re:

Looking out not in

A Norton Rose Fulbright magazine
Issue 6

RE:
WORK
THE PHOTO ESSAY: A CURVE IN THE TRACK
A CLOSER LOOK AT MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS
JOHANNESBURG IN FULL COLOUR
LIFE

April 2014

13,000
140+ Norton Rose Fulbright riders

180 miles
(290 kilometres)
Houston to Austin
Texas, United States

80° F
(27° C)
strong headwinds

US$250K
fundraising target

NORTON ROSE FULBRIGHT

The BP MS 150 ride

Cycling and – with your help – raising funds for multiple sclerosis

Giving our time, giving our all
nortonrosefulbright.com/MS

Law around the world
nortonrosefulbright.com

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This is the sixth issue of *Re:*, a magazine for everyone in Norton Rose Fulbright around the world and for our friends, among them our clients and alumni. In this issue, we spin dizzyingly from colour and riches to more sombre notes. Aneesa Bodiat reveals the full dancing glory of Johannesburg; Mark Baker lets rip with the Wagner; and Melanie Thill Tayara allows Style in to profile her in her Paris home. Craig Smith takes us on a more sober tour of multiple sclerosis; Jackie O'Brien tells us what it's like raising two boys in Australia, one of whom suffers from autism; and we present a Guide to Moscow in the hope of days to come when life is a little more settled in that part of the world.

The seventh issue will appear in the autumn of 2014.
See you then.

The Editor

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

There are a large number of successful female lawyers and partners who, unfortunately, are widowed, divorced, perform a primary carer's role for their unwell partner or for other reasons do not have significant support from home or a life partner. Having a partner who treats your career as importantly as their own and as an equal is clearly a fantastic help, as has been Linda's experience. Fortunately, the culture and policies we experience and continue to improve at Norton Rose Fulbright have enabled many of us to flourish and enjoy rewarding and successful careers without that element. It is one of the reasons why our D&I [diversity and inclusion] programme – including support for those with a need for flexibility to work in different ways – is so critical to the success of our whole workforce, men and women.
Sally Macindoe, Melbourne
The Q&A with Linda Addison, issue 5. Ed.

I love hearing the story behind the professional persona. I always read these interviews first. People here are reading *Re:* in their lunch breaks, talking about different people and articles (sometimes heated!) and taking it with them to read at home. NB Could I put a request in for a profile of Jackie O'Brien in Australia?
Lauren O'Rourke, Sydney
Done! The person, issue 6. Ed.

I read in *Re:* (another beautiful issue) about Richard Calnan's new book and wanted to say congratulations. I hope to find some time to read it. Contract law was one of my favourite classes in law school.
Felicia Kohn, Milan
Principles of Contractual Interpretation, OUP. Ed.

Thank you for the pictures of Calgary's early days.
Susan Roberge, Calgary
The photo essay, issue 5. Ed.

I found your article on dementia touching and painfully familiar.
Craig Smith, Houston
Falling away, issue 3. Ed.

I really enjoy the magazine!
Barbara Motter, New York

Interesting. Informative. Maybe it's time to drop the To Do column?
Peter Burrows, Beijing alumni

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Looking ahead
Richard Calnan tackles the Magna Carta.

Re: is going to feature an article on depression. Please get in touch if you have a story to share. In strictest confidence. Ed.

OBITER DICTUM
Latin, deconstructed, in case of need

habeas corpus

Have [produce] the body. A long-standing human rights law requiring that arrested persons be brought before a court straight away to determine if the detention is lawful.

habendum et tenendum

To have and to hold. The opposite of having your cake and eating it.

hostis humani generis

Enemy of mankind subject to capture by all states (e.g. a pirate). Nowadays, sought by Interpol.

ignorantia juris non excusat

This well-known phrase needs little introduction: **ignorance of the law is no excuse.**

imperitia culpae adnumeratur

Lack of skill is blameworthy. If an activity needs particular skills (such as those of a surgeon), it is negligent to act without applying those skills.

in aeternum

For eternity. You could also say, For ever. To the ends of time. To infinity and beyond.

in camera / in curia

In court proceedings: **in private**; or, **in open court.**

in extenso

Stated at full length. The sign of a bore.

in extremis

At the point of death.

Patrick Bracher is a senior lawyer with Norton Rose Fulbright in Johannesburg.

RICHARD CALNAN ON JURISPRUDENCE

> 'I don't think writers are sacred, but words are. They deserve respect. If you get the right ones in the right order, you can nudge the world a little or make a poem which children will speak for you when you're dead.'
>
> *The Real Thing* Act II scene V

In his play *The Real Thing*, Tom Stoppard reminded us of the responsibility which we have to use words properly. And that is surely particularly true of lawyers, for whom words are their tools of trade.

But this is not a polemic about the importance of writing clear and simple English. What I am concerned about here is what words mean.

The recent tendency of judges in a number of jurisdictions around the world is to stress the importance of context when interpreting the meaning of words. At its most extreme, this is reflected in the view that words do not, by themselves, mean anything. The American contract scholar, Arthur Corbin, referred to the 'great illusion … that words, either singly or in combination, have a "meaning" that is independent of the persons who use them.' The same theme has been taken up by the judiciary. In one of his judgments, Oliver Wendell Holmes said that: 'A word is not a crystal, transparent and unchanged, it is the skin of a living thought and may vary greatly in colour and context according to the circumstances and the time in which it is used.'

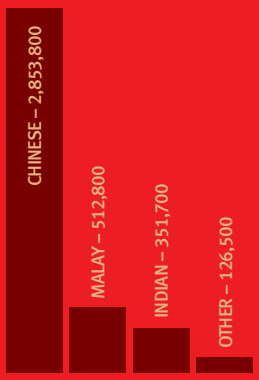
The problem with this approach is that it gives the person interpreting the words a great deal of licence to decide what they mean. This is anathema to many commercial lawyers. The approach of many judges is to recognize that most expressions do have a natural meaning and that, in the words of Lord Mustill, 'the enquiry will start, and usually finish, by asking what is the ordinary meaning of the words used'. Although it may be theoretically correct that a word can only have a meaning in the context of its background facts, most words are pretty easy to understand in the context of the few words which surround them.

But not always. Take *The Aragon*, a case decided by the English courts in the 1970s. A charterparty only allowed the charterer to use the vessel within 'USA East of Panama Canal'. The question at issue was whether the US Gulf was within that limit. By referring to an atlas, it transpired that the US Gulf is in fact to the west of the meridian of longitude on which the Panama Canal stands. On the face of it, therefore, a trip to the US Gulf would be outside the charterer's limits. But the court took a different view. The purpose of the charter was to carry out a round trip from Europe to the east coast of North America and then back. In this context, what was meant by the words 'USA East of Panama Canal' was a port in the United States which did not entail going through the Panama Canal. The natural meaning of the words was not their meaning in isolation. The meaning of the words could only properly be understood in context.

Next time: *property and obligation*

Richard Calnan is a partner with Norton Rose Fulbright in London and Visiting Professor at UCL (University College London).

STATS



NATIONALITIES

1.29
BIRTH RATE

7540
POPULATION DENSITY (PER SQ KM)

716.1
LAND MASS (SQ KM)

5.4M
POPULATION

345,560,600
GDP (S$M)

1/3
ALMOST ONE-THIRD ARE NON RESIDENTS

SECOND
NETWORKED READINESS INDEX AND GLOBAL COMPETITIVENESS INDEX – WORLD ECONOMIC FORUM

Close-up

SINGA

IDENTITY

ONCE SINGA PURA
'LION CITY' FROM SANSKRIT

सिंहपुर

THEN AN ASIAN TIGER
A SENSE OF IDENTITY CRISIS LINGERS

EDUCATION
HIGHLY EDUCATED AND DRIVEN BY A COMPETITIVE ETHOS

KIASU
'AFRAID TO LOSE'

LANGUAGES
FOUR OFFICIAL LANGUAGES:
ENGLISH
MANDARIN
MALAY
TAMIL

VANDA MISS JOAQUIM
THE ORCHID IS THE NATIONAL FLOWER

WEALTH

ASSET MANAGEMENT
$550 BILLION
($50 BILLION IN 2000)

TAX HAVEN

COMMODITY AND ENERGY TRADING CENTRE

TECHNOLOGY

PORT OF SINGAPORE

FREE TRADE

PLAY

FOOD
SHOPPING
BEACHES
RAINFORESTS
WETLANDS
TELECOMS

CHANGE

LAND
RECLAMATION

OPEN DOOR
TO MIGRANTS

TERRAIN

1 ISLAND + 63 (UNINHABITED?) ISLANDS IN THE SOUTH CHINA SEA ONE DEGREE NORTH OF THE EQUATOR

HUMIDITY
70–80%
TEMP.
25–31°C

PORE

Research by Jitwei Tan
Sources singstat.gov.sg, newasia-singapore.com, guidemesingapore.com, travel.cnn.com/Singapore, Singapore at Random

TIME

2013
FIRST RIOT IN 30 YEARS

1998–2009
RECESSION

1990
PM LEE KUAN YEW STEPS DOWN

1971
BRITISH TROOPS LEAVE

1969
RACE RIOTS

1967
ISSUES SINGAPORE DOLLAR

FOUNDS ASEAN

1965
ESTABLISHES REPUBLIC OF SINGAPORE

1963
JOINS FEDERATION OF MALAYA

1942–5
RULED BY JAPAN

1867
BECOMES CROWN COLONY OF BRITAIN

1819
THOMAS RAFFLES (BRITISH EAST INDIA COMPANY) ESTABLISHES TRADING POST

1511
RULED BY SULTANATE OF JOHOR

15TH CENTURY
RULED BY SULTANATE OF MALACCA

1299
SUMATRAN PRINCE SEES 'LION' WHILE HUNTING AND CHOOSES NAME SINGA PURA

7TH–13TH CENTURY
RULED BY SRIVIJAYA EMPIRE (SUMATRAN)

Introducing

Grayson Perry

Grayson Perry
We've Found the Body of Your Child
2000
Earthenware
49 x 30 x 30 cm
Image courtesy of the Saatchi Gallery
© Grayson Perry, 2000

‘THE CRAFTSMAN’S ANONYMITY I FIND ESPECIALLY RESONANT IN AN AGE OF THE CELEBRITY ARTIST’

The Tomb of the Unknown Craftsman, The British Museum Press

The artist

'It's about time a transvestite potter won the Turner', said Grayson Perry, when he was awarded the Turner Prize for contemporary art in 2003. He has since said that he doesn't like to be known simply as a potter; after all, you wouldn't describe Damien Hirst as a taxidermist. His methods include printmaking, drawing, embroidery and other textile work. Still, he is probably best known for his cross-dressing, his tapestries and his ceramics: classically-proportioned vases and urns, decorated with hectic figures, patterns and text. He claims that the humility of pottery was part of its attraction; it's not 'shouty' like other forms of contemporary art. Traditionally, pottery has not even been considered Art with a capital A, but consigned instead to the realm of craft, with the somehow humbler, more innocent connotations of that word. Perry plays on our expectations. He says his work 'sneaks up on people and seduces them.' Take *We've Found the Body of Your Child* (2000), a gorgeous, incandescent vase, 49 centimetres high, glazed with gold, silver and white. It is dazzlingly beautiful, elegant. And yet, on closer inspection, it is troubling. Gothic figures with skull-like faces tramp a barren foreground; etiolated trees, subversive slogans wound among their branches, stand like black daggers in the snow. It's a shocking, awkward piece, reminiscent of a three-dimensional Brueghel, the sixteenth-century Flemish painter whom Perry counts among his favourite artists.

The man who says he made no money from his art until he was 38 now sells his pots for up to £100,000.

The gadfly

After winning the Turner Prize, Perry says he was asked by a member of the press: 'Grayson, are you a loveable character or a serious artist?' His answer was 'Can't I be both?' He is one of the most successful British artists of his day, but Grayson Perry has also established himself as a commentator on social class; definitions of 'taste'; and the contemporary art world, interrogating its eccentricities, testing its ideas of quality, exploring what it means to be an artist in a world where anything goes and therefore nothing is new.

His attitude is typically teasing. In a series of lectures broadcast last year on the BBC World Service, he said that the idea of contemporary art has become 'incredibly baggy'. Specifically, it's like 'one of those very cheap dustbin liners', into which you can shove just about anything and call it art. He pointed to Marcel Duchamp, the twentieth-century French artist who brought a urinal into an art gallery. The object became a work of art because the artist had decided it would be designated as such. How do you know when you're looking at art? Perry gave a series of tests. Is it in a gallery? Was it made by an artist? Is it bigger than two metres and priced higher than five figures? Do the people looking at it have beards and glasses and single-speed bikes?

It's a neatly reductionist proposition. Perry likes to laugh at the 'pomposities and contradictions' of the art world, its neurotic fear of accessibility. There is a feeling that if the masses are allowed in, allowed to understand art, somehow it will lose its value. Even the language of art is carefully cultivated so as to be impenetrable; Perry describes it as a bit like reading 'inexpertly translated French'.

Some accuse him of glibness; others see him as a breath of fresh air, a colourful, provocative gadfly. Almost everyone agrees he is original. He says: 'If I have one prejudice, it's against clichés. I think it's because my mother ran off with the milkman.'

1960 Born Chelmsford, Essex, UK

1982 Graduates Portsmouth Polytechnic with a BA in fine art

2003 Awarded Turner Prize

2010 Made a member of the Royal Academy of Arts, London

2010 Tours Bavaria on his customised Kenilworth AM1 motorcycle with his teddy bear, Alan Measles, for BBC Radio 4

2011 Curates an exhibition at the British Museum, *The Tomb of the Unknown Craftsman*, featuring his own works alongside objects made by unknown men and women throughout history

2013 Delivers BBC Reith Lectures on the state of art in the 21st century entitled 'Playing to the Gallery'

2013 Awarded a CBE (Commander of the Order of the British Empire) by the Queen for services to contemporary art

2013 Awarded a BAFTA for his TV documentary *All in the Best Possible Taste with Grayson Perry*, produced alongside a tapestry series, *The Vanity of Small Differences*, both of which explore the influence social class has on our aesthetic taste

For more information visit www.saatchigallery.com/artists/grayson_perry.htm

Alexandra Howe is *Re:*'s arts correspondent and a lawyer with Norton Rose Fulbright in Paris.

The Q&A

George Paterson

A SCOT IN PARIS

What's a Scot doing in Paris?
My wife. She's the reason.

I had never wanted to leave Scotland. At school they said, 'You should go to university in England, to Oxbridge', and I said 'No' and they said 'Why?' and I said 'I don't want to, I want to be a lawyer' and they said 'You can do law there' and I said 'I don't want to do English law, I want to do Scots law, I want to be a Scots lawyer.' My career plan had been: qualify, work in Edinburgh, stay in Edinburgh, die in Edinburgh.

Then, while I was working in London for a Scottish firm, I met a French girl... I decided that if my future wife came to London our marriage wouldn't last, because she would have no friends, no family and probably wouldn't see me very much, I was working so hard – so I thought, I'll go to Paris.

I joined what is now Norton Rose Fulbright and in May 1993 I moved to Paris. I was 28.

Had you studied French?
At school, up to Highers and Sixth Year Studies.

I went to a very strange school. It was in a small village, so there were only twelve of us in the class, three of whom were quite bright and nine of whom weren't, and the teachers decided to ignore the others and just teach the bright ones. We did all the French grammar you can ever do.

It was a Catholic school. In my final year they had an experiment to give us sex education classes. They were given by Sister Mary. It's an experience getting a sex education lesson from a nun. She hadn't really prepared it, so she said, 'Does anyone have any questions?' You can imagine a whole bunch of 17-year-olds who'd all been brought up with a Catholic education asking a nun a question about sex.

The priests were generally very bright, good people. The nuns were always kind. It was weird, but fine.

You have been in Paris for 20 years. Is there a particular culture about being a lawyer in Paris?
The civil law tradition is quite different. The legal education is long; there's a strong sense of individualism; there's a strong resistance to the idea of law being a business – for many, it's still a profession of honour – and there are strong professional bodies. It's perhaps not that different to the way it was in England 40 years ago. The way the profession has gone in the common law world has been resisted with more success in the civil law world. But now a lot of very good French lawyers are going into the Anglo Saxon firms.

Is the law as a profession still male dominated?
In my intake at Edinburgh University, in 1983, we were probably about 50:50. Each year below that, there were slightly more girls. So, entry into the university system seems more female dominated.

When you look at the profession, if you just look at firms like ours, it's incredibly demanding of people, whatever their gender. It's probably harder for women, because if they have a family they're the ones who take time off – some don't, some do.

The partnership roles still tend to be male dominated, so you could say the profession is male dominated. Whether that will last, I don't know. I think we have to get smarter about how we deal with people.

Whoever succeeds in a big law firm, they're giving up a lot in other fields, particularly in their personal life.

Have you made sacrifices?
I sometimes look at friends who stayed in Scotland and who have a life, and I think, I could have done that. I could have a solid Edinburgh house, have a nice car, go on holiday, play golf in the evenings. But, I kind of like doing what I do.

If one is honest, it's not a conscious choice. No one sits there saying to you, well, you can spend much more time with your kids or you can go and do these deals and be successful;

Work hard, be lucky.

and then you choose, well, kids, bah! So you just run after the deals and building your business, with the net result that you end up in a situation where you haven't spent as much time at home as you would have liked to.

Do you have a recipe for success?
Be lucky. Work hard, be lucky.

As a lawyer you need to like people, essentially.

Is that hard for some lawyers?
You meet people who are brilliant lawyers, they're incredibly intelligent, they do the work perfectly – but they're not necessarily at ease with people. I think a lot of people who do law are quite shy.

Is your wife still an in-house lawyer?
When our first son was born, she took a year out (the way you can in France) and then she thought she'd take another year out, and that turned into her deciding to look after the boys full time – which makes it a lot easier.

Our children are 16 and 13 now. My elder son is football mad. He's very good. He has a trial soon in England so I'm taking him over for that; it's a sort of cattle market.

When you finish your day's work, do you get home to see your family?
I don't get home much before nine o'clock. That's on an ordinary day. Sometimes I don't get home. But I try to see them as much as I can. I could undoubtedly see more of them.

Continues on page 16

The power of innovation

Corporate Partner to McLaren Mercedes

Law around the world

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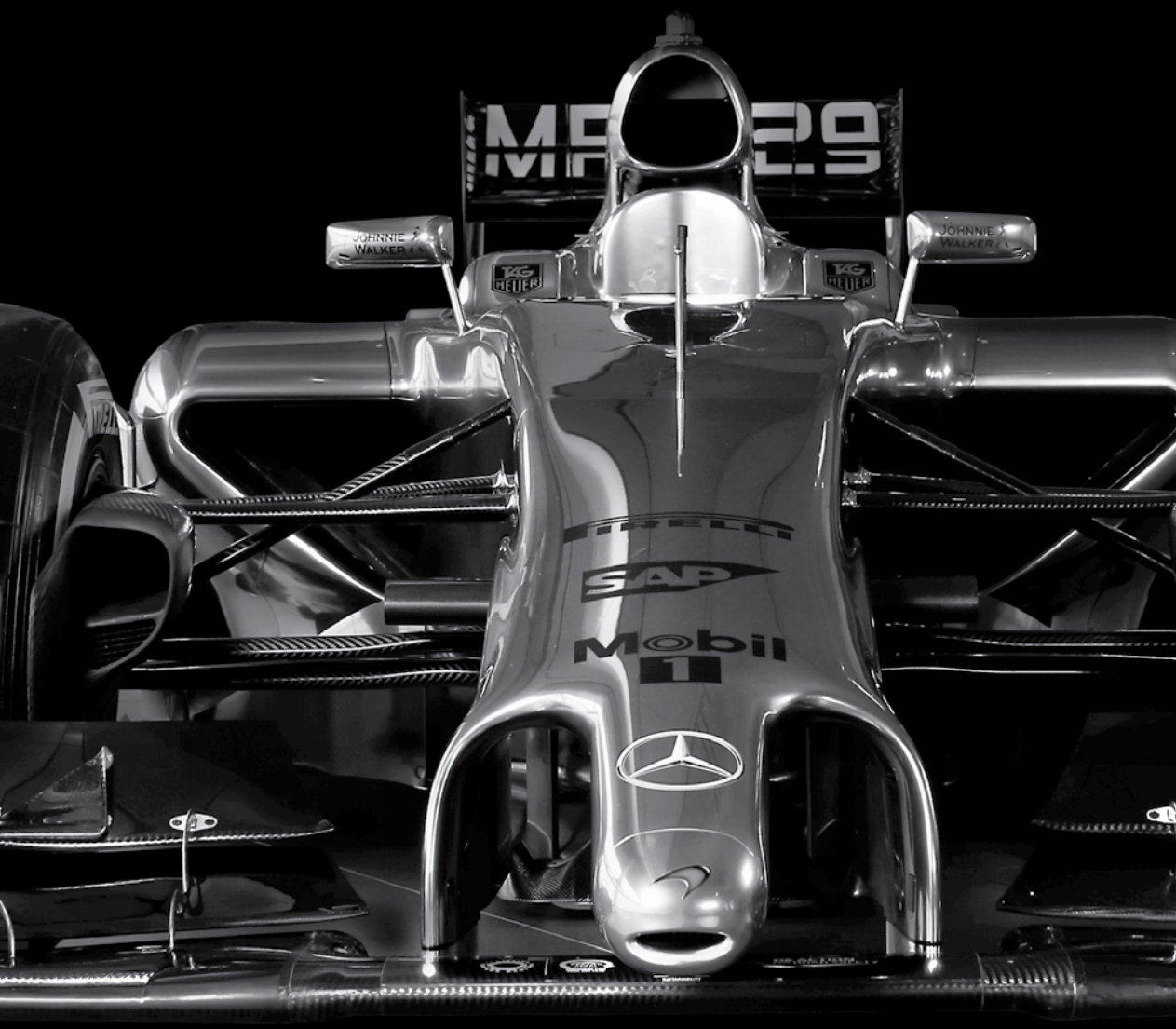
McLAREN MERCEDES
CORPORATE PARTNER

NORTON ROSE FULBRIGHT



It's going to get tougher

Continued from page 13

Has the legal sector changed much?
When I started, if you were faxing a 400-page document to ten people in Japan, it was quicker to DHL it. They'd read it, mark it up by hand and courier it back. Nowadays, the guy sends you back a 'compare' the next day. Everything is compressed. Deals which took three months take six weeks; they might still take three months, but it's because people are boring and argue about stupid things.

We used to get periods where you'd be very busy and then you'd be quite quiet because the documents were with the others, and you could get home at five o'clock; now you can't. And clients are reducing their costs, so they want more service for less, and they want immediate service.

It sounds challenging.
Actually, at the moment both my kids are saying that they want to read law. But I'm not panicking yet.

It is a tough profession. And it's going to get tougher. But if you're motivated, if you understand it, if you take time to work through it, then you can be very successful.

Someone told me that City of London lawyers used to work to about 50 and then go and buy land in Scotland. Does that sound familiar?
Traditionally, partners at City firms have got out as soon as they can – in contrast to Americans who seem to go on until they drop, almost! It's changed a bit. But still. Even if you look at our London partnership, just work out how many are over 55. Not many. There are more people staying, and that's partly because of firms becoming global. French lawyers stay longer, German lawyers retire later, and the Americans, Canadians... so everyone works a bit longer.

Do you ever feel bored?
I think of it as two glasses – you know, 'one's full and one's empty' – and you've got the liquid transferring from one to the other, and the interesting bit is learning; the more you go on, the more is in your glass of Experience and the less is in the glass of New Experience.

Intellectually, my area of finance has become less interesting because a lot of the structures have been closed down by the tax authorities. But there are other things. You just have to go out and look for them. I manage the Paris office and I'm fee-earning, and either one would be a full-time job. And there's still a kick from getting a deal done, knowing that your aircraft's been delivered. I'm quite lucky because I've fallen into aircraft financing, and I really like aeroplanes.

Have you learnt to fly?
No. I've flown a lot, and I used to be in the air cadets and could have had my private pilot's licence but I couldn't be bothered staying on, because it would have involved going to RAF Turnhouse every Saturday and every Sunday for a year, strapping cadets in and out of a Chipmunk aircraft, and then only getting an hour's flying at the end of the day. I wish I'd done it now. I keep thinking about it.

Does anything make you impatient?
Not really. There are occasions where I will give vent to exasperation about stupidity, but it's more just to let it out. I tend not to take it all too seriously.

What future do you see for Scotland?
If you look at the British Empire, a lot of it was built by Scots and Irishmen, mainly because the English were rich enough to stay at home and the Scots and Irish had to move. I don't think Scotland will be stupid enough to vote for independence – but if they do, they do. The whole thing is a colossal waste of money and energy.

Did you consider working as anything other than a lawyer?
I had three career choices.

Fighter pilot (but I realised I couldn't because I get hay fever).

Professional golfer (I played every day, used to hate being taken away on holiday, didn't want to go to the beach, just wanted to play golf; but some of the guys I played with became club professionals and they were working really hard and earning nothing, and I thought, nah).

A friend's father was the only lawyer in town and they had the biggest house and the nicest car, and I thought, that looks good. That's it, I thought, I'm going to go and save all those innocent people who've been wrongly accused. And then you go and do law and discover you don't really want to do criminal law and there aren't that many innocent people who are wrongly accused.

I've got friends who do criminal work and family work; it's much harder emotionally. In criminal law, you deal a lot with mental illness; in family law, you deal with misery. There's not that much pressure on us compared with what my friends do.

I think fundamentally you have to do something you like doing.

George Paterson qualified as a solicitor in Scotland in 1990 and in England in 1992. He joined what is now Norton Rose Fulbright in 1993 and qualified as an *avocat à la cour d'appel* in 1996. He is head of the Paris practice and leads the Paris aviation team.

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

The Curve

In 2013, Mark Dennison travelled by train and ferry from London to Seoul. His train journey took him through France, Germany, Poland, Belarus, Russia, Mongolia and China. He took with him his 35-litre rucksack and 35mm camera.

Each time I reach a curve in the track, I'm given a few seconds to see the train I'm on against its surroundings, and to see ahead. Sometimes a curve coincides with a national border, such as at the River Oder where I leave Germany and enter Poland. Much later in the journey, a historical border comes into view: the Great Wall of China. The curve also reveals the start of environmental transitions. Most dramatically, the forests and mountains of Russia's Irkutsk region recede to unveil Lake Baikal, the most voluminous freshwater lake in the world. A day later, the grass steppes of Mongolia begin. The curve also uncovers the wind farm at Salkhit which colleagues had asked me to look out for. From time to time, the train stops to allow carriages to join from and leave for other destinations and for the engine wagon to be replaced or, in hilly areas, supplemented. But only when I reach another curve can I properly see changes to the length, colour and design of the train. The first curve on my 8,000-mile train journey is in Woking, just outside London. The last comes into view three weeks later at Qingdao on the Chinese coast.

2,454th mile

Sunset east of Nizhniy Novgorod, Russia

6,411th mile

The track alone curves in the Gobi desert

6,164th mile

A farewell to Ulan Bator, Mongolia

1,120th mile

Crossing the River Oder, entering Poland

5,677th mile

Circling the fog over Lake Baikal, Siberia

7,128th mile

The Great Wall of China shrouded by cloud

6,017th mile

Mongolian grasslands extend to the horizon

5,913th mile

Yellow gate in Russia, black gate in Mongolia

Photographer **Mark Dennison** is a project and asset finance lawyer with Norton Rose Fulbright in London. His photograph of Kyoto in Japan appears in issue 5 of *Re:*.

FACING THE UNKNOWN
Understanding MS

WORDS BY CRAIG SMITH
AND THE STORIES OF PEOPLE DIRECTLY AFFECTED

Auto racer Trevor Bayne, the youngest winner in the history of the Daytona 500, was diagnosed with it in 2013. Scottish broadcaster 'Tiger' Tim Stevens has it; so do actress Teri Garr, author Joan Didion, Pakistani model Iman Ali, Dutch MP Marie-Fleur Agema, dancer and actress Lola Falana and former US talk show host Montel Williams. They are among the estimated 2.5 million people worldwide who have multiple sclerosis. The late comedian and actor Richard Pryor, Australian rock singer Chrissy Amphlett, British cellist Jacqueline du Pré and US Congresswoman Barbara Jordan were all afflicted with MS. So what is it? Why do we still not know what causes it?

The medical world describes multiple sclerosis as a chronic, unpredictable neurological disease that damages myelin, the protective fatty substance that surrounds the nerve fibres in the central nervous system. Scar tissue (sclerosis) forms on the myelin in multiple locations, interfering with electrical impulses that send instructions to the appropriate nerve to move a muscle or focus the eyes, for example.

Not everyone with MS becomes severely disabled. Before the current era of disease-modifying treatments, average life expectancy following onset was about 30 years. Today most patients have normal or near-normal life expectancies. Only in the rare, severe cases is the disease fatal.

The tell-tale scar tissue was first detected in autopsy reports of the late 1830s. In 1868, a professor of neurology at the University of Paris, Jean Martin Charcot (considered the founder of modern neurology), connected the scar tissue with a deceased woman's symptoms of tremors, slurred speech and abnormal eye movements. MS was officially recognized as a disease around 1870, based on research in the UK and the US.

Its cause is still unknown so there is no cure as yet. Scientists speculate that a combination of factors may be involved in the development of MS. What is clear is that something sparks the immune system to attack the myelin.

Researchers have investigated viruses and bacteria, including common childhood diseases; exposure to toxic substances; even excessive salt consumption; but none have been confirmed as MS triggers.

Certain genes have been linked to populations with higher rates of MS. One theory is that some people are genetically predisposed to react to some environmental agent that triggers an autoimmune response. That brings into play the geographic factor.

THE RISK FACTORS

MS can affect people of all ages but is more common in those 20 to 50 years old.

Women are twice as likely as men to develop MS.

MS is more prevalent among people of European descent but can affect anyone.

Genetics can play a role but does not guarantee MS will develop.

Rates of MS are lower in sunny areas closer to the equator, indicating possible protection afforded by vitamin D through exposure to sunlight.

Regional comparisons confirm geography as a risk factor. Scotland, for example, has the highest per capita rate of MS of any nation. Sweden is also high. Recent estimates in Australia are about 24,000, while in Canada they run as high as 100,000 – four times the Australian figure.

The US incidence is slightly higher than Australia's one in 100,000 (an estimated total of 350,000 to 400,000 people in the US). Reported prevalence rates in China are one to two per 100,000 people, similar to rates throughout Asia, according to the Multiple Sclerosis International Federation's 2013 atlas. Generally, Africa has the lowest reported incidence of the major regions and Europe the highest. However, many countries, including China and the US, have no national registries for tracking MS cases, so figures are not precise in much of the world.

There are numerous symptoms, which can range from mild to severe. They may include dizziness, numbness, loss of balance and coordination problems, slurred speech, spasticity (muscle stiffness or spasms), tremors, extreme fatigue, bladder and bowel problems, problems with memory and concentration, depression, paralysis and vision problems.

For most people, the disease alternates between periods of flare-ups and partial or complete remissions. Others may experience gradual to steadily worsening symptoms either years after the initial relapsing–remitting stage or, in some cases, from the onset of the disease. The fact is, no two people have exactly the same experience with MS.

Among the approved disease-modifying treatments are anti-inflammatory and immuno-suppressive drugs known as cortisteroids; Coxapone® (glatiramer acetate) aimed specifically at stopping the immune system's attack on the myelin; and medications targeting relapsing–remitting forms of MS such as Aubagio® (teriflunomide), Tecfidera® (dimethyl fumarate) and Gilenya® (fingolimod), which traps immune cells in lymph nodes to reduce attacks.

Other approaches include cancer drugs Avonex®, Betaseron® (both interferon beta-1bs) and Novantrone (mitoxantrone), sometimes prescribed for advanced multiple sclerosis.

An option for acute cases is plasma exchange, in which the plasma is separated from the patient's blood and replaced with a synthetic fluid, ridding the body of the agents that attack the nervous system.

Even nano particles have been used successfully in clinical studies of mice to stop the immune system's assault on the myelin protective sheath. Medical marijuana has shown mixed results – mostly anecdotal – to relieve muscle spasticity.

On another front, researchers at the universities of Edinburgh and Cambridge reported in the 21 July 2013 issue of *Nature Neuroscience* that they had uncovered evidence of how the body may produce more myelin, which could lead to treatments that would help restore lost function in patients due to MS.

Thousands of scientists worldwide are taking numerous tacks toward understanding, treating and managing the disease. Through their global collaboration and information-sharing among national organisations and the Multiple Sclerosis International Federation, the race to understand MS is gaining momentum and generating new hope for patients.

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GERMANY

Marlis, 63

IN WRITING

I was born in 1950 and began having difficulty walking in 1988. In 1989, my thighs hurt and I had muscle stiffness in my left leg. It disappeared after around four weeks. The diagnosis: an inflammation of the central nervous system.

In 2008, I had a few minor accidents after falling down when my right leg stopped moving. Then, after a second paralysis, the possibility of MS was raised. As I had not agreed to a lumbar puncture, and everything had gone back to normal, I received no treatment. In 2010, I had several falls and now I wanted an actual diagnosis. The lumbar puncture was done in 2011, and an MRT of the head and spine. Now all became clear: the reason for the paralyses, the falls, fear of heat, difficulty cycling – I have multiple sclerosis. I took the news calmly.

In June 2011, my life changed. I had another attack, and this time my right leg was paralysed. A high-dose cortisone therapy helped only for a short while. Now, in 2013, I can barely lift my right foot, the distance I can walk is becoming shorter (200 metres without a walking stick), I use a wheelchair for strolls, and I am quickly exhausted. It is possible that I have gone from relapsing MS to progressive MS. I still refuse strong medication and only take something against muscle stiffness.

I don't want to give up. I keep telling myself: you were fortunate for over 20 years, others are much worse off. Of course, there are often times of sadness, desperation and anger.

AUSTRALIA

Shannon, 43

IN CONVERSATION

I've known for five years. There were symptoms over a space of 15 years but nothing they could put their finger on. Then I fell ill with double pneumonia and lost the sight in my left eye. My GP sent me to the ophthalmologist, who sent me to a neurologist, who took one look and said, you need a brain MRI.

My husband decided he couldn't cope and got himself a girlfriend and went round telling everyone it was so unfair that he had to be burdened with looking after me. He ended up walking out.

Steph was 5 and Ben just turned 8. It really hit them hard.

I was in and out of hospital a fair bit with treatments and relapses and I was totally off the planet for two weeks with the steroids.

I have deteriorated since the diagnosis. But I've had a very stressful few years, and stress exacerbates the situation.

I've lost a lot of the feeling from the thighs down. I get a lot of nerve pain all over the body. I've lost the ability to self-regulate my temperature. If I get hot, my sight in my left eye goes; I lose any feeling I might have had in my feet; I lose the ability to judge where the ground is. That's when I have to use a four-wheel walker.

I was a truck driver. They took that licence off me, but I've still got my car licence. Where we are, there's no public transport, so I'm lucky to still have the car.

I virtually live under an air conditioner.

I'm on a disability support pension. I was a saddler by trade – making cattle halters – and I had to give that away because the fatigue level was impossible.

I was on Betaferon for two and a half years and I had four relapses in that time. Tysabri was only approved in the last couple of years. I go into hospital once a month now and have an infusion and it's wonderful: there are no side effects.

If we didn't have the pharmaceutical benefit scheme here, it would be beyond my budget.

My children are the reason I get out of bed every day. If it wasn't for them, I think I would have curled up in a corner and died. They know there's times when I need to rest, times when they really need to pitch in.

I'm waiting on a hip replacement. There was an interaction between one of the drugs and the anti-depressant which caused severe osteoarthritis, and the whole joint collapsed.

I'm concentrating on losing weight – because I have blown up with the steroids and everything – and getting the kids well and truly grounded; I do find it lonely.

They've found that people who had the JC virus (glandular fever) as a teenager become four times more likely to develop a severe brain infection after two years on Tysabri. So if you test positive to the JC virus – which I did – they only allow you two years. September this year is the cut-off.

When I went on the Tysabri, there wasn't anything after that they could put you on. But there are new treatments coming out now, in tablet form, and they're having really good results with them in Europe, so I'm hopeful that those will be available.

I'm treated for severe depression and anxiety and will be on medication for the rest of my life. Part of that is as a result of what I've been through; part of it is to do with where the lesions are situated. It affects the serotonin levels, so I flip into the black hole very quickly.

The kids and I see a family counsellor. My mum comes down and helps me get the house up to scratch. And I have a very strong friends support network, particularly through Facebook. If my old schoolfriends realise that I'm running off the rails a bit, they'll private message me and say, hey, what's going on? Do you want to talk?

We've moved to a little country town outside Brisbane and I'm starting to make friends here as well. I often have one of the mums ring up and say, would Steph, or Ben, like to come over. And the school has bent over backwards to make everything right for the kids. End of last year, the kids came out with some boxes and said, those ladies in the office told us to bring them down. It was all their schoolbooks for next year. They'd donated them. 'Cause they know I'm a single mum and struggling, God love 'em.

I come from Scottish and Irish ancestors – and Vikings on Mum's side. They think that's where the link for the MS comes from: our ancestors came from Finland. And my Dad was a Vietnam veteran; Mum fell pregnant with me within three months of Dad coming home, and they think that's the other contributing factor, because he'd been exposed to chemicals out there.

I've always been fairly easy-going. But this has made me stronger. It's made me realise that there are more important things in life than stuff. I'm much more peaceful inside.

UNITED STATES

Tammy, 44

IN CONVERSATION

In May 2009, I completely lost my left side, just fell down. They thought it was a stroke. But there was something about the way my toes were curved and the way they responded to stimuli; the neurologist said I was an 'in limbo MS patient'.

I got my diagnosis early 2010 and at that point I just – literally – fell apart.

I've always been very active. I'm a biker chick, a firefighter, I'm in the Texas Air Guards.

The doctor said stay off the motorcycle – which was upsetting. But it wasn't until I lost the fire department that it really hit me.

I just didn't live. I stayed in the house. I worked, and I stayed in the house, and I fell into a major, major depression.

I had moved to a little town in North Carolina up in the mountains that had maybe 400 people. I had to drive to Asheville to see a neurologist. For the most part I did that on my own. I didn't want to be seen as the poor girl or have anyone go into this nightmare with me. If I could just get through it, then I could deny it.

I had lost my family when I chose to move, so I felt very much alone; it was like, yeah, here's what you have, sucks to be you.

I married the wrong person. He really had no interest in me other than I was the provider.

I considered – this is terrible, but I did, I considered killing myself. 'I'm just waiting around to die' is at the time how I looked at it. It was fear, it was the unknown, it was being alone, it was not knowing how I was going to make ends meet if I had one of these episodes again.

I got to a point where I had to reach out, and I told my sister. She knew of an attorney in Houston who happened to be cycling in the MS150 ride for multiple sclerosis. We got on Facebook and connected, and when I was checking out the ride I found the MS Society website. That's what turned my life around.

Stuart, the attorney, ended up asking if he could ride for me, and it was neat; although I wasn't getting to physically ride it, the team said they were going to take me with them in spirit.

I had an episode recently; it lasted three weeks. It hurts. I did good to get out of bed, to work, and back home every day.

I went from being an adrenalin junkie to slowing down and being more of a normal person, not running into burning buildings or on the tarmac with the F16s.

It's weird because I don't know exactly how an episode is going to affect me, if I'm gonna lose my left side, if my hands are gonna go numb, is my speech going to be affected.

I'm a single person and I have to survive. There's no option – I have to keep working; and if you're going to work, then you work hard, there's no room for 'I just kind of want to stay home 'cause I really don't feel like I can walk too well'.

I don't like to call it a disease – I don't like to call it anything! Disease is such a mean word to me. It's a condition, is how I look at it. 'Episode' is easy for me to say.

My daughter's an accountant, my middle son is an engineering student and my youngest is 15; he's not real sure what he's going to do with his life yet. He lives with his father. My daughter is actually my MS caretaker.

I'm a child advocate now, so my heart still is one that serves.

If there's somebody out there that feels like I did, and if I can take that off of them, I just see it as a paying forward.

Stuart and his team – truly, I see that as saving me years ago by reaching out to me.

When I'm having an episode, and I'm getting on the bus to go to work, I might move a little slower, it might be hard to get up the steps. And it seems like nothing, 'It's two steps, you're 44, pick your foot up and go', and people are huffing and puffing. My first impulse is to apologise for my lethargy or for making somebody else go slower.

Right now I feel like I've been dealt a very good hand. There are others who have MS who are homebound, they're bed-bound, and they can't do what I do – I don't even do a lot any more but they can't even do what I do.

I think depression's a very, very, very big part of it. Huge. And you stay on top of that and stay positive or it goes downhill fast.

Me, if you knew me, I'm a giver, I like to serve. Giving back, that's what I live for.

I mean, we all have to live in this world together. I have food on my table, I have a job that I love, my kids are healthy, I'm actually healthy – I may have some things going on that maybe some people don't, but I'm very healthy. And I'm here. I didn't pass away in 2009, mentally or physically.

Image © Ruby Wright

Egoli

City of gold

WORDS BY ANEESA BODIAT

Photograph: Marthinus Duckitt

Rule number one: give the taxi driver a break.

I had been meaning to ask Kagiso for a crash course in taxi-talk. The notorious Jo'burg minibus taxi, brimming with people, booming with music and racing along, is a feature on any drive around town. People complain about taxis, but sixteen squashed passengers have to get to their destination as quickly as possible. Rule number one: give the taxi driver a break. He always lets you cut in front of him if you wave politely, even though his driving skills belong on a NASCAR racetrack and not on the M1 highway.

Rule number two: respect others, and relax.

Waiting out a typical Jo'burg thunderstorm, I keep company with Kagiso, always ready to regale me with a taxi-tale or two. As I try to imitate his circular hand movement (this means I want to go to a local destination), Kagiso entertains me with observations of his fellow passengers. Like the guy who sits in the fold-over seat by the door even though there are five empty seats at the back, blocking the way for everyone else. Or sitting next to a man who has gas problems. Sitting in the front seat, which means you have to collect everyone's fare and dole out the change, an impromptu 'Assistant to the Driver'. Neighbours watching porn. And the inevitable love story: they started by speaking English, then they moved to Zulu, then realised that they were both Venda. Life happens in a taxi.

My relationship with Kagiso Olebogeng Maine, a proper Tswana boy, illustrates South Africa's diversity. We discuss the African tradition of *lobola* (paying your bride's family in cattle as dowry) and I mention that my family could do with a few cows. Kagiso and I get along pretty well. Would it be very far-fetched if we got hitched? We contemplate marriage for a few romantic minutes but it all comes crashing down when Kagiso reveals the deal-breaker: he cannot bear the thought of fasting for an entire month of Ramadan.

Moving along quickly, engagement broken, friendship restored, our mock mini-engagement makes me pause. Our once fractured society has come a long way. People of different races and backgrounds can now joke about culture and religion, learning about each other without having to peek shyly from behind the curtain of political correctness. Rule number two: respect others, and relax.

I ask Ashford about where to find the best local music. Ashford Nkululeko Nyatsumba, born in the USA, a Swati guy with roots in Johannesburg. Apart from his huge and colourful sneaker collection, Ash is excited about the artists playing Jo'burg. Ashford breaks it down for me and gives me a quick lesson in the Jo'burg sound. The music on the street is South African house music, a move away from street-urban music, which included Kwaito. Kwaito music grew in the early 1990s around the time of liberation and was South Africa's answer to hip hop and rap. It involves rapping in vernacular, mainly Zulu and Sotho.

The fascinating thing about Jo'burg and its music is its link to language. We have eleven official languages, but instead of creating confusion Jo'burg has embraced the variety. Ashford describes Jo'burgers not, for instance, as Zulus or Sothos, but as like-minded people who accommodate each other's languages. This is different to other areas of South Africa where people may speak one or two languages. Ashford's experience is that most Jo'burgers are multilingual and, even if they are not fluent in a language, people

Rule number three: keep your mind open.

can make themselves understood. This is easier with languages that have common roots, of course, like the Nguni languages derived from Swahili, including Zulu, Swati, Xhosa and Ndebele. I finally understand how Ashford is able to speak six languages. In Jo'burg, multilingualism helps people to find common ground.

Back to the music. Kwaito music mixes language, and a song could have a line starting in one language and ending in another. This is not to be confused with *funagalore*, which people believed to be a universal or hybrid African language. Funagalore was more a construct imposed from outside which existed on the mines in some form. The youth version of a genuine funagalore is *tsotsi-taal*. I love the way Ashford says it: you can immediately hear two accents coming through in just that one word.

Tsotsi-taal mixes words that overlap or are similar in various languages and throws in some newly made-up words. It varies from place to place, but if you understand one version of it you can probably pick up the new words that you find along the way. For example, you could ask 'Fede?' which means 'What's up?' and you could respond 'Shap', which is derived from 'sharp' and is the word equivalent of a thumbs-up sign. Then there's 'ringa', which means to talk, and comes from the idea that a phone rings and you answer it to talk to someone.

Ashford wouldn't try to hold a full conversation in Tsotsi-taal though. It's more of an accessory to language and it gets tiring to decode the code-words and the web of different languages. If you want to hear the most fantastic Tsotsi-taal, sit in a taxi. Rule number three: keep your mind open.

My mate Chris MacRoberts, UK-born, tall and stately, with a voice that leaves the echo of one word in my head: gravitas – Chris knows his history and is enthusiastic about sharing it. There are a few things that strike him about Johannesburg. One is its relative newness. Jo'burg is around 120 years old and Chris is fascinated by the fact that the city keeps reinventing itself. Plucked from the dust by the rush of gold, Jo'burg quickly developed into an ordered, European-style town. The 1920s and 1930s saw the introduction of an art deco style to rival New

Rule number four: be adventurous.

York, but this was swept away by the stark, square architecture of the dark apartheid days.

Enter the new South Africa, and the centre has moved outwards, with places like Sandton taking the limelight, as modern glass buildings rise. Apart from the newness and the extreme make-overs, Chris muses about the fact that Johannesburg has kept reinventing itself without much of a backward glance. It is only recently that nostalgia has started creeping in. Jo'burg's development has followed a steep curve through the grit and the trees, and the economic disparities. It is still the City of Gold for people across Sub-Saharan Africa looking for success.

My beautiful friend Ina, the most adventurous eater I know, is another import. Ina Ivanova Gueorguieva was born in Bulgaria but moved here when she was eight. She is always on the hunt for good food.

Whenever I think of local food I hear the sound of the Mielie Lady screaming 'Mieeelliieeeees!' as she walks around the neighbourhood, selling her fresh *mielies*. Mielies are a type of maize, the staple food for many. I loved walking around the centre of town with my mum, buying a fire-cooked mielie, given to me wrapped in a mielie leaf so that I wouldn't burn my fingers.

Mielies are eaten whole and look like corn on the cob, or ground into maize-meal and prepared like porridge. Mielie in porridge form (called *pap*) is half of another popular local dish, pap and *vleis* (mielie-meal and meat). Have your pap with Mrs Ball's chutney or *chakalaka*, a spicy vegetable relish, for a scrumptious, filling meal.

Closer to home for an Indian girl, I heard that Nelson Mandela was a curry fan. During the struggle years, Madiba and the ANC worked with the Indian Congress movement in Kwazulu Natal and Johannesburg and that's when his love for curry began.

For something traditionally African, Ina says she's tried chicken feet and Mopani worms and found the feet quite tasty (the worms were unimpressive). Jo'burg is a cosmopolitan city and local and traditional food form only a part of its food culture. As entrenched is the abundance of eateries with cuisine from around the world. Rule number four: be adventurous.

You'll notice that my name is not English nor African, but Arabic. My grandparents arrived (probably on a boat) from India. A third generation South African growing up in a more Indian part of Jo'burg (remnants of the old apartheid-driven Group Areas Act have yet to fade), I can gratefully say that colour lines have blurred and that people are moving on from South Africa's torrid past. We are vigilant and careful about crime, but Jo'burg is becoming like any cosmopolitan city. You can get a Thai massage to rival any in Bangkok, watch our jurisprudence develop at the iconic Constitutional Court, see kids playing in dusty fields, and fend off windscreen washers at the traffic lights as you head toward the botanical gardens for a picnic with friends.

The diversity of Jo'burg takes my breath away, and it is hard to do justice to the city in words. But if I had to choose one word for Johannesburg, Jo'burg, Jozi, the City of Gold, I know instantly what that word would be: Home.

Life

press on with the quilting (must complete baby quilt). Elizabeth McKnight, Houston. bake yet more endless cupcakes / get your cupcakes here: chocolate, chocolate-orange, vanilla, carrot cake, lemon. Bhavisha Panchmatia, London. learn to sail. Richard Krumholz, Dallas. settling in my new chickens. Susannah Ronn, London. take two strokes off my handicap. Andrew Fleming, Toronto. arrange remarkable summer holiday for my dearest family – Greece? Bulgaria? Italy?? NB sign up to volunteer at children's oncology centre. Natalia Markova, Moscow. watch daughter Diane graduate from Princeton with a BA in anthropology. Poe Leggette, Denver. remember to get bike serviced, complete BP MS 150 ride. Wayne Spanner, Sydney. learn lacrosse rules / finish reading *The Prize* (Daniel Yergin). Daryl Lansdale, San Antonio. head to Mnemba island for fly fishing. Mark C Baker, Houston. enjoy Austin's music scene. Berry D Spears, Austin. running from London Bridge to Kings' Cross station and donating money saved to MS 150. Laura Shumiloff, London.

To do

The tall ship

Jovin Tan

Jovin Tan is a Paralympic athlete, a sailor. This is his story.

I'm 28, Singaporean; my Chinese name is Chen Weiqiang: 陈威强.

I started sailing in 2001 as an escape from home. I was 15. My mum worked almost every day as a cashier at a lottery company. My dad took care of me every weekend. He was unable to understand my disability and was bad-tempered. My brother and sister were teenagers and did not want to hang out with me.

My disability is called cerebral palsy. Four of my limbs have been affected. I rely on the wheelchair to move around. I have minimal finger functions so certain things I'm not able to do. Before sailing, I was not able to push myself in a wheelchair or bring a spoon to my mouth. Because of sailing, I became stronger, more independent.

I was born in 1986. Back then, Singapore was probably not so open to people with disabilities; they treat us like aliens.

I went to an ordinary school. My primary school was an old building so my classroom had to be on the ground level. I went to a newly built secondary school with disabled facilities. The welfare organisation helped me to let the teachers better understand my situation: for example, I needed extra time for exams, because my writing was slow.

My profile was recommended to the Disabled Sports Council. When I joined the programme I was the weakest among the sailors; four months later, I won a medal. I was so happy. My mum had stopped me to go sailing because I couldn't swim; she was worried, but I was a bit rebellious and just wanted to get out of the house, so I persuaded her.

‘I want to coach the new generation of sailors, disabled and able-bodied’

We have people with physical, visual, even intellectual disabilities; they open up to anyone keen to do sailing. I will say I was quite lucky because of the passion that I had.

Before sailing, I would stay home in front of the TV most of the time and that makes my dad frustrated because he felt I wasn’t doing anything. If I were to try some walking with a walking aid and have a fall, he would scold me. He felt I was useless to the family, even a burden.

My coach was harsh. He want everyone to try and do it rather than have someone be there always to assist us. When I first travelled overseas without carers, it was quite shocking, because I used to rely on my family members even to pour a cup of water. In Australia, my coach told me that if I would have to take three hours to dress myself, by all means do it and everybody will wait for me. I was surprised that actually there is a lot of things I can do by myself with just more effort and time.

I took part in the Paralympic Games in Athens in 2004, Beijing in 2008 and London in 2012.

In Athens we had to train on an able-bodied sailboat. It was scary, because I had not experienced big winds, big waves or even travelled so far, all the way to Europe.

I think I was appointed skipper because of the way I approach sailing. I’m more aggressive. I’m better in strategy. I would dare to take the risk when I race.

I do have a quick brain. I’m the expert in thinking, if this doesn’t work out, what is the next alternative thing.

I’m very, very competitive. At school, often teachers say ‘maybe you are not suitable to take part’ and I would say ‘why can’t I?’ Sometimes my father sees me as someone who is doing nothing, so I try my best to prove that I am capable; but whenever I fail, I do get big consequences. Having a meal with the family in public, if I would not handle well my utensils and they drop on the floor, immediately I would be given a slap, because I’m making him lose face.

I used to have elbow crutches, but at school I started to use a wheelchair. Recently, I needed an assisted device and Norton Rose Fulbright sponsored this. It’s an add-on wheel with power assistance.

I had never been on a tall ship before I went on the *Lord Nelson*. It was a totally different way of sailing. Sailing on a modern yacht, you can sail close to the wind, 45 degrees upwind. When you sail on a square-rigged ship, you only can sail 60 or 70 degrees close to the wind.

The guys fitted up some pulley system that I could hoist myself to the top of the mast, so I did it, slowly, not fast, but I was happy that I was able to pull myself. A few other wheelchair-bound sailors found it challenging, because you really need a lot of arm strength. I think I took about 20 minutes to get up there.

I was very enthusiastic about Happy Hour; the first day, I actually volunteered to wash the toilets. I do not do that in my own house.

It was the first time I get involved in the kitchen, the first time I take a knife to chop the cheese, and I cut my finger. They said, no problem, we’ll bandage it and you can carry on with what you’re supposed to do. They see, even you’re on a wheelchair, you are able to help. Everyone is special. No one should be left behind.

On the last day they put me on the helm to dock the boat when we sailed into the harbour.

In general I manage most things, like brushing my teeth, cleaning myself. Dressing depends on the clothing. For this voyage, Norton Rose Fulbright understand I need a carer, so they also sponsored my sister as a buddy.

I am training to win a medal at Rio and then will see if I could carry on. My category – SKUD 18 – requires my crew to be a female, and it is not easy to find a female in Singapore, because women in Singapore they are quite concerned about skin colour; and because of my condition I require a female who is very strong in the upper body.

I’ve been training with this lady since 2007. She’s considering whether to carry on. She’s 55 this year.

I definitely will want to give back to the society. I want to coach the new generation of sailors, disabled and able-bodied.

I live with my mum and sister and brother. My parents divorced in 2006. Before the divorce my dad was able to accept me more, seeing that his son was able to bring back home an achievement.

I am in a relationship with a wonderful lady. This Saturday will be our fourth month together. I want to settle down with her. Hopefully that will happen.

Norton Rose Fulbright is sponsoring *Lord Nelson* as she sails the world, crewed by volunteers (able-bodied and disabled) and the Jubilee Sailing Trust’s permanent crew of eight. Jovin Tan was sponsored by Norton Rose Fulbright to join an in-country voyage off Singapore in 2013. **nortonrosefulbright.com/sail-the-world**

Interview by **Ingeborg Alexander**
Illustration by **Robbie Pattemore**

The sporting life

Meet the cyclists tackling the BP MS 150 ride in Texas

THE ENTHUSIAST

Denver, United States

Is it the sun, fresh air and natural beauty of the Rocky Mountains? Or the sensation that heart, lungs, and muscles have mastered the challenge? Or something more nostalgic; the wonder of a human-powered machine, the exhilaration of coasting down a mountain pass at top speed, or an eight-year-old's recollection of the bike-powered expansion of the circumference of the known world? It is probably all of these things that makes me a cycling enthusiast at 57. When I was eight, there weren't many 'old cyclists'. But our generation has extended this joy of childhood into middle and old age. I own a road bike, a mountain bike, a cruiser, a tandem and a pedal-powered kayak. I love them all.

Every weekend from May through September there are supported rides in the crystal clear Colorado sunshine through some of the most beautiful mountain terrain that you'll find anywhere in the world. With names like 'Ride the Rockies', 'Copper Triangle' and 'Triple By-Pass', there is no shortage of opportunities to rediscover the simple joys of life.

Bill Leone is head of litigation in Norton Rose Fulbright's Denver office.

THE ATHLETE

Cape Town, South Africa

I only bought myself a proper bike in 2009. I have been cycling, not competitively but 'fiercely', for about four years. When I'm in training I cycle about 15 hours a week.

I do a lot more mountain biking than road biking. Mountain biking is a bit more social, more fun, and it's off the roads so it feels safer. My mountain bike is a Cannondale Scalpel. It's a two by ten (so it has two discs, each with ten gears, one on the front, one on the back). My road bike is pretty basic, it's a Stephens, two by nine. Both the bikes are carbon.

You can go road riding absolutely anywhere in Cape Town. I live ten km out of the centre and my morning ride takes me up Suikerbossie and Chapman's Peak. Or you can ride out to Paarl or to Franschhoek. You can go anywhere. And there are hundreds of mountain biking trails all around Cape Town.

There's a cycle race somewhere in South Africa just about every weekend of the year. I did the three-day stage race around Knysna on the Garden Route and that has to be one of the most beautiful parts of the country to ride in. Then there's the Cape Argus ride; that takes 36,000 cyclists over 109 km and covers the whole peninsula.

I've just done the Cape Epic ride in the Western Cape. It's the largest, toughest mountain bike stage race in the world; it takes eight days over 900 km. I rode it with my brother.

There are rides on just about every mountain range and along the coast. The Lesotho Sky Race goes along the border with Lesotho. There are so many races, so many rides.

I'm 38. I haven't sailed competitively since getting back from the Beijing Games in 2008. But I still sail socially; and I'm climbing mountains. And riding of course. Before I started sailing I was a paddler and that took me around the world, paddling the oceans.

A former Olympic sailor, **Kim Rew** is head of commercial litigation in Norton Rose Fulbright's Cape Town office.

THE MAMIL

London, UK

My first bicycle was a Raleigh Chopper. It weighed what felt like 300 kg. My first serious cycle trip was around Eire with three others in-between our engineering degree finals and getting our results. We called it the 'nunc est bibendum' ('now is the time for drinking') tour. I rode a Dawes racer made from 501 Reynolds tubing. As we cycled 80 miles a day, the thing I remember the most was the constant hunger. Four of us could devour a large deep-dish apple pie before the farmer's wife returned with the change. Liquid replenishment was Guinness – Black Gold.

I didn't ride a racer again for 25 years until I signed up for a charity bike ride. One month later, I bought a nearly new Chris Boardman Aero Carbon from a guy who had six months earlier signed up for a charity bike ride. The bike weighs seven kg. He had upgraded the front and rear sets to Shimano Ultegra and swapped out the wheel rims for Mavic Krysium Equipe. I bought the bike for half what he paid and became a MAMIL (Middle-Aged Man In Lycra) overnight.

Chartered engineer **Mark Berry** is a partner at Norton Rose Fulbright's London office.

THE SERIOUS CYCLIST

Calgary, Canada

In the neighbourhood I grew up in, cycling was how you got to your friends' houses, got to school and got to the park.

I have a mountain bike, a cross bike and two road bikes. I'm a big guy so it's hard to get a bike that's strong and light. I have a Parlee: this American guy hand makes carbon frames near Boston. It weighs six kg.

My 'commuter' bike is a cyclo-cross. I live 25 km from the office and I'm often schlepping files and laptops, so I might be on a nice, light cross bike but I've got 20 lb in my backpack.

The first time I rode with clipless pedals I had an embarrassing incident at a red light where I forgot how to get my feet out and all the motorists had a laugh. I've had some over-the-bar incidents but nothing bad.

It's easy to get out of Calgary on bike paths. We ride in an area called Springbank. There's just the one coffee shop, the only place you can possibly stop for an espresso and a sticky bun, and you tend to see a lot of Spandex in there.

Every summer for the last ten years I've gone to France or Italy on road biking trips. It's a way to see the world in relative slow motion. The Italian Dolomites are the place to go in Europe. For the last five years we've ridden the Maratona d'les Dolomites; it's a Gran Fondo. Gorgeous scenery. But a tough course.

In 1990 I started a Ride for Kids in Toronto. The first ride was Toronto to Chicago. It was good in the beginning, good at the end and horrible inbetween. When I came to Calgary we started an equivalent ride, starting from Jasper, up in the mountains.

It can snow at any time in the mountains. In 2005, we went over a particularly high mountain pass; I was the first one over the top and it was -1 ºC with sideways sleet. On the way down I got hypothermia and had to be dragged in.

The only time I get nervous is when we're doing steep, winding descents. When we're in Europe I'm frequently one of the last guys down, but I've seen a lot of carnage and to me it's just not worth it.

Steve Leitl is a dispute resolution and litigation partner at Norton Rose Fulbright's Calgary office.

THE NIGHT RIDER

Québec, Canada

It was night. The weather was perfect, there was moonlight, it was 15 ºC and the streets were deserted, abandoned. The peloton was travelling at a speed of hell, attacking the valleys without flinching. Nobody was talking. Riding over 40 km an hour, on the highway, at three in the morning: this is the kind of 'forbidden' that becomes possible for a night. And in the distance, suddenly, the sound of 'Shine on You, Crazy Diamond' by Pink Floyd.

I've been a cyclist for six years. My wife convinced me to take it up. We started with short 20 km rides, early, while the kids were sleeping, stopping for breakfast in the old part of Québec.

We like going up to the St Lawrence River or Charlevoix or over to the Eastern Townships.

I ride an Argon 18 Gallium. I've cycled the Grand Défi Pierre Lavoie twice, from Saguenay-Lac-Saint-Jean to Montréal. One thousand riders cover 1,000 km in 60 hours. I am one of a five-member team (Équipe Dubeau Capital). The rides are gruelling: one night I rode 93 km, till five in the morning. By the light of the moon.

François Duchesneau is a partner at Norton Rose Fulbright's Québec office.

THE JOY RIDER

Melbourne, Australia

I'm part of a weekend peloton. We cycle each Saturday from Luna Park, St Kilda to Frankston (a 75 km round trip). Our last stop is for a coffee at Café Racer in St Kilda.

My first bike was a Giant; later I graduated to a C40 Colnago and now I'm riding a Cervelo R3 and have a Cervelo R5 (Di 2) on order.

When Cadel Evans won the Tour de France, thousands of enthusiastic Australians – including me – started heading off to Europe to try the classic rides. I've done the Col de Tourmalet, Col d'Aubisque and Col de Portalet (Eros Poli's rides) in the Pyrenees.

Beach Road in Melbourne is a cycling phenomenon. Thousands ride each weekend. It is flat, fast and can be furious if you hit the 'Hell Ride', which averages 50 km an hour.

You can cycle 'Around the Bay in a Day'. You start in Melbourne, ride to Queenscliff, take the ferry to Sorrento and ride back along Beach Road and Nepean Highway. But the iconic road trip is the Great Ocean Road from Torquay to Port Campbell (and Twelve Apostles). It's spectacular.

Robert Sultan is a partner at Norton Rose Fulbright's Melbourne office.

THE NOVICE

Beijing, China

It's not easy to cycle in the part of Sichuan where I grew up, in the mountains. I started work in Beijing in 1991 and used to cycle to work. When I was in the UK as a postgraduate I would cycle to the station (in Hitchin; and later in Fleet) to get the train into London.

Beijing used to be full of cyclists but not now: the roads are so dangerous. Not like in the 1990s. Back then, at road junctions, when the lights turned green, you'd see a whole wave of cyclists going across. It was quite magnificent. Now the roads are jammed and the cars use the cycle lanes. And there's the pollution. People started getting rid of their bikes.

I have an exercise bike at home and I can fit my bike to the frame. I ride a Shimano mountain bike; it has six or eight gears and it's not that light. It's definitely not carbon. I have tried a road bike but it doesn't feel very stable.

I'm the only cyclist from the Asia offices taking part in the BP MS 150 ride.

Barbara Li is a partner at Norton Rose Fulbright's Beijing office.

Style

PARIS

A STYLE PROFILE OF MELANIE THILL-TAYARA

'My dream when I was 21 was to have an apartment on the River Seine.'

Today, Melanie Thill-Tayara shares her home in the 5th arrondissement of Paris with her husband, her daughter and her daughter's dog. They live on a typically old, grey Paris street, a stone's throw from the river and the bridges that cross the Île de la Cité and Île St Louis, almost in the shadow of Notre Dame herself. The building dates back to 1781 and you reach their apartment by squeezing into a tiny, creaking lift, very brown in tone.

Melane Thill-Tayara is an antitrust and competition partner with Norton Rose Fulbright. We were meeting to talk about style. In her professional life, that means classical and a touch severe 'with always something to disrupt the classicism', whether significant earrings, red shoes or an oversize Chanel ring.

In her home – ah, that's another story. Melanie's home is 'an accumulation' of the life that she and her husband have made together. They met in 1979 when she was studying French literature and political sciences in Germany; she went to Paris for a fortnight, encountered her future husband and then, 'I went back in August – I sent a telegram saying I'm coming – and I never left. I changed university. I started studying law. I changed everything.' She was 19 and from Luxembourg. He was seven years older and from Lebanon.

Her husband had left Lebanon at the outbreak of war in 1975; a former journalist, he is now a writer and editor, a Japanese scholar (post 1905) and, in a small way, a collector of art. His choices are scattered throughout the apartment. In his small library are books from floor to ceiling, mainly Japanese. Levantine influences are apparent in the painting above the piano in the hall, the carved Syrian chairs in the sitting room – and in the atmosphere in their home, its layers of texture, colour, warmth. To be more forensic, the style is – eclectic. That's possibly too small a word here.

Yes, they have wooden parquet flooring and they love antiques. But Melanie also likes the 1960s, they both love the 1930s, and they have modern art on the walls, and furnishings that have arrived through family and friends, not from an interior design pattern. In the sitting room there is a small oval painting: a young girl – I thought perhaps their daughter (there is a resemblance), but the girl is Melanie's husband's great aunt, and the painter, a celebrated Lebanese artist, is the great aunt's husband. 'I probably would never have bought it because it is so old-fashioned, but the story, I love it.'

Another painting is by an Argentine artist – there's a café around the corner, once constantly filled with Argentine refugees; her husband met the artist there and came home with the painting. And another painting is of Venice (another find by her husband). They love Italy. And above the writing bureau in her study (which doubles as a guest room) hangs a painting which looks like a Gauguin but isn't; her husband found it at a fair.

In the sitting room, I sit on a yellow chair and Melanie sits opposite, on the sofa. I ask her how she chooses what to surround herself with, and she tells me the story of the yellow chair. It's one of a pair, both art nouveau: these were the first expensive items of furniture they bought and are a memory of the time when, after admiring them from a distance for years, they could at last afford to buy them. Once, the room was blue and yellow; now, the yellow lamp is only there because of the chairs. ▶

The heavy wooden coffee table should go, in her view, but the building is old and the parquet 'flottant', and this table sits squarely on the floor.

The small, old chandeliers in the hall and the sitting room came to Melanie after her mother died two years ago. 'The way you feel about your parents' objects changes after they are gone', she tells me. 'I did not realise that I would be like that but that's exactly how things happen.'

In the corner of the sitting room are two wing-backed chairs, covered in a dusty blue floral brocade. These had belonged to Melanie's great aunt. The table by the chairs is from Syria.

A door leads to the green room. Melanie loves to cook and, in Paris, people dine often in each other's homes. This room is perfect for fine dining – 'It's very intimate' – but is also the space where her daughter does her homework, 'which I regret,' says Melanie, 'because she has a nice room; but she likes it here – and the dog is not allowed in the bedrooms.' The table came from an antiques fair; they bargained hard for it, only to discover, once the price was agreed, that the cabinet and chairs came with it. They painted the walls a Moroccan green, hung the candelabra and – after years of not feeling the need for curtains – chose gold taffeta ones, which she absolutely loves.

Before I leave, Melanie invites me to see what she's cooking for Sunday lunch. The kitchen is small (although not by Paris standards), but the food smells enticing (it's *poulet champagnisé*) and there is a window – all you need, we agree, to produce fine food. 'We are a little bit obsessed in France with the quality of what we eat.' Melanie always buys fresh food and always locally sourced from suppliers close by on Paris's Rive Gauche – the Left Bank.

One of my first questions to Melanie Thill-Tayara was, how does she choose things? 'Un coup de coeur', she responded ('something from the heart'). She never throws anything away, none of them do, even though space is tight. Everything finds its place and then, mysteriously, just fits. 'You stop seeing it and it becomes part of you.' Don't you secretly long for a chateau with many rooms? Her husband and daughter, she tells me, dream of chateaux: 'Myself, I don't think I'm always so enthusiastic, because I think about cleaning and managing.' Besides, 'I'm more linked to people than to objects'; and Melanie likes to keep her family close. That's her style.

POSTSCRIPT

Not everything is kept in Paris. Their books, their family photographs, these are all in a house that they restored from a ruin, a house by the sea in Brittany. This is where they will live when they are old. Their home in Brittany is 'exactly the same melting pot', apparently. I don't doubt it.

Interview by **Nicola Liu**
Photographs by **Ivan Maslarov**

TO BE IRREPLACEABLE ONE
MUST ALWAYS BE DIFFERENT

COCO CHANEL

The guide to Moscow

Moscow is 'a reflection of mysterious Russian character'. Here, you will find all notorious extremes and controversies; but will you come to understand its essence? Being a born Muscovite, I can tell you that the face of Moscow has changed: it is more like New York for its pace and aggressiveness, more like London for its mix of cultures. To see what I mean, visit the square at Belorusskaya Metro.

Moscow: the inside track

WHAT TO DO

Start at the State Tretiakov Gallery, located in the heart of 'old city' Zamoskvorechie. The Tretiakov's collection of Russian art includes Repin, Shishkin, Vereschiagin, Polenov, Vasnetsov, Vrubel and Ivanov.

Next, take a stroll. Walk along the pedestrian Lavrushinsky pereulok to Kadashevakaya embankment and cross the river at Luzhkov bridge, where newly-weds leave a chained lock as a symbol of fidelity. Look out for a monument to the realist painter Ilya Repin and, 20 metres away, a monument by Mikhail Shemiakin, 'Child victims of adults' vices'. Fifty metres on, and the view from Sofiyskaya embankment of the Kremlin, on the other side of the Moskva river, is beautiful.

Try to get to a concert at the Moscow Conservatory (at Bolshaya Nikitskaya 13); it is world famous.

Moscow Planetarium – open again for visitors after ten years of renovation – is an amazing, astonishing place.

What was the Red October chocolate factory area has become a centre of modern culture and nightlife. Visit Lumiere Brothers' Center for Photography and the Pobeda Gallery and all the other galleries and then head for the bars. Strelka Bar – with its terrace view of Christ the Saviour Cathedral – hosts the coolest parties of the year. Its companion, with live piano, saxophone, accordion and violin before midnight and DJs after, is Belka Bar. Rolling Stone Bar attracts supermodels and hipsters, making it a major competitor to the popular Gipsy and Icon nightclubs located nearby. If it's winter, forget the Strelka Bar and go to the skating rink on Red Square at the foot of the Kremlin.

Summer or winter, take the metro out to Kolomenskoe Park and Museum to see Muscovites at play on the banks of the Moskva and to explore the museum.

WHERE TO STAY

Z-hostel (Znamenka Str, 15 apt. 16) is a small, quiet hostel in the heart of Moscow located in a historic building, 500 metres from the Kremlin, near the central metro stations (Kropotkin, Library Lenin, Arbat) and the main museums and monuments: the Red Square, Pushkin Museum, Arbat and Christ the Saviour Cathedral.

Sleepbox Hotel (1st Tverskaya–Yamskaya Str., 27) is clean and cheap. The small sleep boxes might feel strange, like night train cabins, but the location is perfect for exploring the city centre.

MOVING AROUND

All airlines fly to Moscow, including Easyjet. Take the express train to get to the city centre or an authorised taxi – the yellow one with the taxi logo on top. Moving around by car will introduce you to Moscow taxi drivers (many of these are from remote southern regions) and the notorious Moscow traffic jams. I suggest you take the metro and use your time to visit some of the best metro stations – the ones that look more like art galleries. To get the full underground museum experience, I recommend the main central stations – Kievskaya, Komsomolskay or Novoslobodskaya – or any big station inside the circle line.

EATING OUT

Coffee houses – Coffeemanya, Shokoladnitsa, Costa Coffee – are popular among young people, despite the high prices. Anyone committed to global chains such as McDonald's or Starlite Diner will find them all in Moscow. Prime is the Russian equivalent of Pret A Manger (but does not offer such a varied menu). But why not try something traditionally Russian or from farther away, like Uzbekistan: look out for the Chaihona N1 lounge-café chain.

If you want to eat fast, you should definitely sample Karavayev Brothers, a Russian self-service restaurant chain. Prices are reasonable (charged by weight) and there is a good choice of pasta, fish, salad or meat.

Do not leave Moscow without going to Café Pouchkine. The money is worth it if you want to feel the atmosphere of imperial Russia. The dishes are nineteenth century, the staff are talented, and the music is live.

Natalia Chudakova is *Re:'s* Moscow correspondent.

Komsomolskay station

The back garden

A RAISED BED IN TEXAS

I have wanted a garden for years. I love the idea of being able to walk to the back yard to harvest the herbs that will give a dish just the right finishing touch. And you can't beat garden-fresh tomatoes. But years of apartment living blunted my ambition. I finally bought a house last fall and one of the first weekends after moving in was dedicated to building a raised bed.

I was so eager for an abundant harvest that I had a hard time paring down my list of plants to grow. Space was limited: my garden was only four by ten feet. But every time I went to the garden center, I found several more things I had to plant. So in the end I decided not to pare, but instead to grow every vegetable ever.

Of course, the seed packets recommended anywhere from eight to eighteen inches of space between plants, which would make it impossible to fit all things into my garden. But I figured I could push the limits for my Noah's Ark of veg. I was emboldened by internet articles saying that raised bed gardens can produce more than lowly ground gardens.

So into my modest space I crammed red and green leaf lettuce, mesclun mixed greens, beets, golden beets, Swiss chard, broccoli, Chinese broccoli, cauliflower, cabbage, basil, spinach, cucumbers, kale, and Brussels sprouts.

When I was harvesting lettuce ahead of the schedule indicated on the seed packet, I was vindicated. I *did* know more than the Burpee catalog.

But before too long the rate of growth slowed. Broccoli leaves turned purple. Cucumber leaves showed signs of mildew. Beets got top heavy. Nothing humbles a gardener like pulling a lush, well-developed handful of beet greens to reveal a sad little Hershey's Kiss of a root.

After reading the parts of the internet to which my ambition had previously blinded me, I discovered that – surprise! – I had overcrowded my garden. My overcrowding deprived the plants of two necessities: air circulation, which helps ward off disease, and nutrition, which prevents malnutrition (indicated by leaf purpling).

I did end up with a respectable harvest after crop thinning and regular application of liquid fertilizer. But I learned an important lesson for this year: I need a bigger garden.

Novice gardener **Tom Owens** is an IP lawyer in Norton Rose Fulbright's Austin office.

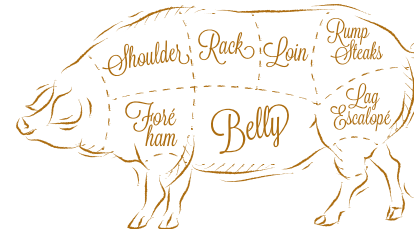
PERILS OF A NEW FOREST VEGETABLE GARDENER

Last autumn was especially bountiful in the New Forest. The hedgerows groaned under a late harvest of fat blackberries, and we picked baskets full of apples and jewel-coloured sloes (the fruit, or drupes, of the blackthorn bush). These small wild plums are too bitter to eat but are wonderful when left to flavour gin for a Christmas treat.

'Mast' years – when certain native trees and bushes produce bumper crops of seeds and fruits – are a natural phenomenon. No one knows why they occur but weather and climatic conditions almost certainly play a part, and the resulting abundance of food helps birds and wildlife to survive the winter.

It was not all good news. Acorns are poisonous to horses, cattle and sheep, but do no harm to pigs, so for centuries pigs have been let out under the 'Common of Mast' right to run wild in the Forest during the Pannage Season, mopping up the deadly harvest. But last year the pigs were not able to keep up with the extraordinary crop of acorns. More than 50 wild ponies and 16 cattle, maybe more, died from acorn poisoning – in a normal year the number is much smaller, just four or six animals.

Whilst in recent years only 50 to 100 pigs have been put out annually, in the nineteenth century (when home-grown bacon was highly valued) up to 6,000 were out at any one time, often covering miles in their quest for food or a mate.



On the plus side, a local delicacy is Pannage pork – heavily flavoured with acorns. We should enjoy plenty this year.

Lindsay Morgan grows vegetables on five acres of land in the New Forest. She is head of real estate for Norton Rose Fulbright across Europe, the Middle East and Asia, and is based in London.

Global Kitchen

Recipes from around the world

By the people at Norton Rose Fulbright

Coming soon

The kitchen table

PITTMAN ON THE GREEKS

A happy consequence of the Calgary flood was that we got to know our neighbours. The vibe was like a barn-raising in reverse, where the community knitted together while pumping and hauling and borrowing shovels. Across the street from us is a typical Calgary family: a couple of gas traders, George and Heather, with two young daughters, Hanna and Eleni. One day in the fall, I ran into George as he was loading his pickup with drywall. Did we want to drop by later for some Greek ribs? Of course we did.

George is a typical Western Canadian Greek guy; he is as Canadian as they come but his DNA is scented with oregano and olives. His parents moved to Saskatoon in the 1950s, and his father still works at the family restaurant most days, at eighty-five. His uncle is an Orthodox priest; and during the flood every Greek lawyer in Calgary helped George demolish his basement. And, George can cook, like everyone else of Greek stock; every year he brings back oregano and olive oil from his uncle's place in Sparta, and his tomatoes taste of the summer, even on the coldest days.

We wandered across the street in the late afternoon, as George was getting the ribs together. He had laid on Greek sheep-milk feta; some *kefalotyri*, a hard and salty sheep-milk cheese; olives stuffed with almonds; roasted hot peppers; and taramasalata. We sat and ate and watched him cook. While the barbecue heated to hot, he took racks of pork spare ribs, and spread them with Worcestershire sauce, and then a mixture of olive oil, lemon and garlic. Then he sprinkled them liberally with the old-country oregano. Onto the grill they went, and he turned down the heat to low.

We found ourselves talking about why good Greek food makes you think of the summer: the tastes are intense and bold. We're lucky in Calgary to have a grocery that's effectively been transplanted from Greece, where you can buy sheep feta in the barrel, olive oil soap and flatbread as big as a bike tire, and so, even on the darkest November night, our taste buds come alive with the salt of the cheese and the heat of the peppers.

After a couple of hours of gentle roasting, George brought the ribs in, cut them into individual ribs, and then halved five lemons. All the ribs went into a large bowl, and then he juiced the lemons onto the ribs and added more oregano, a slug of olive oil, and salt and pepper. That was it. Onto the table they went, and we fell on them. These ribs were memorable; the pungent lemon contrasted with the oil and the richness of the pork. George served them with a salad of tomatoes, small cucumbers, feta and olives and some pitta to sop up the liquid.

It was one of those rococo evenings, where everything seems more focused, where the colours of the food are rich and the tastes are concentrated. Great Greek food does this – it hones and heightens everything.

Ingredients for George's ribs

4 slabs of spare ribs, membrane removed
¼ cup Worcestershire sauce
¼ cup olive oil plus a couple of slugs from the bottle
6 cloves of garlic, minced
4 tbsp Greek oregano
6 lemons
Salt and pepper

Instructions

1. *Bring ribs to room temperature.*
2. *Preheat barbecue / oven to hot (north of 450 ºF) (230 ºC).*
3. *Rub on Worcestershire sauce.*
4. *Shake oil, juice of one lemon, and garlic in a small jar.*
5. *Spread over both sides of ribs.*
6. *Shake half oregano over ribs.*
7. *Put ribs on grill or in oven and turn down to 275 ºF (135 ºC).*
8. *After 2 hours, test with meat thermometer. They should have reached 145 ºF (63 ºC).*
9. *Take ribs off and leave to rest for 3 mins under foil.*
10. *Cut into individual ribs*
11. *Juice rest of lemons onto ribs, add olive oil and salt and pepper to taste and rest of oregano. Shake well.*
12. *Try not to be totally gluttonous.*

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

ANGEL WINGS FROM POLAND

Faworki
Ingredients (for 70 *faworki*)
3 egg yolks
100 g natural yogurt (or 4 tbsp sour cream)
200 g regular flour
pinch of salt
1 shot (50 ml) alcohol 40% – suggest vodka (40%) – prevents faworki *from absorbing oil from pan*
powdered sugar
vegetable oil

Instructions
Make a little flour 'nest' on your work surface, beat egg yolks, add yogurt (sour cream), salt and slowly add alcohol of choice.

Mix and knead the dough until thick.
(If sticky, add flour.)

Put in the fridge for at least two hours to rest.

Divide the dough into three or four parts. Dust work surface with flour. Use a rolling pin to roll the dough out very thin.

Cut rolled-out dough into strips 1 cm wide. Then cut the other way on a diagonal to make 10 cm strips of dough.

Take knife and cut a small slit (2-3 cm) in the centre of each piece.

To form the *faworki*, take one end and place it in the slit. Pull the end through the slit to form a bow-shaped *faworki*.

Put a big amount of oil in your pan (about 2 cm) and heat it well.

Fry the *faworki* in small batches for about 30 to 40 seconds (use tongs to gently turn the *faworki*) until golden brown.

Drain on paper towels.

Dust generously with powdered sugar while *faworki* are still hot.

Store cooled *faworki* in an airtight container for a few days.

Marta Albrecht Niedzialek is based in Norton Rose Fulbright's Warsaw office. Her recipe for angel wings is available in *Global Kitchen*, out in April 2014.

EATING OUT IN MANHATTAN

New Leaf Restaurant
Not your typical tourist attraction, New Leaf Restaurant sits in the middle of Fort Tryon Park in north Manhattan, in a vintage stone building done up by Bette Midler's New York Restoration Project. New Leaf serves modern American cuisine inspired by local green markets and upstate farms, using fresh, natural produce. You can eat a weekend brunch in the dining room or on the outdoor patio and then stroll through the park or call in at the stunning Cloisters Museum, a branch of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.
newleafrestaurant.com

Smith & Wollensky / Wu Liang Ye / Keens
The first Smith & Wollensky steakhouse, with its signature green-and-white building, was established in 1977 on 49th Street and Third Avenue. In their words, 'If steak were a religion, this would be its cathedral.' Harry first visited with his father in 1979 and has never been to NY without a meal there (or two; Harry – ever three?). Our combined visits, 'priceless'. The cowboy-size prime dry aged beef is a must. The house red is superb.

For those that cannot live by steak alone, Wu Liang Ye, a Chinese restaurant with a somewhat sketchy entrance at 36 W 48th St, is a welcome retreat. While the ambience is at best 'adequate', the sea cucumber with Sichuan chilli-minced pork, the julienne jelly fish with scallion pesto, the sautéed duck's tongue with Asian celery and the various frog dishes should warm the cockles of your heart.

Did we forget to mention the mutton chop at Keens at 72 West 36th Street?
smithandwollensky.com | wuliangyenyc.com | keens.com

Digby's Cafe
If you're looking for a hearty, economical start to your day, try Digby's Cafe, on 52nd St next to 666 Fifth Avenue. You get three pancakes – made while you watch – for $4.99 and a mochaccino for $3.99. Open from six in the morning.
digbyscafe.com

Restaurant critics **Barbara Motter**; **Brian Devine** and **Brad Berman;** and **Sue Ross** are based at Norton Rose Fulbright's New York office. Guest critic **Harry Theochari** is based in the London office.

One fine day

A TOP FIVE SELECTION FROM MARK BAKER – GET THE VINYL OUT

Born in 1959, Charles Mark Baker grew up in Oklahoma and studied at Yale. He is co-head of Norton Rose Fulbright's international arbitration practice and is based in Houston.

In the 1930s, his grandmother was one of the first female faculty in the School of Music to hold a tenured professorship. His mother played the organ, his sister the piano, and his father was for years the president of the Grand Teton Music Festival in Jackson Hole, Wyoming. He has been to every opera house in Europe, is a trustee of Houston Grand Opera and founded its young opera group, the Directors' Circle.

1 VECCHIA ZIMARRA

Puccini

'Vecchia Zimarra' is the classic aria in *La Bohème* where Rudolfo pawns his overcoat in the midst of winter to buy medicine for Mimi, who is dying of consumption.

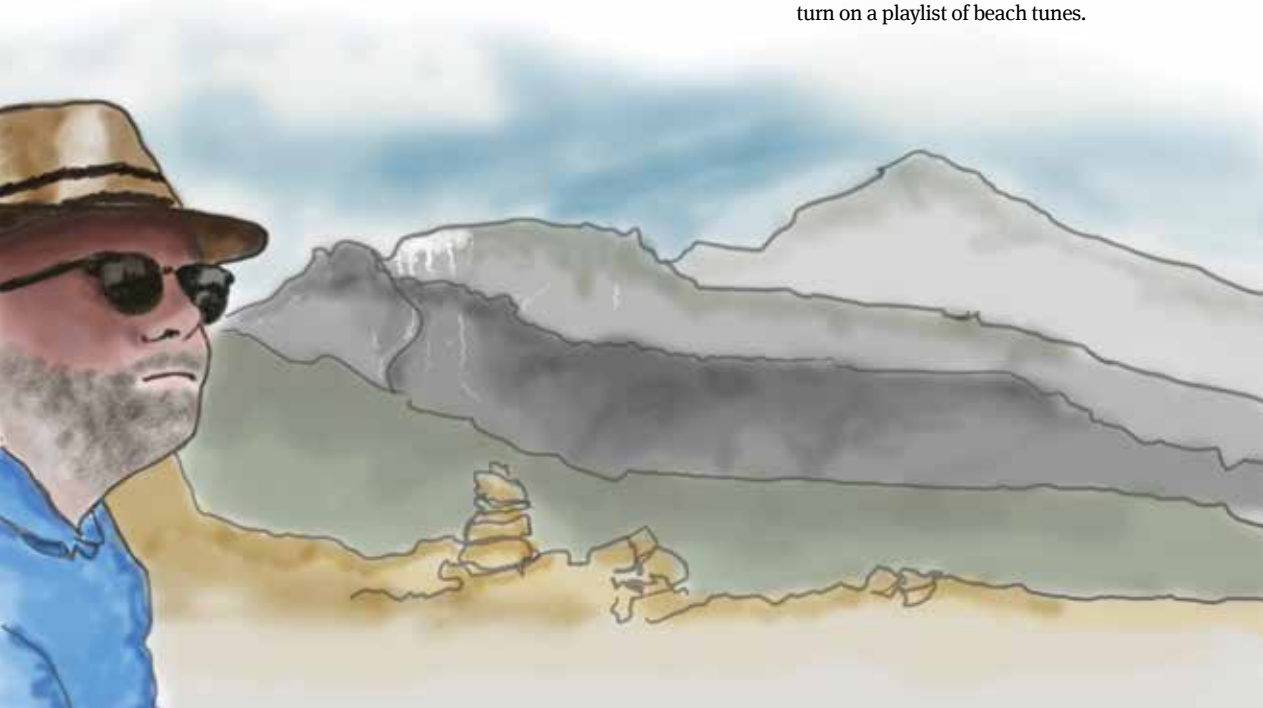
Opera is the most magnificent of all the arts. Done correctly, it hits us on every level of our being. If you are new to opera, I recommend you start with *La Bohème*. It has drama, pathos, redemption, all rolled into one. It all comes together in this beautiful short aria, where Rudolfo parts with his only worldly possession to try to save the woman he loves, even though he knows down deep that she's doomed. You cannot fail to be moved.

2 TWISTING THE NIGHT AWAY

Sam Cook

I was born in the American South and I lived through the time of desegregation. In high school I was involved in race relations and after law school I worked for the single most important judge involved in desegregation. For me, Sam Cook has resonance on all these levels. He is a great artist – he had a golden voice, like layers of honey – and he broke through a lot of racial barriers in the 1960s.

He is also fabulous to dance to. And I happen to love to dance, as does my wife. 'Twisting the Night Away' is one of my favourite songs to play at my beach house, down at the Gulf of Mexico. I drive down, I unlock the door and the very next thing I do is turn on a playlist of beach tunes.



3

THE STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER

John Phillip Sousa

John Phillip Sousa was the Commandant of the US Marine Corps band. He wrote a string of fabulous marches including, in 1896, 'The Stars and Stripes Forever'. When you listen, you get that glorious, gleeful expression that you only get from hearing a really fine military band. You can make a strong case that it ought to be our national anthem in the United States.

It represents an era which no longer exists – a time of pre-War confidence and innocence; an era of Kipling and his 'manly virtues', when the international elites had more in common with each other than with their own countrymen. Later, Teddy Roosevelt became President, Alfred Mahan wrote *The Influence of Sea Power upon History* and the Great White Fleet set sail around the world: the baton of world leadership was passing to the US, and 'Stars and Stripes' embodied the supreme confidence of that period.

4

WHAT I LIKE ABOUT TEXAS

Gary P Nunn

Gary P Nunn is a fabulous, old-style cowboy storyteller. His music is very clever. He was one of a group of musicians in the 1970s, including Willie Nelson, who rebelled against corporate, canned Nashville music and founded Austin, Texas as an alternative music capital. They believed that music was to be enjoyed, so in their early years they refused to copyright or trademark anything. He has written 100 songs and 80 of them are just fantastic. These guys weren't just a bunch of cowboys.

My work is all over the world and mostly not in the US. I am in love with the American West and you'll often find me in wilderness places, but I choose to live in Texas because I like the place so much. Listen to this song and you'll get an idea of why that is.

5

RIDE OF THE VALKYRIES

Wagner

I have been a Wagner fan my entire life. His music strikes you on a primordial level. It works in the same way as listening to the cry of a loon or the roar of a lion. Wagner is all about the music and the voices; and the Norse legends. The rest of it – whether it's staged in the traditional style at Bayreuth or in a modern adaption like the one planned by La Fura dels Baus for Houston – is almost irrelevant.

My favourite thing to do when I'm blasting down to the beach house is to drive with the top down on my convertible and play 'Ride of the Valkyries' really loudly. It hits you at that gut level. But you can listen to this piece at any time of day. I live in a village of a thousand inhabitants, completely surrounded by Houston – it's like this little bitty time capsule of early American democracy. We are our own municipality, we have our own police and fire, and every house sits on a minimum of an acre and a half of land. There's nothing there other than those of us who live there, and lots of trees and little winding streets – and in the morning I have a twenty-minute drive to my office on a route that takes me through two of the best parks in the city. At eight o'clock on a beautiful summer's morning, you could easily find me driving along listening to 'Ride of the Valkyries'.

'My favourite thing to do when I'm blasting down to the beach house is to drive with the top down on my convertible and play "Ride of the Valkyries" really loudly.'

Illustration by **Robbie Pattemore**

The poem

February Afternoon

Men heard this roar of parleying starlings, saw,
A thousand years ago even as now,
Black rooks with white gulls following the plough
So that the first are last until a caw
Commands that last are first again, – a law
Which was of old when one, like me, dreamed how
A thousand years might dust lie on his brow
Yet thus would birds do between hedge and shaw.

Time swims before me, making as a day
A thousand years, while the broad ploughland oak
Roars mill-like and men strike and bear the stroke
Of war as ever, audacious or resigned,
And God still sits aloft in the array
That we have wrought him, stone-deaf and stone-blind.

Edward Thomas (1878–1917) composed this sonnet in February 1916. He had caught a chill and was on leave from Hare Hall training camp outside London, where he worked as a navigation instructor. He had enlisted seven months previously, though, at 37 years old, with a young family, there was no obligation on him to do so. 'He could have been safe, if he had chosen to be', said his friend, the writer Eleanor Farjeon. Instead, Thomas joined the Artists Rifles, at first teaching map-reading to the men and later volunteering to go to the Front in France.

Nearly all of Thomas's poems were written in the three years between 1914 and his death in 1917. It is as though a lifetime's worth of poems poured from his pen during this time. He wrote 'war poetry' long before he reached the trenches: nearly sixty poems between enlisting and embarking for the front. Thomas does not seem a conventional 'war poet'; war is somehow in the margins of his poetry. Consider 'February Afternoon': 'war' is only directly mentioned towards the end, and even then it is in the abstract. Yet it touches the opening lines, in the 'roar of parleying starlings', the 'commands', the ominous, scavenging 'black rooks'.

At the time of writing, Thomas was still ambivalent about serving overseas. He wrote to his wife of his 'calm acceptance' of life at camp, how the 'black despair' that had dogged him was receding. But there is a sense of inevitability in the poem that perhaps prefigures his final decision, which led him to the trenches and his death. The marching decasyllabic lines press ahead to the inescapable conclusion: 'war as ever'. A choice, but no choice.

It was an eerie death. Pausing in the doorway of his dugout to light his pipe, on the first day of the Battle of Arras, he was killed by a shell landing nearby. There was not a scratch on his body; his pipe lay unbroken beside him. The vacuum caused by the shell as it passed simply sucked the air from his lungs and stopped the poet's heart.

Writer and critic **Alexandra Howe** is *Re:'s* arts correspondent and a lawyer with Norton Rose Fulbright in Paris.

Real science

Electroceuticals

Complex circuits of interconnected neurons in the human body carry information in the form of electrical impulses. Waves of electrical impulses provoke the release of neurotransmitter molecules from the neuron. If science can identify individual neural circuits as modulators of specific diseases, a treatment for those diseases (or their symptoms) may become available through modulation of the electrical impulses.

Electroceuticals – a new class of bio-electrical therapies – may be the next breakthrough in modern medicine and an alternative to pharmaceutical intervention.

An electroceutical is a tiny device which is implanted in the body to modulate a specific neural circuit. By stimulating (or inhibiting) the electrical impulse, it can induce a targeted chemical response, repairing lost function without the potential side effects of drug therapy.

Using electrical impulses to treat disease is nothing new – electrical stimulation is used in pacemakers and defibrillators, and deep brain stimulation is a recognized treatment for Parkinson's. Electroceuticals, however, are remarkable for their precision and more notably for their potential.

Potential use of electroceuticals includes stimulating insulin production to treat diabetes, targeting smooth muscle to treat high blood pressure, boosting the immune system and treating autoimmune conditions such as Crohn's and complex pain syndromes such as fibromyalgia and refractory angina.

Research into electroceuticals is expanding fast, as is the level of investment. One biomedical technology company in California is running a study treating patients with rheumatoid arthritis, targeting the vagus nerve to suppress proinflammatory cytokines; early results have been positive (in 2013, six out of eight patients reported reduced symptoms).

The development of electroceuticals faces two challenges. The neural circuitry must be well enough understood in order to pinpoint which neural circuits are associated with which diseases – no small task, as the human nervous system is immensely complex; and clinicians must then identify the best points of intervention.

Research into electroceuticals is taking part against the backdrop of a wider and wildly ambitious endeavour to map the human brain. Two important projects launched in the last year: the Human Brain Project in Europe and BRAIN in the US.

Karen Sie is an intellectual property lawyer with Norton Rose Fulbright in Canada.

EMPOWERING

GIRLS AND WOMEN TO BE AGENTS OF ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL CHANGE

Girls 20 summit

Sydney
Australia
25–28 August 2014

Founder member and sponsor: Norton Rose Fulbright

Jackie O'Brien

The person

My father was the first person in his family to go to university and he wanted the same opportunities for his daughters. Interestingly, though, he would not allow my mother to work.

My parents went to the UK in the 1960s to work with the national health system. I was born in London; in 1970, when I was ten, the family decided to return to Australia. It took us 36 hours to get here. We stopped in Frankfurt, then Rome, Bahrain, New Delhi, Singapore, Perth, then in Sydney. I felt a bit like a foreigner in my own country.

When my elder son, Ollie, was maybe six, we were doing a family holiday on the Sunshine Coast and he went on a whale-watching trip with his father. I remember talking to him as he was trying to go to sleep. 'How was it? What did you think?' And he said, 'Oh Mum, you can't believe it, the whale was really close and there was one whale and I saw its eye and its eye was looking at me and its eye was as big as my head!' And I said, 'Oh my goodness, was that scary?' And he said, 'No, no, no, no, it was great. Mum, do you think the whale is thinking about me tonight?' And I said, 'Look, quite possibly, darling, yes, quite possibly he might be thinking or she might be thinking about you tonight. If he were or she were, what do you think he or she might be thinking?' 'I'm thinking that they would be thinking how little I was.' And I thought, excellent! It's that *looking* at something and then trying to see something from another person's perspective; it's about recalibrating the experience and just wondering what it feels like on the other side of the lens. I thought, great! I've done one good parenting thing.

I, as far as I know, am the second person in the family to go to university and the first woman. But for the Labor Whitlam government in the mid-1970s, there was a very real prospect that I may not have gone.

My mother grew up on the land in New South Wales. Her father was a grazier and, although he was prepared to send my mother off to a very fine boarding school, she was basically not allowed to go to university.

The mid 1970s was a huge period of change in Australia – it's not just about being able to attend university essentially free of charge, it was what that did to the mindset of people about tertiary education.

Ollie went on French exchange for three months at the age of 16; he went to Lyon. He made that decision himself, but I was cheering in the background. It's the preparedness to do that sort of thing at that age, to go to the other side of the world, and what that does to your mindset, your resilience, your independence.

The ability to constructively second guess yourself about the assumptions that you're making is an absolutely critical skill for a lawyer.

If you'd said to me at 15, very shortly your father is going to leave you and your mother for somebody who's actually only three years older than you,

and your mother, who has never been allowed to work, will have to go back to work; and if you then said, now fast forward about 25 years and I'm going to tell you that you are going to give birth to a child who has a profound intellectual disability and has autism and epilepsy and won't ever be able to speak, I would have said, as a 15-year-old girl, I cannot imagine anything worse, that is appalling. But that is exactly what happened.

I love words. I love them. I think most lawyers do.

All of the social layering that most of us take for granted, the way we behave, the things we do, the things that we expect of one another, my second son, Tom, doesn't have any of that. He has none of that; and you can either look at that as something incredibly confronting or disturbing or upsetting or you can say, no, no, no, that's actually just raw humanity.

If you really listen and watch and try to understand, you see a whole other dimension in terms of how human beings interact with one another.

It has made me, I hope, I believe, much more discerning in my interactions with other people.

The achievements that my son demonstrates may be tiny but they are extraordinary, because I know how hard he has worked.

A few years ago, I took various psychometric tests and one piece of feedback was, oh my goodness, you're incredibly altruistic, that's a little unusual!

In Australia, around 80 per cent of all marriages where there is a child with a disability involved fail and, sadly, I'm one of those 80 per cent, so in a sense I feel like I'm reliving my mother's life.

It's hard not to look like you're being Pollyanna or putting on this brave front. I'm no saint.

There's an Australian film called *The Black Balloon*. It's a very true-to-life rendition of what living with somebody with autism is like. It's unpredictable, it's chaotic, it's traumatic, it's dramatic. But it's funny and it's human and it's sweet.

Sometimes, if Tom has done something really quite destructive and I'm trying to find a way to explain to him he can't do that, he will just turn his head to one side and give me a very particular little smile. A lot of people on the spectrum have difficulty looking at someone else's face, so when I get a moment like that, that gives me great joy.

The simple fact is people aren't calm and they are not happy all of the time. They can't be. They're human beings.

My elder son has grown into an absolutely fabulous young man. He's studying law at Australia National University, in Canberra. It's only a three-hour drive but he went into rooms there. He has to cook and clean for himself. That's a really good experience for a 19-year-old Australian male!

Three weeks after I married, my mother died, totally unexpectedly. She had a stroke. She was only a year or so older than I am now, and that had – and still has – a profoundly sad impact on me.

There was a period after Tom's diagnosis where I remember thinking, you know what, I'm never going to give up on him, he's going to be okay, I must be able to fix it, look at me, I can fix anything! And then the gentle realization over several years that, no, I couldn't fix it. My role was and still is to make his life the best it possibly could be.

We deadlock ourselves into the house each night in case Tom decides to walk out and we don't know where he goes. And we lock the fridge; otherwise Tom will just raid the fridge constantly.

There have been times where I've been very angry with my husband and about him.

I've learnt that when you feel angry you actually have to allow yourself to feel angry. I was brought up in a house where displays of anger were, 'Oh, you don't do that, that's quite unseemly, no, you should be calm.'

That was the other thing that came out of my psychometric testing. 'You really do like understanding how things work, don't you.' I do, I do.

I have two paid carers who help me look after Tom and help me run my house.

Sometimes it only takes a little thing like the dishwasher not working and you think, oh my goodness, is this the straw that's broken the camel's back, and then you get over yourself and you think, it's just a dishwasher, it's a First World problem, there's a sink and a tap, we will be all right.

When Tom leaves school, in a couple of years, then a whole lot of really sad discussions have to be embarked upon about how to get him ready for the next stage of his life. It weighs on me a great deal. When I'm not here, when his father is not here, what happens then?

My elder son says to me, 'Mum, you can't be looking after Tom when you're 80. So what's the plan?'

My Nirvana would be that I can get Tom to a stage where, as a young man, he could live in a house with other young people who have special needs, but there's 24-hour care. Those places are really few and far between.

Before I had Tom I was very big on planning – some might say micro-managing – my life.

You learn to grab the really good things as you see them. I love travel. I have a whole list of places that I am working through. Hopefully, next Australian summer I will be on an ice-breaker going down to the Antarctic.

The corporate responsibility programme has been an extraordinary experience, being part of building that, setting up volunteering programmes and running the pro bono practice. If I were only doing my specialised legal role, I don't think I would be coping nearly as well or feeling nearly as well as I do now.

One thing I am certain about: there will be no traditional retirement for me.

Jackie O'Brien, Sydney
Career
Intellectual property partner
National corporate responsibility partner (Norton Rose Fulbright Australia)
National pro bono partner (Norton Rose Fulbright Australia)
Joined Norton Rose Fulbright 2011
Joined Allens Arthur Robinson 1985 (Partner 1995)
LLB, University of New South Wales 1984
BA, University of New South Wales 1982
Moved to Sydney, Australia 1970
Born London, UK 1960

Interview by **Ingeborg Alexander**
Illustration by **Sean Rohr**

Back streets

PRIVATE VIEWINGS OF CITIES, AND STREETS, NEAR YOU.
NEW YORK, AUTUMN 2011. PHOTOGRAPHS BY IVAN MASLAROV.

Corner of Grand St
and Wooster St

Ivan Maslarov is the picture editor of *Re:*.

MOMA

Coda

A BOOK FOR 2014

Ghana Must Go
(Diese Dinge Geschehen Nicht Einfach So)
Taiye Selasi
fiction

This book (published only in 2013) really drew me in. It starts very quietly with the death of a father of four and then in hindsight reveals the family story that spans Nigeria, Ghana and the United States. It shows how vulnerable we are when it comes to family and how deep wounds received in childhood can be, and still, what tremendous strength and healing power a family can offer. The author – whose debut novel this is – beautifully paints the characters of the main persons. By the end of the book one knows them like close relatives.

Recommended by Cornelia Marquardt, Munich

RE:
A MAGAZINE OPEN TO NEW PERSPECTIVES

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