



re:

*Open to new ideas*

A Norton Rose Group magazine  
Issue 2

RE:  
WORK  
A NARROW PILGRIMAGE TRAIL  
FOR LOVE OF GOLD  
THE SICHUAN EARTHQUAKE  
THE PHOTO ESSAY: SANTU MOFOKENG  
LIFE

love spins gold, gold, gold from straw

Carol Ann Duffy



# A MO MAKETH THE MAN

NORTON ROSE GROUP IS PROUD OF ITS MEN. NOT LEAST MIKE FROM CALGARY, WHO YOU SEE BEFORE YOU. ALL THROUGH NOVEMBER 2011, MIKE CULTIVATED HIS MOUSTACHE, ALONG WITH DEDICATED MO-MEN IN TORONTO, OTTAWA, PERTH, SYDNEY, LONDON AND RIGHT ACROSS THE GLOBE. BETWEEN THEM, THEY RAISED MORE THAN US\$70,000 FOR MOVEMBER. THANK YOU, MIKE! THANK YOU, MEN OF NORTON ROSE GROUP!

## MOVEMBER

Raising vital funds and awareness for men's health, specifically prostate cancer and other cancers that affect men.

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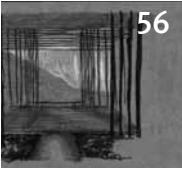
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**T**hank you for your many kind comments after seeing the first issue of *Re:*, launched last June. I like hearing from you and have kept tabs on all your ideas. This second issue has much in it for you to enjoy, when you get a moment. Why not start from the back, with Ivan Maslarov's photographs of Hamburg? Back Streets is a new column in the magazine: it gives us a slant on life in one part of the world and is your own private viewing in your own streetside gallery. Let me know what you think.

The third issue will be out in June 2012. See you then.

*The Editor*

# Letters to the Editor

WOW! This is truly an amazing magazine... I had one thought – perhaps it would be interesting to have an interview with...

**Norman Steinberg, Montréal**

Should you require any assistance with Sydney going forward, I will be happy to assist.

**Danielle Funston, Sydney**

Much the best magazine that has been produced. Really global in outlook.

**Sir David Lewis, London**

I took *Re*: to the pool with me the other day... I enjoyed reading the Q&A with David Burnand. I think that the “old guard” is the soul of a law firm.

**Felicia Kohn, Milan**

To hear David Burnard’s experience across a lifetime was wonderful. So was Sally Macindoe’s account of the struggle to balance work and home life.

**Nicky Howard-Ravenspine, London**

An amazing achievement. The Burnard interview was very moving.

**Sean Twomey, Singapore**

First class.

**Peter Burrows, Moscow**

I am a director of the MAC AIDS Fund. Its current spokesperson is Lady Gaga. If there is any interest in an article on the Fund, I would be pleased to put you in touch with the right people.

**Ian A. Ness, Toronto**

The water article was well written but it’s a topic that really has been overdone now on a global scale.

**Ian Bear, Durban**

I’ve read *Re*: cover to cover, riveted by the different perspectives from different parts of the globe. I’m a teacher now and I’ll be taking the magazine into work for other staff to read.

**Laura Harvey, Ex Norton Rose Group**

I very much enjoyed the first edition. Two thoughts: 1. We need to make more copies available or at least have an on-line version. 2. I would make the contributors more prominent.

**Mark A. Convery, Toronto**

*To find Re: online, go to [nortonrose.com/about.us.Ed](http://nortonrose.com/about.us.Ed).*

What an amazing idea. It brings all the branches (and the world) together.

**Thea Steyn, Johannesburg**

## OBITER DICTUM

Latin, deconstructed, in case of need

---

blandae mendacia linguae

**The lies of a flattering tongue:** a warning against silver-tongued advocacy.

---

bona fide(s)

**Good faith.** Sometimes translated as ‘in good faith’ (an offer in good faith).

---

bona vacantia

**Goods without an owner** which then belong to the State. The assets of a corporation wrongly deregistered may revert to the State until the company is re-registered.

---

brutum fulmen

**An innocuous thunderbolt,** used by (the Roman natural philosopher) Pliny the Elder in the sense of an empty threat.

---

cadit quaestio

**The question falls.** The argument has reached a point where there is nothing more to be said. The question is answered.

---

caveat emptor

**Let the buyer beware.** This phrase has less immediacy in this age of consumer protection legislation.

---

compos mentis

**Of sound mind.** (As opposed to *compost mentis*.)

---

contra bonos mores

**Harmful to the moral welfare of society** and therefore unenforceable in a court (such as an agreement to commit a crime).

---

cuius est solum, ejus est usque ad caelum et usque ad infero

**Whoever owns the land, owns it up to the heavens and down to the core of the earth.** In an age where mineral rights are often owned by, and airspace controlled by, the State, this maxim has become an over-simplification.

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# RICHARD CALNAN ON JURISPRUDENCE

In 1913, Professor Wesley Hohfeld of Stanford University wrote an article in *The Yale Law Journal* called “Some Fundamental Legal Conceptions as Applied in Judicial Reasoning”. He followed it up with another article four years later, by which time he had become a professor at Yale University. He died the following year. He was 38.

Everything to do with the law is to do with legal relationships. Hohfeld’s contribution to jurisprudence was to demonstrate that the word *right* encompasses a number of concepts; and that, in order to avoid confusion, it is important to differentiate between the various ways in which the word is used. He carved up rights into four separate concepts, which he called *rights*, *privileges*, *powers* and *immunities*. And he did the same for their paired correlatives, which he divided into *duties*, *no-rights*, *liabilities* and *disabilities*. I am going to talk here about what Hohfeld had to say about *rights* and *privileges*.

Two examples will illustrate his position. If you owe me £100, I have a *right* to receive £100 from you; and you have a *duty* to pay me £100. I only have that *right* because you have the corresponding *duty*.

I might then say that I also have a ‘right’ to walk down the street. But this ‘right’ is of a different kind. Nobody has a ‘duty’ to allow me to walk down the street. It is simply that, in general, no-one has the ‘right’ to prevent me from doing so. Hohfeld considered that this very different legal relationship required a different expression to describe it. I do not have a ‘right’ to walk down the street. What I have is a *privilege* (now described as a *liberty*) to do so; and you have *no right* to prevent me from doing so.

Why is this distinction important? Breaking down what were commonly described simply as *rights* and *duties* enables us to see clearly how legal relationships between people are established.

Take an example. People in the public eye demand their right to privacy. The press stands by its right to freedom of expression. Who wins?

The answer will vary across legal systems and times. But Hohfeld enables us to analyse the conflict clearly. The ‘right’ to freedom of expression is not a ‘right’ at all. It is a *privilege*: a *liberty* which exists, as a matter of law. I don’t need to justify to you my freedom to write what I want to write. Equally, you have *no right* to prevent me from saying what I want to say, and, should you want to stop me, you need to point to a legal rule which limits my *liberty*.

The ‘right’ to privacy is of a different kind. You do not have a ‘liberty’ to be private. You need to find a specific legal rule which prevents me from prying into your affairs.

This is important, because it demonstrates that the *liberty* of freedom of expression is the default position, and that any limitation on it (in my view a dangerous thing) requires a particular intervention by the law. Freedom of expression and privacy are not equal. Freedom of expression will win unless the law intervenes to limit it. That changes the balance of the discussion, and that is one of the reasons why we still need Hohfeld almost a century on.

“I don’t think you can really understand how the law works without understanding Hohfeld”

Next time: *Lord Devlin*.

#### Richard Calnan

Richard Calnan has been with Norton Rose Group since 1975. A banking partner in London, he is also a Visiting Professor at University College London and a Special Professor at the University of Nottingham.

# Introducing Sun Zi

法者，曲制、官  
用、主用也。

故曰：知己知彼，  
百战不殆；不知  
彼而知己，一胜一  
负；不知彼，不知  
己，每战必败。

THE LAW MEANS THE  
PRINCIPLE OF LEADERSHIP,  
ORGANISATION AND  
MANAGEMENT.

IF YOU KNOW YOUR  
ENEMY, AND YOU KNOW  
YOURSELF, YOU WILL WIN  
EVERY BATTLE. IF YOU  
KNOW YOURSELF, BUT  
NOT YOUR OPPONENT,  
YOU MAY WIN BUT YOU  
MAY LOSE. IF YOU KNOW  
NEITHER YOURSELF NOR  
YOUR ENEMY, YOU WILL  
ALWAYS FACE DEFEAT.

In 770 BC, the power of the Zhou rulers in ancient China was in decline. Formal, civilising rites of behaviour were disintegrating. Music had all but disappeared. The kingdom of the Eastern Zhou splintered into hundreds of small, autonomous states.

A succession of wars tore apart Chinese society; in the period from 722 BC to 464 BC, there were only 38 years without conflict. The leaders of these warring factions were not constrained by any kind of ethical or moral code

and neither were many of their followers. In the midst of this chaos, the philosophers and thinkers – Confucius, Lao Zi, Meng Zi among them – began stating a few opinions.

Sun Zi was one of them: he was a warrior and philosopher, and he wrote *The Art of War*, a classic Chinese text familiar to most Chinese people.

Sun Zi lived during the Spring and Autumn era in China, almost 2,500 years ago.

In this extract from *The Art of War* (taken from near the start of his account), Sun Zi demonstrates, in a graphic, shocking fashion, that war is a matter of life and death. Once that fact is understood, all – from the leader down to the individual soldier – will be motivated to win.

---

**Dr Dong Zhicheng** works for Qinghua University and the Confucius Institute for Business London, LSE. He teaches Chinese at all levels to students from Norton Rose Group in London.





**K**ing He Lu rules the kingdom of Wu. He has a powerful neighbour – the Chu kingdom over to the west – and is aware that it is a growing threat. Sun Zi tells the king that he can train his weak, enfeebled army to overcome a strong military force.

To test Sun Zi's capability as a commander, the king challenges him to turn a group of spoiled, soft women in the royal palace into a fighting force. Sun Zi divides the group into two troops and appoints a woman at the head of each: the king's favoured concubines, in fact. He explains the instructions and commands the exercise to begin. The women do nothing; they stand there and laugh. Sun Zi proclaims the order again, to the sound of drums, but again the women just laugh.

Sun Zi then says, "If the instructions and words of command are not clear, not distinct, or if the orders cannot be thoroughly understood, then the general is to blame; however, if the commands are clear but the soldiers disobey, then it is the fault of the officers." (Si Ma Qian, 109 BC, the Records of the Grand Historian). He immediately orders the execution of the two women.

Once the two concubines have been beheaded, Sun Zi appoints another two women as the head soldiers. From that moment, the women troops of the royal palace follow his orders respectfully and without hesitation.

---

Retold by Dong Zhicheng

# The Q&A

## Claude Brunet

“Renaissance man”

Your whole career has been about safeguarding intellectual property. Does that make you an intellectual? It's a very good question. As I grow older I am more and more interested in intellectual thought. I find that lately I have been reading more from philosophers. When I read a newspaper I will skip the news and go to the analysis; so, yes, I think that there may be something in that: the function creates the man. The people that I meet, my clients, are all from the arts world, so that must have an influence on me. But I don't think that I can consider myself to be an intellectual really. Not yet.

A true intellectual is one who creates ideas. I'm an intellectual capitalist: I amass what other people think but (except in my own little specialised area) I do not think that I have had a contribution to the world of ideas.

There are books that have certainly had an influence on me. One example – this of course comes from my hippy days – is a book by Herbert Marcuse called *L'homme unidimensionnel* [*One-Dimensional Man*] the theory of which is that the system will design eventually a human being which will have no other function than being a consumer. It's a frightening thought, but if I look at the world around me it seems to be going in that direction.

What is going to happen to the creative arts? There's trouble, isn't there? Yes and no. The short answer is that the creative arts will always be there and will always be important. That I think is a given.

Having spent all of my professional life surrounded by artists (I represent performing artists, writers, composers, choreographers, film directors), all of these meetings confirm to me what Marshall McLuhan said of artists: that these people are not looking ahead, they're looking backwards from a position which is in the future.

There will always be that breed of human being that will be creative.

How are they going to live?

Very very poorly. More and more with difficulty. This is where I become passionate.

John Coleman has described you as 'a wonderful human being'. Why do you think he said that?

That's flattering. He probably thinks that I have what is known as people skills. That may come from the fact that I am a volunteer at an organization called Suicide Action Montréal, and I find that I do something that lawyers usually do not do, which is, I tend to listen. I have empathy for what people will be saying, even my opponents in a file.

My type of litigation is very specialised. I present myself in front of the Copyright Board of Canada where the tariffs of royalties to be paid by users of copyright material are debated. It is a demanding exercise for everybody. It is also an intellectual challenge, a puzzle. Though I do think I have what people refer to as the killer instinct of the litigator, it is helpful to see where the opponent may have a point, because, if he has a point, that is not where he is vulnerable. So you say, okay, I will not attack here,

because on this particular turf he may be right; but if he's right *there*, he is certainly wrong *here*, so let's go here.

What kind of person becomes a lawyer?

It has to be someone who has analytical skills and probably someone who's a bit of a linguist. The tool of the lawyer first and foremost is language, and so a lawyer who doesn't master the language is probably not a very good lawyer.

What advice would you give someone setting out in their career in law?

Do not treat any aspect of it as being irrelevant to your future career. Law is formative in all of its aspects. I, for example, regret not having been through the patent agent exams. I do copyright, and copyright is a magnificent area of law. It brings me untold pleasures. None the less, I think I would be a better intellectual property lawyer if I had gone through the patent agent exams, because the protection of intellectual property also comes from that aspect.

What has been the best of times for you?

It sounds arrogant but I've been happy all my life. But the pleasures vary. When you're a kid and you're eating cotton candy, it's pure pleasure. I'm not sure that as an adult you would even think of buying the stuff. But as an adult you may like oysters. So tastes evolve and I think that taste for happiness evolves as well.

At the beginning of my career, there were moments where I was in awe at what the world was sending me. Just a short while ago I was in front of the Supreme Court of Canada. I don't know whether it is luck,



but, for whatever reason, I've had many, many great moments.

**What is it like to be a lawyer when you pass 50?**

I'm not sure that 50 is more important a milestone than 40 or 30. But as you move along your career surely things do change. I find that past 50 (or maybe it is past 55) I no longer take any bullshit. I don't take bullshit from others but mostly I don't take bullshit from me.

We all have these stories about ourselves and we invent excuses and we picture ourselves in certain ways, and there comes a time of reckoning: that is not me. That excuse is not valid. You are not that strong. You are not that good in this area. When you *prove* yourself, I think you become much more efficient.

The one thing that I would not want to do is to become such a realist as to have no dreams.

I have lately begun to think of all those things that I would still want to do – and not casually: things that I would like to be passionate about. My choice is not made but the thing that reassures me is that I know that there are a lot of things to be passionate about.

---

Claude Brunet began his career in the 1970s as legal counsel to the Composers, Authors and Publishers Association of Canada. He co-authored the 1976 Keyes–Brunet report on copyright law. Claude Brunet is a partner with Norton Rose Group and head of the Canadian copyright and entertainment practice.

---

Interview by **Ingeborg Alexander**  
Photograph by **Alan Michon**



**What others say**

a genuine renaissance man with consummate people skills

*Malcolm McLeod*

one of the very best lawyers in copyright in Canada

*Danièle Boutet*

a wonderful human being

*John Coleman*

a charming intellectual

*Patrick Kierans*

a bubbling spring of all things cultural

*Judith Robinson*






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# Rooftop of the world

Words by *Nicola Liu*

Where do you go to  
stand on the rooftop  
of the world, and what do  
you see when you get there?

Bhavisha Panchmatia can tell you. She followed in the footsteps of Bhagwan Swaminarayan across the foothills of the Himalayas, a journey that he made when he was just 11 years old, more than 200 years ago, and that she retraced, in part, when she was 34. He carried nothing with him – but he was a master of *Ashtanga* Yoga (eight-limbed yoga, the highest form there is). She took hiking boots, walking poles, rucksacks, energy bars and close companions. Oh yes, and jeeps. To get them past the landslides and through the rains of the late monsoon.

The road curves up and around and again up and around the edge of the hill, until all the land falls away to the side with only the occasional line of railing between you and a slow gentle collapse over the edge and down, to somewhere unthinkable. The drivers are very good, but they'd have to be, because the jeeps (more like vans, by the sound of it) got stuck in landslides, in the dark, in the rain, and a van belt broke; and coming down from the last mountain the brakes went, and they would have gone over the edge if there hadn't been a hut at the side of the mountain and a stretch of sand that took hold of the wheels and stopped them. An Indian army colonel who saw the whole thing said that anywhere earlier on the track and they would have died. Instead, while the brakes were being fixed, the men joined some local boys playing a game of cricket and Bhavisha and the other women went in search of a washroom. Near-death experiences are often that way. Far more prosaic than you would imagine.



The sun rises over Badrinath

*Bhavisha Panchmatia*



Leaving Gangotri

Bhavisha Panchmatia

When you walk the Himalayas, it's as well to have your pockets filled with a supply of loo paper and tissues. At night, in the lodge, there's no point worrying about hot water in the showers or the odd spider, not as long as the food is good. And theirs was good. Bhavisha travelled in a group of six women and twelve men – all of them volunteers from Europe's first traditional Hindu temple, the BAPS Shri Swaminarayan Mandir in London – and they brought with them two cooks and a guide.

This begins to sound like a package. But it wasn't, not in that synthetic, commercial, sealed and delivered sense. No. It was a pilgrimage. A *yatra*. And at every step of the way there were temples (*mandir*), and at the top of the mountain – but before we get to the rooftop, you'll want to know how it began, and why.

Bhavisha is a Hindu and every week she goes to the Swaminarayan Mandir. A year ago she married Jayesh and settled into that rhythm of work and home that we all know so well. Becoming a respectable married woman is surprisingly liberating, for some, and for Bhavisha it freed her to reflect on the wide world and her place in it. A year later, she flew to New Delhi and two days after that set out on the 12-day *yatra*, across Uttarakhand. Jayesh stayed behind to tend to the home.

At five in the morning, while Jayesh was still sleeping, Bhavisha was walking through the dark, cool streets of a village in northern India, setting out on the path toward the mountain of Yamunotri as the sun rose and caught the snow-covered peaks and slid down to the rice fields. Bhavisha climbed step by step up the mountain, electing not to be





Waiting for the way to clear

Bhavisha Panchmatia

carried in a basket by one of the carriers or to sit in a palanquin held aloft by four men at the service of the weak, the infirm and the weary. Yamunotri was the first mountain. The air grows thin as you climb and the higher you go the colder it gets, until it's freezing.

To go on a *yatra* is a privilege not given to everyone (and that's not a comment to do with material wealth, it's more to do with the path your life takes and the way your destiny unfolds). After Yamunotri their path took them to Gangotri, source of the River Ganga, the goddess who gave life to all of India.

The third mountain, Kedarnath, was the highest (3584 metres above sea level). Bhavisha sat on a mule for half the climb, stopping often for *chai*, the milky spiced tea of India, served up at small huts along the way.

This was a pilgrimage, and there were other pilgrims passing the same way, but nothing like as many as the vast number of people they found when they reached the top of the fourth mountain, Badrinath – when they arrived at the rooftop of the world – to say their prayers at the *mandir* they found there. Below them, far away, was modern India; some small distance away was

Nepal; over there was China. And here, where they were, was the reason people make this pilgrimage. To arrive is all; but only because of the journey, all the jokes and conversations and tribulations they had shared. Bhavisha says this experience will stay with her the whole of her life.

When Bhagwan Swaminarayan walked these mountains, he did so to liberate souls, to create a meeting place for the sacred and the mundane. When pilgrims pass this way now, they do so for penance, or physical exertion, or for self reflection, even discovery of self.

Bhagwan Swaminarayan's journey, across 8,000 miles from one end of India to another, took seven years. Bhavisha had to go back to work after 16 days. All pilgrimages have to come to an end, eventually. Otherwise, how do you know what you have learned about yourself?



Annie Boyd must know herself pretty well by now. She has walked the *caminos* to Santiago de Compostela in Spain three times, twice alone and the last time with a companion. In fact, Annie Boyd is tremendous. Sit up, ladies, and take note. She walked, on her own, from St Jean Pied de Port in France and across the length of Spain, taking 28 days to reach Santiago, when she was 55. And she loved it.

So did James Bagge, another pilgrim with a *camino* passport full of Santiago stamps. He made the pilgrimage to this ninth-century tomb of the Apostle James six years ago, and he found it so extraordinary an experience that he, too, wants to return and set out again.

You find “a life within a life” on the road and you learn how simple, and enjoyable, life can be. You cannot carry anything – or no more than you can physically carry – and all you have to do is put one foot in front of the other and just walk. Walk across the Massif Central and over the gruelling rise of the Pyrenees. Walk as some latter-day Don Quixote along the escarpments of Spain lined with windmills and through the green, wet, beauty of Galicia. Walk through the big cathedral cities of Pamplona, Burgos and León, every placement of the stick “a tear of benediction”.

Decent walking boots are a good idea. And maybe an extendable walking pole. But one of the many sayings that exist around Santiago is that “the staff – or the stick – will find you”. No need to worry, then; and no need to fear how it might feel to walk constantly just with your own company. It made Annie feel adventurous, and exhilarated. She found she could get on with some thinking. The first walk was 900 kilometres and she covered 30 kilometres a day. It’s tough going. The first day began with 17 kilometres straight up a mountain. But then that was what attracted her to the idea: the physicality of it. Things happen as you walk, of course, and your mindset changes, you have to behave “more like a pilgrim than an athlete”. You learn to accept (not expect).

In the tenth century there were four traditional pilgrim routes to Santiago. Now there are more than a hundred across Europe. Annie has walked the *Camino Francés* (and on to Finisterre – the end of the known world); the *Camino del Norte*; and the *Camino Primitivo*.

One of the greatest things for her – apart from all the French and Italian and Brazilian and Spanish and English and Swiss people she met along the way (and Annie is Australian) – was arriving in time to attend the pilgrim Mass at midday at Santiago Cathedral. You sit there, hundreds of you, all pilgrims together, and monks start pulling on ropes to swing a large incense burner, and then nuns start singing, and it is just extraordinary.

James had another take on that. He says there's something fundamental about a pilgrimage. He walked for 63 days; then he arrived, looked around, thought maybe his arrival deserved to be heralded in some way, and realised that thousands of pilgrims pass through Santiago and he was just one of them: one fortunate man, privileged to have had this chance.

◇ ◇ ◇

What is *pilgrimage*? A state of mind? The journey? Or the destination?

The English artist and potter Grayson Perry says that the modern pilgrimage is the one we make to art galleries and museums the world over. His exhibition, *The Tomb of an Unknown Craftsman*, at the British Museum, recreates a pilgrimage. He explored the Museum's full array of objects, from which he created his own idiosyncratic collection, adding some of his own artworks and, at the centre, the *Tomb*: a ship holding all of life as Grayson Perry sees it, made for a voyage to the afterlife.

“The relationship between my personal themes and obsessions and the vastness of world culture as represented in the British Museum is like a narrow pilgrimage trail across an infinite plain.”

◇ ◇ ◇

Where do you go to stand on the rooftop of the world, and what do you see when you get there?

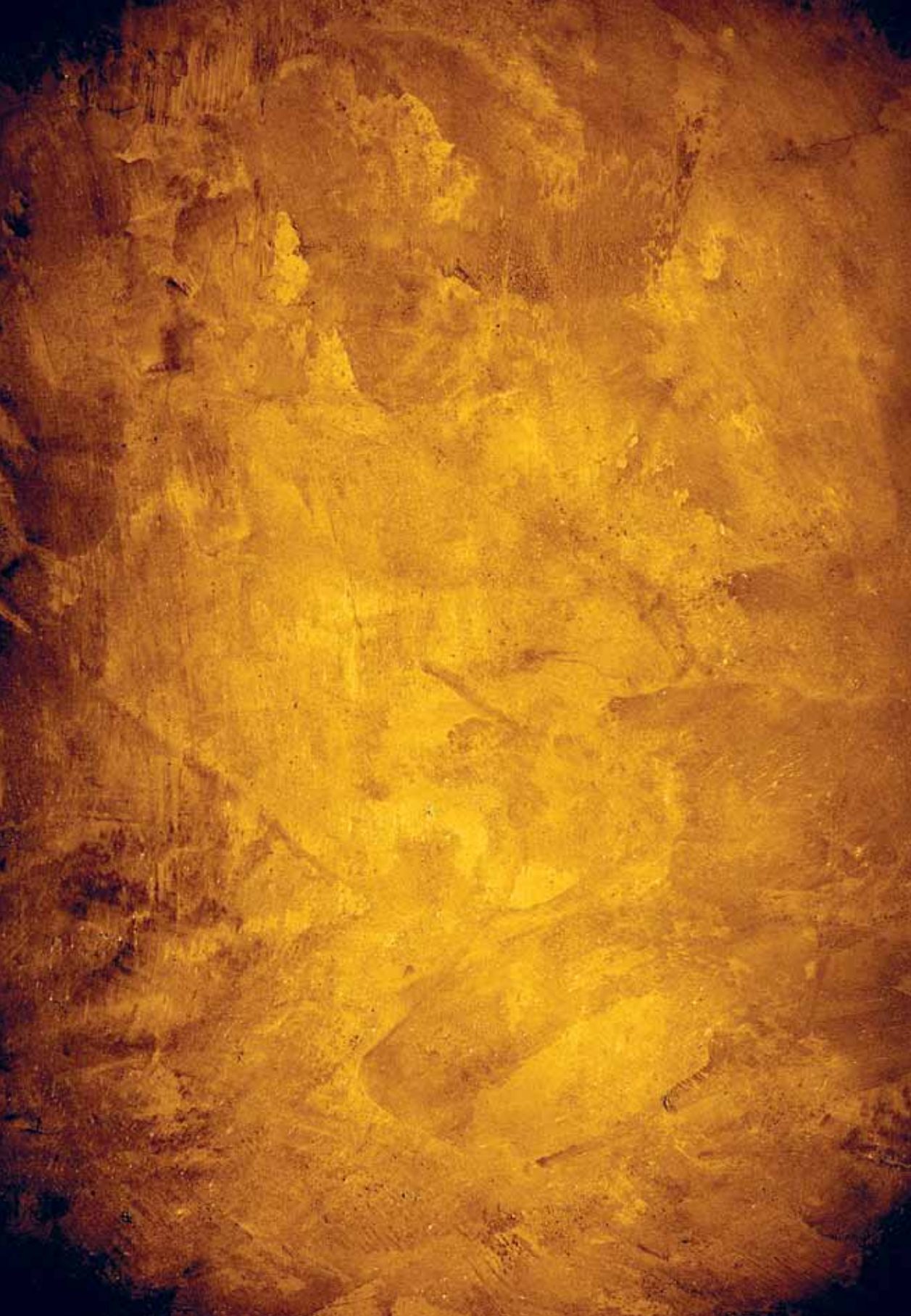


Inside the cathedral, Santiago de Compostela

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Bhavisha Panchmatia is a graphic designer working for Norton Rose Group in London; Annie Boyd is married to the Group's Deputy Chief Executive, Don Boyd, and lives in Sydney; James Bagge is a dispute resolution consultant who has been with the Group for 21 years.





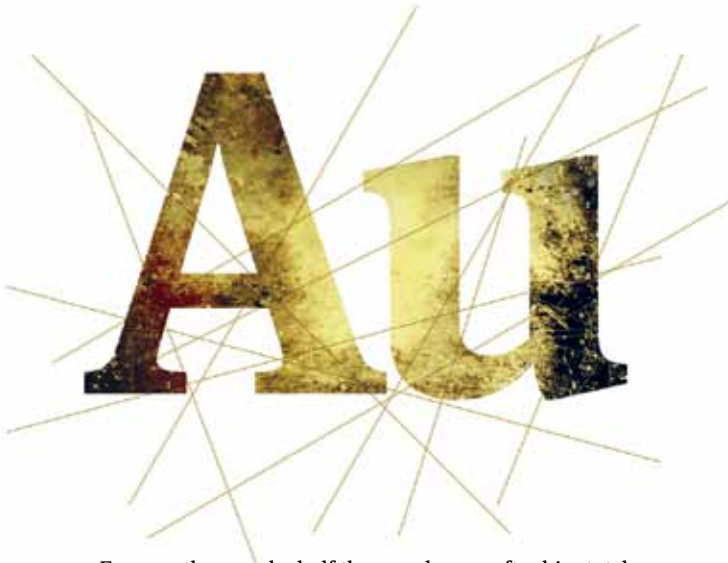


# All that glisters is not gold

Words by *Alexandra Howe*

The year is 1833. We are in Flintshire, not far from the north coast of Wales, about a quarter of a mile from the town of Mold. The River Alyn slips past to the left, shrouded by smooth grey willow and fissured alder trunks. To the right, rising out of the tufted hair-grass and creeping bell heather, is a gravel mound known as Bryn-yr-Ellyllon, the Goblins' Hill. Travellers have avoided this place after dark, ever since the ghostly boy was first sighted.

An old woman making her way home late one night, had reported an apparition "clothed in a coat of gold which shone like the sun", that flickered across her path and climbed the mound before dissolving into the gauzy air. How mysterious, that the very man to whom the old woman recounted her tale the following morning, should now, years later, be quarrying stone with his workmen in the spot where the wraith disappeared, and, digging deep into the bank, should uncover a stone-lined grave containing the crushed remains of a skeleton enfolded by an extraordinary cape of pure beaten gold. ▶



For over three and a half thousand years after his stately burial, the wearer of the cape has lain in his golden wrapping. Within hours of discovery, the cape is ripped from him, torn apart and distributed among the jubilant workmen; his worthless skeleton is discarded and forgotten. Nothing beside remains. There is little legal protection for ancient burial sites, and it occurs to no one that there is any value in the find beyond the gleaming shreds of gold.

It will be another 130 years before the British Museum is able to re-assemble the paper-thin fragments, exquisitely worked in a design of looping beads and ridges that have been painstakingly punched out from the underside. Then it will become clear that the cape is made from a single sheet of hammered gold, expertly decorated and moulded into a short mantle which would have fitted over the shoulders and upper arms, coming down to the middle of the chest of the wearer. It is an object of such exceptional fragility and luxury that it can only have been used on ceremonial occasions, by someone who surely commanded enormous wealth and power in early Bronze Age Britain.

This cape was produced by a sophisticated society, perhaps linked to the contemporary Great Orme copper mines a few miles away. But it is also relatively small, about a foot and a half wide and just under a foot deep. Its size suggests that it was probably worn by a slender person, a youth; in 1700 BC, when the cape was made, few people would have lived beyond their mid-twenties, and a teenager may already have been a powerful ruler.

Unfortunately, without the crucial evidence of the skeleton, we will probably never know any more about the wearer of the Mold gold cape. We cannot even say whether he was male – or female. Powerful as she may have been in life, in death she is nothing at all to the workmen, who squabble over the largest scraps of the spoil.

Looking at the cape now, mounted in its glass case in the British Museum, it seems that this object and its story draw together several aspects of the significance that gold appears to hold for us: beauty, decoration, mystical power, wealth, fascination, greed. Robert Weinberg is a gold analyst; in 1992, he wrote: “Gold fills many different roles simultaneously. It can be an adornment and an industrial metal, a means of displaying wealth and an anonymous form of saving, an insurance policy and a gambling chip; it is an international reserve asset yet officially it is not money. In short, it represents different things to different people and they will be driven by different motives at different times.”

Gold is really not practically very useful. It is malleable and easy to work – the maker of the Mold gold cape must have seen this as an advantage – but this can be a drawback in industry, where it must generally be alloyed with other metals to make it harder. It is a good conductor of heat and electricity, and resistant to corrosion. Unlike silver, it does not tarnish. But it is also very scarce, and has only really been available in meaningful quantities for the last 150 years. Speaking in 1988, the business magnate Warren Buffet remarked: “[Gold] gets dug out of the ground in Africa, or someplace. Then we melt it down, dig another hole, bury it again and pay people to stand around guarding it. It has no utility. Anyone watching from Mars would be scratching their head.”

This seems rather to have been the reaction of the Incas when the Spanish arrived in Peru in the 1520s. Francisco Pizarro led the first European expedition across the Atlantic in 1524, following King Ferdinand’s exhortation to “Get gold, humanely if possible, but at all hazards – get gold!” The conquistadors went to the New World expressly to search for precious metal. They wrote of palaces lined with gold, of statues of humans and animals made from solid gold, and of terraced gardens ceremonially planted with finely crafted golden stalks of corn. All would be seized by the Spanish, melted down for bullion and sent back to Spain. The Incas simply could not understand the conquistadors’ insatiable desire for gold. Manco Capac, son of the Incan emperor Huayna Capac, complained that “even if all the snow in the Andes turned to gold, still they would not be satisfied.”

For the Incas, the appeal of gold was aesthetic and symbolic; it was an emblem of their great sun

god, Inti. Harvard Professor Niall Ferguson describes in *The Ascent of Money* how the Incas simply could not fathom that, for the Spanish invaders, gold was “more than a shiny, decorative metal. It could be made into money: a unit of account, a store of value – portable power.”

But gold is not money any more; it is a commodity. Just like any other commodity, it is subject to the vagaries of the markets and, as recently, sensational volatility. Central banks have long held a large proportion of the world’s gold stocks, purportedly as a hedge against currency debasement or political instability. But if using such gold reserves to intervene in currency markets risks immediately driving down the world price at the moment of intervention, is it a very effective hedge? Perhaps there is more truth in the Chairman of the Federal Reserve Ben Bernanke’s answer to US Congressman Ron Paul when pressed on the question of why central banks hold gold. “Well,” he said, looking uncomfortable, “it’s tradition. Long-term tradition.”

Gold is a speculative asset, the essential value of which is psychological. Its value is inversely related to the faith that people have in their governments and in their currencies. In an uncertain, inflationary environment, when money is being “printed” and interest rates are low, the perceived value of gold increases and it becomes a more attractive investment; governments can print money, but no one can print gold.

“EVEN IF ALL THE SNOW IN THE ANDES  
TURNED TO GOLD, STILL THEY WOULD  
NOT BE SATISFIED”

Now, in Flintshire, winter is closing in on the town of Mold. Snow has dusted the peaks of nearby Halkyn Mountain and smoothed the contours of its scarps and dips. The circular elevation of Bryn-yr-Ellyllon is still just traceable, although the cairn itself has long since been cleared away. Several others like it still dint the landscape, in this corner of north-east Wales and across the British Isles, Europe and Scandinavia. But nothing like the Mold gold cape has ever been unearthed, nothing which might explain why it was made, or what significance it had. There is only snow, and silence, and the rose-gold glow of the winter sun.

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With Macleod Dixon joining the Group, we now have offices in Latin America and Central Asia and deeper, richer resources in Canada and Russia. For our clients, this means an enhanced service, a world-class energy and mining capability, and global reach.





# Building Hope

Words by Wang Yi with Sophie Liu,  
Peter Burrows and Liu Bingcheng

I was in the States when the earthquake happened. My sister had finished her PhD and I had gone over with my parents to attend her graduation ceremony.

The earthquake had a magnitude of 7.9. It was 12 May, and 68,000 people lost their lives, buried in rubble and landslides, killed by the earth and the buildings that fell on them.

I come from Chengdu, the main city in Sichuan province in China, not too far from the epicentre, which was in Wenchuan County, 80 kilometres to the west of Chengdu. But in 2008, anyway, I was working in Beijing. I was not at risk, and neither were my family nor my parents' neighbours in Chengdu.

It still tears you apart when it happens.

The response inside China was immediate and massive. The army (the PLA) went in to provide for immediate needs. Afterwards, there were volunteers all over the place, people from everywhere you could think of. And the State asked all 30 provinces to send one or two companies from each province to support the recovery programme through provision of machinery, building materials and trained designers and engineers. Each province was in charge of a different area in the earthquake zone and the local government assigned them specific tasks (like rebuilding a hospital); their costs were covered by the State.

Of course there was corruption – that's a constant now. But even so. Some companies donated hundreds of millions of *yuan*. There are some very kind people in China. And some good government officials.

And there are hundreds of Chinese millionaires who are happy to give their money to a good cause. They know that what they get out of it is a good name, a reputation that will bring their family honour for years to come. Chinese people, rich and poor, all gave money.


Now, almost four years on, there are new towns, new buildings everywhere across Sichuan.

My son was 10 at the time of the earthquake. He was fine; he could just carry on going to school in Beijing, once we got back from the States. The children in Sichuan didn't have it so easy. In some areas, schools were completely destroyed and the pupils had to be moved out of the province to schools in Beijing and Shanghai and other big cities in China.

Some of the schools were able to continue teaching, using temporary structures. A quick fix. But repairs were needed, and that's where CYDF came in, and me, I suppose. The China Youth Development Foundation is a charity. It runs a programme which builds, repairs and maintains primary and secondary schools in China. These schools are all built through donated funds. They call them Hope Schools (*xiwang xuexiao*). The idea is to give 'young dropouts' in poverty-stricken areas a chance.

It was Peter who spotted CYDF's advert in the paper. I made the phone call. I told them we wanted to discuss practical measures of support by Norton Rose Group. We were already raising funds in our China offices and internationally. Now we needed to use that money wisely.

CYDF has been around since 1989. It has a good track record in monitoring building work and maintaining close contact with local government officials. With so much public debate around the shoddy practices involved in earlier building projects in Sichuan (as elsewhere in China) and the effect of that level of endemic corruption on the lives of ordinary people – cut short by the concerted collapse of schools, health clinics, shops, factories and apartment blocks when the earthquake struck – it was hugely important to help rebuild Sichuan's schools from the ground up, with firm foundations. None of the CYDF schools had collapsed in the earthquake, so we had good reason to put our trust in them.



A lot of companies, Chinese and international, have done the same thing as us, over the years. You link up with CYDF, set up the relationship (and give the funds you've raised, which they match with funds from the local authority) and eventually you get to see a Hope School with your name on it. BMW, HSBC, Siemens, Freshfields, they've all got a Hope School to their name somewhere in China.

Our Hope School can hold 100 pupils; right now, it has 56. It's in Guangyuan county, on the top of a mountain, and takes children from five or six nearby villages.

To reach it, you have to walk along mountain paths. When we went, we got a permit to cut across the extensive grounds of some kind of factory producing parts for nuclear weapons. It's a sensitive area, to say the least. Whatever is there, is underground and has to stay there. There's probably no risk of pollution. There's certainly no uranium there.

We stipulated three criteria when we were choosing the school: we wanted it to be remote, not *too* expensive, and, most of all, to be in it for the long term. We knew that some schools had been rebuilt after the earthquake and then had not had any pupils (or not enough) so the schools had been consolidated; some had had to be closed.

Okay, so it's true that a lot of our money had been raised easily enough through cake sales or dress-down days in Europe. We still didn't want it to disappear into the ground like that. People had given generously and we wanted them to know that some good had come from that.

Our three criteria produced a short-list of four schools. Two were in the far west, in the high altitude plains. One was very close to Chengdu. We chose the fourth, in Guangyuan.

Sophie's been to the school once, and I've been there three times now. I went while it was being re-built. Then I went to the opening, in 2010 – Peter Burrows came along then, with Peter Martyr, the Group Chief Executive. The last time was quite recent: I had planned to go for two days but it rained heavily and the path was closed, so I could only go for one day.

It really is deep in the Sichuan countryside. You get a bus from Chengdu to Guangyuan (that takes four hours), then you go by car for an hour, and then you climb the mountain. Well, walk up the path to the top. That's another half an hour.

There's still a lot of poverty in the countryside in that part of Sichuan. People's lives are tough. Parents are not around much. There's a real need for schools.

A lot of Hope Schools in China are for boarders. It's not just because of the earthquake. There's a deeper social need: the parents are just not there, or not at home; they're off labouring in the cities. It's quite a common situation now. One wonders what will happen to the emotional health of all these children.

In our Hope School there are maybe six or seven teachers. They don't have degrees, so what we're doing there is not about educational *reform*. It's about providing a basic infrastructure. It's about building hope, I guess.

The original school was very old and had no glass in the windows. It's a lot better now.



## THE GEOLOGY OF THE SICHUAN EARTHQUAKE

The active faults that sustained the earthquake of 12 May form the boundary of one of the most spectacular actively growing plateaus in the world: the Tibetan plateau.

Mountains are in part built by violent and sudden slips across faults in the earth's crust. Active faults displace geological strata, have been around for anywhere up to a few million years and, crucially, give rise to earthquakes. You will commonly find a large number around a mountain belt. There are active faults all over China.

Sudden slip across a fault generates an earthquake; the longer the fault, the higher the slip. The amount and duration of that slip dictates the earthquake's magnitude. In Sichuan, the fault was very long and the slip was therefore also long (tens of metres long: the width of an Olympic pool).

Most of the faults that we know about occur along plate boundaries, where the crust is being either shortened or extended or simply sliding horizontally past its adjacent block. There is also a more complex environment of faulting that occurs away from the well-known plate boundaries: these are intra-plate earthquakes and they occur much less frequently.

The Sichuan earthquake fits into this latter category and, because no major earthquake had occurred in the region during living records, the area had simply fallen off people's radar.

You can draw a line round the edge of Tibet – running through the Himalayas, northern Thailand, Myanmar, up to Longmen Shan (the edge of eastern Tibet in Sichuan), the southern Gobi and the southern edge of the Tarim Basin, and up to northern Pakistan, the Hindu Kush and western Xinjiang – to find the same tectonic feature slowly expanding: a manifestation of India pushing up into the belly of Asia, shortening the earth's crust, elevating the surface and pushing things down as well (like an iceberg).

You can expect big earthquakes on the Himalayas, because this is the plate boundary between the India and Eurasian plates, and we know that crustal shortening is occurring at a rate of 20mm per year. But eastern Tibet is being pushed into Sichuan at a much slower rate, perhaps 4mm per year according to GPS data. Geologists in the past had gone to Sichuan to map the basic geology: never the active faults.

Active faults are visible on a high-resolution satellite image – if you look

for them (and if you look in the right place). When you're there, mapping the physical terrain, they look like scars sliced across the landscape. They are, nevertheless, easy to miss.

'Mapping' to geologists is like 'due diligence' is to lawyers or 'drawing' to artists. Not everyone has been trained in how to do it properly. It can seem like a dying art (and a costly one). Careful mapping can enable geologists to establish where a fault is, what type of fault it is and whether it is active (and if so how fast). Mapping (and all the attendant analyses) can estimate the slip-rate and the probability of an earthquake of a particular magnitude. It cannot predict the moment in time or specific magnitude of the eventual earthquake.

In the end, it's not earthquakes that kill people: it's usually buildings and landslides. Building safely and away from active faults will significantly mitigate earthquake risks. Careful mapping can actually save thousands of lives.

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Geologist **Dr Mike Ellis** has led 4 or 5 mapping field trips in Sichuan and Tibet, working with a team from the US, in collaboration with Chinese geologists, and has reported for the BBC from the earthquake epicentre.

# Chasing Shadows

A PHOTO ESSAY BY THE AWARD-WINNING SOUTH AFRICAN PHOTOGRAPHER SANTU MOFOKENG



*Priest carrying the Bible, Motouleng, Silverprint, 1996*

Santu Mofokeng was born in Johannesburg in 1956. In 1991, he won the Ernest Cole scholarship to study at the International Centre for Photography in New York; in 1992, he was awarded the first Mother Jones award for Africa; in 1998, he was the recipient of the Künstlerhaus Worpswede Fellowship and, in 2001, the DAAD Fellowship, both in Germany. In 2009, he was nominated as a Prince Claus Fund Laureate for Visual Arts. Santu Mofokeng's work was featured in a recent exhibition of contemporary South African photography at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London. He is currently exhibiting his series *Chasing shadows* (from which this photo essay is drawn) in galleries across Paris, Switzerland, Norway, Belgium and Johannesburg. Santu Mofokeng lives and works in South Africa and is represented by MAKER.





*Christmas Church Service, Mautse Cave, Silverprint, 2000*

Words by *Santu Mofokeng*

**T**hey are strewn like litter across the floor of my office; others are kept in cabinets and a few are in frames. I am referring to the products of my gaze – photographic images, refracted, muted, like light dancing on the edge of my memory. Images of people in moments of contemplation, confrontation and celebration.

These photographs come from an anthology of images – *Chasing Shadows* – which I originally conceived of as a form of biography (an extended metaphor) but the idea has grown larger than that, larger than me.



Entrance to Motouleng Sanctum, Clarens, Silverprint, 1996

I am aware that the title *Chasing Shadows* may sound romantic, even sentimental in English. That mood changes when one looks at the Sotho and Zulu words for *shadow*. The idea of *seriti* or *is'thinzi* can mean a number of things: presence; dignity; power; essence; status; wellbeing.

It can also suggest the experience of being loved; or feared. Having a good or bad *seriti* is deeply connected to your relations with your enemies, with witches, with your relatives (dead or living) and your friends; it also depends on circumstance and time.



*Inside Motouleng Cave, Motouleng Cave, Clarens, Silverprint, 1996*

I grew up on the threshing floor of faith, a faith which embraces both pagan rituals and Christian beliefs. I identify with this faith; it does not strike me as 'peculiar', despite my own ambivalence about partaking in its insubstantial, fragile world of light and shadow.

*Chasing Shadows* has tested my knowledge of the photographic medium to the limit. I am still not certain that I captured on film the essence of all that I observed. I may have been looking for something that refuses to be photographed. I was, perhaps, chasing shadows.



*Mthunzi and Miesie Making Supplications to the Ancestors inside the Motouleng Sanctum – Free State, Silverprint, 2008*

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All images © Santu Mofokeng. Photographs reproduced with kind permission of Lunetta Bartz at MAKER, Johannesburg. Our thanks to Lucia Duncan at MAKER for her help; and to Patrick Bracher and Deseré Jordaan in Norton Rose Group's Johannesburg office.





# Life

get on the pitch at the Hong Kong Rugby Sevens Justin Davidson Hong Kong. finish unpacking from last move 18 months ago Christian Cawthorn Montréal. visit New York Julia Höcherl Munich. renovate laundry room (with husband) Brigitte Lobregt Ottawa. gather in Macau with family to celebrate Year of Dragon May Chan Hong Kong. go cross-country skiing on Mount Royal before work once a week Brian Daley Montréal. survive first half of son's HSC year Jackie O'Brien Sydney. ignore snow, ignore cold, start on sprouting plants for community garden Claire Stilwell Calgary. help Gavin build his first official snowman, go snowshoeing with mom in Muskoka once lakes freeze Kristin Wall Toronto. 5,000 kms on bike, by end of June Bernard O'Shea Melbourne. sail under Golden Gate Bridge, San Francisco Patrick Kierans Toronto. take William to his first football match Michael Park Melbourne. get back on track! healthy eating! exercise! Janine Fronc Montréal. take daughter to Kindermusic (first time) NB take photos Diane Geiss Toronto. celebrate birthday in Rocky Mountains, watch daughter take first steps Lara Mason Calgary.

# The sporting life

## TRAIL WALKING IN HONG KONG

Trail walking has become hugely popular in Hong Kong, especially during winter, when the climate makes for a more comfortable experience.

It's an incredibly accessible winter sport. All you need is a good pair of walking shoes and a well-stocked backpack. The most important thing is to make sure you take plenty of water.

There are many companies that offer guided hikes. The best way to start is to link up with one of these. They offer careful instruction for challenges of any size, from small sections of the 50 kilometres of trails around Hong Kong Island to the most famous trail-walking challenge in Hong Kong: the 100-kilometre MacLehose trail.

Trail walking opens up stunning scenery and takes you to places in Hong Kong that less energetic people miss out on.

### Links

[walkhongkong.com](http://walkhongkong.com)  
[hkwalkers.net](http://hkwalkers.net)  
[discoverhongkong.com](http://discoverhongkong.com)

## ICE HOCKEY IN CANADA

Winter in Montréal means one thing to thousands of locals: hockey season.

If you're a visitor to Montréal, there are a number of public skating rinks (many of them outdoors) where you can turn up with your skates and get going free of charge. Parc La Fontaine is one of the most popular, with long, meandering outdoor ice paths perfect for skating and enjoying the scenery; there are also areas set aside for small hockey games.

Or you can watch the real players. Montréal is home to one of the best-supported NHL teams (the Montréal Canadiens) as well as a great university team (the McGill University Redmen). Tickets at the 21,000-seat Bell Centre range from C\$40 to C\$249; or you can watch the Redmen at work for just C\$10.

### Links

[montreal.com/parks/lafontaine](http://montreal.com/parks/lafontaine)  
[canadiens.nhl.com](http://canadiens.nhl.com)  
[redmenhockey.com](http://redmenhockey.com)

## SKIING IN ITALY

Heading to the slopes with a pair of skis is a popular winter activity for millions of Italians. And with some of the best ski destinations in Europe, it's no wonder so many Italians are in love with the sport. Here are the top three.

Courmayeur is an alpine resort at the foot of Mont Blanc. It has 100 kilometres of slopes, including downhill, off-piste and cross-country skiing in the 'Ferret Valley'.

Corvara is a resort in the Dolomites in north-eastern Italy. The beautiful thing about Corvara is that it has taken care not to let the success of its slopes change its mountain village feel.

La Thuile's mixture of high altitude and favourable climate means that it has a long ski season from November to April. Add in over 400 snow canons, and you get great ski conditions all season long.

### Links

[courmayeur-montblanc.com/en](http://courmayeur-montblanc.com/en)  
[skicorvara.com](http://skicorvara.com)  
[lathuile.net](http://lathuile.net)

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Gavin Collins of Norton Rose Group spoke to Andrew Abernethy in Hong Kong, Éric L'Italien in Montréal, Alessia Merolli and Stefano Zappala in Rome (all lawyers and partners in the Group).

 **NORTON ROSE**



**Hong Kong**

**Rugby Sevens**

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**23–25 March 2012**

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# The back garden

## MAGNOLIAS IN MELBOURNE

I love magnolias. Magnolias are tough, they're drought tolerant, they have the most magnificent flowers and now, with all the hybrids available, they offer the most incredible variety.

It has been pretty dry in Australia for the last 15 years (particularly here in Victoria) and the rhododendrons and azaleas (inferior plants anyway, with stupid little root systems) are either dead or dying. Not the magnolias; they're thriving.

Magnolias are dormant in winter and then produce the most magnificent buds, followed by flowers and then rich green leaves in spring.

Like all deciduous plants, they provide shade in summer (and form magnificent green shapes) and let in the light in winter, when, let's face it, they look like sticks.

I have only bought magnolias commercially, but I plan to strike some myself. I find real joy in propagating, creating something from nothing.

Our summers in Melbourne are far too hot to plant anything but the hardiest plants. The best time to plant magnolias is late autumn through to late spring (in fact, now). They don't seem to need much feeding. Just water every now and then.

A most rewarding plant.

[Our thanks to Wikipedia for two extra facts. The magnolia is named after the French botanist Pierre Magnol. It is an ancient genus which evolved before there was any sign of bees and so developed flowers to encourage pollination by beetles. Ed.]

Gardener **Craig Penn-Tonkin** lives in Melbourne, Victoria, the 'garden state' of Australia and once (but fading fast) the home of the typical English garden. He is a real estate partner with Norton Rose Group, based in Melbourne.

## THE 24 SOLAR TERMS



立春	BEGINNING OF SPRING	立秋	BEGINNING OF AUTUMN
雨水	RAIN WATER	处暑	LIMIT OF HEAT
惊蛰	WAKING OF INSECTS	白露	WHITE DEW
春分	SPRING EQUINOX	秋分	AUTUMNAL EQUINOX
清明	PURE BRIGHTNESS	寒露	COLD DEW
谷雨	GRAIN RAIN	霜降	FROST'S DESCENT
立夏	BEGINNING OF SUMMER	立冬	BEGINNING OF WINTER
小满	GRAIN FULL	小雪	SLIGHT SNOW
芒种	GRAIN IN EAR	大雪	GREAT SNOW
夏至	SUMMER SOLSTICE	冬至	WINTER SOLSTICE
小暑	SLIGHT HEAT	小寒	SLIGHT COLD
大暑	GREAT HEAT	大寒	GREAT COLD

The ancient Chinese had a calendar like everyone else. Like farmers everywhere, effective farming meant timing. Chinese farmers – who we know next to nothing about – were probably good at their job and knew how to tell what was happening and what they should be doing based on weather changes, the rising and setting of stars, and other natural events. The 24 *qi* were a unit for dividing up the year and these phenomena; this filtered into elite culture, where it was preserved for us.

**Daniel Morgan** is a PhD student at the University of Chicago currently researching the history and sociology of early imperial Chinese astronomy at the Needham Research Institute in Cambridge (UK).



MUSHROOMS  
IN MOSCOW

Do you know the most famous traditional Russian pastime? Some will say drinking vodka – but vodka was invented by Mendeleev in the late 19th century, so cannot be deemed traditionally Russian, as long as Russian history is not a short story. A real passion rooted in early history is mushroom hunting.

As a child I was obsessed with mushroom hunting. And there were plenty around. The *Boletus edulis* – ‘mushroom king’ or ‘white mushroom’ (not to be confused with Champignons, often known in English as ‘white mushrooms’); the sweet *Cantharellus cibarius* – Common Little Fox; the noble *Leccinum aurantiacum* – Red Under Aspen; and my favourite, *Leccinum scabrum* – Common Under Birch.

I gathered basketfuls at my grandfather’s dacha (next to Brezhnev’s country residence). Later, during *perestroika*, a newspaper reported that soil with mushroom spawns was deliberately placed around these cottages to please the elite and their families. I’ll never know if this was true.

An extraordinarily rich crop of mushrooms is considered a very bad sign: it will be followed by war. Old people say that the 1940 crop was rich (and of course for the Soviet Union the war began in June 1941).

In Russia, mushrooms have always been the traditional food both of the poor and of the rich. Salted and dried, marinated and, most commonly, oil-fried with onion, in soup and cakes, mushrooms are delicious.

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**Natalia Chudakova** grows food at her dacha outside Moscow with the help of her husband (her son stays in the city). She works for Norton Rose Group and is the Moscow correspondent for *Re*.

PERILS OF A NEW FOREST  
VEGETABLE GARDENER

The year is coming to a close in the vegetable plot. The short days mean that I don’t see the garden between Monday and Friday, which gives the weeds and forest beasts ample opportunity to cause havoc.

The slugs and snails have left me a few leeks, sprouts and parsnips to harvest, but the main job at this time of year is to get the soil ready for next spring. This involves digging up numerous tiny oak trees – I made the mistake of siting the mesh cage under a large oak tree and the acorns just slip straight through the netting.

Acorns are dangerous for the wild New Forest ponies and so, each year, during the Pannage Season, local residents are allowed to release their pigs into the forest to gorge on the acorns. It certainly stops the traffic when the pigs are wandering around in the road – often with piglets in tow. They are quite tame (one hangs around our local pub and likes to have its stomach tickled) and they take themselves back to their sties at night.

The piglets start off small enough to get through fences and under gates – the damage even one piglet can do to a garden has to be seen to be believed – but they quickly grow fat, and once the acorns are gone they are taken back onto the farms. Pannage pork is a great delicacy, if a little gamey.

**[Pannage:** Old French from medieval Latin *pastionaticum* 1 LAW the feeding of pigs in a wood; the right of doing this. 2 acorns, etc on which pigs feed. *Shorter Oxford English dictionary* fifth edn]

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Real estate partner **Lindsay Morgan** has five acres of land at her home in the New Forest and a husband and two sons (one a teenager and one a fledgling journalist). She is head of European real estate with Norton Rose Group and is based in London.

# THE KITCHEN TABLE

PITTMAN ON WINTER GRILLING

The doomsayers have been predicting a very cold La Niña-created winter in Canada. Lots of -25°C eyelash-freezing days, and blustery huddled-up nights. And yet, the defining winter culinary tradition for Canadian home cooks will still be much in evidence: firing up the barbecue, clad in hat, mitts and puffy coat. Everyone does this, from those with outdoor kitchens large enough to feed Napoleon's army to apartment-dwellers who bought their barbecue for C\$25 on Kijiji.

The best winter grilling items are the ones which don't require constant prodding and turning. Hamburgers and hot dogs are a drag for the increasingly frozen cook. However, the trusty roast chicken hoisted on a beer can is ideal for the winter grill, accompanied by some vegetable skewers.

The beer-can chicken (or, in French, *poulet assis sur une cannette de bière*) is well known to most winter grillers – season the chicken, open a can of beer, drink about half, hoist the chicken so it is standing up on its two legs, and stand the chicken on the can of beer, inserting the can into the business end of the chicken. The chicken will now stand up on its own and will roast beautifully.

The seasoning, though, is the key here. Our favourite beer-can chicken spice is *zaatar*, the Middle Eastern mixture of thyme, oregano, marjoram, sumac, sesame seeds and salt. It's available at most Middle Eastern markets. The method's unbelievably easy. Get a chicken (try for free range; I usually use a 1.5–2 kilo chicken). Take out the giblets. Wipe it dry, rub some olive oil and lemon on the chicken, and then slather on the *zaatar*. It's essential to be liberal with it: it really should be coated rather than lightly spiced (pretend it's Shake-'n-Bake). And onto the beer can she goes.



Preheat the barbecue to medium-high. I try to keep it around 475°F (245°C). Once the grill is hot, put the chicken on a small cookie sheet to avoid flare-ups, and then plunk it on the grill, shut the lid and hurry back inside. In about 50 minutes or so, zip out to check if it's done – if the juices run clear from the thickest part of the thigh, you're ready.

While the chicken is cooking, you can easily put together some veggie skewers: chunks of zucchini, onion, pepper, covered in oil and some salt and pepper. These can go on the grill 40 minutes into the chicken's cooking and can finish while the chicken is resting. They should be still a bit firm, rather than fully cooked and mushy, and don't need a lot of attention – a couple of turns on this hot grill and they should be done.

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The esteemed food-and-wine blogger **Miles Pittman** is an energy partner with Norton Rose Group in Calgary and a food and wine correspondent for *Re:*.

## A WINE ACCOMPANIMENT

The 2009 Beaujolais vintage has delivered some of the most pleasant and enticing wines ever. The wines are intense, but they are finely balanced and medium-bodied, and the acidity makes them perfect for weeknight consumption.

It's worth spending a bit more for the *cru* Beaujolais – single-village appellations, like Morgon and Moulin-a-Vent.

Honestly, if a Beaujolais producer couldn't make their best wine in 2009, they should be doing something else.

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MP



## MACHBOOS IN BAHRAIN

A simple plate of fish and rice. The fish is small and fried and the rice is white. The salad is made up of onions and local leaves. A small cup of sweet, milky tea and perhaps a bowl of tangy natural yoghurt. An old-LP-sized flatbread straight out of a fiery clay oven: doughy and soft at first but soon it will become crackly and stiff. Chewy dates with a sweet, semolina-like texture. This is fast food and a typical weekday meal for many Bahrainis.

*Machboos*, however, represents a celebration of shared family time. It is traditionally eaten only in the company of others and is often the centrepiece of Friday lunch. *Machboos* is served in a high-rise pile of steaming rice with golden brown meat – softened and coloured with rosewater and saffron – in a messy heap on the top. Crunchy, fried whole almonds and whole boiled eggs are tucked within the pile for the lucky and the quick.

### Machboos

#### Ingredients (approximate)

enough water and rice to cook 1 kilo rice

2 large tomatoes, cubed

1 kilo of mutton or beef, chopped into large pieces but on the bone

2 large brown onions, finely chopped

3 boiled eggs, peeled

a handful of almonds (whole and fried)

2 black dried limes

2 garlic cloves

cardamom seeds

rosewater

saffron

salt, to taste

vegetable oil

### Instructions

**1:** Heat some vegetable oil in a large frying pan and fry the onion, garlic, tomatoes and salt until the onions are translucent.

Add the black limes.

Add the mutton/beef to the onion mixture and let it cook on a medium heat for around 5 minutes.

**2:** Add enough water to cover the meat and onion mixture and let it cook until the meat is soft and tender.

Once the meat is cooked (approximately 1 hour), remove it from the pan and keep the onion and tomato mixture.

Mix rosewater, saffron and cardamom seeds together and pour on the meat.

Transfer to an ovenproof dish and cook in the oven until the meat is golden brown.

**3:** Boil the rice until it has an al dente consistency and then add the onion and tomato mixture and stir.

**4:** Once the meat is browned, serve on top of the rice mixture. Sprinkle with the almonds and place the whole boiled eggs on top.

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**Joanne Emerson-Taqi** and **Tameem Taqi** love cooking and love eating. They live in Bahrain, where Joanne is a banking partner for Norton Rose Group.

## ODE TO THE HAGGIS

January in Scotland is often very dreich (rain, wind, low clouds) so we look forward to Burns Night on 25 January, when Scots celebrate the life and works of Rabbie Burns. It's a joyous evening of folk song, poetry, wine and passion after a hearty serving by candlelight of 'haggis, neeps and tatties' (that's haggis, parsnips and potatoes).

Centuries ago, the Highlanders of Scotland spotted that the stomach of sheep made an excellent cooking vessel. Hunting was a means of survival in those days, and all parts of the dead animal had to be used. That's why haggis consists of the sheep's heart, liver and lungs – minced with onion, oatmeal, suet, spices, and salt mixed with stock – then simmered for three hours in the sheep's stomach. Nowadays, you can find easy recipes on the internet or buy pre-prepared haggis (with vegetarian options).

The haggis is the focal point for all Burns' Suppers. As the haggis is piped in, everyone gets involved, standing up, clapping and singing. Once seated, the Selkirk grace is read out, followed by Burns' 'Address to a haggis' (1787).

The honour of addressing the haggis usually goes to the head of the household. Dressed in his kilt, he lifts his *sgian dubh* (a sharp knife usually tucked into the top of his sock, in a garter) and rips the outer skin of the haggis in a moment of pure drama. This year, my handsome red-headed Scottish fiancé will address the haggis.

Before you eat, you 'toast the lassies', then pour a dram of whisky over your portion, so that it absorbs the juice. In my family, we also toast my father, whose birthday falls every year on Burns Night.

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**Diana Scullion** is a Scot. She read history of art at St Andrew's and works for Norton Rose Group in London on the dispute resolution team.

# THE (AUSTRALIAN) GUIDE

## to south-east Asia



It only takes a few hours to travel from Australia to south-east Asia, and I do it every chance I can get. From motorbike touring in the mountains of Cambodia to floating down the Mekong River in a long boat and watching the sun rise over Angkor Wat, or simply wandering along Orchid Road in Singapore for that perfect handbag, I love it all.



## South-east Asia: the inside track

### WHAT TO DO

In Thailand, I suggest you go shopping (you can grab a beautifully hand-tailored outfit), explore the Grand Palace and Wat Pho in Bangkok, and head north to visit the Long Neck Hill Tribe. After that, you may need to book a Thai massage.

If you go to Laos (on a long boat), climb the 328 stairs to PhouSi Temple – and rise early to witness the *tak bat* alms-giving ceremony in Luang Prabang. In Cambodia, go to Angkor Wat and the more sedate Angkor Thom. Tonle Sap Lake is also stunning.

There's a lot on offer, so it pays to do a bit of preparation, not least to read up on the Opium Wars in the Golden Triangle.

### EATING OUT

Park those fears about eating street food, grab a fistful of local currency and head to the streets to make the most of your culinary experience. A good rule of thumb is to check out where the locals will wait for a table. I've had some great recommendations from hotel staff.

Chinatown and the Seafood Market and Restaurant are Bangkok favourites; and there are good restaurants around the night markets in Chiang Mai. If comfort and air con are more your style, try Lord Jim's at the Mandarin Oriental.

In Cambodia, relax with an Airavata cocktail (a mix of rum with pineapple, coconut and lime juice) in the Elephant Bar at Raffles Grand Hotel d'Angkor; and take lunch at the Foreign Press Club Siem Reap.

Wherever you go, you can feast on tropical fruits.

### WHERE TO STAY

The riverside area of Bangkok, where many of the larger international hotels are located, is handy for transport. Excellent hotel chains include the Oriental, the Chedi, the 'W' and Raffles. For the budget traveller, cheap and cheerful accommodation is plentiful.

My favourite Bangkok hotel is the Mandarin Oriental, where uninterrupted views of barges plying their trade on the river, amazing service and high tea in the Authors' Lounge had me imagining Ernest Hemingway wandering in for an afternoon tipple.

Beautiful sanctuaries in Thailand include the Chedi at Chiang Mai and the Anantara near Chiang Rai, set deep in the forest where elephants' trumpeting competes with the noise of monkey and bird screeches.

Clean, well-priced accommodation is plentiful along the riverside in Luang Prabang in Laos. For Old World grandeur in Cambodia, I recommend Raffles Grand Hotel d'Angkor in Siem Reap, a perfect way to relax after a long hot day climbing among temple ruins.

### MOVING AROUND

Negotiating train transport systems in the major cities is easy, particularly to and from the airport. The *tuk-tuk* – a motorised rickshaw – is lots of fun; but always negotiate a price first. If you are heading out of town on a day trip, I recommend guided travel in air-conditioned comfort. Go by car or plane between cities.

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**Jennifer Ellis** lives in Melbourne, Australia, and is a frequent and avid traveller. She is a lawyer with Norton Rose Group.

### WHAT I DID

A commuter flight from Bangkok to Chiang Mai launched me on a road trip to the Golden Triangle, where Thailand, Myanmar and Laos intersect. After passing fields of corn and untamed jungle, I stopped en route to feed the elephants at the Baan Chang Elephant Park. I also visited the Opium Museum at Chiang Saen and hopped across the border into Myanmar.

The long boat I took from the port of Chiang Saen drifted down to Pakbeng, calling at the Pak Ou Caves with their thousands of Buddha statues.

Next stop was the magical UNESCO World Heritage town of Luang Prabang. At dawn, I saw hundreds of Buddhist monks file past kneeling alms-givers, who scooped sticky rice and bananas into their bowls in the daily *tak bat* ceremony. This ancient town, crowded with French colonial architecture and temples – including Wat Xieng Thong with its gold doors and tree-of-life mosaic – is beautiful.

I saw a glorious sunset over the rice fields outside Siem Reap and the next morning was one of a handful of people watching the sun rise over Ankor Wat. But Siem Reap isn't just about the Angkor temples: there is also the Tonle Sap Lake, with its still houses and floating villages; and the memorials to the Khmer Rouge genocide and civil war.

Before leaving, I donated meat and oil to a local orphanage. A small return for some wonderful memories.

—  
JE



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# one fine day

A TOP FIVE SELECTION FROM DESERÉ JORDAAN  
– THE WORLD IN A DAY

1

## GAYATRI MANTRA

**Deva Premal and Miten**

My day starts with yoga and a mantra. Deva Premal's version of the Gayatri mantra is my favourite. The mantra is three lines of eight syllables each, repeated in a chant to create a perfect meditative space. The guest performer, Manose, plays a *bansuri*, a transverse bamboo alto flute of northern India, tuned to an untempered chromatic scale. The album is called *The yoga of sacred song and chant*. It's a real treat.

2

## CHOPI

**David Russell**

David Russell is a classical guitar master – I love his work. His exploration of Latin American music in the twentieth century (on the CD *Aire Latino*) won the 2005 Grammy award for best instrumental soloist performance (without orchestra). Russell's musicianship is simply magical: from the first note, the depth of his understanding transforms and elevates the music. Pablo Escobar's solo guitar arrangement of *Chopi*, the Paraguayan national dance, is one of the highlights.

3

## THE BUTTERFLY LOVERS

**He Zhanhao & Chen Gang arr. Yang**

'The Butterfly Lovers' relates the legend of the forbidden love between Zhu Yingtai and Liang Shanbo. The story forms the basis of many musical works, including a violin concerto, but the version I like is the one by the Chinese born guitarist Xuefei Yang on *40 Degrees North*. Her transcription for classical guitar is a faultless coming together of Chinese musical lyricism and Western musical forms and instruments. It is a delicate piece, and Xuefei plays it with great intelligence and sensitivity. Perfect for late afternoons.

4

## SOMEBODY CARES

**The King's Messengers**

Billy Mahlalela formed The King's Messengers Quartet in 1954 at Bethel College in the Eastern Cape. The harmonies on this 1969 *Best of* album are rich and textured, and Washington Sixolo, the bass singer, is a brilliant vocalist. The album is a collection of popular hymns sung in English and Zulu, and it's full of soul. A cappella can be difficult to get right, but the King's Messengers sing from the heart.

5

## MAD WORLD

**Sung by Renee Fleming; and Susan Boyle**

I like to take a piece of music and compare different versions. On the album *Dark Hope*, Renée Fleming's rendition of Roland Orzabal's song 'Mad World' is beautifully deep, edgy and very dark, like walking through a dungeon, surrounded by madness. Susan Boyle's interpretation on the album *Someone to watch over me* is different – but no less beautiful. The acoustic guitar intro sets the haunting and reflective tone of this piece. She stands outside the madness, looking into a glass bubble, trying to make sense of it. Like we all do.

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**Deseré Jordaan** founded the Norton Rose South Africa choir. She studied music, was a member of the youth symphony orchestra and plays classical guitar. She is a banking lawyer with Norton Rose Group and heads up knowledge, learning and development in South Africa. Deseré lives in Johannesburg.

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Photograph by **Ivan Maslarov**

# The poem

## Hour

Love's time's beggar, but even a single hour,  
bright as a dropped coin, makes love rich.  
We find an hour together, spend it not on flowers  
or wine, but the whole of the summer sky and a grass ditch.

For thousands of seconds we kiss; your hair  
like treasure on the ground; the Midas light  
turning your limbs to gold. Time slows, for here  
we are millionaires, backhanding the night

so nothing dark will end our shining hour,  
no jewel hold a candle to the cuckoo spit  
hung from the blade of grass at your ear,  
no chandelier or spotlight see you better lit

than here. Now. Time hates love, wants love poor,  
but love spins gold, gold, gold from straw.

### Carol Ann Duffy's 'Hour'

When Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet were disturbed by the lark, they could hardly believe it was day already. The seventeenth century poet Andrew Marvell famously summons up time's brevity in 'To His Coy Mistress'. Artists, and lovers, have wanted to cheat time for all eternity.

The idea of needing currency to buy time may feel contemporary but when it comes to love it is as old as time itself – we are never poorer of time than when we want to spend it with our beloved.

Carol Ann Duffy (1955–) was appointed Poet Laureate in the UK in 2009 – the first

woman to receive this honour in 400 years.

In 'Hour', Duffy draws out time, and derives joy from it. She talks not of minutes or hours but 'thousands of seconds'. Even the line endings refuse to be constrained by the usual boundaries of meter.

The rhythm helps, too. The style is light, languorous and old, with the slow melody of iambic rhythm, contrasted with stressed words grouped together, with the effect of feeling very present and contemporary. Duffy starts with phrases which feel bold and underlined – 'even a single hour', 'makes love

rich' – and then shifts into a slower rhythm – 'but the whole of the summer sky and a grass ditch' – creating a sense of release and space, a suggestion of the meadow which forms the backdrop to the poem.

The last two lines bring it all together: the urgency, the contemporary feel of 'Now', and our ability to stop time, to make it last forever, like gold.

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**Sarah Webster** read English at Bristol University. She is head of public relations and is based in London.

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The poem 'Hour' © Carol Ann Duffy. Reproduced by permission of the author c/o Rogers, Coleridge & White Ltd, 20 Powis Mews, London, W11 1JN

# Real science

## Transposons

Our genome contains tens of thousands of genes encoding proteins which work night and day to build and maintain us from before we are born until the day we die. However, not all genes are upstanding citizens. Enter the bad boy of the genome: the transposon.

Around 44 per cent of the genome of every human alive is made up of selfish DNA parasites known as transposons, while only two per cent of the genome codes for useful proteins. In a sense, we are all more transposon than we are human.

Transposons are genes which refuse to settle down and work for a living. Most genes serve some useful function for their host organism, like making a muscle protein or a digestive enzyme, but transposons are parasitic genes which live only for themselves. Transposon genes encode proteins which serve no beneficial function for their hosts. Instead these proteins are used to make copies of transposons and spread them throughout the host genome.

Transposons have been extremely successful at invading all branches of the tree of life. They are found in daffodils, ducks and politicians. They move from one species to another by hitching a ride – for example, by inserting themselves into the genome of a virus which can move between species. Upon arriving in a new host species, transposons multiply and insert themselves into every chromosome to

maximise their chances of being passed from parents to their offspring. Why is almost half of the human genome made up of transposons? Because our cells have experienced many invasions and expansions of transposons throughout our evolutionary history.

Once within a new host, transposons refuse to settle down in one place and instead hop from chromosome to chromosome. Their wild lifestyle causes real harm to their hosts. Transposons can accidentally crash into the DNA of useful genes when they hop into a new location, giving rise to mutations. Essential functions may be lost or a cell become cancerous. Uncontrolled transposons can be killers.

Humans and other host species have evolved sophisticated defences against these invaders. The host cell may coat transposon

DNA with blocking chemicals known as methyl groups and wrap it up tightly into silent coils, or it may send out search-and-destroy enzymes designed to chop up transposon RNA before it can be used to make transposon proteins. Over time, silenced transposons will acquire mutations and become inactive fossils in the genome, a DNA record of battles fought millions of years ago.

A small number of transposons have made peace with their hosts and become domesticated. The ability of transposons to chop and rearrange DNA has been harnessed by our immune system to create billions of unique antibodies, each a potential defence against an invading virus or bacterium. Written into our DNA is this testament to life's ability to turn lemons into lemonade.

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**Dr Conrad Vink** is a Research Associate at the Institute of Child Health, University College London.



## Book file

**SNOWDROPS – AD MILLER’S FIRST NOVEL – IS NARRATED BY NICK, A BRITISH LAWYER IN MOSCOW. RIGHTS TO SNOWDROPS HAVE BEEN SOLD IN 22 COUNTRIES AND IT WAS SHORT-LISTED FOR THE MAN BOOKER PRIZE. THE READER IS PROMISED “A RIVETING PSYCHOLOGICAL DRAMA ... A CHILLING STORY OF LOVE AND MORAL FREEFALL”. DOES IT DELIVER?**

*Snowdrops* was short-listed for the Booker prize perhaps on the basis of the much derided ‘readability’ test allegedly adopted this year. Miller insists on peppering the early text with Russian words – “Spasibo” said Masha (thank you) – which rapidly becomes grating. He also feels the need to explain everything that is not ‘Western’, so that in parts the book feels as if it is trying to be a travel guide. Not that the Moscow described here is one most of us would want to visit.

The book is a written confession, to the writer’s fiancée, telling of his last months in Moscow. The writer is a not very likeable lawyer called Nick working there in the heady days of the 1990s. There are three strands to the novel: Nick’s affair with a young Russian woman; the oil terminal financing deal on which he is working; and the almost incidental disappearance of a neighbour. Halfway through, the pace finally begins to quicken, but by then so many clues have been dropped for the reader to stumble over that the outcome of all three elements in the story is glaringly obvious to the reader, if not to Nick.

The book disappoints.

**Peter Burrows**  
Lawyer  
Moscow/Beijing

*Snowdrops* is not about eternal ethical questions; neither is it a good detective novel (it lacks the requisite wit). It is a depiction of Russia’s everyday life with references to a broader historical background, seen through the eyes of a prejudiced foreigner who has no intention of getting in touch with what he sees. Instead of trying to address the essence of these things – or at least create a plot by using them – the author tells a very plain story that has no intellectual or even descriptive value.

There is no twist in the tale to make you wonder what’s going to happen next, and no characters that would make you care about that. You are given names, with their brief stories, but there is no life breathed into them. The people in the book don’t seem to care about things themselves; neither does the author; why should the reader?

The detail of everyday Russian routine and the portraits of local characters – Russian mobsters, girls who come to Moscow in the hope of a better life – become pointless, since there is no content to support. On every page there is at least one description of a ‘typical Russian’ building, businessman, living-room, street, car, et cetera; one might consider this approach to ‘the way things are in Russia’ as a strength (and forgive the author’s naive attempts to make these details scary) but a novel, all novels, require a good storyline, characters, plot and content – and these are all missing in Miller’s book.

Miller sees Russia as terra incognita for the reader. He plays with an image of a mysterious, grim, cold country filled with atrocities. This is so much easier than writing a real, meaningful or in any way interesting book.

**Georgy Darasselia**  
Lawyer  
Moscow



# “Reader, I married him”

Charlotte Brontë

**“A superlative portrait”**

*Financial Times*

**“Superbly atmospheric...Elegantly written, and spot on its detail”**

*The Observer*

**“Genuinely surprising, moving, and ultimately devastating, *Snowdrops* is a must-read”**

*Edmonton Journal*

**“Its intense mix of sex, money, deception and betrayal makes for both engrossing and compulsive reading”**

*Canberra Times*

**“this seamless thriller demands to be read at a sitting”**

*The Lady*

**“Miller’s taut narrative is a deft mixture of suspense, intrigue and human tragedy”**

*Jonathan Dimbleby*

**“A novel in which the reader is always a few steps ahead of the narrator is rarely satisfying”**

*Scotsman.com*

**“Platt’s amorality is not only tasteless, but unbelievable”**

*Philip Womack*

**“The best stories are delivered by unreliable narrators”**

*economist.com*

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AD Miller

Born London 1974

Studied literature at Cambridge and Princeton

Moscow correspondent for *The Economist* 2004 to 2007

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**Peter Burrows** and **Georgy Darasselia** are both with Norton Rose Group. Georgy is a banking associate and Peter is a real estate specialist and the joint head of the Moscow office (and head of Beijing and Shanghai).

**Do you love books, whether there’s a happy outcome or it all ends in tears?**

Are moody Swedish thrillers your thing or do you prefer nineteenth century English novels? Share your thoughts with other readers in Norton Rose Group by joining or forming a book group or by feeding into the debate on Ciao. The London Book Club meets about once a month at lunchtime. All readers welcome.

**The Book Club.  
On Athena and Ciao.  
Ask for Susannah Ronn.**

# The open door

NOT EVERYTHING CAN BE SAID IN ENGLISH.

RE: OPEN LOOKS AT THE CZECH LANGUAGE.

## Pravda a láska musí zvítězit nad lží a nenávistí

jedině člověk, který po “smyslu” bytostně prahne a potřebuje ho - kterému je tedy “mysl” intergrálním rozměrem jeho vlastní existence -, může zakoušet jeho nepřítomnost jako něco bolestného, resp. může ji vůbec vnímat: prázdnotu lze přece zakoušet jen jako “prázdnotu od něčeho”, tedy na půdě jakéhosi povědomí či pocitu toho, co tak říkajíc prázdnotě chybí k tomu, aby prázdnotou nebyla. V této své trýznivé nepřítomnosti je přítomen smysl možná dokonce nálehavěji než tam, kde je prostě bez otazníků dán - asi tak, jako nemocný člověk, jak se říká, chápe líp, co je to zdraví, než člověk zdravý.

*Václav Havel*

Celý svět byl pohut smrtí Václava Havla. Muže, který pro většinu z nás představoval integritu, hloubku intelektu a citu a neochvějnou víru, že pravda a láska zvítězí. Tyto kvality se mohou zdát naivní a pomýlené, když bychom popisovali současného politika. Nicméně tisíce lidí, kteří tiše hodiny čekali, aby mohli vzdát čest jeho památce, byly živoucím důkazem toho, že se dotkl našich srdcí a jeho práce a boj nebyly nadarmo. Doufám, že malý kousek Václava Havla hoří v každém z nás a my budeme jeho ideály předávat našim dětem.

*Milana Chamberlain*

### Truth and love must prevail over lies and hatred

“...only someone whose very being thirsts after meaning, for whom ‘meaning’ is an integral dimension of his own existence, can experience the absence of meaning as something painful, or more precisely, can perceive it at all. In its tormenting absence, meaning may have a more urgent presence than when it is simply taken for granted, no questions asked — somewhat in the way one who is sick may better understand what it means to be well than one who is healthy.”

*Letters to Olga*

*Václav Havel*

The whole world was moved by the death of Václav Havel. A man who, for most of us, represented integrity, depth of intellect and emotion, and an unerring faith that truth and love will prevail. These qualities might seem naive and deluded when describing a politician in the current world. However, the thousands of people who queued very silently for hours to pay their respects, when he laid in state, were a living testament that he touched our hearts and his work and struggle was not in vain. I would like to hope that a little bit of Václav Havel will keep burning in all of us and we will be passing his ideals on to our children.

*Milana Chamberlain*

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**Václav Havel (1936–2011)** was a Czech playwright, essayist, poet, dissident and politician. A Nobel peace prize nominee, he was the ninth and last President of Czechoslovakia and the first President of the Czech Republic.

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**Milana Chamberlain** is Czech. She is head of the Prague office for Norton Rose Group.

# The person

# WANG YI

WE DIDN'T CHOOSE IT AT ALL  
I WAS TAKEN BY FATE

I was born in China in 1972, during the Cultural Revolution.

I went to primary school very young, I think I was five. If you can pass the test, no matter how young you are you can go to school. I passed. And why? Because my auntie broke her leg and stayed at home for three months, so she spent the whole time teaching me Chinese and mathematics.

When I was a teenager I always liked ancient history. I used to write in classical Chinese.

My son is 13. He has only just started showing an interest in history. Before that, my husband and I were slightly concerned that his generation don't have a dream.... They spend too much time on cartoons, TVs, electronic games and they don't care about history or the future or people around them, they just do what they like to do. At his age he should be interested in more serious things like culture, music, of course his study for sure, art, politics.

Compared to my childhood, I think my son's childhood was more boring.

My parents are *zhishifenzi* (intellectuals). My father graduated in 1965. His father belonged to the *Guomindang* (KMT) party; my mother's family was also *Guomindang* – so for a long time their family background was not good.

My mother's father had a chance to go to Taiwan but he stayed here. He just didn't want to leave his home town. Very simple. That's it. So he decided to stay; and this changed his life, and his family life, and his children's life.

University graduates during the 1960s were very precious.

My father was lucky; he got into university because he chose a petroleum university. This university didn't pay too much attention to family background because they couldn't get hold of enough students.

My mother didn't have this chance. And she even didn't know why she failed. Nobody told her. She studied Russian at school and got 99 out of 100 in the admission test. And yet she didn't get into university and nobody explained why.

My parents-in-law had a very different life. In their family they were all *gongren* (workers). In China, the workers were the ruling class for a long time, so after the 1980s, and China's opening to the world, when the status of intellectuals started going up, they felt a bit lost.

In China, we always thought that only physics, chemistry and mathematics were important subjects for children to study. Now it's changed. My husband graduated from Beijing University of Technology, but he says that he won't force our son to study technology; I have never thought my son will read law. He does not need to learn in order to make money, so he can choose something he is really interested in.

I became a lawyer by chance. Not by mistake but out of my intention or expectation.

My law school, the China University of Political Science and Law, is one of the very best in China and the only one under the direct supervision of the Ministry of Justice. When I went there, in 1990, the university only took 400 students a year so there were only about 1600 in the whole school.

We didn't choose it at all. I was taken by fate.

I think, like most Chinese children, we don't think the study when we are young is just for





ourselves; to a certain extent it's for our parents. So when I had finished my admission test, I thought my job was done; which university I would go to didn't matter too much. I left it to my parents to choose.

My parents took three days off to study the previous admission rates for different universities and they chose nine universities at three different levels, each with three majors, and then all ranked in priority. They put foreign languages as the top priority.

They didn't even apply to my university.

That year there were 22 places available at my university for students from Sichuan province. But only eight applied for my university and did well enough to get in. That's how I got an offer. You can say on the form if you are okay about being moved to other universities in the same subject area and my parents had done that. And I had high scores in the test, so I was 'upgraded'.

When I got the admission notice, I didn't even know where the university was. Then we checked the envelope and saw it was from Beijing.

When I gave my parents entire authority to apply for me, I only raised one issue: I didn't want to stay in Chengdu. I wanted to be independent.

Most Chinese children are ruled by their parents for years, until they go to university; even then, if you live in the same city, you are still under their control and you have to go home every weekend and tell them everything.

I said no, I don't want to go to university in Chengdu, although it's a nice city, my home town, I like it; but I want to be outside.



I BECAME A LAWYER BY CHANCE. NOT BY MISTAKE  
BUT OUT OF MY INTENTION OR EXPECTATION.

My university was in north-west Beijing, in Haidian, where all the old, prestigious universities are. But, when I got off the train, I was taken to Changping county, along the Badaling highway, to the new campus. And they hadn't told us at all, you will be moved to that far, remote area. The bus kept driving for an hour. Changping 20 years ago was really under-developed, just fields and a very small town, no big buildings, no shopping malls. I was really disappointed.

I shared a small room, 15 square metres, with five other girls, in bunk beds.

I never felt I had enough money for the whole four years. I got some money from my parents, I had a subsidy from the university and I was a keen athlete so I got another subsidy, and I did relatively okay in my studies so I got a scholarship. I got all this but it was still not enough, because I like travelling. Every summer holiday I was wandering outside somewhere, but in the winter I always went home for Chinese New Year.

At that time students didn't work in the holidays. I have a cousin in Guangzhou and it was different there (because Guangzhou is so close to Hong Kong) so she worked in a restaurant during Chinese New Year and made enough money to travel to Tibet. I was really jealous because I didn't have that chance in Chengdu.

Big companies in China have their own school, kindergarten, canteen, hospital, everything. We call this 'big company, small society'; you stay in the company from the time you are born until you go to university.

My father worked for the Sichuan branch of PetroChina. They provided accommodation; the more senior you were, the bigger the apartment you would get. So we moved from a one-bedroom to two bedrooms, then three bedrooms in the end.

I didn't have a clear plan when I graduated (although I knew I didn't want to work for a Chinese law firm), so I was allocated back to Sichuan. My father's company took me. Because my father was working there, they were obliged to take me back if I wanted it.

I got to know my husband after I graduated, and then I decided to marry him, and he was in Beijing, so I had to come to Beijing. Then I needed a job. But I had no *hukou* (residential card) and without a *hukou* you cannot get into a state-owned company or government body: I had to work in the private sector. So I had to go to a Chinese law firm.

I was assigned to a partner in the firm who was actually working for an American law firm which was waiting to get their licence. That's how I got to know there are foreign law firms in China. That's fate again.

I joined Norton Rose in 2001. From then I felt sort of 'clear water'. I quite liked the environment of this foreign law firm. I quite liked my work, although it was tough at the beginning, and I didn't have any overseas educational background or living experience.

The culture is very different.

After I got married I did go to Tibet, in 2000. We had a big plan to start from Lhasa and go to other places but my husband had serious high altitude sickness, so we stayed in Lhasa for four days and had to cancel the rest of the trip.

At some point I want to study twentieth century history, especially China's history. What we were taught in school is incomplete. I really want to know what we don't know about what existed.

I don't want to go back to school when I am 50 or 60. It's too late. So I may retire early.

I didn't agree with the one child policy. I decided not to have a second one just because I feel it takes so much energy and time to bring a child up, and I need to work hard, particularly in my industry, there's never enough time to be with your child.

Sometimes I feel sad that I don't have a daughter; one boy, one girl is perfect. But I think you need to have some sadness during your life. I haven't experienced any big difficulties in mine: *yi fan feng shun* (smoothly). There's a Chinese saying: 月盈则亏, 水满则溢. Don't expect everything to be perfect; it's good to have some problems in your life, otherwise bad fortune may strike.

---

**Wang Yi, Beijing**  
*The career*

Partner, Norton Rose LLP 2009.  
Joined Norton Rose Group 2001.  
Articles 1995.  
LLB, China University of Political Science and Law (*Zhongguo Zhengfa Daxue*) 1990–1994.  
Born Chengdu, Sichuan 1972.

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Interview by **Ingeborg Alexander**  
Photograph by **Ivan Maslarov**

Ending AIDS through research  
Une fin au SIDA grâce à la recherche

Everyone does their bit.  
Chacun fait sa part.

We play hard rock.  
Nous jouons du hard rock.

Expert Cup-winners Notorious Road in action at AIDSbeat 2011. AIDSbeat has raised over C\$2.5 million in support of CANFAR since 1996. Norton Rose Canada LLP sponsors AIDSbeat. Notorious Road is an award-winning, gut-busting Norton Rose Canada band (with friends).

Gagnant de la Coupe Lexpert, la formation musicale Notorious Road en vedette au concert-bénéfice AIDSbeat, édition 2011. Depuis 1996, AIDSbeat a permis de recueillir plus de 2,5 millions de dollars au profit de CANFAR. Norton Rose Canada S.E.N.C.R.L., s.r.l. est commanditaire d'AIDSbeat. Composé de membres de Norton Rose Canada (et d'amis), le groupe lauréat Notorious Road casse la baraque à tout coup.



**CANFAR**

CANADIAN  
FOUNDATION  
FOR AIDS  
RESEARCH

FONDATION  
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DE RECHERCHE  
SUR LE SIDA

25 years of ending AIDS through research  
Vouée à mettre fin au SIDA par la recherche depuis 25 ans

[www.CANFAR.com](http://www.CANFAR.com)



## Off Stage in Toronto's Northern Ravines

Ruth Wahl, Nicole Sigouin (right), Nicole Dinaut (left) and Barry Segal are – by night – the Toronto rock band Notorious Road. Three of them are also partners with Norton Rose Group and the fourth (Nicole D) is a patent agent. For five years, they've been doing live gigs and special charity appearances (raising money for Blessings in a Backpack, CANFAR and other good causes) in Ontario and Québec in Canada. They have yet to release any tracks, so Re:Style sent them out into the woods to channel their inner rock chic and work on that first album.





Keyboard player and research partner **Ruth** sports a sassy black leather jacket by Jones New York, a casually draped scarf by Québec's Melanie Lyne and Second Yoga jeans by Eric Wazana (yes, they can be worn to do yoga).



**Barry** practises lead guitar by night and tax law by day. He is wearing a Bugatti winter coat, Ralph Lauren cuff hat and a striped scarf from Canada's Harry Rosen to keep out the first chill of the Canadian winter. Maui Jim sunglasses complete the look.



Lead vocalist and banking partner **Nicole S** adds a heavy-metal touch to a custom-made “Kravet” tunic from Diana Leveille’s private collection with her own chain-link necklace, Calvin Klein pumps, Prada sunglasses and Taifun cropped trousers by Gerry Weber.



**Nicole D**, patent agent and PhD chemist, adds bass and vocals. Her Canadian-designed Cleo jeans complement a fitted black leather jacket and chenille scarf from Diana Leveille’s private collection.

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Photography by **Alex Dimson**. Alex is a Toronto litigator with Norton Rose Group. Shot on location at Sherwood Park Ravine.

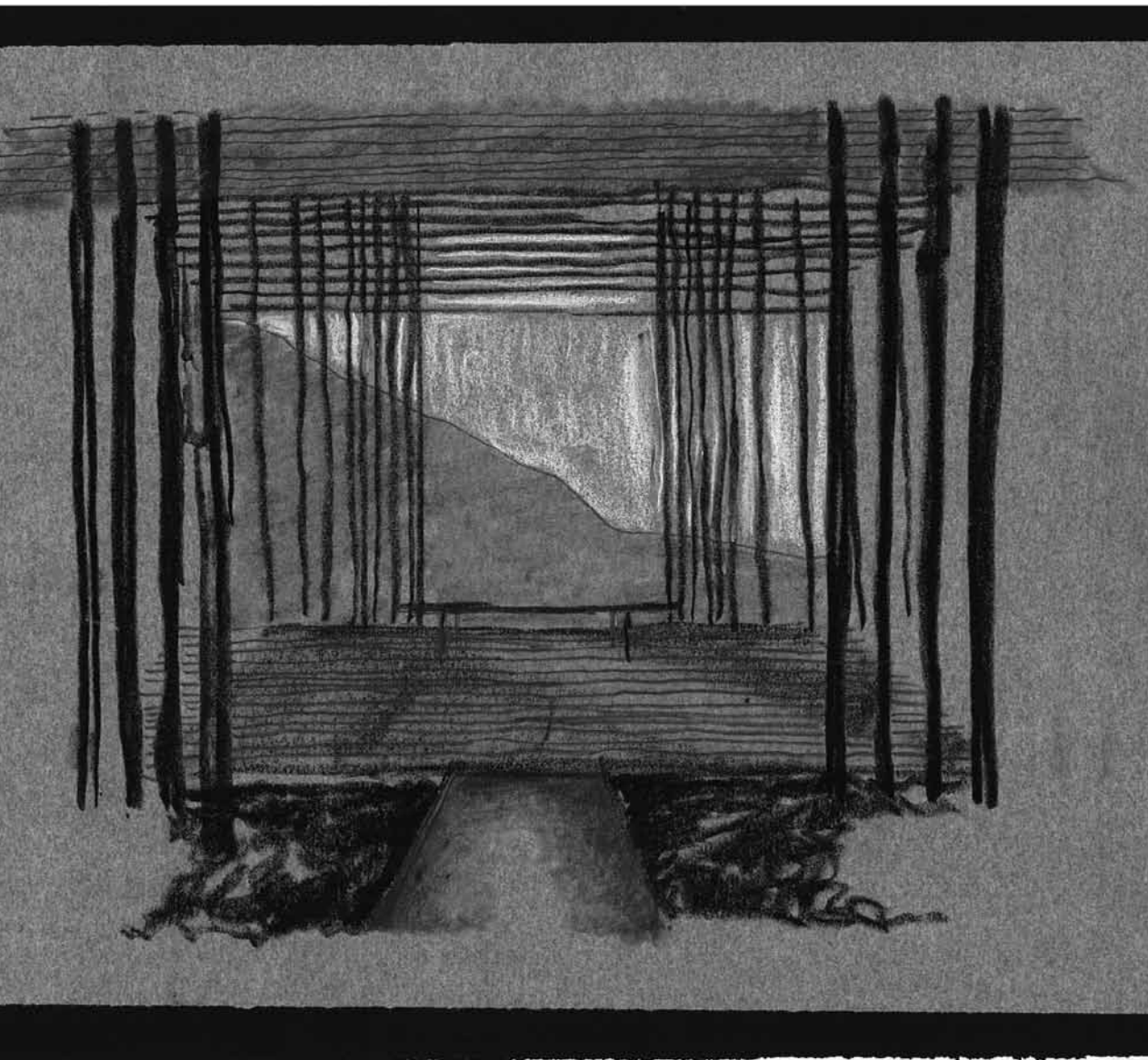


re Life

The resourceful architect

# Kengo Kuma

“THIS CULTURE OF *MAKING* FORMS THE STARTING POINT  
FOR ANY KENGO KUMA PROJECT”



**L**ight and air filter gently in, connecting the bamboo space to the surrounding trees. Built around a timber frame, the structural properties of bamboo have been manipulated here to create delicate walls that offer shelter and regulate both levels of light and privacy. This is in China, right by the Great Wall, and it is the creation of Japanese architect Kengo Kuma.

The space, and the private villa to which it is attached, exude highly finished natural luxury, a far cry from the shiny tall buildings, inspired by Western design, which are springing up all over China. Instead, the structure recalls traditional Japanese temples (like the Shinto shrine in the city of Ise) built out of timber to work in sympathy with the elements. The villa's proximity to the Great Wall creates an immediate contrast between the bamboo (sourced locally) and the ancient masonry of the Wall, and suggests a symbolic connection between the two countries.

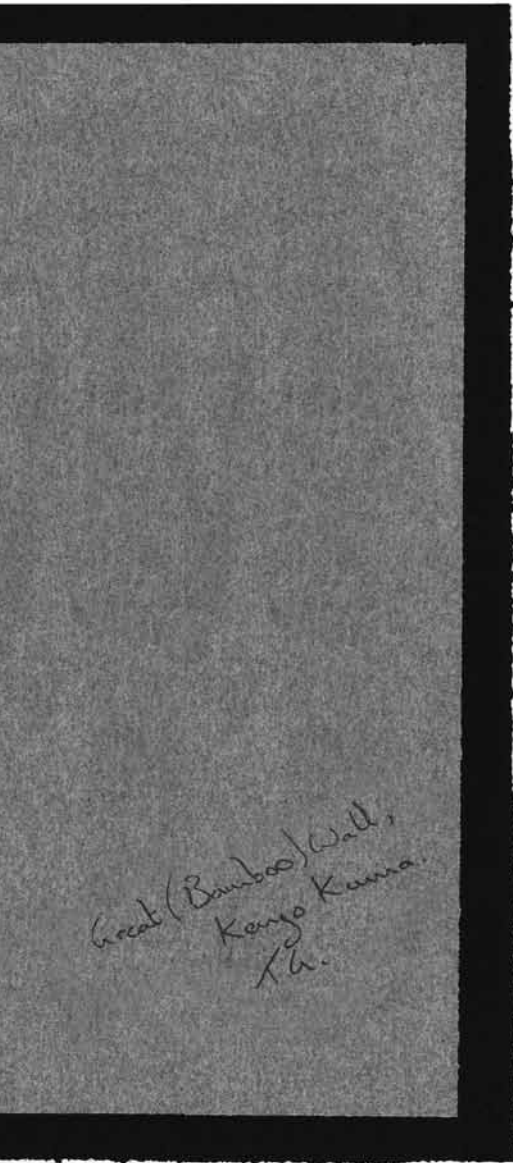
The dual nature of the work, bringing inside and outside together, and the process of craft and experimentation behind it, are the hallmarks of Kengo Kuma, whose work places great value on pushing the limits of human-friendly and sustainable materials. Material exploration is seen as a cornerstone of traditional Japanese architecture, and this culture of *making* forms the starting point for any Kengo Kuma project.

Kuma's architectural office in the Minamiaoyama district of Tokyo is filled with full-scale prototypes testing concrete set with fibre optics, plastic walls filled with insulating water, and numerous complex timber lattices, underscoring the practice's reliance on model-making and craft.

He has now turned his attention to Europe, opening a second office in Paris in 2008, and winning commissions for a concert hall in Besançon in France and a performing arts centre in Grenada in Spain. The urban scale of these projects will test the European practice with both a complex set of requirements and client bodies. If budgets – and everyone's nerves – hold, Europe can sit back and wait to enjoy Kengo Kuma's wonderfully clear architecture, imbued with technical innovation, enduring methods of construction and a deep level of material understanding.

- 1954 Born Yokohama, Japan
- 1979 Awarded Master's in Architecture, Todai (University of Tokyo)
- 1990 Established Kengo Kuma & Associates.
- 2002 Completed Great (Bamboo) Wall, Beijing
- 2003 Completed Baisoin Temple, Tokyo
- 2008 Established Kuma & Associates Europe
- 2009 Professor, Graduate School of Architecture, Todai

**Tom Gibson** is completing an MA in architectural design at the Royal College of Art in London. He spent six months working on a student-led exhibition of architecture in Tokyo, involving visits to a number of architectural practices in Japan. Tom talked to journalist **Dawn Hayes** of Norton Rose Group.



# The season

## Globe to Globe

21 APRIL – 9 JUNE 2012

SHAKESPEARE'S GLOBE LONDON


In which 37 international companies present every one of Shakespeare's plays in a different language over six weeks. *Re: Season* presents a selection.

 a carnival  
of stories

21, 22 APRIL

### VENUS & ADONIS U-VENAS NO ADONISI


Isango Ensemble Cape Town | IsiZulu, IsiXhosa, SeSotho, Setswana, Afrikaans, South African English

 iiyure zothando zibonakala zimfutshane nangona ziinde

23, 24 APRIL

### TROILUS & CRESSIDA A TOROIHI RAUA KO KAHIRA


Ngakau Toa Auckland | Maori

 Kōmingo kau te ngākau; e amio ana i te wawata

24, 25 APRIL

### MEASURE FOR MEASURE МЕРА ЗА МЕРУ

Vakhtangov Theatre Moscow | Russian

 то, что принадлежит мне твое, а все, что принадлежит тебе - мое

26, 27 APRIL

### PERICLES ΠΕΡΙΚΛΗΣ

National Theatre of Greece Athens | Greek

 φοβού τον τύρανο όταν σε φιλά

28, 29 APRIL

### RICHARD III 理查三世

National Theatre of China Beijing | Mandarin

 要一匹马! 要一匹马! 愿以王位许之!

1, 2 MAY

### JULIUS CAESAR GIULIO CESARE

I Termini Company Rome | Italian

 Amici, romani, concittadini, prestatemi le vostre orecchie

3, 4 MAY

### TITUS ANDRONICUS 泰特斯


Tang Shu-wing Theatre Studio Hong Kong | Cantonese

 如果我這一生中有做過一件好事我就會從心底裡衷心後悔

5, 6 MAY

### OTHELLO OTHELLO: THE REMIX


Q Brothers / CST / RJP Chicago | Hip hop

 [Unprintable. Ed.]

8, 9, 10 MAY

### MACBETH MAKBET


Teatr im. Kochanowskiego Opole | Polish

 Co się stało, to już się nie odstanie

15, 16 MAY

### HENRY IV PART 2 ENRIQUE IV SEGUNDA PARTE


Elkafka Espacio Teatral Argentina | Argentine Spanish

 Hemos escuchado las campanas de la medianoche

21, 22 MAY

### CORIOLANUS コレオレイナス

Chiten Kyoto | Japanese

 民衆無くして何が国家だ?

31 MAY, 1 JUNE

## TIMON OF ATHENS

### TIMON AUS ATHEN

Bremer Shakespeare Company Bremen | German

☞ Nichts ermutigt Sünde so sehr wie Gnade

1, 2 JUNE

## MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

### BEAUCOUP DE BRUIT POUR RIEN

Compagnie Hypermobile Paris | French

☞ L'homme est inconstant

2, 3 JUNE

## HAMLET HAMLETAS

Meno Fortas Lithuania | Lithuanian

☞ Buti ar nebūti – štai kur klausimas

7, 8, 9 JUNE

## HENRY V

Shakespeare's Globe London | English

☞ Once more unto the breach, dear friends

☞ Shakespeare is the language which brings us together better than any other, and which reminds of our almost infinite difference, and of our strange and humbling commonality.

Dominic Dromgoole, Artistic Director, Shakespeare's Globe  
Tom Bird, Festival Director, Globe to Globe

# Canadian festivals

JANUARY – JULY 2012

JAN 27 – FEB 9

**WINTERLICIOUS** | TORONTO, Province of Ontario

Toronto's favourite winter foodie celebration with gourmand events; and prix fixe menus at 150 restaurants. No call to hibernate now. [toronto.ca/winterlicious](http://toronto.ca/winterlicious)

JAN 28 – FEB 12

**QUÉBEC WINTER CARNIVAL** | QUÉBEC CITY, Province of Québec

The largest winter carnival in the world started up in 1894. Ice climbing, snow rafting, snowmobiling, tobogganing, snow shoeing, skiing, snowboarding on offer. [carnaval.qc.ca/en](http://carnaval.qc.ca/en)

MAR 15-17

**RED BULL CRASHED ICE** | QUÉBEC CITY, Province of Québec

The final race in the 2012 World Championship of ice cross: 100,000 spectators and a 500-metre ice track with steps, jumps and hairpin turns. [redbull.com](http://redbull.com)

MAY 4-21

**CANADIAN TULIP FESTIVAL** | OTTAWA, Province of Ontario

The 60th anniversary of the largest tulip festival in the world. Over one million tulips in more than 50 varieties. [tulipfestival.ca](http://tulipfestival.ca)

JUNE 28 – JULY 7

**INTERNATIONAL MONTRÉAL JAZZ FESTIVAL** | MONTRÉAL, Province of Québec

The world's largest jazz festival showcases jazz from 30 countries, with 1,000 concerts and activities — two-thirds of which are free — and welcomes more than 2 million visitors. [montrealjazzfest.com](http://montrealjazzfest.com)

JULY 5 – 15

**FESTIVAL D'ÉTÉ** | QUÉBEC CITY, Province of Québec

A summer festival with 1.5 million people, and 1,000 artists playing rock, French ballads, hip-hop, electro, jazz, classical, world music. [infofestival.com](http://infofestival.com)

JULY 6 – 15

**CALGARY STAMPEDE** | CALGARY, Province of Alberta

'The Greatest Outdoor Show on Earth': rodeos, parades, stage shows, concerts, agricultural competitions, chuckwagon racing. [calgarystampede.com](http://calgarystampede.com)

### Alert for the autumn

Toronto International Film Festival: September 2012

Ottawa International Animation Festival: September 2012

# Back streets

HAMBURG. 7 DECEMBER 2011. PHOTOGRAPHS BY IVAN MASLAROV.

THE FIRST IN A SERIES OF PRIVATE VIEWINGS OF CITIES, AND STREETS, NEAR YOU.



The *Weihnachtsmann* – St Nicholas – approaches Rathausplatz from on high.

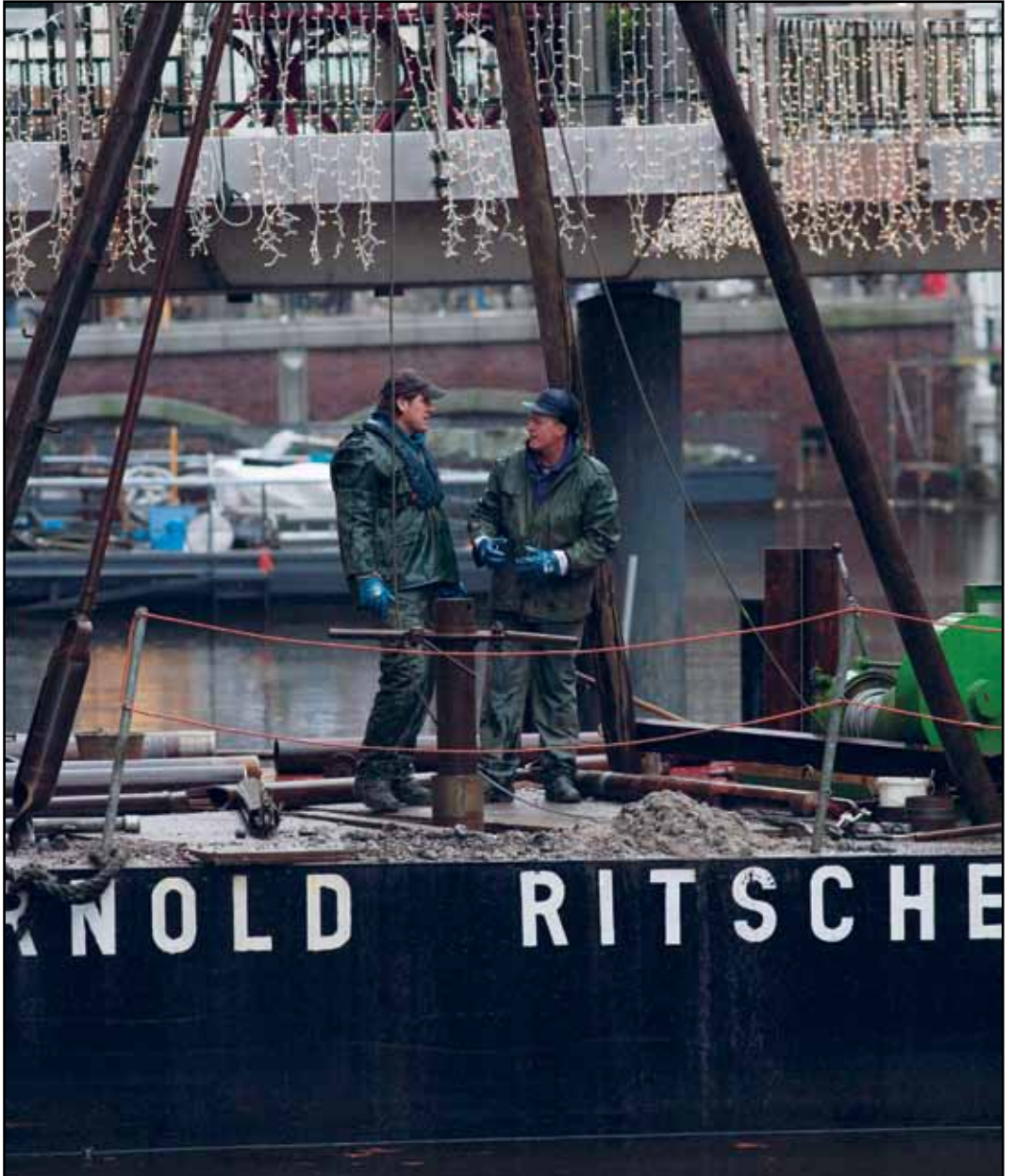




A man in a hat on Mönckebergstraße.



Ursula Dünne of Tiffany am Michel on Wincklerstraße, maker and purveyor of glass angels.



Water, bridges, boats: Hamburg is a port city. This photograph was taken on Bleichenbrücke, looking towards Poststraße.

# Coda

## MOVIES TO TICK OFF YOUR LIST IN 2012

Salma Abdelhamid, Dubai, *Forrest Gump*, dir. Robert Zemeckis, 1994, a realistic portrait of life

Alessandra Fioravanti, Milan, *Judgment at Nuremberg*, dir. Stanley Kramer, 1961, DVD 2004, a great film

Kristina Antonínová, Prague, *Little Miss Sunshine*, dir. Jonathan Dayton and Valerie Faris, 2006, comic drama/road movie

Sandra Pratt, London, *Fracture*, dir. Gregory Hoblit, 2007, crime thriller

Wutthichai Taweekhunsakul, Bangkok, *Departures (Okuribito)*, dir. Yôjirô Takita, 2008,  
a beautiful, touching film about life and death

Somaya Fuad, Dubai, *Sherlock Holmes: a game of shadows*, dir. Guy Ritchie, 2011, a stylish, fast-paced, comedic adventure

Ian Bear, Durban, *Inception*, dir. Christopher Nolan, 2010, sci-fi/action/suspense, a must watch movie

Gloria Sebernas, Toronto, *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, dir. Blake Edwards, 1961, classic Audrey Hepburn

Sandy Corbett, London, *Strictly Ballroom*, dir. Baz Luhrmann, 1992, a witty romance

Candice Collins, Johannesburg, *The Notebook*, dir. Nick Cassavetes, 2004, a complete love story with  
a well-defined beginning, middle and end

Amelia Snare, Dubai, *The Shawshank Redemption*, dir. Frank Darabont, 1994, an uplifting story of friendship and redemption

Viv Lewis, London, *Weekend*, dir. Andrew Haigh, 2011, a touching and brave film

Victoria Dozorets, Hamburg, *Big Fish*, dir. Tim Burton, 2003, a concept-fable of magical realism

Susannah Ronn, London, *It's a Wonderful Life*, dir. Frank Capra, 1946, classic feel-good movie





## RE: A MAGAZINE OPEN TO NEW PERSPECTIVES

Issue 2 of *Re*: was produced with the aid of the following individuals within Norton Rose Group:

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