



Looking out not in

re:

A Norton Rose Group magazine
Issue 3

RE:
WORK
DEMENTIA
THE PHOTO ESSAY: A WALL
IN BEIJING
A SHORT STORY BY
ALEXANDRA HOWE
LIFE





Photograph: Robert Young

A large crowd of people, many wearing red sashes, are clapping and smiling. The scene is brightly lit, suggesting an indoor event or competition. The background is slightly blurred, focusing attention on the people in the foreground.

IT FEELS GOOD TO WIN

**NORTON ROSE GROUP
OFFICE CHOIR OF THE YEAR 2012
[CLICK HERE TO SEE THE MOVIE](#)**

The final of the annual Music in Offices competition was held at St John's Smith Square in London



CONTENTS

WORK

- 04** Contributors
- 05** The Editor
- 06** Letters to the Editor
Obiter dictum
- 07** Richard Calnan
on jurisprudence
- 08** Close-up
Kazakhstan
- 10** Introducing
Michael Sandel
- 12** The Q&A
Four chairmen

FEATURES





48



50



60



62

LIFE

- 39** To do
- 40** The sporting life
- 44** The back garden
- 46** The kitchen table
- 48** The guide
Abu Dhabi
- 50** Yesterday
Sandy Corbett
- 51** Tomorrow
- 53** One fine day
Uwe Eppler's top five
- 54** The poem
- 56** The open door
Zulu
- 57** The person
Derek Burney
- 60** Style
Hong Kong
- 62** Back streets
London
- 64** Coda

CONTRIBUTORS



Patrick Bracher
Obiter dictum, p6



Natalia Chudakova
The sporting life, p40



Tina Glover
The sporting life, p41



Simon Lovegrove
Introducing, p10



Pierre Nguyen
The sporting life, p41



Susannah Ronn
The back garden, p44



Richard Calnan
Richard Calnan on jurisprudence, p7



Nick Clayson
The guide, p48



Alexandra Howe
Catherine Brunet, p34
The poem, p55



David Lyons
The sporting life, p40



Julie Paquette
The sporting life, p42



Sean Twomey
The sporting life, p42



Mazwi Cele
The open door, p56



Dr Uwe Eppler
One fine day, p53



Daniel Kaufman
The sporting life, p42



Ivan Maslarov
Back streets, p62



Miles Pittman
The kitchen table, p46



Askhat Tynbayev
Close-up, p8



Michael Chronis
The kitchen table, p47



Kathryn Gawith
The kitchen table, p47



Virginia Leyva
The back garden, p45



Lindsay Morgan
The back garden, p45



Kim Rew
The sporting life, p40



Ingeborg Alexander
The Q&A
The person

Charlie Bateson
The sporting life

Meng Fei
The photo essay

Frederic Naud
The kitchen table

This is the third issue of *Re:*, a magazine for everyone in Norton Rose Group and for our friends, among them our clients and our alumni. In this issue, a former Canadian Ambassador to the United States takes centre stage in *The Person*, as Ingeborg Alexander finds out how someone can be a diplomat, a Japanese linguist, a chief of staff, a CEO and a senior strategic adviser (that last for Norton Rose Group), all in one lifetime. Mr Derek Burney tells her how it's done. In addition, we have orchids in Venezuela, sporting prowess in London and summer zing in Hong Kong (where our Style editor has made her fashion selection). In Calgary, the indefatigable Miles Pittman tackles a vegetable terrine. And there's a first. A short story – by Alexandra Howe.

The next issue will be out in early 2013. *Uhambe kahle*, as they say in Zulu – see you then.

The Editor

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

I liked the article on the next extinction ['Real science']. How about doing something on graphene? It cries out to be brought into the mainstream.

Patrick Kierans, Toronto

I can assist with Islamic calligraphy and art illustrations.

Suraya Tegally, London
All ideas are noted in my little black book of contacts. Ed.

I assume this is no longer a staff magazine – as it appears to be aimed at outside Norton Rose. Such a shame. I always looked forward to *iNRworld* coming out. It was about Norton Rose. Not about culture, or wine, or fashion. If I wanted to read about fashion – I would buy an actual fashion magazine.

Name supplied, Dubai
You're right, iNRworld is no longer published. I hope that the new content on our intranet, Athena, will fill that space for you. Re: takes a different approach. We are pulling on the many different things that people in the Group know about or

care about or are interested to find out more about. Our sense of being located all over the world and yet still in touch – through our work and our shared interests and intellectual curiosity – is what drives Re. It's all about looking out, not in. The audience for the magazine includes clients, friends and family, and alumni. The chief audience is everyone who is part of the Group. Ed.

May I say what a good initiative *Re*: is. Even at the far end of the earth *Re*: is well read and enjoyed!
Justin Lucas, Melbourne

I really enjoyed the interview with Wang Yi. It captured the real person very well.
Tom Luckock, Beijing

Good morning from Calgary. I work for Michael Bennett and he appears as the dashing moustache model [Movember]. Would it be possible to please get five hard copies of the magazine for posterity?

Lisa Lawson, Calgary

Re: brings the Group alive.

Miriam Davies, London

OBITER DICTUM

Latin, deconstructed, in case of need

contra proferentem

Literally, 'against the proffering party' where ambiguity or uncertainty in a document is construed against the party responsible for drafting it.

damnum sine injuria esse potest

There can be **physical injury without legal liability** – which is why players cannot sue for ordinary rugby injuries (other than a defence of insanity).

doli incapax

Legally incapable of committing a wrong. There is an extraordinary presumption that children under a certain age (seven in some parts of the world, ten in others) cannot act maliciously.

dona clandestina sunt semper suspiciosa

Secret gifts are always suspicious. The reason for the UK Bribery Act.

ejusdem generis

Of the same type. Where particular words describe a particular category of thing or person, general words that follow are interpreted to include only things of the same class. The birds-of-a-feather principle. So 'oranges etc' and 'oranges, peaches, etc' means all fruit but 'oranges, lemons, grapefruit etc' probably means all citrus fruit.

e pluribus unum

Out of many, one, or, simply, united, which explains why it is the motto on the USA seal. Clear light from the full spectrum of colours is a more poetic example.

ex abundanti cautela

From an abundance of care. This is the Latin belt-and-braces principle. When President Obama had his oath of office repeated following his Inauguration, this was done *ex abundanti cautela*.

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RICHARD CALNAN ON JURISPRUDENCE

What is the role of a judge? In 1975, Lord Devlin – a distinguished British judge from the last century – said that a judge, essentially, serves the community by “the removal of a sense of injustice”. “The essential quality which [she or] he needs is impartiality and the next after that the appearance of impartiality.” It is not the bare fact that a wrong has been committed on me which arouses my sense of injustice. It is the feeling that I have been wronged by someone whom I cannot challenge which affronts my dignity. Unrelieved wrongs lead to social unrest. That is why we need judges. To apply the law to the facts of the case. But do we need them to make our laws?

What concerned Lord Devlin was the tendency of some commentators to require judges to be law-makers. In common law systems, judges had traditionally made the law as well as giving effect to it. If the subject matter is one on which the public is indifferent or on which there is a general consensus, then there is nothing wrong with this. The problem arises when judges make laws in areas where the public does not speak with one voice.

One objection is that judges do not have all the necessary skills. Nor the background materials, nor indeed the broad view, available to bodies such as law reform commissions. Judges are, quite rightly, influenced by the particular facts of the case before them.

And, since judges are not representative, for them to make law is undemocratic. “No doubt judges, like any other body of elderly men who have lived on the whole unadventurous lives, tend to be old-fashioned in their ideas.” Laws should be made by our elected representatives.

To what extent is Lord Devlin’s approach still followed? I sense that the world has moved away from his principled position. More seems to be required of our judges now than Lord Devlin thought appropriate.

This has not always been the fault of the judges. An example is the Human Rights Act of 1998, by which Parliament introduced the European Convention on Human Rights into English law. The Convention sets out some very broad (and conflicting) principles; by enacting it, Parliament has abdicated responsibility for legislating for some difficult issues.

Take one example. Mrs Diane Pretty suffered from a progressive terminal illness and was faced with the prospect of a distressing and humiliating death. She was mentally alert, and she wished to control the time and manner of her dying, but her physical disabilities prevented her from taking her own life. She wanted her husband to help but was concerned that he might in so doing commit the offence of assisting suicide.

On the face of it, her husband’s actions would breach the law. But the Human Rights Convention accords the right to respect for private and family life; Mrs Pretty argued that this gave her the right to make decisions about her own body.

The court accepted that ‘private life’ was a term not capable of precise definition and that the prevention of assisted suicide was a potential interference with her right to respect for her private life. It decided that the interference was legitimate if it was in accordance with the law, had a legitimate aim and was necessary in a democratic society. The ban on assisted suicide was justified.

For our purposes, the key point is not the outcome but how it was obtained. These are issues on which reasonable and decent people can have very different views. Should the outcome be decided by an appointed elite or by our elected representatives?

One can only guess what Lord Devlin would have said.

Next time: *Justice Cardozo*

Richard Calnan is a partner with Norton Rose Group in London, Visiting Professor at UCL and a Special Professor at the University of Nottingham.

TERRAIN

FLATLANDS, STEPPES, TAIGAS, ROCK-CANYONS, HILLS, DELTAS, SNOW-CAPPED MOUNTAINS, DESERTS
NEIGHBOURS: RUSSIA, CHINA, KYRGYZSTAN, UZBEKISTAN, TURKMENISTAN, CASPIAN SEA



KAZHSTAN

Research by Askhat Tyndayev

WEALTH

THE PRODUCTION AND EXPORT OF

RAW MATERIALS

CRUDE OIL	ZINC
PETROLEUM	MANGANESE
NATURAL GAS	COPPER
URANIUM	COAL
CHROMIUM	IRON
LEAD	GOLD



GRAIN

GROWS ABOUT 100 CROPS
EXPORTS WHEAT AND FLOUR

BELIEFS

SECULAR



ISLAM
CHRISTIANITY
JUDAISM
TENGRISM
(OLD NOMADIC BELIEF)



PLAY

HIKING
SKIING
SKATING
SHOPPING
BARS
CINEMA
THEATRE
MUSIC
BOWLING
SAUNAS
HORSE-RIDING
JET SKIING
HUNTING
FISHING
GOLF

TIME

1991
INDEPENDENT

1936
SOVIET REPUBLIC

1920
AUTONOMOUS REPUBLIC

1916
CENTRAL ASIAN REVOLT

19TH CENTURY
RUSSIAN EMPIRE EXPANDS INTO CENTRAL ASIA

18TH CENTURY
KHANATE AT HEIGHT OF POWER

15TH CENTURY
KAZAKH IDENTITY EMERGES

13TH CENTURY
MONGOLS INVADE

FROM NEOLITHIC AGE
NOMADIC TURKIC TRIBES

Introducing Michael Sandel



Michael Sandel is an American political philosopher and a professor at Harvard University. He is best known for the Harvard course 'Justice', now available online, and for his book *Liberalism and the Limits of Justice*, which provides a critique of John Rawls' *A Theory of Justice*. In 2010, *China Newsweek* named him 'the most influential foreign figure of the year'. This year, BBC Radio 4 broadcast a three-part series, 'The Public Philosopher', recorded at the London School of Economics and Political Science, in which Sandel steered debates on some important topical issues, raising questions such as whether a banker should be paid more than a nurse.

In his latest book, *What Money Can't Buy: the moral limits of the markets*, Sandel argues that “...without quite realising it, without ever deciding to do so, we drifted from having a market economy to being a market society”. Over the past three decades, markets – and market values – have come to govern our lives as never before. Here are a few examples:

Prisons: In some US prisons non-violent offenders can opt for a cell upgrade of \$82 per night.

Reading: To encourage reading, some schools in Dallas are paying students \$2 for each book they read.

Pollution: The European Commission runs a carbon emissions trading scheme which levies a charge on flights in EU airspace based on their carbon emissions.

Animals: In South Africa, ranchers are allowed to sell the right to kill a strictly limited number of black rhinos; this gives them an incentive to raise and protect the endangered species.

Queues: Like most airlines, British Airways offers a fast track service that lets high-paying passengers jump the queue at passport and immigration control.

As the examples escalate, you begin to appreciate just how far markets and market behaviour have taken root in virtually all aspects of our lives. Should we be concerned about the prospect of moving to a market society in which everything is up for sale? Sandel believes so, for two reasons, one touching on inequality and the other, corruption.

Take inequality. In a society where everything is for sale, life is harder for those of modest means. The more money can buy, the more that affluence (or the lack of it) matters. This is really an argument about fairness. If money is the necessary means to obtaining certain goods, or a certain quality of goods, then the poor will be systematically disadvantaged in the marketplace. Should obtaining a life-saving organ transplant depend on one's ability to pay a market price for the organ?

Corruption is more difficult to pin down. Sandel describes “the corrosive tendency of the markets”, whereby putting a price on the good things in life can corrupt them. As he observes, “markets don't only allocate goods, they also express and promote certain attitudes toward the goods being exchanged....When we decide that certain goods may be bought and sold, we decide, at least implicitly, that it is appropriate to treat them as commodities.” This is why, for example, paying cash to students to read may

corrode an intrinsic desire to learn. Allowing markets to work would destroy the value of the goods they touch.

Sandel recognises that there are times in life where the work of markets is both necessary and useful. As a public intellectual, his intention is to raise important questions for public debate. Do we want a market economy or a market society? What role should markets play in public life and personal relations? How can we decide which goods should be bought and sold, and which governed by non-market value? The purpose of the many examples Sandel cites is not to answer these questions but to provide a philosophical framework for thinking about them. Something which he does very effectively.

Simon Lovegrove writes on regulatory topics and is an Of Counsel know-how lawyer for Norton Rose Group in London. He has been a columnist at *Financial Adviser*, published by The Financial Times Ltd, since 2006.

Michael Sandel (1953)

The career

- 1975 Graduates Brandeis University
- 1981 PhD, Balliol College, Oxford University (Rhodes Scholar)
- 1980 Starts teaching contemporary political philosophy, Harvard University
- 1985 Awarded Harvard-Radcliffe Phi Beta Kappa Teaching Prize
- 1998 Delivers Tanner Lectures on human values at Oxford
- 1999 Becomes full professor at Harvard
- 2001 Visiting professor at the Sorbonne
- 2002 Inaugural Anne T & Robert M Bass Professor of Government, Harvard
- 2002 Serves on US President's Council on Bioethics (till 2005)
- 2009 Delivers BBC Reith Lectures on 'A New Citizenship'
- 2010 Lectures at Fudan University, Shanghai
- 2011 Guest lecturer at Qinghua University, Beijing, on the new Critical Thinking and Moral Reasoning course (modelled on the Harvard Justice course)
- 2011 Online course ("Sandel's class") links Fudan University, Tokyo University and Harvard students

The books

Liberalism and the Limits of Justice Cambridge University Press, 1982

Democracy's Discontent Harvard University Press, 1996

Public Philosophy Harvard, 2005

The Case against Perfection Harvard, 2007

Justice Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2010

Sandel explains theories of justice...with clarity and immediacy; the ideas of Aristotle, Jeremy Bentham, Immanuel Kant, John Stuart Mill, Robert Nozick and John Rawls have rarely, if ever, been set out as accessibly.... *Jonathan Rauch*, New York Times, November 27, 2009

What Money Can't Buy Farrar, 2012

Weblinks

justiceharvard.org/

re: Work

The Q&A

INGEBORG ALEXANDER TALKS TO
NOT ONE BUT FOUR CHAIRMEN.

CHAIRMAN



Norman Steinberg



Adrian Ahern



Sibusiso Gule



Stephen Parish

Norman Steinberg

Group Chairman, and Chairman Norton Rose Canada

What has been the best of times for you?

My passion has always been doing deals. One of the most interesting periods was in 2006/2007 when, basically, that was deal frenzy around the world. In Canada, I had the opportunity to lead some very important transactions while at the same time, by pure coincidence, I was most involved in some of my social obligations.

I was involved in leading the defence of Alcan. They had been put into play by Alcoa and I was part of the team looking at strategies as to how to deal with it best, the result of which was that Rio Tinto purchased Alcan for 38 billion dollars US, which was the largest cash takeover bid in Canada's history.

We were also approached by Cerberus, a private equity fund from New York, to represent them in a possible purchase of Bell Canada (Canada's biggest public company).

I had the privilege around that same year to receive a call from Issy Sharp, the founder of Four Seasons. He said that he was thinking of privatising Four Seasons with Prince Al-Waleed bin Talal from Saudi Arabia, and the Bill Gates Foundation. So we worked together on that exciting deal.

That same year, I was asked to be the co-president of the annual campaign for Centraide (United Way), along with the President of Hydro-Québec, Thierry Vandal; he and I became great friends as a result.

That period was really quite exciting. But my career has always been very interesting. I have always enjoyed my colleagues and our clients, and our clients have always been my best friends.

I think you have a facility for making friends. It seems that when you work on transactions over a long period of time quite often a friendship comes out of that.

Absolutely. I feel that in our profession we are very privileged with the people we interact with; after several decades of practising law, I have to say that our clients are my best friends. To me it's almost indistinguishable what is business and what is social.

And, because of who we are, we have had opportunities to take leadership positions in fundraising for various causes, and there again we create another network of friends, people in the arts community and the philanthropic community. I have met people that are as good at social entrepreneurship as the entrepreneurs that work in the business community.

So, that's one of the things that I really enjoy in life, the

opportunity to create friendships with diverse people around the world.

Is that an approach that you would like to see reflected across Norton Rose Group?

Oh, very much so. I think, for us to be most effective in what we do, it is awfully important that we create close relationships with our clients, with the diverse communities that we are involved in. We are more effective as lawyers for the Group if we have deeper penetration socially, on an individual and a collective basis.

If people approach their professional life in that way, what happens to a sense of private space?

I believe in the blurring of the lines. My perspective on it is that it is almost indistinguishable, our work as lawyers and our relationships with our clients and the broader communities. That is one of the reasons I enjoy – and my wife Renée is very much a part of this – I enjoy our life so much.

There are always opportunities to have a private back stage. That's entirely possible, but I do take issue with lawyers who try and create a line of demarcation between what they do at the office versus their social lives. The better approach is to have a blurring of those two sides – we have a great opportunity to interact with some of the most interesting people in the world, so why would they not be part of our personal lives as well?

So, to fit all this in, it's important not to waste time.

Well, time management is, I think, one of our most important priorities. My first priority of the day is always to look at the agenda and plan my time. In fact, what I do when I get to the office – and I have always done this – is I sit down with my assistant Louise and plan the day, the week, the month, the year. I think if we properly manage time we can squeeze in more opportunities during the year than by, as you say, wasting time. Wasting time means poor time management.

Are you an extrovert?

I like quiet time to catch up with some of my other passions in life, reading, photography, music or walking. But I am very much a social person. I do enjoy being with people. It's about balance.

What were the worst of times?

Nothing really occurs to me. I think I have been blessed with a great life, a great marriage, a great family, a great firm, so, no, I am a person who always looks at the situation with the glass half full, so, no, I don't think I can reflect on the worst of times.

Read more on More Re:

Adrian Ahern

Chairman Norton Rose Australia

Australia is particularly vulnerable to climate change because of limits to your water and soil resources. How hopeful are you for the future?

The science is pointing towards there being climate change, but there's still a lack of certainty around what is likely to be the impact over the next few years. Per capita, Australia, I think, is actually the heaviest polluter in the world, so it's useful for it to be taking some steps on the clean energy front. Australia is in the process of introducing a carbon trading scheme the motivation behind which might be good, but its implementation is the subject of some debate here.

Are you going to be able to find more water from somewhere?

That's reasonably easily solved for those living on the coast, because in the last couple of years desalination plants have been built around some of our larger cities, so Sydney has one operating, Melbourne has one under construction, Perth has a small one operating; but the bigger issue is rainfall and water for irrigation. Australia goes through waves of either too little or too much rain; we never seem to get it spot on.

I was brought up in a rural area where water was in short supply – I grew up in Albury on the New South Wales/Victorian border by the Murray River where local farmland is heavily dependent on irrigation.

The Reserve Bank of Australia has cut its interest rate by half a per cent. Australia's resources sector is booming but the rest of the economy sounds a bit grim. What's to be done?

The Australian economy appears to be either two-speed or multi-speed, so just about anything to do with the mining logistics chain is going particularly well, and any business supporting that should be doing well. But some other industries are suffering.

Because of the mining boom, the Australian dollar is as strong as it's been for decades, and that means our exports are more expensive. If you're exporting minerals that's fine, because there are keen buyers in a competitive market, but most other exports – like manufactured goods or soft commodities – are really challenged. That's one reason the Reserve Bank decided to cut interest rates, to stimulate parts of the economy that are slow. The challenge is, if you've got part of the economy absolutely booming and part not, by cutting interest rates what does that do for the economy as a whole? We'll find out over the next year or so.

On interest rates, at the moment a standard home loan is around a six per cent per annum borrowing rate, which, from an Australian point of view, is not particularly high, but when you mention that to folks in other parts of the world they throw their hands up in horror. But we have always lived with naturally high interest rates.

Is it high interest rates but low cost of housing?

The cost of housing in some of our capital cities is amongst the most expensive in the world.

Then is it relatively high salaries? Otherwise, how does it become affordable?

It's becoming difficult for many people. For decades, the Australian dream has been to own your own home at the earliest opportunity and that opportunity is drifting away from many people.

Thinking about Australia's sense of national identity and geopolitical position, Australia has turned to Asia, hasn't it?

I think Australia is very relaxed about its position in the world. From a geopolitical point of view we are part of Asia and, you know, Australia has known that for a long time. I think other parts of the world are just realising that.

You were a student in Japan in the mid 1970s. Do you speak Japanese?

My Japanese is rusty but I'm quite okay in conversation. I was 15 years old when I went to Japan as an exchange student and I lived there for a year (in 1976). At the time, I probably didn't realise it, but when you live in a small town in rural Japan and you're immersed in a culture like that for a year, you absorb an awful lot about the culture.

In your career, what have been the best of times for you?

Professional life has its ups and downs. I became a partner of a large Australian law firm in 1991 and it was quite challenging, trying to grow a practice at a time when Australia was in a difficult recession. And I was the managing partner of Andersen Legal in Australia when the Andersen Group unravelled in 2002 (because of Enron), so my role was to unwind a successful legal practice on about two months' notice. At the time that seemed like the worst of times; but it was an incredibly valuable experience.

And the best of times? I think generally lawyers enjoy their work (and if they don't they shouldn't be doing it). There are lots of matters I've been involved in where I have enjoyed my work immensely and, to be frank, that happens on a regular basis.

Read more on [More Re:](#)

Sibusiso Gule

Chairman Norton Rose South Africa

Are Nigeria or Angola set to overtake South Africa as the economic powerhouse of Africa?

It is possible, and the reason why I say so is because of their mineral resources; and they attained independence from colonial countries before us. They have been dealing with the world at large far longer than South Africa. And just in terms of population size, in particular Nigeria, it makes it such a huge market. Take MTN's market share of wireless telecommunications: it's not as big in South Africa as it is in Nigeria simply because of sheer numbers. If they can get their politics and internal strife in order, it is possible for them to be ahead of us.

So, what does this mean for South Africa? It means that we cannot rest on our laurels. We've got to work extra hard.

What do you see happening on the ground with mobile phones in South Africa?

It has revolutionised the way business is done. And people's lives. There are individuals who have had no form of communication except the old-fashioned postal service and suddenly they are catapulted into a different era. You'll find a person working in the city and wanting to send money to family out in the wild rural areas. They can do that with cellphone banking.

Once you're able to communicate quickly, things can be done very quickly. Because of social media people are able to know what is happening in all corners of South Africa and in all corners of the world for that matter. Especially the young.

There's also a huge development in resource extraction. What's happening to the wealth being created? Can it cascade down?

In South Africa, there are individuals from previously disadvantaged sections of the community who did not partake in the economy, who now are able to participate as entrepreneurs, so you have multimillionaires; once you create a middle class and entrepreneurs, then you increase employment and you increase the fortunes of other people.

But if it is not properly managed it ends up being confined – and especially if you've got a greedy lot – it ends up being confined to those people; the richer people are getting richer but it's not reaching the poorer guys. And there isn't any beneficiation of the mineral resources extracted, and any additional value is lost.

You know, most of the people from disadvantaged communities are first generation consumers of luxury goods. Once they get their hands on that kind of money they do not think that they should be doing something long-lasting with it; instead, what they want to do is just

to splash on luxury items – which in itself is not bad because it can contribute to the growth of the economy; but if the focus is mainly on self gratification, then there's a problem.

Your parents are professionals. Was that a particular influence?

I was from what one may classify as a better-off family amongst the Africans, even amongst white families at that time. My father was a doctor and my mother a nursing lecturer. Even though our educational system was divided, whatever we lacked in terms of things that were taught at school, it was supplemented at home. My parents just did not compromise on education. As a result, I knew that I did not have any choice but to be educated and to be the best that I can be.

My elder sister is a qualified clinical psychologist and the sister who comes after me is a pharmacist and a senior manager; and my youngest brother is a curator and an artist and travels the world.

Is it correct that you were not entitled to vote until 1994? How do you feel about that?

It made one feel unwelcome in his own country. You had people deciding the course of your own future without you having the right to participate. I was 33 when I voted for the first time. It was quite an exhilarating experience, because I never thought that I would be in this position within my lifetime (and that is how bad the apartheid system was) and then one was able to cast his vote in the ballot box and choose not only the leaders of your country but in a way determine the destiny of your country, which was quite phenomenal.

In your career, what have been the best of times for you?

Coming to Johannesburg; because I originally come from a different part of the country. It really widened my horizons being at one of the top five firms in South Africa, and it set the stage for where I am now.

And the worst of times?

When I was starting off. It was the height of apartheid, there was no meaningful and equal interaction between black and white at work both in the private and public sector, and people did not know how to act towards people from different backgrounds. There were white attorneys in this firm who had never dealt with a black candidate trainee, so it was really difficult to convince them that I also was worth my salt, that I was intelligent enough to be a lawyer and that I wasn't there by any mistake. That was really tough.

Read more on [More Re:](#)

Stephen Parish

Chairman Norton Rose LLP

The Bank of England Governor, Sir Mervyn King, said in a recent BBC interview that there are many lessons to be learned from what has happened; in your view, where does the blame lie?

I think it is offensive just to blame the banks. They were doing what their shareholders wanted them to do, which was to explore ways of making money and of trying to mitigate the risks, but in reality being unable to do so, probably because they were not as clear about what they were trying to do as they should have been, for example in relation to securitisation.

Securitisation is a fantastic product which will come back, it is coming back, but it got out of control and probably too much was being securitised – in exactly the same way that the leveraged finance market got out of control, because the banks were lending far too much against their normal formula, EBITDA. Everybody should have been aware of the fact that the original formula was the right one and that, as they relaxed more and more, they were getting into deeper water.

I am a great believer in the economic cycle, I've been through four so far in the City, and the darkest hour is always just before dawn. People are just saying, it's never going to be the same again, it's hopeless, and then suddenly something happens, a little bit of confidence comes in, deals start to get done again and whoomph! We're off again.

Do you think that the bankers will change the way they do deals? Or are they like the proverbial leopards? Once they get into that mode of doing deals in a particular way, and it seems to work, I strongly believe that it would be virtually impossible to rein them back as individuals. Yes, you can have regulatory restrictions and requirements and all the rest of it, but ultimately it is down to the individual banker when he's doing a deal to get the best terms for the deal and then to convince the credit committee that that's a good deal that should be done – but they'll always be pushing the boundaries.

I joined Norton Rose in 1974, at the height of what was then described as the secondary banks crisis, and the word was that banking will never be the same again. Well, it was, and it has been, and it keeps being the same again; and do I think that suddenly there is going to be a complete sea change? – No, I don't, because bankers are in the main extremely intelligent people who will always be looking to push boundaries and to try and demonstrate a competitive edge compared with their peers, and however

much you try and constrain them by regulation, whether it's light or heavy, they will always be looking to push those boundaries. It's not to say that they should be; but it's inevitable.

Does the City of London need reform or revolution?

The City of London above all should be about stability. The City has fantastic attributes, only some of which are to do with the skills of the people in the City. English language, time zone, history, tradition, reputation – all of that underpins a completely thriving environment created by the intellectual capital which is focused on the City, whether it's bankers, insurance people, lawyers, accountants or whatever, and that is something that's been created over centuries.

There was very much a City culture where lawyers would retire at 55.

Ten or 15 years ago that was absolutely the culture. If you were getting to about 50 in the City, there was this feeling that you were getting close to the end of your shelf life.

It may have been down to the fact that you probably had the wherewithal then – being able to think, okay, well let's go and run a grouse farm in Scotland now – because the rewards had been so huge, certainly during the latter half of the 1990s.

I think it has switched back over the last five years; there's a recognition that you don't want to get rid of all the grey hairs; you don't want to lose that wisdom.

The City is a very supportive and inclusive environment. That's how business gets done; you like dealing with people that you like dealing with.

You were the first Group Chairman and you used that profile to do quite a bit on diversity. Just thinking about the women for a minute, what does that mean for us? I remember going to the 200th anniversary of Norton Rose at the Guildhall in 1994 with about a thousand guests present, at which there were 20 women. I mean, that is not right. I was in another dinner a few months ago, and was looking at the guest list on the way home, and out of about 430 people there were 35 or 40 women, of whom three were ambassadors. It was just extraordinary.

Personally, I am very much against setting targets and quotas – that implies artificiality not merit – but what I do know is that we will be a better business if women within Norton Rose feel that they are not constrained by barriers, whether actual or artificial.

Read more on [More Re:](#)

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Falling away

A SIDEWAYS LOOK AT DEMENTIA

WORDS BY NICOLA LIU

AND THE STORIES OF PEOPLE DIRECTLY AFFECTED

In his 2002 book *The Forgetting*, David Shenk says that Alzheimer's is "death not by a thousand cuts but by a thousand subtractions". Anyone who cares for someone who has dementia, anyone who has lost someone they loved to that strange, sad condition at the shore's edge of life, will know what he means. It all falls away, gradually, over time. The mind becomes entangled; the memories are extinguished; conversation moves from repetition to confusion to jumble to silence; the will to move, the will to eat, the knowledge that breathing in and breathing out is required in order to live; it all falls away.

So, too, do the worries and cares and burdens that life holds. That is the great blessing of dementia, its consolation: whatever caused you grief or pain will disappear, not at first, but toward the end.

Cancer used to be a taboo subject. Dementia is only now creeping out of its place in the shadows. The demented mind speaks of folly and the madhouse, of family shame and, most of all, of fear. Now, we can dispel that fear quite simply by recognising that dementia, which can touch any of us, is just one of the ways in which our lives may end. It is not inevitable, it is not "what happens when you get old", but it may happen and it is part of life and death.

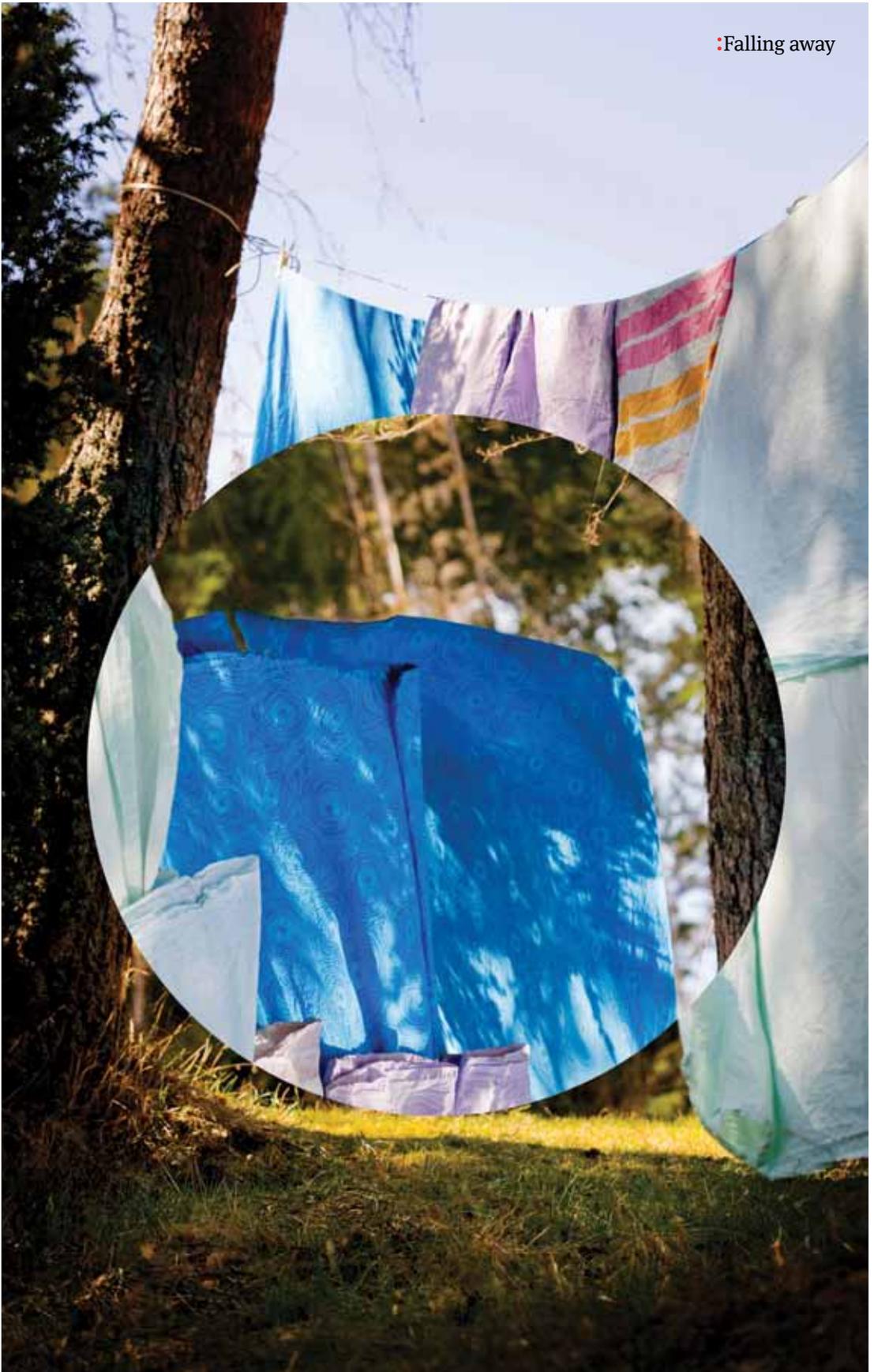
There is no cure. And it takes time to progress, time enough for "a thousand subtractions" to occur. And we really don't understand, at the outset, what is going to happen, and why. All we know is that at the end you die, and before you die you have forgotten everything. Therein lies the fear.

Will the facts provide any solace?

In 2010, 35.6 million people had dementia worldwide. This number will nearly double every 20 years, to 65.7 million in 2030, and 115.4 million in 2050. Much of the increase will be in developing countries.

Dementia is "a syndrome or umbrella term associated with ongoing decline of the brain and its abilities". It affects thinking, memory, language, mobility, motivation, emotions and behaviour. There are more than 100 types of dementia: Alzheimer's (the most common); vascular dementia; dementia with Lewy bodies; fronto-temporal; Korsakoff's syndrome; and so on.

:Falling away



Does it matter what type of dementia one has, when the paths of each cross over, meet and come to one indistinguishable end? Perhaps not; but if you are the child of a parent who develops dementia, you may start to think, will this happen to me? What can I do to ward it off?

Alzheimer's disease involves the atrophy of brain tissue, a build-up of amyloid plaques and atrophy of fibres along which nerve impulses are transmitted. The risk of it being passed down through the family appears low (only 15% of cases are thought to be familial) but more research is needed on genetic predisposition. It is more common in females (a ratio of 2:1).

Vascular dementia is the result of tissue death (through oxygen starvation) caused by a thrombosis or embolism. Nerve impulses can no longer travel along the cell fibres in the brain. A mix of blood pressure control (diet and exercise) and treatment with anti-coagulants can reduce risk factors.

People who suffer from Parkinson's may develop dementia with Lewy bodies. This form is also linked with depression and sleep disturbance.

Korsakoff's syndrome is caused by a deficiency of vitamin B1 through poor nutrition related to alcoholism.

"All the world's a stage", says the melancholy Jaques in *As You Like It*. He goes on to talk about the seven ages of man: the infant, the schoolchild, the lover, the soldier, the justice, and then the sixth age, which "shifts / Into the lean and slippered pantaloons / With spectacles on nose and pouch on side / His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide / For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice / Turning again towards childish treble, pipes / And whistles in his sound", and finally, "Last scene of all / That ends this strange eventful history / Is second childishness and mere oblivion / Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

Shakespeare got it right, of course, when he talked about the child in us. There are three (very approximate) stages to dementia, and for part of that time it can seem that the adult has become a young child, in need of care, without self knowledge or inhibition, living in the Now.

The passing from one stage to another is blurred, and for the observer often only becomes clear when there is time later to reflect on what happened.

The early stage

Early signs include increasingly poor judgement and decision-making; the inability to manage a budget; losing track of the date or the season; difficulty holding a conversation; misplacing things without knowing how to retrace your steps or what to do once you find it. There may also be signs of depression and trouble sleeping.

The middle stage

Memory loss steps in. They may lose track of why they are where they are; and where they should be. They may revert to a time in their past. Conversations lose their structure; they may repeat questions many times over, or listen to the same topic with no sign of having heard it before. Recognition of names or faces starts to go. Inhibitions disappear and behaviour changes; they may try to undress in public; they may get aggressive and behave in a way that is "out of character". Habits die as memories and associations fade; so smokers no longer smoke, drinkers no longer drink and readers no longer read. Photographs that once might hold their attention may be torn up or discarded. They may not remember which item of clothing belongs to them, or care. Incontinence sets in. Standing up, getting out of a car or a wheelchair, walking any distance will take time and patience. At some point you will have to decide whether they can stay in their own home, move in with a family member or be cared for in a residence, which will have locked doors.

The late stage

Mobility goes. They stay in the chair and then the bed as they forget how (or why) to use their muscles to create movement. Incontinence gets a grip. They eat when fed and toward the end they no longer eat, and no longer swallow. Speech is first incomprehensible and then it stops. Regression to infancy follows a recognised path. The smile stays almost to the end. The moment of death slips in quietly.

What can be done? The ageing demographic in many parts of the world is driving research – by 2050, people aged 60 and over will account for 22 per cent of the world’s population, with four-fifths living in Asia, Latin America or Africa – but we are so far behind in our understanding that the first thing to do is to support any research programmes that are exploring the progression of the disease and the means with which we can live with it (or prevent it) (or cure it).

We can look at our own lives, of course, and change a few habits, pump some more oxygen toward the brain.



Avoid fatty foods.

Eat foods rich in antioxidants, folic acid and vitamins B6, B12, C and E.

Don't drink too much alcohol.

Stay active, physically and mentally.

Don't let the idea of education stop at school or university.

Read. Write.

Get plenty of sleep.

Learn languages or take up music; and keep practising.

Spend time with people. Enjoy yourself.

Don't injure your head.

We cannot fathom the extent to which someone suffers through the course of this disease. But we can do all in our power to help them.

In a talk given at Norton Rose Group, Dr Patricia Macnair (a specialist in elderly health care) listed a series of practical measures to sustain independence and dignity, such as adapting the home to make it safe and easy to move around; using diary and timetabling systems, as well as labels and reminder notes; putting one's affairs in order and making a will. Dr Macnair also talked of the comfort that stimuli such as music, scent and touch can bring, as well as continued conversation and signs of respect.

We don't know what precise difference someone's loving presence can make, but imagine the absence of a loving presence and in its place indifference or callous treatment, and the thought makes one shudder.

It will help to take the hand of someone who has dementia and gently stroke it. It will help to take your child with you when you visit their grandparent who has dementia.

Some creative thinking will undoubtedly help. There is a need for imaginative, empathetic acts. But of what kind? Could we marshal the creative skills of architects and designers – in the same way as happened with the award-winning Maggie's Centres in the UK, designed to lift the lives of people who have cancer? Living Well with Dementia was a recent Design Council initiative in the UK, out of which came ideas for dogs trained to assist people with dementia; and fragrance release systems to stimulate appetite.

We take such care when babies are born to fill their world with love and warmth and colour, music and any other good things we can think of. Why can't we do the same at the other end of life, and fill those final years with the palpable sense that you are cherished?

Circumstances get in the way. No money, no time, no real knowledge (we need research), no conviction, no nerve, no imagination, no resources.

They are trying something new in the Netherlands. The gated village of Hogewey, set up 20 years ago, appears real to its inhabitants (all of whom suffer from dementia) but it isn't; it's fabricated, to make them happy. Shopkeepers, restaurant waiters and household servants are trained carers, acting out a part. The villagers live in different homes, whose furnishings and daily routines recreate the world that their inhabitants came from: the aristocracy; the working classes; a world of culture; homemakers; the deeply religious; and so on. There are four carers to each resident. The cost (which is borne by the state) is high and the waiting lists are long.

I was sceptical when I first read about Hogewey; it sounded faintly nightmarish, reminiscent of Sartre's play *No Exit*. Then I began to choose which of the model lifestyles I would want to have played out for me, and I thought about people I have known with dementia and how it might have suited them, and by the end I thought, let's try it, what have we got to lose?

The end of life has to matter as much as its beginning. Palliative care is a specialty area for medical professionals which could add much to our knowledge of what can be done if we overcome our fear of dying.

"Defeating Alzheimer's", David Shenk says, "will be like defeating winter." "Once it is gone, we'll face less hardship, but we'll also have lost one of life's reliable touchstones." He describes the disease, its slow drifting down through a gradual "collection of ends", as "our best lens on the meaning of loss", a further sign of our essential, shared humanity.

It is unbearably hard to witness the progression of this disease in the mind and body of someone you love. The people who gave interviews for this article have all experienced this, and I thank them for telling their stories here.

When my mother was diagnosed in the 1990s with a particular form of dementia, we were told that the diagnosis could only be confirmed through a post mortem. Ten years later, no one suggested a post mortem and I wouldn't have wished to inflict any further suffering on her.

At the start, I had no idea what was happening, why she was so confused. We went through four residential homes and the locked wards of three different hospitals. We sold her home to pay for her care. We took her on outings until she could no longer walk. We gave her gifts until they no longer made a difference. We fed her food until she would no longer eat.

People asked after her but no one outside our immediate small family went to visit; maybe they thought there was no point if she would not recognise them. I kept going, but then she always knew who I was or at least knew that someone she loved and who loved her was there again (even if she couldn't recall when I had last been there). At the end, her smile was still her own true smile, and the very last abiding memory that I took from her last days was of love, honest and true.

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Australia

TENEILLE RENNICK, ON HER GRANDMOTHER

Nan would always look very proper. She always got her hair done and she'd get her nails done every few weeks. There's no way she'd wear her house clothes anywhere. Then she started to let her hair go grey. And she stopped going into town.

It felt very gradual for those first few years, but now, when you go to visit, you worry that she's not going to know who you are.

Her and my Pop moved into an aged care home two years ago. Nan couldn't cook any more, she couldn't make you a cup of coffee, couldn't be trusted to turn off the oven. And Pop is frail as well. He's in his late 80s. And now they're in the home and it's the best place that they can be.

There's a nursing home on the hill; that's where you don't want to be.

She still gets her nails done. The manicurist comes up to the home.

She can still walk. She just can't remember how to talk. Sometimes it's just breath, all breath. Unless it's song. And if it's song, it's very deep. It's suddenly loud and deep. It's the same song every time.

They were going to create a doorway between their two rooms, but after the first few weeks Pop asked for that not to be the case.

Nan pulled the tablecloth off the dinner table at the home one time; Pop gets embarrassed, which I can understand, especially knowing how Nan used to be.

They've had a lot of pain throughout their life. They've lost a few children. Things haven't always gone according to plan. I think that's the one benefit of dementia for Nan. She doesn't remember the painful "dates" any more.

She used to have a phone in her room so we could call her. We can't any more. She doesn't know what to do with it. So we only have contact when we actually visit, and she's way out in the country. It's a six-hour drive; I've done that trip I can't tell you how many times.

Nan's been getting quite upset recently, teary, every day. I don't really know how to help that. It's like something in her core is upsetting her.

There are so few rural doctors in Australia that we can't actually get a doctor to them when we're concerned about them.

Pop has no one else he can really talk to about it. I always call but it's difficult to have that conversation with him each week; there'll always be a new example of what Nan's done. You just have to listen and you just have to have that conversation. Your advice each time might not change. There may not be any advice.

I've accepted it. It's a part of our lives. It's not a really terrible thing because my Nan still knows who I am. Her eyes still light up every time I walk into her room.

Teneille Rennick's grandmother died in the week Re: went to press.

I never thought of dementia as something that could end your life, but I've learnt over the last week that it can. In the end, my darling Nan couldn't eat or drink or talk, or she didn't want to. Her mind was shutting down and it all happened very quickly. She was the most beautiful Nan a kid could wish for.

Canada

JOHN COLEMAN, ON HIS STEPFATHER

My mother-in-law has Alzheimer's and my mother advanced Parkinson's. My stepdad, who died last year, had dementia from mini-strokes.

He was a professor of philosophy, a carpenter, an electrician, a man that knew a lot of things about a lot of things. He was a brilliant man.

It started when he had a minor traffic accident, when he was 83. Afterwards, they gave him a road test, which he said went "fine". Then the instructor said, "So you didn't see the stop sign? The school bus with its lights on?" and I thought, oh, there is an issue.

I probably didn't want to see it. He's a man I admired so much. I could not accept that he was anything less than brilliant.

It took me two years to convince him that my mum had to be placed because she needed 24-hour nursing care. He had this sense of duty that we rarely see today.

He would do things like show up at her residence at three o'clock in the morning, not knowing where he was.

He started writing down things that he knew he needed to do. This was the cruellest period, because he was aware of the disintegration of his mind and this was just killing him.

This was the time where I wish I'd given him more time. I spent weekends, and my wife was able to spend a lot of time with him. We hired someone to cover the days when we couldn't be there.

He just adored me and I adored him.

A place opened up with a room right beside my mum at the residence. They gave us that room on a compassion basis.

It was funny and not funny. One time, the nurse wheeled in my mum and said, "Isn't your wife beautiful", and John responded, "Beautiful, yes; wife, no". He didn't remember having a wife. They'd spent 40 years together.

People who think that it doesn't matter if you don't go and see them because they're not there, it's not the same person – it's such a mistake.

He was never happy in the residence. He didn't want to be cared for by anybody.

I think he just decided, because he stopped, basically, didn't want to eat. This was not life to him, and he knew it.

I was on my way to Calgary; when I landed, my wife called and said that he wasn't doing well, and I went right back to Montréal, and I spent the week with him. It was wonderful.

They were very good on the palliative side. We knew it was ending and they let him end it there, where he was, with us in a certain degree of intimacy.

It was a lunchtime on a Saturday. It was just beautiful. It wasn't ugly. It wasn't sad. We weren't dispatching him, we let it happen naturally.

When you have dementia, people say that that person is no longer there. He was there. His essence was there.

I would never deprive someone of the opportunity to say goodbye.

United Kingdom

LAURA SHUMILOFF,
ON HER FATHER

The Parkinson's that my father has is basically loss of movement, the mind slowing down. The best word to describe it is withdrawal.

He was diagnosed 15 years ago and is now in the terminal stages.

It's really difficult to find out good information about Parkinson's. I think you only do that by talking to people who've been through similar circumstances. There's no useful information whatsoever on the internet.

He's been in a nursing home for 18 months. The staff are amazingly kind, but it's almost as though they treat their 'guests' like pets. My father's name is Malcolm. "All right, Malc. How are you, darling?" There should be more dignity.

On his 80th birthday, he was asleep the whole day.

Does he know who I am? No, I don't think he does, to be honest. Does that upset me? No. It doesn't upset me at all. The only time I really got upset was when I first saw him in a nursing home.

I think we owe a duty of care to our families to look after them at home for as long as we can.

It's very hard on people who are around. You've got this continual nagging guilt that you're not there with the person, and in reality the person probably wouldn't know whether you were there or not.

My father hasn't said anything to me for about six months but very occasionally he smiles at me, and his face lights up, and you can see the personality that he used to have.

He's such a lovely man. A real sweetie. And a prodigious intellect.

I was abroad on business when he was moved into the home and apparently for the first week it was absolutely horrendous. When I went to see him, I walked into the room and he was lying curled up in a ball on an unmade bed.

There's a huge spectrum of people in this home. There is my father, who is basically sane but has dementia, if you can term it that way; and there are people who are literally crying out every five minutes.

Don't get me wrong, there've been some quite funny moments. I walked into their common room and there were three old ladies having their hair done under those old hair dryers, and they were all of them just beaming at me, with no teeth, and I was thinking, my God, I just cannot see

myself in this place; when I'm old, please take me out and shoot me.

My father has a very sweet tooth, so every time we go to see him we buy him some cakes. On one visit, I put this custard slice on the table and went into the kitchen to get a plate, came back, and he'd already eaten half of it and the other half was in his top pocket.

Laura Shumiloff's father died shortly after this interview.

Belgium

CAROLINE JANSSENS,
ON HER GRANDFATHER

It's a long and short story at the same time and was extremely painful.

My grandfather showed signs of dementia which worsened quite quickly. He confused days and nights, he would force my grandmother to wake in the middle of the night to prepare breakfast; he would get lost in his own neighbourhood; and he stopped recognising my grandmother.

He was 89 when it started. When he died he was 92 and my grandmother was 90.

It's when he stopped recognising my grandmother that things became very difficult. When he was young he was held captive during the Second World War, and at the end of his life he started seeing things from the war. So he was at home, there was this strange woman he didn't know, and she was potentially German, and she wanted to hurt him; it was a complete mess.

It became extremely aggressive. What was terrible about his story is that we think that my grandmother hid those things from us for a long time because she didn't want to worry us. I mean, she had been with her husband for 70 years; I think she wanted to protect him.

And he ended up killing my grandmother by accident. It's a very, very sad story.

The day before, my mother had called their

South Africa

ANON, ON HIS FATHER

doctor and asked him to actually have my grandfather committed. My grandmother wanted to wait another day. And that was too late. The accident happened that night. So my mother felt an immense sense of guilt.

And then my grandfather died a couple of weeks later.

He was sent to the prison hospital. We think he must have missed some of his very important medicine and probably have died of that.

My parents were the only people allowed to visit him. My mother found it really terrible because he was 100 per cent back to the war, back in the prison camp.

He did so much. He had travelled. They had three children, and grandchildren. He was full of life. At the age of 80 he took a computer skills course because he wanted to go on the internet.

After he died we were clearing the house and we found small notes about where to find things or the way to the shop. But he was able to talk and to draw and to cook.

We were kind of aware without being aware.

My mother resented my grandparents' family doctor because she said he should have done something, he'd known them for 50 years, he was their doctor, he should have done something.

What struck me at the time was the little knowledge we had. Later, I couldn't find the equivalent of the Alzheimer's Society in Belgium. Actually, I don't know what's going on about dementia in Belgium.

My grandmother was from the old school. I think that she really thought that she would be able to handle it. That's something that I've learned. Never, never assume that you can handle it on your own. If you are worried about something, seek help.

People would see my father doing odd things and we did not know how to explain it away, because it appeared that he was mad or demented. We did not know how to deal with it.

When people asked us, we said he had suffered a stroke and as a result had suffered brain damage. That was what we were putting out there to the community to explain his condition.

It was clear that his brain was deteriorating, it was slowly wasting away, but why that was so, one did not have any explanation.

He would talk as if he was disconnected to what was happening around him.

Eventually because of his condition he had to stop working.

He started not being able to recognise people and not being able to hold down a conversation. We had to keep a close watch on him to ensure that he did not disappear. Walking and doing things for himself became difficult; and then he became immobile.

This was in the late 1980s and knowledge of Alzheimer's wasn't really in abundance. Even the medical practitioners did not know what was wrong. They put it down to him having had a stroke.

It progressed to the stage where he was in bed most of the time. This went on until 2001, when he passed on.

It was only afterwards, when my mother started reading about it, that she managed to come up with a name and to know what was going on.

Among the Africans we're still very communal, and in the past it was frowned upon that you take someone who is ill like that and place them in a home; so it's just something accepted, that that person would be kept at home until their last days.

Most of us in my family worked outside the home town so my mother had to carry the brunt of the condition of my father.

It is important one gets a proper medical diagnosis. When certain symptoms present themselves, even at an early stage, one should immediately take action. With the knowledge that I have now, I certainly would have done things differently.

For me, there is always a fear that there may be a genetic predisposition. It's difficult to find out as to whether you do indeed have that predisposition.

My mother is those kind of people that you'd call stoic. She's not the kind of person that would complain. I suppose to a certain extent it gave her pleasure that she was able to take care of my father until his last days. But you could hear, from time to time, one or two things, it probably was taking its toll on her.



HERE I GO
AGAIN
TAKING
A CHANCE
ON LIFE

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I ♥ China

A PHOTO ESSAY BY MENG FEI







中国红

The photo series 'I Love China' was taken between the winter of 2010 and the spring of 2011.

I was struck by the sight of a mile-long wall covered in red graffiti for the 60th anniversary of New China (back in 2009). Graffiti is something

very Western to the Chinese eye, but the colour red and the wall are traditional Chinese symbols, so the combination was interesting.

One section of the graffiti read "I love China" in English. Although the whole Chinese nation still has

an English fever, a patriotic slogan in a foreign language and Western form is a bit unusual. As I looked, a McDonald's delivery bike went past. The moment struck me as a perfect reflection of today's China. ▶







I went back to the wall several times to shoot photos of ordinary people, with the graffiti as a backdrop. Parents and children, couples, friends, bicycles, motorcycles and cars all passed by, combining with the red wall and the graffiti to form an image that I thought beautiful.

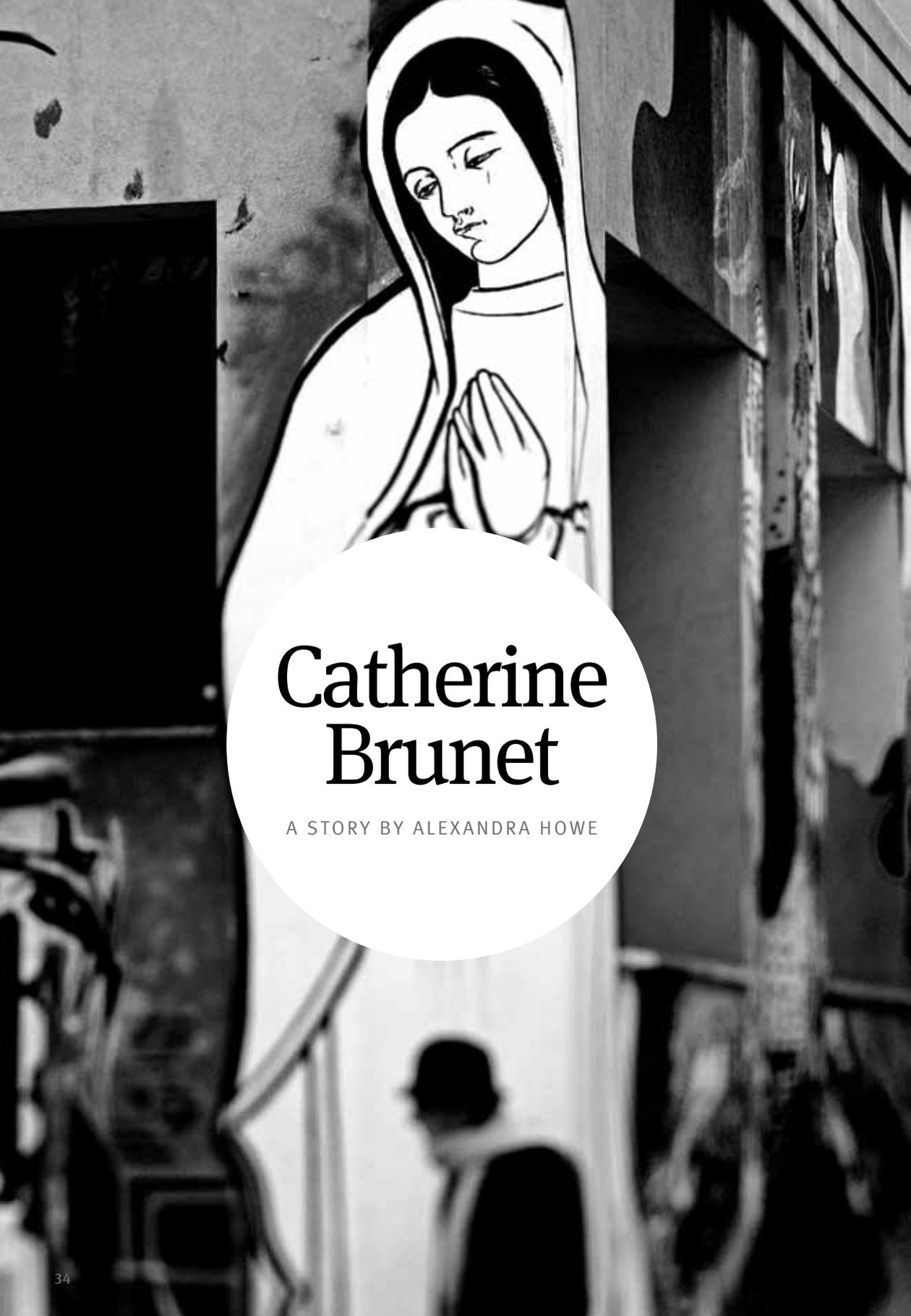
I thought of calling this photo series *Zhongguo Hong* (中国红) because the red colour (红) means so much in old and new China. But in the end I stayed with the English.

The wall in the photos is in Haidian, the university district in Beijing.

It belongs to Beijing Ligong Daxue, the Beijing Institute of Technology, not too far from where I live. Fifteen years ago, Zhang Dali – one of China's most prominent modern artists – began to graffiti this wall. Since then, there has been a cycle of repainting (by the authorities) to restore the wall to its original grey; and further works of graffiti (by individuals). The wall is grey at the moment.

Meng Fei is a Chinese photographer who lives in Beijing and Canada. He comes from Xinjiang. All images © Meng Fei 2010.



A black and white photograph of a woman in a white headscarf and prayer hands, with a white circle overlaid containing the title. The background is a blurred street scene with a person in a hat walking in the distance.

Catherine Brunet

A STORY BY ALEXANDRA HOWE

Not far from Le Bon Marché, in the seventh *arrondissement*, is an orthopaedic shoe shop by the name of Labouré *père et fils*.

Despite its proximity, the shining clientele of Paris' oldest department store is unlikely to venture along rue de Sèvres to Labouré, and vice versa. The *beau monde* flocks to Le Bon Marché, to run its manicured fingers over folded silk scarves on the ground floor, to suck in its stomach before the mirrored walls on the first, to waft up and down the tessellated staircases, looking, and being looked at. Labouré attracts a more modest following, but its patrons are no less discerning when it comes to matters podiatric. Loyal customers limp down to the *chausseur*, seeking relief from their achilles tendonitis, their bunions, blisters and corns. On the whole, the ladies and gentlemen who come to admire the impressive array of shock-absorbing insoles and cushioned slip-ons are Parisians of pensionable age; but Labouré has also attended to the *pieds sensibles* of many a grateful tourist, unused to trudging the city streets. And recently, it has also reached out to the younger generation with a new range of summer sandals in pale blue and pink.

Among its regulars, Labouré also counts the Daughters of Charity of Saint Vincent de Paul, who often pause at the shop window on their way from the convent on rue du Bac to the Chapel of their founder on rue de Sèvres. It was at Labouré that Sister Catherine Brunet, arriving in Paris in 1982 to take up her vocation, and finding that her heeled button boots were ill-suited to the peripatetic life of an urban novice, acquired the first of many pairs of functional black leather lace-ups that she favoured for the rest of her life. She eventually gave away the boots, but she kept her treasured pair of Clarks' sheepskin slippers which her sister had brought back from England. (The convent could be cold in winter.)

Sister Catherine's route through life to the motherhouse of the Daughters of Charity on rue du Bac had not been easy or direct. She had the early misfortune of being born the youngest, by some years, of three sisters, the eldest of whom was exceptionally intelligent, the second exceptionally beautiful. From a young age, she disappointed her mother by having hair that did not curl naturally and a nose that was just a little off-centre. Her father, an accountant with France's largest manufacturer of rigid plastic packaging, was exasperated by his daughter's inability to grasp even the simplest arithmetical concepts. It was his penance for having produced a child as slow as Catherine that two hours every Sunday evening should

be given over to the grim and plainly futile task of tutoring her, a routine that invariably provoked him to rage and her to tears. As he stood behind her chair, barking instructions and deploring her incompetence – *good heavens girl... carry the six...the SIX! You haven't listened to a word...I said DIVIDE!* – they separately wondered what they had done to deserve this peculiar punishment, without it occurring to either that it was in any way avoidable or unnecessary.

If this were a novel, now would be an appropriate moment to introduce the hero of the piece, probably a wealthy young man, definitely handsome, who prefers girls with straight hair and has no great aptitude for mathematics himself. He would meet Catherine in the *boulangerie*, after a small confusion when he picks up her *ficelle* by mistake and she is given his *baguette*. Captivated by her innocence and simplicity (so unlike the brash society ladies that generally throw themselves at him), he begs to see her again. Several clandestine meetings ensue, a declaration of love, a marriage proposal; they reveal all to her shocked but delighted parents and are married in the small church of Saint-Etienne where she was baptized. Everybody agrees that straight hair is much prettier than curly, and the girls go home to iron their tresses flat.

However, we are not conjurers, and we cannot report what we know did not happen. There were times, after her sister Élisabeth had married, when Catherine would take out the tulle bridal veil and try it on, wondering at its gossamer touch. Then she would whisper the words of the Sacrament of Matrimony from the *Missale Romanum*, and it seemed to her that there was no greater enchantment. But the current of Catherine's life did not carry into her path any suitor, rich or poor. No fairy-tale romance was spun for her, and she realised, before she was very old, that without the advantages of symmetrical features and a superior intellect, she would have to weave a different design for herself. This was not a sadness for her, but a liberation of sorts.

Not long after Élisabeth's wedding, Monsieur Brunet suddenly died. This event, no less significant in Catherine's life as it was, inevitably, in his, brought her a little closer to emancipation. On the evening in question, she was summoned, shortly before seven o'clock, to her father's study. As the scene of so many Sunday-night humiliations, it was not a place she visited willingly, but she would not have dared to refuse him. She found Monsieur Brunet standing before the fireplace and holding a *cornichons* jar full of one- and five-centime pieces. It had stood for years on the mantelshelf in that room.

"Catherine," he said, "I have a game for you. I will bet you ten francs that you cannot guess the value of the coins in this jar." Few people enjoy playing games that they know they have no hope of winning, and Catherine was not unusual in this respect. She opened her mouth. "No, Catherine, *think* about it first. It's no fun if you don't *think* properly." Catherine frowned miserably at the jar and pretended to be making calculations in her head. When she judged that a suitable amount of time had elapsed, she said, at random:



“Ninety-four francs and seventy-two centimes”, and waited for his contempt.

“Let’s see if you’re right.” He tipped the contents of the jar onto the desk and began to count. Catherine looked out of the window at the milky dusk. A woman was walking two Pekinese dogs past the house. One sniffed at her father’s laburnums and paused to squat, a look of thoughtful concentration on its face.

“Well, well.” She looked down at the desk, at the neat little piles of coins he had arranged on the blotter. “Ninety-four francs and seventy-four centimes!” he said triumphantly. “Seventy-four...bad luck my girl.” He began cheerfully shovelling the coins back into the jar. When this was done, he looked expectantly at Catherine, and she realised he was awaiting payment. She gave him a ten-franc piece from her purse and left him chuckling to himself as he placed the jar back on the mantelshelf. It was the last time she saw him alive, probably the last time *anybody* saw him alive.

Monsieur Brunet did not make it to bed that night, but as he and Catherine’s mother had kept separate rooms for as long as anyone could remember, he was not missed. It was only in the morning that he was discovered, and it might have been longer still, had somebody not noticed the unread *Le Figaro* on the doormat and, thinking it odd, checked his study.

Catherine’s mother was writing letters in the dining-room when she was told.

“Oh dear,” she said. “I suppose I had better see him.” And she sighed slightly as she laid down her pen.

Everyone gathered in the doorway of the study. Monsieur Brunet was sitting in his armchair, eyes closed, a slightly strained expression on his face as if he were about to break wind. A half-drunk glass of cognac was on the table next to him.

Catherine's mother advanced into the room, picked up the glass and sniffed it. She leaned to feel her husband's forehead, as if taking his temperature, and noticed Catherine's ten francs, still clutched in his hand. Briskly, she prised it from his fingers. "Catherine, you had better call the doctor." And she closed the door behind her.

After Monsieur Brunet had passed away, and Madame Brunet had taken permanently to her bed, Catherine found herself in the strange and rather alarming position of first person. Her sisters had both fled; Agnès had gone to lecture in America – was quite celebrated in certain academic circles – and Élisabeth had moved to Zurich with her husband. Catherine remained in the family house in Blagnac, in the Toulouse suburb where she was born. She remained, in fact, in the same bedroom, with the peppermint-green wallpaper and a window overlooking the tradesman's entrance. And, at first, she perpetuated the old routines of the household, without questioning their relevance in this altered world of hers. Every night, before she went to bed, she checked the electrical appliances to see that they were switched off and the plugs removed from the sockets – a favourite practice of her father's, designed to prevent 'surging', whatever that might be. She continued to curl her hair, though sleeping in rollers gave her headaches; and she ate fish for supper every Friday, though she did not care for the taste and the slimy skin always made her feel queasy.

Quite how Monsieur and Madame Brunet would have reacted to their youngest daughter's vocation was never tested, because they never knew of it. What visions Catherine might have had as she sat, late in the night by her mother's bedside, what conversations played out in her head as she changed the sheets and swept the floors and spooned morsels of brioche soaked in milk into her mother's unwilling mouth, she never spoke of and we cannot say. In the last weeks of her life, as Madame Brunet tripped and swerved through her memories – fingers whirling in the air as she mimed a lifetime of knitting, cooking, washing, sewing, calling out now to her husband, now to her own mother, naming places and people Catherine did not recognize in a single, breathless incantation – the two women briefly met and perceived each other. And though no words were spoken, Catherine saw, at the last, her chance.

Now, on the low, white steps of the Chapel of Saint Vincent de Paul on rue de Sèvres, Sister Catherine finds expectant bodies, often also an excited puppy, eager to speak, recognising her as one who will listen. The sisters no longer wear their traditional starched, ship-like wimples, but their blue-grey habits and veils and their sensible black shoes from Labouré mark them out as benevolent. People pour out their anguish to her, their anger, what he said, what she said, what he said back. They do not question whether she wants to hear; they assume that is why she is there.

Writer and literary critic **Alexandra Howe** is *Re:*'s arts correspondent. She is a banking associate with Norton Rose Group and is based in Paris.

Life

search for icons on horseback in mountains of Tbilisi Laura Shumiloff London. travel by Trans-Siberian railway, Moscow to Vladivostok, with British colleagues Danguole Hackel Munich. escape Johannesburg chill, travel to northern Kwazulu-Natal province to target giant kingfish on fly rods Pieter Niehaus Johannesburg. purchase a tie Nick Clayson Abu Dhabi. take wife and children on first family vacation overseas to Hong Kong, see Disneyland, see Ocean World, soak up culture, bright lights, culinary delights Vince Baudille Sydney. spend vacation with girlfriend in Florida Albert Tatra Prague. sip Chianti and indulge in gelato with husband in Italy Lauren Kent Cape Town. check out dinosaur footprints, with the boys, Broome, Western Australia Justin Lucas Melbourne. search for seashells on shoreline off Florida Gulf coast with family Pamela Horton Toronto. watch daughter Isabelle win her first representative football grand final Nick Afaras Sydney. complete Ironman (my first) on 19 August, take part in Ironman 70.3 World Championships 9 September Julie Paquette Ottawa. kite boarding off Nantucket, August, get some major air Norman Lieff Ottawa. hold a charity art auction at Campanulla for Women in Red Pavlina Berankova Prague. take the Desert Express train to the Etosha game reserve in Namibia Kobus Blignaut Johannesburg. go on first ever helicopter trip Lindsay Morgan London. go to the movies, a first for my 3-year-old Daniela Jaimes Caracas. back a winner at Ayr Gold Cup race meeting (“maybe this time...”) Di Hill London. complete one of my late father’s projects, then cook! and sit in garden Peter Burrows Moscow.

To
do

The sporting life

At the Olympic and Paralympic Games

SYNCHRONISED SWIMMING

5–10 August

To be graceful and yet strong – these are the qualities needed to succeed in synchronised swimming, one of the two Olympic disciplines contested only by women (the other is rhythmic gymnastics). These are, of course, recognised natural attributes of Russian women and the reason why they have dominated the sport for over two decades.

In 1991, Russia became champions of Europe and, in 1997, of the world. Since then no other team has been able to beat Russia, in senior or junior competitions. At the last world championships, Russia won a record seven out of seven possible gold medals; and in Sydney, Athens and Beijing they won all the golds going.

Spain is considered Russia's main competitor, but Japan, the USA and China have all improved recently.

The programme is always kept secret until the very last moment. This year, we know that the Chinese have enlisted Cirque du Soleil to choreograph their routine, but there could well be other surprises in store.

Natalia Chudakova, Russia
Natalia Chudakova is *Re:life's* Moscow correspondent.

DIVING

29 July–11 August

There are few events at the Olympic Games that have such a high degree of drama, excitement, tension, expectation and, ultimately, difficulty as diving.

The questions for London are:

Will China continue its 20-year dominance of the sport, taking home most of the medals (and most of the gold medals in 2004 and 2008)? When China first entered a diving team, in 1984, the United States dominated the sport. The US no longer dominates.

Can Australia spoil China's clean sweep of gold medals, as they did in Beijing, with Matthew Mitcham winning the only other gold medal, and in Athens, when Australia (with Greece) won two of the eight gold medals on offer?

What other nations will shine and in what events? Can Great Britain, Canada, the United States or any other nation steal some of the limelight?

And the biggest question: can Tom Daley carry the weight of a nation's expectations on his shoulders and win gold in the Men's 10m event?

One thing's for sure. China is the one to beat.

David Lyons, Australia

David Lyons represented Australia in diving for 10 years. He was national champion a number of times between 1987 and 1997 and a member of the Australian Institute of Sport from 1989 until 1995. He has been on the board of Diving Australia for the past 10 years (Australia's most successful period) and will be in London for the Olympic Games. He is now a banking partner with Norton Rose Group, based in Brisbane.

SAILING

29 July–11 August

Sailing has appeared at virtually every Olympic Games since Paris 1900. In 2012 there will be ten medal events. Each event consists of a series of races. The winner gets one point, second place scores two, and so on. In the medal race, points are doubled. Whoever has the fewest points wins.

There are two types of race: fleet; and match. Pure speed can win a fleet race (where only two boats race against each other) but quick thinking and tactical judgment are needed to master a match race.

Fleet races include Two Person Dinghy, Windsurfer, men's Keelboat, and women's One Person Dinghy. After 10 to 15 races, points from the worst race are discarded. The 10 best crews advance to the medal race, and the crew with the lowest total wins.

The women's Keel Boat class is now raced in match race format. The best eight (out of 12) crews progress to the knockout stage. Each series is won by the first crew to reach three points.

Britain will no doubt be the favourites in most classes – especially with Ben Ainslie. But don't underestimate the Australians, or the Americans.

Kim Rew, South Africa

Kim Rew took part in the Beijing 2008 Games, representing South Africa. To do this, she put her career as a lawyer on hold for two years to prepare. They were the first ever South African women sailors to qualify for the Olympics. She is now head of commercial litigation in Cape Town with Norton Rose Group.

FOOTBALL

25 July–11 August

Playing football at the Olympic Games may no longer be a high point in many players' careers, but it certainly provides an opportunity for some of the world's younger stars to showcase their talent and gain notoriety. Let's not forget, without the Olympics, stars such as Carlos Tevez of Manchester City might not have been noticed so quickly.

The 2012 favourites are almost certainly Brazil, with players such as Ganso and the tournament's brightest young prospect, Neymar. Spain cannot be ruled out though, with young talents Ander Herrera and FC Barcelona's Christian Tello, who made a name for himself scoring twice in this year's Champions League.

Great Britain would be an outside bet for gold, however. With high quality players such as Ryan Giggs, Craig Bellamy and Manchester City's Micah Richards in the squad, Stuart Pearce's side cannot be underestimated.

Other nations in with a chance of a medal include Uruguay, with young talents such as Liverpool's Sebastian Coates; and Mexico, who, without Manchester United's Javier Hernandez on the team, are looking to even younger prospects in the form of Chelsea's Ulises Davila.

Charlie Bateson, UK

Charlie Bateson went to his first football match when he was four and has been an ardent supporter of Watford Football Club ever since. He is on a student placement with Norton Rose Group.

MEN'S TIME TRIAL AND ROAD CYCLING

28 July, 1 August

Fortuitously or not, the Golden Age of British men's cycling appears to be in perfect synchronicity with the London Games. Mark Cavendish is undoubtedly the fastest sprinter in the world, and leads a British team constituted of many of his domestiques at Team Sky. The London course is flat, which should result in a massive sprint finish. As a sprint lead-up is a very technical operation, Team Sky, having honed this skill all year, should propel Cavendish to glory.

The time trial competition casts more doubt. The usual suspects in this individual effort, Tony Martin from Germany and Fabian Cancellara from Switzerland, currently lag in form behind Bradley Wiggins, yet another Brit from Team Sky. However, Olympic glory is a secondary objective for Wiggins, who is headed to the Tour de France as favourite. Will he have legs after a gruelling three-week race in the scorching heat of a French July? For the Queen, maybe, just maybe!

Pierre Nguyen, Canada

Pierre Nguyen is a founder and organizer of the Norton Rose Canada annual cycling event, and a participant in many cycling charities. He is a partner and patent agent with Norton Rose Group in Montréal.

TAEKWONDO

8–11 August

Tae kwon do, loosely translated into English, means 'the way of the foot and the fist', which suggests we should expect plenty of action and drama this summer.

The Korean martial art is also the national sport of Korea and so it's no surprise that they will be the team to beat: South Korea dominated the sport in the 2008 Beijing Games, winning four out of a total of eight medals.

That said, team GB should also prove formidable opponents for the other main international rivals, from China, the US and Iran – despite the omission of the reigning European champion, Aaron Cook, from the squad.

2008 Olympic bronze medallist Sarah Stevenson, another member of team GB, is an inspirational competitor. In 2011, the year of the world championships held in South Korea, she had to prepare for the competition at a time when her parents were both suffering from terminal cancer (dying within months of each other later that year). With their support, she entered the fray and came out a world champion in her category.

Tina Glover, UK

Tina Glover is a black belt in karate and a martial arts enthusiast. She oversees Norton Rose Group's directories' submissions and is a qualified competition lawyer.

TRIATHLON

4, 7 August

The Olympic triathlon involves swimming 1.5 kilometres, cycling 40 kilometres and running 10 kilometres.

In the men's race, Allistair Brownlee of Great Britain is by far the favourite to win a gold. Simon Whitfield of Canada and New Zealand's Bevan Docherty will have to find a way to throw Brownlee off his game if they want a shot at the gold medal. Brad Kahlefeldt from Australia, Jan Frodeno of Germany and Spain's Javier Gomez will also be in the mix.

In the women's race, Australia's Emma Moffatt will make her second Olympic team alongside teammate Erin Densham. They will be joined by Emma Jackson to form a formidable team hunting the podium. Great Britain's Helen Jenkins will target gold on her home turf. Paula Findlay of Canada has proven that she can unleash a devastating kick that can destroy the competition. Certainly, all of the contenders will try to outkick her.

The level of competition is so strong that it will make both races extremely exciting to watch.

Julie Paquette, Canada

Julie Paquette is a marathon runner and triathlete. She took part in the Escape from Alcatraz Triathlon in 2011 and this year will try out her first Ironman at Mont Tremblant. She has already qualified for the 2012 World Championships in Las Vegas. She is a real estate partner with Norton Rose Group in Ottawa.

FOOTBALL (PARALYMPIC)

31 August – 8 September
1–9 September

The Paralympic Games will feature five-a-side football for visually impaired athletes; and a seven-a-side tournament for athletes with cerebral palsy or other neurological disorders. Both are hosted in London at the Riverbank Arena in the Olympic Park. Kick-off is on 31 August, with the final on 8 September.

The five-a-side competition made its Paralympic debut at Athens in 2004, where it was won by Brazil. In Beijing 2008, Brazil defended their title, overcoming China 2–1 in the final.

The visually impaired athletes play using a ball with a noise-making device inside. As the four outfield players have different degrees of visual impairment, all the players wear black-out masks.

Seven-a-side football has been part of the Paralympic Games since the New York and Stoke Mandeville 1984 Games. In Beijing 2008, Ukraine won the gold for the second successive tournament, beating Russia in the final.

Every player is classified, from people with difficulties walking or running, to players with an obvious impairment but minimal disability. Each team has a mix of athletes with a fair balance of classifications between teams.

Sean Twomey, Singapore

Sean Twomey is a lifelong footballing fan and the head of business development for Norton Rose Group in Asia.

WHEELCHAIR RUGBY

5 September

The 'Chiropractor' (Brian Lima) and the 'Bone Collector' (Willem Alberts) are just a couple of the nicknames given to rugby players over the years which incite visions of bone-crunching big hits, part and parcel of the ferocious oval ball game. Whilst there have been a few very unfortunate incidents leaving players disabled as a result of this high impact sport, there is a version of rugby for wheelchair-bound athletes that is no less aggressive! 'Murderball', as it is also called, is a full-contact, fast and fluid sport for players who have a loss of function in both their upper and lower body limbs. With 12 players on each team (men or women) and up to four on the court at any one time, the aim is to get the ball from one end of the court to the other and to carry the ball across the opposing goal line in under 40 seconds. It is fast, furious and action packed.

Wheelchair rugby has been a Paralympic sport since Sydney 2000. This year, eight teams will compete (so far, Australia, Sweden, Canada and Great Britain have qualified).

Daniel Kaufman, South Africa

Daniel Kaufman plays for Old Haberdashers' RFC and was captain of the Norton Rose rugby football club from 2008 to 2010. He is a projects lawyer with Norton Rose Group on secondment in Johannesburg.

The back garden

KEEPING CHICKENS IN ESSEX

Size of plot required About 20 square feet for four birds.

Type of chickens on offer Endless choice. There are numerous websites and forums on hen-keeping. Hybrids are a good choice for beginners because they are generally robust and are consistent layers.

Breed of choice Rhode Island Red crosses. As a result, they are all different colours. The Heritage Skyline (Gwen) lays pale blue eggs. The other eggs are various shades of brown/speckly.

Names Maud, Marge, Vera, Gwen, Agnes, Edna.

Number Four at first but an additional two bought on impulse. They were bullied for the first few weeks until the new pecking order was resolved.

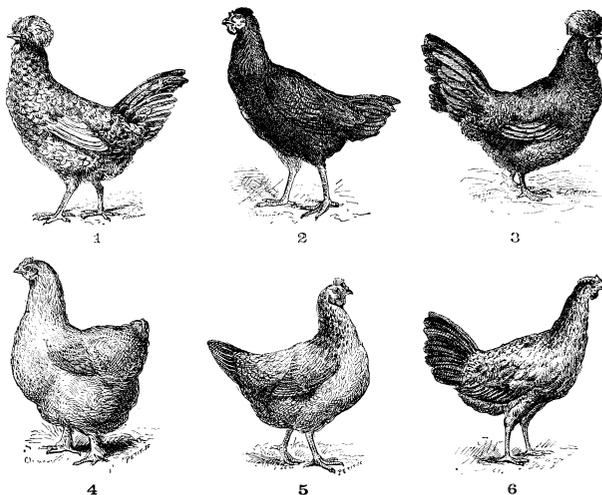
Males? Females? Optimum mix? Females. Cockerels are too noisy! A hen does not need a rooster to lay eggs.

Cost About £12 each. Gwen was £20; she has an exotic look about her, like a cross between a hen and a pheasant with a little hat of feathers.

Housing You can buy or build your own coop. It needs to be adequate in size for the number of hens (rule of thumb, minimum one square foot per bird), secure, dry and dark. It must have roosting bars. For small gardens, eglus are popular, if pricey.

Fencing Hens are adventurous and the grass is always greener on the other side of the fence, so their area must be secure.

Feed Layers' pellets, plus corn for a treat. Also vital to provide grit and oyster shell – the former helps them digest their food (grit is naturally



1. Houdan chicken. 2. Hen the Arrow. 3. Hen Crevecoeur. 4. Cochon hen. 5. Dorking hen. 6. Chicken of Bresse

available to free range hens) and the latter provides the calcium to form the egg shell.

Treats Grapes, bread (in small quantities), cucumber, melon, pineapple, strawberries. Hens will eat practically anything (although mine are strictly vegetarian).

Water A constant supply of fresh water.

Well-being Check for red mite. Always good to inspect daily to spot any hen looking out of sorts.

Music Hens can get bored. Try to keep at least two so they have company. I let mine out into the main part of the garden for an hour or two for a change of scenery.

Conversation I admit I do talk to my hens.

Lifespan Between 5 and 10 years.

Number and type of eggs Mine have laid fairly consistently for two years (they start laying from around

18 weeks), one per day during the summer and less frequently during winter months (egg laying is in response to daylight patterns).

Predators Foxes. Keep your hens locked away at night.

Drawbacks Hens live a fair amount of time, so they are a commitment. They do love to dig and scrape, so you may have trouble holding on to a beautiful garden.

Advantages Hens make lovely pets. They have personalities all of their own. They are quite low maintenance. You can feed them all your vegetable scraps (boiled and mashed up a bit). Best of all, a truly fresh egg tastes amazing.

Susannah Ronn has lived in Essex for much of her life but has only kept chickens for the past few years. Shortly after submitting copy, her hens were savaged by a marauding fox. We pay homage to them here. Her two new chickens are now safe in her back garden. Susannah is head of corporate communications with Norton Rose Group in London.

GROWING ORCHIDS IN CARACAS



All flowers in Mother Nature are beautiful but absolutely none can hold a candle to the beauty of orchids. Their colours, shapes, complexity and incredible diversity are unrivalled in the plant world.

Orchids grow throughout the equatorial tropics. They hug the trees – but are not parasites: they obtain no food from these trees to which they seem so deeply attached.

There is an abundance of orchids in Venezuela, the most common being *cattleyas*, *vandas*, *phalaenopsis* and *dendrobium*. One became the national symbol of Venezuela: the *cattleya labiada*. Not so long ago, its image was stamped on the 500 Bolivar bill and it was common to answer the question “How much does it cost?” with the reply “One orchid”.

I love all orchids – and there are more than 30,000 species and at least 200,000 hybrids – but my favourite is the *phalaenopsis*. It is a beautifully distinguished flower and, since it blooms vertically and since I live not in a house but in an apartment, in my opinion it is a perfect species for indoor cultivation. The long sprays of colourful flowers stay fresh for months. I have seen the *phalaenopsis* in marbled hotel lobbies and in photographs of the homes of the rich and the famous. Placed in a vase, it draws attention and lights up any room with its extraordinary colour and shape.

I grow orchids with a passion, and with tender loving care, as they deserve.

Care of your orchid – for orchid lovers

Buy the most mature plant you can afford (young plants are much more difficult to please) and, if possible, buy it in bloom (so you know what you’re paying for).

Do not plant your orchid in soil or earth; remember, it is an epiphyte [*a plant which grows on another plant – Ed.*].

Orchids grow best in soil-less mixtures or attached to pieces of bark or cork, chopped tree, fern fibre, volcanic stone, charcoal, a little peat, fir bark or combinations of these.

Watering once a week is enough.

Avoid spraying water directly on the flowers.

Orchids enjoy good air circulation and plenty of indirect light. They are happiest in an east or south-east window where the light is not too intense.

They like to stay in one place.

For more help

www.orquideasvenezuela.com
www.plantiolaorquidea.com
www.wikihow.com/Care-for-Orchids
www.repotme.com/orchid-care
www.nativeorchids.co.uk

Virginia Leyva has been growing orchids for six years. She is the assistant to the managing partner of Norton Rose Group’s Caracas office in Venezuela.

PERILS OF A NEW FOREST VEGETABLE GARDENER

If you live in the country you can expect unwanted visitors in the garden. Slugs, snails and birds all wreak havoc on the vegetables, and deer can strip a rose bed in a night. There are few things as depressing as opening the curtains on a beautiful morning, only to be greeted by four very contented bucks munching their way through your prized Gertrude Jekyll blooms. But short of installing six-foot high wire fencing around the garden – which is not a good look – you have to learn to live with it.

Recently, however, we have suffered unexpected visitors. I am all for walking – it is one of my greatest pleasures – but groups of hikers striding through my garden in their multicoloured cagoules do not form part of my rural dream. Especially when they climb over our fence to get into the paddocks and then wave their maps and demand to know why they are not where they should be.

We intercepted one walking party as they held a conference amongst our lupins. It soon became apparent that our garden was in the wrong place – and it was clearly our fault. We escorted them back to the road, but they were still complaining when we shut the gate on them.

Maybe it is time for the deer fencing after all.

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 TERRINE

This is a cautionary tale, full of raised voices, cut fingers and boiling stress, with a nonetheless happy and relieved ending.

As young lawyers, my wife and I donated a dinner for six cooked by us to our firm's annual charity auction. It was bought by a senior partner for a not insignificant sum, who informed me the week before the dinner that he was bringing the general counsel of his best client along with his wife as their guests. Out go the plans for burgers. It's now on us to perform and to make sure that, whatever we serve, it had better be good; the usual accompanying plonk wouldn't cut it.

This takes place in the bucolic pre-children part of our cooking lives, where everything seems possible, and where the menu is only limited by culinary ambition. French country cooking sounded reasonable, and we had a dog-eared copy of a classic, Richard Olney's *Simple French Food*, as our guide. What could go wrong?

Well, for starters, a transaction resurrected and I found myself abandoning the kitchen to my wife for hours at a time. But, more importantly, some of these recipes seem to assume a completely full pantry and a 24-hour manservant. I got a chippy voicemail in the middle of dinner preparation (while I, of course, was at the office) stating that "I have now used every pot in the house, including ones which I thought we had thrown out" and that I had better get myself straight home.

The dish which just about killed us was a vegetable terrine. You cut up some vegetables, make a terrine, and a day later serve it up. It's perfect – preparation in advance, served at room temperature so no last-minute cooking (we had learned that lesson at a previous dinner), looks good, the book says "Simple".

The issue is, of course, that "simple" and "easy" are not synonymous. Here's the recipe, slightly altered, along with some editorialising.

Richard Olney's Vegetable Terrine *(not for the faint of heart)*

Gently cook one finely chopped onion in two tablespoons of butter until very soft and starting to colour. Turn the heat to high and add half a pound of finely chopped mushrooms and a pinch of salt and pepper, stirring until the mushrooms have lost their moisture. Turn the heat back down to low, and add a handful of chopped parsley. Cook this until the parsley has softened, another couple of minutes.

[Ed.: so far so good]

Prepare

Stew 10 oz fresh young sorrel in two tablespoons of butter, until all excess moisture has been evaporated and the sorrel reduced to a purée. *[Ed.: for sorrel you can substitute baby spinach or arugula, which is what we did]*

Parboil

1 lb spinach for 2 or 3 minutes, then rinse, squeeze dry and chop.

1 lb Swiss chard, green parts only, for 10 minutes, then rinse, squeeze dry and chop.

½ lb green beans cut into half-inch lengths, for 8 minutes.

6 oz carrots, halved, diced, for 10 minutes.

[Ed.: cf. the furious "every pot in the house" voicemail, supra]



Prepare

1 lb fresh white beans, cooked, drained, pureed. *[Ed.: we used canned white navy beans]*

3 oz elbow macaroni, to al dente.

2 oz crustless stale bread, by soaking in water, and squeezing dry.

3 cloves garlic, by puréeing with a mortar and pestle.

1 teaspoon mixed finely chopped fresh savory and marjoram.

[Ed.: it's a wonder this marriage survived]

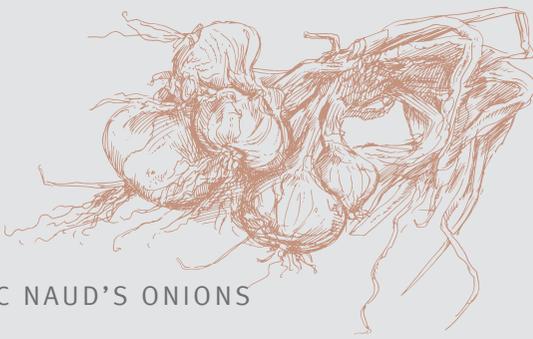
Mix the breadcrumb paste thoroughly with the garlic. Combine all of the above in a large bowl and turn into a buttered terrine. Tap the bottom of the terrine against a tabletop, cushioned so not as to break the terrine. Poach in a bain-marie in a 365° (185°) degree oven for 1 ½ hours. Remove the lid, and place a piece of cardboard cut to the shape of the top of the terrine, and then a 1.5 lb weight, on top. Let cool, then refrigerate overnight.

To serve, remove from the terrine and cut into slices. The cross-section will look fantastic, and it tastes of a summer garden. *[Ed.: this terrine was wildly successful ... and wolfed down in about 7 minutes; and yes, we're still married]*

A WINE ACCOMPANIMENT

With this dish, we served Sancerre, a Sauvignon Blanc from the Loire Valley. 2010 Sancerre should still be on the shelves, and its fruit and acidity are a foil for the intensity of this terrine.

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



FREDERIC NAUD'S ONIONS

French onion soup

For six people

6 brown onions thinly sliced
2 cloves of garlic finely chopped
½ bunch of thyme chopped
1 litre chicken stock
500ml beef stock
100ml Madeira
Oil canola or vegetable oil, rice bran oil
Bay leaf

Pissaladière

For six people

Preparation time 20 mins. Cooking time 1 hr 25 mins (plus proving)

60 ml (¼ cup) olive oil
500g onions (about 4), thinly sliced
2 garlic cloves, thinly sliced
1 tbsp thyme leaves
2 ripe tomatoes, blanched, peeled, seeds squeezed out, coarsely chopped
1 tsp white sugar
12 anchovy fillets
16 black olives

Heat the olive oil in a large heavy-based saucepan. Add the onion, garlic and thyme and cook, stirring occasionally, over a low to medium heat without colouring until very soft (45–60 mins). Increase the heat to medium, add the tomato and sugar and cook, stirring occasionally, until the tomato breaks down, the liquid evaporates and the sauce is thick. Season to taste and set aside.

Combine the flour, butter and a pinch of salt in a large bowl. Using your fingertips, rub the butter into the flour until fine crumbs form, then make a well in the centre. Combine the yeast with the lukewarm water, stir to dissolve and add along with the egg. Combine the dry ingredients with the yeast mixture to form a dough, then knead until the dough is smooth and comes away from the sides of the bowl (add a little more flour if too sticky). Cover with a damp tea towel and stand in a warm place until double in size (45–60 mins).

Caramelise onions with garlic, thyme and oil over medium heat in a medium sauce pan or cocotte, stirring occasionally. Deglaze with Madeira, reduce until almost dry; add chicken stock, beef stock, bay leaf and simmer for 40 minutes. Season with salt and pepper.

Serve with croutons of toast with melted cheese (Comté/Gruyère).

Bread dough
150g (1 cup) plain flour
60g butter, coarsely chopped
14g (2 sachets) dried yeast
2 tbsp lukewarm water
1 egg, lightly whisked

Preheat the oven to 200°C. Turn the dough out onto a lightly floured work surface, knock it back, then knead into a ball. Lightly flour the dough, roll it out into a 28cm-diameter circle and place it on a lightly greased oven tray. Spread the onion mixture over it, arrange the anchovies on top in a criss-cross pattern and place an olive in the centre of each diamond. Stand in a warm place and prove until slightly risen (10–15 mins), then bake until golden (20–25 mins).

Cut into wedges and serve with a green salad.

Frederic Naud grew up in Paris, trained in Bergerac and worked in kitchens in Geneva, London, Paris and New York before moving to Australia, where he has been head chef in Hayman on the Great Barrier Reef, Sydney and Melbourne. He is now head chef at Bistrot Thierry, Melbourne. His partner is environment and planning lawyer Sally Macindoe of Norton Rose Group.

EATING OUT

You're in Johannesburg and you want some Italian food. Where do you go?

Tortellino D'Oro

Tortellino – run by the Bollini family, Dante, Valeria and daughter Catherina – has been a feature in Johannesburg for 30 years. Favourites include porcini risotto, melanzani parmigiana and a marvellous tiramisù. The delicatessen sells homemade gelati, antipasti, bread and imported delicacies.

Oaklands / T +27-11-483-1249 / tortellino.co.za

Il Tartufo

Luciana, previously at Assaggi, has a dedicated band of admirers. Her food has a refreshingly light touch. Landmark dishes include chicken paillard, an outstanding lobster risotto and ossobuco. Her torta della nona is a delicious and sinful assembly of amaretti biscuits, chocolate, cream and amaretto.

Hyde Park / T +27-11-788-8948 / tartufo.co.za

Cornuti Illovo

Cornuti has evolved from humble origins as a pizzeria into a fully fledged Italian restaurant. Prices are reasonable. Open on Mondays – something of a rarity in Johannesburg. Illovo Square / T +27-11-268-6684 / cornuti.co.za

Illovo Mastrantonio

The flagship of the Mastrantonio franchise. Try a crisp fried calamari followed by a saltimbocca and finished off with a silky panacotta. You can choose your own wine from a glass-fronted cellar.

Illovo Square / T +27-11-268-6754 / mastrantonio.com

Assaggi

Assaggi serves food much as one would find in Italy. Dishes include a mussel soup cooked to perfection, homemade tagliolini with rosa tomatoes and, among the specials, two stuffed quail. Prices are high.

Illovo / T +27-11-268-1370

Restaurant critics **Michael Chronis** and **Kathryn Gawith** are litigation partners with Norton Rose Group in Johannesburg.



The guide to Abu Dhabi

Dubai has a very tall tower, man-made islands, and an oversize aquarium and underwater zoo. The attractions of Dubai are well documented. Abu Dhabi, however, is the kind of place that gets under your skin.

WHAT TO DO

For culture buffs

No trip is complete without a visit to the Grand Mosque, where you can look at astonishingly beautiful carpets and mosaics, and you have the opportunity to interact with knowledgeable locals about local customs and the lives of the Emiratis. There is a dress code: ladies will be given an *abaya* to wear over their clothes; gents should come wearing long trousers and a shirt. The Cultural District on Saadiyat Island is still in the embryonic phase of its development, but does from time to time have interesting art exhibitions and cultural events. Four-by-four safaris, desert dune bashing and desert trekking are all available – but can feel a little contrived.

For sun worshippers

The Corniche has a succession of beaches with public access and is great for an afternoon stroll; there are often public events, particularly for families. If you want to relax more privately, many of the hotels offer beach access on a daily basis, the pick of these being the Park Hyatt and St Regis on the beautiful Saadiyat beach (the nesting place for Hawksbill turtles and a great venue for dolphin spotting). Saadiyat is also home to the exclusive Monte Carlo Beach Club, which offers daily membership.

For fun-lovers

A day at Yas Island could involve canoeing in the mangroves; the fastest rollercoaster in the world at Ferrari World (Dubai doesn't have a monopoly on record-breaking); a round at Yas Links golf club (one of the world's top 100 courses); or some kite surfing or go-karting. It's also

home to the Yas Arena and Forum, which this year have seen the likes of Elton John, Scissor Sisters and Madonna perform.

For shoppers

Shopping in Abu Dhabi is not on the same planet as Dubai (plans are afoot to change this); so, if malls are your thing, a taxi to Dubai (about 140 kilometres) is your best bet – although the Marina Mall and Abu Dhabi Mall might satisfy the needs of the slightly less committed shopper.

For desert wanderers

Further inland, a trip to the "Rainbow Sheikh's" car museum (the Emirates National Auto Museum) at Liwa is a good place to stop en route to the Qasr Al Sarab Desert Resort, which is another couple of hours' travel. The Qasr Al Sarab is real Arabian Nights territory, forming part of what is the largest sand desert in the world. It's like nothing else you will have ever seen. A walk up the biggest of the dunes (and a run/slide/roll back down) at sunset is a great way to work up an appetite for sundowners.

WHERE TO STAY

Stay in the Emirates Palace if you have deep pockets; the Viceroy Yas Hotel for Formula 1 track-side glamour; or the Beach Rotana, Traders or Intercontinental if you need a more reasonable option. The other hotels at Yas are still new and offer great value, but are about 30 minutes drive from the Corniche (so plan your accommodation with your activities in mind). Qasr Al Sarab is a great option for a luxurious night or two in the desert, and worth hiring a car for. Hotel standards are high and prices can be, too, although you can

find some great offers via the usual travel portals. Be careful between June and September: you will find a bargain, but temperatures regularly top 50 degrees with high humidity. During the holy month of Ramadan some facilities and services work on a reduced basis.

MOVING AROUND

Taxis are cheap and plentiful although the drivers don't always know where they are going – but they will know the landmarks. Car hire is probably not necessary and other public transport options are not really an option.

EATING OUT

If you're not paying, opt for Hakkasaan (Michelin-starred Chinese at the Emirates Palace Hotel). If you are, then pause for thought and then go there anyway, if you possibly can. Indian and Pakistani food is great in the UAE; I recommend Ushna, Inidgo at the higher end and India Palace as a cheap but very cheerful alternative. The Emirati cuisine scene (think a hybrid of Lebanese/Turkish/north African) is not big but there are one or two options to suit different budgets. *Time Out Abu Dhabi* is well informed on such matters. Jones the Grocer is great for those wanting something more international and a good lunch or light dinner option.

Most malls and hotels have an array of cafes, and if you're feeling brave the bustling streets of the Tourist Club Area have some interesting *Shwarma* (kebab) cafes.

Nick Clayton has worked in the Middle East for eight years and lives in the UAE. He is a real estate partner with Norton Rose Group.

Yesterday



You know about Sandy Corbett before you meet her because of her deliciously reassuring voice. Stress melts away as she books the appointment, has a small chuckle with you down the phone or gives a sympathetic murmur. I'd like to take Sandy home with me and give her my diary; and my To Do list; and my entire life. I can't, of course. Sandy has just retired.

There is nothing quite as important as the way you say goodbye.

What amazed Sandy toward the end of her time at Norton Rose was the lengths people went to, to wish her well. She described a dinner for partners from across Europe at which Martin Coleman, the global head of competition law (and a man who chooses his words carefully), stood up and "spoke about me", she breathed in quiet wonder. "I nearly died. I thought he was welcoming everybody, and he spoke about me. It was lovely."

Sandy has worked as a legal secretary for 30 years. In those long ago days of the 1980s, in the City of London, they would work through the night and in the morning the partner would

take them to the Great Eastern for breakfast. Clients would send over pink champagne and flowers.

It wasn't always like that. At another law firm secretaries had to use a different staircase to the one frequented by the partners. "Could you just dust my window sill in the mornings?" Those days are long gone.

The first woman partner arrived in the late 1980s. "It was really something." Today, 23 partners (in the London office) are women; 125 are men. Serried ranks of female trainees await their turn, however.

A female partner wasn't the only surprise. In 1988, at 41, "I found I was expecting." Going to work every day was a good distraction (particularly after being told it might be twins). In the end, Sandy was still in work on the Friday and her daughter was born on the Tuesday.

She was in the City at the time of the IRA bombings, as well. First, the Baltic Exchange, in 1992. Then, in 1993, the Bishopsgate bomb, which caused £1 billion worth of damage. It was a Saturday and messages went

out advising people not to come in. Then Sandy took a call from a partner who needed a replacement secretary. It was impossible to get into their own buildings, so the staff were split across offices in the City. When they were allowed back in to retrieve their belongings, they found the walls had caved in and their pot plants had been blown up into the window blinds, carried by the force of the explosion. "The glass from the windows was awful. Where people normally sat, the spears of glass went straight through the chair, straight into the wall."

Life returned to normal, and the years "just flew by". "The people were so nice." And there was the social life. "Whatever Norton Rose offered, there I was."

It's not easy to break a habit, and work does have a way of getting under your skin. But sometimes you just know when it's time. A friend invited 65-year-old Sandy to join her on an extended trip across south-east Asia and that gave her the nudge she needed. Pack up your bags. Head out the door. Check out the world.

Goodbye, Sandy. We'll miss you.



Gemma Patterson is in love. “It’s just so different, so orderly. The people are so polite. And incredibly helpful. It’s a wonderful culture.”

The first time that Japan came onto her radar was as a history undergraduate at Oxford. Now she is in London, learning the mix of *Kanji* (Chinese characters), *Hiragana* (the syllabary of Japanese words) and *Katakana* (the foreign words) that makes up the Japanese language. “I don’t want to be the expat who doesn’t try to integrate.”

Gemma is about to embark on a life-changing adventure. Tomorrow, she departs for Japan and the start of a three-year secondment at Norton Rose Group’s Tokyo office.

“As soon as I heard that Norton Rose had opened an office in Tokyo, I wanted to spend some time there.” A mix of good fortune and effort has taken Gemma this far, first as a trainee who asked to spend her second four-month ‘seat’ in Tokyo and now as a banking associate and asset finance specialist.

She expects to be busy. Not as busy as some; in Japan, people have 14 public holidays and ten days’ leave – “but they

rarely take all their holiday, the work ethic is so strong”.

“Japan suits my temperament.” Is it true that people queue to board the subway? Yes. And in the rush hour there are carriages just for women. And when you cross the road, you always wait for the green man.

Courtesy is paramount. In the traditional trading houses, secretaries are trained in the different degrees of bowing. How, I wonder, do they learn how to pass through the glass ceiling, still relatively low for women in Japan?

Will Gemma Patterson still be in love after three years? I think maybe yes, although the relationship – the fascination – will have taken on a different quality.

Tokyo, of course, is not all of Japan, and ahead of Gemma stretches a whole series of tomorrows, skiing at Hokkaido, visiting the island of Okinawa, paying homage at Kishu in Nagasaki, and, every day, becoming more fluent in the language of Japan, its working practices – and its culture. “The people take so much pride in everything they do... and that’s what I love about it.”

Gemma Patterson is about to embark on a life-changing adventure

GIRL

P



POWER

WE'RE ALL FOR IT

NORTON ROSE GROUP – FOUNDER MEMBER AND SPONSOR
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 NORTON ROSE

Photograph: Ivan Maslanov

one fine day

A TOP FIVE SELECTION FROM UWE EPPLER – GET THE VINYL OUT

ONE SCHUBERT'S SYMPHONY NO. 8, 'THE GREAT'

Conducted by Herbert Blomstedt
Schubert's eighth symphony was discovered by Robert Schumann some years after Schubert died and was first performed in March 1839 in Leipzig by the Gewandhausorchester, conducted by Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. On 24 June 2012, Herbert Blomstedt conducted 'the Great' symphony with the orchestra 'The Management Symphony' in the Leipzig Gewandhaus – I took part in that performance, playing the double bass.

In July, Blomstedt – Kapellmeister and revered conductor across Europe and in San Francisco – will be 85. I witnessed the enthusiasm, passion, energy and precision with which he rehearses and performs, how he makes musicians listen to each other and put emotion into their playing: Blomstedt is one of the most impressive individuals I have had the honour to meet.

When he was just a youth, **Uwe Eppler** played the piano, the trumpet, the guitar, the electric bass, the double bass, the clarinet and the drums. As a young man, he played in jazz and rock bands. When he took up law, he played the double bass in churches to finance his studies. Today, Dr Eppler is a tax adviser (*Steuerberater*) and corporate partner in Norton Rose Group's Hamburg office. He still plays the occasional concert, and in 2012 he is marrying – a violinist.

Photograph by **Ivan Maslarov**

TWO SLEEPERS AWAKE!

Jacques Loussier
You like J.S. Bach, but you hate jazz? Well, listen to French piano player Jacques Loussier (born 26 October 1934), listen to how he plays Bach on the piano, and I bet you will like jazz. Don't miss the last 45 seconds of 'Sleepers Awake', when he plays Bach (the chorale No. 1, *Wachet auf*) at double speed!

THREE MASTER OF PUPPETS

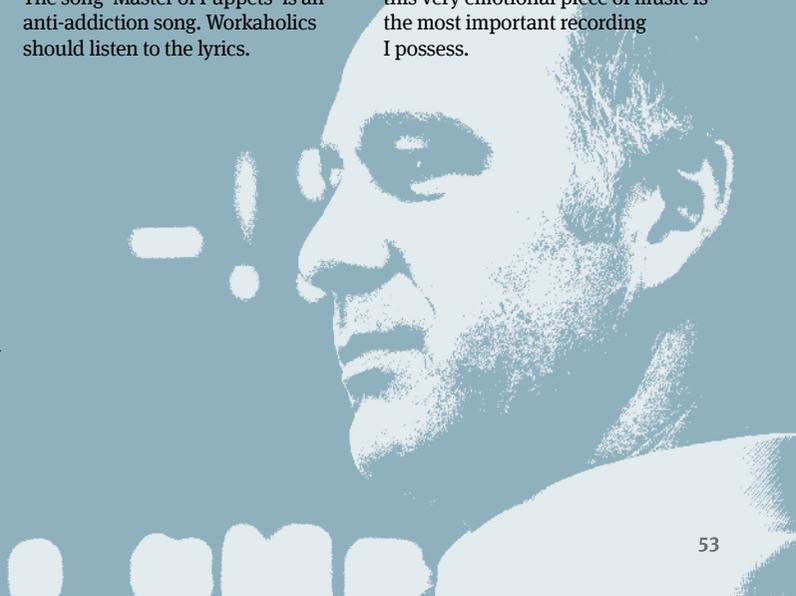
Metallica
The power that explodes in Metallica's music is tremendous and still today fills me with energy. I saw Metallica in 2012 at the German rock festival 'Rock am Ring' on the Grand Prix race track, the Nürburgring. The sound of the guitars and the intensity of the live performance is overwhelming. The song 'Master of Puppets' is an anti-addiction song. Workaholics should listen to the lyrics.

FOUR I'M YOURS

Jason Mraz
Are you one of the millions of people who have watched the YouTube video of Jason Mraz performing 'I'm Yours' in front of an Asian audience? It has been viewed more than 55 million times. Two singers, two instruments, that's all it needs. Listen to how he plays with his voice. This is pure talent.

FIVE ROLLING ON THE DEEP

Adele
My 13-year-old daughter started to take singing lessons a short while back, and a few days ago she sent me a recording of her singing 'Rolling in the deep' during her lessons. Now I listen to it every day. 'Rolling in the deep' was written by Adele and Paul Epworth and recorded by Adele. For me, the recording by my daughter of this very emotional piece of music is the most important recording I possess.



The poem

CREDO

I believe in Pablo Picasso, almighty creator of heaven and earth
I believe in Charlie Chaplin
Son of violets and mice
Who was crucified, died, and laid in the grave by his era,
but who each day is revived in the hearts of men
I believe in love and art
As ways to find joy in the hardness of life
I believe in the crickets that people the magic crystal night
I believe in the miller that lives to create stars with his marvelous wheel
I believe in the highest gifts of humanity configured in the memory
of Isadora Duncan
brought down like a pure, wounded dove under the Mediterranean sky
I believe in the chocolate coins that I hide under the rug of my childhood
I believe in the legend of Orpheus
I believe in the sorcery of music that in the hours of my anguish I saw
under the spell of Fauré's Pavane
leaving sweet Euridice liberated and radiant
from the inferno of my soul
I believe in Rainer Marie Rilke
hero of humanity's struggle
for beauty, who sacrificed his life
while picking a rose for a lady
I believe in the roses that burst forth
from the adolescent corpse of Ophelia
I believe in the silence of Achilles weeping before the sea
I believe in a small and distant ship
that left a century ago to meet the sun
Its captain Lord Byron
in his belt the archangels' swords
and around his temples
the splendour of the stars
I believe in Ulysses' dog
and in Alice's cat
smiling in Wonderland
In Robinson Crusoe's parrot
In the mice that pulled
Cinderella's carriage
In Berylfire, Roland's horse
and in the bees that build their hive in the heart of Martín Tinajero
I believe in friendship
as the most lovely creation of mankind
I believe in the powerful creators of humanity
And I believe in me
since I know that there are some
who love me

Creo en Pablo Picasso, todopoderoso
 creador del cielo y de la tierra
 Creo en Charlie Chaplin
 Hijo de las violetas y los ratones
 que fué crucificado, muerto y sepultado
 por el tiempo, pero que cada día resucita
 en el corazón de los hombres
 Creo en el amor y el arte
 como vías hacia el disfrute de la vida perdurable
 Creo en los grillos
 que pueblan la noche de mágicos cristales
 Creo en el amolador
 que vive de fabricar estrellas con su rueda maravillosa
 Creo en la cualidad aérea del hombre
 configurado en el recuerdo
 de Isadora Duncan
 abatiéndose como una purísima paloma herida bajo
 el cielo del Mediterraneo
 Creo en las monedas de chocolate
 que atesoro bajo la almohada de mi niñez
 Creo en la fábula de Orfeo
 Creo en el sortilegio de la música
 yo que en las horas de mi angustia vi
 al conjuro de la Pavana de Fauré
 salir liberada y radiante
 a la dulce Eurídice del infierno de mi alma
 Creo en Rainer Maria Rilke
 héroe de la lucha del hombre
 por la belleza, que sacrificó su vida
 al acto de cortar una rosa por una mujer
 Creo en las rosas que brotaron del cadaver
 adolescente de Ofelia
 Creo en el llanto silencioso de Aquiles
 frente al mar
 Creo en un barco esbelto y distantísimo
 que salió hace un siglo al encuentro de la aurora
 Su capitán Lord Byron
 al cinto las espadas de los arcángeles
 y junto a sus sienes
 el resplandor de las estrellas
 Creo en el perro de Ulises
 y en el gato risueño
 de Alicia en el País de las Maravillas
 En el loro de Robinson Crusoe
 En los ratoncitos que tiraron
 el carro de la Cenicienta
 En Beralfiro, el caballo de Rolando
 y en las abejas que labran
 su colmena dentro del corazón de Martín Tinajero
 Creo en la amistad
 como en el invento mas bello del hombre
 Creo en los poderes creadores del pueblo
 Creo en la poesia y en fin Creo en mí
 puesto que sé que mismo alguien me ama

AQUILES NAZOA'S 'CREDO'

To any reader raised
 as a Roman Catholic,
 this poem will seem
 immediately familiar. You
 may not have heard of the
 Venezuelan journalist and
 writer Aquiles Nazoa, you
 may not speak Spanish or
 be familiar with the legend
 of Martín Tinajero, the
 conquistador whose dead
 body, it was said, attracted
 swarms of bees with its
 fragrance of honey. But
 the title and structure of
 the poem, the anaphoristic
 and insistent use of "I
 believe" (*creo*), always at
 the beginning of a line,
 the repeated references to
 creation – and to death –
 clearly evoke the structure
 of the Nicene Creed: the
 profession of faith recited
 as an act of devotion
 during Mass.

As instantly as the
 association is prompted,
 though, it is rejected,
 distorted, as the poem
 spins out its alternative
 article of faith. We rush
 headlong, careening
 through a jumble of
 allusions that surprise
 and confound: how do
 we reconcile the bizarre
 secular imagery with the
 testimony of religious
 belief that is invoked even
 as it is denied expression?
 Phrases are alternately
 mellifluous and discordant;
 consider: "Creo en Pablo
 Picasso, todopoderoso...
 Creo en Charlie Chaplin".

The images themselves
 jar: broken-necked Isadora
 Duncan and the ever
 smiling Cheshire cat are
 juxtaposed with crickets
 chirping in the "magical
 crystal night" and the
 glittering "resplandor de
 las estrellas".

The wording of the Nicene
 Creed was born out of
 an intense theological
 dispute in the fourth
 century about the nature
 of the relationship
 between God and Christ.
 It embodied a delicate
 compromise between the
 different views, carefully
 and powerfully worded
 so as to bring together
 opposed sides of the
 debate in a statement of
 belief that both could
 agree on. Though the
 Byzantine and western
 Roman Catholic Church
 later split, the formula
 of the Creed endured in
 both branches. And it
 haunts Nazoa's poem; he
 speaks of literary motifs
 (tropes) and Hollywood
 stars, musicians, writers
 and human emotion as the
 foundations of faith. But
 even as he turns away from
 his religious precedent, so
 he is ensnared in its liturgy.
 He presents the apotheosis
 – the very culmination – of
 artistic 'creation'. The king
 is dead; long live the king.

Writer and literary critic **Alexandra
 Howe** is *Re:*'s arts correspondent.

The open door

NOT EVERYTHING CAN BE SAID IN ENGLISH. RE:OPEN SHARES THE GENEROSITY OF THE ZULU LANGUAGE, ONE OF THE 11 LANGUAGES SPOKEN IN SOUTH AFRICA.

English

Zulu

Hello	Sawubona <i>sa-woo-bo-na</i>
It's lovely to meet you	Ngiyajabula ukukwazi <i>ngee-ya-ja-boo-la oo-koo-kwa-zee</i>
Welcome to my home	Ngiyakwamukela ekhaya lami <i>ngee-ya-kwa-moo-kela e-car-ya la-mi</i>
Please sit down	Ngicela uhlale phansi <i>ngie*ela-oo-glale-pan-see</i>
Make yourself at home	Khululeka uzizwe usekhaya <i>koo-loo-le-ka oo-zee-zwe oo-se-kaya</i>
Would you like a cup of tea?	Ungayijabulela inkomishi yetiye? <i>oo-nga-yee-jab-oo-le-la in-ko-meeshi ye-tee-ye?</i>
Are you hungry?	Ulambile? <i>oo-lam-bee-le?</i>
Please eat with us	Sicela udle nathi <i>sie*la-oogle-natee</i>
Can I help you?	Ngingakusiza? <i>ngee-nga-koo-see-za?</i>
Thank you	Ngiyabonga <i>ngee-ya-bo-nga</i>
You're welcome	Wamukelekile <i>wa-moo-ke-le-kee-le</i>
Goodbye	Uhambe kahle <i>oo-hum-be ka*le</i>
Come again	Uphinde ubuye <i>oo-pee-nde oo-boo-yee</i>

* tongue click (suck your tongue onto the palette of your mouth to create a *gla* sound)

Mazwi Cele, an insurance litigator with Norton Rose Group in Johannesburg, provided *Re:* with these phrases in Zulu.

Derek Burney

The person

I'm in my fourth retirement.

More and more it's time with the family that is a source of great joy. Watching young people evolve into adults is charm in itself.

I was in the Foreign Service at a time when they were very explicit about the style of the writing. You wrote your letter, it went through various levels of scrutiny and then it went in the diplomatic pouch – the blue-line editors in the Foreign Service were a pretty tough bunch. And you moved from that to having to brief ministers. And then prime ministers.

If you're a CEO of public companies, or if you're a senior bureaucrat and an ambassador, and a chief of staff to a prime minister, those are all jobs that involve, in varying degrees, a lot of stress. What I am doing now, I wouldn't say it's completely without stress, but the stress level is much more manageable.

I have been working in one way or another since I was about 13 years old.

I have very positive memories of growing up in an isolated part of northern Canada, oblivious to the great world outside. I don't think that that opportunity is available to people today because we are so inter-connected in every way.

During the time I was running round the world as a diplomat under various labels, my wife was managing the home front raising four boys, which is no mean task. I was 39 when I was Ambassador in Korea, and we had four children living with us at the time.

She came into her own in our last posting, which was Washington, where she flourished, had her own network. Washington is that kind of city.

You have to turn the clock back pretty radically to know what it was like in Korea in the late 1970s. We used to ask visitors to bring things like lemons out; you couldn't buy them in Seoul.

When the children of our British counterparts turned 7 or 8 they were packed off to boarding school. We don't do that. Our kids come with us on foreign postings. That's the Canadian custom.

Our children spoke Japanese while we were in Japan and went to Japanese schools.

I spent two full years learning Japanese. We were there almost seven and a half years.

It's not that I chose Japan. In the early days in the Foreign Service you were told where to go.

My wife spent more time on Korean than I did. When we were there, any Korean over 40 years old spoke Japanese, so that was an advantage for me.

My father died when I was very young and my mother ended up unexpectedly taking over the business.

My mother was a Scottish immigrant to Canada. She would be very happy today to see me in a law firm, because, if she had any ambition for me – and she was the most important person in my early life – it would be that I should become a lawyer. As the operator of a small business, she didn't see service in government as a worthy profession. That changed a bit when I became an Ambassador. That had some meaning for her.

"If you're going to do anything, do it well." "Don't gripe about things you can't control." My mother had all kind of maxims that guided me in more ways than I would have imagined at the time.

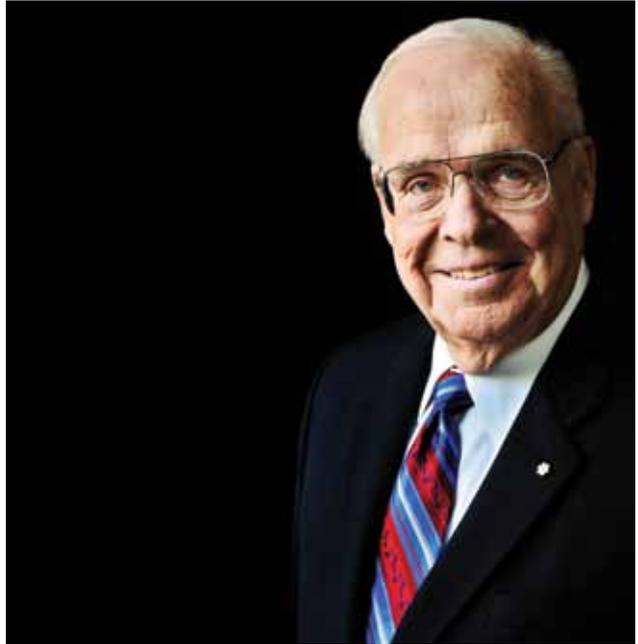
Where I grew up there was no city 500 miles of us either way.

We only got television in 1953. I remember a debate in high school about whether colour television would last, whether it was just a passing fad.

Neither of my parents went to university. My mother was a bookkeeper. Her father didn't believe in educating girls. He had three girls and two boys and the boys went on but the girls were not allowed to go beyond grade 10. You became a secretary or a bookkeeper or a nurse. And married. And had a family.

My sister died when she was 38. I flew home from Tokyo to spend the last week with her. She died of leukaemia and left three young children. That was rough. That was probably the roughest time for me. Losing your parents is a fact of life; it's going to happen to us all. But to see somebody struck down at 38, that's not nice.

We lost a baby of our own, in Tokyo. That son lived for only a day. The unexpected things like that are what cause you grief.



My one biggest regret is that I didn't achieve as much fluency in French as I would have liked. It might have led to an even more different career. I might have gone more seriously into politics.

The biggest frustration for people in the Foreign Service was the choice between generalist and specialist. In my first ten years in the Department I agonised over that more than anything else. I ended up with a dual specialty, one on Asia with the focus on Japan and Korea and another on trade with the focus on the United States. Not a bad package all together.

In 1980 I was given an assignment to organise the first G7 summit that Canada had hosted; I had no idea what that would involve and nor did anybody in Ottawa. We'd never done anything like it. I was brought home early from Korea to take that assignment. I was the administrator. That was my title. I reported directly to the Prime Minister, Trudeau.

If you're given an assignment where there is no precedent, you've got to figure things out on your own. It's learning by doing. The first thing you have to do is bring together a good team, people that complement what you bring and are reliable.

You don't have a lot of time for friendships when you're in jobs like chief of staff to the

Prime Minister. That's almost a 16-hour-a-day job. Your colleagues are your friends. Your neighbours are your friends.

I didn't have much time for recreational outlets.

When I was in Korea I golfed, because it was a good way of getting to know Koreans.

I skate in winter on the Rideau Canal. That's in Ontario.

You are scratching a very big itch when you raise the question of the United States with any Canadian, and you will get 33 million different reactions, no doubt.

You have got two million Canadians visiting the United States in the winter; we call them the snow birds. They go to Florida, they go to Hawaii, they go to Arizona, they go to California.

What we are seeing now is Canada adjusting its sights more broadly on the world than we have for the last two or three decades.

The student demonstrations in Québec are unusual. Canadians are not used to massive demonstrations in the street with students being flattened by police. This is not normal in Canada. We may have a riot after a big hockey game but, you know, on a regular basis there is not a lot of tension in the Canadian society.

I feel good about life in Canada, is what I am trying to say.

I think I live to work. It's not for the money. I just enjoy having a degree of focus in my life.

The night we concluded the Free Trade Agreement was a very joyous evening, because it almost didn't happen. Presenting my credentials in the White House was also pretty good.

There is a real risk that process overwhelms substance in government. You spend a lot of time churning and going to meetings and hearing everybody's position, but if there isn't somebody with a bit of desire to get something done, you're going to spend a lot of time just spinning your wheels aimlessly.

One of the most positive attributes of foreign service, and I don't say this in a maudlin fashion, is that your family becomes extremely close.

You should read my memoir.

Derek Hudson Burney, Canada (1939)

The career

Hon. BA (political science & economics), Queen's University 1962

MA, Queen's, 1964

Canadian Foreign Service 1963-93

Canadian Embassy, Tokyo 1965-72

Ambassador to Korea 1978-80

Administrator, G-7 Summit, Montebello, Quebec 1981

Deputy Minister, Foreign Affairs 1985-87

Chief of Staff to Prime Minister 1987-89

Ambassador to United States 1989-93

PM's representative, G-7 summits 1990, 1991, 1992

Free trade/acid rain negotiator 1987, 1991

Outstanding Achievement Award (Public Service of Canada) 1992

Officer, Order of Canada 1993

Chairman and CEO, Bell Canada International 1993-99

President and CEO, CAE Inc 1999-2004

Getting it Done: a memoir, McGill-Queen's University Press, 2005

Senior strategic adviser, Norton Rose Canada (formerly Ogilvy Renault LLP) 2006-present

Panel member, Canada's future role in Afghanistan 2007

Chair, selection committee, Canada "Excellence Research Chairs" Program 2008

Chair, board, Canwest Global Communications Corporation

Board member, TransCanada

Senior Research Fellow, Canadian Defence & Foreign Affairs Institute

Visiting Professor and Senior Distinguished Fellow, Carleton University

Chair, GardaWorld International Advisory Board

Derek Burney Drive

Derek Burney has a street named after him in his home town of Thunder Bay (previously Fort William), Ontario

Style

Pattern zings in Hong Kong

Be brave with your colour combinations. Clashing orange and green bring this outfit alive. The subtle grey and black tones of this dress make the bright colours of the handbag and belt really stand out to create an eye-catching effect.



A light and floaty scarf in a floral print adds interest and another layer of pattern to complement the look.

A beautiful lace trim adds a subtle, yet pretty element to the dress and another layer of texture to a multi-dimensional outfit. The simple pattern, lace detail and classic shape of the dress mean that it works for day or night. Dress it up with black accessories, statement jewellery and super high heels to dance the Hong Kong night away.

Fun, yet classic shoes add height and interest to this outfit. They would work equally well with ankle-grazing three-quarter length trousers to really show them off.

This shimmering metallic dress will really catch the Hong Kong sun. The floral scarf softens the look and adds a hint of colour, while the glasses add a professional touch for the office.

Choose a vibrant accent colour to tie your accessories together.

This dress could be a really hard-working part of your wardrobe. Easily dressed up or down, it will go with most colours. Be daring and add even bolder prints to stand out from the crowd.



See more on More Re:

A simple colour palette made striking by different stripes and textures.



For the more adventurous gentleman, play with accessories in different patterns, styles and fabrics. Stick to a few accent colours and experiment to really stand out from the crowd. The dark jacket brings out the yellows and greens. Team with jeans or chinos for a relaxed feel.

Photography by Hank Leung.
Styling by Lorraine Lee with Re: Style editor Madeleine Humphrey. Stylists' assistants: Tracy Leong, Georgina Axon, Marina Andrew, Bobby Kensah. Clothing is stylists' own. Shot on location at Jardine House, Norton Rose Hong Kong. Lorraine Lee is a marketing specialist with Norton Rose Group. Hank Leung, Tracy Leong, Georgina Axon, Marina Andrew and Bobby Kensah are banking and corporate lawyers at Norton Rose Group's Hong Kong office. To contribute to the Style pages of Re:, email Madeleine Humphrey or Jenny Luan with your idea.

Back streets

LONDON. 6 JUNE 2012. PHOTOGRAPHS BY IVAN MASLAROV.
PRIVATE VIEWINGS OF CITY STREETS NEAR THE OFFICES OF
NORTON ROSE GROUP.



Left: Lunchtime, Tooley Street. Near the Shard.

Right: Shand Street, SE1, near the railway lines.



Far left: Another commercial photo shoot taking place in More London.



Near left: Opposite the London Dungeon, by London Bridge.



Coda

CITIES TO PUT ON YOUR WISH LIST FOR 2012

Singapore

For the \$2 meals you'll still be thinking about two years later

Jessica Lyn, Toronto

Sienna

A charming, small city with its old town, nice museum and simple, wonderful Italian food and wine

Duc Thuan Luong, Brussels

London

I haven't travelled much and have always wanted to go there

Dimple Sughnani, Dubai

New Orleans

For the party night on Bourbons Street

Johanne Boudreau, Montréal

Beijing

The septuacentennial city, the Forbidden City, the Great Wall, the Bird's Nest

Kelly Huang, Beijing

Rome

For its history, its architecture, its art, and its phenomenal *gelato*

Stefan Ali, Calgary

Sydney

The Rocks, Bondi Beach, Darling Harbour and above all because I was born there

Nicola Santangelo, Milan

Yangshuo

For its fabulous karst peak landscape, the beautiful Li River and the fishermen and their cormorants

Jean-Nicolas Prévost, Québec

Buenos Aires

Lovely beef (and my wife is from this beautiful city)

Simon Clark, London

Ho Chi Minh City

The food, the mesmerising traffic and some of the friendliest people in the world

Ryan Shewchuk, Calgary

Calgary

For its hospitable, welcoming and kind people

Alfiya Tashmukhambetova, Almaty



RE: A MAGAZINE OPEN TO NEW PERSPECTIVES

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Credo

The poem 'Credo' and its translation are reproduced (p54) in the context of criticism and review. Publisher and translator unknown.

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