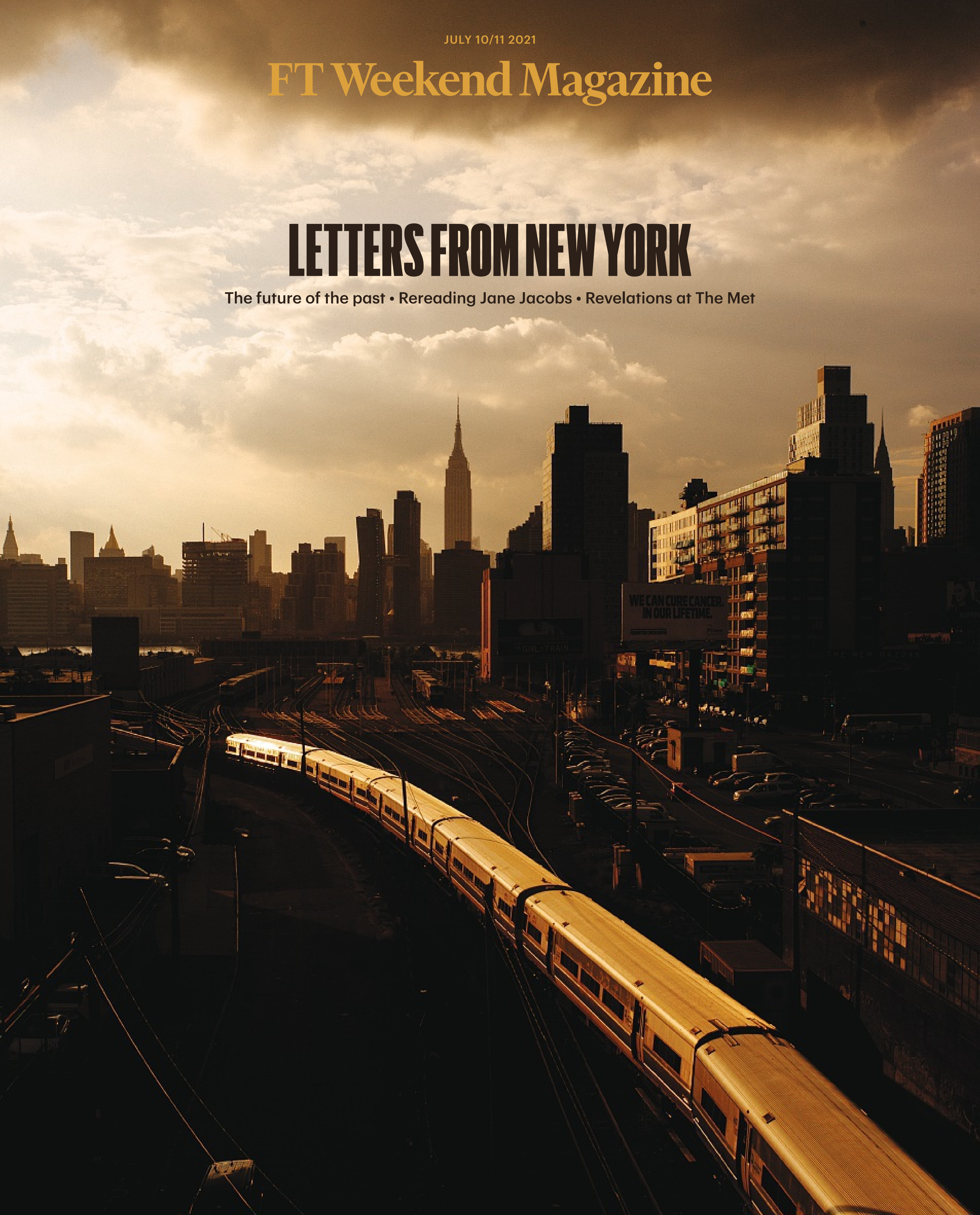
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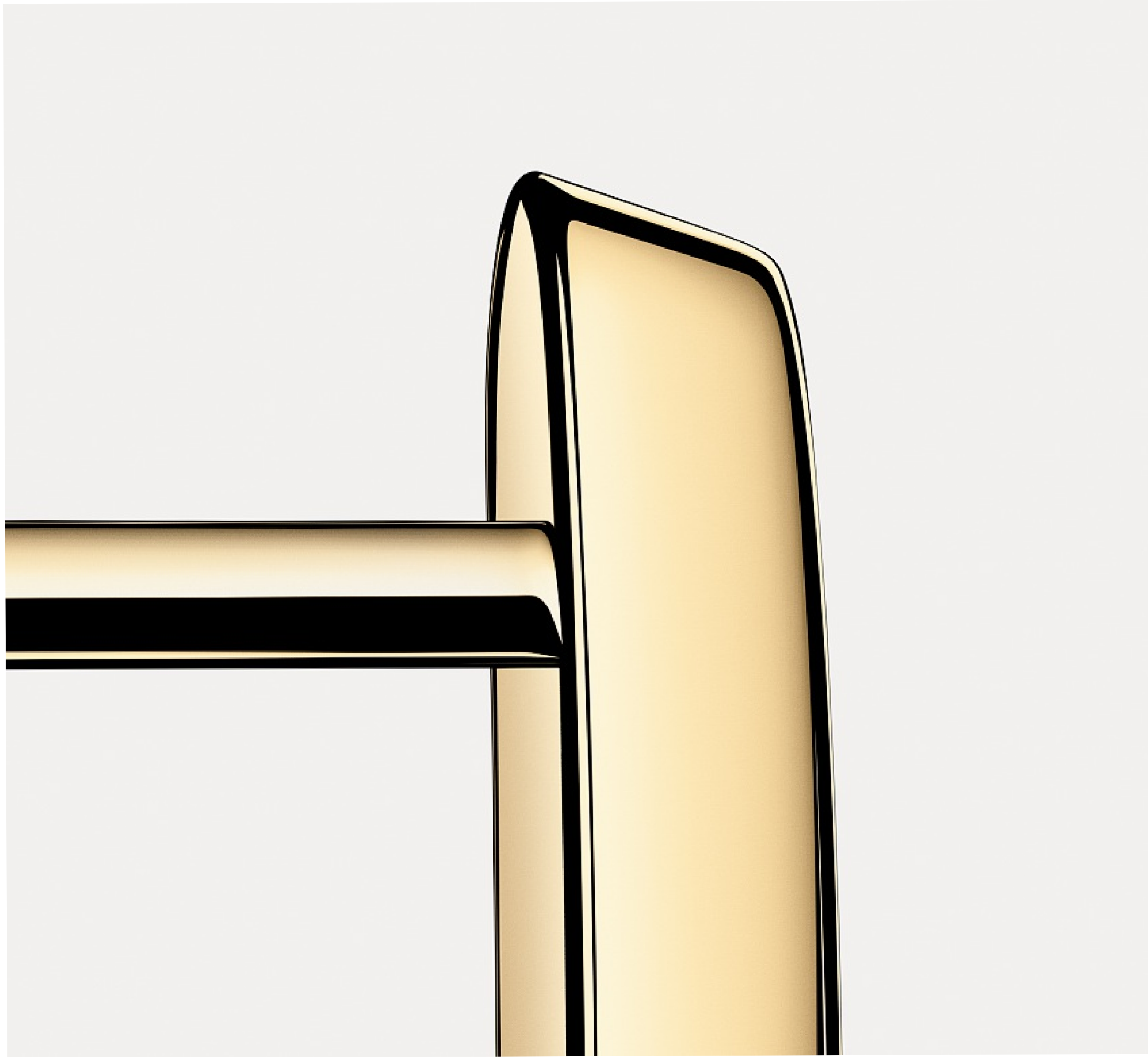

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CARPE DIEM BEDS
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'Imagine the courage, independence and uninfluenced choices these women made to create this work'

Tina Barney, p30

'In Bordeaux, the effect of ever-warmer summers has been a dramatic rise in wine potency'

Jancis Robinson, p41

'This is the taste of our summer, and it's the best barbecue sauce we've ever had'

Honey & Co, p38

FT Weekend Magazine

@FTMag

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The day my book got lost in cyberspace

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Cover photograph by Cole Barash looking over the East River to midtown Manhattan from Pulaski Bridge

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SIMON KUPER

OPENING SHOT

How the fight over space status will redefine city life

Every day in a city, people fight battles for space. It's everywhere: the frenzied bidding for a broom closet in Knightsbridge, the Parisian maître d' who judges you too ugly to sit at a central table or, of vastly different moral import, police harassing young men of colour deemed to be in the wrong neighbourhood. The €10 cappuccino on Venice's Piazza San Marco is the price of renting that space.

It's these battles that can make urban life so stressful. After a year's pause, they have now resumed, but in altered form. That's because space status – the value of each urban spot – has been shaken up and redistributed. The post-pandemic city will host new kinds of battles for space.

Space status has soared since the 1970s when there were still jobless bohemians living in London's Soho and you could park your car on the doorsteps of flagship museums. As space has gained value, cities have had to choose how to allocate it. Broadly, there are two approaches: you either sell it to the highest bidder (pretty much the definition of neoliberalism) or you recognise non-monetary forms of status.

For almost all of the past century, the non-monetary approach remained common. Soviet citizens needed a bureaucratic permit to move to Moscow. Even Manhattan used to be full of rent-controlled apartments allocated not so much to the working poor as to the well-connected. And when Jacques Chirac was mayor of Paris in the 1990s, he doled out city-owned grace-and-favour apartments to cronies. The future French prime minister Alain Juppé and some of his relatives were fortunate enough to get several (though Juppé said nothing improper had happened).

No matter which exact criteria were used to allocate space, the winners were almost always high-status people – males, whites and the elderly – who generally felt entitled to them. Think of "manspreading" on the subway, SUVs banishing kids from the streets, baby boomers winning the housing market and New York City's "stop-and-frisk" policy, which disproportionately targeted black and Latino people.

Gradually, neoliberal allocation of space became the norm, especially in New York and London, but also in Beijing, which now periodically evicts so-called "low-end residents". Still, other forms of status continue to matter in cities. When the penniless octogenarian French writer Gabriel Matzneff fell into disgrace recently because of his paedophilic writings, he was found to be living in a subsidised apartment on Paris's high-priced Left Bank, a tribute from the French state to his literary fame. Cities such as Amsterdam now plan to divert apartments from their most lucrative use – as Airbnbs – and keep them for residents instead.

Even in New York, money isn't always decisive. An undying New York Times article from 2005 describes how the doormen of the nightclub Marquee chose which customers to admit. Bribes didn't cut it. One tech entrepreneur was told: "Flashing a pile of cash is a complete and total admission that you don't belong here." Instead, the Marquee granted entry based on ever-changing non-monetary claims to status. From the 1990s, reported the newspaper, "waiflike beauty began trumping studied eccentricity as the main criterion". One doorman explained his philosophy: "My father always taught me that there are winners and losers in this world. My job is to make sure this place is full of winners." He had summed up the ideology of the modern city in a sentence. (For more from New York, see this week's cover package.)

> 'No matter which criteria were used to allocate space, the winners were almost always high-status people'

Gentrification keeps creating high-status space, yet there is never enough to go around. Now the pandemic has rejigged the space status of rival forms of land. House prices have jumped, despite the trickle of residents out of cities, while demand for office and retail space has slumped. I've just been back to London for the first time since March 2020 and, months after the UK began reopening, the city centre was still so quiet that every day felt like Sunday. Wandering along a near-empty Oxford Street one morning, I was reminded of a provincial high street circa 2019.

There's an obvious trade-off and the store group John Lewis has begun making it by planning to turn some of its property across the UK into 7,000 rental homes. Also under pressure are the roads that occupy about 30 per cent of London's land, only 6 percentage points less than the space allotted to housing. In an era of remote work and cycle lanes, that's too much asphalt.

Capitalism abhors a vacuum and, in expensive cities, space that has lost status will be reallocated to higher-status uses. This is an urban process that never stops: in the late 19th century, Oxford Street itself converted from residential and entertainment to retail. Fifty years from now, a yuppie of the Late Anthropocene sprawled on his terrace in the November heat, gazing out over the dykes that line the Thames, may remark: "You know this building used to be a department store? Yah, a Debenhams or something."

Meanwhile in the distant neighbourhood where I was staying, which possessed very little space status in the 1950s when Rod Stewart and the future founders of The Kinks were growing up there and still doesn't even have a Tube station, the average home now costs £1.02m, up 19 per cent since 2019. FT

simon.kuper@ft.com *@KuperSimon*

ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY HAYSOM

INVENTORY SARKODIE, RAPPER

'I want to change a lot of things for the generations to come'

Sarkodie, 33, is one of Africa's most successful rappers, the first Ghanaian to win the BET Award for Best International Act: Africa, and the winner of the Vodafone Ghana Music Award 2019 for Artiste of the Decade. His albums include *Rapperholic*, *Sarkology* and *Mary*.

What was your childhood or earliest ambition?
To be a doctor. I wanted to help people.
Private school or state school? University or straight into work?
Junior and senior high school back home in Ghana. Then a degree in graphic design at IPMC [College of Technology]. In Africa, entertainment is seen as more of a hobby than a profession, so that's why I studied graphic design. But I always felt it was going to be very hard for me to sit in an office – I like to move. Music wasn't part of the plan. But I had a very dark time when I was a child – I lived with someone who was a very bad person. That made me very reserved. Then I fell in love with rap. I channelled my energy into writing music. It was like therapy. I started doing rap battles and I was beating everyone I challenged. That made me feel I could do music.
Who was or still is your mentor?
Different people for different inspiration. Obrafour, this legend back home in Ghana who raps in Twi, our native language. And beyond just music, Jay-Z. His blueprint is what I'm following. I don't need to meet him. Him winning guides me and shows me how I can stretch this.
How physically fit are you?
Left to myself, I wouldn't do too much, but I have to be fit – I'm on stage at least two hours. I go to the gym because I have to.
Ambition or talent: which matters more to success?
Ambition. A lot of people who have zero talent are making it way bigger than people with serious talent. It's what you put your mind to.
How politically committed are you?
I don't care about political parties – I care about my country and about putting people first. That's why I sometimes get tied up in politics. Honestly, truthfully, I want everybody to be OK. I want our hospitals to work, I want our roads to work, I want our systems to work. I get worried and I vent about it.
What would you like to own that you don't currently possess?
The power to change people's situations for the better.
What's your biggest extravagance?
Real estate.
In what place are you happiest?
At home with my wife and my kids. I can let everything go and be honestly happy.
What ambitions do you still have?
I want to give back to the entertainment industry that made me Sarkodie. I want to change a lot of things for the generations to come – I want them to have smooth sailing. That's my top box to tick.
What drives you on?
In my job, the feedback from the fans. I feel I have people who care about me, people who love me. Not to brag, but I have one of the biggest fan bases – I'm like a lifestyle to them, this isn't just about me. As a person, I will never quit until I'm dead – I can't let go. I don't know where I got that from, but it's who I am.
What is the greatest achievement of your life so far?
My family: my daughter, my son, my wife. Being able to provide for my family. That's priceless.
What do you find most irritating in other people?
Negative energy – people who want to kill the whole vibe. I can't deal with that.
If your 20-year-old self could see you now, what would he think?
"I can't wait to meet you!"
Which object that you've lost do you wish you still had?
There's nothing coming to me for this question.
What is the greatest challenge of our time?
We are selfish. We are in a situation where everybody's trying to shield what they have. The challenge is to open up and factor other people in as well. The bigger picture is: we all have to survive.
Do you believe in an afterlife?
It could make sense, but with no serious proof, I honestly don't know.
If you had to rate your satisfaction with your life so far, out of 10, what would you score?
9.99. Nothing is perfect. FT

Interview by Hester Lacey. Sarkodie's new album "No Pressure" is out now

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ROBERT SHRIMSLEY
THE NATIONAL CONVERSATION

Living with Covid after the grand reopening

We must learn to live with the virus. We must take personal responsibility. Freed from the shackles of the law and the sanctions of four-figure fines, the government is setting England free once more to laugh in the face of Covid and hope that it doesn't laugh back in ours.

I suspect the government is roughly right in its thinking. Sooner or later we have to reclaim normality and what better time than when the number of daily cases doubled in a fortnight? I mean, if we waited until they were lower again it wouldn't be sporting, would it? And in fairness to the prime minister, we can hardly learn to live with the virus if there's not much of it about.

But even though I broadly agree with the reopening (I really can't see the argument for nightclubs but, then again, I never could), the new slogans are already beginning to grate. "Hands, face, space" may have been tiresome but it was at least informative.

What are we to make though of "Learn to live with it", which, as a piece of advice, boils down to little more than "Stop whining". Actually, it looks like the message is: "With the most vulnerable jabbed, we are going for herd immunity. Learn to live with it." Except the first part was mysteriously left off official communications. The attitude underpinning "Learn to live with it" is essentially "Shit happens", a brave position since when shit happens to the electorate, it tends to happen to the government too.

Even if the argument is valid, the advice is not entirely helpful. It is not, for example, a line I would feel any confidence advocating in regard to housework. As the plates pile up in the sink, I'm not sure I would do well telling my wife that we have to learn to live with dirty crockery.

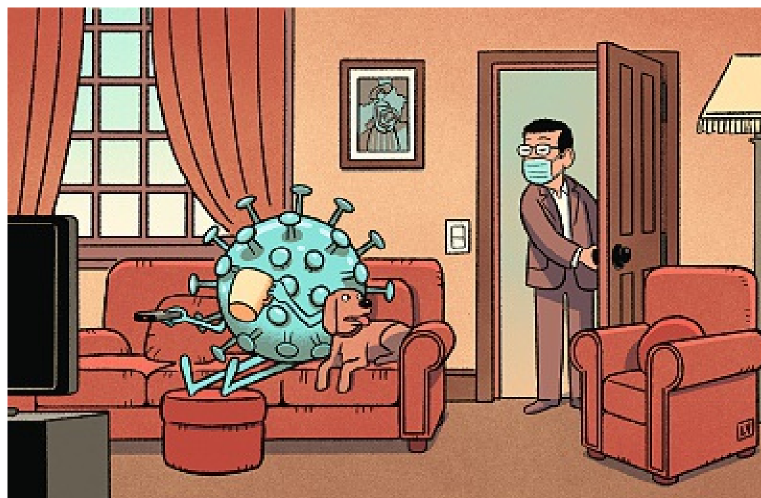

ILLUSTRATION BY LUCAS VARELA

We do not generally "learn to live" with burglary. Although, on reflection, that does often seem to be the police's approach. Nor is home secretary Priti Patel learning to live with illegal immigration or offering people-smugglers the patently sensible advice to show some personal responsibility.

This is where the other asinine slogan comes in. It may indeed be time for us to take back personal responsibility and, for most of this crisis, the true story has been of people trying to follow the rules – those people outside government, anyway. But in my experience, those who need to be told this are the ones least likely to exercise it. Already, trains and shops are sprinkled with people whose idea of personal responsibility is to wear a face mask but not over their nose.

And how ready do I feel to count on the personal responsibility practised by the kind of self-regarding heroes who brag about refusing the vaccine and think their refusal to don a mask places them on a par with Soviet dissidents or the French resistance?

In many cases, personal judgment is entirely appropriate. I do not have to go into a crowded pub if it bothers me (though the staff have no option). I can be as careful as I feel I need to be in social interactions. But many have no choice about using the Tube, and there seems no good reason for removing the mask requirement on public transport. The problem here is that the responsibility we are asked to take is not for our own person but for someone else. Those who remain fearful are having to rely on those who do not.

So even if you think, as I do, that the government is not wrong to remove most restrictions, it might be a nice example of the responsibility it espouses to accommodate a few lingering rules in those areas where people are dependent on the consideration of others. Yes, it is an imposition, but the existence of government itself is a recognition that unchecked personal responsibility is rarely enough for good order.

Meanwhile, in the spirit of constructive criticism, I'd like to offer an alternative slogan for the new era of personal responsibility: "Covid's still with us. Don't be a git." FT

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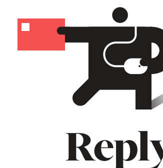
FT Globetrotter has launched a brand new guide to Singapore, celebrating the joys of the Garden City with expert advice on eating and drinking, exercise, cultural activities and much more. We're looking for your best Singapore tips too. Submit them at **ft.com/globetrotter/singapore**



Reply

As your article "Northern Ireland's teens take to the streets" (July 3/4) highlights, it's fairly easy to live life in NI without coming into contact with "the other side", especially in these working-class and deprived areas. Obviously, this is completely unsustainable – no political entity can really be stable where large numbers of its residents grow up living parallel lives. A serious push towards cross-community education needs to happen.
Malatrou *via FT.com*

Re "How Britain's private schools lost their grip on Oxbridge" (July 3/4). As someone who went to a highly selective London public school and recently left Oxbridge, I can tell you that 50 per cent or more of admissions from the school to Oxbridge were either not very clever at all or were clever but had no real academic interest in their subject, meaning Oxbridge was basically a rubber stamp for their job in finance/law. I don't think we should shed many tears if Oxbridge is slowly finding more capable candidates to take their place.
BigWilbz *via FT.com*

Fiona Millar @schooltruth July 3
So sorry for all you private school parents who aren't now getting your children into Oxbridge. There is probably a great state school down the road you know.

Re Gillian Tett's "The truth is out there… I guess" (July 3/4). We might be better off learning how to communicate with intelligent life on earth. Whales, dolphins, various terrestrial mammals, some birds and octopuses all demonstrate sentience and shared communication. It's questionably intelligent to imagine communicating with lifeforms we haven't even met when learning to communicate with the non-humans on our own planet would be such an obvious warm-up exercise.
Fourier *via FT.com*

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Quiz answers The link was Welsh geography 1. Monmouth Rebellion 2. John Cowper Powys 3. Dee Hepburn 4. Barry Humphries 5. Cardigan 6. Newport Pagnell 7. Captain Flint 8. Earl of Snowdon 9. David Gower 10. Hay fever **Picture quiz** June Brown + Windsor Davies = Brown Windsor

#GODO

Watch-wearers of the world – unite!

When Karl Marx told the world's workers they had nothing to lose but their chains, he could have been talking about the original proletarian mode of transport: the bike. Coincidentally, cycling was the inspiration for the new C63 Sealander Elite chronometer. Not only does the smart pop-out crown stop it digging into your wrist when you're riding, but the super-light titanium case makes it effortless to wear. Though Karl would have surely loved these utilitarian features, we think its sleek design is more 'Wiggins' than 'Marx'.

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Ingeniously English.
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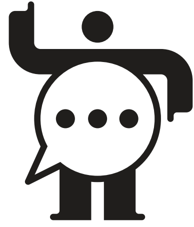

TECH WORLD

BY ELAINE MOORE

The internet fad that's odd even for the internet

Mukbang videos always start with the food. Heaps of bright red crab legs or bowls of glistening noodles sit close to the camera. Behind them, the video creator nods and smiles at the viewer before leaning in and taking a bite.

Watching strangers eat is one of the weirder spectacles on the internet – simultaneously gross and mesmerising. There is a format. Some creators chat, others play jaunty music and speed up their film. Many say nothing at all but exaggerate the sounds of chewing, cracking or swallowing to create an autonomous sensory meridian response (ASMR) in their viewers.

If that sounds unappealing, it will come as a surprise to hear how popular the trend is. Videos with the hashtag "whatieatinaday" have been viewed more than seven billion times on TikTok. Twitch has an entire category called "Social Eating" on which people livestream themselves cooking and eating. The trend is so popular in China that President Xi Jinping has identified it as counterintuitive to the country's fight against food waste.

Mukbang, which comes from South Korea, simply translates as "eating broadcast". But it has become better known as a sort of extreme sport in which people binge huge quantities of food. Some videos are practically Boschian, with splatters of ranch and hot wing sauce all over the table and influencers gasping as they try to finish a bowl of spicy fire noodles or the entire Domino's pizza menu.

Stunts are, of course, the internet's bread and butter. Why should food on the internet be any different? One woman has become famous on TikTok for making "sandwiches" from raw green peppers, cream cheese and bagel seasoning. On YouTube, there are hundreds of videos in which people try to follow a supermodel's diet for the day. Influencers make videos that show every meal and snack they consume, aware that many of their followers want to look just like them.

The backlash to these aspirational eating diaries are the videos that deliberately make a virtue of being humdrum. British TikTok star Eden Harvey has amassed over two million followers with her daily "eat with me" videos, in which she records herself having a one-sided conversation while eating her dinner, pausing to allow viewers to answer her questions.

ILLUSTRATION BY PÂTÉ

> 'Videos with the hashtag "whatieatinaday" have been viewed more than seven billion times on TikTok'

The food is comforting in its ordinariness: spaghetti bolognese, sandwiches and chicken kiev. Harvey's fanbase of viewers often seems skewed towards those who struggle with food issues. Her success is an indication of just how many people, particularly young people, have a difficult relationship with what they eat.

But even if that's not the case, there is something appealing about knowing what another person eats every day. This is not a new phenomenon. One of the most vivid illustrations of life in the 17th century comes from diarist Samuel Pepys' description of his meals. There is the venison pasty that "stunk like a devil" and the "pretty" dinner that included stewed carps and neats' tongues.

Years later, English housewife Nella Last's wartime diaries are memorable for her make-do recipes, including margarine created from milk, salt and corn flour. Whenever I buy potatoes, I think of the legend that Jackie Onassis' diet consisted of a single baked potato each day, stuffed with caviar and sour cream.

It is not unusual to be interested in the minutiae of someone else's life either. See the success of Vogue's online videos showing famous women putting on their make-up and the livestreams of people sleeping or silently revising homework for hours at a time. Website Refinery29 has found success with its money diaries, in which readers record their exact spending habits over the course of a week. There is a sense of companionship in seeing the banal details of another person's life – plus the chance to judge.

What the internet has done is allow more people the ability to film their daily routines and upload the results, sharing them with a bigger audience than ever before. Part of the appeal is nosiness. But many of the videos are also designed to make it feel as if the viewer is with a friend. Watching someone eat online seems to help some viewers feel less alone. Dining is a social activity, after all. Perhaps it makes sense that this side of our social lives is moving online, along with everything else. FT

Elaine Moore is the FT's deputy Lex editor

Jean Dubuffet

Brutal Beauty

17 May – 22 Aug

★★★★★
The Guardian

★★★★★
The Independent

★★★★★
The Telegraph

barbican

Jean Dubuffet, *The Extravagant One (L'Extravagante)*, July 1954, Private Collection. © ADAGP, Paris and DACS, London 2021. Photograph by Joseph Coscia Jr, courtesy Pace Gallery

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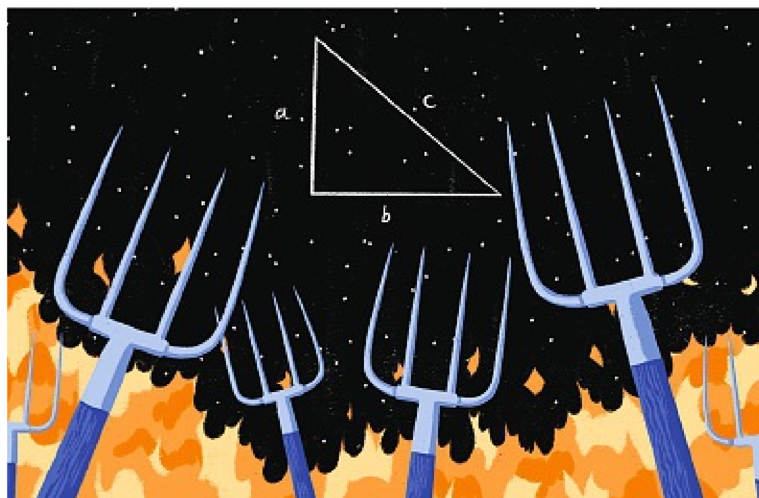

TIM HARFORD

THE UNDERCOVER ECONOMIST

FRAN MONKS

We must face facts – even the ones we don't like

The recent unsettling footage of England's chief medical officer Chris Whitty being grabbed and harassed in a central London park brought to mind many things. There were the similar scenes of BBC journalist Nicholas Watt being pursued, surrounded and abused at a protest in Westminster. Darker still, there was the murder of the MP Jo Cox during the Brexit campaign five years ago.

But I was also reminded of the square root of two.

Two and a half thousand years ago, followers of Pythagoras believed that the constants of the universe were constructed of whole numbers. The Pythagoreans were wrong. One such constant is a simple diagonal across a square – the square root of two. But there are no two whole numbers which, as a fraction, give us the square root of two. $3/2$ isn't far off. $10/7$ is closer. But you can give up on finding the exact fraction.*

None of this should cause much alarm, except perhaps to the long-suffering editors and typesetters of this column. Yet the Pythagoreans were extremely perturbed by the simple demonstration that a basic constant could not be expressed as a fraction of whole numbers. So perturbed, in fact, that it is said the mathematician Hippasus was murdered by being thrown overboard while at sea as a punishment for discovering the ghastly truth.

We don't know much about Hippasus, and the evidence that he was killed for this little proof is rather patchy. But perhaps the legend has lived on because it serves as a cautionary tale. When a society persecutes people for telling the truth, it is a short step from losing its collective mind.

The totalitarian regimes of the 20th century give us the starkest examples of such insanity. Stalin persecuted genetics researchers in the 1930s and ostentatiously praised the scientist Trofim Lysenko when he claimed that genetics was a "bourgeois perversion" and geneticists were "saboteurs". The resulting crop failures killed millions. For an encore, Stalin ordered the killing of the statistician in charge of the 1937 census, Olimpiy Kvitkin. Kvitkin's crime was that his census revealed a fall in population as a result of that famine. Telling that truth could not be forgiven.

In May, the great crop scientist Yuan Longping died at the age of 90. He led the research effort to develop the hybrid rice crops that now feed billions of people. Yet in 1966, he too came very close to being killed as a counter-revolutionary during China's cultural revolution.

In western democracies we do things differently. Governments do not execute scientists; they sideline them. Late last year, Undark magazine interviewed eight former US government scientists who had left their posts in frustration or protest at the obstacles placed in their way under the presidency of Donald Trump.

Then there are the random acts of hostility on the street and the death threats on social media. I have seen Twitter posts demanding that certain statisticians be silenced or hunted down and destroyed, sometimes for doing no more than publishing graphs of Covid-19 cases and hospitalisations.

Even when this remains at the level of ugly intimidation, it is horrible to hear about and must be far worse to experience. It is not something we should expect a civil servant, a vaccine researcher or a journalist to have to endure. And it would be complacent to believe that the threats are always empty.

What can be done? We can demand better from our leaders. Trump never tired of winking his approval at violence against journalists; we can but hope that future presidents refrain.

In September 2019, Boris Johnson was dismissive of complaints from MPs who had received death threats. The solution, he said, was Brexit. He has been much quicker to support Whitty, but it seems that his opposition to intimidation and harassment is rather more conditional than one might wish.

While a firmer moral lead from our politicians would help, ultimately the respect for facts – and those who research

> **I have seen Twitter posts demanding that certain statisticians be hunted down and destroyed – for doing no more than publishing graphs of Covid-19 cases**

or report them – has to come from all of us. The facts are sometimes unpleasant: Brexit creates trade barriers between large neighbouring economies. Carbon dioxide emissions are seriously altering the climate. Sars-Cov-2 is much more dangerous than seasonal flu, and cases are rising dramatically in the UK.

It would be nice if none of these things were true, but the vast majority of us are adult enough to accept the evidence, the expert judgment of those who gather that evidence and the honesty of those who report it.

The message can be infuriating, but let's not throw the messenger overboard. FT

** Prove it, you say? Assume a whole-number fraction, a/b, does equal 2. Let's also assume that a/b is the simplest possible fraction, with a and b sharing no common factors. Rearranging a/b = 2 gives us $2b^2 = a^2$. That means a^2 is an even number, which implies four things: a is also even, and therefore $a^2/2$ is also even, and therefore b^2 is even, and therefore b is even. Alas, we began by assuming that a/b was the simplest possible whole-number fraction, but we've just proved that a/b is the ratio of two even numbers and therefore the fraction could be simplified by dividing both of them by two. This contradiction shows that our original assumption – that a and b exist at all – must be wrong.*

Tim Harford's new book is "How to Make the World Add Up"

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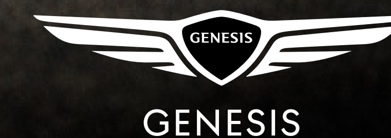

Fuel economy and CO_2 results for the Genesis GV80 range in Mpg (l/100km) WLTP Combined: 25.3 (11.1) to 33.1 (8.5). WLTP CO_2 emissions: 248–220g/km.

Figures shown are for comparability purposes; only compare fuel consumption and CO_2 figures with other cars tested to the same technical procedures. These figures may not reflect real-life driving results, which will depend upon a number of factors, including the accessories fitted (post-registration), variations in weather, driving styles and vehicle load. *For scheduled servicing. UK mainland only. 5-Year Care Plan T&Cs apply.

SASHA ARUTYUNOVA

NEW YORK DISPATCHES

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FREEDOM SONG

What is the retelling of the American Revolution for? Not to absolve or admonish, chide or coddle. History, writes *Simon Schama,* is the search for truth in all its terrible complexity. Photograph by *Sasha Arutyunova*

On July 4, the night sky over the Hudson Valley was clear and empty. No planes, no mist, no rain, allowing fireworks to explode with spectacular brilliance. Above the towns, the whoosh and bang sounded out something more than the usual burst of patriotic glee: the soundtrack of relief, the sense of Covid in retreat, if not yet defeated. At home, after the oohs and ahs, a miniature percussion section (our three small grandsons) marched up and down the back deck to the strains of Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever", putting their all into saucepan-lid banging in time with the beat.

Absent from our family celebration – only because it's currently in London storage – is an enormous, slightly moth-eaten 19th-century Union Jack. I've been known to hang it on July 4, not as a gesture of British party-pooping or to aggravate the neighbours, but because this particular neck of the woods has a fascinatingly mixed history as a theatre of the Revolutionary War.

The country around here, like all of America during the revolution, was divided into equally numbered thirds: Patriot, Loyalist and nervous neutrals. Across the river and a little way upstream, the improvised fort (actually earthworks) at Stony Point was established by the British general Clinton to control the Hudson, but was taken in a daring attack by "Mad" Anthony Wayne's force of American commandos on July 16 1779. Closer to home, at Tarrytown, the British spy Major John André was caught, before he could reach Benedict Arnold at West Point. Documents André was carrying revealed the plan to deliver the fort to the British army and, to George Washington's incredulous horror, the perfidy of one of his most trusted generals.

Flags – these days, the rags of polemical rage – also have a mixed history. In 1929, the dashing aviator Opal Kunz dropped a mass of them from her plane directly over ▶

View from the Empire State Building, New York, September 7 2019

◀ the site of the battle of Stony Point. Those were the "Betsy Ross" flags created by the eponymous Patriot upholsterer, featuring red and white stripes but with the five-pointed stars of the 13 colonies arranged in a circle to symbolise, optimistically, perpetual union. But the Betsy Ross was preceded by the Grand Union Flag, designed by the Philadelphia milliner Margaret Manny for the new fleet of the American navy. Manny's flag had the obligatory stripes but, in place of stars, the top left canton featured the Union Jack.

But then history is a great mischief-maker, the enemy of simplicities, especially those of national allegiance. "The Star-Spangled Banner" was adopted as the American national anthem only in 1931. Prior to that, "America (My Country 'Tis of Thee)", first performed on July 4 1831, served as patriotic hymn along with "Hail Columbia". Confusingly, its melody is that of the British national anthem. Which was, in fact, the point. The last line of the hymn of monarchist devotion is replaced by an American democratic alternative: "let freedom ring" supersedes "God save the king". But one artful contrafactum brought on another. In 1843, AG Duncan wrote a stinging, abolitionist version which begins:

My country 'tis of thee
Stronghold of slavery
Of thee I sing

The second verse is even more to the point:

My native country, thee,
Where all men are born free,
If white's their skin

The jarring discrepancy between the "self-evident" truth of human equality asserted in the Declaration of Independence and the brutal reality of America's founding being built on the backs of the enslaved is not, then, some contemporary piety of the "woke". Since Samuel Johnson acidly inquired "How is it that we hear the loudest yelps of liberty among the drivers of negroes?", this founding contradiction has never been out of view. In 1773, Benjamin Rush published a pamphlet asking the same question: "Where is the difference between a British Senator who attempts to enslave his fellow subjects in America, by imposing taxes upon them contrary to law and justice, and the American Patriot who reduces his African brethren to slavery contrary to justice and humanity?" The same contradiction was perhaps most famously restated by Frederick Douglass: "What to the slave is the Fourth of July?"

The serious issue of whether race is just an unfortunate asterisk to the Declaration of Independence or whether it was formative to the creation of the Union is at the heart of what has morphed into the American history wars of the present moment. Its mirror image in the UK asks whether colonialism was incidental or fundamental to British economic and political power.

Historians have had their say on both sides, but arguments from evidence have been sandbagged by politicians interested in making national allegiance rather than issues of economic and social equity the engine of electoral mobilisation. The result is to turn debate about what actually happened into a patriotic litmus test. Should history make you proud or ashamed? Unapologetically nationalist or penitentially iconoclastic?

But history is neither in the business of self-congratulation nor self-flagellation. History is in the truth business. And if the truth should be hard to nail down in simplicities, then the least history can do is to disabuse its readers of outright falsehoods. Thus history will tell you, in irrefutable documentation and direct witness, that millions of European Jews were systematically murdered by the Nazis. Notwithstanding the history oration delivered by Donald Trump on July 4 2019 during the tinhorn parade of military hardware, there were no revolutionary war airports for the Continental Army to seize, nor did it deliver a "total victory" at Fort McHenry, that siege taking place in an altogether different war in 1814. The truth indelibly and unapologetically imprinted in the Constitution of the Confederacy is that its rebellion was not fought merely for "states' rights", as its apologists like to pretend, but to preserve humans as property. Article IV Section 2 of that document plainly states that "no slave or other person held to service or labor in any State or Territory of the Confederate States, under the laws thereof, escaping or lawfully carried into another shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such slave belongs".

Likewise, while it is true that the Parliament of Great Britain did indeed abolish the slave trade in March 1807, Congress had actually done the same three weeks earlier. Britain liquidated the institution of slavery itself in 1834 but on condition that obscene sums of British taxpayers' money would go to compensate former owners of the enslaved. Come the Civil War across the Atlantic, the great majority of the British political elite, including Liberal Party leaders like Gladstone, whose family fortune was in cotton, cheered on the Confederacy. Vocal support for the Union was largely confined to radicals like John Bright and his constituency of factory workers in Lancashire.

History casts shadows as well as light. It always has. Resistance to vain self-regard has been its working principle ever since Thucydides made the climax of his epic work not an Athenian triumph, but the city-empire's bloody comeuppance in the catastrophic expedition to Sicily. The organic relationship between history and freedom lies precisely in the willingness of free states to accept a record of their pasts, stained with disaster and wickedness as much as heroism and achievement. Distorting the record so that it becomes an exercise in the genealogy of present glory is to corrupt its integrity. Best leave that to the dictators.

This is especially true of foundation myths. Fifteen years ago, in *Rough Crossings: Britain, the Slaves and the American Revolution*, I suggested (and I was by no means the first to do so) that the armed mobilisation of the southern colonies, its crossing of the Rubicon of separation, was, in large part, a response to fears of slave rebellions in the spring and summer of 1775. Even before the governor of Virginia, Lord Dunmore, issued a proclamation promising liberty to slaves who joined the army of the king, alarm bells were being rung among Patriots that the unscrupulous British government would deliberately stir up both a slave insurrection as well as an armed movement of Native American tribes. No historians imagine this move was made out of the milk of humane compassion, but rather as a pre-emptive blow against the plantation economy of the rebels.

But British motives are not the point. Widespread fearfulness, close to panic, that a rising was at hand moved the colonial elites of Virginia and North and South Carolina to arm themselves, as much if not more, against an uprising of slaves and Indians as the redcoat soldiers of the king. This was what Jefferson meant when, among his exhaustive inventory of crimes attributed to George III, the future president claimed that "he has excited domestic insurrections among us".

What may have been the first American flag, made by Betsy Ross, with the stars of the 13 colonies arranged in a circle

NATIONAL ARCHIVES

THE ORGANIC RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN HISTORY AND FREEDOM LIES PRECISELY IN THE WILLINGNESS OF FREE STATES TO ACCEPT THEIR PASTS, STAINED WITH WICKEDNESS AS MUCH AS HEROISM

It has been one thing to maintain that the Civil War was fought over race, but quite another to argue that the same question was central to its founding moment in 1775-76. The New York Times 1619 Project, with its implication that race runs like a red thread throughout American history, from the Revolution to the Civil War on to the Jim Crow years and the fight for voting and civil rights, outraged those on the nationalist right who believe that the job of history is first and foremost an act of national self-affirmation.

The notion that radical professors have hijacked American history to brood punitively on matters of race led Trump to launch a 1776 Commission, whose report promising to keep the national chronicle mostly upbeat and sunny became public just two days before his reluctant exit from the White House. A number of state administrations of Trumpian kidney have sought authority to monitor curricula for their proper quota of unblemished patriotic pride: history as pom-pom waving.

Anger at the 1619 Project's emphasis on race in the history of the revolution has not been confined to the political right. Major authorities on revolutionary history denounced it for what they called shoddy scholarship and distorted use of sources. But recent works based on deep research, in particular Robert G Parkinson's *Thirteen Clocks: How Race United the Colonies and Made the Declaration of Independence*, as well as work by Alan Taylor, have produced an abundance of evidence to show unquestionably that, as Parkinson writes, "the glue that held [the Union] together was a shared fear of British agents working in tandem with enslaved and Native peoples to destroy them".

My moth-eaten Union Jack carries a piece of this chastening history in its fabric. I acquired it from a junky antique shop in Shelburne, Nova Scotia, when researching the history of the enslaved who had believed the promises of the Crown enough to flee their masters and join its army in their thousands. There were Black soldiers on both sides in many of the American revolution's battles, including the decisive engagement at Yorktown. But on the conclusion of the peace in 1783, Washington demanded the return of those former slaves to their owners.

To his credit, the last British governor, Sir Guy Carleton, refused, insisting that the promise of freedom would be honoured. More than 2,000 sailed out of New York harbour along with white Loyalists to Nova Scotia where, predictably, the land promised to them, including lots around Shelburne, was either withheld or reduced to the most uncultivable and rocky soil. Disenchanted though still legally free, many went with the young John Clarkson's fleet to resettle in West Africa, in what became Sierra Leone.

The Nova Scotia flag is evidently of a later date but, when I unfurl it, the place and the history seem woven into its threadbare fabric and the picture of that surprising, sobering past comes alive in all its tragic complexity. Which is, rather than a pep pill for national happiness, what history most valuably yields. FT

Simon Schama is an FT contributing editor

STREET LIFE

Sixty years ago, Jane Jacobs wrote her manifesto 'The Death and Life of Great American Cities'. It's especially relevant today as major cities emerge from isolation and rethink their very meaning, writes *Rana Foroohar*

Writer and activist Jane Jacobs on the streets of New York

In 1958, urban activist Jane Jacobs wrote a piece for Fortune magazine entitled "Downtown is for People". Like *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*, the now-classic book she published three years later, it was a call to action for those who care about cities. "This year is going to be a critical one for the future of the city," she wrote, a year that would set their character for "generations to come".

We are at one of those Jacobian pivot points now. In New York, where I live, the city is coming to life again. Parks are packed, restaurants are full and moods are up. But so are housing prices and crime, something true in a number of American metropolitan areas. Parts of the city that used to be known for luxury condos and spendy foreigners are deserted. Suddenly, unfashionable areas are booming. The highest price jump in the city over the course of the pandemic has been in humble Windsor Terrace, a small Irish-Italian neighbourhood just steps from my own, where nurses and firemen are slowly but surely being pushed out by cable talk-show hosts and designers.

It's as if the never-ceasing change that is New York's quintessential characteristic has been suppressed for months and is now bursting forth, in ways both good and bad.

The shape of the urban landscape has changed, and it will change further. Pandemics do that. Roughly 40 per cent of the 900,000 jobs lost have come back, but many restaurants, shops and offices remain shuttered. Yet streets once clogged with traffic now overflow with patrons of overbooked eateries spilling on to the sidewalk in covered spaces that remind us all of Parisian cafés. Many of us hope this – along with musicians that practise outside in the park, less crowded commutes and working from home – will last.

Crime is a different story. For the first time since 1993, crime – not just policing – was a major issue in last month's mayoral primaries, reflecting anxiety over spiking violence. May statistics from the New York Police Department tell a frightening tale: the overall crime index in the city is up 22 per cent year on year, driven by a 46.7 per cent increase in robberies and a 35.6 per cent increase in grand larceny. The number of people shot almost doubled. The previous month's numbers were even worse: crime grew more than 30 per cent compared to the previous year, and shooting incidents tripled. This mirrors increases in violent crime rates in some other American cities.

Why is this happening? Some of it is surely related to the fact that the pandemic simply pushed many people to the breaking point – economically, physically, emotionally and culturally. The Black Lives Matter movement, which had a huge presence in my neighbourhood before Covid-19 via joyful rallies and marches complete with music and dancing, has completely tipped the tables on policing, putting every cop on notice that brutality is no longer tolerated. This is, needless to say, good.

Police are also wary. With media scrutiny following the death of George Floyd and police reform a moving target, many are obsessed with protocol: how to use force, how to touch a subject (or not), even exact word choice. The uncertainty and wariness this creates for cops on the beat is a reason many officers and citizens I've spoken with believe criminals feel emboldened.

All of it underscores a sense of division. We have taken off our masks. But we remain alienated from each other and unsure about the future. What will our city look like in a few years? What should it look like?

Jacobs would have had a lot to say about that. *The Death and Life of Great American Cities* was published in 1961 as a protest against the vision of the "rationalist" planners of the 1950s and 1960s who wanted urban areas to be simplified, beautified and made more efficient. Like predecessors such as Ebenezer Howard, the 19th-century English urbanist who developed the first garden cities, they believed that cities could, in fact, be planned. Howard's suburbs had prescribed commercial centres, meticulously designed belts of green space, even a maximum number of residents. American planners working in big cities, meanwhile, took inspiration from Le Corbusier, building towering skyscrapers set above the hustle and bustle of ground-level shops. Students of Howard and Le Corbusier both believed that population density was a problem to be solved.

Jacobs felt just the opposite: density was crucial to the magic of city life. To isolate urban dwellers from each other was to reduce friction, and friction is exactly what made cities places that you wanted to be. While people such as Howard were justified in looking around industrial-era London in 1898 and not liking what they "smelled or saw or heard", his planned cities were, in her view, "really very nice towns if you were docile and had no plans of your own and did not mind spending your life among others with no plans of their own. As in all Utopias, the right to have plans of any significance belonged only to the planners in charge."

Jacobs wasn't one to mince words. Before she died, I found myself on the sharp end of her tongue while fact-checking a story on urban planning at Forbes magazine, where I was a cub reporter. But she saved the really tough stuff for her bête noire, Robert Moses, the man who pretty much built modern New York City. He gave us bridges and highways such as the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway, on which I have spent roughly a third of my life in traffic between home and the airport. He also cut the city off from large swaths of its waterfront, creating dead zones that took years and untold billions to rehabilitate.

Rationalists such as Moses wanted to remake cities, in particular downtown areas, to counter falling retail sales, eroding tax bases, failing mass transit and rising crime. It didn't work, at least in New York. By the 1970s, Son of Sam dominated headlines, white "flight" to the suburbs had begun and President Gerald Ford had refused to offer New York a bailout during its 1975 fiscal crisis, which sparked the famous Daily News headline: "Ford to City: Drop Dead".

Moses, as biographer Robert Caro has written, was all about power. Jacobs was about people. She believed that cities, like their residents, were biological systems which could only be understood in the context of "organised complexity, like the life sciences". There were dozens of interrelated happenings going on in any one place at any given time. "The variables are many," she wrote in her 1961 book, "but they are not helter-skelter; they are interrelated into an organic whole." Like the parable of butterfly wings that create a tsunami on the other side of the world, pushing slightly on one factor could shift the entire system.

She believed that citizens kept each other safe as much, if not more, than police did. "The first thing to understand is that the public peace – the sidewalk and street peace – of cities is not kept primarily by the police, necessary as police are. It is kept primarily by an intricate almost unconscious network of voluntary controls and standards among the people themselves, and enforced by the people themselves." It was, however, a system that required trust.

In the "garden city" suburbs that Jacobs despised, trust came in the form of homogeneity and tribalism. In large and diverse urban areas, it came from the casual contact with strangers that was the heart of the "intricate sidewalk ballet" of her own Greenwich Village.

On her stretch of Hudson Street, she would make her appearance a little after eight "when I put out the garbage can, surely a prosaic occupation, but I enjoy my part, my little clang, as the droves of junior high school students walk by the centre of the stage dropping candy wrappers..." Later on there were the other "rituals of morning", such as Mr Halpert unlocking the laundry handcart from its mooring to a cellar door, Joe Cornacchia's son-in-law stacking out the empty crates from the delicatessen, the barber bringing out his sidewalk folding chair and Mr Goldstein arranging the coils of wire that proclaim the hardware store is open.

BOB GOMEL/GETTY IMAGES; SASHA ARUTYUNOVA

I recognise this ballet from my own neighbourhood. Like Cornacchia, my local bodega owner keeps keys for acquaintances who want to use our place when we're away. He tells me when my 14-year-old son, who stops in for soda, has fallen in with the wrong group of friends. My hairdresser, two blocks away, lets me run home without paying if I've forgotten cash and I'm in a rush. I'll get him next time. The old ladies in their curlers monitor the street from their folding lawn chairs. My next-door neighbour, a septuagenarian who has lived in the house since she was a child, can tell me in which decade and exactly how the previous owners repaired the gutters. It's Pete Hamill's Brooklyn. Literally. He spent some of his own childhood in a flat across the street.

Why does this trust still exist in places like my block? In part because this neighbourhood was, until recently, free from extremes. When I traded in a three-bedroom flat on Finchley Road in north London for my home in Park Slope Brooklyn in 2007, I did so in part because I knew I could send my children to state school, live near a green space, have easy access to libraries, hospitals and shops, and use public transportation.

This "diversity of uses" still exists in many outer boroughs, but it is harder to find in many neighbourhoods in Manhattan which, like prime central London or the most expensive parts of any number of other global cities, have become extremely bifurcated in recent years. There are too many "landmark" buildings owned mainly by absentee investors from Russia or the Gulf and too many incoherent new developments like Hudson Yards which are inconvenient for public transport and financially unattainable for the majority of New Yorkers.

Former mayor Michael Bloomberg once called New York City a luxury product. Jacobs would have seen that as a warning sign. To her, cities that were the biggest or best at anything were often sowing the seeds of their own demise. "Monopolistic shopping centres and monumental cultural centres cloak, under public relations hoohaw, the subtraction of commerce, and of culture too, from the intimate and casual life of cities," she wrote. Iconic buildings needed to be used like key chess pieces – sparingly. They took up too much air and reduced complexity, which was, in her view, at the heart of successful neighbourhoods, where each part serves the whole.

Her own preference in architecture was for a mix of old and new, commercial and residential, with short blocks that allow for close contact and enough people both living and working locally to offer supply and demand. It's the 15-minute city, to use a phrase popularised by Parisian mayor Anne Hidalgo. More Brooklyn, less Manhattan.

View of Manhattan and the Brooklyn Bridge from the bank of the East River in Dumbo, Brooklyn

JACOBS FELT DENSITY WAS CRUCIAL TO THE MAGIC OF CITY LIFE. TO ISOLATE URBANITES FROM EACH OTHER WAS TO REDUCE FRICTION, WHICH IS WHAT MADE CITIES PLACES THAT YOU WANTED TO BE

The living neighbourhood, as opposed to the overly perfect static one, was emerging as a trend here before the pandemic. Now it's getting a tailwind thanks to altered working and commuting patterns, which may become permanent. Work from home isn't going away – a lot of people want it and it will save employers money on commercial leases. In New York, available commercial space is already at 17 per cent, a three-decade high. (The national average is 18 per cent.) Leases are long, which means the hit won't be short and sharp, but slow and sustained, over years.

That will surely decrease tax revenue for the city, but it may also create more opportunities for the kind of mixed-use diversity Jacobs would have approved of. Demand for industrial space, warehouses and logistics centres is picking up. Aside from large multifamily apartment dwellings, for which demand plummeted during the pandemic, the residential market in many parts of New York is up. I expect that places like Brooklyn, Queens and even the Bronx and Staten Island will increasingly become their own economic ecosystems, rather than vassals to Manhattan.

This is a good thing, and pressure to try and stem it by luring big headline employers should be resisted. Jacobs would have been quite happy, for example, that Amazon eventually nixed New York City as a choice for its secondary headquarters. She was a huge critic of cities making linear deals in which tax benefits were traded for headline job gains. It was intuition on her part, but research has since shown her to be right. While such business subsidies have tripled in the US since the 1990s, studies have proven that most of the deals cut by cities for brand name employers have turned out to be a net negative. The initial job gains can't offset the tax hit which results in a degradation of the public services and human capital that employers were attracted to in the first place.

Jacobs believed that it was "the smallness of big cities" that made them so desirable. "A metropolitan centre comes across to people as a centre largely by virtue of its enormous collection of small elements, where people can see them, at street level," she wrote. She would have loved the outdoor cafés that now fill New York's streets and the creativity evidenced by all the small businesses that have found ways to survive the past 15 months.

She was, after all, an urban optimist and would have shaken her head at the post-pandemic predictions of big city demise. These lines, from her work in 1961, seem particularly resonant today: "Vital cities have marvellous innate abilities for understanding, communicating, contriving and inventing what is required to combat their difficulties. Perhaps the most striking example of this ability is the effect that big cities have had on disease. Cities were once the most helpless and devastated victims of disease, but they became great disease conquerors… The surplus wealth, the productivity, the close-grained juxtaposition of talents that permit society to support advances" such as the science that brought us a successful Covid vaccine in a year "are themselves products of our organisation into cities, and especially into big and dense cities."

Cities, like people, are messy. They go through ups and downs in their lives. New York may have some tough years before it springs back. And yet, she asked rhetorically on the last page of her book, "does anyone suppose that answers to any of the great questions that worry us today are going to come out of homogenous settlements?"

The answer seems to me as clear as the sky over Prospect Park. FT

Rana Foroohar is the FT's global business columnist

WOMEN AT THE VANGUARD

A new exhibition at The Met Fifth Avenue showcases the work of 120 groundbreaking female photographers from the 1920s to the 1950s. We asked artist *Tina Barney* to curate her highlights

After seeing these extraordinary photographs at The Met, I made up my mind very quickly which were my favourites. Just imagine the courage, independence and uninfluenced choices these women made to create this work.

I'm always drawn to specific artwork on the basis of its formal qualities. Then I dive in emotionally and intellectually, dissecting the pieces of the puzzle. Usually my selections are devoid of politics, facts and history.

Portraiture is my great love but here and there I'm drawn to a landscape, an interior, a still life or an abstraction.

In this show the role of women and what they achieved as mark-makers in the history of art is paramount.

Tina Barney

RINGL AND PIT
'PÉTROLE HAHN', 1931

FORD MOTOR COMPANY COLLECTION, GIFT OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY AND JOHN C WADDELL, 1987. COURTESY ROBERT MANN GALLERY

KARIMEH ABBUD
'THREE WOMEN', 1930S

In real life this print is very small, the size of a postcard. These three women seem so unique, strong and sure of themselves. The way they're lined up and how they look into the camera, their clothes, the column on the left, the space between them all add up to make a strong impression.

CLAUDE CAHUN
'SELF-PORTRAIT', CIRCA 1927

Claude Cahun must have been quite a character. She was the Cindy Sherman of her time, dressing up in specific outfits and selecting expressions and attitudes she created for each self-portrait.

YEVONDE CUMBERS MIDDLETON
'LADY BRIDGET POULETT AS "ARETHUSA"', 1935

This print is so exotic compared with other coloured prints I've seen. The border with delicately painted little fish is a charming finishing touch.

ISSAM NASSAR; WILSON CENTRE FOR PHOTOGRAPHY; NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON, GIVEN BY MADAME YEVONDE, 1971

HILDEGARD ROSENTHAL
'MEETING PLACE LADEIRA PORTO GERAL, CORNER OF 25 DE MARCO STREET, SAO PAULO', CIRCA 1940

This visually complex street scene caught my eye mostly because of that little window in which we see a man eating. Then there are little plays within plays on the left, centre and right of the set and even tiny people walking way in the back as far as the eye can see.

ESTHER BUBLEY
'YOUNG WOMAN IN THE DOORWAY OF HER ROOM AT A BOARDING HOUSE, WASHINGTON DC', 1943

The fact that the photographer went into this room in a boarding house and didn't touch a thing fascinates me. Way in the back of the image is a hand coming out of the darkness resting on the laundry rack. This is as mysterious as the portrait on the bureau on the right and makes you wonder if this couple are the parents of the young woman in the foreground who seems so sad.

INSTITUTO MOREIRA SALLES, © HILDEGARD ROSENTHAL/ACERVO; NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON; NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, IMAGE COURTESY OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES, NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, © OKANOUE TOSHIKO

TOSHIKO OKANOUE
'FULL OF LIFE', 1954

The woman on the left of this collage seems like a marble statue. Her gestures and expression can be read in so many ways as she reacts to the male figures flying off bridges. What a spectacular operatic stage set.

ERNA LENDVAI-DIRCKSEN
'YOUNG WOMAN FROM THE GUTTACH VALLEY, BLACK FOREST', BEFORE 1934

What does this hat signify? What are those pom poms made of? Is it fashion? Is it ritual? Is it tradition?

DENISE BELLON
'WOMAN WITH FAN-SHAPED HAIRSTYLE, FOUTA DJALLON, GUINEA', 1939

The way Denise Bellon placed this woman on a straw mat is so unusual. Where is she looking and whose hands are those on the lower right? What is the story behind the exotic fan-shaped hairstyle?

THE J PAUL GETTY MUSEUM, LOS ANGELES; NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, PURCHASED AS THE GIFT OF THE GALLERY GIRLS; COLLECTION OF DAVID DECHMAN AND MICHEL MERCURE, © MARTINI & RONCHETTI, COURTESY ARCHIVES FLORENCE HENRI; PURCHASE, TWENTIETH-CENTURY PHOTOGRAPHY FUND AND KURTZ FAMILY FOUNDATION GIFT, 2015, © 2021 ARTISTS RIGHTS SOCIETY (ARS), NEW YORK / ADAGP, PARIS

Tina Barney is an American artist whose large-scale photographs have been exhibited in major museums around the world

'The New Woman Behind the Camera' is at The Met Fifth Avenue until October 3, metmuseum.org

FLORENCE HENRI
'SELF-PORTRAIT', 1928
+
DORA MAAR
'BOY WITH A CAT', 1934

I paired these two portraits together for formal and narrative reasons. I liked the rectangular shapes in both images and also the visual back-and-forth game between the positioning of the subjects' hands and the props. The metal balls, the cat, the door knob, the half-legible sign, the panelled floor and its reflection – all hold the viewer's attention endlessly.

Honey & Co Recipes

Awesome sauce

Photographs by Patricia Niven

Every summer has its own distinct character, its own markers that make it different. Maybe it's a scent or a song, a trinket you wear or a new friend.

The soundtrack of this summer came to us from a crime drama, and we can't seem to shake it. A seven-minute acid techno track, it has a slow humming beat and a warm, warped baglama refrain that makes you feel like you're in a taxi in Istanbul on the way to an underground nightclub in Berlin via the echoing canyons of Petra.

We have it on repeat all the time, from our sweaty bike commute in the morning to when we make dinner with the sun slanting through the kitchen window. We will get it out of our systems by about October and move on to something else. And when we hear that song again a few years from now, we'll remember the summer of 2021 and its particular feel.

Sounds and mood sorted, we can turn to flavour. This is the taste of our summer and it's the best barbecue sauce we've ever had. Between home and work, we have a batch going every day. We char apricots with tomatoes, chillies, alliums and aromats. It livens up our cheese sandwiches and bolsters salad dressings, we dip chips in it and serve it with hot roasted vegetables and cold-cured meats.

But it shines brightest on our grills. We marinate halloumi cheese, lean pork, fatty beef or any part of a chicken (wings for summer eating at its finest), baste with more during cooking for that deep char and shiny gloss, and then serve extra on the side for dipping. It has it all. It is hot, fruity, sweet, smoky, sour, savoury and captures that most elusive, most coveted flavour of all: summer. FT

By Itamar Srulovich. Recipe by Sarit Packer

Apricot barbecue sauce

To make about 700g sauce (enough for two or three meals)

- 8 apricots – about 450g, halved and stones removed
- 8 large cherry tomatoes (or use 4 plum tomatoes, about 300g)
- 1 whole red chilli
- 1 whole green chilli
- 8 spring onions (about 80g)
- 1 whole head of garlic cut through the middle
- 60g demerara sugar (or dark brown is fine too)
- 100ml muscatel or cider vinegar
- A small bouquet of thyme and sage tied together (about four sprigs of each)
- 1 tbs Worcestershire sauce
- 1 tsp salt

1 — Set the grill on your oven to full heat or, better still, use a barbecue.

2 — Place the apricot halves, tomatoes, chillies, spring onions and cut garlic head on a large flat tray, then put it directly under the grill to char the top (or you can grill over your barbecue). Don't add any oil – just let the heat scorch the tops. Grill for 10-15 minutes, depending on the heat of your oven.

3 — Squeeze out the cloves of garlic, discard the skin, then scrape all the vegetables into a saucepan and add the sugar, vinegar and herb bouquet. Set on a medium heat, stir well and bring to the boil. Reduce the heat and cook slowly, stirring occasionally for about 20 minutes until the mix thickens.

4 — Remove the herb bouquet and discard. Add the Worcestershire sauce and salt, then cook for four more minutes. Remove from the heat and use a stick blender to blitz into a paste. If you aren't using the sauce right away, store it in a sterilised jar while it is still hot and seal the jar immediately. It will keep well in the fridge for a couple of weeks.

Serving suggestion
Mix eight wings with 200g of barbecue sauce, transfer to a roasting tray and sprinkle with a little salt. Roast in the oven on 220C for 25 minutes, remove and serve with extra sauce on the side for dipping. All with "Stil" by Acid Arab playing on your speakers.

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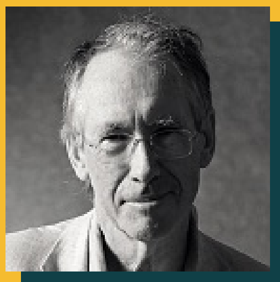
The Reawakening: Imagining a post-pandemic world



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Wine

In search of low-alcohol reds

Unlike North America's west coast, Europe has had an unusually damp and changeable summer so far. This has kept vignerons on their toes, many spraying like mad to ward off mildew. But based on recent European summers, it seems likely that July and August will be hot and dry. Sunburn has become a problem for grapes as well as people in places as far from the equator as Germany.

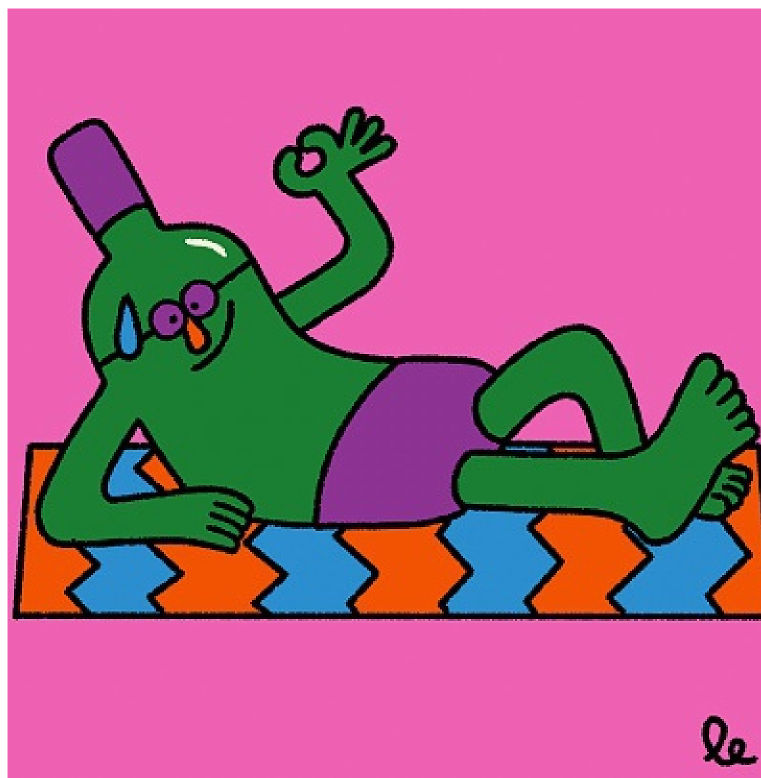
If this summer turns out to be as hot as usual in Europe, those of us who drink wine and do not live in an air-conditioned cocoon are unlikely to find heavy, potent reds at the top of our wish list. Chilled whites and fashionable pinks are more likely to fit the bill. Yet because there comes a time when only red will do, I thought I'd suggest a few low-alcohol, often chillable, red wines.

But what counts as low-alcohol nowadays?

High-alcohol wines were fashionable in the 1990s and early 2000s, especially in California where growers were encouraged to keep grapes on the vine so long that their sugar content soared and so too the resulting wines' alcohol levels. At least many Californian vineyards enjoy much cooler nights than, say, Bordeaux, but in Bordeaux the effect of increasingly warm summers has been a dramatic rise in wine potency.

Liv-ex, the London-based fine-wine trading platform, prides itself on the amount of data it has amassed in its 20-year history. Because of the heavy demands of post-Brexit documentation, last year Liv-ex started to log the alcohol levels of all the wines it trades and recently highlighted certain trends.

The company says it recorded the alcoholic strength of 35,000 wines provided in its vendors' paperwork and then checked 20,000 of them against what was written on labels in its warehouse.



As imagined by Leon Edler

In its presentation of the results, wines were grouped by decade, starting with the 1990 vintage up to 2019.

What is clear is that of the five regions studied, California still produces wines with the highest alcohol levels, 14.6% on average. For the wines that Liv-ex trades (which tend to be the most expensive), average alcohol levels in Piedmont and Tuscany come next at just over 14%. Then comes Bordeaux at about 13.8% and Burgundy at 13.3%.

But while average alcohol levels in California have been falling slightly recently, and in Burgundy and Italy have remained pretty constant this century, they have risen spectacularly in Bordeaux: from an average of 12.8% in the 1990s to 13.8% in 2019. This in a region once famous for providing appetising, digestible wines.

In Bordeaux, the effect of ever-warmer summers has been a dramatic rise in wine potency

Whereas in the 1970s, 10.5% or 11% might have been considered low-alcohol, today I consider any wine with 12.5% or less on the label to qualify. Because wines this low in alcohol are relatively rare, I have asked for suggestions from fellow wine writers on my website. I expected to find a few suitable candidates in our Loire and Beaujolais tasting notes, for example, but even here alcohol levels have been rising, thanks to ever-warmer summers. (I also tried a couple of no-alcohol reds but cannot recommend them.)

What's interesting and unexpected is how many of these low-alcohol wines come from parts of the world we associate with hot summers, and therefore with very ripe grapes and particularly alcoholic wines: Greece, South Africa and Australia. In Greece, high-elevation vineyards, where cool nights slow grape-ripening, tend to be the reason alcohol levels are low. In Australia (and for some California producers) there is a vogue for picking grapes relatively early to produce low-alcohol wines, a reaction to the turbocharged wines of the recent past.

All of the South African candidates overleaf are based on Cinsault, which at one time was the country's most-planted red wine grape and is now relatively inexpensive. This may partly explain why it appeals to new wave Cape winemakers: they rarely own their own vineyards and have to buy grapes. Like their Australian counterparts, they are keen to moderate alcohol levels but, to judge from these wines, Cinsault seems able to yield satisfying, fruity wines even at low-alcohol levels. ▶

A selection of summer reds

All of the following selections are either 12% or 12.5% unless stated otherwise.

LANGUEDOC
• Mas Seren, Etincelle Nomade 2020 IGP Cévennes
Certified organic blend of peppery Syrah and Cinsault from the hills above the Languedoc flatlands.
£13.50 Stone, Vine & Sun
• Alain Chabanon, Campredon 2017 Languedoc
Fully mature, unoaked blend of Syrah, Mourvèdre and Grenache.
£25 Dynamic Vines

ITALY
• Brezza 2020 Dolcetto d'Alba
Utterly Piemontese and one of the most appealing Dolcettos to have come my way. It's delicate rather than trying to be a barrel-aged Barbera.
£15.49 Strictly Wine
• Villa Cordevigo, Classico 2017 Bardolino
Pinot Noir-like fresh, light red from Lake Garda that my colleague Tamlyn Currin liked so much she gave it a score of 17 out of 20.
From €7.81 in Italy

PORTUGAL
• Filipa Pato & William Wouters, DNMC Baga 2019 Bairrada
Baga is the defiantly firm, characterful red wine grape of Bairrada and Filipa Pato is the daughter of the leading light of this northern wine region. Wouters is her sommelier husband.
£16.95 Wine & Greene, £17.25 Bar Douro
• Azores Wine Company, Tinto Vulcânico 2018 IGP Açores
An extraordinary combination of history and geography in a glass. Organic blend of local grapes from the windswept vineyards of the mid-Atlantic volcanic archipelago that is the Azores.
£23 Amathus Drinks

GREECE
• Lyrarakis Liatiko 2020 PGI Crete
Youthful, fresh, aromatic wine made from Crete's own red wine grape whose wines can be quite chewy in youth.
$18.99 Compass Wines, Washington state

• Methymnaeos Chidiriotiko 2019 PGI Lesvos
Chidiriotiko is a variety local to the island of Lesbos and makes wines light in both colour and alcohol but with no shortage of character. Certified organic. €14.90 House of Wine, Greece

• Chatzivaritis, Carbonic Negoska 2020 PGI Slopes of Paiko
Pure crushed mulberries with an attractive bite of light tannin on the dry finish that follows an opulent palate. Most unusual and pleasing. Quintessential picnic wine? But take your ice pack.
£23.50 Maltby & Greek and other independents in UK, France, Germany and Greece

CALIFORNIA
• Birichino, Bechthold Vineyard Old Vines, Vignes Centenaires Cinsault 2018 Mokelumne River
Cinsault again – from a vineyard in Lodi planted in 1886. Very eloquent and full of pure, interesting fruit.
From $25.99 widely available in the US

SOUTH AFRICA
• Waterkloof, Seriously Cool Cinsault 2019 Stellenbosch
The back label on this organic wine, a favourite on JancisRobinson.com since 2013, urges, "drink me cool but take me seriously". I can see why they say to drink this sweet, gentle wine cool; it probably needs the lower temperature to keep it refreshing. Lowish acid and definitely low tannin but a great, easy choice for those who seek a low-alcohol red that can be enjoyed without food.
£10.79 Rannoch Scott

• Rall Cinsault 2019 Coastal Region
Aged in a mix of concrete and old oak with bright, piercing red-cherry fruit. Very round and appealing. A wine to drink pretty young – and coolish – but it is awfully pretty already. This would make a delightful red aperitif, but is arguably too light to match with very emphatic foods.
£19.50 Wine Direct, £95 for six bottles in bond Jeroboams

• Radford Dale, Thirst Cinsault 2020 Stellenbosch
Old bushvines are unirrigated and produce a succulent wine described as "joyous" by my colleague and fellow Master of Wine Julia Harding. Very obviously designed to be enjoyed lightly chilled.
£11.80 VINVM

• Natte Valleij Cinsaults
A range of stunning wines from different South African wine regions produced on a historic estate that specialises in this variety.
£19.99 Museum Wines

AUSTRALIA
• Mac Forbes, Healesville Syrah 2018 Yarra Valley
This producer has championed low-alcohol wines. We loved the 2016 but have not tasted the 2018, which is only 11.5%.
£28 The Wine Society

NEW ZEALAND
• Forrest Estate, The Doctors' Pinot Noir 2019 Marlborough
Only 9.5% and deliberately grown and picked to be as low in alcohol as possible, though it's definitely a bit tart.
£13.90 Gerrard Seel

For full tasting notes, scores and suggested drinking windows see Purple Pages of JancisRobinson.com and for international stockists see Wine-searcher.com

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Pioneering and award-winning Limassol Marina has been completed.

The first superyacht marina on the island, an undisputed iconic landmark for the city of Limassol, has been completed. The delivery of its final phase apartments at "Castle Residences", the crown jewel of the Marina, signifies the end of the project's development and the maturity of a remarkable success story for Cyprus.

Now the beating heart of the city centre, Limassol Marina has played an integral role in changing the face of Limassol over the past decade, while also improving the image of the island on a global scale. Beyond upgrading the surrounding area, boosting local businesses, and creating new jobs, it has firmly positioned Cyprus on the nautical yachting map and acted as the catalyst for new initiatives in the nearby district, ones that are bringing a higher calibre of tourism, investors, companies, and professionals to the island. It continues to have a positive impact on the economy, and celebrates unprecedented achievements, including over €500 million in property sales, 50 nationalities of buyers, more than 7,000 yacht arrivals since its opening - including 275 world-famous superyachts, the largest measuring 111m and 143m - and over 4,000 daily visitors in the dining and shopping area. The ground-breaking project has changed the national landscape for a broad range of sectors and is a leading example of the scope of our capabilities.

General Manager, Nikiforos Pampakas, has been at Limassol Marina from the initial stages of its conceptualisation: "We are so proud of what the whole team has achieved – we did it! Seeing our vision become a reality is heart-warming and hugely gratifying. This pioneering project proves that with vision, hard work and strategic implementation, even the most challenging goals can be achieved. I would like to express my sincere thanks to the project's shareholders for their unwavering commitment to this project; the architects, partners, consultants, and customers, as well as all the people who have worked here over the years. Their service, passion and dedication have contributed to our success on this incredible journey!"

An overall investment value of €400 million, the Blue Flag and Five Gold Anchor Platinum Marina has set new standards for the high-end real estate market, yachting and entertainment over the years. It has sold more than 90% of its 285 unique residential properties and has long been established as one of the most prestigious addresses in Cyprus and the wider Mediterranean region. It is the only development offering "living on the sea" ready to move in apartments and villas surrounded by water; only a limited number of properties is available for sale. The exclusive apartments at "Castle Residences" are situated on a private island, accessed by a bridge, with breathtaking panoramic views of the Marina, the Mediterranean Sea, and the city of Limassol. The "Island Villas" are characterised by innovative architectural ingenuity and include their own private swimming pool with yacht berth(s) attached to their beautifully landscaped gardens. This privileged residential community enjoys a range of high-quality facilities and amenities, retail, leisure and cultural options, a first-class spa and gym, sandy beach and beach bar, high-tech berthing facilities, property management, rental, and concierge services. Quite literally, everything the residents or berth-holders need is on their doorstep.

For more information about Limassol Marina, or to book your private viewing of the ready to move in properties, please visit www.limassolmarina.com, call +357 25 020 020 or email the Limassol Marina team at info@limassolmarina.com.

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Games

A Round on the Links
by James Walton

All the answers here are linked in some way. Once you've spotted the connection, any you didn't know the first time around should become easier.

1. Which rebellion was ended by the Battle of Sedgemoor in 1685?

2. Whose 1932 novel *A Glastonbury Romance* made much of the town's links with King Arthur and the Holy Grail?

3. Who made only one other film appearance – 15 years later – after starring as the football-playing love interest in *Gregory's Girl* (1981)?

4. Whose comic creations include Sandy Stone, Neil Singleton and Sir Les Patterson?

5. What type of clothing is also the title of the first single released from Taylor Swift's lockdown album *Folklore*?

6. Which motorway service station is approximately five miles from Milton Keynes (left)?

7. In Robert Louis Stevenson's *Treasure Island*, what's the name of Long John Silver's parrot (below)?

8. What title was Antony Armstrong-Jones given after marrying Princess Margaret?

9. Who captained the England cricket team to 10 consecutive Test defeats in the mid-1980s?

10. Which medical condition is also the title of a Noël Coward play?

The Picture Round
by James Walton

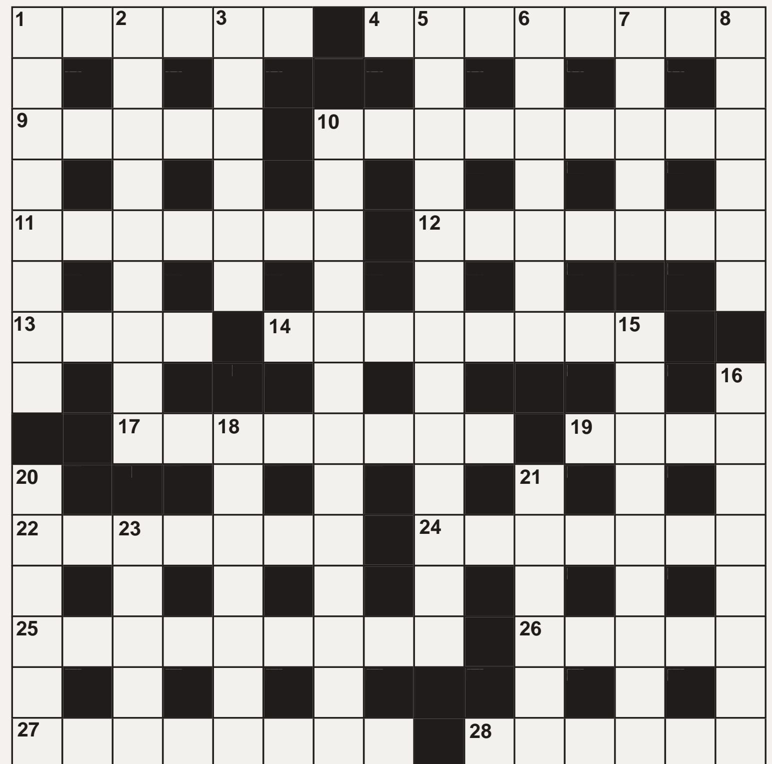
Who or what do these pictures add up to?

+ = ?

Answers page 12

GETTY IMAGES

The Crossword
No 547. Set by Aldhelm



The Across clues are straightforward, while the Down clues are cryptic.

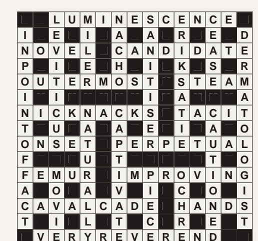
ACROSS

1 Transfer, swap over (6)
4 Having no knowledge (8)
9 Build, put up (5)
10 Abundance (9)
11 Torn rags (7)
12 Lifeless (7)
13 Per person (4)
14 Lipstick, blusher, eg (8)
17 After-dinner drinks (8)
19 Young deer (4)
22 Organise again, reassemble (7)
24 Educator (7)
25 State (9)
26 Bring upon oneself (5)
27 Gestured with the shoulders (8)
28 Peril, risk (6)

DOWN

1 Peat's crumbled around little flower (5, 3)
2 Indicate different line's the same (9)
3 Vessel with ceramic top, say (6)
5 Try to disarm an army, initially, stirring up kind individual (4, 9)
6 Rich musical work with number involved in lute arrangement (7)
7 Bail arranged with one defendant's plea (5)
8 Very sensitive nurse (6)
10 Over the hill there's rock – mapper is working around it (4, 4, 5)
15 Three teas and a dance (3-3-3)
16 Type of light red taken after popular French one (8)
18 Giving a price for amazing outing following queen (7)
20 Reptile, in short, found on American flower (6)
21 Mixed paint with a sheen (6)
23 Hopeless case in hearing one rejected (5)

Solution to Crossword No 546



GILLIAN TETT

PARTING SHOT

The day my book got lost in cyberspace

A few weeks ago I experienced a problem that would make any author wince: on the very day that I published my book, Amazon suffered a supply-chain glitch and thousands of copies went missing. That sparked a scramble to work out where in cyberspace they were – or, more accurately, in which warehouse they were sitting. Meanwhile, the website suggested that my book had not been published at all.

Thankfully, the hiccup was resolved in a couple of days. But the episode illustrates a much bigger point: in the 21st century we have all become accustomed to relying on ultra-complex supply chains we do not understand and tend to trust these will always work.

Yet in the past year many of these supply chains have temporarily frozen, or broken down, and remain troubled, even today. Sometimes the consequences seem trivial: when I recently ordered a dishwasher, for example, the website promised to deliver it within a week, which has now been amended to months.

Other glitches are more serious: Goldman Sachs estimates that a shortage of computer chips will hit 169 industries this year, cutting American growth by up to 1 per cent. And doctors have warned in the BMJ that glitches in the medical supply chain affect far more than just personal protective equipment and even "endanger patients".

Either way, the fact that these glitches keep emerging is surprising. After all, economists have warned for months that demand for goods and services across the economy would explode if (or when) vaccines were rolled out. Meanwhile, tech giants also know us (and thus our potential ordering habits) intimately. Yet a sudden localised shock, such as a temporary blockage of the Suez Canal, causes spasms. And the Covid-19 pandemic and recovery have made these systems go equally haywire.

Why? Part of the problem is obvious: the pandemic caused factories to shut down. However, another problem is that western manufacturers and retailers have become so addicted to chasing efficiency and price reductions that they have eroded any buffers or spare inventories in the system to absorb shock. Or as Nada Sanders, a supply chain professor, notes in a recent essay on The Conversation platform, "As customers demand ever cheaper products delivered faster, supply chains have given up every bit of slack."

There is another, less obvious, problem: risk management systems that seem sensible for individuals can be bad for the system as a whole.

We saw one version of this problem play out in the 2008 financial crisis when numerous different institutions had each decided to insure themselves against the risk of losses in their complex credit products. That was sensible on an individual level. But many of these institutions chose to use the same groups, concentrating their risks thanks to the opacity of the collective transactions. Risk was ultimately magnified.

Something similar is happening with supply chains now: individual companies have been streamlining them in a way that seemed optimal – and safe – for each. But because they have often followed the same strategy, activity has been concentrated on nodes that can falter or fail. It seems sensible that computer-chip production

In the 21st century we have all become accustomed to relying on ultra-complex supply chains we do not understand

is concentrated in Taiwan, which develops economies of scale and clusters of expertise, and so benefits its customers. But it is dangerous for the system as a whole.

Rigid thinking makes the problem worse. Take the British dairy industry, which has been studied by Richard Bruce, a lecturer in supply chain accounting and finance at Sheffield university. This is organised into three separate supply chains, around hospitality, liquid milk and processed products. Although there was a desperate need for co-ordination when Covid first hit, it was initially difficult, not least because antitrust rules prevented companies from sharing data.

The good news, says Bruce, at least for British milk, is that in 2020 a quasi government body stepped in to enforce a more holistic approach to milk supply chains. Better still, the Covid problems have prompted "lots of business and governments to rethink supply chains" and not just for milk.

Management consultants, for example, are promoting the idea of supply chain "resilience" in the face of shocks, not just "efficiency". A "just-in-case" philosophy of contingency planning is edging out the "just-in-time" mantra. And American and European governments are trying to create more centralised supply chain databases, particularly for things such as medical supplies. Bottom-up digital innovations, such as blockchain, may also help promote more co-ordination.

But the bad news is that it's never easy to instil a mindset shift, least of all in a world where company executives are prone to tunnel vision and where the cost and consequences of excessively "efficient" global supply chains are often hidden in plain sight from consumers and investors. Which, ironically, is a key theme of my (temporarily) missing books. The literary gods must have a sense of schadenfreude. FT

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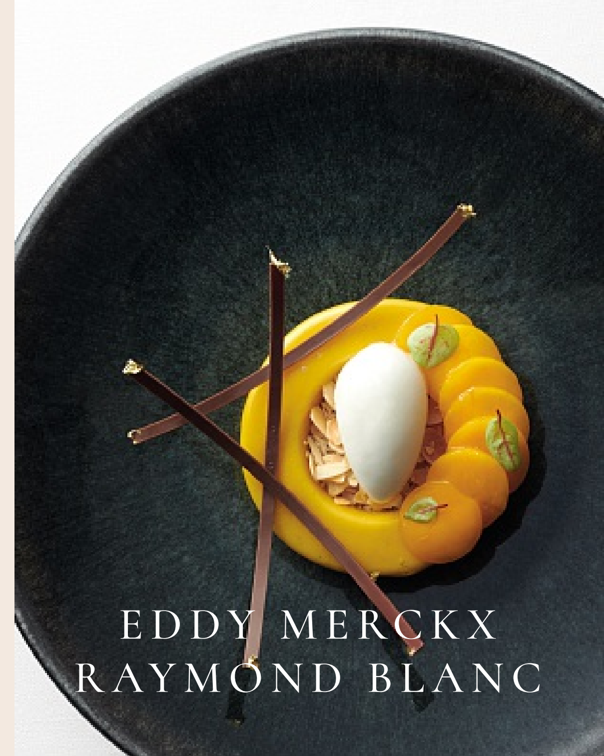
LE BLANQ

LEGENDARY JOYRIDING



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