a little girl who is ill, and conflicting emotions in the family and the community.

Despicable Me
dir. Pierre Coffin, Chris Renaud [2010]

I am obsessed with minions. *Despicable Me* is simply hilarious. The movie is a highly entertaining animation with one of the sweetest villains ever, three adorable little girls and a group of adorable minions.

The Secret World of Arrietty
dir. Hiromasa Yonebayashi [2010]

I watch every single Studio Ghibli film; they create magic. This

film has a great cast, and great characters. The script (by Hayao Miyazaki) is full of adventure and emotion. A must-see for animation fans and fans of anime.

DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME ON THIS ONE

Battleship
dir. Peter Berg [2012]

After watching this movie, in which 'A naval war ship encounters an alien armada and faces the biggest threat mankind has ever faced', my only reaction was, 'Why did I watch this movie?' Poor casting and atrocious plot.

Bridesmaids
dir. Paul Feig [2011]

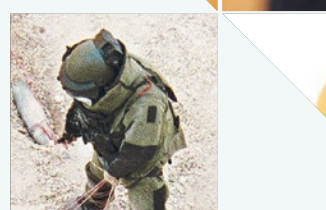
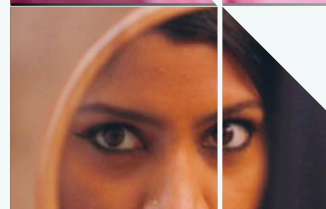
I went to see *Bridesmaids* with friends; I had seen the high ratings, so I gave it a shot. What a mistake. The humour, the plot, the script—a ten-year-old must have put it together. Dull and full of clichés.

American Hustle
dir. David O. Russell [2013]

David O. Russell is one of my favourite directors. I loved *The Fighter* and *Flirting with Disaster*. But *American Hustle*—despite the presence of a talented cast which includes Amy Adams, who gives an effortlessly charming performance—just doesn't have enough intrigue to keep you entertained. A plodding, convoluted mashup of countless crime dramas.

MY GUILTY PLEASURE

It has to be romantic movies. I could give you a list. *Ten Things I Hate About You* would be on it. And *Silver Linings Playbook*.



Amélie

dir. Jean-Pierre Jounet [2001]

Whether you're in love with French cinema or simply want to go on a warm and quirky ride, you'll find something to enjoy about *Amélie*. There's such pleasure taken in the simplicity as well as the complexity of life. The soundtrack by Yann Tiersen is beautiful. Listen to 'La Valse D' Amélie' and you'll see what I mean.

A Lot Like Love

dir. Nigel Cole [2005]

This has everything: an interesting and original plot, narrative tension, and a good soundtrack—I became a convert to the music of Aqualung. If every girl could find an 'Oliver', the world would be perfect.

Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind

dir. Michel Gondry [2004]

You won't understand this movie when you watch it for the first time. You need to watch it again. Jim Carrey is at his finest; Kate Winslet is terrific also, but that is to be expected. The definition of love: it's crazy, it's beautiful, it can make you feel like the happiest person alive, and the worst. You can't just erase it.

OUT OF MY COMFORT ZONE BUT BRILLIANT

Anything related to war but particularly World War II is hard for me to watch.

Schindler's List

dir. Steven Spielberg [1993]

A masterpiece. It resonates with beautifully crafted drama and a narrative that leaves you in tears because of the soul-touching greatness of an imperfect man. Impeccably directed and acted.

The Hurt Locker

dir. Kathryn Bigelow [2008]

'War is a drug.' These words appear on screen near the start of *The Hurt Locker*. If this were a cable drama I would watch it week after week, religiously. It centres around a *Lethal Weapon*-type bomb expert stationed in Iraq after a tour in Afghanistan who takes on every variation of explosive imaginable. A cinematic gem; you won't want it to end. When it ends, you'll be like, man, it's over, now what?

A ROMCOMSee *MY GUILTY PLEASURE***A CLASSIC TO BUY AND KEEP AND WATCH ONCE A YEAR**

I love *The Lord of the Rings*; and *Casablanca*. But my vote is going to an Indian movie.

Devdas

dir. Sanjay Leela Bhansali [2002]

Experience Bollywood with one of its best movies: 'a grand saga of timeless love!'

I thought I would never see a classic being made in modern times. How wrong I was. *Devdas* has hauntingly beautiful music, lusciously luxuriant sets, a velvety look and feel, and a mind-blowing cast and director. Sanjay Leela Bhansali is a genius. Shah Rukh Khan is a legend in the same mould as Amitabh. The final scene will forever be etched in my memory.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES**Mindhunter**

dir. David Fincher et al [2017]

When I watch TV series, I get distracted easily. *Mindhunter* is the first series I have been glued to.

I finished it without checking texts or WhatsApp or Facebook during a single episode. Both its pacing and cinematography are top-notch. It was created by Joe Penhall and there's fabulous tension created with just words: very little blood. The material is disturbing. I say this even though I love movies like *Silence of the Lambs*. The show feels more like the movie *Zodiac* in its approach—but ten times better.

MAYA'S LIST**Great directors**

Wes Anderson

Sanjay Leela Bhansali

Hayao Miyazaki

Mira Nair

Mani Ratnam

Ridley Scott

Analkrita Shrivastava

Steven Spielberg

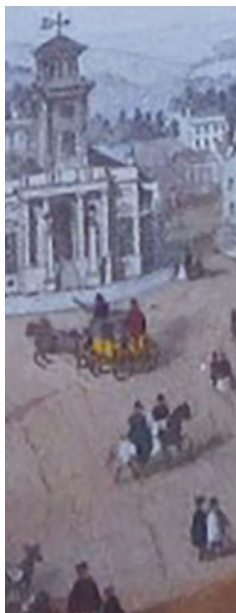
Quentin Tarantino

Alejandro González Iñárritu

Great films*Devdas**Dil Chahta Hai**Good Will Hunting**Mouna Ragam**Silver Linings Playbook**The Hurt Locker**The Machinist*

Bookshelf

STEPHEN PARISH IN LONDON ON THE BOOKS THAT TRACK HIS LIFE



HISTORIC WORTHING

CHRIS HARE

I was born in Worthing on the south coast of England and spent the first eighteen years of my life there. Not a lot happens in Worthing, but this book is subtitled 'The untold story', so I was looking forward to discovering what I had missed. Worthing in the eighteenth century was 'a hotbed of riot, lawlessness and civil strife'; this sits a little uneasily with its reputation now as a place that many people retire to. History is always much more interesting when you can relate it to a location that you know well.



THE SCRAMBLE FOR AFRICA

THOMAS PAKENHAM

I travelled overland across Africa from top to bottom after I qualified as a lawyer and am still fascinated by the impact that European colonialism has had on this extraordinary, vibrant continent, whether in the context of religion, schooling or bureaucracy. This account of the dividing-up of Africa appeared in 1992 and I bought it that same year. In the 1850s, David Livingstone called for Africa to be redeemed by the three Cs of Commerce, Christianity and Civilisation. We should hang our heads in shame.



MARGARET THATCHER

CHARLES MOORE

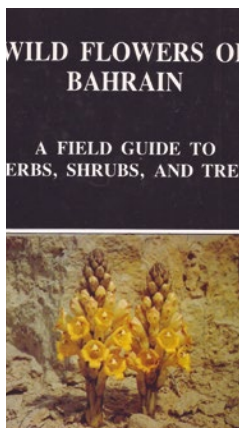
Most people in the UK have strong views about Mrs Thatcher. She broke the mould of British politics and demonstrated that 'a grocer's daughter' could overcome sexist and class-ridden prejudices and rise to the top of British politics. This biography charts her rise and fall; it proves that a fierce determination to achieve what you believe is right can overcome any number of obstacles. When I was growing up in Worthing, you could never have imagined the time to come of Thatcherism, nor the legacy that she would leave behind.



HOW TO RUN A MARATHON

TONY BENTON AND KEVIN MACKAY

I took up jogging whilst living in Bahrain and became obsessed with running. I set myself a goal of running a marathon in under three hours and I achieved it in 1988: 2 hours, 57 minutes and 9 seconds! I have now run ten marathons. You see, even someone with rather modest physical capabilities can reach an impossible goal. I have a whole library of books on marathons but this one, which does not take itself too seriously, is one of my favourites.



WILD FLOWERS OF BAHRAIN

DIANA PHILLIPS

We lived in Bahrain for nearly seven years and look back on our time there with great fondness, because of the people we met and because of the environment. This book shows the herbs, shrubs and trees which survive—and thrive—in this beautiful part of the world.



THE AUSTRALIANS

ROBERT GOODMAN AND GEORGE JOHNSTON

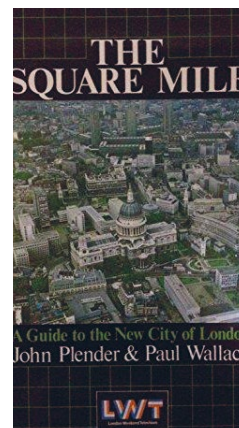
As a young man, I spent nearly a year working in a bar in Sydney, and I can relate to this fascinating account of Australia's pioneering and can-do spirit. This book was published in 1974; the cover alone shows that. Australia has come a long way. I hope I have, too.



GUILDFORD VIA COBHAM

HOWARD MALLINSON

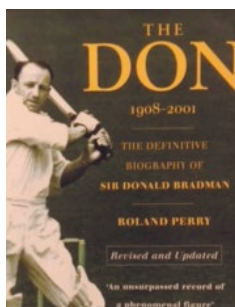
I have spent thirty years commuting into London on this country railway line, travelling in each day at my ease in a sardine can. The line was originally resisted because it ran too close to Claremont, a favourite residence of Queen Victoria. But someone somewhere succumbed.



THE SQUARE MILE

JOHN PLENDER & PAUL WALLACE

This 1985 account showed how the various strands of the City of London combined to create arguably the world's greatest financial centre. There's plenty of historical narrative and a very readable description of the institutions. Every inch of this Square Mile is my patch, where I started out.



THE DON

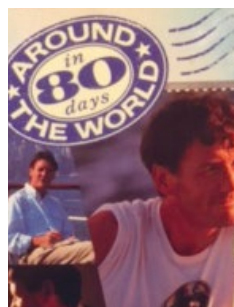
ROLAND PERRY

Was the Australian Don Bradman the best cricketer of all time? Probably. He was certainly a cricketing phenomenon. I have always been passionate about cricket, so this is not the only book on the subject that I possess.



MEDITERRANEAN HOUSE

We bought a rundown house in Provence fifteen years ago. It provides us with a fantastic bolthole (and one which we will increasingly escape to) in a beautiful part of France. This book furnished us with ideas throughout the restoration process.



AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

MICHAEL PALIN

Michael Palin writes: 'The compulsive urge to travel is a recognised condition. It has its own word, dromomania, and I'm glad to say I suffer from it.' So do I. Travel has given me endless pleasure. May it never end.



STEP BY STEP VEG PATCH

LUCY HALSALL

It amazes me how much time, effort and expense is involved in producing some really rather meagre fruit and veg. This book will show me how, in years to come, I can become self-sufficient in the agricultural department.

SP is the outgoing global chair of Norton Rose Fulbright. He retires in 2018.

The poet

...I lie sleeping with one eye open,
Hoping
That nothing, nothing will happen.

MARK STRAND

1934-2014

“I think the reality of [a] poem is a very ghostly one”, Mark Strand—Pulitzer Prize-winning author and former United States poet laureate—said in an interview for *The Paris Review* in 1998. “It suggests, it suggests, it suggests again.”

To understand the truth of that, consider the title poem in his first collection, *Sleeping With One Eye Open* (published 1964). The speaker lies in bed ‘saddled with spooks’, watching the ‘fishy light’ of the moon slide across the floor and ‘Hoping / That nothing, nothing will happen.’ There is something childlike, and universal, in that feeling of mid-night dread; for who has not, at some time in her life, lain uneasily awake in the witching hour, troubled by unspecific horrors.

Many years later, Strand told the radio program

Weekend America that he could no longer remember what he was thinking of when he wrote the poem in 1962. It spoke, he said “to a certain anxiety I experienced back in the early ‘60s. I was afraid the United States would go to war...I think it’s a poem surrounded by a great deal of silence.” It is in this silence, this ‘beyondness’, that the reality of the poem resides, as elusive and as powerful as the night terrors it describes.

The effect of Strand’s poetry is similar to that of the paintings of Edward Hopper. Strand originally planned to become a visual artist and published several volumes of art criticism. “So much of what occurs within a Hopper”, he wrote in 1994, “seems related to something in the invisible realm beyond its borders.” In the celebrated painting *Nighthawks*, three customers and a waiter in a harshly lit all-night

diner are viewed from the dark street outside. Strand points out that the trapezoid sides of the diner window through which we look slant off to a vanishing point beyond the canvas, propelling us past the tableau which momentarily absorbs us: “[w]e are not drawn into the diner but are led alongside it”. The scene suggests narrative possibilities which carry the viewer beyond what she sees.

Strand liked to be mystified: “it’s really that place which is unreachable, or mysterious, at which [a] poem becomes ours, finally, becomes the possession of the reader.” Meaning, then, is personal, and mutable, and not enforced by the poet.

Alexandra Howe, New York.

With thanks to Elsa Stern, for introducing me to Mark Strand.

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Elizabeth Speller

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

First person

Howard Seife

New York

I don't think you would recognise me from my college days. I had a lot of hair.

They filmed *The Way We Were* with Barbra Streisand and Robert Redford at Union College in my last year, and we got to be extras. If you watch the Prom scene carefully, you can see me dancing. I picked a very short girl to dance with, so I'd be visible next to Barbra. They made us clean up for the movie, so I have a short haircut and I'm clean-shaven. This big bushy head of hair which I had through college landed on the barber's floor. It was worth it to be in the movie.

My major was Latin American studies. I went abroad twice to study: one semester in Bogotá, Colombia, and then in Seville, Spain. Anything to get out of the winters in Schenectady, New York.

Yonkers was an interesting city to grow up in. It's an old city on the Hudson River; it was the location for *Hello Dolly*. Now, I live just north of New York in a town called Larchmont. It's on the water on Long Island Sound. It was originally a summer community for the rich so it's got beautiful housing, turn of the century. It's a wonderful small community.

I've been married for thirty-six years. My wife and I were introduced by Katie, a friend of mine from Georgetown (we were at law school together). Katie and I were both big baseball fans—New York Yankee fans—so we had a trip planned to go and see the Yankees in spring training in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. But at the last moment the third person, my college roommate, had to back out, so Katie invited her

old Penn roommate, Amy, to join us. Amy had absolutely no interest in baseball, but I think she was secretly interested in getting to know me better. So she joined us; we went to a lot of baseball games and then did a roadtrip down to the Keys, and that's when our romance took off.

I still go to baseball games. I can't get Amy to go now. But my boys like baseball. And my daughter. Occasionally.

Soon after we got married, we moved to Brooklyn. Our daughter was born while we were in Manhattan but she started school in Brooklyn. We were in the Park Slope area and we had a brownstone—with tenants in the basement, so it helped financially.

We lived for a while in London. I studied at the LSE and worked with a US law firm and my wife worked for J Henry Schroder. We lived off the Edgware Road, north of the Marble Arch. We had a company townhouse. It was a great life.



People I got to know personally
realized quite quickly that
I wasn't a secret agent

College days were pretty wild. I was very much a part of the anti-war movement. I don't think a month went by without a demonstration or a march in the streets. Vietnam was the centrepiece of university life. In my first weeks at college we were camping out to shut down the Reserve Officer Training Corps. I'd be staggering into my classes half asleep because we were up all night trying to protest the programme.

We all spent a lot of time discussing what we would do if we were drafted. It was very hard to get a deferment as a conscientious objector; you'd have had to take the position you were against all wars. That would have been hard for me.

Emotions were running very high. Friends were getting drafted; people were getting hurt. It was a difficult time.

I wouldn't have traded it for any other time.

I love going to the theatre. I love live performances.

Mark Rylance is my all-time favourite actor. We saw him in *Twelfth Night* when it came over to the States. He was unbelievable. Saw him in *Jerusalem*, brilliant. He inhabits the role, there's nothing quite like it. And then when you see him at the Academy Awards, he's just a brilliant guy.

We go to the opera once a year but that's it.

I listen to a lot of jazz.

Bob Dylan probably did deserve to win the Nobel prize; his use of language is quite remarkable. I try to see him every year when he tours through New York.

In February, I'm going to see Bruce Springsteen when he plays at a small theatre on Broadway, about 800 people and just him on stage. I worked really hard to get those tickets.

In the old days I would take a real vacation, disappear. Now I find it virtually impossible to shut down completely. I do it a bit when we go up to Martha's Vineyard in the summer.

I would never retire to Florida. Florida doesn't interest me. I'll retire to New York.

I do a lot of open water swimming. You can't take your phone with you when you're swimming. Every year I do a four-mile charity swim across Long Island Sound. I wear a wet suit for that because I could be in the water for two hours, so it gets a bit chilly.

I read all the time. I read at work. I read at home. I read on the train.

My wife writes short stories and is the managing editor of *The Westchester Review*. Amy Ralston Seife. I go to her for book recommendations. She tends to know what works for me.

My daughter is an editor; she writes, too—she wrote a tribute guide about the Hunger Games which became a *New York Times* bestseller, and she's had some poems published. And she's just had a baby—our first grandchild. It's all very exciting.

My sons are pursuing their own paths as well. My youngest is an independent film-maker and my older son is studying for his doctorate in clinical psychology.

The current state of politics in the United States irritates me greatly. Every day it's something new, a new surprise. But I'm hopeful. The United States is very resilient. We just need to stay focused.

South America is beautiful. You can read about a place but until you're there and experience it for yourself you really don't know what it's about.

I went into the Peace Corps after college; I lived in a small town in the countryside in Colombia. When I was there, the drug trade had not yet become the problem it became. The issues were more political. It was a time when every American in Latin America was suspected of being an agent of the CIA, it was



the time of Allende in Chile, so there was enormous suspicion about me as an American and what this thing was about the Peace Corps—“Why are you here? You’re here to spy on us, aren’t you?” People I got to know personally realized quite quickly that I wasn’t a secret agent.

I was young and probably a little foolish so I wasn’t daunted by being off on my own in the mountains of Colombia. I do remember my mother being very concerned; one of the few times I actually saw her break down and cry was when she said goodbye to me at the airport when I took off for the Peace Corps.

My father died twenty-four years ago. He died relatively young, seventy-three. He was a very robust guy, very active, a serious table tennis player, and then he came down with Parkinson’s disease. It was very difficult to watch that deterioration. There were also elements of dementia. It was a gradual process, and then he got pneumonia and died. The ultimate months were very difficult, seeing him in the hospital with all these extraordinary measures being taken to

keep him alive. I always thought he would get better; but he never did. So it really gave me a perspective on taking these heroic measures.

I think that informed the approach my wife and I took to her mother, who died a short while ago. She stayed in her own home and we had hospice care and, at least in my mind, that was a better approach.

Howard Seife, New York City

Global head of bankruptcy, financial restructuring and insolvency, Norton Rose Fulbright
Executive Committee member, Norton Rose Fulbright
Fellow, American College of Bankruptcy
Member, International Insolvency Institute
Co-chair, INSOL International, Group of Thirty-Six
Chair, INSOL International Latin America Committee
Mediator, U.S. Bankruptcy Court, NY Southern District
Arbitrator, U.S. District Court, NY Eastern District
LLM, London School of Economics and Political Science, 1983
JD, *cum laude*, Georgetown University Law Center, 1978
BA, *cum laude*, Union College, 1973

Interview by Ingeborg Alexander

200 words

ON SINGER/SONGWRITER TOM PETTY

Martin Bercott, London

Tom Petty made his mark in music capturing unfiltered and honest feelings in memorable songs. From the album *Damn the Torpedoes*, ‘Here comes my girl’ delivers the real—extreme—emotion of a young, restless man. Verses start downcast and, extraordinarily, turn exuberant. Through the unmistakable Petty drawl, we hear this man’s dissatisfaction with life. ‘Every now and then I get down to the end of the day, I just have to stop and ask myself “what have I done?”’ Thoughts turn to his girl and downbeat is transformed: ‘...and then she looks me in the eye and says “we’re gonna last forever” and you know I can’t begin to doubt it’. Petty climbs the musical scales and the delivery gets faster until the words merge. But is that desperation seeping through? Is this girl all this man has to hold on to? Probably, and he’ll take that, as the chorus affirms, ‘...here comes my girl. Yeah she looks so right. She’s all I need tonight.’ My own many attempts at singing this song always collapse in laughter, as the exuberant build is so difficult to replicate.

Tom Petty died in October of this year having completed a 40th anniversary tour.

RE A MAGAZINE OPEN TO NEW PERSPECTIVES

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Publisher

Laura Shumiloff

Magazine editor

Nicola Liu

Creative director

Robbie Pattemore

Picture editor

Ivan Maslarov

Guest assistant editor

Michelle Lyons

Arts editor

Alexandra Howe

Re: writers

Ingeborg Alexander

Patrick Bracher, Johannesburg

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Natalia Mushinska, Moscow

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Dan McKenna

Claire Poole

Laura Shumiloff

Digital Re:

Clement Lehembre

Editorial assistant

Zoe Wood

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Jonathan Ball, London

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Contributing artists/photographers

Ivan Maslarov, London

Henrietta Scott, London

Thank you

Pierre Cimon, Québec. Crae Garrett, Calgary. Samantha

Maddern, Perth. Kofi Mundy-Castle, London. Chantal

Ouimet, Montréal. Brian Nutley, Houston. Alexandra

Preisning, Munich. Houston. Our To Do contributors.

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Helen Bogie, London. Jason Bush, London. Leanne

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Kiran Radhakrishnan, Newcastle. Manuela Sforza,

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Featuring

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and

Saki Chen, Shanghai

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Camilla Arno Sant'Anna, São Paulo

Philippa Wilson, London

Alice Vuong, Sydney

Victoria Zhuravleva, Moscow

External contributors

Danica Cuna, Manila (GSC)

Gary Heery, Sydney

Graham Long, Sydney

and with thanks to

Lee Cooper, The Wayside Chapel, Sydney

Andrew Henderson, Pencil&Pixel, Sydney

Elizabeth Speller, Cambridge

Contact the Editor

nicola.liu@nortonrosefulbright.com

The Editor, RE:, Norton Rose Fulbright LLP,

3 More London Riverside, London SE1 2AQ, UK

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Back streets

PRIVATE VIEWINGS OF CITIES, AND STREETS, NEAR YOU.
DUBAI, 2015. PHOTOGRAPHS BY IVAN MASLAROV OF SOFIA.





Coda

THE DAVID JOHNSON MIXTAPE

Introduction to a Mighty Theme & Warya | [Joe Zawinul](#) | *My People* (1996)

Smile Jamaica | [Chronixx](#) | *Chronology* (2017)

Bless the Telephone | [Kelis](#) | *Food* (2014)

Please Pardon Me (You Remind Me of a Friend) | [Rufus & Chaka Khan](#) | *Rufusized* (1974)

Moving Down the Line (Don't You Go Away) | [Raphael Saadiq](#) | *Stone Rollin'* (2011)

Hard Times | [Baby Huey](#) | *The Baby Huey Story* (1971)

Mi congo te llama (Joaquin 'Joe' Claussell remix) | [Eddie Palmieri](#) | *Africa Caribe* (2011)

Apache | [Incredible Bongo Band](#) | *Bongo Rock* (1973)

I'll Play the Fool | [Dr. Buzzard's Original Savannah Band](#) | *Dr. Buzzard's Original Savannah Band* (1976)

Was that All it Was | [Jean Carne](#) | *When I Find You Love* (1979)

To Be Invisible | [Curtis Mayfield](#) | *Sweet Exorcist* (1974)

RE:
LOOKING OUT NOT IN

