

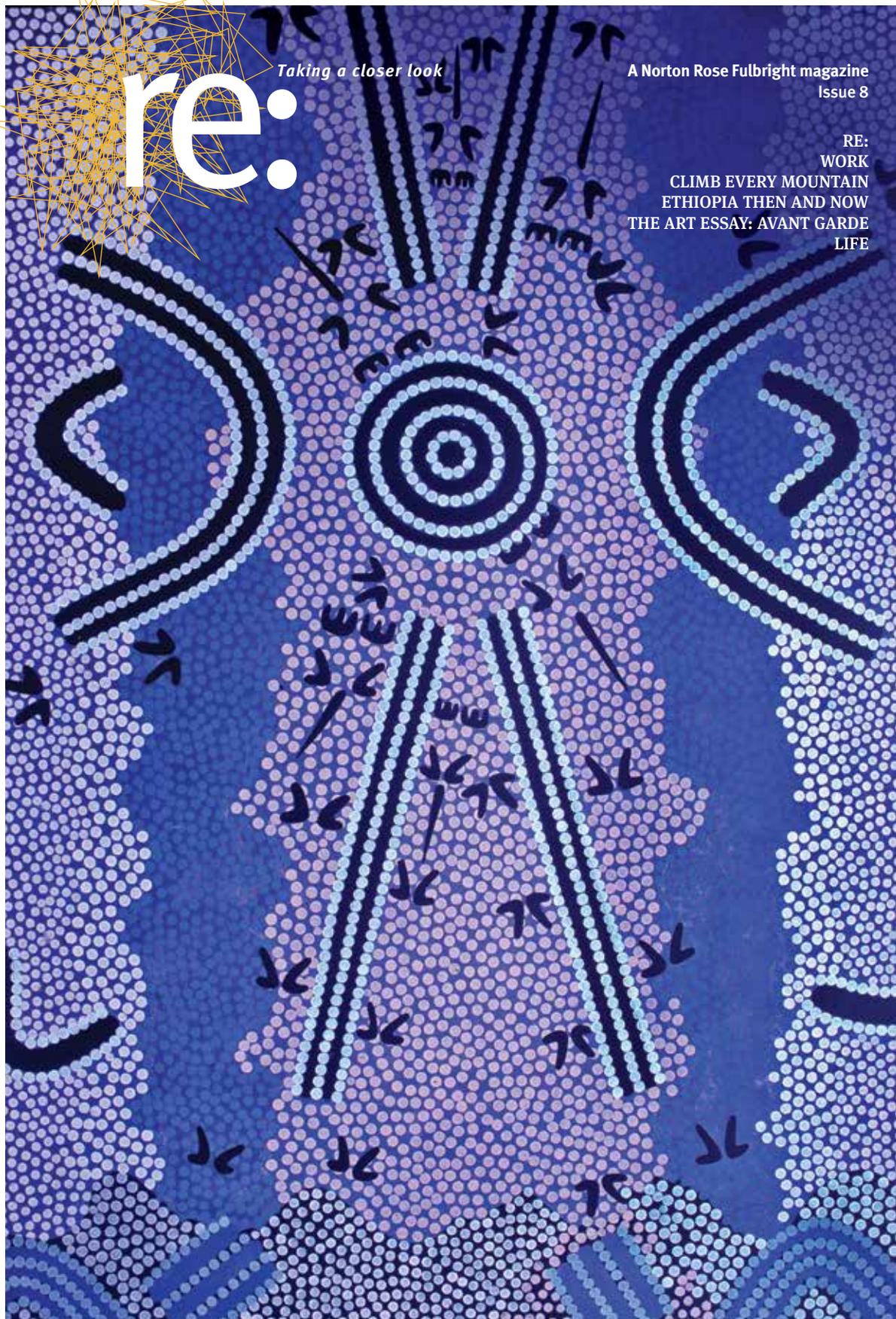


re:

Taking a closer look

A Norton Rose Fulbright magazine
Issue 8

RE:
WORK
CLIMB EVERY MOUNTAIN
ETHIOPIA THEN AND NOW
THE ART ESSAY: AVANT GARDE
LIFE

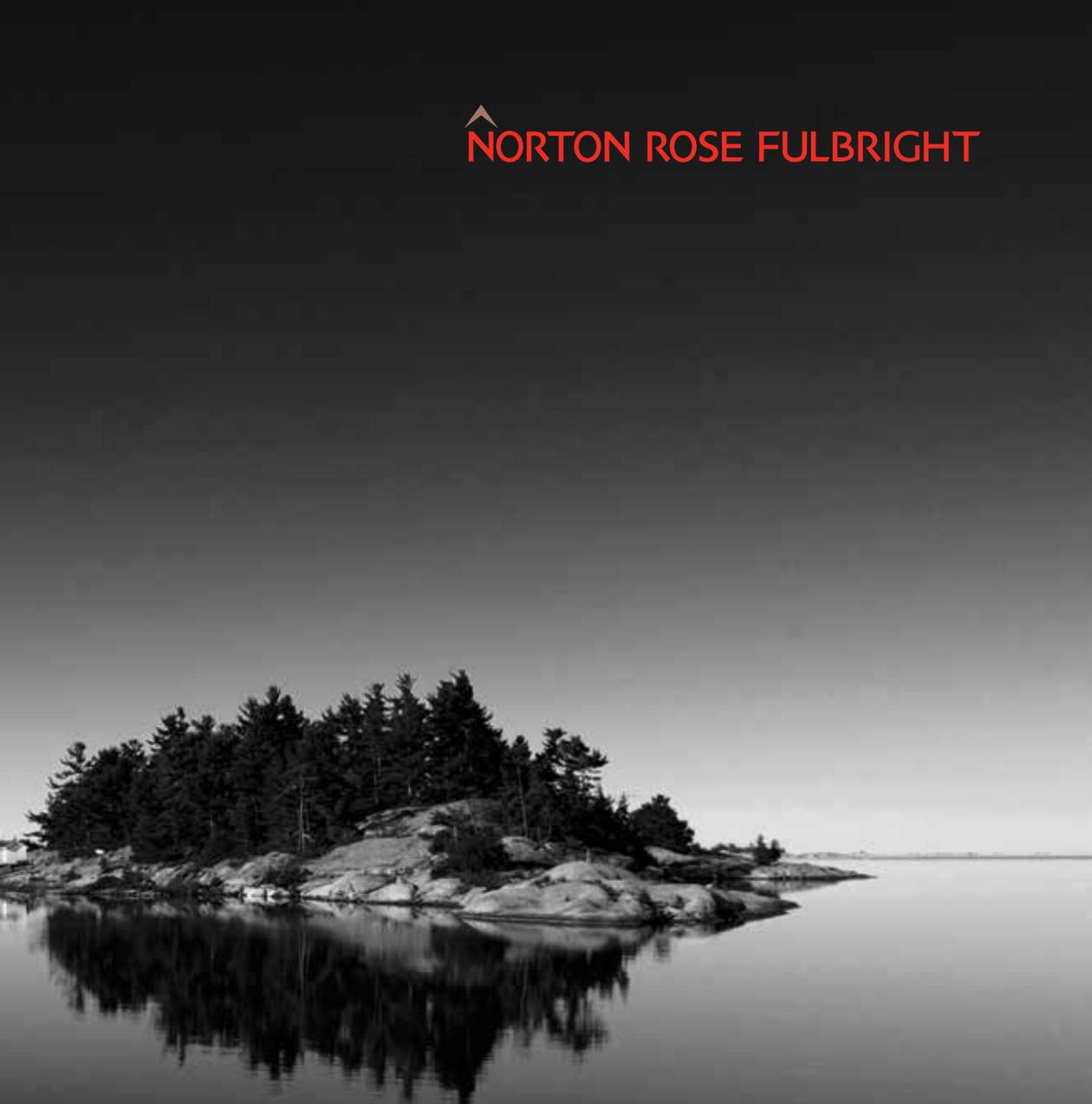


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The sporting life



Richard Calnan
On jurisprudence



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Coda



Cecil Kuhne
The sporting life



Susannah Ronn
Book club



Pete Zvanitajs
In relation to

This is the eighth issue of *Re:*, a magazine for everyone in Norton Rose Fulbright around the world and for our friends, among them our clients and alumni. Lawyers as a species are known for erring on the side of caution but we've found quite a few who live and breathe extreme sports. None more extreme than mountaineering, as Tom Valentine in Canada and Mark Miller in the United States can attest. The Nepal earthquake took place while we were preparing this issue for print, and we turned to the Institute of Hazard, Risk and Resilience at Durham University to check the science behind earthquake recovery. Elsewhere in this issue, we replace our regular photo essay with an art essay by Natalia Chudakova on the Avant Garde—or What It Means To Be Russian; we find out more about Martin Scott in London, including his love of indigenous Australian art (hence our cover); and we reveal a portrait of Ethiopia. Oh, and we run a special on New York.

The ninth issue will appear before the end of 2015. See you then.

The Editor

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

I took the magazine down to my family this weekend and showed them the cider article. There were readings out loud and tears of joy.

Robbie Pattemore, London
The kitchen table: cider with Robbie, issue 7. Ed.

I haven't actually penned a 'letter to the editor' before but I wanted to let you know that issue 7 of *Re:* is the best in-house magazine I have read. I know that is faint praise, and you are definitely better than the in-house tag would suggest. I actually think the magazine works because it doesn't try to fit that norm. Keep doing what you are doing!

Ashley Wright, Singapore
Thank you. NB We are in-house and out-house; open to the world. Ed.

I found the sleep article interesting. I have chronic insomnia and have participated in several sleep studies. Sadly, for people like me, not much helps.

Monique Massabki, Toronto
'Sleep: the lowdown on your lie-down', issue 7. Ed.

People are often scared of the language of science; however, broken down correctly, everyone can understand. I worked for many years as a biomedical scientist, so I am always keen to talk about science and promote further interest in the field.

Andrew Clarke, Tokyo

My son is an avid reader (185 books since August) but he is 8, a little young to enter your Book

Club trawl. So the only teenager in my house is me and I do not read as much as I used to...

Elisabeth Eljuri, Caracas
Book club: recommendations for teenagers, this issue. Ed.

I understand that the deadline for Book Club has passed. My son Joey is an actor and he was doing a TV show so has only just had time to send through his recommendations. Here they are. I would have added, true Montréaler that I am, Mordecai Richler's *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz* and Hugh MacLennan's *Two Solitudes* and *The Watch that Ends the Night*.

John Coleman, Montréal
You can read Joey's last-minute choices at Book club: recommendations for teenagers, this issue. Ed.



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Looking ahead
Let me know your ideas for future issues. In particular, what does 'luxury' mean to you? And if you live in Hong Kong, how hard is it to find somewhere to live? Ed.

Book club
Recommendations of books for young children being accepted now.

OBITER DICTUM

Latin, deconstructed, in case of need

in specie

In tangible form. Repayment of a debt paid in gold coins is repaid in *specie* in gold coins.

in terrorem

By way of a threat. As in an excessive penalty for breach.

intra vires

Validly done within one's powers to act.

in vacuo

In a vacuum. Without any context.

in vino veritas

In wine there is truth—alcohol being a later-to-be-regretted truth serum.

in finitum jure reprobatur

The law abhors endless litigation (wishful thinking).

injuria

Injury. Usually used in relation to reputation rather than bodily injury.

ipse dixit

In their own words. An uncorroborated statement not to be confused with *ipsissima verba*, meaning 'the exact words used'.

ipso facto

By the very fact itself. 'Therefore' will usually do.

ipso jure

By the operation of law.

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

RICHARD CALNAN ON JURISPRUDENCE

When you are dealing with a transaction, which is more important—the form in which it is clothed or the substance of what it does? This is a question which all legal systems have to grapple with, and it arises in a variety of contexts.

Take a lease. A landlord leases an office to a tenant for ten years. The tenant can give six months' notice to terminate the lease on the third anniversary of the lease. That is 13 January. By mistake, the tenant gives six months' notice to terminate the lease on 12 January. Is the notice ineffective because the tenant got the date wrong? Even if it is perfectly clear to the landlord what the tenant was attempting to do? These were the facts of a case which was heard by nine judges in the course of three hearings. Five judges said the notice was ineffective, four that it was effective. But, because three of those four were in the final appeal court, the tenant won. What was important was not the form of the notice, but the substance of its effect on the landlord.

This was a borderline case, and it illustrates a constant battle between two ideologies—the necessity to adhere to rules, and the wish to give effect to what is really meant. Different legal systems draw the lines between these opposing views in different places. In broad terms, the civil law systems (based ultimately on Roman law) tend to have more formal requirements than the common law ones (deriving from English law). But they all have to grapple with the problem.

In the common law systems, substance is often more important than form in commercial law. There are two main reasons for this. In the first place, most commercial activity stems from the creation of contracts. There are few formal rules for the creation of commercial contracts; what is important is how a reasonable person would view the intention of the parties

from what they have written, said and done. The byword is freedom of contract: in most cases, parties are free to agree what they want.

The other key requirement of commercial law is the ability to transfer assets from one person to another—for instance on a sale, or by way of security. Here, there are more complications, but the basic principle remains that all that is necessary to transfer a beneficial interest in an asset is an intention to do so. The focus is again on the intention of the parties, rather than the form of the transaction.

Experience of dealing with formal requirements in practice inevitably leads to the conclusion that they create problems. One example is the requirement of many legal systems that a guarantee must be in writing and signed by the guarantor. In many cases, this is easy to comply with. But it can be a problem. One case involved a building contract. For good commercial reasons, a person gave an oral guarantee of the obligations of a party to the contract. It was held that the guarantee was unenforceable because it was not in writing. The effect was that a contractual undertaking was ignored because it was not made in the requisite form. It is hard to see how that can be said to serve the interests of justice.

The more mature a legal system becomes, the more reliance it places on general principles rather than detailed rules.

Next time: *What makes a good judge?*

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

Introducing
Thomas
Heatherwick



‘DESIGN IS LIKE SOLVING A CRIME’

Thomas Heatherwick is a designer without limits. He is not an architect but is an honorary fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects. He is internationally recognised, with work commissioned in New York (La Maison Unique), Abu Dhabi (Al Fayadh Park) and Singapore (the Learning Hub, Nanyang Technological University), but also in the tiny village of Laverstoke in England (the Bombay Sapphire Gin Distillery). Heatherwick’s whole approach to design is governed by a refusal to be categorised: his team’s work to date includes a spinning chair, a rolling bridge, an expandable zip bag, the London 2012 Olympic cauldron, a power station, an ‘endless’ bench and a London bus.

Neither is he limited by the confines of budget, environment or client brief. He operates within these constraints but they seem to act as a spur to his creative drive. Heatherwick Studio was commissioned to transform a former grain silo in Cape Town into a gallery for contemporary African art—the world’s first (the Zeitz Museum of Contemporary Art Africa). Made up of forty-two concrete tubes, the grain silo is arranged in a tightly packed cube. Wanting to retain and honour the historic fabric of the building (‘We could either fight a building made of concrete tubes or enjoy its tube-iness’), Heatherwick’s solution was to create a central atrium and exhibition space by carving into these concrete tubes. What makes the design extraordinary is that the hollowed-out space is in the shape of a single kernel of corn. Columns are cut away around the central atrium to allow glimpses of other spaces, spiral staircases and shafts of light, drawing people in, and all the while celebrating the building’s former use.

The British Government’s brief for the Shanghai Expo in 2010 was similarly challenging: to build a top five pavilion among 203 nations, and with half the budget of other Western countries. Anxious to avoid what he calls ‘a cheesy advert for Britain: umbrellas and bowler hats, the Queen, David Beckham’, Heatherwick instead created

something unique. Heatherwick Studio took 250,000 seeds from the Greenwich Millennium Seedbank and encased them in the tips of sixty thousand acrylic rods, and built a seed cathedral (shown here on the facing page). Much like the Cape Town gallery, it operates as a piece of design on a number of levels. Its ‘hairiness’ is intriguing, the lines of the Union Jack give it a specific British signature, and the seed rods carry an implicitly ecological message, all without text or voiceover—the interior of the pavilion was silent, lit only by sunlight transmitted down the acrylic rods. The seed cathedral was visited by more than eight million people over six months and won the Expo’s prize for best pavilion.

Although Heatherwick himself has almost celebrity status in design circles, he insists that collaboration is key to the creative process. He speaks always of ‘we’ rather than ‘I’ in discussing Heatherwick Studio projects. This collaborative process brings together engineers, architects, product designers, landscape designers, sculptors, photographers, stage designers, embroiderers and urban planners, again refusing to adhere to the usual boundaries in the design world.

It is this collaborative, multi-disciplinary approach to design that sets his projects apart, making each particular and distinctive. Heatherwick avoids a signature look: ‘I’m not interested in things looking like I did them. I’m interested in them being special to that place.’

But if there is a signature to his work, it is the genuine passion, the playfulness, and the joy that shines through in every project. There is a cleverness and sophistication to his creations, but this is shot through with an infectious exuberance, a flamboyance, that never fails to excite and engage.

Thomas Heatherwick
heatherwick.com

ted.com/talks/thomas_heatherwick

newyorker.com | ‘The Heatherwick Effect’, May 2008

wired.co.uk | ‘Thomas Heatherwick: master builder’, October 2013

Claire Bamber is a writer, maker and interior designer, and a qualified lawyer. She works for Norton Rose Fulbright in London.

The Q&A

Ken Stewart

A TRUE TEXAN

Is thought leadership a term which is easily abused?

Like most terms that consultant types pick up, it has gotten over used in a hurry. The concept of thought leadership is important, but I'm not sure that the word hasn't gotten used so much in so many ways that it's lost a little bit of its cachet. Not everyone and not every organization can be a thought leader.

Do you think that a lot of non-Americans don't actually know or understand the United States as well as they think they do?

I don't want to sound pejorative, but I think your statement is correct. Even those people who come here and travel here a lot, I think don't get a deep understanding.

The same is true about people in the US—we don't understand Europe or Asia or Australia or South Africa the way the people who live there do. I think we all overestimate our ability to understand another culture without having really gotten immersed in it. And we do that at our peril sometimes.

I try to do some reading, and some understanding and talk to people who are from there, live there, but still yet I'm sure I don't understand them anywhere near as much as I think I do.

From a US perspective, do you think that Europe is in terminal decline? Have we entered upon 'The age of Asia'?

Without a doubt the Asia Pacific realm is becoming more of a player on the global stage. As a result of that, the feeling of dominance that

the US and Europe collectively had about themselves for most of the last century is not going to carry on into this century. We're going to have other players at the table. It doesn't mean Europe and the US have, quote unquote, declined in any raw sense; it's just that there are more players involved in the game and therefore you're dividing up the world pie among a few extra seats.

Do you observe a difference between generations of lawyers?

I probably don't understand the younger generations as much as I think I do, but there are differences. It's sort of cliché but it seems to be borne out in truth that they are looking more for a life balance, they are not willing to put in the time and make the sacrifices that my generation did. The demanding nature of what the law practice is, is something that they don't seem to be willing to put up with. We're having to revamp the profession to some extent.

Now, having said that, that's the stereotype. There certainly are some in the generations below mine that have huge work ethics and pull all-nighters like we did all the time. You can't paint the whole generation with a single brush.

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

Learn your craft. You've got to be a very good technical lawyer: that is expected by the clients and it is a ticket just to get in the door.

Build your network. That is what is going to propel you through your

I think we all overestimate our ability to understand another culture



career, the people who you know, the people who will help you move along in your career, send you legal work, be a referral source or reference. Start day one.

Can idealists and rigid thinkers survive in business?

They probably have a harder time of it. If people have a ‘my way or the highway’ attitude, they probably aren’t going to be very successful over the long run, unless they are just running their own relatively small business. There’s only so big they can get with that kind of attitude, or there’s only so far, probably not very far, up a corporate organization they can get. The same thing with the idealist. If the idealist is going to run with, ‘I’ve got some liberal ideal, it’s my driving principle and everything I do or decide has to fit into that’, that’s just another form of rigid thinking and that’s not going to get you very far. You can’t go at it with a one-size-fits-all mentality. You’ve got to have the ability to run in different ways in different places. You’ve got to have flexibility.

You were educated in Arkansas and then in Tennessee. Does that mean you are not a Texan?

Some people will say, if you can’t go

back at least four generations, then you’re not a Texan; others will say that as soon as you cross the border you’re a Texan. I’ve lived in Texas longer than I’ve lived anywhere else. My children were born here; they think of Texas as home. I’m probably as much Texan as I am anything else.

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

Water resources are critically important. They are going to become more so as the population expands. I’m a believer that there is plenty of that resource around and, if we use it wisely, there’s not going to be a shortage. That doesn’t mean that we won’t go through some droughts. In the overall pattern, we’ve got conservation—which is becoming a big issue in Texas and is driving water usage per person downward—and there is a lot of fresh water around in Texas and a lot of aquifers below ground which, if managed properly, will provide the water that’s needed. It may get a little expensive, but it’s not the thing that would keep me up at night if I was worried about the Texas economy. In fact, I’m pretty

bullish on Texas as a jurisdiction over the next two or three decades. I think it’s going to be a very positive and vibrant place to be.

What is your leadership style?

I probably don’t know any of the consultant speak or technical terms for it.

I am a believer that leaders have to be true to themselves and true to their own strengths and knowledgeable of their own weaknesses. I lead a lot through conversations, one on one, or small group conversations.

My style is not to be a dynamic speaker on the stage, who gets everyone in the room geared up and enthused, and the troops charge out. Mine is much more a personal, conversational type of leadership style. I certainly try to develop meaningful and deep relationships with the group I’m leading.

I’m not the celebrity leader. It’s not who I am. That I think can be a weakness because there are times when the organization of a project needs the cheerleader. I can do it, I have learned to do it; but I think often when I do it, people recognize that I have learned to do it.

Continues on page 55

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Ama Dablam

Words by T E Valentine

I did not see the rescue helicopter until it was right overhead. It was late afternoon and the winds had grown stronger, becoming a constant roar in my ears. I stopped for a moment, forced my ice axe into the snow, and squinted up into the bright Himalayan sunlight. As I worked to catch my breath, I could just make out the figure of a man dangling below the helicopter, attached to the rescue line. There was no doubt about it: he was dead.

This was not the first death amongst the climbers at our base camp. In fact, it was the fifth since I had arrived at Ama Dablam more than six weeks earlier. Ropes had failed, ice walls had collapsed, altitude sickness had taken its toll. The mountain had been particularly deadly this season.

More than sixty years ago, Sir Edmund Hillary spent an entire season at the foot of this Himalayan mountain, scouting, searching for a route to the summit. England was in need of another great mountaineering triumph to match Hillary's conquest of Everest in the spring of 1953. Hillary and his team scoured the lower slopes of Ama Dablam in search of a path to the top, but they eventually had to declare defeat. Sir Edmund wrote back to London, declaring the mountain 'beautiful but unclimbable'. Ama Dablam was already known locally as 'the mother's necklace'; now it became famous as 'Hillary's unclimbable peak'.

But few peaks are truly unclimbable, and in 1961 the riddle of Ama Dablam was solved by a team of four climbers: mountaineer and doctor Michael Ward (from England); Barry Bishop (from Cincinnati in the US), who went on to become an acclaimed photographer with *National Geographic* and a scholar; and writer Mike Gill and builder Wally Romanes (both from New Zealand). Their ascent of Ama Dablam—the first winter ascent in the Himalayas—was not repeated for twenty years.

This exquisite mountain has grown in popularity, particularly with 'experienced amateur' mountaineers. At 22,349 feet, supplemental oxygen is not necessary, and the approach is less dangerous than for most of the Himalayan giants.

I first spotted Ama Dablam from the distance in 1986. I had just graduated from law school in Nova Scotia and was spending the summer in India, working in a little school in Darjeeling run by Jesuits. At that time, Darjeeling was deemed a 'control zone' by the Indian government and foreigners were required to leave the area every fifteen days and then apply to re-enter. The closest border was Nepal, and I spent my mandatory exit periods wandering the streets of Kathmandu and trekking through the countryside. I was young and I fell in love with Nepal. Kathmandu was all noise, excitement and colour: until, that is, you went into one of its many temples, and encountered a serenity and tranquility matched only by the sight of Nepal's Himalayan giants filling their space in the landscape. As I trekked through the Himalayan foothills, I caught my first glimpse of Ama Dablam, far off in the distance. I made a mental note to return.

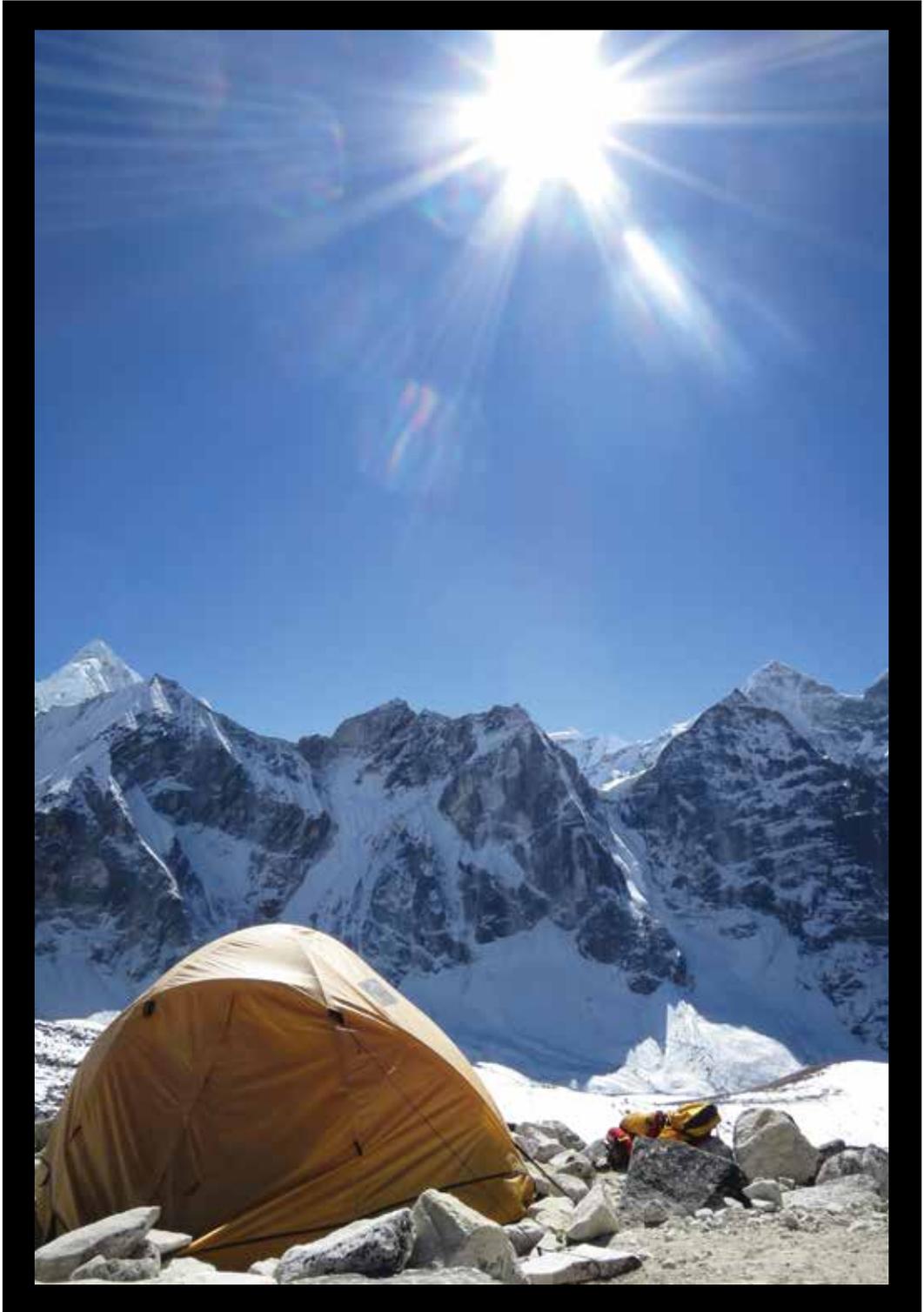
Nearly thirty years passed. I'd like to say I had grown fat and idle as a mountaineer and a dreamer of dreams but that's not true. I had persisted: I had become an experienced amateur. And now I had returned to the mountain that had captured my imagination all those years ago. I was here, on the Himalayan range, climbing Ama Dablam, inching towards Camp III, more than 20,000 feet above sea level.

The idea of scaling this mountain seemed so much more romantic when I was 25. Back then, wandering from village to village, sleeping in little teahouses or on the floor of a local monastery, I had all the confidence of youth. Those days seemed a long way off.

The wind was cold and growing colder. My face was blistered from the sun. My feet were blistered from my boots. I was having a difficult time feeling my fingers. I was tired and sore and lightheaded. I had been six weeks without a shower. Six weeks sleeping on the frozen ground. Six weeks of eating a diet of Ramen noodles, rice, lentils and yak meat.

It was time to climb higher. I waited until the rescue helicopter and its ill-fated cargo disappeared down into the valley heading towards base camp. I stomped my feet to try and warm my toes, put my head down, and trudged upwards.

I had planned this climb of Ama Dablam for more than two years. Around the office people would laugh when I told them that one of my greatest challenges was finding life insurance. Trips into Yemen and Afghanistan with work had made me an underwriter's worst nightmare. My wife is a practical woman and a mother of four. We agreed that I wouldn't attempt Ama Dablam without back-up. She's also an understanding woman, and when things changed and I was finally able to qualify for that last bit



of insurance, my wife could see that it was time. I was getting older. If I wanted to chase down a dream, I shouldn't put it off any longer.

I started to train in earnest, hired a climbing Sherpa and began rearranging my work commitments. As the training intensified so did the injuries; my old joints kept letting me down, so I always had something to grumble about. But, gradually, my fitness improved. Files were delegated, meetings were rescheduled, travel arrangements were put in place. It was now—or never.

After all that preparation, there was too much at stake to quit now. I stared at the rope that connected me to my Sherpa, and jabbed my ice axe into the mountain. I climbed higher.

But I couldn't shake the image of that dead climber from my head. He was probably younger than I was, stronger than I was and better trained than I was. He probably had a family like I did. And now he was gone, dangling in the wind at the bottom of the rescue line as the helicopter carried him down. I thought about the others who had died on that mountain earlier that month. A strong American climber, an experienced German climber, a young Nepalese guide. I noticed that my pace up the mountain had slowed again.

I took one last look toward the summit and caught a glimpse of it just as the clouds closed in. I thought back to when I first saw the mountain nearly thirty years earlier. I was still at least six hours from the top and the wall of ice and rock known as the *dablam* (the necklace) loomed overhead. At night, in our little tents, we would hear great pieces of ice and rock thunder down the mountainside as the ice wall crumbled. Teams were now trying to figure out whether there was a safer route to the summit. This was the most dangerous part of the mountain. As far as we could determine, no one had reached the top in more than a week. I wondered if it really made a lot of sense for the first climber up the new route to be a middle-aged lawyer from the Canadian prairies.

I realized that I had already made my decision. It was time to shift my attention away from my dream and start to enjoy the experience. I knew it was not my turn to reach the summit. 'Lakba!' I shouted to my Sherpa, 'It's time to turn around and descend. Let's go and find ourselves another mountain.'

Ethiopia

A portrait in words

The geologist

The Afar desert
Is said to be the hottest place on Earth
The Afar Rift
Is said to be one of the few places on Earth
Where we can witness plate divergence

How does the hot, molten rock migrate and evolve
As it rises towards the surface?
How does the surface of the Earth react
As it is thinned and split apart?
How is the magma intruded into this thin crust
To form the beginnings of a new ocean?

The continental crust is cracking open
The horn of Africa will fall away
Creating an island in the Indian Ocean
Splitting the African continent in two
The sea will flood in

All this will take about ten million years.

The correspondent

Tigray, the cracked desolate landscape of the far north
The site of a once Biblical famine
The closest thing to hell on earth

Now, in a valley, across the plains, summoned by horns
They use picks shovels iron bars bare hands to tame the desert
They build terraces
They force water to seep into the soil
In flash flood canyons they build dams
They terrace entire mountains

Community leaders barking orders into mobile phones

Now, families reap three harvests a year
Now, malachite kingfishers live in the desert
Now, people want electricity

Not godforsaken, not now, not then.

The trekker

One of the great, extraordinary landscapes of the world
High uplands with tremendous ravines
That plummet for thousands of feet

You're compelled to stay in designated campsites
This did not appeal to the Johnnie Walkers one iota
We just want to trek and camp on our own.

We encountered rain, hail and snow
Which in November is considered to be extraordinary
And very unlucky.

The lawyer

Addis is a city of skyscrapers, surrounded by poverty
Three, four, even five dual lane roads
Crossing each other at different angles
No traffic lights, no stop signs
All the cars driving to the intersection at the same time
Yet the cars continue to move
I simply don't understand it
I can see no logical structure.

The commentator

Crazy grey mountains
Huge blue lakes flashing like mirrors in the sun
Vast rigid squares of plastic sheeting

Subsistence farming
A step-by-step approach, communal
Dependent on rain, prayers and aid

Flower farms
Yielding more than fifty per cent of export earnings
Dependent on complex chains of production and transport

The water table is going down
Everyone says
The priority now is water

How will the flower farm coexist with agriculture
That is done by hand
And dependent on rain?

The cooperative

When we get more money we rent more land
And we send our children to school
Investing in land is safe
A house is an asset
And from cattle you get money for milk.

The women's cooperative

We started to discuss common issues
We started to invest in sheep, goats and cows
We started to learn to read and write
Our life is not comparable with the old days
It is the difference between earth and sky

Some men had three or four wives
The oldest was abandoned
And had to go on working
Female genital mutilation was common
Now, it is almost stopped
There is still dominance of men
But polygamy is rare, now.

The aid worker

Every village had a church, with trees around it

It was 1980 and I was 24

The first foreigner to go into rebel-held areas of northern Ethiopia
I went under the protection of the Tigray People's Liberation Front
And travelled with foot soldiers for three months

I walked into one village and they ran away from me
They had never seen a white person
People were running up the hillside to get away

They lived in circular houses with straw rooftops
Where there was no electricity they used oil lamps
They lived off the land, using oxen and wooden ploughs
And walked long distances to get water from the streams

I hooked up with the TPLF band at one point
I played to a crowd of three thousand in an open-air auditorium
They pressed money into my clothes to show appreciation

The land hadn't seen rain for a long time.

The teacher

Pizza places and ice cream parlours
Locals sipping on macchiato
Injera, huge sour pancakes made from teff wheat
Eating with their hands, feeding each other
The ancient sound of music, spellbinding
High emotive pitches, beautiful Ethiopian women
The talk of young men in a chat house
Reminiscing over the glorious past
Water and electricity coming and going
The enormous dust bowl that is Addis
Ethiopia was never colonised by European settlers
Everyone in Addis knows this.

The aid worker

I led a documentary film crew into Ethiopia in 1984
Media reporting, Band Aid, Live Aid
I was a guest at the independence celebrations in 1991
I went back in 1994 and had dinner with Meles Zenawi
All he wanted to talk about was the old days

In 1991, the story goes
Donors with embassies in Addis started to flee
So Meles Zenawi went to the airport
He stood in the airport giving a speech
They stood there with their bags ready to leave
Ready to get onto the plane
Only twenty per cent of them actually left
The other eighty per cent turned around, came back

He was that persuasive
He was that good
He was an extremely clever guy
Tigrayans, Amharas and Oromos
They have dominated politics in the country since forever
Since the time of Solomon.

The trekker

Most of Ethiopia is at altitude
The border with Somalia is extremely low-lying
It may be the hottest place on Earth
The people are pretty poor
But they're a nice, open people
Very proud of their country
If you go to the former Imperial palace
You'll see a picture of Haile Selassie and his retinue
Accompanied by James Bagge's father
They have no colonial history to talk of
The Italians were only there for a few years
What they did do was leave some quite good architecture behind
Addis Ababa is quite a nice city
It's at height so you get a beautiful clear sky
We loved it.

The commentator

Addis used to feel like a timeless city
People walked slowly as if on a long stroll
Now, they march the streets
With speed and urgency
Hammering, grinding and showers
Of glittering acetylene sparks
Proclaim the arrival of armies of Chinese workers
And the rise of mighty steel and glass constructions.

The visitor on business

Ethiopia is slow to move
It has to step up the game
Keep up with the pace of change
It's insular
It's over regulated
It could be a powerhouse in the region
A global player
There are hydropower and geothermal resources
There is the consumer base that consumer-related industries seek
There are natural water reserves—the lakes
There is agriculture, flowers, fruit, vegetables

There are secondary markets outside of resources
There is telecoms, technology coming onstream
Kenya, Tanzania, Uganda, Burundi, Rwanda
Freedom of movement of people
Freedom of movement of jobs
African countries are almost leapfrogging ahead
Ethiopia is slow to move.

The aid worker

Sylvia Pankhurst is buried in Ethiopia
The ashes of Bob Marley were brought to Ethiopia
And tourists flock to the rock churches at Lalibela
It is true
There is a church that is guarded by priests
They won't let anybody in
Nobody at all
Under any circumstances
And that is supposedly the site of the Holy Grail.

The commentator

The monastery at Debre Damo has stood for 900 years
High among the vast Tigrayan mountains
There are carvings of birds and animals
There are deep sunken pools
Dug over the centuries by the monks
To hold the rain water

Ethiopia is old

Ask any passing Ethiopian
What is the story of Ethiopia:
It begins with the visit of the Queen of Sheba
To King Solomon
Who tricked her into sleeping with him
And their child was King Menelik I
The founder of Ethiopia
And King Solomon, as a parting gift,
Gave the Ark of the Covenant to the Queen

You will be told this as simply
As if it were yesterday's weather.

More than three million years ago
Our hole in the ground
The Afar Rift.

With thanks

- British Geological Survey
- Chris Haslam, BBC Radio 4, *From Our Own Correspondent*, 2015
- Owen Jonathan, the Johnnie Walkers hiking group
- Rob Otty, Norton Rose Fulbright
- Richard Dowden, Royal African Society
'Ethiopia: a tale of two development models from the valley where we began', RAS blog 2012
- 'Extraordinary Ethiopia—ancient, booming but undemocratic', African Arguments 2013
- 'Ethiopia's historic self-confidence writ large in the monastery at Debre Damo', RAS blog 2014
- Jon Bennett, Oxford Development Consultants
- Nick Parish
- Guest font: ethiopia.limbo13.com

Words compiled and edited by
Nicola Liu, editor of *Re:*

Ethiopia

AVANT GARDE

OR, WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO BE RUSSIAN?

AN ART ESSAY BY
NATALIA CHUDAKOVA



Does the mysterious Russian character really exist? Irrational. Unpredictable. Passionate—and totally unperceivable by the Western world? Or is this just a myth, a comforting excuse for every failure rooted in incompetence and national hoity-toity?

Previous page: *Kazimir Malevich*, costume design for a New Man for *Victory Over the Sun*, 1973 lithograph, © A A Bakhrushin State Central Theatre Museum.

Opposite above: *Varvara Stepanova*, costume designs for *The Death of Tarelkin* (1922) © A A Bakhrushin State Central Theatre Museum.

Opposite below: *Alexandra Exter*, costume design for A Queen of Martians for *Aelita*, © A A Bakhrushin State Central Theatre Museum.

My answer is Yes. Yes, it does exist, and it is about not success, not money, no, it is about a kind of devotion to the purpose of life. When you talk of Russia and its place in human history, you will always speak of culture: music, literature, theatre, art; and here you will arrive at Avant Garde—Russia's chief export, absolutely unmatched, extraordinary.

The shaking year 2014 was a good time to host an exhibition of the Russian Avant Garde in the heart of Anglo-Saxon London, at the Victoria and Albert Museum. In a year of such political tension, mounting an exhibition like this was always going to be a challenge. But, curiously or not, Russian and British individuals worked in unison, each from their end of the rope, to make it happen.

Human civilisation facing down a catastrophe: this is the climate in which the Avant Garde artists in Russia created their work from 1913 to 1933, and it still resonates today. The V&A exhibition, housed up a flight of stairs in the twisting corridors of the museum's theatre and performance galleries, presents a dark, rich red space, making me feel almost that I have stepped inside a human heart, filled with presentiment of a coming catastrophe and, at the same time, hope for the future. Both of these are the extreme attributes of the Russian heart.

Speaking about the Russian character, let me tell you a little about Alexey Bakhrushin—Russian philanthropist and art collector, who belonged to one of the five richest Russian families at the beginning of the twentieth century



and who lost everything after the communist revolution. ‘Everything’ from the common, tangible point of view, that is; not from his own personal perspective. He preserved the things that mattered for him in life: family, honour, motherland.

Bakhrushin was one of the most talented entrepreneurs of his time; he ran his own leather industry, which prospered significantly in the years leading up to World War I, supplying the Russian army with boots and belts. At that time, Bakhrushin owned a whole street of buildings in the centre of Moscow stretching from his mansion, a neo-gothic palace on Paveletskaya Square, to the crossing with Malyi Tatarsky alley. In 1913, he donated this building along with 1,500,000 exhibits of his precious theatre relics to the City of Moscow.

At the very start of his career as an art collector, Bakhrushin reminded his cousin Alexey Petrovich: ‘Under no circumstances should you leave your collection to your closest relatives...not for the sake of glory and not in search of rewards, but for the benefit of the Motherland and its people, all of our mighty wealth should serve.’

Bakhrushin did not leave Russia after the revolution of 1917, despite the very real danger to his family. He stayed and devoted himself to the chief passion of his life—his theatre collection. He was not killed (as so many others were) but he and his family did suffer, losing all their property and possessions and at one point having nowhere to live. But they survived. And in 1919 Lenin appointed Bakhrushin director of the Theatre Museum, a position that he held until the end of his days.

Bakhrushin’s collection is filled with relics from a dramatic historical period. Through the two centuries when Europe was burning with the fever of industrial and social revolution, a much more important revolution took place in Russia: a revolution in art. This was most strikingly crystallized in theatre, being a concentration of all forms of creativity—music, dance, literature, dramatic art and visual design.

This was the time when theatre became independent, financially and conceptually. This was the time when all extremes of the Russian character burst onto the stage.

Look at the stage design for *Magnanimous Cuckold* (1922) by Liubov Popova; the costume designs by Kazimir Malevich for the futurist opera *Victory over the sun* (1913); the costume designs for *The Death of Tarelkin* by Varvara Stepanova; or the apocalyptic images by Alexander Rodchenko for *The Bed Bug* produced at the Meierkhoid Theatre, Moscow. They are all unique in inventiveness and visual energy and unmatched in their quality.

There is no other nation in Europe where all the leading artists and painters worked for the stage, presenting each of them their own personality rather than that of a particular school or canon.

‘To make an invention one has to start with something that people perceive as an absurd’, Mikhail Larionov used to say to his followers, Malevich



Liubov Popova, Maquette for Magnanimous Cuckold, © A A Bakhrushin State Central Theatre Museum

and Tatlin. ‘You have to learn from the street boarders, folk amateurs and soldiers who draw on fences rather than from academicians.’

Malevich went on to declare the ‘supremacy of pure artistic feeling’ and he paved the way—through his costume designs using triangles and squares for the world’s first futurist opera—to his famous Black Square painting.

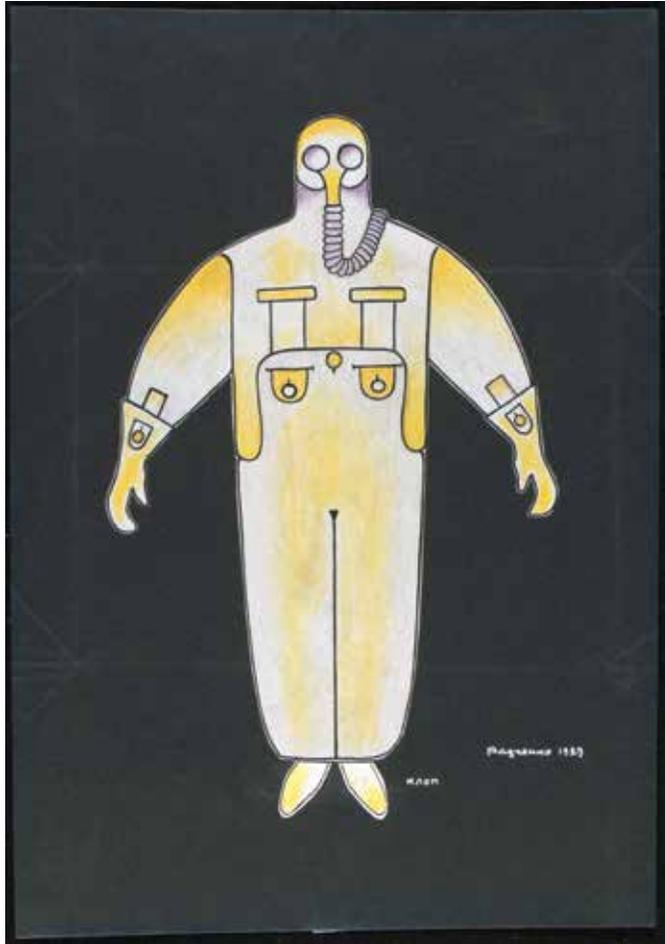
Mikhail Larionov and his wife Natalia Goncharova are perceived as the founders of Avant Garde; even Picasso was influenced by them. And here is an extraordinary phenomenon only typical for Russia. Women artists of that period are equal to men.

You cannot distinguish who is a man and who is a woman without knowing exactly who is the creative artist. This relates to poetry, literature, painting, all the arts. Think of the Russian women poets Akhmatova and Tsvetaeva, the artists Rozanova, Exter, Stepanova, Popova, Mukhina and many others. In the intellectual circles of Russia at the end of the nineteenth century there was no perception that woman is second class.

Avant Garde was about making art without rules, making art without a model and rational structure, giving priority to intuition over skills. This again is one of the main attributes of the Russian character. The sad ending of the story is that this world of striking metaphors was swept



Alexander Rodchenko, costume designs for *The Bedbug*, (1929)
© A A Bakhrushin State Central Theatre Museum





Alexander Rodchenko, costume design for *We*, 1919–1920, © A A Bakhrushin State Central Theatre Museum

away by Stalin's regime in the early 1930s, bringing tragic endings to the artists' families and monotony to the cultural landscape. Even more sad to relate is that people's childlike naivety and emphasis on the idea over the tangible world, so typical of Russians, have always been exploited by 'the powers that be'.

None the less, rulers will go: and culture stays for ages ever after. Culture is what defines the nation and is the soil from which emerges our growth and development and our individual stories of triumph and success.

Our thanks to

The Victoria and Albert Museum, The A A Bakhrushin State Central Theatre Museum, Nikita Lobanov-Rostovsky

'Russian Avant-Garde Theatre: war, revolution and design, 1913–1933' was organised by the V&A in collaboration with the A A Bakhrushin State Central Theatre Museum; the exhibition ran from 18 October 2014 to 15 March 2015.

Life

go on horseback across Mongolia, take parents through Myanmar, get better at Portuguese Kayla Feld Singapore. remind parents in Alexandros's class re tree-planting (contact tree nursery, confirm supplies) NB sponsorship? Niki Alexandrou Athens. take kids snorkelling /touch a turtle Damien Butler Brisbane. refurbish house! Lisa-Marie Sikand London. throw Mom a mega 60th birthday celebration Kim Caine New York. clear out wardrobe / polish up Italian...attend a course again? Kristina Gerdt Hamburg. hike Otter Trail in South African national park (4 nights /coastal wilderness) Matthew Thornton-Dibb Durban. buy new puppy (Finnish Laphund?) Belinda Comber Sydney. prepare, rehearse, rewrite after-dinner speech on history of the Ashes for Cook Society dinner at Lord's Jeff Barratt London. ravine walks, bike rides, swimming, weekend adventure trips NB mow lawn Sean Pratap Toronto. first ever camping vacation—Lago di Levico /pack Italy map Natalia Chudakova Moscow. take last year's sabbatical. hopefully. Elisabeth Eljuri Caracas. whitewater kayak, 10 days, Salmon River, Idaho (River of No Return) Cecil Kuhne Dallas. head to NYC and Columbia Law School and start LLM program! Gustavo Mata Caracas. 12 September 2015 walk down the aisle to marry wonderful man I am totally in love with Candice Collins Johannesburg. plan next climb (Mt Fuji again?) NB speak Tokyo AIPN cttee re teaching seminar CHANGE SNOW TYRES Andrew Clarke Tokyo.

To do

The sporting life

Extreme sports

'at the same time it quickens the pulse, it stills the soul'

THE WHITEWATER RAFTER

United States

Nowadays, I forget what I had for lunch. But memories of whitewater rafting trips I took a decade ago are so vivid it's as though they happened yesterday. When I was in college, I landed the summer job of a lifetime—professional whitewater guide in the Grand Canyon. The passion took hold: since then I have managed to raft river on six continents and write ten books on river running.

Rafting offers a compelling fusion of nature, danger and camaraderie. Your raft enters the sleek, sharply tapered tongue—a sliver of smooth green silk unfurled before the churning white water. Seconds seem like hours as you plunge toward the watery abyss. Like flotsam in a whirlpool, the raft rocks from side to side as it flashes past the huge holes of the cataclysm. We eat its wall of water and paddle hard to keep from being washed into the rocky depths.

Travelling down a ribbon of emerald green in a deep, secluded valley has this powerful, but contradictory, impact: at the same time it quickens the pulse, it stills the soul.

Cecil C Kuhne III in Dallas is the author of *Hunting and Fishing Law*, *Cowboy Law*, *Boating Law*, *Skiing Law* and is an experienced whitewater guide.

THE PARAGLIDER

Germany

Paragliding is pure passion. I started with a tandem flight in the Dolomites, but am now hooked at doing it by myself. I started my solo training in the summer of 2011 in Austria and got my paragliding licence that September. Since then I have had many flights in various flight areas like the Dolomites, the Alps and Slovenia. Every flight is exciting. Before a flight I do a detailed weather check of the wind direction, wind force, clouds, thermals and the forecast for the next few hours.

After some big, fast steps, I am in the air, enjoying the spectacular landscape. You can feel freedom and silence and sometimes you can fly with eagles.

But you must concentrate at all times because of changing weather conditions and other pilots in the air. I prepare the landing early enough to negotiate the wind direction and wind force at the landing area. I get out of my harness and, two metres above ground, I pull through the brake lines and touch down softly.

Mareike Dub, Frankfurt

THE ROCK CLIMBER

South Africa

I've been climbing for twenty years—it's part of who I am. Before that I was a gymnast. It ticks all the boxes for me: the physical workout along with the mental demand to problem solve and control your fears. One has to have a 'hang in there' attitude. Climbers can spend years working on getting up specific routes.

Right now I'm more of a 'social climber'. Before children, I was national champion. In 2001, my husband and I road-tripped around the US, via all the well-known climbing spots in the Western states. We were climbing in a town called Rifle, Colorado when 9/11 happened.

I suppose I rationalise away the risks. I follow the rules and I'm respectful of the situations I find myself in. I climb on fixed protection; I get my belayer to check my knot before I set off and we check each other's harnesses. If you become complacent, accidents happen. I have lost friends to climbing accidents.

I don't think about how high I am. You have to completely focus on the section of rock that you are trying to climb, particularly when some holds are as tiny as the edge of a credit card.

Robyn Holwill, Cape Town



THE HELI-SKIER

United Kingdom

Imagine yourself standing on the top of a mountain. Clear blue sky. Mountain ranges. Deep, white, untracked snow. You jump off and then float down the incline. You feel like you're flying, floating through mid-air. That's what it's like to ski deep powder snow. It's addictive.

Canada is my country of choice for heli skiing. There are remote lodges in British Columbia with a ski area half the size of Switzerland. I first went to the Cariboos lodge in 1990—it was accessible by helicopter only after a seven-hour drive from Calgary through the Jasper Ice Fields.

On a good day you will get ten or more drops, with vertical descents of 1000+ metres. Lunch is helicoptered in.

Snow builds up around the trunks of trees and can be deep. Two years ago, a guide fell down a tree-well and suffocated. Four years ago, one of the skiers ignored instructions and fell down a crevasse. He lost one ski but the other wedged at about 15 feet below; the guides managed to pull him out after an hour and a half. There was a fairly 'extreme' celebration in the lodge that evening.

Jeff Barratt, London

THE BIKER

Australia

I grew up on the coast of New South Wales. My first bike was a Honda XR100 that I literally rode until I blew the engine up. I enjoyed years of riding with friends through bush tracks to beaches, but I was most happy at a nearby quarry where I laid out a circuit with jumps, stutters and tight corners.

My first race bike was a steel-framed Honda CR125. I broke the frame after a particularly big jump. Freshly minted with my first job, I took out a loan for an aluminium-framed bike.

I raced at Moruya Speedway which had a motocross track on the inside of the flat track. The Speedway already has quite a heady atmosphere with the smell of two-stroke mixed in with the sounds and smells of massive sprint cars, but the rush that you feel when the starting gate drops and twenty bikes start racing toward what seems like a very, very narrow first turn—that is something else.

My folks tolerated rather than supported my chosen sport, so it was a touch ironic that at the first race they came to, they saw me stretchered off in a neck brace with suspected spinal injuries after landing headfirst off a jump.

Adam Hall, Sydney

THE ROCK CLIMBER

Singapore

I learned how to rock climb from my older sister, Shara. She's still the real expert, doing hardcore deviations like ice-climbing up frozen walls, chipping the holes with an ice axe as she climbs.

We started by climbing up boulders on the rocky shores of the Pacific Ocean, then began setting routes up the tall cliffs of Smith Rock, Oregon. Our most recent trip—deep-water soloing in Krabi, Thailand—involved climbing with no harness, but over water, so a fall would not necessarily be fatal. We island-hopped between small islands with large, overhanging cliffs. We would jump out of the tiny boats, swim to a shaky rope ladder hanging down from the rocks and then climb up the cliffs until fear (or good sense) overcame us and we jumped off into the deep water below—before climbing up again.

If I'm going over 10 metres when deep-water soloing, the sea will feel very solid when I hit it. I tend to jump off before I get that high. There is still a danger element—I could hurt myself by falling from high up or in the wrong position or by bumping the cliff, but the chances of death are definitely minimised.

Kayla Feld, Singapore

THE RACING DRIVER

Australia

My dad was a rev head and for as long as I can remember I have been into cars. I would nag him to let me drive his big V8s up and down our driveway before I was ten.

These days I race my street car called Boris. It's a Nissan Skyline GTS, single turbo 2.5 litre engine. It looks standard, but pushes 400 mechanical horse power, or 300 kilowatts. It's a bit of a weapon.

I'm a member of a car club that regularly hires different tracks. 150 entrants race against their own best times. We aren't supposed to race each other, but it's hard not to when you have big boys in very fast cars coming at you. The thrill of that cat-and-mouse chase is awesome and doing it at over 200 kilometres an hour on the edge of not only the car's capabilities but your own sanity has me shaking with adrenalin at the end of every run.

I also drag-race my car, enjoy riding both dirt and road bikes and have been an avid snow-skiier since I was three. I am so grateful to have this extreme fun in my life.

Belinda Comber, Sydney

THE SCUBA DIVER

Italy

I scuba-dive for that feeling of weightlessness: it must be close to how astronauts feel in space. And it's a different world under water, you see everything differently. It's possible to dive in most types of water around the world, including lakes and rivers, as long as you have the right gear. Extreme conditions only affect how long your dive lasts. Before you perform a dive you must be familiar with how your equipment works and check that it is in good condition, as you rely completely on it. The regulator, air tank and pressure gauge are the most important pieces, as well as the dive computer, which measures the time and depth of a dive, and the buoyancy compensator device, which stops you from sinking or going up too quickly. Too quick a descent can lead to nitrogen narcosis and too quick an ascent can lead to a higher risk of embolism. If any of those devices fail, you could be in danger—that's why nobody dives alone. The 'buddy system' makes scuba diving a fantastically social sport.

Davide De Santis, Milan

THE MOUNTAINEERS

Canada

United States

I have climbed in the Rockies, the Himalaya, Bolivia, the Swiss Alps. I like the excitement. For my fiftieth birthday, I spent three weeks climbing the Eiger. Last fall, I climbed for two months in Nepal. The April earthquake was heart wrenching. More than eight thousand dead. Tens of thousands injured. The people of Nepal had next to nothing; and now they have even less. Climbers almost always have the possibility of death hidden away in the back of their mind. But when others raise concerns, we dismiss them, saying 'we know what we are doing'. The tragedy of Nepal reminds us how dangerous these mountains can be.

The first rule of mountaineering is 'getting to the top is optional: getting down is mandatory.' I have scaled two of the Seven Summits and have tackled Everest base camp, Island Peak, the Rwenzori range in Uganda, Mt Rainier and Colorado. The sensation is awesome. There's the climb itself; the exhilaration of standing on the highest peak of a continent, ice pick in hand, crampons tied to boots; and the relief of getting off the mountain. This sensation is what keeps me going on extreme adventures. Every scrap of my experience pales in comparison to what occurred on Mt Everest this year. I am grief-stricken.

Tom Valentine, Calgary. His article on climbing Ama Dablam is featured in this issue

Mark S Miller, Houston



THE FUTURE IS **5** SNOW



Snow-Camp is the UK's only registered charity providing an accredited journey of programmes which combine snowsports, life-skills and vocational opportunities to support inner-city young people.

To date, more than 5000 young people have attended Snow-Camp. 100% said that Snow-Camp had helped them to grow in confidence and self-esteem and 85% have gone on to employment, training, further education or other positive destinations.

It is now our vision to expand Snow-Camp to 5 cities across the UK and bring the success of our approach to improve the lives of many more inner-city young people.

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The guide to New York

You've seen *Sleepless in Seattle*? *When Harry Met Sally*? *Working Girl*? You grew up with *Guys and Dolls*? *Breakfast at Tiffany's*? *Midnight Cowboy*? You've watched *Mean Streets*? *King Kong*? *Manhattan*? You still haven't bothered to watch *The Wolf of Wall Street* but you have seen *Trading Places* and *Ghostbusters*? It's time you went to see the star of the show, New York City, the city that never sleeps. Day or night—in 'New York, New York'—there is always something to do. It's time you took a 24-hour furlough and went *On The Town!*

A WEST VILLAGE GUY

Mark A Robertson

Once a Texan, always a Texan. I first came to New York in 1986, came back in 2001 and am still here now: a Texan in New York City.

WHAT TO DO

Start with the unmissable sights: the Statue of Liberty, Ellis Island, the Metropolitan Museum, Natural History Museum, Empire State Building, Museum of Modern Art, and, of course, Fifth Avenue.

Then check out the Frick Collection—the setting is spectacular and the museum includes works by Vermeer, Rembrandt, and Rubens. Or take a tour of the beautiful views and medieval architecture at the Cloisters in upper Manhattan.

Set time aside to explore Central Park: a picnic in the Sheep's Meadow, a visit to the Bethesda Fountain, a stroll across the Great Lawn, a ride on the vintage carousel, and a spot of rowing on the lake—all great ways to spend a day.

Go for a walk along the High Line—it's an elevated freight train line that has been made into a park with trees and flowers. Even on cold, snowy days, it works.

MOVING AROUND

Walk. Unless you want to sit in traffic, frustrated. I often walk past a hotel and see people waiting in line for a cab to go to a Broadway theatre: actually, they could walk there in ten minutes.

Spend time walking with no plan in mind. So, if you have been downtown—visiting Wall Street or the 9/11 Memorial—head for Broadway and walk north for a few miles. You will get a feel for different neighborhoods. Check out Bleeker Street in Greenwich Village for its shops, restaurants and bars.

The subway is an easy and safe way to get around the City. To go north, look for a train going 'uptown'. To go south, head 'downtown'. Cabs are plentiful—unless it's raining; or rush hour.

EATING OUT

Breakfast

The one good deal you can still find in NYC is breakfast. Almost every area has a great diner and most also have an all-night diner; just ask someone who knows the neighborhood. My favorite place is the Bus Stop.

Pizza

Ask any group of New Yorkers to name their favorite pizza joint and you'll have an argument on your hands. The V&T Pizzeria in Morningside Heights (near Columbia University) is mine. In Greenwich Village I love Arturo's, and John's on Bleeker Street. You'll see pizza sold by the slice everywhere you go.

Hamburgers

The Spotted Pig has famous owners (Jay-Z, Mario Batali, Bono, Michael Stipe) but the real draw is the great gastropub food. It doesn't take reservations, but you can leave your name and go down the street to have

a drink at the Orient Express or Turks & Frogs until the restaurant calls you.

Pre- or post theatre

Go to Joe Allen's. If you wait at the bar long enough, you are more than likely to see someone from a movie or television show. Or go to Bar Centrale. You don't need reservations to sit at the bar (which you'll find up some stairs and behind an unmarked townhouse door), but once those few seats are filled, you won't be allowed in unless you have booked. Two other mainstays are Orso and Angus MacIndoe's.

A bygone era

When I step into the Waverly Inn, I feel like someone turned back the clock. I'm talking quintessential New York. The food is delicious—just one word of warning: the macaroni and cheese appetizer is priced between \$65 and \$125, depending on the cost of truffles. In Midtown, the sister restaurant is called the Monkey Bar. Both are owned by the editor of *Vanity Fair*, and it shows.

Upscale

The Four Seasons Restaurant has been around since the 1950s and still serves fantastic food in a beautiful setting. I like the pool room—which gets its name from the pool in the middle of the room. Or try La Grenouille: great French food, a great setting. I've been told the upstairs dining room was a painter's studio in an earlier era; it retains that rustic charm.

See the *New York checklist* on page 43



AN UPPER EAST SIDE GAL

Jarret Stephens

I was born and raised in New York City and have lived here most of my life. My backyard is Central Park and Museum Mile.

WHAT TO DO

Take a walk across the Brooklyn Bridge on a spring day, have brunch on the Upper East Side or ride the Staten Island Ferry just to look at the view. New York is a city like no other. Of the five boroughs—the Bronx, Brooklyn, Manhattan, Queens and Staten Island—the easiest to navigate and the heart of the action is the island of Manhattan.

Museums

Manhattan is filled with museums. We have the big three: the Met, MOMA and the Museum of Natural History. There are many smaller museums that provide a more intimate experience. The Frick Collection—one for more traditional art enthusiasts—is in a mansion built by Henry Clay Frick that is as much an experience as the art inside. Or if you're on the Upper West Side, take a look at the New York Historical Society's exhibits on the history of the City. And venture off the island to visit the New York Transit Museum, housed in a historic 1936 subway station in downtown Brooklyn.

Music

Seven days a week, New York City is rockin'. Aside from larger venues like Madison Square Garden and the Beacon Theater, there are many smaller places. Rockwood Music Hall on the Lower East Side is a tiny live music venue where you can see singer/songwriters and new artists. Blue Note in Greenwich Village is an institution where all of the jazz greats have played: if you like jazz, there is nothing like it.

Performing arts

Lincoln Center houses the Metropolitan Opera, New York City Ballet, Vivian Beaumont Theater and the New York Philharmonic. And try to get to see the American Ballet Theatre.

If you're like me and you want to see some avant-garde works or want to get away from the Broadway crowds, you'll love Danspace (contemporary dance in a stunning church off Second Avenue) or The Public Theater (host to the Under the Radar Festival)—one of the most exciting, interesting and diverse festivals of experimental theater worldwide).

I also hand on heart recommend the New York Theater Workshop in the East Village, the Brooklyn Academy of Music (aka BAM) (host to The Next Wave Festival) and the Abrons Arts Center on the Lower East Side.

There's more, much more... I still want to tell you about New York Live Arts, Soho Rep Theater, St. Ann's Warehouse, The Kitchen... What do you mean, you don't have time?

MOVING AROUND

New Yorkers walk *everywhere* (and fast), especially in Manhattan. If where you're going is too far to walk, the subway is the easiest way to get around town. Don't be afraid to use it!

EATING OUT

Brunch

Everyone in New York does brunch and the best places get packed, but here are a couple that are worth the wait: go to Alice's Tea Cup on the Upper East Side—their smoked salmon Benedict on scones is amazing, and their tea menu is several pages long; and visit Friend of a Farmer in Gramercy to make you feel like you've stepped into a Vermont farmhouse. Afterwards, take

a walk around the beautiful (and private) Gramercy Park.

Dinner

Here are a few of my undiscovered favorite restaurants: Balvanera is a little place on the Lower East Side that serves Argentine food; Gentleman Farmer is a tiny restaurant with an intimate ambience and outstanding food (if you like game); Juni is a Michelin-starred gem hidden away in the Hotel Chandler.

Coffee

Try Oslo Coffee Roasters on the Upper East Side or stop in at Irving Farm Coffee Roasters in Gramercy.

SHOPPING

If you're looking for a designer bargain and don't mind combing through the racks, head for Designer Resale on the Upper East Side.

If you're into food, and books about food, Bonnie Slotnick Cookbooks in the East Village and Kitchen Arts & Letters on the Upper East Side are an absolute dream. They are filled table to table, wall to wall, top to bottom with cookbooks, food history books, food writing books, anything to do with food.

Catbird is a tiny boutique in Brooklyn selling jewelry and gifts, including pieces by local designers.

Chelsea Market in the Meatpacking District has gourmet food shops, wine stores, book-stores, live music; go for lunch and spend the day exploring.

Union Square Farmers Market at Union Square Park has, in peak season, 140 regional farmers, fishers, and bakers selling fresh produce and giving cooking demonstrations to a dedicated legion of city dwellers. The place is a New York institution.

See *the New York checklist* on page 43



PASSING THROUGH

Claire Bamber

I lived in New York for over four years. It never felt like a forever, rest-of-my-life kind of place, but knowing that I would one day leave meant that I made the most of my time there.

- 1 Do your research—watch a movie set in New York (I suggest *You've Got Mail*).
- 2 Go to a flea market—the Hell's Kitchen flea was my local and I used to drop by most Saturdays. The Chelsea Antiques Garage is bigger and the Brooklyn flea takes some beating, but I have a soft spot for the mix of treasure and trash in Hell's Kitchen.
- 3 Go out for brunch—New Yorkers take Sunday brunch seriously so it pays to book ahead. I returned again and again to 44 & X. It has the best restroom in New York. Really.
- 4 Get creative—Purl Soho sells a fabulous range of yarn and fabric and is a sensory feast.
- 5 Buy a book—the Strand bookstore is a must on a rainy day; there are miles of shelves to get lost in. 192 books has a small, well-curated selection and McNally Jackson is the place to find international writers in translation.
- 6 'Send a salami to your man in the army'—Katz' diner is a New York institution. For sheer entertainment value, it can't be beaten.
- 7 Catch some music—for the price of a drink, you can listen to up-and-coming musicians play every hour at The Living Room.
- 8 Go up in the world—New York is a city best seen from above. It's worth braving the queues at The Rockefeller Center or the Empire State Building.
- 9 Find the Irish Hunger Memorial—tucked away among New York City's skyscrapers is a nineteenth-century stone cottage from County Mayo, Ireland. I find the incongruity of such a modest dwelling in such vaunted surroundings quite moving.
- 10 Catch a bus—the drama of daily life is played out on the buses. Every day, I used to ride the M50 from Tenth Avenue to the UN building on First. Crossing Manhattan, I had front row seats to the street theatre unfolding around me as New Yorkers went about their business.

Photograph by Claire Bamber

A BROOKLYN FAN

R Blake Miller

I am 25, I am a grad student at NYU and I live in Brooklyn—where else?

The coolest thing about Brooklyn is the dose of reality it can bring to a typical Manhattan trip. Brooklyn has always represented a place people came from: now it is somewhere they want to move to. But Brooklyn won't be so cool much longer. Rent is becoming expensive, and this affects the price of everything.

Come to Brooklyn to support funky businesses— independent shops, music shops that sell vinyl, &etc—or to try a brew or coffee made locally, or just to get away from Manhattan.

Brooklyn is divided into neighborhoods, and each has a different vibe. Be prepared to feel like a local at outdoor eateries like Smorgasburg and at music venues like the Knitting Factory and the Music Hall of Williamsburg, where the cover and drinks cost half of what you would pay across the river.

(The Music Hall is run by the same people who front The Bowery Ball room in the City, so if you do head over the river check that out and the legendary Webster Hall, which has been going since 1886.)

You'll need a bed for the night. If you don't have a friend in Brooklyn, don't be afraid to try Airbnb before hunting for a hotel room. The site has expanded to include nightly accommodations at great prices. Park Slope and Fort Greene are more centrally located (near Prospect Park and the Brooklyn Museum) and are home to more of Brooklyn's shaded boulevards and quiet eateries and cafes. Williamsburg is where young City dwellers go for late nights.

A regular subway service to Brooklyn runs east to west from Manhattan's 14th street under the East River. Brooklyn can be a bit seedy and hard to get around without using cabs or buses or being prepared to walk long stretches. Many Brooklyn residents use Uber and Lyft, which are often easier to call and cheaper for short distances than cabs.

Brooklyn's cafe culture is a trip in itself. Gems like Bedford Hill Coffee Bar and Milk & Roses convert from buzzing morning cafes to candlelit bistros. Mominette is a French bistro in Bushwick; it's great for a long Sunday brunch.

Photograph by Ivan Maslarov



NEW YORK CHECKLIST

44 & X

622 Tenth Ave
Corner of W 44th St
Hell's Kitchen
44andx.com

ABRONS ARTS CENTER

466 Grand St
Lower East Side
abronsartscenter.org

ALICE'S TEA CUP

220 81st Street
156 64th Street
Upper East Side
alicesteacup.com

ARTURO'S PIZZA

106 W Houston St
Greenwich Village
arturoscalooven.com

BALVANERA

152 Stanton St
Lower East Side
balvanerany.com

BAM

30 Lafayette Ave
Brooklyn
bam.org

BAR CENTRALE

324 W 46th St
Theater District
barcentralenyc.com

BEDFORD HILL COFFEE

343 Franklin Ave
Brooklyn
bedfordhillbrooklyn.com

BLUE NOTE

131 W 3rd St
Btw 6th Ave/MacDougal St
Greenwich Village
bluenote.net

**BONNIE SLOTNICK
COOKBOOKS**

28 E 2nd St
East Village
bonnieslotnickcookbooks.com

BUS STOP CAFE

597 Hudson St
West Village
busstopcafenyc.com

CATBIRD

219 Bedford Ave
Brooklyn
catbirdnyc.com/shop

CHELSEA MARKET

75 9th Ave
Meatpacking District
chelseamarket.com

CLOISTERS

99 Margaret Corbin Dr
Washington Heights
metmuseum.org

DANSPACE

St Mark's Church in-the-Bowery
131 E 10th St
(at 2nd Ave)
danspaceproject.org

DESIGNER RESALE

324 E 81st St
Upper East Side
signerresaleconsignment.com

FOUR SEASONS

99 E 52nd St
Btw Park Ave/Lexington Ave
fourseasonsrestaurant.com

FRICK COLLECTION

1 E 70th St
Corner of 5th Ave
Upper East Side
frick.org

FRIEND OF A FARMER

77 Irving Place
Gramercy
friendofafarmer.com

GENTLEMAN FARMER

40 Rivington St
Lower East Side
gentlemanfarmernyc.com

**HELL'S KITCHEN FLEA
MARKET**

W 39th St
Near 9th Ave
annexmarkets.com

**IRISH HUNGER
MEMORIAL**

North End Ave & Vesey St
Battery Park City
Lower Manhattan
bpcparks.org

**IRVING FARM COFFEE
ROASTERS**

71 Irving Place
Gramercy
irvingfarm.com

JOE ALLEN

326 W 46th St
Theater District
joellenrestaurant.com

JOHN'S PIZZERIA

278 Bleecker St
West Village
johnsbrickovenpizza.com

JUNI

12 E 31st St
Btw 5th Ave/Madison Ave
juninyc.com

KATZ'S DELICATESSEN

205 E Houston St
Corner of Ludlow St
Lower East Side
katzsdelicatessen.com

KITCHEN ARTS & LETTERS

1435 Lexington Ave
Upper East Side
kitchenartsandletters.com

KNITTING FACTORY

361 Metropolitan Ave
Brooklyn
bk.knittingfactory.com

LA GRENOUILLE

3 E 52nd St
Btw 5th Ave/Madison Ave
la-grenouille.com

LIVING ROOM

134 Metropolitan Ave
Williamsburg
Brooklyn
livingroomny.com

MILK & ROSES

1110 Manhattan Ave
Greenpoint
Brooklyn
milkandrosesbk.com

MOMINETTE

221 Knickerbocker Ave
Bushwick
Brooklyn
mominette.com

MONKEY BAR

60 E 54th St
Midtown
monkeybarnewyork.com

**MUSIC HALL OF
WILLIAMSBURG**

66 N 6th St
Brooklyn
musichallofwilliamsburg.com

**NEW YORK HISTORICAL
SOCIETY**

170 Central Park West
Corner of 77th St
nyhistory.org

**NEW YORK THEATRE
WORKSHOP**

79 E 4th St
Btw 2nd Ave/Bowery
East Village
newyorktheatreworkshop.org

**NEW YORK TRANSIT
MUSEUM**

Boerum Place and
Schermerhorn St
Brooklyn
mta.info/mta/museum

ORIENT EXPRESS

325 W 11th St
West Village
orientexpressnyc.com

OSLO COFFEE ROASTERS

422 E 75th St
Upper East Side
oslocoffee.com

PUBLIC THEATER

425 Lafayette St
NoHo
publictheater.org

PURL SOHO

459 Broome St
Lower Manhattan
purlsoho.com

ROCKWOOD MUSIC HALL

196 Allen St
Lower East Side
rockwoodmusicall.com

SMORGASBURG

Williamsburg waterfront
Brooklyn
brooklynflea.com

SPOTTED PIG

314 W 11th St
West Village
thespottedpig.com

STRAND BOOKSTORE

828 Broadway
Corner of 12th St
strandbooks.com

TURKS & FROGS

323 W 11th St
West Village
turksandfrogs.com

**UNION SQUARE
FARMERS MARKET**

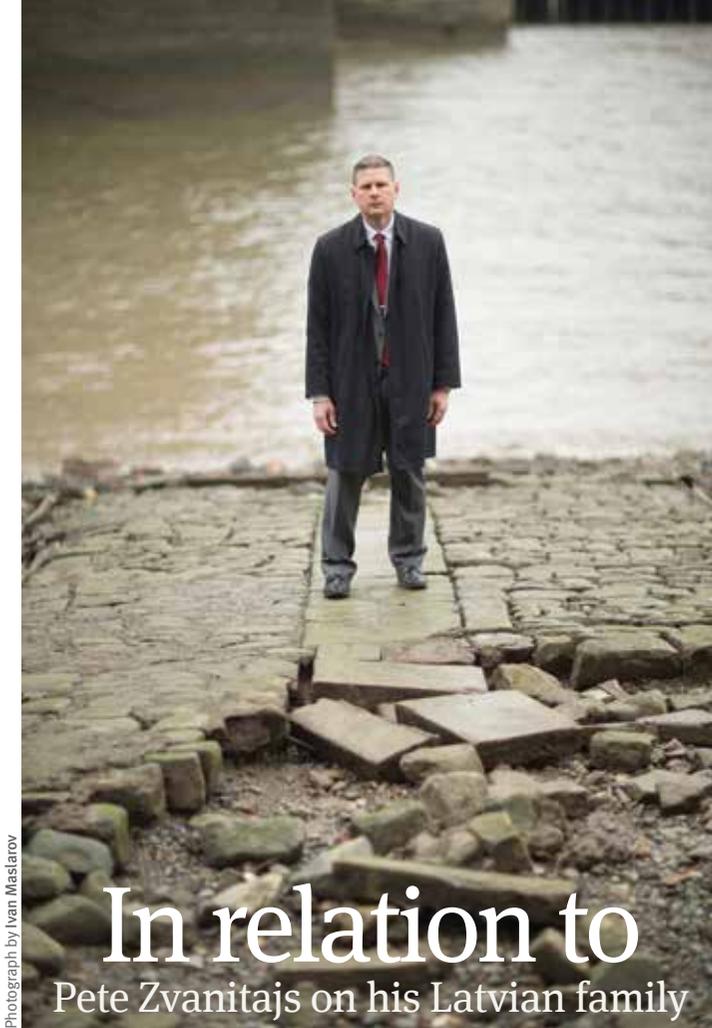
E 17th St
Union Square Park
grogny.com/greenmarket

V&T PIZZERIA

1024 Amsterdam Ave
Morningside Heights
vtpizzeriarestaurant.com

WEBSTER HALL

125 E 11th St
East Village
websterhall.com



Photograph by Ivan Maslarov

In relation to Pete Zvanitajs on his Latvian family

COMPLETING THE JOURNEY Ventspils, Latvia | Sunday, February 2015

Aleksanders Blokmanis

The church was quiet, even though a few people had remained behind to light candles. I was there with my relatives, 77-year-old Dedzis Broders and his wife Ilga. We had come in search of my great grandfather.

His name was Aleksanders Blokmanis. He had once been a priest, here, at the 114-year-old Orthodox Church of St Nicholas in Ventspils. He died in 1954. That's all I knew about him, that and what he looked like.

Now, holding one of the few photographs we had of him, we approached the local priest and Dedzis asked whether he was familiar with the name Blokmanis. We were directed to

a woman standing near the altar. Elena was writing a history of churches in the area and was able to tell us that my great grandfather had indeed served at St Nicholas, and at another church nearby, in the countryside. The rural church had been burned to the ground during World War II, but Elena knew where Aleksanders Blokmanis was buried.

Before we left the church, Ilga lit a candle, and I lit a candle, and we said a prayer. I prayed for my great grandfather, hoping that he was at peace.

That was my first day in Latvia—I was completing a journey which had taken me to the land of my parents and their parents before them.



Valda Emilija Nodolskis and sons
Valdemars and Juris



Antons Nodolskis



Edgars Aleksanders Broders, wife
Nina and daughters Inta and Dace



Dedzis Andrejs Broders and
Edgars Aleksanders Broders
in Canada

WHERE THE JOURNEY BEGAN

In 1940, the Baltic states of Latvia, Lithuania and Estonia were torn apart by the dictates of war. More than one hundred thousand men, women and children in Latvia were deported to gulags (the forced labour camps) and resettlement in Siberia. Half of them died. One hundred and twenty-five thousand Latvians fled the country and became refugees.

Valda Emilija Nodolskis

Five years later, in March 1945, as Latvia lay still covered in snow, Valda Nodolskis decided to make her own bid for freedom. She was 31 years old. In the middle of the night she took her two young sons, one of them four years old (called Valdemars) and the other (Juris) just two years old,

to a beach north of Ventspils. She stood there in the freezing dark with at least fifty other people, all of them waiting for a boat that would take them across the Baltic Sea to Gotland in Sweden.

Valda's husband, Antons, came with her to the shore to say goodbye to his wife and children. He wasn't going with them. He had decided to stay behind and do what he could to help more Latvians escape.

At 4 am, rowboats ferried fifty-seven refugees from the shore to a small fishing vessel. The boat was shot at by tracer bullets even while people were being loaded onto it. Among the children lifted onto the boat under gunfire were the two boys,

Valdemars and Juris—boys who would one day become my father and my uncle. Valda Nodolskis was my grandmother.

Antons did not make it out of Latvia. He was caught, sent to a gulag in Siberia and never saw Valda or his sons again. (Nor met me, his grandson.)

In 1951, in Canada, Valda married again and her name changed to Valda Zvanitajs. Her second husband, Vilis Zvanitajs, was also Latvian.

Edgars Aleksanders Broders

Edgars Broders married Nina Blokmanis in 1935. In 1940 he built a house for the family in Riga, the capital of Latvia. When he was last

there it was 1944 and he was by himself. In his writings he describes his final moments in his home. He writes that he went into the living room and said a prayer. He prayed that one day he and his family would return to fill the house with more happy memories. That day never came.

In 1944, Edgars and Nina Broders also escaped on a boat out of Ventspils. They had two children, two little girls. Inta was eight years old and Dace was just a toddler.

As their boat pulled away from the shore toward an uncertain future, the people on board started singing the Latvian national anthem, *Dievs, svē ti Latviju* (God bless Latvia). It was their farewell to the country and those who remained.

Years later, Edgars had managed to build a new life, a good life, for himself and his family in Canada. His younger daughter, Dace, became my mother. Edgars Broders was my grandfather and Nina my grandmother.

Dedzis Andrejs Broders

Edgars had a cousin called Karlis and he in turn had a son, Dedzis. In 1941 Dedzis was just three years old. He and his parents were arrested and sent to the gulags of Siberia. Karlis was separated from his wife and son and was shot. Dedzis and his mother, Irma, were forced to resettle east of Krasnoyarsk.

They lived there in abysmal conditions until Dedzis was 18 when, in 1956, they were allowed to return to Latvia.

More than thirty years later, following the collapse of the Soviet Union in 1991, the country began its renewal and the Latvian government decided to rebuild the iconic national opera house in Riga. Edgars, by then 85 years old, sent a donation from his home in Canada and his name was inscribed on the back of a seat in the theatre.

In 1995, Dedzis and his wife paid a visit to the opera house to see it in its restored glory. As he walked through the auditorium, Dedzis suddenly noticed the name ‘Edgars Broders’ on one of the seats. He stopped, and looked. Could this be his father’s cousin? But it couldn’t be. Edgars and all his family had perished long ago; he was sure of it.

Dedzis went to the opera house office, and the people there gave him the address of a Mr Edgars Broders in Toronto; and he wrote a letter.

Edgars Aleksanders Broders

In Canada, my grandfather read the letter and realised that this must be his cousin’s son. But how was this possible? He had always believed that Karlis and all his family were dead. Dedzis had been just a little child the last time he had seen him.

Fifty-six years after that last meeting, Edgars was reunited with his family from Latvia when, in 1997, Dedzis and Ilga travelled to Canada.

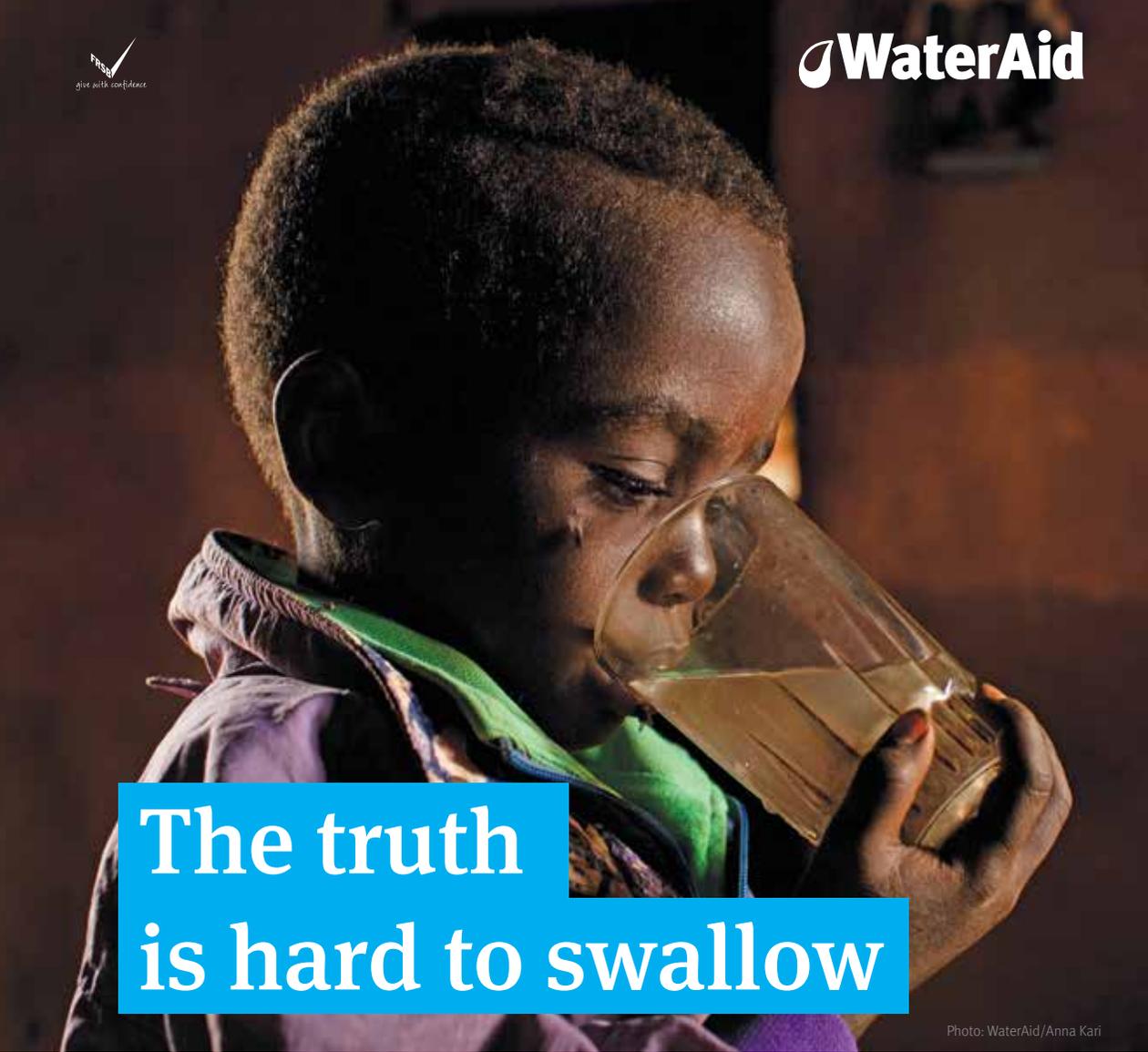
MY VIEW FROM THE SHORE

Dedzis lives in Riga, and while I was in Latvia he took me to see Edgars’ house. It is still standing but it’s unoccupied and in a state of disrepair. The gates to the yard are padlocked.

On that Sunday, after leaving the Church of St Nicholas in Ventspils, Dedzis, Ilga and I went to the nearby shore of the Baltic Sea. It is a beautiful, wide sandy stretch of dunes. I stood at the water’s edge and looked out across the grey expanse of sea—my grandparents and parents had entrusted their lives to the sea, not knowing where or how their journey would end. The future was only a hope.

I was born in Canada, as was my sister, Karin. My wife is Canadian. Her mother, Nga Nguyen, came to Canada as a refugee from Vietnam—one of the hundreds of thousands of boat people of the 1970s. Her story is another journey. But I, my wife, our children—we have known only freedom and security. We don’t know what it is to have our future hidden from us.

At the shore, I knelt down and put some white sand in a bag to take home with me. I added some of the smooth stones that dot the beach. All of my grandparents are gone now and none of them ever returned to Latvia. But I hope they know that, seventy years later, a member of the family made it back to that same stretch of coast and that the family is together again.

A close-up photograph of a young boy with dark skin and short hair, wearing a purple jacket over a green shirt. He is holding a clear glass filled with water to his lips and drinking. The background is dark and out of focus.

The truth is hard to swallow

Photo: WaterAid/Anna Kari

In the next minute, a child like Barakot will die from drinking dirty water. Will you take a minute to save a child's life?

In this day and age, it's unbelievable that children like Barakot have to risk their lives every time they are thirsty. But sadly, it's the truth.

The picture above isn't staged. The water Barakot drinks really is filled with parasites, bacteria and animal waste. Every sip really could kill him.

It only takes one minute to send a lifesaving text.

We already bring clean water to over 190 people every hour. Together, we can reach even more. Your support won't just save lives, it will transform them. Forever.

Please give £3 right now. Text 'water' to 70007.*

The kitchen table

FOOD AND WINE PAIRING FROM SOUTH AFRICA



Wine is never consumed in a vacuum; wine absorbs the mood, the view, the company of those partaking. Wine is a mirror and a magnifying glass, held up to that which surrounds it as it flows from the bottle. Wine is most often consumed with food, and the perceived effects they have on each other on the palate, good or bad, have given birth to the art of food and wine pairing.

Achieving a harmonious pairing is not as simple as it seems as there are very few absolute rules—the most unexpected pairing is often the best. Pairing food to wine depends on experimentation and intuition. Here are a few guidelines to get you started.

Horizontal v vertical

Most pairings will fall into either one or a combination of these categories. Horizontal pairing is perhaps the most obvious—it is a marriage of flavours. It seeks to build layers of intensity of flavour through similarity of tastes and textures, even colour and aroma. A classic example of this would be a prawn cocktail and citrus vanilla aioli and avocado ritz paired to a lightly oaked Chardonnay.

Vertical pairing uses contrasting textures, flavours, even temperatures to highlight or disguise specific properties in a pairing. This is a more radical approach, but the results can be impressive—gorgonzola with Merlot will see the salty taste of the cheese elevating fruit flavours in the wine.

Many of the greatest pairings contain an element of both vertical and horizontal pairing. An example of this is the pairing of a goat's milk cheese panna cotta with beetroot and lentil salsa to a Pinot Noir. The beetroot has an earthy sweet-savoury character which works horizontally with the Pinot Noir, while the freshness and fruit cut through the creaminess of the goat's milk cheese panna cotta, a contrast of textures that highlights the acid structure of the wine.

Acid and tannins

Different wines have different levels of acidity: young Sauvignon Blanc will always be crisper and fresher in terms of acidity than an older vintage of heavily oaked buttery style Chardonnay. Acidity in wine needs matching acidity in food—sweet food with high acid wine would make the wine taste sour, while high acidity in food can highlight sweeter notes.

Try this experiment when next you have a glass of Sauvignon Blanc: taste the wine, bite into a slice of

lemon and then taste the wine again. The wine will taste much sweeter after the lemon. The perfect pairing with a Sauvignon Blanc is a fresh gazpacho with seared scallops.

Tannins (phenolic compounds in wine) bind easily to protein (for instance the protein in your mouth). This is one reason why a rare steak combines so well with a full-bodied and tannic red wine: the tannins bind with the protein in the steak making the wine taste softer and fruitier.

Tannins also bind with the iodine found in seafood and the reaction causes an unpleasant metallic taste—the origin of the belief that red wine doesn't go with fish. However, this rule, as with most rules in food and wine pairing, is not absolute. Light red wines such as Pinot Noir may be paired very successfully with heavier fish such as tuna, salmon or game fish.

Weight and volume

Weight is all about body and mouth-feel. It's the difference between a light and ethereal Alsace Riesling and a fat Californian oaked Chardonnay. Volume, on the other hand, is a measure of the intensity of flavour—consider the quiet subtlety of butter in contrast to the loud riff of gorgonzola.

The combination is amplitude: weight, volume, temperature, texture and richness; and how these work together to give an overall impression of the wine or food and its resonance on the palate. The amplitude of wine and food relative to each other is central to a successful pairing.

Chocolate

Chocolate occupies much the same position as wine for most: a moment of bliss to be savoured—and why not together? Fine wine should be paired to good quality chocolate; however, that does not necessarily mean chocolate with a high cocoa solid content, as the associated bitterness can be overpowering. Chocolate that has been tempered to be hard and glossy may turn waxy with wine, while softer chocolate with high cocoa butter content will melt evenly and smoothly. The prize in wine and chocolate pairing is to enhance the subtleties of each as flavour and texture are amplified.

Creation Wines can be found on the Hemel-en-Aarde ridge of South Africa's Walker Bay wine region, near Hermanus. Our thanks to Jean-Claude and Carolyne Martin; and to Khail.

PITTMAN ON PAIRING



Food and wine pairing is a mug's game, most of the time. There are eternal rules, most of which are honoured in the breach. Always white wine with fish? Usually, but what about tuna steaks? Or grilled salmon? What about blackened catfish? I'd be inclined to reach for a bottle of Shiner Bock as opposed to a glass of Pouilly-Fuisse.

The idea at its most basic is to make the experience more than the sum of its parts—so that the drink and the food are the music and the lyrics but the experience is the song—and not to be hidebound by gastronomic edicts. For God's sake, man, you can't serve Italian wine with steak frites! But what if you do, because you prefer the zing of the Sangiovese to the freshness of the Beaujolais? Philistines unite, I say.

Here's a prime example: whisky with haggis at a Burns Supper is really about the event, and whether Laphroaig actually goes with an oat-and-innard sausage...who actually cares after the first dram or two and the songs start? My favourite pairing ever might be a cool glass of rosé, paired with a sunny day and a patio; food be damned. This is followed closely by six oysters and some Chablis—but, again, this was at the oyster bar at Selfridges in London, so who's to say that it wasn't the environs that made the experience life-affirming?

That said, here's a marriage made in heaven: Venezuelan rum, with Venezuelan chocolate. *Gracias*, Carlos and Fernando, for the recommendation.

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

EATING OUT IN LOS ANGELES

Grand Central Market

Grand Central Market has been in operation since 1917 and has always reflected the changing population of downtown LA. The three must places to go are Eggslut—for a sinfully delicious hardwood bacon, over-medium egg, and cheddar sandwich; G&B Coffee—for offerings from champion baristas at Glanville & Babinski; and Belcampo Meat Co—for perfectly prepared grass-fed, dry-aged burger with cheddar and caramelized onions or a pulled lamb belly sandwich with harissa oil.
grandcentralmarket.com
eggslut.com | gandbcoffee.com | belcampomeatco.com

République

Located in the former home of Charlie Chaplin in the fabled Miracle Mile District of LA, République offers a modern take on traditional French bistro fare. The interior of this celebrated restaurant resembles that of a medieval banquet hall, with a long wooden table stretching the length of the open kitchen. République is the type of place where you cannot go wrong no matter what you order. From the escargots en croûte to the fantastic charcuterie board to the incredibly moist rotisserie chicken, Chef Walter Manzke impresses with every dish. Although prime-time reservations may be hard to snag, there are often many drop-in seats at the bar. Don't forget to grab a delicious pastry from the bakery, or stop by for breakfast or lunch—served daily.

624 South La Brea Avenue, (310)362-6115
republiquelaa.com

Rustic Canyon Wine Bar and Seasonal Kitchen

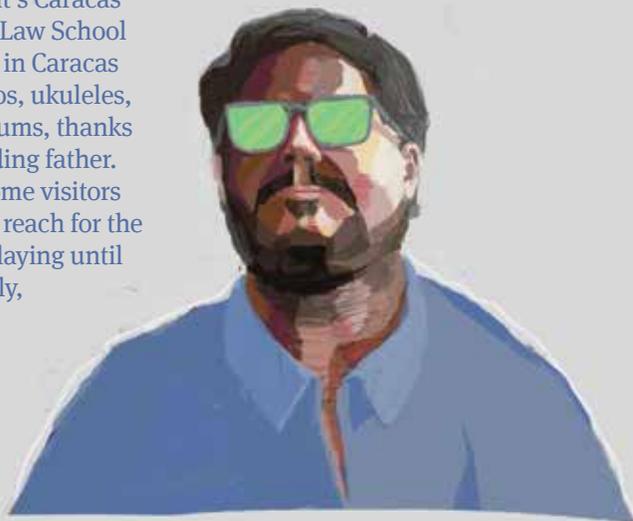
Santa Monica's Rustic Canyon has been getting a renewed buzz since chef Jeremy Fox took the helm, and rightfully so. Small plates are the star here—drawing on local ingredients from the famed Santa Monica farmer's market. Rustic Canyon focuses on seasonal, market-driven fare with standouts including beets and berries, clam pozole verde and ricotta dumplings. Hand-crafted cocktails and an extensive but approachable wine list complete the meal. Reservations are a good idea, but a few high top tables tucked in next to the small bar offer seats for last-minute diners.
rusticcanyonwinebar.com

Restaurant critics **Juan Redín**, **Lesley E Swanson** and **Lauren Shoor** are based at Norton Rose Fulbright's Los Angeles office.

One fine day

A TOP FIVE SELECTION FROM
GUSTAVO MATA—GET THE VINYL OUT

Gustavo Antonio Mata was until recently based in Norton Rose Fulbright's Caracas office and is now at Columbia Law School in New York. Gustavo grew up in Caracas surrounded by maracas, pianos, ukuleles, electric guitars, banjos and drums, thanks to a musical-instrument-hoarding father. Whenever there were unwelcome visitors in the house, his father would reach for the closest instrument and start playing until they decided to leave. Ironically, Gustavo has never been able to play an instrument. But the hoarding gene remains strong: he loves collecting music and finding out the story behind every song, record and artist.



1

SO DANÇO SAMBA

Stan Getz and João Gilberto of Brazil

Written and produced by bossa nova legends Antonio Carlos Jobim and Vinicius de Moraes, 'Só Danço Samba' is one of eight masterpieces on *Getz/Gilberto*, the critically acclaimed 1964 album that saw a collaboration between American saxophonist Stan Getz and Brazilian guitarist João Gilberto. The album is a true gem in Latin American jazz and a watershed moment between two distinct periods of bossa nova music: before *Getz/Gilberto* and after *Getz/Gilberto*. 'Só Danço Samba' stands out for its sexy saxophones and butter-soft vocals. It's a song that effortlessly and perfectly expresses the subtle romanticism in bossa nova music—as does the entire album for that matter.

2

MARÍA BONITA

Natalia Lafourcade of Mexico

'María Bonita' is what you would call a song with history. The Mexican actor and singer Agustín Lara wrote it in the 1940s as a wedding gift for his bride, María Félix, an important figure in the history of Mexican cinema. The lyrics recall a memorable night the lovers spent on the beaches of Acapulco, on Mexico's Pacific coast.

Nearly seventy years after the wedding of these two Mexican stars, Natalia Lafourcade—a young and funky Mexican pop singer—recorded *Mujer Divina*, a tribute album to Agustín Lara and his legacy in Latin American music. Her recording of 'María Bonita' may lack the typically Mexican flourishes of the original, but it is so smooth that you can almost feel the soft waves of an Acapulco beach bathing the sand.

3

POR UNA CABEZA

Carlos Gardel of Argentina

Love and heartbreak, fortune and misery are the key themes that play out in 'Por Una Cabeza'. Written by Argentine prodigy Carlos Gardel and his long-time collaborator Alfredo La Pera, this dramatic tango tells the tragic tale of a man with two insatiable passions: women and horse-racing. The lyrics are overshadowed by an even darker tragedy: both Gardel and La Pera died in a two-plane collision just weeks after 'Por Una Cabeza' was recorded, in 1935. The crash, which happened at Medellín airport in Colombia, was witnessed by hundreds of fans, who had gathered to see off their heroes.

4

FLAMINGO

La Vida Boheme of Venezuela

The word 'flamingo' may make you think of a shiny pink bird or tacky 80s Miami. But neither of these is in line with the feeling, sound and lyrics of this anthemic song from one of Venezuela's most exciting alternative rock bands. La Vida Boheme are loved by critics and fans alike, and on 'Flamingo' they unveil their sensitive side, with heartfelt lyrics and harmonies. The video for this song features nothing short of amazing old-school animation.

5

CARACOLES DE COLORES

Diómedes Díaz of Colombia

Colombia's cities, mountains and valleys ring out with the sounds of *cumbia* and *vallenato*, both forms of Latin American folk music. Vallenato fuses indigenous percussion instruments such as *guacharacas* with African drums and European accordions. One of *vallenato*'s most colourful figures in recent times was Diómedes Díaz, whose long career was filled with success and controversy—he consumed drugs on stage, fathered nearly thirty children and served time in jail after a 22-year-old woman died at his Bogotá home. 'Caracoles' was probably a high point in his career. Unpretentious, maybe not even taken seriously by some—but that's because, after just a few bars of the music, they are too busy dancing to pay it the attention it deserves. The only goal of 'Caracoles' is to get everyone dancing—that is why it makes my Top Five.

Book club

RECOMMENDATIONS FOR TEENAGERS

Recommended by Andrew Robinson | South Africa

Have Space Suit—Will Travel

By Robert A Heinlein
New English Library, 1971

A teenage boy, desperate to get to the moon, buys a second-hand spacesuit, gets it working, and is then abducted by galactic captors, facing his numerous challenges with great humour. An excellent introduction to non-fantasy science fiction.

Recommended by Susannah Ronn | UK

Holes

A YA novel by Louis Sachar
Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1997
US National Book Award for Young People's Literature 1998, Newbery Medal 1999

A gripping and inventive story about a family curse, friendship, adventure, endurance and redemption.

Recommended by Joey Coleman | Canada

Into the Wild

Non-fiction YA tale by Jon Krakauer
Villard, 1996

Chris McCandless left everything behind to travel across America, eventually settling in the US Northwest to live (and die) in an abandoned bus in what he believed was a remote area in Alaska. Jon Krakauer retraces his journey. This book was my introduction to Thoreau's *Walden Pond*.

Recommended by Susannah Ronn | UK

One Summer, America 1927

By Bill Bryson
Doubleday, 2013

A witty and irreverent history book looking at the groundbreaking events plus the achievements and often eccentric foibles of some remarkable personalities in a brief but formative period of American history.

Recommended by India Legh | South Africa

Paper Towns

A YA novel by John Green
Dutton Books, 2008

John Green's books are witty, clever and well written, with a combination of humour and tragedy. *Paper Towns* is one of my favourites (and about to come out as a movie). It's a lighthearted tale about a mysterious girl who disappears, leaving behind clues that only her estranged friend and neighbour will be able to decode. I also love *The Fault in Our Stars*, a story about two teenagers (both cancer patients) who fall in love. Other fantastic reads by John Green are *Looking For Alaska* and *Will Grayson, Will Grayson*.

Recommended by Judith Archer | United States

Percy Jackson & the Olympians

A series by Rick Riordan
Disney Hyperion, 2005 on

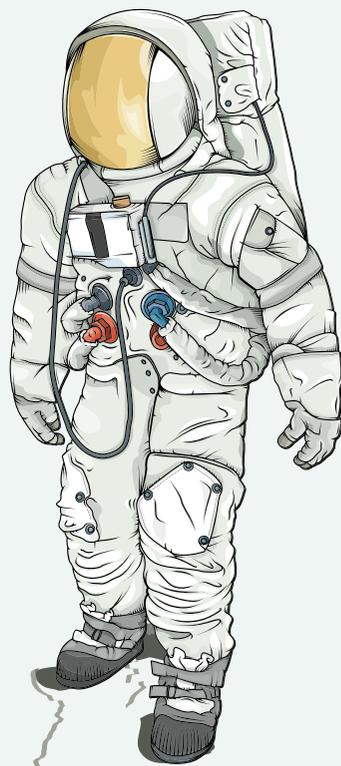
Percy is a demi-god, his mother is human and his father is Poseidon. He attends a camp for other half-bloods, and adventure ensues. The books are fast moving, funny and the characters likeable. Any book that has my young son asking when the next one is coming out has done its job. The books made my daughter so interested in Greek mythology that she read Homer's *Odyssey* way before it was assigned in school.

Recommended by Joey Coleman | Canada

Ready Player One

Science fiction by Ernest Cline
Random House, 2011

The story of a lonely boy, David Watts, in 2044. David only feels alive while plugged into an alternate reality game called the Oasis. When the creator of the Oasis finds out he is dying, he leaves a series of clues for



'PERCY IS A DEMI-GOD'

people to follow within this virtual reality. The winner of this treasure hunt will become heir to his fortune. A mix of *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* and *The Matrix*.

Recommended by Susannah Ronn | UK

Robinson Crusoe

By Daniel Defoe
W Taylor, 1719, and various publishers thereafter

Also known as 'The Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe of York, Mariner.' It goes on: 'Who lived eight and twenty years, all alone in an un-inhabited Island on the Coast of AMERICA, near the Mouth of the Great River of OROONOQUE; Having been cast on Shore by Shipwreck, where-in all the Men perished but himself. With an Account how he was at last as strangely deliver'd by PYRATES. Written by Himself.'

An immersive survival tale of shipwreck and friendship, written as a journal. A journey of self-

understanding, but above all a magical and thrilling read.

Recommended by Cory Putman
Oakes | United States

Scorched

A trilogy by Mari Mancusi
Sourcebooks, 2013

An action-packed fantasy adventure where a dragon egg may be the key to the future. Like *Terminator*, but with dragons, love triangles and humour. First in a trilogy. Not to be missed!

Recommended by Ashleigh Standen
| Australia

Sherlock Holmes

(The Original Illustrated 'Strand' Sherlock Holmes)
By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle
Wordsworth Editions, 1998

I first came to these stories when I was 11 and have loved the characters ever since. As a teenager growing up in Sydney, Holmes's London of pea-soup fogs and pipe smoke and cobbled streets was mesmerising. This is also the first book I read that asked me to think about thinking and that showed how logic and reasoning could work in real life. The stories are (perhaps surprisingly) very readable. There is lots of action and most of the tales are short—so not tough going at all.

Recommended by Cory Putman
Oakes | United States

Tantalize

A series by Cynthia Leitich Smith
Candlewick Press, 2007
A New York Times bestseller

Teenage Quincie struggles to keep up the family business: an unusual restaurant that divides diners into 'predator' and 'prey'. The first of seven novels set in the Tantalize-Feral universe, which includes vampires, werewolves, slipped angels and werebeasts. Fast-paced, witty and deliciously spooky.

Recommended by Ashleigh Standen
| Australia

The Bone Season

The first in a series by Samantha Shannon
Bloomsbury, 2013

A fabulously good read, set in London and Oxford in 2059. One of those rare stories that removes you from your own reality, immersing you in an intricate world of clairvoyant criminals, lost cities and visitors from further realms. I loved this sort of thing as a teenager, and this is just the first of a projected seven-book series.

Recommended by Joey Coleman |
Canada

The Book Of Lost Things

Fantasy by John Connolly
Hodder & Stoughton, 2006

Twelve-year-old David is dealing with the death of his mother. As in *The Lion, The Witch and the Wardrobe*, he finds himself in a world of creatures, monsters and riddles, some of these recognizable from fairy tales (like a bossy Snow White and her Seven Dwarf slaves). A great coming-of-age book that deals with loss of innocence.

Recommended by Andrew Robinson |
South Africa

The Coral Island

By R M Ballantyne
Puffin Classics, 1994

A classic castaways tale involving survival, cannibals and pirates.

Recommended by Mala Siregar |
Indonesia

The Fault in Our Stars

A YA novel by John Green
Dutton Books, 2012

'Grief does not change you, Hazel. It reveals you.' This book is not a romantic cliché. It is inspiring. It has opened my eyes and made me see many things in different, better

ways. John Green is such a genius. He knocks my senses by giving out strong emotions on almost every page, so I could really feel what the characters were feeling. I thought to myself, 'What if it happened to me? Would I be able to overcome my fear like Hazel Grace did? Would I be able

'THIS BOOK HAS MADE MY LAZY BRAIN THINK'

to live my life so beautifully as if I had no disease to worry about?' I'm really not a thinker, but this book has made my lazy brain think, and I think that is why this book has moved me.

Recommended by Tanya Hubbard |
South Africa

The Hunger Games

A trilogy by Suzanne Collins
The Hunger Games, 2008; *Catching Fire*, 2009; *Mockingjay*, 2010; Scholastic Press

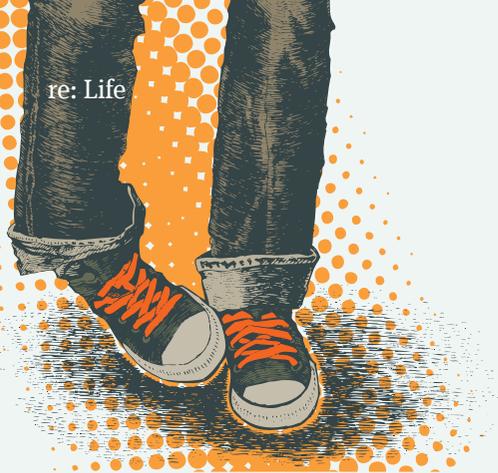
The story of a dystopian universe where each year two tributes (children) from twelve districts are forced to fight to the death for the entertainment of the Capitol. Katniss Everdeen volunteers as tribute for her twelve-year-old sister. Each book centres on the games, and Katniss's role in the rebellion to overthrow the Capitol is the main thread. My daughter had no interest in reading until a friend lent her *The Hunger Games*. These books grip the imagination with their underlying themes of love, violence, sacrifice and hope. Not for the fainthearted!

Recommended by Claire Chung
Hunter | Canada

The Jade Peony

By Wayson Choy
Douglas & McIntyre, 2011

A captivating novel taking teens like myself though the lives of



three intriguing Canadian children whose parents are recent Chinese immigrants. Readers are engaged to explore the history of immigration and Chinese culture. After reading this novel, I wrote a letter to Wayson Choy and ended up talking with him over lunch. The content of the novel reflects the life of this charismatic, talented author.

Recommended by Judith Archer | United States

The Outsiders

By S E Hinton
Penguin, 1967

The classic novel that I read as a teenager. It was assigned to both of my kids in school and both sped through it enthusiastically. The main character, Ponyboy, lives with his brothers and is surrounded by a group of friends known as 'Greasers'—who are often tormented by the well-off 'Socs'. The book has likeable characters that teenagers can relate to and themes that remain relevant today, about family, belonging, income inequality and basic human struggles that span all classes.

'ALL SHE WANTS IS TO GO BACK HOME TO POLAND'

Recommended by Libby Kate Owen | UK

The Weight of Water

By Sarah Crossan
Bloomsbury, 2012

Kasienka and her mother come to England to look for her father. But she is bullied and lonely. All she wants is to go back home to Poland. What I like about the book is that it is written in poems: this put me off at first, but I actually didn't find it that different to any other book I've read. The ending was quite sudden but that's the only thing I didn't really like. I really recommend this book for any teenage girl; don't let the poetry put you off!

Recommended by Andrew Robinson | South Africa

We Didn't Mean to Go to Sea

Arthur Ransome
Penguin Books, 1969

A classic 'two boys two girls' misadventure, where a yacht breaks adrift and the four youngsters have to pilot the vessel across the English Channel in fog, wind and rain, avoiding cargo ships and the like.

Contributors

Judith Archer has a 17-year-old daughter and a 14-year-old son. Judith is a Norton Rose Fulbright partner in New York.

Joey Coleman is a young actor in Vancouver and the son of John Coleman, a Norton Rose Fulbright partner in Montréal.

Tanya Hubbard has two daughters, 16 and 19. Tanya is a librarian with Norton Rose Fulbright in Cape Town.

Cory Putman Oakes is an American children's book author in Austin, Texas.

Andrew Robinson has a 15-year-old son and a 19-year-old daughter. Andrew is a Norton Rose Fulbright partner in Durban.

Susannah Ronn has a 17-year-old daughter and a 15-year-old son. Susannah is the deputy publisher of *Re: based* with Norton Rose Fulbright in London.

Ashleigh Standen is a young lawyer with Norton Rose Fulbright in Sydney.

Teenage contributors

India Legh is 14 years old. Her mother, Kathryn Gawith, is a Norton Rose Fulbright partner in Johannesburg.

Claire Chung Hunter is 14 years old. Her father, Chris Hunter, is a Norton Rose Fulbright partner and patent agent in Toronto.

Libby Kate Owen is 14 years old. Her father, Rob Owen, is an IT adviser with Norton Rose Fulbright in London.

Mala Siregar is 18 years old. She is the niece of banking partner Tasdikiah Siregar in Jakarta.

The Q&A

Ken Stewart

Continued from page 11

I probably at times allow myself to get a little bit insulated. Dealing with upper level decisions, the more abstract the decision you have to make, the more you can lose contact with the organization and what's happening on a day-to-day basis; and there's some risk of that at times. I try to watch for it and consciously get myself back out with the troops again and figure out what's going on if I feel that happening but I'm sure it happens more than I notice and recognize.

Have you made sacrifices to pursue your career?

Sacrifice may be a little strong a word. Law is a demanding profession. If you're going to be really good at it, if you're going to learn your technical skills, if you're going to be successful at getting clients in the door, keeping them in the door, keeping them satisfied, it just takes a lot of time. I probably spent more time away from the family than I would have cared to, although I tried to always be very careful—particularly after our children were born—to force myself to make time to be at their important events, but not just that, to be able just to spend time with them; but I wasn't there as much as I wanted.

You have to work long hours. Do you still read?

I was a voracious reader as a teenager and through my college years. But I ended up reading so much in law school and early in my career that I had to read—technical stuff—that I lost my love of reading. I probably read very little outside of work up until about five years ago.

Has it been difficult to mix work and parenting responsibilities?

Absolutely. Finding the balance, that's the tough part.

My wife took off full time for six or

seven years and part time for another four or five before she went back to full-time work. That was a conscious decision that we sat down and made. It was really an economic decision. She's a social worker by training and the jobs that she had weren't terribly lucrative, so if we were going to keep the family afloat economically, it was my job and my career that was going to have to do that. So we did a 'divide and conquer': she took the principal role of making sure the kids functioned every day and life functioned for them and I would interject myself in as much as I could; and I took the primary role of getting a career moving and keeping our economic ship going.

Are your daughters going into law?

None of my daughters is headed that way. One is going the accounting route, one is going into the human resources area and the third one has decided to go into the ministry, so she's going to a Methodist seminary.

You enjoy hunting. What does that involve?

I like to hunt birds. I grew up in south-west Arkansas in a rural area and my grandfather was a big hunter of quail. I sorta grew up with him and a lot of the personal time I had with him was around training dogs or going hunting with him. It became something that from an early age I got ingrained with. I really don't like what one would call 'big game hunting'—just never did much of it and don't like it. But I enjoy the bird-hunting, getting out, walking the fields, watching the dogs work.

What is your attitude to gun control in the US?

There is absolutely no reason in the world that anybody ought to have an automatic weapon; there's no use for it. I would control it a whole lot more than it is. I'm not a believer that

you should have no guns. That's in part cause I'm a hunter. I'm sort of in the middle ground, but leaning way more toward all of this high-powered automatic weaponry that is running loose in the United States is just crazy.

Have you ever wanted to pick up another subject and study it?

I'd love to have the time to study all kinds of things. I'm a curious man; one of the things I do when I get bored is find something new to know about. The demands of this profession just haven't allowed me to go very deep into any other subject.

What kind of things are you curious about?

History, other cultures, anthropology. I also have scientific interests—physics, astronomy, nuclear power. The list would be long. Not enough time left in my lifetime to hit them all.

How about languages?

Most everybody in London says I butcher the English language and that's the only one I know anything about.

Do you consider yourself an intellectual?

No. I think I have a decent intellect and I read a lot, as I said, but to me the term 'intellectual' has a little bit of a negative connotation. I think often in my country it has a bit of a negative connotation...a little bit highbrow, a little bit snobbish, a little bit academic, a little bit out of touch, often.

Kenneth L Stewart is global chair of Norton Rose Fulbright and chair of Norton Rose Fulbright US LLP; he is based in Dallas and Houston. He is a corporate lawyer and certified public accountant and was admitted to practise law in Texas in 1979.

Interview by Ingeborg Alexander
Photograph by Ivan Maslarov

The poem

Introduction to the Miller

The Millere was a stout carl for the nones.
Ful byg he was of brawn and eek of bones.
That proved wel, for over al ther he cam,
At wrastlynge he wolde have alwey the ram.
He was short-sholdred, brood, a thikke knarre;
Ther was no dore that he nolde heve of harre,
Or breke it at a rennyng with his heed.
His berd as any sowe or fox was reed,
And therto brood, as though it were a spade.
Upon the cop right of his nose he hade
A werte and theron stood a toft of herys,
Reed as the brustles of a sowes erys.
His nosethirles blake were and wyde.
A swerd and bokeler bar he by his syde.
His mouth as greet was as a greet forneys;
He was a janglere and a goliardeys —
And that was moost of synne and harlotries.

General Prologue to The Canterbury Tales, c.1370, lines 545–561

It is the fourteenth century and at the Tabard Inn in Southwark—a real inn, located in England roughly on the site today of 65 Borough High Street, quite near London Bridge—an eclectic group of characters meet as they prepare to embark on a pilgrimage to Canterbury Cathedral. This is our introduction to the Miller, one of the more colourful pilgrims (quite literally, his beard is as ‘reed’ as a fox). The sheer physicality of the Miller in this extract from Chaucer’s *Canterbury Tales* is glorious. The first thing we are told is that he is a ‘stout carl’ (fellow), ‘ful byg’, and that he always wins first prize in wrestling competitions. He sounds almost heroic. Until, reading on, we learn that he has a particular talent for knocking down doors by ‘rennyng’ (running) at them with his head. If he is beginning to sound less appealing, we then discover there is a prominent wart on his nose, sprouting a ‘toft of herys’. Chaucer doesn’t leave it there; he relishes explaining to us that these hairs are just like the bristles in a sow’s ears. The Miller’s mouth is like a ‘greet’ furnace:

physically huge of course, and also because he is a ‘janglere’ (gossip). I love the onomatopoeia of that word. By the end of the extract, we are in no doubt that the Miller’s physical ugliness is matched by his moral turpitude, and in fact the former is commonly an indicator of the latter in medieval English literature.

Geoffrey Chaucer (1343–1400) is often called the father of English literature, because he was one of the earliest—and most prolific—writers to adopt the vernacular for literary use, rather than the courtly language of French or Latin. And in this extract Chaucer digs deep into the vernacular, using guttural, Anglo-Saxon words that emphasise the Miller’s coarseness. It is an extraordinary development, and yet on one level you can simply laugh and enjoy the cartoonish delineation of a character that is no less comic 650 years after Chaucer put quill to vellum.

Writer and critic **Alexandra Howe** is *Re*’s arts editor and a lawyer with Norton Rose Fulbright in Paris.

Real science

Resilience

Proposition: earthquakes don't kill people; buildings do.

On 25 April 2015, Nepal was struck by a Mw 7.8 earthquake northwest of Kathmandu, killing more than eight thousand people. In the aftermath of earthquake events such as this, attention often turns to buildings. It is certainly true that how buildings are constructed and situated is responsible for a huge number of fatalities in earthquakes, and that the implementation of building codes and urban plans undoubtedly reduces loss of life. In Nepal, organisations such as the National Society for Earthquake Technology have been working tirelessly to support the implementation of the national building code in the growing number of rapidly urbanising areas outside the Kathmandu Valley, for precisely this reason.

While such work is essential, there is increasing recognition that earthquake vulnerability is about more than just buildings, and for the majority of the population who live in rural areas along the Alpine Himalayan Belt, the 2015 earthquake in Nepal brought this into sharp focus. The hills and mountains here limit where people can live and roads can be built. Critically, the steepness of these slopes makes them susceptible to rainfall and earthquake-triggered landslides. In the Kashmir earthquake of 2005, approximately one third of the earthquake-related deaths were caused by landslides. In Sichuan, where an earthquake struck in 2008, the effects of earthquake-triggered landslides persisted long after the

buildings were rebuilt, with newly constructed towns swamped by gravelly landslide debris washed into narrow river valleys. Now, in Nepal, earthquake-triggered landslides have isolated communities by cutting off roads and trails to the point that only now—three weeks on—are we hearing from some of the more isolated villages.

The Alpine Himalayan Belt is, and will remain, highly susceptible to earthquakes. While we cannot say where and when the next earthquake will happen, we can use natural and social science to guide expectations of what the next big earthquake might look like and to support society to become more resilient to the effects. The threat to cities such as Kathmandu is indisputable, but it is important that we heed the hard lessons on rural vulnerability, often associated with landslides, from Kashmir, Sichuan and now Nepal.

Dave Milledge is a lecturer in physical geography and **Katie Oven** is a post-doctoral research associate in the Department of Geography and the Institute of Hazard, Risk and Resilience, Durham University.

They are part of Earthquakes without Frontiers, a UK Research Council-funded partnership for increasing resilience to seismic hazard in the continents. The partnership brings together earth scientists with expertise in integrated earthquake science, social scientists with expertise in social vulnerability and resilience, practitioners and policymakers in central and south Asia. ewf.nerc.ac.uk; [@EwFProject](https://twitter.com/EwFProject)

Martin Scott

The person

I hardly ever talk about work at home.

I keep the boundary because I think you need space. Obviously it blurs, but I don't think it has to blur any more than it needs to blur.

I was born in Hong Kong in 1959 and lived there until I went to university. Hong Kong was home.

Coming to the UK in the 1970s was a complete culture shock. The food was really bad. You couldn't buy Chinese vegetables in the supermarket. You couldn't go to the greengrocer and buy a red pepper—you had to order one. I didn't know what anything was called. I spoke the language and no one would have thought anything other than that I was English, but actually I was a foreigner.

I originally wanted to do a geography degree but my dad wouldn't pay for it. He said I had to do something vocational.

In the late 1940s, lots of wealthy entrepreneurial Chinese people moved from Shanghai to Hong Kong and that transformed Hong Kong. They moved their factories, they moved their machinery, everything.

In the early 1960s, there was a big movement of people across the border after the failure of the Great Leap Forward. The lady who looked after me when I was a baby came across in the early sixties. I remained close to her until she died a few years ago.

I would go and visit her house and I would go shopping with her to the market, so I got to experience a side of Hong Kong that maybe some expats didn't see.

Hong Kong was poor back then. Living in a place where you've got four people living effectively in one room with no toilet, that's real poverty.

At primary school my parents paid for me to learn Cantonese. The classes didn't last very long, unfortunately, so my Cantonese is still pretty bad. But I could at least speak it back then, even if it was just street talk.

There were riots in '66 and '67. We had curfew and bombs. During the day you had to be careful about some of the places you went to if you were a European because you weren't really wanted. I remember our school bus being stoned on the way to school. Border guards got shot. It wasn't a great time.

Hong Kong didn't take off until the early 1970s. Before that it was a real backwater. It was always quite vibrant because it was this entrepôt on the

I spent eight hours
one day just walking,
with no plan as to
where I was going

edge of China—China being pretty much closed—but there were no skyscrapers. The first proper skyscraper, Jardine House, was built in 1972 on reclaimed land. And it was very rural. Sha Tin back then was a fishing village of a few thousand; now it's a town of more than 600,000.

The islands were completely rural. When you got off the ferry at Lantau you had to run to get on the bus because there was only one bus an hour and it only took half the number of people on the ferry.

It was a very different place from now. It was poor; there were beggars everywhere.

Obviously I was privileged just because I was European, but we weren't privileged in a very rich way, we were just privileged in that my father had a job and earned a reasonable income.

It was still a very colonial place. We didn't learn Chinese at school, we learned French.

I didn't go to boarding school. It was expensive. And the education system in Hong Kong was fine.

School's not something I hanker back to. It's something I'd quite like to forget. I wasn't one of the cool kids.

I didn't have long hair. My dad wouldn't let me have long hair. You can imagine what it was like growing up in the seventies without long hair.

My parents had been through the war and it was just traumatic for them and I think that whole generation—particularly for my mother, who was in Singapore. She lost her first husband in the early years of the Pacific war. Lots of their friends were killed or ended up in POW camps.

In those days the kids had to rub along with what the adults wanted to do and that's just the way it was.

My children are 22 and 20. My son's at UCLA doing a Master's in law and my daughter's doing a degree in human, social and political science.

I was very keen to go back to Hong Kong when I was an associate, because for me it was going home.

I went back again to Hong Kong when I became a partner. It meant my wife had to put her career on hold. In those days to become an educational psychologist you had to have taught for five years before you could do your Master's, and her five years were basically up at the time we went to Hong Kong.

We struck up an agreement that we would save the money to pay for her to go back to university after Hong Kong and I would support her while she did her course.

My dad was British and my mum was a bit of a mongrel like me. She was half Portuguese, half Armenian. When my parents left Hong Kong they went to the Gold Coast, so we used to go to Australia a lot to visit. I don't understand why people decide to live somewhere different when they retire. I can't see myself doing that.

My father died quite soon after they retired. My mother was quite stoical and just got on with life and carried on in Australia for another twenty years on her own.

I met my wife at school. She came out to Hong Kong when she was twelve. We started going out when we were sixteen.

We didn't get married until we were in our mid-twenties. Because we always knew that we would change. So the question was, would we change in the same way.

We went to different universities in the UK. It was quite tough keeping a relationship going in pre mobile phone days, where I had to be in a phone box and she had to be in a phone box at the same time and hope someone else wasn't in the box at the time, and there always was someone.

My wife's an educational psychologist. Neither of us likes forms of segregation. We moved out of London deliberately to go somewhere with good state schools so we've essentially made a very middle class choice.

The kids went to a state boarding school. They didn't board but there were boarders there, so they had quite an international background to their education.

My wife is doing a PhD right now, something to do with aspects of learning by children where English is their second language.



I think being insular can be dangerous. I think you live in a society and you should understand what happens in all parts of that society.

My children would definitely say that I take a serious view of life. I'm not so fun as I could be. It's not in my psyche. That doesn't mean I don't enjoy fun times.

I like to compartmentalize things, because then you don't feel guilty.

My kids would say I wasn't home enough, there's no doubt about that.

My work has always been what I do on Mondays to Fridays—even when the kids were young I would work very late during the week—but at the weekends I would go home on a Friday night knowing that, on the whole, unless something really had to be done, the weekend was free. And then that would be devoted completely to the children. That was my way of balancing things.

What I didn't have for a long part of my life was any 'me time'. It was split between doing what was right for work and then doing what was right for the kids.

I do do things for me now. I swim—that's one thing. I will open water swim in Canada or in the States or in Australia, where the water is clean, but I haven't done it in the UK.

My wife and I have started coming to London at the weekend. We are both city people and London is one of the world's best cities. It's absolutely brilliant.

London would be a great place to retire. I think people get it the wrong way round. You work in London and there's so much happening around you that you never have time to do, but when you're retired it's all there: how could you get bored in London?

I took my son to his first concert to see Joe Jackson at the Cadogan Hall. It was brilliant. I like going to intimate venues.

I went to see Joss Stone at the Hammersmith Apollo. People talked throughout the concert and spent their time videoing it on their mobile phones.

The best concert I ever went to was the Eurythmics at the Hammersmith Odeon. At the end, Annie Lennox sang a song called 'Jennifer' without any musical accompaniment, and it was just staggering.

If I'm travelling for work and I have a weekend somewhere, I will wander. I was in Singapore recently and I spent eight hours one day just walking, with no plan as to where I was going.

When my wife and I went to Shanghai in the mid 1980s we had this book called *In Search of Old Shanghai*. We used it to find out what all the buildings, the old houses and shops, had once been; it was really interesting. There was a French patisserie which had carried on all the way through since the 1940s.

I like Australian indigenous art. Most of it tends to be quite big and you have to be very careful what you buy, because it can be quite hard to fit it into a home in the UK, where the walls tend to be smaller and the light is duller. I'm not allowed to buy any more; I've been told to stop. My wife has said we have no wall space.

Our home is a mixture of Chinese, Japanese and Aboriginal art and the odd European piece. It may sound a strange mixture but we think it works.

I started learning Mandarin some years back; I thought it would help with work. I started to learn to write characters. Being able to read even a few characters helps to reinforce the learning. When

London would be a great place to retire

I'm in Beijing and I'm on the underground, at least I can read the odd sign. The accent in Beijing is difficult to follow—and everyone speaks so fast. And of course Mandarin has different tones from Cantonese. I find it really hard.

I am easily contented. But I'm also easily discontented. My wife will say I always look for the worst in things.

I definitely seek perfection. I—unfortunately—expect the same standards from others that I would apply to myself.

My temper used to be pretty bad. I think it's more controlled now. Deliberately controlled. I've worked at that quite hard.

I think to be honest it came out of stress. Maybe as you get older, you get more mellow? That's one of the nicest things about getting older. Mellow is nice, better for you.

One day a lovebird flew in through our window in Hong Kong and we ended up adopting it. Then, when we were planning our return to the UK, some Chinese friends told us we couldn't leave the bird behind because it had chosen us, and it would be bad luck if we didn't bring the bird back. It cost a fortune. Coming to the UK was a shock—the vet told us that our lovebird had SAD syndrome—we had to go out and find it a mate. That seemed to do the job.

Martin Scott, London

Managing partner, Europe, Middle East and Asia, 2015
Global head of corporate, M&A and securities, 2013
Partner, 1991
Joined Norton Rose [now Norton Rose Fulbright], 1983
Six years based in Hong Kong
Dual qualified in English law and Hong Kong law

Interview by Ingeborg Alexander
Photograph by Mark Dennison

Back streets

PRIVATE VIEWINGS OF CITIES, AND STREETS, NEAR YOU.
HOUSTON, 2014. PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK HEATHCOTE.



▲
‘Taxi Rank’ — central Houston. I was struck by the incredible light and bright colours everywhere I went in Houston. I used a large sculpture as a backdrop to frame the taxis. I took thirty shots around this sculpture.

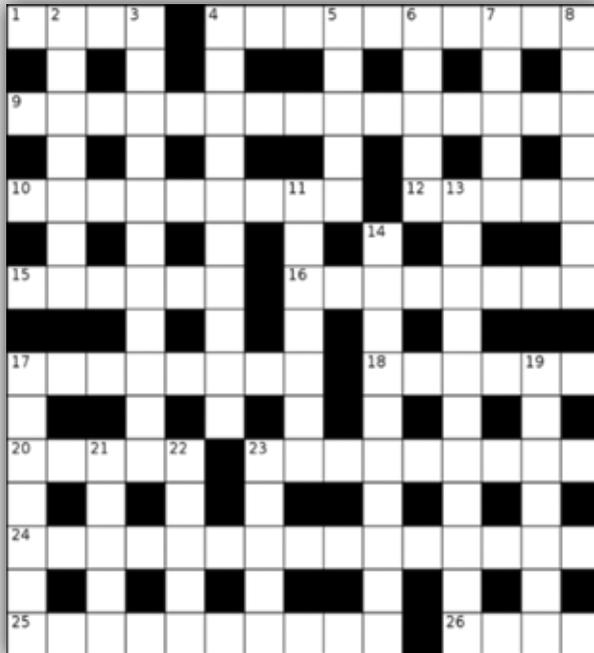
▶
‘Texan Yellow’ — central Houston. I shot this one with the light behind me to light up passers by. The trousers caught my attention since they are almost exactly the same shade as the city’s taxis.

Mark Heathcote is the global chief information security officer with Norton Rose Fulbright, based in London



Coda

A CRYPTIC CROSSWORD FOR 2015



Across

- 1 Risen for a beauty (4)
- 4 Springtime at school brings a burbling stream round a new tree (6,4)
- 9 Lion? City throws drinks (9,6)
- 10 Bad pool game? Field game! (4,5)
- 12 Former Veep Agnew is in—does pirouette. (5)
- 15 Pole to pole taking alternative bike (6)
- 16 Nicely done to claim bay canters (8)
- 17 Coffee grinds seen by islanders (8)
- 18 Run stomach operation (6)
- 20 Snort heroin, get higher (5)
- 23 Artful, clever, but artless scholar (9)
- 24 Alternatively, pints there score hits (2,5,8)
- 25 Deposed. Finished. Chucked (10)
- 26 Tokyo wine account (4)

Down

- 2 Flower found near Caracas, or in Torino, Copenhagen or Wimbledon? (7)
- 3 Ovacheers! (4,2,5)
- 4 Lecture audience is old, ordinary, and first to end each session (10)
- 5 ET and the confused canines (5)
- 6 Ambles off-street, and tumbles (5)
- 7 Token nuisance brings boredom (5)
- 8 Old Moscow location—what a canard! (7)
- 11 Talk French! Water leads to such a castle (7)
- 13 Quietly noble and different, in an old style, they gather a rich harvest (5,6)
- 14 Elusive mass-giver eventually found in tunnel, revealed by big son. Gosh! (5,5)
- 17 *see 21*
- 19 Cold sea is fine ... and hot's grand! (7)
- 21, 17 With a 'Christ on high!', I jeer on radio, exasperated (3,2,7)
- 22 Instrument greeting bowler (2,3)
- 23 Outrage as a result of mink, or? (5)

Devised by Andrew Buisson with Nick Grandage, London

Answers below

Coda

A CRYPTIC CROSSWORD FOR 2015



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Devised by Andrew Buisson with Nick Grandage, London



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