



'People were literally crawling because it was so hot'

America's heatwave PAGE 3

Global warming, silent killer PAGE 7

Simon Kuper LIFE & ARTS

FT montage/Getty

Biden declares America 'on the move' as hiring beats forecasts

◆ 850,000 jobs created in June ◆ Lockdown easing fuels growth ◆ Wages rise to attract staff

COLBY SMITH — NEW YORK
LAUREN FEDOR — WASHINGTON

President Joe Biden hailed "historic progress" in America's recovery from the pandemic as the US economy created 850,000 jobs in June, with unrelenting demand for workers spurring a jump in recruitment.

Non-farm payrolls data yesterday came in well above economists' expectations of 720,000 jobs created for the month, surpassing the upwardly revised 583,000 gain posted in May and an unexpectedly weak 278,000 new hires in April.

"We have now created over 3m jobs

since I took office, more jobs than have ever been created in the first five months of any presidency in modern history," Biden said at the White House after the data release. "This is historic progress, pulling our economy out of the worst crisis in 100 years."

Despite the increase in payrolls, the biggest in 10 months, the unemployment rate ticked up slightly to 5.9 per cent from 5.8 per cent the month before.

"It was a solid report, [one] you would hope for given the reopening has continued to gather pace," said Lee Ferridge, head of macro strategy for North America at State Street Global Markets.

The June report landed at a critical

juncture for the US economy. Easing lockdown measures and generous government stimulus programmes have fuelled a robust rebound in growth this year. US consumer prices have in turn surged as supply chain constraints have hampered some businesses' ability to meet red-hot consumer demand.

Crippling labour shortages have also hamstrung employers, as childcare constraints and fears about catching Covid-19 dissuaded people from returning to the workforce.

Some businesses blame unemployment benefits for holding up the jobs recovery, prompting several Republican-leaning US states to slash aid.



Yesterday's data surpassed the 583,000 gain posted in May

Companies have begun raising wages and handing out perks to attract new staff. Yesterday's report suggested those measures have balanced some of the market mismatches. "Instead of workers competing with each other for jobs that are scarce, employers are competing with each other to attract workers," Biden said. "Put simply, our economy is on the move."

Despite June's gains, US employment remains far below its pre-pandemic levels. More than 9m people are still unemployed, compared to 5.7m in February last year.

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How To Spend It

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SEPARATE MAGAZINE



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Lucy Kellaway

LIFE & ARTS



Master of the dark arts

How Teneo spun out of control

COMPANIES



The end of opulence

What next for London's luxury market

HOUSE & HOME



Trump's 'eyes and ears' under pressure to flip

What will Allen Weisselberg do next? That is the crucial question for prosecutors following their claims this week that executives' income has been concealed at the Trump Organization. They say perks amounted to \$1.7m for the man who has described himself as Trump's 'eyes and ears' and hope the prospect of prison will persuade him to turn. But Weisselberg, who pleaded not guilty, is a loyal lieutenant hired by the ex-president's father 48 years ago.

Analysis ► PAGE 4

Didi shares tumble as Beijing's cyber watchdog launches data investigation

YUAN YANG — BEIJING

China's cyber security regulators have launched an investigation into Didi, sending the ride-hailing group's shares plummeting just days after it launched the year's biggest initial public offering in New York.

The Cyberspace Administration of China made the announcement yesterday evening, Beijing time, on Didi's third morning of trading in New York after it raised at least \$4bn in the IPO.

Despite the record fundraising, Didi kept the occasion low key, without celebrating on its domestic Weibo social media channel, organising a press conference, or taking part in a bell-ringing ceremony in New York.

The CAC said the investigation was in order to "safeguard national data security and protect national security", and

that Didi must stop registering users for the probe's duration to "comply with the cyber security investigation work and prevent risks from spreading".

Didi told the Financial Times it would "actively comply" with the investigation and "completely inspect our cyber security risks under the guidance" of the authorities. Its shares opened down 11 per cent yesterday in New York.

"This is a signal for big tech companies, warning them of the importance of data security and personal data protection," said Wang Congwei, a partner at Beijing Jingshi law firm.

China's cyber security reviews are new measures launched last year in order to protect what it sees as "critical information infrastructure", a broad category including transport providers and big database systems. One aim is to prevent critical data leaks.

According to Chinese regulations, an investigation can last up to 30 business days, with extensions of 15 additional business days for complex cases. Didi has more than 377m users and 13m drivers annually active in China, meaning that it stores a significant amount of user data that could lead it to be considered critical information infrastructure.

The platform not only gathers data on trips and user locations but, following a passenger safety scandal, also records audio during every journey.

The company has not yet faced a major publicly known data leak. Following passenger murders in 2018, Didi was reprimanded for not sharing more data. That debacle underlines tension in Beijing between demands for more data-sharing and calls for data security.

Additional reporting by Nian Liu
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No: 40,750 ★

Printed in London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Dublin, Frankfurt, Milan, Madrid, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Tokyo, Hong Kong, Singapore, Seoul, Dubai

World Markets

STOCK MARKETS				CURRENCIES				INTEREST RATES						
	Jul 2	prev	%chg	Jul 2	prev	Jul 2	prev	price	yield	chg				
S&P 500	4339.31	4319.94	0.45	\$ per €	1.184	1.187	€ per \$	0.726	0.726		US Gov 10 yr	147.44	1.44	0.00
Nasdaq Composite	14592.64	14522.38	0.48	\$ per £	1.378	1.378	£ per €	1.164	1.161		UK Gov 10 yr	0.70	-0.01	
Dow Jones Ind	34740.76	34502.51	0.69	€ per €	0.859	0.861	¥ per €	131.831	132.376		Ger Gov 10 yr	-0.24	-0.03	
FTSEurofirst 300	1763.14	1759.63	0.20	¥ per \$	111.315	111.540	£ index	81.508	81.718		Jpn Gov 10 yr	117.03	0.04	-0.01
Euro Stoxx 50	4081.02	4078.89	0.05	¥ per £	153.430	153.702	SFr per €	1.273	1.274		US Gov 30 yr	112.99	2.05	0.00
FTSE 100	7123.27	7125.16	-0.03	SFr per \$	1.094	1.097	€ per \$	0.844	0.843		Ger Gov 2 yr	105.79	-0.67	-0.01
FTSE All-Share	4065.95	4062.45	0.09											
CAC 40	6552.86	6507.83	0.69											
Xetra Dax	15650.09	15603.81	0.30											
Nikkei	28783.28	28707.04	0.27											
Hang Seng	28310.42	28827.95	-1.80											
MSCI World \$	3028.20	3017.23	0.36											
MSCI EM \$	1368.22	1374.64	-0.47											
MSCI ACWI \$	721.82	719.97	0.26											



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INTERNATIONAL

Latin America

Latest variant's odd mutations puzzle scientists

Lambda, first identified in Peru, is spreading but its rate of contagion is unclear

CLIVE COOKSON — LONDON
GIDEON LONG — BOGOTA

Lambda, the latest coronavirus variant to draw the World Health Organization's attention, is worrying officials in Latin America and puzzling scientists because of its "unusual" set of mutations.

Formerly known as C.37, Lambda was first detected late last year in Peru, and has since spread to 27 countries, including the UK. Public Health England this week said it had been identified "across" the country, although the number of cases it had identified remained small.

Pablo Tsukayama, a doctor in molecular microbiology at the Cayetano Heredia university in Lima, Peru's capital, said when medics first noted the variant in December, it accounted for one in 200 samples. But by March, "it accounted for about 50 per cent of samples in Lima and now it's about 80 per cent. That would suggest its rate of transmission is higher than other variants," he said.

According to the WHO, Lambda made up 82 per cent of new Covid-19 cases in May and June in Peru, which has the world's highest coronavirus mortality rate for almost a third.

Scientists, however, remain uncertain whether Lambda mutations make it more transmissible. "At the moment there's no evidence to suggest it's more aggressive than other variants," said Jairo Méndez Rico, an adviser on emerging viral diseases at the Pan-American Health Organization. "It's possible that it has a higher rate of contagion but more work needs to be done on it."

The WHO in June named Lambda as

the seventh "variant of interest" so far.

The global health body believes such strains are less of a threat than its four "variants of concern" — Alpha, Beta, Gamma and Delta originally detected in the UK, South Africa, Brazil and India respectively — but says they still need close monitoring. On June 23, PHE in the UK designated Lambda a variant under investigation "due to international expansion and several notable mutations". PHE stressed there was no evidence Lambda caused more severe disease or rendered vaccines less effective.

"One reason why it is hard to make sense of the threat from Lambda, using computational and lab data, is that it has rather an unusual set of mutations, compared with other variants," explained Jeff Barrett, director of the Covid-19 Genomics Initiative at the Wellcome Sanger Institute in the UK. A lack of genetic sequencing facilities in Latin America had made it difficult to know the extent to which Lambda was driving the region's outbreaks.

Lambda has a unique pattern of seven mutations in the spike protein that the virus uses to infect human cells. Researchers are intrigued by one mutation called L452Q, similar to the L452R mutation believed to contribute to the high infectiousness of the Delta variant.

Monica Acevedo and colleagues at the University of Chile, Santiago, studied the effect of Lambda on viral infectivity using blood samples from healthcare workers who had received two doses of China's CoronaVac vaccine. Their results, revealed on Thursday, suggest Lambda is more infectious than Gamma and Alpha and better able to escape vaccination antibodies. "Our data show for the first time that mutations present in the spike protein of the Lambda variant confer escape to neutralising antibodies and increased infectivity," they wrote.

Criminal indictment. Tax perks



Facing allegations: Allen Weisselberg, centre, leaves court in New York on Thursday
Peter Foley/EPA-EFE

Trump defenders man ramparts as New York fires opening salvo in probe

Pressure rises on CFO to help inquiry, but rightwing pundits criticise a 'nothingburger'

JOSHUA CHAFFIN — NEW YORK

Hiding executives' income was such an established practice at Donald Trump's family business, according to New York prosecutors, that it kept two sets of ledgers for the purpose: one with an executive's stated pay to report to the tax authorities; another that tallied all the extra perks surreptitiously paid for by the company.

For Allen Weisselberg, the Trump Organization's longtime chief financial officer, those "off the books" perks ran to more than \$1.7m over a 15-year period, according to a criminal indictment unsealed in a New York court on

Thursday. They included things such as his grandchildren's school tuition, rent for a luxury apartment, two Mercedes car leases and a flatscreen television.

For the Trump Organization, there was the benefit of reducing its own payroll taxes, which are tied to employee compensation, prosecutors alleged.

"This is not a standard practice," Carey Dunne, a top assistant to Cyrus Vance, the Manhattan district attorney, told reporters. "This was a secret and audacious illegal payment scheme."

Through a blitz of statements, Trump's lawyers derided the case as yet another "nothingburger", to borrow a term from Don Jr.

"This is all they have?" asked Ronald Fischetti, Trump's lawyer. "In my 50 years of practice, I have never seen this office bring a case like this and, quite frankly, I am astonished."

While New York City was being ravaged by "subway slashings, gun violence and hate crimes", the Trump Organization said, Vance had spent millions of dollars to bring a case over fringe benefits. "Make no mistake, this is not about the law; this is all about politics."

On Fox News, meanwhile, presenters and guests took turns taking umbrage. "The Democrats have a good reason for ignoring violence in the streets," said anchor Jesse Watters as he introduced a primetime segment on the case. "They've been busy perverting the criminal justice system to get the Trump Organization."

The question is what a jury will make of the case and what Weisselberg will do. The loyal lieutenant who has described himself as Trump's "eyes and ears" pleaded not guilty after entering the courthouse through a back entrance on Thursday morning.

With the threat of prison time looming, Vance and Letitia James, the New York attorney-general, are hoping the double ledgers and other evidence they have uncovered will persuade the 48-year veteran of the Trump Organization — a man who was hired by Trump's father, Fred — to break with the former president and aid their investigation.

"I don't see how you can't take this seriously," said Daniel Horwitz, a former prosecutor in Vance's office who now leads the white collar law practice at McLaughlin & Stern. "This was not a

'[The fact that there were] two sets of separate books, that's pretty close to a smoking gun'

case of a year or two of taxes unpaid on a car. This was a scheme, according to the indictment, perpetuated for well over a decade."

In light of the allegations, Horwitz predicted reputable businesses would be reluctant to deal with the Trump Organization.

Daniel Hemel, a law professor at the University of Chicago, who specialises in tax issues, also saw heft in Vance's case. "The fact that the Trump Organization was maintaining two sets of separate books, that's pretty close to a smoking gun," he said, likening the case to that of the late Leona Helmsley, the infamous "Queen of Mean". Helmsley spent 19 months in prison after then-US attorney Rudolph Giuliani accused her in 1989 of fraudulently billing millions of dollars of home renovations to her husband's property company to avoid taxes.

"It's almost like a playbook on differ-

ent ways to commit tax fraud," Adam Kaufmann, another veteran of Vance's office now in private practice, said of the actions described in the indictment.

Like others, he noted Weisselberg's alleged position as both the orchestrator and beneficiary of the scheme, and believed his title as chief financial officer would also make it difficult to plead ignorance on tax and accounting matters.

One of the more contentious elements in the indictment is a grand larceny charge. Prosecutors argued that Weisselberg's alleged fraud allowed him not only to avoid paying taxes but to claim more than \$94,000 in federal tax refunds over the years, which he was not owed. In essence, they called that a form of property theft, stiffening the potential sentence he could face. But some lawyers dismissed that as a stretch, and predicted the charge would ultimately be tossed out by the judge.

Even so, that would still leave behind other vivid elements of the indictment likely to resonate with jurors, according to Mark Zauderer, a defence lawyer. In addition to the double ledgers, for example, prosecutors also alleged that Weisselberg and his wife claimed not to be residents of New York City in order to avoid local taxes. All the while, they were the sole occupants of a Trump apartment on Riverside Boulevard.

"It is easy to lose sight of the fact that these are serious charges with significant penalties, and the supporting facts alleged in the indictment are easy for jurors to understand," Zauderer said. "And they are likely to generate resentment in the hearts of jurors who don't benefit from the kind of tax schemes alleged by the district attorney and the grand jury."

Euro 2020 Eriksen collapse galvanises Denmark

RICHARD MILNE — OSLO
EMMA AGYEMANG — COPENHAGEN

An unfancied Danish team overcomes adversity and captures hearts on the way to European football glory.

It happened in 1992 when Denmark unexpectedly won the European Football Championship despite only being drafted into the tournament at the last minute. Twenty-nine years later, after the trauma of seeing star player Christian Eriksen suffer a cardiac arrest in the opening game, could it happen again for the Scandinavian nation?

"What happened with Eriksen will become part of our national narrative. In Denmark, everybody is talking about this being another '92," said Lykke Friis, a former government minister who was on her way to Baku in Azerbaijan to watch today's quarter-final against the Czech Republic. "That fairytale summer is on everybody's minds."

The image of Denmark's players surrounding the prone Eriksen as he received electric shocks and CPR on the pitch in Copenhagen will be one of the defining moments of Euro 2020. Friis called it a "galvanising event", something that caused a nation as well as neutral supporters to fall in love with the team.

Pierre-Emile Højbjerg, Denmark's midfielder, described the tournament as "a roller-coaster". When they returned to the field against Finland after Eriksen collapsed, "we played with our hearts and tried to do everything to make ourselves and the country proud."

The 1992 victory remains the high-water mark for Danish football. The team had failed to qualify but were

called up barely a week before the tournament kicked off to replace Yugoslavia, who were excluded due to the Balkans war. Denmark went on to beat Germany in the final, an event Friis called "a Hans Christian Andersen adventure" for the nation of 5.8m people.

Nikoline, a bartender in Copenhagen, was just two when Denmark won, and said her parents would often tell her she would never know how great a feeling that was. "Now it could happen," she said, describing the current atmosphere as a "national party".

After Eriksen's near-death experience (he is now recovering) nobody had any expectations for the team, she said: "People felt like if they go out it's fine, as long as everybody lives."

But since the initial loss to Finland, the team's performances have got better and better. They shocked Belgium by scoring first, before eventually losing to one of the favourites for the title.

The final group match against Russia was tense, before Denmark found their gear to seal an emphatic 4-1 victory. They also scored four without reply against Wales to reach the quarter-finals. "You can really feel the patriotism building," said Nikoline.

A group of three men in the Copenha-

gen bar — watching neighbours Sweden crash out of the competition this week — showed how Denmark's success has snowballed. Frederik, a 31-year-old sports journalist, is such a fan he has already bought a semi-final ticket due to his belief that "this team are the real deal". He has urged friends to buy replica Danish football shirts for months.

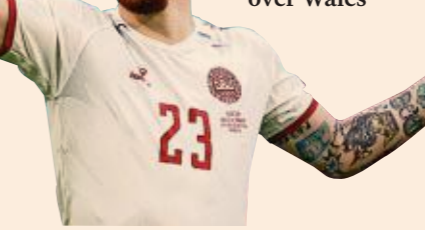
Soren, a 31-year-old engineering student, said the matches had helped him and others feel pride in the red-and-white Danish flag after years of watching it be co-opted by the nationalist right. Drinking companion Anders, a 32-year-old IT worker, wished he had listened to Frederik and bought a shirt, now sold out in most shops.

The sense of "unity" after Eriksen's heart scare and the "intense" feeling that Denmark could go all the way again have drawn him in. Frederik chipped in: "You don't see a team that wants it as much and fights for it as hard as we do."

Højbjerg stressed that Denmark "have not done anything yet" and still have to beat the Czechs and either England or Ukraine to reach the final. But he conceded there were similarities between today's team and that of 1992. Both have a Schmeichel in goal — Peter 29 years ago, his son Kasper today — as well as solid defenders and exciting attackers such as Brian Laudrup in 1992 and Mikkel Damsgaard now. He said: "There's togetherness, values of 'one for all and all for one', this pride of playing for your country."

The Czechs should prove tougher than Wales. Still, the feeling of unity gives Danes optimism. Højbjerg added: "Really being able to feel the love, it reminds us all why we started playing football in terms of joy and the passion."

Passion: Pierre-Emile Højbjerg celebrates after Denmark's win over Wales



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FT BIG READ. INVESTMENT

Watchdogs have clamped down on Binance, one of the world's largest cryptocurrency exchanges, as they move to tighten the sector's porous border with conventional financial markets. But will they succeed?

By Adam Samson and Brooke Masters

Changpeng Zhao's company Binance is everywhere and yet based nowhere. The cryptocurrency exchange has processed trillions of dollars in trades this year as it transfers digital and conventional money around the world through affiliates. And yet it has no headquarters.

Incorporated in the Cayman Islands, the company has grown at extraordinary speed into a leading player in the fledgling industry. But the 44-year-old Canadian-Chinese mogul's empire is now attracting intense scrutiny from global watchdogs grappling with new financial entities that act in many jurisdictions but are rooted in none.

Binance has led a peripatetic life since its founding by Zhao, who goes by the moniker "CZ", in China four years ago. The company shifted its operations after a crackdown by Chinese authorities in 2017. After it landed in Japan, regulators warned in 2018 it was conducting unauthorised cryptocurrency trading in the country. Malta's then prime minister Joseph Muscat welcomed Binance with open arms that year, but in 2020 its financial regulator proclaimed that despite the company's operations in the EU state, it was not responsible for regulating the exchange.

Zhao, whose wealth was valued by Forbes at almost \$2bn when bitcoin was on the ascent in March, insists the company has no formal headquarters. "You have to have an entity, you have to have a headquarter, you have to have a bank account. All of those things don't need to exist for blockchain companies," he told a crypto conference in 2020. He did not respond to a request to be interviewed for this article.

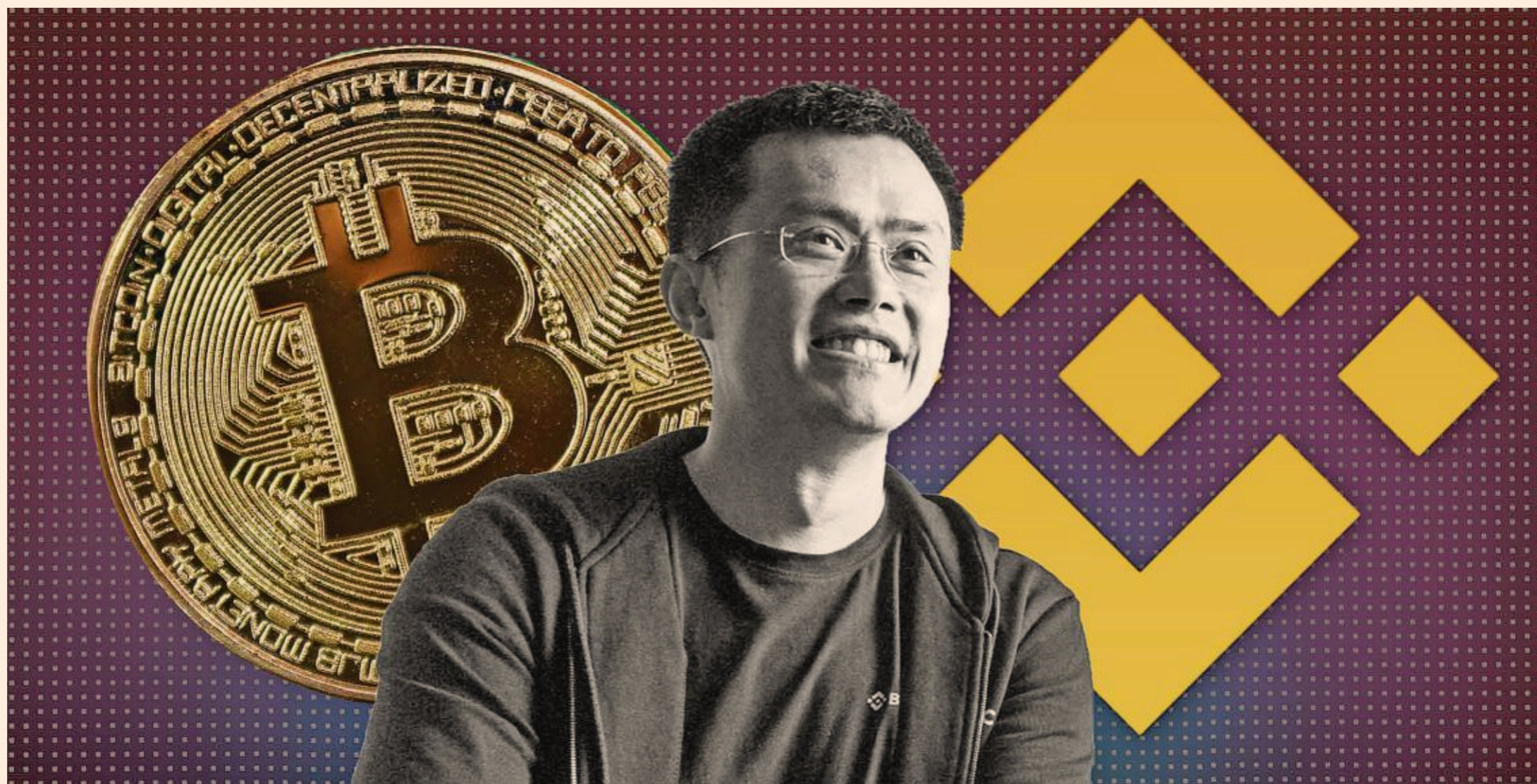
Regulators on three continents are clamping down on the company, one of the world's biggest cryptocurrency exchanges by volume, as they attempt to police the porous border between the largely free-wheeling crypto sector and the more tightly-regulated conventional financial market.

The UK's Financial Conduct Authority last week banned a regulated affiliate called Binance Markets Limited from offering any traditional financial services that fall into the regulator's remit. It also said the group was not authorised to conduct crypto asset business within Britain's borders and warned consumers that transactions with unregistered companies are generally not covered by investor protection schemes.

The move by the UK regulator follows a warning from Japan last month that mirrored the concerns first expressed in 2018. And it comes as the company is preparing to pull out of Ontario following a broader crackdown by the province's Securities Commission. The Cayman Islands Monetary Authority said on Thursday that Binance is not authorised to run a crypto exchange there, and is "investigating" whether any of its operations are based in the tax haven. Yesterday Thailand became the latest country to take action, filing a criminal complaint against the company for allegedly operating without a licence.

While the organisational charts of most companies resemble a pyramid, with a headquarters at the top and subsidiaries below, Binance's is more like a hydra, with semi-autonomous units operating around the world. In Europe, Zhao-owned companies in London and Vilnius, which are not regulated as financial firms, help pump hard currency on and off the main Binance exchange through deals with UK-based payments processors.

Binance says it is rapidly hiring more compliance staff and using advanced



The great crypto crackdown

Crypto exchanges are the frontier between the dark web and the regulated fiat world. The FCA should be congratulated for putting the fear of God in others'

\$5.4tn
Spot crypto transactions processed by Binance this year

\$770m
Funds moved on to Binance from allegedly criminal enterprises in 2019

tools to block any potential illicit activity from its systems. "We take our legal obligations very seriously and have worked hard to build a robust compliance programme," it said in a statement to the Financial Times.

The regulatory offensive against the company and some of its affiliates comes as financial supervisors around the world worry that money from illegal drugs, ransomware and other crimes is washing back into the legitimate banking system through unmonitored links with crypto. "Crypto exchanges are the frontier between the dark web and the regulated fiat world," says Tom Keatinge, a financial crime expert at the Royal United Services Institute. "The FCA should be congratulated for cracking down on Binance and putting the fear of God in others."

Regulatory limits

Yet the UK's intervention has had limited practical effect. Binance.com customers briefly lost access to sterling withdrawals and some UK customers said their bank transfers to the exchange had been blocked, but consumers could still add or remove euros from the system, or take their digital coins off Binance's platform directly.

Still, the Binance clash is a taste of things to come, say anti-money laundering experts. With evidence dating back to 2015 that terrorists and criminals were using crypto to move money around, the Financial Action Task Force, which spearheads the global fight against dirty money, called for a clampdown in 2019. Fifty-two countries and territories now regulate "virtual asset service providers", and six have banned them outright.

"Crypto has been the wild west of the financial services sector, and to a large extent it still is," says David Lewis,

FATF's executive secretary. "We are not looking to close down these currencies. We are looking to support responsible innovators and create a level playing field. There is still a lot of regulatory arbitrage going on."

The crypto anti-money laundering rules, launched in 2019, require companies to prove they can screen out criminal customers and flag up suspicious transactions. Regulators agree that most money laundering still goes through cash, ordinary bank accounts and shell companies, but they don't want digital exchanges to provide criminals with another avenue.

Banks already spend billions on anti-money laundering controls, with mixed success; now crypto providers face the

No more 'wild west': the Financial Action Task Force's David Lewis says it aims to 'support responsible innovators'



same demands. It will drive up costs but could also broaden the sector's appeal.

"To be regulated adds a layer of credibility to the industry. Not only will your money be safe, but it will have more credibility that we are trying to stop financial crime," says Peter Oakes, a former Irish banking regulator who now works in fintech. "It's better to have 30 per cent more overhead from risk and compliance costs than zero revenue."

Compliance matters

Some customers appear to appreciate that attitude. Since the Binance crackdown was announced, Bitstamp, a Luxembourg-regulated rival that boasts of its "mature approach", has seen a 138 per cent rise in new customer applications, says chief executive Julian Sawyer.

Binance itself has struggled at times to keep its compliance function on par with its sweeping operations, in the view of several people directly familiar with the group's practices. Those operations include leveraged trading in digital coins such as bitcoin and ether, futures, options, savings, lending and stock tokens. The company has processed \$5.4tn in "spot" crypto transactions this year, according to crypto and blockchain research group TheBlockCrypto.

An employee at a financial firm that used to connect Binance to traditional markets says that while the exchange "talks a big game on anti-money laundering and know-your-customer" rules, it was "resistant to throwing human resources at compliance issues" preferring to automate its controls. His company ultimately cut ties with Binance over fears that it was "not a great advert for the [crypto industry]".

Two people familiar with Binance's operations say that as its business has boomed, it has often lacked the resources and practices needed to handle thousands of transactions.

The company denies this, saying that it is "categorically untrue" that it lacks sufficient compliance capacity and that it is continuing to invest in its compliance programme.

Binance Markets Limited, which is controlled by Zhao, attempted to set up a "ringfenced" exchange in the UK that would have allowed for trading in digital tokens against the euro and sterling. But it pulled its application in May after the FCA demanded "exhaustive disclosure" and hundreds of pages of documents related to anti-money laundering controls, according to a person familiar with the matter.

Binance says it has "consistently invested in its compliance efforts ... including using some of the top

Above: Binance CEO Changpeng Zhao says blockchain companies do not need headquarters. Zhao-owned companies, which are not regulated as financial firms, help pump hard currency on and off the Binance exchange through deals with UK-based payments processors

FT montage

[regulation technology] tools and vendors in the space and making strong hires". The group adds that it has doubled the size of its compliance and law enforcement team, which now numbers in the "hundreds", over the past year.

The FCA says that more than 90 per cent of the virtual exchange companies that initially tried to meet its standards to become registered crypto firms have withdrawn their applications. "It is a tough process and a lengthy process," says Ryan Moore, chief executive of Mode, which secured its registration last week after working with the watchdog for nearly two years.

Some crypto advocates argue that the regulatory crackdown will have unintended consequences. They particularly cite FCA bans on the sale of crypto-based derivatives. "It's forcing consumers to look offshore where they won't be given the same level of protection," says Nick Jones, who runs Zumo, a UK crypto platform that is in the formal FCA registration process.

Others say that tighter enforcement will bolster confidence and help the sector grow. "Firms that have nothing to hide should embrace this opportunity to enhance confidence in their business by seeking registration and appropriate oversight," the chief Ontario regulator Grant Vingoe said recently.

One UK-based user of the Binance exchange takes a similar view. He plans to keep using the platform but is worried that if interventions by regulators became a "regular occurrence [forcing operators to] flip virtual headquarters from one place to another in a cat 'n' mouse game" he might need to rethink.

"Crypto is enough of a casino without having to also worry about the real money part of the equation," he adds.

Additional reporting by Joshua Oliver and Robin Harding

FCA bans on the sale of crypto-based derivatives 'force consumers to look offshore where they won't be given the same level of protection'

My travels with Donald Rumsfeld



Demetri Sevastopulo

One of my most incongruous memories of covering Donald Rumsfeld, who died this week at the age of 88, was watching the US defence secretary receive a lesson in Irish revolutionary history at the Shannon airport bar.

reporters had committed a sin by ordering a "Black & Tan" — the name given to a controversial British police unit during the Irish war of independence, but a drink in the US. It was a light-hearted moment for someone whose own gaffes frequently landed him in trouble.

During his career, Rumsfeld served in myriad roles, including as a congressman, Nato ambassador and White House chief of staff to Gerald Ford, who later made him defence secretary. When George W Bush appointed him to the same role in 2000, Rumsfeld made history by having been both the youngest and oldest Pentagon chief — and the only person to hold the role twice.

Bush appointed Rumsfeld both because of his security credentials but also because as chief executive of GD Searle, a pharmaceutical company, he had earned plaudits for effectively restructuring a big organisation, and Bush wanted someone to reform the Pentagon. But he was cast into a very

different role after the 9/11 terror attacks, which led to the US invasions of Afghanistan and Iraq.

By the time I started covering Rumsfeld in 2004, the Iraq war was almost a year old. The jubilation that had come with the capture of Saddam Hussein was morphing into frustration as a potent insurgency arose across the country. After being feted for the speed at which the US had toppled Saddam, Rumsfeld became the poster child for everything that was going wrong in Iraq, much of which was due to a lack of planning and insufficient US troops.

Yet even before Iraq descended into a treacherous quagmire, he would deflect hard questions with his verbal dexterity. In a city of egos, he stood out as someone who was so confident that he would never accept blame.

When widespread looting swept Iraq, his response was: "Freedom is untidy" and "stuff happens". Insurgents were "dead-enders". When a soldier asked

why the US had been so slow to armour its Humvees, he replied: "You go to war with the army you have." In approving controversial interrogation techniques for Guantánamo Bay, Rumsfeld, who used a standing desk, scribbled: "I stand for 8-10 hours a day. Why is standing limited to 4 hours?"

As US defence secretary, he stood out as someone who was so confident he would never accept blame

A former Navy pilot and wrestling champion at Princeton, Rumsfeld was hyper competitive. An avid squash player, he made his aides play hard ball — a form of the game that requires less running to give him an advantage — and would playfully post the score on his office door when he won.

While it was hard to separate the man from the defence secretary, Rumsfeld had charm and wit. But he also had a dark streak that saw him bully people, including his generals. His skill as an infighter led Richard Nixon to describe him as a "ruthless little bastard".

I experienced his abrasiveness on a trip to north Africa when he castigated me over a blog that, he claimed, made it sound like he travelled in luxury. When a reporter later joked that Rumsfeld was scared to play me at squash, he exclaimed disdainfully: "What, this jackass who wants to be Financial Times food editor?" (I had interviewed him for Lunch with the FT just before the trip.) The real reason for his anger, I later learned, was that I had written that the military doctor distributed sleeping pills to the press corps on the plane. He never let me travel with him again.

But while Rumsfeld, as the former CEO of a drug company, was very worried about the optics of giving out the

sleep aides, he showed little concern about his image when it came to the treatment of Guantánamo detainees, or the fact that Iraq had none of the weapons of mass destruction that the US said justified the fateful invasion.

One of his most vocal critics was Senator John McCain, who said he would "go down in history as one of the worst secretaries of defence". He is often compared with Robert McNamara, the Vietnam war-era defence secretary, who also entered the public pantheon of villainous defence officials. Yet, unlike McNamara, who later showed some remorse, Rumsfeld never showed regret for the Iraq war, which claimed the lives of almost 500,000 people and left the country in chaos from which it has yet to recover.

Whether Rumsfeld ever expressed remorse in private will remain, in his own words, "a known unknown".

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COMPANIES & MARKETS

Equities. Nasdaq listing

Robinhood IPO prospectus offers first look at financials



Five of the most revealing numbers as brokerage readies hotly anticipated flotation

MADISON DARBYSHIRE — NEW YORK
MILES KRUPPA — SAN FRANCISCO

Robinhood has radically reshaped the brokerage industry with a free and easy-to-use app that has pulled new retail investors into the market en masse but, as a private company, its own finances have been closely guarded.

That changed on Thursday with the publication of the prospectus for its initial public offering, which provided the first comprehensive look at the underpinnings of its business, earnings and potential risks for investors.

Average revenue per customer

Robinhood has come under fire for what one regulator called the “gamification” of investing — the use of rewards, bonuses, push notifications and other prompts on its app, which encourage frequent trading from customers.

Critics say it targets vulnerable retail investors by making stock trading into a gambling-like game.

But it also appears to be effective. The prospectus shows that investors on the platform are trading larger amounts, and more often, than ever.

Robinhood’s revenue per user increased 65 per cent to \$137 in the first

quarter of 2021, up from almost \$83 a customer with a funded account in the same period in 2020.

Robinhood makes more money the more its customers trade. The number of funded accounts on the platform rose from 5.1m at the end of 2019 to 12.5m at the end of last year, and surged again to 18m at the end of March. Investors who joined in 2020 deposited 45 per cent of the money on the platform.

Payment for order flow

Robinhood’s core business relies on a controversial practice known as payment for order flow, or PFOF.

The brokerage sells customer trades to market makers, such as Citadel Securities, who in return promise to execute the trade at, or at better than, current market prices.

In 2020, Robinhood made almost \$720m selling customer trades, accounting for 75 per cent of its revenue. That portion grew to 81 per cent in the first quarter this year.

PFOF helps brokers offer commission-free trading to customers but it is banned in the UK and Canada, and the US Securities and Exchange Commission is reviewing it. SEC chair Gary Gensler has raised concerns that it does not result in best execution for customers.

Any regulatory change could damage Robinhood’s business model, the prospectus acknowledges. While other brokerages such as TD Ameritrade and

Charles Schwab also sell user trades, it makes up less than 10 per cent of their revenues, according to BrokerChooser.

Cryptocurrency trading

Cryptocurrency trading proved lucrative for Robinhood during the recent boom. It said crypto leapt to account for 17 per cent of revenues in the first quarter, up from 4 per cent in the quarter before. Customers traded about \$88bn in cryptocurrencies through Robinhood in the first three months of this year.

As a result, assets under custody in cryptocurrencies at the end of the quarter were more than 24 times greater than a year earlier, at \$11.6bn.

Robinhood warned that a substantial portion of the increase in activity was in dogecoin, a joke currency championed by Elon Musk. The company said Dogecoin trading accounted for 34 per cent of crypto revenues in the first quarter.

Regulatory investigations

Robinhood has repeatedly run afoul of regulators. The prospectus named seven US state and federal bodies investigating the company and revealed previously unknown inquiries.

These included one by the California attorney-general’s office and a lawsuit from New York state’s Department of Financial Services over anti-money laundering and cyber security issues which Robinhood said would probably result in a financial penalty of at least

Green for go: a free and easy-to-use app has allowed Robinhood to attract a new generation of retail traders

Ink Drop/Shutterstock

\$10m. On Wednesday, the Financial Industry Regulatory Authority levied on Robinhood its highest ever fine, \$70m, for causing “widespread and significant harm” to customers over more than five years. In the prospectus, Robinhood said Finra’s investigation was ongoing and it expected more penalties.

The SEC and state regulators are also investigating its platform outages, communication with customers, and errors in displaying user account balances.

Meanwhile, almost 50 class-action lawsuits and three individual customer actions have been filed against Robinhood for suddenly imposing restrictions on the trading of “meme stocks” including GameStop at the height of an investor frenzy in January.

Cash cushion

Robinhood was forced to impose the trading curbs when it couldn’t put up enough of its own money to back customer trades. In order to restore trading, the company scrambled to raise \$3.5bn in convertible debt in a matter of days.

It had amassed \$4.8bn in cash and cash equivalents on its balance sheet as of the end of March, the prospectus shows. In April, it secured a \$2.2bn revolving line of credit that can be used to finance margin loans and other trading activities.

The cash cushion and credit facility could help Robinhood meet deposit requirements with clearing houses in the event of another trading spike.

Equities

London regains top slot in European share trading from rival Amsterdam

PHILIP STAFFORD

London reclaimed its status as Europe’s largest centre for share trading from Amsterdam last month, following the resumption of trading Swiss equities in the UK capital.

An average of €8.9bn of share deals were done on London-based exchanges and trading venues in June compared with €8.8bn on venues based in the Netherlands, according to data from Cboe Global Markets. It was the first time London had been the most active destination since leaving the single market in January.

London’s share of a regional market where around €40bn of deals are done has steadily risen in recent months as investors take advantage of a reestablished trading link with Switzerland. The move, begun in the first week of the year, was the first significant split from EU policy on financial services.

The switch, first reported by Bloomberg, provides an early boost for the City as chancellor Rishi Sunak prepares changes to London’s share trading rules to make the capital more competitive. The landscape for share trading on

the continent following Britain’s departure from the EU has already been reshaped. Previously, banks and fund managers across the bloc would often funnel their deals through London.

Brussels ruled EU institutions could no longer trade shares through London after Brexit. The bulk of that business went to Amsterdam in January.

More than €6.4bn of transactions left

‘Over half of all IPO capital raised has been by technology and consumer internet companies’

the City overnight in search of a legally compliant home. Britain, which accounted for around a third of average daily trading volumes in Europe, dropped to about a fifth of total market share, according to data from Bigxty.

London venues have also reclaimed a 30 per cent share of trading in Swiss blue-chip stocks, after the countries recognised each other’s stock exchanges as having equivalent standards in February. Trading was shut off in 2019 when

Asset management

UK pension schemes waste billions, study finds

CHRIS FLOOD

UK pension schemes are wasting billions of pounds each year paying fees to underperforming asset managers, according to a study that highlights the weak value for money delivered to retirement savers.

Asset managers in the UK have been required to make detailed disclosures about their fees and charges since 2019 after the Financial Conduct Authority, the City regulator, found that poor data transparency standards were preventing institutional investors from making accurate value for money comparisons.

Wide variations in the costs and performance of 11,500 funds and mandates sold by 420 asset managers to defined benefit pension schemes were identified by ClearGlass, a specialist data provider.

Chris Sier, founder and chief executive of ClearGlass, said cost savings of about £6bn a year could be achieved if UK defined benefit pension schemes halved the total fees of 0.65 per cent paid on average each year to asset managers.

“The scope for improvement is significant,” said Sier, a former policeman who was hired as an unpaid adviser with a brief to strengthen disclosure standards by the FCA in 2017.

UK DB pension schemes look after about £1.7tn in assets on behalf of 9.9m members, according to the Pension

‘The risk of a worse outcome is much greater for smaller pension schemes’

Protection Fund, the lifeboat for collapsed retirement schemes.

The total cost of buying asset management services for DB pension schemes varied between just 0.09 per cent a year up to 2.63 per cent, ClearGlass found.

The smallest pension schemes with less than £100m in assets paid the widest range of fees but delivered weaker returns on average than their larger peers. Smaller pension schemes also provided a wider range of performance outcomes.

“The risk of a worse outcome is much greater for smaller pension schemes. They can’t afford to hire investment consultants to provide advice and they don’t have good governance compared with larger pension schemes,” said Sier.

A DB pension scheme could save 0.61 percentage points a year by switching from a diversified growth manager ranked in the bottom quartile for costs to a rival in the top quartile while also achieving an improvement in returns.

This would translate into an annual saving of £613,000 for a £100m diversified growth mandate and also bring an 8.5 percentage point increase in performance.

Asset managers in the UK have had to publish yearly value for money reports since 2019 after years of complaints by investors about high fees and poor returns. But the reports have sparked concerns that investment companies are “marking their own homework” to put themselves in a flattering light.

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Equities

Chinese liquor stocks suffer hangover after Communist party centenary

HUDSON LOCKETT — HONG KONG

Chinese stocks suffered their worst day in three months in the wake of the ruling Communist party’s centenary celebrations as investors offloaded shares in local makers of liquor and beer.

The CSI 300 index of Shanghai- and Shenzhen-listed stocks tumbled 2.8 per cent yesterday, its biggest one-day fall since March, as expectations that Beijing would prevent falls ahead of the anniversary gave way to nerves about the country’s economic outlook.

The sell-off came after the centennial celebration of the CCP’s founding on Thursday, at which 70,000 people gathered in central Beijing to take part in a carefully choreographed ceremony during which President Xi Jinping lauded his party’s accomplishments.

Chinese stocks were calm ahead of the centenary, which traders put down to expectations that authorities would support markets until the event ended.

Among the biggest fallers were Kweichow Moutai, the world’s largest liquor producer, whose spirits are a mainstay of official festivities in China, which dropped 4.4 per cent. Tsingtao Brewery,

maker of a popular beer brand, fell 5.5 per cent. CICC, a state-backed Chinese investment bank, tumbled 6.2 per cent.

“The fireworks are over,” said Louis Tse, managing director of Hong Kong-based brokerage Wealthy Securities.

Now that the celebrations were over, he added, traders’ attention had pivoted to potential headwinds for the global economy.

“For the second half we know inflation is just around the corner and an interest rate hike [by the US central



Shares in the maker of popular beer brand Tsingtao fell 5.5 per cent

bank] after that,” Tse added. “People are taking profits now and I’m not surprised.”

Andy Maynard, a trader at investment bank China Renaissance in Hong Kong, a Chinese brokerage, said there was little to suggest Beijing had intervened to support equity markets during the lead-up to the centenary but investors had expected more supportive rhetoric from Xi’s keynote address.

The speech made little mention of measures to support the economy or markets and instead focused on the party’s role in fostering the “great rejuvenation of the Chinese nation”.

“The disappointment was from the fact that there was no concrete narrative around economy and markets,” Maynard said.

Shenzhen’s technology-focused ChiNext fell 3.5 per cent. In Hong Kong, the Hang Seng China Enterprises index dropped 2.3 per cent as the broader Hang Seng tumbled almost 2 per cent.

Offshore investors also piled out of Chinese shares, with those trading through Hong Kong’s market link-ups with Shanghai and Shenzhen selling a net Rmb8.6bn (\$1.3bn).

COMPANIES & MARKETS

Teneo strives to pick up the pieces after master of 'dark arts' spins out of control

Adroit adviser to CEOs falls victim to his own reputational crisis after claims of drunken misconduct

ANDREW EDGECLIFFE-JOHNSON, ARASH MASSOUDI, ORTENCA ALIAJ, JAMES FONTANELLA-KHAN AND SUJEET INDAP

It took Declan Kelly and Doug Band just a decade to build Teneo into what they could call, with only a little of the PR men's trademark topspin, "the world's pre-eminent CEO advisory firm".

With unmatched political and corporate connections, they were trusted to protect the reputations of some of the world's most powerful chief executives. The fees they managed to charge — as much as \$1m per month — left rivals slack-jawed with envy.

Yet it has taken just six months for Teneo to hit two reputational crises of its own, costing both co-founders their jobs and casting doubt over the future of an expansionist 1,250-person consultancy into which private equity firm CVC had poured \$450m.

First to quit was Band, a former aide to Bill Clinton, who helped launch the Clinton Global Initiative, a series of annual meetings at which politicians and business leaders gathered to pledge action on global challenges.

In December he gave an interview to Vanity Fair describing his bitter break-up with the Clintons. Having watched him lean on his Clinton ties to build Teneo, friends and former acquaintances saw that as extraordinarily reckless for a man paid to advise others on controlling their message.

By Tuesday morning this week, Kelly was gone too, resigning five days after the Financial Times published allegations that the 53-year-old had drunkenly touched several women at a fundraising party without their consent.

Global Citizen, the charity with which Kelly's business interests became intertwined, had already ousted him from its board within hours of the May 2 event.

Three people aware of the matter say Kelly is alleged to have inappropriately touched six women there and say his conduct prompted at least one complaint. Kelly and Global Citizen would not confirm the details, and the charity's investigation has yet to conclude.

Highlighting the blurred worlds of philanthropy and elite business, the Global Citizen board is led by Christopher Stadler, the CVC executive responsible for its investment in Teneo.

A third Teneo co-founder, chief operating officer Paul Keary, took over as chair and chief executive on Tuesday, but he has never had Band's political ties or Kelly's talent for wooing A-list CEOs. With its best-connected and most silver-tongued founders gone, employees, clients and rivals have been left unsure what will happen to Teneo now.

For Kelly, who had done more than any of them to build the firm, it was a stunning fall. And it happened on the very day Teneo was supposed to be celebrating its 10th anniversary.

The news of Kelly's resignation echoed from Wall Street to County Tipperary, where he grew up in the village of Portroe. His brother, Alan Kelly, is leader of Ireland's Labour party and a former cabinet minister.

The Irish Independent wrote of the "local boy made good" from a family that, in Kelly's account, had been so poor that he was selling potatoes by the side of the road aged five and had no running water at home until he was seven. Today, the local hurling team is sponsored by Teneo.

Kelly's Irish roots gave him a valuable network when he landed in New York with Financial Dynamics, a consultancy to which he had sold his own PR firm in 2000. By 2008, he was the youngest person to receive the American Irish Historical Society's gold medal, usually reserved for those who make unique contributions to Irish-American society. A year later, then secretary of state Hillary Clinton appointed him the US economic envoy to Northern Ireland.

The connections he and Band had to the Clintons were an even bigger draw in 2011, when they established Teneo, Latin for "I hold" or "I possess".

Clinton camp friction

The Clinton Global Initiative was in full swing that year, drawing the likes of Queen Rania of Jordan and Barack Obama to its annual meeting in midtown Manhattan alongside the CEOs who networked, struck deals and made high-minded pledges. Kelly and Band set up an office two doors down from Clinton's at the Sheraton Hotel, pitching Teneo's services to the assembled executives.

Band had left the Clinton Foundation in 2010 and Teneo immediately named Clinton a senior adviser, lining up speaking fees that added up to seven figures. But the former president had no share of Teneo's growing profits, which became one of several sources of friction



In Kelly's account, he had been so poor that he was selling potatoes by the side of the road aged five

'I've been part of the three-way marriage between him and a CEO and I know he has charm in spades'

between Band and the Clinton camp, people familiar with all three men say.

Emails revealed via WikiLeaks showed that Chelsea Clinton, the former first daughter, was soon complaining about Teneo "hustling" for business at CGI's not-for-profit events.

Its founders disputed that notion, but the young firm was soon identified as an efficient conduit for chief executives angling for a spot on the CGI stage, where they could discuss topics such as their efforts to operate more sustainably and advance women's prospects.

Band defended himself in a memo to the Clinton Foundation in November 2011, writing: "I have sought to leverage my activities, including my partner role at Teneo, to support and raise funds for the Foundation."

Teneo's clients such as Allstate, Barclays Capital and BHP Billiton had stepped up their giving, he said. And it had "created and secured" paid speeches by the ex-president to UBS, Ericsson and others.

The founders signed up Tony Blair as an adviser, giving them an ability to open doors on both sides of the Atlantic that no rival PR firm could match.

Teneo's first public event featured Blair, Clinton and his successor George W. Bush on stage with Andrew Liveris, then CEO of Dow Chemical, who would become an important source of fees for Teneo and later a special adviser.

The marriage of Band's political connections and Kelly's corporate communications experience was so successful that Teneo became known as a lucrative

retirement home for former politicians and CEOs wondering what to do after losing power. In Washington it can call on retired general Ray Odierno and former members of Congress such as George Mitchell and Paul Ryan. Lord William Hague, the former foreign secretary, and Amber Rudd, the one-time home secretary, are on its UK payroll.

With the Clinton relationship, and the Clintons' own power, waning, Teneo pivoted to the Trump administration, hiring former adviser Jason Miller, who later resigned after sending abusive Twitter messages about a politician.

Teneo tapped Kelly's Irish connections, bringing on board Brian O'Driscoll, the rugby player who is one of Ireland's most recognised sportsmen. And in Canada, former prime minister Brian Mulroney can contact prospective clients on its behalf.

Big-name clients

Among the former CEOs used to pitch Teneo to their peers are Ginni Rometty, who left IBM last year, and Ursula Burns, the former Xerox chief. Another senior adviser is Gabrielle Sulzberger, whose various board roles include being treasurer of Time's Up, a foundation that campaigns against sexual harassment and discrimination.

Between them, they have helped attract clients including Boeing, Coca-Cola, GE, the London Stock Exchange, Starbucks and Tesco. Teneo's basic fee can stretch to \$250,000-\$1m per month, even before any premium for handling a crisis or a deal, according to several people familiar with the matter who say this is markedly above what rivals charge.

Saudi Arabia paid Teneo almost \$2.5m over two years for advice on the rollout of Neom, a futuristic desert city, according to US lobbying disclosures.

Consultants who competed with Kelly for clients, and chief communications officers who saw the process play out inside their companies, said the pitch was simple. He or his big-name advisers would approach a CEO and tell them that they were getting bad advice from their in-house and external teams.

"I've been part of the three-way marriage between him and a CEO and I know he has charm in spades," one communications chief said of Kelly. "He tends to woo and entrance new CEOs in particular, who are unsure of their position and don't know whether they can trust their own people."

The lengths to which Kelly and his team could go to aid CEOs in high-pressure moments were set out in a Delaware trial that concluded last year.

The case stemmed from Anthem's \$54bn bid for rival health insurer Cigna, which was announced in 2015 but blocked on antitrust grounds in 2017, leaving Anthem facing a possible \$1.85bn termination fee.

As both sides went to court accusing the other of breaching their agreement, it turned out that all was not as it seemed. The Delaware judge, Travis

Laster, found that Cigna's management, its law firm and Teneo had conducted a "covert communications campaign" to sabotage the deal after the insurer became upset that its CEO would be sidelined at the merged company.

Laster concluded that Teneo was "skilled in the darker arts of influencing the media and public discourse".

A Teneo executive, Stephen Cohen, had developed a "leak strategy" where Cigna would officially remain positive on the deal while feeding reporters the opposite message using leaked documents, the court filings said.

Teneo also went hunting for a back issue of Cigar Aficionado magazine whose cover featured Anthem CEO Joseph Swedish smoking. Cigna and Teneo believed that sharing the picture would "hurt his credibility as a healthcare CEO", Laster wrote.

Kelly was in repeated contact with Cigna's chief David Cordani throughout the assignment, the court record says.

When Anthem later tried to ingratiate itself with the new Trump administration to get the deal approved, Kelly "instructed Cohen to work with contacts at a lobbying firm to 'kill this immediately,'" according to Cohen's testimony, quoted in the judge's ruling.

A shareholder lawsuit has since accused Teneo of "aiding and abetting" a breach of fiduciary duty by Cigna, describing the firm as "black ops style consultants" hired to "derail the deal". Teneo plans to contest the claims.

In another incident, Occidental Petroleum took legal action against Teneo for

Declan Kelly, above, and fellow co-founder Doug Band had connections to Bill Clinton and family that proved a draw when they established Teneo in 2011. The former US president became a senior adviser before friction arose between them

FT montage

concerned that Teneo could damage the private equity firm's reputation were handed fresh ammunition.

In 2019, a leaked email showed the then head of Teneo's UK operation reprimanding staff for behaving like "a bunch of clubbing teens".

"Over the last few weeks, we have had: Someone get drunk and throw up over the carpet (they've apologised, but still); Someone — I can't put this any less bluntly — poo in the shower; Someone mess their underwear and leave it for the cleaner," Gordon Tempest-Hay told employees, according to Guido Fawkes, the UK politics blog.

CVC's deal team led by Stadler and Daniel Brand, its US financial services head, did not secure unanimous backing for the investment but ultimately convinced enough partners to press ahead.

The wider PR industry has been booming since Teneo opened its doors, but with CVC's deep pockets behind them, Kelly and Band could expand faster than their peers through acquisitions.

They snapped up smaller PR firms such as London's Blue Rubicon and StockWell, and announced an investment this March in WestExec, the geopolitical risk consultancy co-founded by Michèle Flournoy, a former senior Pentagon official.

This year, CVC put in another \$100m to help Teneo acquire Deloitte's UK restructuring business, a \$279m deal that will bring Teneo's revenues close to \$400m and leave its debt at more than six times its earnings before interest, tax, depreciation and amortisation, according to Moody's.

But the completed deals reveal only part of Teneo's ambition. According to two people familiar with the matter, it broached a potential deal with US management consultancy Kearney, before being rebuffed. Others say it also approached Hakluyt, the strategic adviser founded by former UK intelligence officers, and has twice pursued an acquisition of Sard Verbenen, the New York financial communications firm, also to no avail.

Teneo completed the Deloitte deal on June 1, more than four weeks after Kelly's drunken concert appearance. But it kept details of his behaviour to such a tight circle that Deloitte staff, like most Teneo employees they were about to join, had no idea of what was to come until they read the FT's reporting.

Teneo may have launched on the coattails of the Clinton Global Initiative, but those events ended as they faced critical scrutiny during Hillary Clinton's unsuccessful 2016 presidential campaign. Kelly soon found an even more attractive stage for his clients.

Global Citizen, which aims to enlist ordinary people in efforts to end extreme poverty by 2030, stages high-profile concerts that mix the worlds of music, activism and business.

Continued on page 11

Bill Clinton leaves the White House in 2001. Doug Band had served as an aide. Below, Declan Kelly with Tipperary hurler Willie Connors at a match in Dublin. Teneo sponsors the side — Sharon Farmer/AFP/Getty, Stephen McCarthy/Sportsfile via Getty



MARKET DATA

FT500: THE WORLD'S LARGEST COMPANIES

Table with multiple columns for market data, including company names, prices, changes, and various financial metrics. It is organized into sections for different regions like Australia, Canada, Germany, etc.

FT 500: TOP 20

Table listing the top 20 FT 500 companies with columns for company name, close price, previous price, change, and percentage change.

FT 500: BOTTOM 20

Table listing the bottom 20 FT 500 companies with columns for company name, close price, previous price, change, and percentage change.

BONDS: HIGH YIELD & EMERGING MARKET

Table showing bond market data for high yield and emerging markets, including issuer names, ratings, and yields.

INTEREST RATES: OFFICIAL

Table of official interest rates for various countries and currencies, including US, Euro, and Japanese rates.

BOND INDICES

Table of bond indices for different regions and asset classes, such as the FTSE 100 and Nikkei 225.

BONDS: BENCHMARK GOVERNMENT

Table of benchmark government bond data, including issuer, coupon, and yield information.

INTEREST RATES: MARKET

Table of market interest rates for various instruments, including swaps and futures.

COMMODITIES

Table of commodity prices for various goods like oil, wheat, and metals.

BONDS: GLOBAL INVESTMENT GRADE

Table of global investment grade bond data, including issuer, rating, and yield.

INTEREST RATES: MARKET

Table of market interest rates for various instruments, including swaps and futures.

BONDS: INDEX-LINKED

Table of index-linked bond data, including issuer, coupon, and yield.

BONDS: GLOBAL INVESTMENT GRADE

Table of global investment grade bond data, including issuer, rating, and yield.

COMMODITIES

Table of commodity prices for various goods like oil, wheat, and metals.

BONDS: TEN YEAR GOVT SPREADS

Table of ten-year government bond spreads for various countries.

BONDS: GLOBAL INVESTMENT GRADE

Table of global investment grade bond data, including issuer, rating, and yield.

COMMODITIES

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Advertisement for Morningstar featuring the text 'Everything Morningstar' and 'With Morningstar Direct, you'll have everything you need—data, analytics and research—to develop your investing strategy all in one platform.' It includes a screenshot of the Morningstar website and the Morningstar logo.

Are you an investment professional? Watch a video at everything.morningstar.com or call +44 20 3107 0020.

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FINANCIAL TIMES SHARE SERVICE

Main Market

Main Market table with columns: Sector (Aerospace & Defence, Banks, Basic Resource (Ex Mining), Chemicals, Construction & Materials, Electronic & Electrical Equip, Financial General, AIM), Price, %Chg, 52 Week High/Low, Vol 000s.

AIM

AIM table with columns: Company Name, Price, %Chg, 52 Week High/Low, Vol 000s.

Investment Companies

Investment Companies table with columns: Conventional (Ex Private Equity), Price, %Chg, 52 Week High/Low, Vol 000s.

Discretionary Unit Fund Mgrs table with columns: Fund Name, Price, %Chg, 52 Week High/Low, Vol 000s.

Conventional - Property ICs table with columns: Fund Name, Price, %Chg, 52 Week High/Low, Vol 000s.

Zero Dividend Preference Shares table with columns: Fund Name, Price, %Chg, 52 Week High/Low, Vol 000s.

Investment Companies - AIM table with columns: Fund Name, Price, %Chg, 52 Week High/Low, Vol 000s.

FT Financial Times advertisement featuring a large 'MAKE SENSE OF A DISRUPTED WORLD' headline and a 'Top health official warns of more than 100,000 virus deaths in US' sub-headline.

Morningstar advertisement with the Morningstar logo and the text 'Data provided by Morningstar'.

Life & Arts

FT Weekend



Wimbledon The return of the world's greatest sports tournament — HENRY MANCE, PAGE 2

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Can you change yourself?

As the pandemic prompts many to reassess their life choices and consider new careers, journalist-turned-teacher *Lucy Kellaway* draws on her own experience to argue that reinventing yourself is more difficult than you might hope

Back in the age of enforced walking, when the only way to see anyone was to do circles around the local park, I went on a walk with a friend I hadn't seen for a while. As we trudged, I started saying something about having reinvented myself — but she cut me off. How you can *reinvent* yourself, she asked, when you didn't invent yourself in the first place?

This was just the sort of clever-dick thing I might have said myself, pre-reinvention, when I was still a sarky newspaper columnist.

But now, here I was, living proof that at the end of your sixth decade it was perfectly possible to change your life entirely — to move house, split with your husband, stop dyeing your hair and quit being a journalist to become a teacher. As a result of having done all

Illustration by Andy Edwards
Below: Lucy Kellaway at her London teaching job in 2017 — Anna Gordon

Several times a day, I endured the humiliation of failing publicly in front of 30 hostile teenagers

that, I told my friend, I seemed to have become a slightly different person.

You can't change who you are, she said. And in any case, she went on, the big decision to change my career was less momentous than I made out as all I was really doing was returning to the family fold. My mum was a teacher and my dad an academic, so if I became one too, that was about as remarkable as when my old classmate at school, Emma Thompson, the daughter of two actors, opted to join them on the stage.

This was a downer. If she was right it not only meant my supposed reinvention was a sham but cast doubt on all the millions of other people who, fed up with having spent the past 15 months staring at a green dot at the top of their computer screens, have either reinvented themselves — or are considering it. A record 4m Americans left their jobs in April and, if a survey by Microsoft is



and often requires patient, repeated applications to have any effect at all, but nevertheless seems a worthwhile thing to be doing. It stands to reason that this radical shift in what I do, why I do it, and who I do it with must have left some mark on my character.

I can also make a strong case for having acquired some humility as a result of having been taken down a peg or 10. As a journalist I was good at what I did (even though I didn't always feel it at the time) but for the first two years as a teacher I was shockingly poor. Several times a day, I endured the humiliation of failing publicly in front of 30 hostile teenagers. I used to stand there, sweating heavily and trying to look dignified while a 13-year-old girl called out: "Miss, I could learn this better from watching a video."

Even now, I have to listen politely as colleagues 35 years my junior tell me off for failing to have taken a register or input data correctly. If that doesn't make one humbler, I said, I don't know what does.

Hmm, she replied. You seem much the same to me.

As soon as I got home I fired off an email to the people who knew me best. I chose 12 friends and family members who between them had nearly 500 years experience of me and put the question to them. Had I changed? Was I any nicer? More humble?

My younger daughter was first to reply. Is this humble? she asked.

One after another, the rest returned my completed questionnaire. Not a single person could detect any sign of increasing niceness or of humility.

"You weren't exactly nice to start off with and I wouldn't say you were nice now," one of my closest friends emailed back.

The only change some of them remarked on was that I was becoming more priggish — not remotely sympathetic when I heard the daughter of so-and-so didn't get into Oxford and instead pointed out that compared to the lives of the kids I taught, this daughter was very lucky indeed.

Given the score was now 12 to 1, I had little choice but to accept the verdict and admit my friends and family have a sounder grasp of me than I have of myself. Psychological studies bear this out, as does my experience from decades as an interviewer — we are all unreliable witnesses when it comes to ourselves.

I remember interviewing Jonathan

Franzen to discover that the man who is so smart about the foibles of people in his novels is so clueless about his own. He told me he found one percenter's sickening — but when I pointed out that he was one himself, he corrected me: "I am a poor person who has money." It seems I'm just like Franzen — only he's a better writer.

I now see that by focusing on goody-

things like niceness and humility I was looking for the wrong thing. I didn't change career to become a better person, exactly. I changed career because I was not only fed up with my job but fed up with myself.

The test of success of my "reinvention" is whether changing career has

Continued on page 2



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Lunch with the FT Matteo Salvini

'Italians would not vote for us if we were extremists'

Admirer of Putin, friend to Le Pen, the populist politician is now part of Italy's unlikely coalition government. Over tuna tartare in Rome, he talks to *Miles Johnson* about working with Draghi, his hardline stance on immigration – and his conversion to believing in a strong EU

Shortly after Matteo Salvini strides into our private Roman dining room, I begin to worry that our intimate lunch may collapse into an extended meet and greet.

We are inside the Terrazza Borromini, a luxurious restaurant overlooking the Piazza Navona. Above us is a rooftop bar unironically named "The Great Beauty" after Paolo Sorrentino's Oscar-winning portrait of the crumbling decadence of Roman high society.

Inside, a parade of ferociously tanned and exquisitely dressed men and women bustle through the corridor towards their tables – and some of them are very keen on getting face time with the Italian politician whose followers call him "*Il Capitano*". A powerful television executive sticks his head around the door, followed by a female presenter. Salvini exchanges pleasantries and the pair leave, with the TV boss reassuring that his companion is "very beautiful without the mask on".

This rarefied world of air-kissing socialites in the heart of the Italian capital might seem an improbable milieu for the populist who has made his career by lambasting the establishment and spent his early years in politics heaping scorn on the corruption of "thieving Rome".

Yet Salvini's League is back in power as part of the emergency unity coalition led by Mario Draghi, the former European Central Bank president. The new Draghi government is staunchly pro-EU (Salvini once toured Italy wearing a T-shirt with the slogan "no more euro"), aligned with Nato (Salvini has long expressed his admiration for Vladimir Putin) and allied with the new Biden administration (Salvini was a *Maga-hat*-wearing Donald Trump supporter).

So is Salvini a man transformed? Is the politician this newspaper once described in an editorial as "a barbarian" (he responded at the time: "better to be a barbarian than a slave") now a creature of the establishment?

"The world has changed," says the 48-year-old senator. "Europe has changed, the world has changed, the United States has changed, the economic dynamics have changed. We have certain values, and those remain."

Sitting across from me is the archetype of the modern European populist – a seductive showman who can pirouette from firebrand to everyman in the blink of an eye. Two years ago, he appeared on the brink of becoming Italy's prime minister, an outcome that would have put the staunch ally of France's far-right leader Marine Le Pen in charge of the EU's third-biggest economy. Few in Italy would have imagined this rise possible back in 2013, when he became leader of the then marginal Northern League, remoulding the party from a northern separatist outfit into a pan-Italian nationalist movement based on raging against Brussels and campaigning to deport illegal migrants.

Then, in the summer of 2019, at the pinnacle of his popularity, Salvini brought down his own coalition government – from a beach party, mojito in hand. The then interior minister demanded a snap election and asked Italians to grant him "full powers", provocatively choosing the same phrase that Mussolini had used in his first speech after taking power in 1922. The gambit failed: his rivals outmanoeuvred him, forming a new coalition, and he was exiled to opposition.

Before that mis-step, he had made an art form of calibrating his rhetoric – and outfits – to his audience. There



TERRAZZA BORROMINI	
Via di Santa Maria dell'Anima, 30, 00186, Rome	
Antipasto	€40
Tuna tartare	€35
Norma di spada (swordfish pasta with eggplant and ricotta)	€22
Fried fish	€16
Dessert	€25
Wine selection x2	€50
Still water	€5
Espresso x2	€7
Total (includes a €50 discount)	€150

have been outings of "Fireman Salvini", dressed in a full firefighter's outfit, and "Law and Order Salvini", wearing a police jacket. There has also been "Machine Gun Salvini", spraying off shots from an automatic weapon and "Hard Hat Salvini", demolishing a Mafia-owned villa in a digger.

Last year, just before Covid-19 struck, we were introduced to "Left Bank Salvini", in spectacles and a turtleneck. The Salvini before me is dressed in a sharp dark suit, waistcoat and tie, and a crisp white shirt. The head waiter comes in to flash Salvini his own green suit lining, the colour of the League party. "I always wear this when you come," he says, beaming with pride at his VIP guest.

Salvini enquires about the off-menu options and is offered up a platter of tuna, salmon, *caponata* (a Sicilian dish made of chopped aubergine, olives and tomatoes) and *stracciatella*.

Salvini is on a diet, informing the waiter he can't eat pasta or cheese. He eventually opts for a tuna tartare, momentarily tempted by a side of fried fish before thinking better of it. I, resolutely not on a diet, pick the *mezze maniche* pasta with eggplant, tomatoes, salted ricotta and swordfish.

As a result of the Covid crisis, Italy's public debt has ballooned to an all-time high, and it has jettisoned previously strict budgetary rules imposed by Brussels. For Salvini, this is a vindication of his long-held views – and a rebuttal to those who are shocked that he has pledged support to Draghi, the personification of the European technocratic elite. "It is clear that Europe is changing for the better by equipping itself with new tools and new rules, and we must accompany it," he says. "Covid has forced European institutions to listen to us. We hope that Covid has taught everyone that austerity doesn't work."

So what does he make of his depiction outside Italy as an extremist? At home the League describes itself, as "centre right", a label most of the national media endorses. Abroad Salvini is frequently called "far right". He bristles at the tag. "It is a mislabel because the Italians are not a population of extremists, much less racists. We govern much of the country, and they would not vote for us if we were extremists. There is a lot of laziness on the part of the foreign press, because on the eco-

nomist is all part of a political evolution. The nativism is the same, but the geographic scale has expanded.

He joined his party aged 17, becoming a Milan city councillor aged 20. When he was a young activist, refusing in disgust to shake the hand of Italy's president, the great enemy was Rome and southern Italy. Later, as party leader, it was migration and meddling from Brussels. Now, he says a strong Europe is the best way of protecting Italy's way of life.

"Italy is Italy because it has 8,000 different municipalities, with different dialects, different cuisines," he says. "My idea of Europe is a Europe of the people, not a European superstate but a union of diversity and community".

Our waiter returns to ask if we are enjoying our food. Salvini, clearly ravenous, has demolished his plate of raw fish. My pasta is delicious, the rich tomato sauce and the ricotta clinging to each strand. Salvini has given in to his urge for a side of fried fish, and he requests a portion.

We turn to Trump and Putin. Trump's election in 2016 transformed Salvini from a domestic figure to the internationally recognised face of European populism. He adopted the slogan "Italians First" and was cast as a European addition to the new cadre of global strongmen laying siege to the established international order.

So how does he feel about Trump now? He salutes the former US president's fiscal and security policies and his record on the economy and cutting taxes, and on stressing the need to control immigration, before neatly pivoting. "The Americans voted, and when the people vote they are always right," he says, stressing the desire to cultivate "equally good relations with Biden".

And what of his deep admiration of Putin, given that the new Draghi government has declared its unwavering commitment to supporting Nato? Salvini has travelled regularly to Russia and repeatedly called for economic sanctions on the country to be lifted.

"I am an absolute supporter of the Atlantic alliance and believe the future is the west," he says. "I believed, and I still believe, that having diplomatic relations with Russia is an intelligent thing, but not because they seduced me, or gave me money, but because I know many Italian entrepreneurs who would like to work more with Russia."

The "money" he refers to are allegations that the League took money from Putin. Salvini has always staunchly denied taking "even one rouble".

"There have been five years of investigations without finding anything," he says. "There is nothing to find."

We return to immigration. It was the European migration crisis of 2015 that Salvini expertly exploited to build a national platform and overtake the ageing Silvio Berlusconi's fading Forza Italia party on the Italian right. He says he has never been against immigrants but has campaigned to stop illegal immigration into Italy, which he argues affects the country far more than most other EU members due to its geography.

But he has long exaggerated the situation as an emergency (the number of

arriving migrants has fallen sharply since 2015), and repeatedly and falsely linked migration to rising crime. As interior minister he passed tough new rules on asylum, and he is facing a trial in Sicilian court for blocking the arrival of a migrant rescue boat when in office in 2019. Surely there is a way to talk about migration that is more humane, less inflammatory? "I hope so," he says. "I can be silent [on immigration] if the problems are solved elsewhere. If they implement, for example, the [2019] Malta agreement to redistribute those who land here, if there were repatriations to Nigeria, to Pakistan. Europe, unfortunately, has done very little on this, and even Draghi has noticed".

Children born in Italy to foreign parents are not guaranteed the right to be recognised as Italian. Salvini has long been a staunch defender of the "*ius sanguinis*" citizenship policy based on Italian blood, not your place of birth. This policy means a person born anywhere in the world with an Italian great-grandparent can obtain an Italian passport, but someone born in Italy to foreign parents must often wait until they are 18 years old. The children of immigrants risk growing up never feeling accepted as Italian. Is this, I ask him, fair?

"In my opinion it is fair that anyone can choose [to become Italian] at 18," he replies. Salvini disputes that this sort of policy makes Italy inhospitable for immigrants. "In Italy we have about five

'Covid has forced European institutions to listen to us. We hope that Covid has taught everyone that austerity doesn't work'

million foreigners who are very well integrated," he says.

As we sip our espresso Salvini insists he has been mischaracterised by the media. "Many people that I meet who don't know me say that I am very different from what the television and newspapers portray," he says. And what is that, I ask?

"They paint a picture of an extremist, a racist, a fascist, a Nazi, an egotist. I am simply a normal person, lucky, 48 years old, accomplished, with children I love, a job I enjoy, and good common sense".

He says he has to leave to attend an important political meeting. He is in talks with Berlusconi over merging the League with the former prime minister and media tycoon's Forza Italia. If he succeeds, Salvini could dominate the Italian right for years.

As we get to our feet I wonder if he will achieve what he craves: to convince the world he is no barbarian, but rather a mainstream politician. Would the absorption of the League be a success for European centrist politics, or a disaster?

I think again about which version of Salvini I have met. Perhaps he is correct, the world is changing, and he is changing with it. Or, more likely, I haven't really met the man at all but just another one of his costumes.

Miles Johnson is the FT's Rome correspondent

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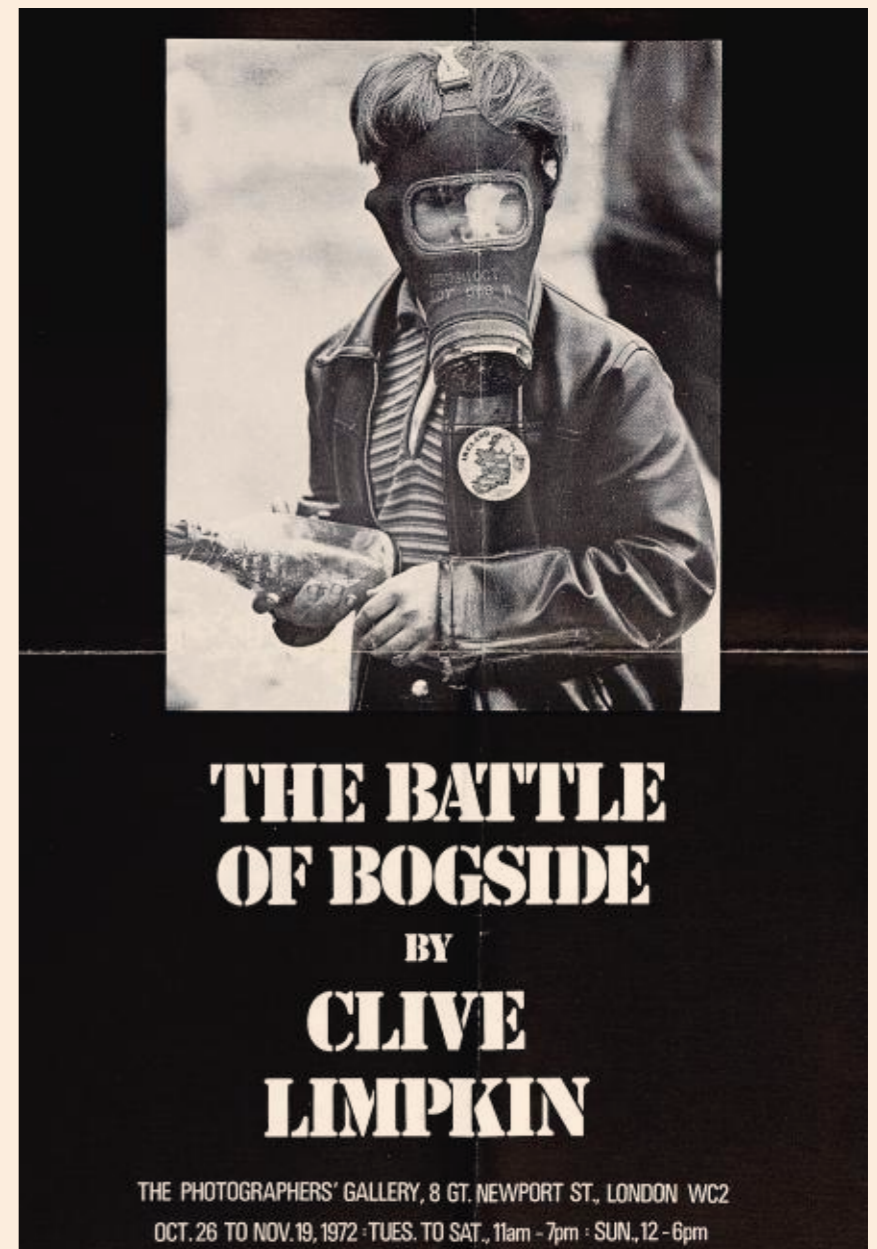
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Arts

Life&Arts



Fifty years of the camera's greatest hits

Photographers' Gallery | This birthday exhibition

chronicles the medium's evolution both as an art and as a documentary form. By Jackie Wullschläger

In 1971, a young secretary at London's Institute of Contemporary Arts lost her temper with her "very snooty" bosses, and walked out to found The Photographers' Gallery in a former Lyons café in Covent Garden. Note the name: "photographers", not "photography". Sue Davies wanted to give a forum to artists who worked with the camera at a time when no institutions in the UK, not even the avant-garde ICA, reckoned them artists at all.

Run on a shoe string (Bill Brandt once slipped Davies a £50 contribution), her gallery, the first in Britain dedicated to the medium, was pioneering by decades — Tate's first photography show took place in 2003 — and without pretension: "our aim is to broaden the understanding of photography in the most enjoyable way possible" she said.

Light Years: The Photographers' Gallery at 50, just launched, is a double celebration. At Ramillies Street, a four-part

series of historical surveys begins with "Photojournalism: a worthy art for a new gallery"; focuses on fashion, mixed media approaches and the digital revolution will follow in the summer and autumn. Meanwhile online, *50 Exhibitions in 50 Years* is an utterly engrossing decade-by-decade account of greatest hits, full of memories for early visitors.

MoMA New York had shown photography since 1933, and France's *Rencontres d'Arles* was already a showcase for the new, but in London, "to find a place that loved photography, it was absolutely exhilarating to go in there" recalls Martin Parr. The dark spaces and monochrome aesthetic felt excitingly countercultural: the young gallery was growing up with Britain in transformation. So these two shows together unfold far more than the gallery's own story: they chronicle photography's evolution as a documentary and art form, and how its developments charted, even shaped, social and political change.

In the 1970s, the gallery profiled David Bailey at Vogue, but also cool as a cucumber is a close-up of a black face with a white cigarette, and a pair of black men leaning confidently out of the frame from a Holloway Road doorway — Colin Jones's seminal series "The Black House", its radical text suggesting that "today's younger blacks no longer seek to merge with white society, but to emphasise their racial difference through language, speech and dress".

Next comes 1980s social comedy — Parr's moodily atmospheric "Bad Weather" elevates grey days, drizzle and British stoicism to a ghostly realism/surrealism. The misty bus stops and glistening pavements, scurrying figures and black domes of umbrellas, are comforting, familiar, but the background was a dividing nation, class and gender battles, emerging activism.

An extraordinary juxtaposition here is "Striking Women: Communities and Coal" in 1985 — Izabela Jedrzejczyk's robust Durham miners' wives in soup kitchens and on picket lines, Imogen Young's high-spirited lesbian and gay "Support the Miners" party in Neath, south Wales — alongside nudes by metropolitan feminists such as Helen Chad-

wick and Jo Spence in "The Body Politic: Re-Presentations of Sexuality" in 1987.

By the 1990s, the gallery was reflecting a globalised art world. It began the decade with the inaugural survey of Sebastião Salgado's environmental and industrial black-and-white epics, the heaven of nature and man-made hell on earth of sites such as Brazil's Serra Pelada gold mine: thousands of workers, ant-like, pouring up and down the steep, barren rockface; seen in close-up, the skeletal, mud-caked bodies seem to have walked out of Goya or Bosch.

Then, one after another, the major late 20th-century American woman photographers had first UK shows here: Francesca Woodman's raw and delicate experimental images of her young body disappearing into mirrors and sheets; Catherine Opie's aggressive high-colour sequences of trans people in regal poses, and self-portraits as her alter ego, butch tattooed truck driver Bo, in "Altered States of America"; innocent and knowing Sally Mann, as controversial for snapshots of her naked children as for recording corpses rotting in the sand in Tennessee.

The overall narrative of both parts of *Light Years*, that photographs are fundamental to the making and contesting of history, feels visceral and potent — the freezing of moments which time and chance have filtered as iconic. But if this is a constant, half a century has also wrought perhaps the deepest transformation of all — that plurality of images has been matched by diminishing faith in their authenticity and efficacy.

"Photojournalism: a worthy art for a new gallery", concentrating on the gallery's early years, is thus a deeply nostalgic account. Featuring Robert Capa and Andre Kertesz, Davies' inaugural exhibition in 1971 — entrance fee "4/- (20 n p)" — was called "The Concerned Photographer" and was a simple, almost well-mannered plea for social engagement: "the Concerned Photographer finds much in the present unacceptable which he tries to alter", curator Cornell Capa wrote. The same year "Scoop, Scandal and Strife", curated by Sunday Times editor Harold Evans, exploring newspaper photographs as a history of



"great events... seen embedded in today's trivia", wondered "how it must have been to read over the breakfast table... of the Russian Revolution". Evans showcased the Daily Mirror's front page, 7 April 1917, of tumultuous street scenes, "first photographs to reach England of the lightning revolution in Petrograd".

Fast forward to a Photographers' Gallery exhibition in 2000: Boris Mikhailov is on the streets with the *bomzhes*, the homeless and dispossessed, often nude, diseased or drunk, their expressions zoned-out — casualties of the Soviet Union's break up. For "Case History", Mikhailov washed, fed, paid and posed many subjects in his modest Kharkov flat, and his unflinching, bleak, complicated images do not shrink from turning the gaze on himself — and us — as exploiting viewer. The ambivalence is worlds away from the earnest optimism of "The Concerned Photographer".

Doubt — of purpose and authenticity — in the digital age is the photographer's 21st-century challenge; it is connected to scepticism of political authority, to fracturing cultural identities. Pathetically resembling a stuffed animal, a white tiger, genetically modified in an Arkansas "selective inbreeding" project, paces a concrete platform in a tiny wire enclosure in the poster image for "An American Index of the Hidden and Unfamiliar", Taryn Simon's UK debut in 2007. (A Tate solo show followed in 2011). From the arenas of nuclear security (radioactive capsules at a storage facility), cryptopreservation (corpses held in gleaming white pods), plastic surgery, airport customs depots, death rows, Simon composed an inventory of America through what is concealed, using a large format view camera — open, direct.

How to read this cabinet of curiosities? Is Simon informant or voyeur, campaigner or tabloid sensationalist? Photographers, as these exhibitions distil, thrive by being all these things, and The Photographers' Gallery has marvelously given them space and voice.

To Feb 12 2022, thephotographersgallery.org.uk

'In London, to find a place that loved photography, it was exhilarating to go in there,' recalls Martin Parr

THE LIFE OF A SONG

PURPLE RAIN

Metereologically speaking, a downpour of purple rain would probably be a portent of imminent environmental cataclysm. For Prince, who wrote the enigmatic ballad about a violet, violent torrent, the phenomenon "pertain[ed] to the end of the world... when there's blood in the sky" — which doesn't sound like something people should be bathing in, as the lyrics suggest. But the song would also serve as an augury of Prince's arrival as a musical force.

Which isn't to say that "Purple Rain", released in September 1984, was Prince's breakthrough. His previous album, 1999, had garnered widespread critical acclaim and given him the platform to star in a film — an unabashed career vehicle in which he

played an up-and-coming Minneapolis musician. Sound familiar?

But with "Purple Rain", Prince definitively transcended his reputation as an outré, oversexed provocateur who knew his way around a catchy R&B groove. This wasn't a song engineered to get listeners to dance, but one that would leave them rooted to the spot amid an aural storm of surging vocals, guitar solos and rumbling strings.

The track marked the emergence of Prince as rock royalty, and served as a rebuke to his detractors. Three years earlier, he had been subjected to abuse by a hostile, racist LA crowd, who balked at seeing a playfully epically black performer open for The Rolling Stones. Now here he was delivering an arena hit for the ages: a rock anthem devoid of machismo, a power ballad stripped of histrionics. Pervasive throughout is an almost numinous

gospel spirit, one that dismantled any false dichotomies between "black" soul music and "white" guitar-led rock.

Yet "Purple Rain" was initially conceived as a country-inflected duet with Fleetwood Mac's Stevie Nicks, who turned it down, saying Prince's vision for it was "too much" for her. All that's left of its country origins is the evocative title, which Prince lifted from the song "Ventura Highway" by folk-rock group America.

The transition from



Below: Prince on his 'Purple Rain' tour in 1984

Richard E. Aaron/Redferns



country to stadium rock wasn't instigated by Prince himself, but by Wendy Melvoin, 19-year-old guitarist in his backing band, The Revolution. During rehearsals, she hit on the indelible opening chords, inspiring Prince to take the song in a completely different direction. After six hours of practice and experimentation, "Purple Rain" was all but written.

The recording was a similarly intense and spontaneous affair. The version of the track that made it on to the album was in fact the first time Prince ever played it for an audience — and the first time Melvoin performed live with the band. On a sweltering Minneapolis night, the crowd stood in hushed reverence throughout the song's 13 minutes (a third verse was cut), perhaps recognising that they were witnessing a piece of pop history. The performance was later recreated and mythologised as the climactic scene in Prince's film, fittingly called *Purple Rain*. After Prince came a deluge of covers.

Etta James, Gregory Porter and Kwaye mined the soulful undercurrents of the original in smooth, honeyed versions, while London Grammar took a pared-back approach in their cool, crystalline rendition. Kelly Clarkson, Jessie J and Celine Dion chose to make the most of the song's lung-busting potential. Though not quite as vocally supple, Bruce Springsteen's effort didn't lack emotive resonance in his live tribute following Prince's death in 2016.

Elsewhere, guitar heroes Jeff Beck and Eric Clapton picked up the gauntlet left by Prince with his searing solos, while Maroon 5's Adam Levine unexpectedly proved he's also a nimble axe-wielder. Dwight Yoakam brought the song back to its country origins with a jaunty bluegrass iteration.

Yet nobody watching Prince's 2007 Super Bowl halftime show could imagine the song belonged to anyone else. Drenched in a sudden downpour and bathed in lurid lighting, he found himself in purple rain, a performer at the peak of his powers. It was as if he had organised the weather himself.

Dan Einaiv

More in the series at ft.com/life-of-a-song

Terry Hall is talking about “Ghost Town”, the ska-punk number one single that became the spectral soundtrack to UK race riots exactly 40 years ago. He is horrified by how the boiling-point lyrics of The Specials’ masterpiece resonate again.

“‘Ghost Town’ is still relevant because it’s a lot worse now,” he says. “When it was written there was a rightwing British government. Now it’s the same, but with Black Lives Matter and a virus.” His shoulders hunch, he seems to deflate. “You would have thought things would have moved on. But they haven’t.

“Love music, hate racism,” he deadpans, mock-parroting a British music industry campaign slogan. “It’s not enough. Love music, fight racism. You have to fight it.”

The Specials fought racists – often literally. At the height of their success at the febrile dawn of the Thatcher era, neo-Nazis regularly targeted their frenetic gigs. Hall, the lugubrious frontman, was at the vanguard. He describes diving off the stage to stop fights.

“It got really extreme,” he says. “We were playing with Madness in a university town somewhere, we walked off-stage and there were casualties all over the dressing room. People who had been cut and slashed. It looked like an emergency room. It was heartbreaking, the last thing we wanted to see.”

The Specials’ overtly leftwing stance inducted a generation into the politics of economic decline, tensions between police and urban black communities, and so-called “sus” stop-and-search laws that traumatised young black people. Just a month before the release of “Ghost Town” in June 1981, crowds of far-right thugs battled with police and thousands of anti-racism protesters outside Coventry Cathedral.

But the band and their 2 Tone record label offered more than bleak social commentary. With multiracial line-ups, dynamic live shows and Jamaican ska-punk fusion, they were a glimpse of what could be achieved when black and white people worked together.

Today, 62-year-old Hall – droll, reflective, a little weary – has returned to the city as curator of *Home Sessions*, four days of music, spoken-word events and DJ sets and a centrepiece of celebrations for Coventry City of Culture 2021. The city won the title, which brought in more than £18.5m in government funding, over 11 other candi-



‘We had to really fight for it’

Music | The Specials’ Terry Hall

talks to *Helen Barrett* about rock,

politics and curating a programme

for Coventry City of Culture 2021

dates, partly on the strength of its diversity. “I want to get it right,” says Hall. “It’s a pretty big responsibility.”

He has delivered a thoughtful, multi-cultural, politically engaged programme, including Roni Size & Dread MC, The Pop Group with Dennis Bovell, The Libertines and actor Maxine Peake.

Some events will be staged in the ruins of Coventry’s medieval cathedral, razed by the Luftwaffe and kept as a memorial. Hall will perform his first solo show in “I don’t know, 25 years?” in Coventry’s new cathedral, Basil Spence’s 1962 monument to postwar optimism and reconciliation. “I begged them to let me play there,” he says. “I can’t perform miracles, though this is probably a good place to do it.”

Over at the Herbert Art Gallery and Museum is a major exhibition on the history of 2 Tone, the Coventry record label founded in 1979 by Jerry Dammers with the purpose of transcending racial divides in music (Dammers, who wrote “Ghost Town”, was founder, keyboardist and the main creative force behind The Specials). Like the label’s roster – The Selecter, The Beat, early Madness – the exhibition is entertaining, hectic and politically charged.



Are bands political now? Some, says Hall. But “we had to really fight for it; I don’t see that fight so much any more. I’ve seen my kids grow up online and it makes them lazy. That’s their world. You have a few friends online and you download music and you don’t have to leave the house, or really do anything.”

“Now if you form a band, the online access is big. But I’m not sure it’s a great way to do things.”

Hall, guitarist Lynval Golding and vocalist Neville Staple left The Specials after “Ghost Town” to form the poppier

Fun Boy Three, and Hall has continued to record. The Specials have endured in various line-ups, and Hall reformed a version in 2009 with some of the band’s original members, to sold-out tours. The current line-up, touring again in August, features Golding and bassist Horace Panter.

The risk, of course, was that The Specials would become a nostalgia act. But their 21st-century output remains deeply defiant. A 2019 album *Encore* includes “10 Commandments”, a track with guest vocalist Saffiyah Khan, a young British-Asian woman who confronted far-right crowds in Birmingham. And “BLM”, a disturbing track in which Golding narrates a lifetime on the receiving end of racism, is as dark, uncomfortable and bleak as “Ghost Town”.

Dammers, whose films and ephemera form much of the 2 Tone exhibition, has not joined. Many fans would love to see

‘But I don’t hate anyone. Well, maybe a few people. But no one who’s been in The Specials’

him with The Specials again – what are relations like? “We don’t talk any more. And that’s sad for me,” says Hall. In the past, Dammers claimed to have been excluded from reunion projects. Hall disputes that, and their estrangement appears irresolvable. “But I don’t hate anyone. Well, maybe a few people. But no one who’s been in The Specials.”

Coventry and other post-industrial British cities have been ravaged by the pandemic. Much is riding on its City of Culture programme. Hiring Hall as curator is a smart move. Despite the rifts and the decades that have passed since “Ghost Town”, The Specials’ gigs keep selling out. Organisers will be hoping that Hall will bring that weight and appeal. Perhaps, from fans’ perspective, The Specials concept – black and white musicians; clear, unambiguous politics; defiance – is more enduring than the band’s individual members.

Could multiracial cultural movements such as 2 Tone happen in 2021, with our digitised music culture and the sharp divides of identity politics? “I don’t see any movements happening,” says Hall. “I still long for The Specials.”

July 29–August 1, coventry2021.co.uk

From top: The Specials perform at the Cornbury Festival, Oxford, in 2019; The Specials share a pizza backstage at Hurrah’s, New York, in 1980

Getty Images; Redferns

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Music | The hit TV show ‘Mare of Easttown’ has focused attention on the bands electrifying Philadelphia’s thriving scene. By *Michael Hann*



The success of the TV show *Mare of Easttown* had unexpected side-effects. For the musicians of Philadelphia there was a spike in visibility for what has quietly been one of American independent music’s most productive cities over the past decade.

One character in the show had a band whose repertoire consisted of songs by the Philadelphia band Mannequin Pussy (and she wore a band T-shirt onscreen). That fictional band – called Androgynous – was coached by Michelle Zauner, who fronts the acclaimed group Japanese Breakfast.

Missy Dabice, who sings and plays guitar with Mannequin Pussy, was unprepared for the wave of interest the series provoked. “I didn’t think people would be that interested in our role in it – I just thought our fans would get a huge kick out of it. There was never going to be a venue for us on a TV show unless it was HBO.” She laughs. “Not many programmes are keen to include a band called Mannequin Pussy.”

The city’s most famous musical contributions have come from the African-American community – the Philly soul sound of the 1970s, and hip-hop stars such as DJ Jazzy Jeff and Fresh Prince (the pre-Hollywood Will Smith), The Roots, Meek Mill and Lil Uzi Vert – but its indie scene has thrived in recent years. The War on Drugs have become an arena band; Kurt Vile, Alex G, Sheer Mag, Beach Slang, Modern Baseball, The Districts and Spirit of the Beehive have become cult and critics’ favourites.

Many of Philadelphia’s indie musicians aren’t natives, but outsiders. Some come to study at one of the city’s dozens of colleges and don’t leave (Zauner is one of them). “I’ve heard a lot of musicians say that Philly is a place where they can be themselves,” says John Vettesse, a DJ at the station WXPW, who is known for supporting local bands.

“For one thing it is affordable [to live here] compared to cities like New York, Nashville or Los Angeles. And compared to a city like New York, it’s kind of chill.” He notes that Jake Ewald of Modern Baseball would be playing

Where indies flourish



3,000-capacity venues, then working the door at small clubs without being hassled when the band was not working.

The presence of so many students – and the absence of the major labels and major media of the biggest cities – means Philadelphia’s musicians have tended to develop on a DIY network of house shows and impromptu venues. In the past decade, one of the most important DIY venues was a place called Everybody Hits – baseball batting cages by day, music venue by night.

“There were a lot of spaces cropping up and then going away,” says Frances Quinlan of the band Hop Along. “People would be busted by landlords and local authorities. But then new places would come up in their stead. Anywhere that rent is affordable is going to draw creative people.”

In the early years of the 2010s, when Japanese Breakfast were emerging, Zauner and her bandmates were playing shows in basements. “The Golden Teahouse was the era I came up in,” she

says. “It was this west Philly house where a lot of indie bands started. I remember Alex G, Porches, Frankie Cosmos and me” – all of whom have gone on to acclaimed careers – “playing a \$5 house show. West Philly was the house show place.”

Then they would work their way towards clubs like Johnny Brenda’s in the Fishtown district, the bohemian area of the city. And once they got big enough to tour, Philadelphia was an ideal base – within easy reach of Washington DC, Baltimore, New York, Pittsburgh and Boston, as opposed to the epic drives facing bands in the interior or on the west coast.

It’s often that fertile city scenes lead to bands copying each other, a sort of musical regression to the mean. That hasn’t been the case in Philadelphia: the success of The War on Drugs didn’t lead to a rash of bands playing Springsteen-influenced space rock. So Mannequin Pussy play powerful and melodic indie rock, with their hardcore punk back-

ground evident; Japanese Breakfast are an eclectic, genre-agnostic blend of electronica, indie rock and pop; Hop Along are a classic indie band, all jangling guitars; Spirit of the Beehive are all over the place, sometimes unlistenable harsh and sometimes sweetly melodic. No one sounds like anyone else.

“We are all so different, which is pretty remarkable, considering how often we share bills,” Dabice says. And, compared to other cities, the artists have supported each other, she says. “That’s not to say there isn’t competition. In any arts scene there is always healthy competition, but in Philly it is very inspiring because a lot of people are working in new and exciting ways and you want to push yourself.”

Mare of Easttown was broadcast, by happy coincidence, just before both Mannequin Pussy and Japanese Breakfast released new records – the former the EP *Perfect*, the latter the album *Jubilee* – so there was an immediate uptick in visibility. Dabice says her band has started getting messages from older lis-

‘We are all so different, which is pretty remarkable considering how often we share bills’

teners, who discovered them through the show. “That’s cute,” she says.

The irony is that this moment of exposure comes just as times are getting harder to be a low-budget musician in the city. Yes, Quinlan says, affordable cities attract creative people, but then creative people attract developers. “Around me now are lots of new apartment complexes I couldn’t afford to live in. Recently in Fishtown I walked past a boutique hotel. It’s alarming to see how people have cashed in on this romanticised vision of the city.”

Dabice points out that gentrification has more serious effects than making it harder for indie bands to live cheaply. “New York companies are buying up residential homes, so everyday Philadelphians are being outbid by LLCs and corporations, people who have been here for generations. It is affecting black communities especially. Philly is a very diverse city, and as home prices go up, people whose families have been here for 70 years are being priced out of homes they grew up in.”

And the beat goes on. Until it can’t, because it’s all condos.

‘Jubilee’ by Japanese Breakfast is out now on Dead Oceans; ‘Perfect’ by Mannequin Pussy is out now on Epitaph

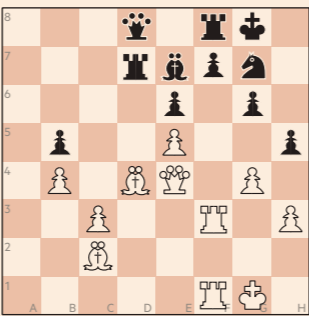
Top to bottom: Japanese Breakfast’s Michelle Zauner at the Sasquatch Music Festival, Washington state, in 2018; Missy Dabice of Mannequin Pussy performs in Barcelona in 2017; Hop Along’s Frances Quinlan – Stephanie Dore, Alamy, Julia Khoroshilov

CHESS LEONARD BARDEN

Magnus Carlsen has an abundance of personal targets, but could be in danger of over-ambition. With over-the-board chess reviving after a year of online games, the world champion’s thoughts should be focused on his €2m, 14-game title defence against the Russian champion Ian Nepomniachtchi at Expo Dubai starting in November. However, Carlsen has never won the biennial knock-out World Cup, so has

entered for its 2021 edition at Sochi this month. The No1 is also leading in the Meltwater Champions Tour, a series of online tournaments played monthly until September.

He seems overplayed, and his online form has shown vulnerability, which continued this week at the Goldmoney Asian Rapid. Carlsen has had his victories, notably in a final move with a queen sacrifice. In Wednesday’s quarter-



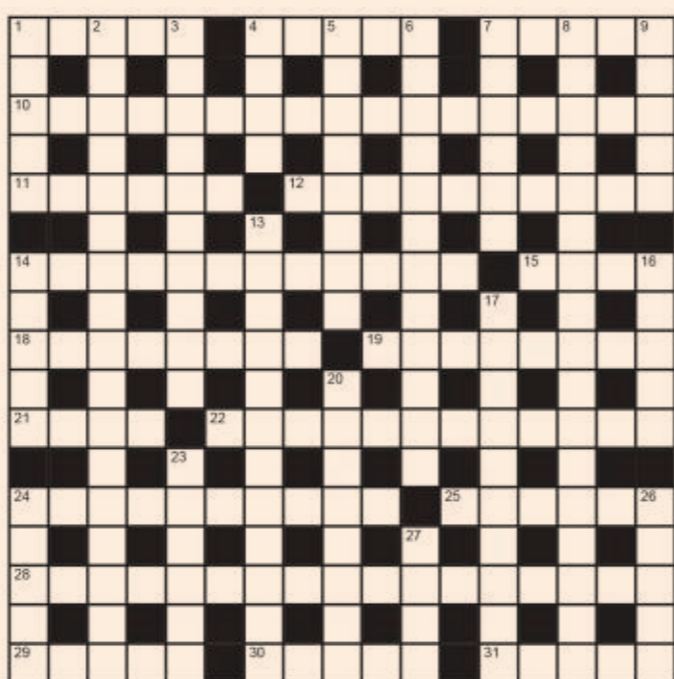
this weekend, free to watch on chess24.com. Before that, there is a semi-final between Russia’s Vladislav Artemiev and China’s Ding Liren.

2425

Nigel Short v Garry Kasparov, Amsterdam 1996. White to move. Short’s poor career score against the all-time No 1 would have been much better if he had converted strong positions. Can you find the hidden winner White missed here? *Solution, back page*

POLYMATH 1,133 SET BY GOZO

- ACROSS**
 1 Massenet opera about an Athenian courtesan, based on the novel by Anatole France (5)
 4 Dorset town where its Pottery was founded on the Quay in 1875 (5)
 7 Market town and cathedral city – and race course – in North Yorkshire (5)
 10 Rocky peak rising 1,296 feet over Copacabana Beach (5,4,8)
 11 ----- Firth, an inlet of the Irish Sea separating Cumbria from Dumfries and Galloway (6)
 12 Intimidated or bullied into submission (10)
 14 Headmaster of Rugby School whose style of teaching was described in *Tom Brown’s School Days* (6,6)
 15 Tim, creator of the Eden Project and who rejuvenated the Lost Gardens of Heligan (4)
 18 Weinberger’s operatic Bagpiper (8)
 19 Hooked clasps used by stonemasons to hold blocks together (8)
 21 Point of -----, the northernmost tip of the Isle of Man (4)
 22 Remote West Highland peninsula where Corrachadh Mor is the most westerly point of the British mainland (12)
 24 An afternoon social occasion in a ballroom, maybe (3,7)
 25 Surname of US musical family of Merrill, Jay, Donny, Jimmy and Marie (6)
 28 Red wine released annually on the third Thursday in November (10,7)
- DOWN**
 29 The Stadium of Light replaced ----- Park as Sunderland FC’s ground in 1997 (5)
 30 A US motherless calf (5)
 31 William Gilbert, doctor and larger-than-life Victorian cricketer (5)
DOWN
 1 International matches at the Gabba, WACA and Newlands for example (5)
 2 Oysters and bacon on toast (6,2,9)
 3 The purest and noblest knight of the Round Table (3,7)
 4 School or college dance, originally in the US (4)
 5 Second copy of an article from a periodical (8)
 6 Public school activity played in the ‘Furrow’ (4,4,4)
 7 Industrial city in Brittany, capital of Ille-et-Vilaine (6)
 8 1986 Lloyd Webber musical based on the novel by Gaston Leroux (7,2,3,5)
 9 Silk voile (5)
 13 Cold dish with apples, walnuts, celery and mayonnaise, named after a New York hotel (7,5)
 14 Puccini opera (5)
 16 “Typhoon”, nickname of a 1950s England and Northamptonshire fast bowler (5)
 17 State capital of Pennsylvania on the Susquehanna River (10)
 20 Incessant (8)
 23 Pot for fruity preserves (3,3)
 24 River known as the “Tevere” to the Italians (5)
 26 Town on the river Teith, near Stirling, with a well-restored 14th century castle (5)
 27 French for 11 (4)



Solution Polymath 1,131

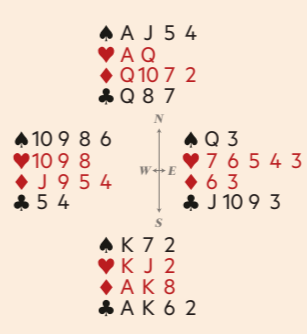


BRIDGE PAUL MENDELSON

Some North players settled for 6NT; others invited with 5NT; some simply punted 7NT. West led 10♠. How would you plan the hand?

You might have four clubs, four diamonds, three hearts and two spades, but it is unlikely clubs will split, and the diamond suit requires a decision.

What about a bonus spade trick? Some declarers put in ♠A at trick 1, and that doomed them. You have a decision to make in spades:



delay until later. What kind of opening lead should West be making? Something safe. Leading 10♠ from ♠Q1098

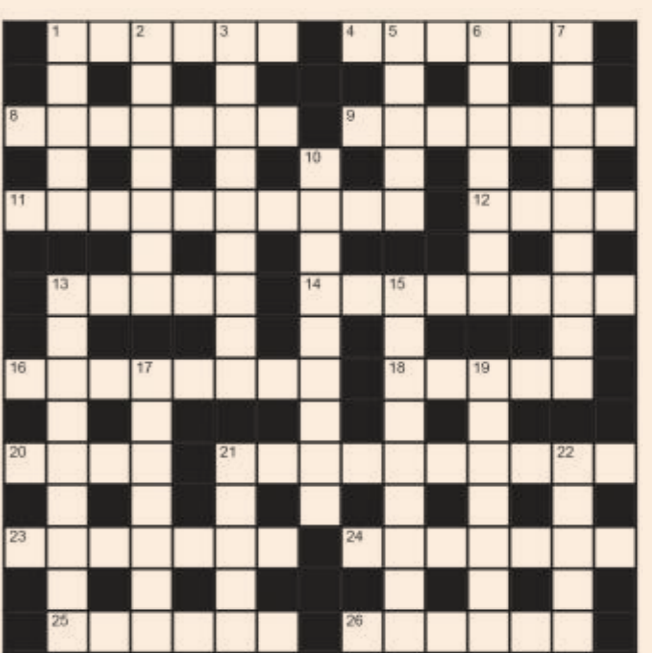


would be slightly risky. Bear that in mind. Play low from dummy and win in hand with K♠. Unblock ♠AQ and cash three top clubs and K♥. Interesting information materialises: West started with only two clubs and ♥1098. On the third club,

West discards a spade. This suggests that she is protecting something in diamonds but not in spades. As West holds ♥1098, to have led from Q109 against 7NT looks plain wrong. To play West for ♠A and East for Q♠ seems right. So, cash ♦AK and lead 8♠. When West plays low, finesse. This holds and cashing A♠ fells East’s Q♠. Such thinking won’t always lead to success but, when it does, it will feel good.

CROSSWORD 16,828 SET BY MUDD

- ACROSS**
 1 Lift fragment (6)
 4 Fruit drink (6)
 8 Large vessel where blighter stores bread (7)
 9 Ghastly female hack, say, touring Hackney (7)
 11 Failing, where lids come down? (2,3,5)
 12 Might one be shooting up umpteen stairs extremely rapidly, initially? (4)
 13 Beat both to pulp, defending right (5)
 14 Delicate thing, clutch a nightmare! (8)
 16 In general, go down slope (8)
 18 Attack humorous statement (5)
 20 One’s high-maintenance bed needs shortening (4)
 21 Bonkers theme, moving (10)
 23 Once more, deliver book (7)
 24 Surprise final scene ends after dawn (7)
 25 Those mentioning mystery writer (6)
 26 Unofficial digit, back into second place (6)
- DOWN**
 1 Somewhere in Belgium, in European country (5)
 2 An article in centre of fort, different (7)
 3 Message about member not too much to get over? (9)
 5 Drake’s cry, false (5)
 6 Where button activated with difficulty (2,1,4)
 7 Finally peer into a spyhole sneakily, observing fun and games (9)
 10 Sheep and cows etc, as it happens, standard (9)
 13 Disaster coming around about noon, being late (9)
 15 Entering Riga, some terrorists in tank (9)
 17 Year end difficult for clerical office (7)
 19 Learn to play tomorrow or the next day? (5,2)
 21 Bit of fluff left, Hoover having cleared house (5)
 22 Last word said about very on-off device (5)



Solution 16,827

Solution 16,816



Crossword competitions suspended

Dear readers – we have suspended the Crossword and Polymath competitions while our editors work from home. We hope you continue to enjoy completing them until normal newsroom services resume.

Jotter pad

Spectrum

Life&Arts

LONG READS | INTERVIEWS | IDEAS

Northern Ireland's tensions between loyalists and nationalists still boil over into violence, most strikingly among young people. *Laura Noonan* reports from Belfast on what this generation sees in its future

I grew up 200 miles south of Belfast. Northern Ireland's grass is the same distinctive green as the fields of the Irish Republic where I spent my childhood. Its dramatic coastline evokes the same feeling as Connemara's. Belfast has a zone of shiny, modern apartments and offices, the Titanic Quarter, not unlike Dublin's Docklands. And yet, for all the familiarity, so much about Northern Ireland feels foreign.

It's not just the Union Jack flags that weave their way over and back across the Shankill Road, 15 minutes' walk from Belfast's main shopping street. It's not the enormous murals of men in balaclavas holding automatic rifles, a sight that still unnerves me. It's not the practicalities of a different currency, different road signs, different speed limits. It's more the sense of the place and my feeling of otherness within it.

Northern Ireland's conflict was the backdrop to the first 15 years of my life. After almost a decade away, I returned in April to cover the riots that erupted when loyalist protests against post-Brexit trading arrangements descended into violence. The unrest lasted more than a week. On the worst night, a bus was torched and water cannon were deployed for the first time in six years. It was a scary experience, heightened because of the news reports I remember from childhood. Back then, armoured police vans, blazing fires and masked rioters led to outcomes far deadlier than the scenes a few months ago.

This year marks the centenary of the partition of Ireland into an independent south and a north that is part of the UK. Cause for celebration in one community and condemnation in the other. And with Northern Ireland beginning another marching season, when unionists celebrate traditions with parades and bonfires, the region is bracing again.

Poverty, joblessness and the anxiety and boredom of lockdown all played a part in driving people on to the streets earlier this year. So too the struggle to find Northern Ireland's place in the UK after Brexit. But something else was going on too, something particular to its involuted past.

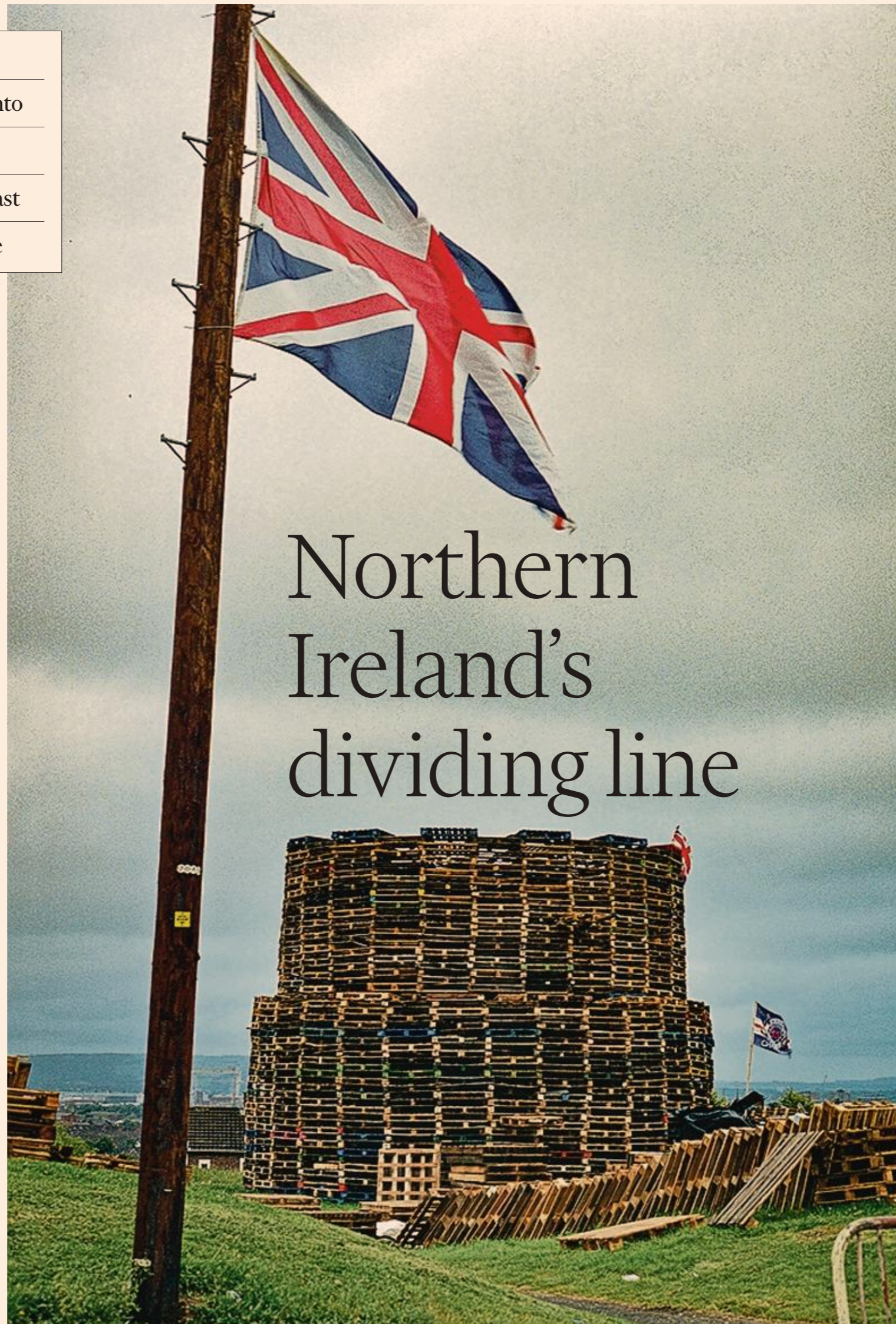
For many, the most striking feature of the April riots, from Belfast to Coleraine and Londonderry, also known as Derry, was the extreme youth of those charging police, hurling bottles and rocks and petrol bombs. Some were not yet in their teens. I have spent the past few months asking young people, and the adults who work with them, what they see for the future of the place they call home.

When I drive into a loyalist area, I'm quickly marked out because of the Republic of Ireland plates on my car. Some of the kids I meet delight in sharing their hatred of Catholics. When I ask one group what would make Northern Ireland better, a teenager replies that all the Catholics should be pushed out and their houses burnt. There are roads I don't park on, because the car could be a target for vandals. At one meeting, in an empty building in loyalist territory, my interviewee asks me if I have come alone, and I wonder if I shouldn't have.

The adults I meet tell me the roots of the recent unrest stretch back far further than the Northern Ireland protocol, the complex post-Brexit agreements that have become the unlikely subject of teenagers' banners and battle cries.

With that in mind, I travel to one of Northern Ireland's largest housing estates to meet Nathan Anderson. He was five years old when the 1998 Good Friday Agreement ended more than three decades of sectarian bloodshed. But he can remember the joy and relief in his loyalist Belfast community when family members and neighbours came home from prison, freed from their sentences under the terms of the landmark peace deal. Even as a child who didn't really understand, he says, "we knew the boys were getting out . . . That was fantastic to see."

Anderson was part of a promised generation: the first to grow up without the ever-present threat of bombings, shootings and riots that had claimed more than 3,600 lives. Now a 28-year-old single father of two boys, he still lives in the working-class area of Rathcoole that was home to his parents and four brothers. "There was five of us. Four are here — we've all got our own houses," he tells me during a walk round the estate.



Northern Ireland's dividing line

Above: a bonfire on Black Mountain, to the west of Belfast, overlooking the city

Photography by Megan Doherty



Rathcoole, about six miles north of Belfast, is a place of elaborate playgrounds and huge murals celebrating loyalist paramilitary groups. It is a place, says Anderson, where a few minutes' walk to the shop can take an hour because of "the people you run into" and where, during annual festivities to celebrate the Protestant victory at the Battle of the Boyne in 1690, children run freely in and out of each other's open houses. It was also one of the areas where, in April, loyalist protesters clashed with police for more than a week.

As we walk through streets where cars burned, the optimism of 1998 is distant. The Good Friday Agreement ended armed violence between the Protestants, unionists and loyalists who supported Northern Ireland's union with Great Britain, and the Catholics, nationalists and Republicans fighting for a united Ireland. But the communities remain on opposite sides of a fragile

political divide. "It's important to understand that peace agreements aren't fairy stories," Jonathan Powell, chief of staff to former UK prime minister Tony Blair at the time of the peace deal, told me. "People don't get to live happily ever after just because you've signed a peace agreement anywhere in the world."

The spark for the spring riots was the fallout from Britain's exit from the EU, which imposed a customs border with the rest of the UK that unionists see as a threat to their British identity. But the

fuel was the deep dissatisfaction of loyalists, who have seen little improvement to their lives from the peace process and believe Catholics have progressed more quickly in education and jobs.

Anderson, who works in manufacturing and has organised community meetings around Brexit's consequences, is one of the disillusioned. In 2012, protests over the removal of the Union Jack over Belfast's City Hall turned violent, and he was arrested. Though he says he had no part in the violence, Anderson was convicted and sentenced to eight months for riotous assembly. He was 20.

"Before prison, of course I aimed high — all teenage boys aim high . . . [Now,] in a work sense, I have to aim low," he says. More violence could have a similar impact on Rathcoole's young, who he believes are driven to the streets as he was. "It was patriotic young kids who wanted to do something . . . so that's just how they went about it," Anderson

says, describing the omnipresent question of identity and culture. "It's all around you. It's impossible to get away from: you see it, you hear it, you feel it."

Every generation in Northern Ireland has taken part in some kind of civil disobedience, he tells me. "It's like the culture . . . I'm not making it socially acceptable at all. I'm just explaining how easy it is for a community to get involved in, on both sides of the community . . . People just go and watch these things. It just became the norm."

During the April violence, community leaders and politicians appealed to protesters to "think of your futures". "What future?" was the response of many working-class teenagers and young adults I spoke to on both sides.

The areas where rioting broke out are some of the country's most economically deprived. Five of the 10 most deprived communities in Northern Ireland border Belfast's peace walls, according to a broad deprivation measure used by Northern Ireland's statistics agency. Scores for income, healthcare and unemployment are particularly bad. "There's that feeling of always being told, 'You're at the bottom of the line, you'll never achieve this,'" says Alan Waite, co-founder of R-City, a community group created in 2013 to develop skills and opportunities for young Protestants and Catholics.

Around Belfast, youth clubs and community groups have been trying to stop the city's most vulnerable from being lured into violence. Earlier this year, for example, they loaded kids who were watching the riots on to buses and drove them to their centres and provided pizza and movies. (The gatherings were allowed even under lockdown.)

'People don't get to live happily ever after just because you've signed a peace agreement anywhere in the world'

Jonathan Powell

Such tactics are not always effective. "You're never going to beat a kid's adrenaline rush off a riot. You're not going to stop them," says Michael Logan, an 18-year-old who works part-time at Townsend Outreach Centre, a youth centre off the loyalist stronghold of the Shankill Road. Yet Logan was among those who went out to try to defuse things. He recalls the smell of petrol and "kids as young as 12 and 13 breaking bricks and stuff off the ground".

As a young teen, Logan used to attend a sort of fight club. He calls them "sectarian fights". Groups of teens from both sides would gather for pre-arranged clashes, usually around 50 on each side, though only 10 to 20 would actually fight, while the others watched. "At the start, it was just a game of chase. One side would run at the other, the other side would run back . . . but it started to get very dangerous," he says. Logan recalls the last night he went, when a young nationalist boy was beaten so badly he required intensive care in hospital. "The screams . . ." he says in a low voice, looking into the middle distance of the industrial kitchen we're chatting in. He never returned.

He believes the glorified violence of Northern Ireland's past was a big factor driving kids on to the streets recently. "They want to look up. They see their fathers and their grandfathers, their uncles who all fought in these paramilitaries, but they fought for a cause." That cause is no longer there, he says, but the feeling that no one is listening endures.

Paramilitary groups on both sides continue to exert control over communities to this day, according to the latest dispatch from the Independent Reporting Commission set up by the UK and Irish governments, and are believed to have been involved in the background of April's riot, though Winston Irvine, a former (Protestant paramilitary) Ulster Volunteer Force boss turned community worker, says the paramilitary angle is "way overblown".

Ruth Petticrew, 59, a former deacon in the Presbyterian Church, came to Belfast in her mid-twenties and has been running Townsend Outreach Centre for 30 years. Working on the frontline of communities during the Troubles was "horrendous", she says. "I look back and think I don't know I survived." Once, after agreeing to officiate at the funeral of a murdered 21-year-old, she received death threats from the loyalist Ulster Defence Association paramilitary group. She says she refused to back down, requesting only that if they were going to kill her, they "don't do it in front of young people [at the centre] because they'll never forget it".

Many of the challenges are mirrored in inner-city Catholic communities. Stephen Hughes says he inherited "nine



Left: Nathan Anderson at Rathcoole's bonfire site
Above: Ruth Petticrew, who has run Townsend Outreach Centre for 30 years and worked on the frontline of the Troubles



Above: Stephen Hughes, of St Peter's Immaculata youth centre, says its personal development programmes can alleviate the damaging, 'all-consuming' cycle that some families are trapped in — Megan Doherty

kids and a chair" eight years ago when he took on the job of running St Peter's Immaculata youth centre near the Lower Falls Road, one of Belfast's most deprived Republican areas. Today the centre is used by 50 to 100 boys and girls six nights a week who gather to watch football, play computer games, colour in pictures and chase each other round. "It takes you away from stuff on the outside," says Sean, a 13-year-old who wants to be an engineer. By "stuff" he means "all them riots and all that happened".

Hughes, a 55-year-old bear of a man who laughs as loudly with the kids as he shouts when disciplining them, speaks about his charges with fatherly pride. Children can be suspended for misbehaviour but never expelled, he tells me. Hughes hopes this unconditional welcome — and personal development programmes that cover everything from how to brush your teeth to table manners — can alleviate the damaging cycle some families are trapped in. "It's very, very easy for that to become all-consuming," he says.

One night last month, as he and I drove between his centre and Peticrew's, we spotted a fire on a strip of grass between blocks of houses. By the time the fire engines were approaching, Hughes was on the phone trying to get a colleague to come and help stop the kids confronting the firefighters.

More than a month ago, loyalists began building the towering structures that they will burn on July 11. Setting them on fire ushers in the main event in Ulster's marching season and is intended to commemorate the 17th-century battle that initiated the ascendancy of Protestants in Ireland. Eleventh Night bonfires are typically accompanied by marching bands and parties.

Some of the bonfire builders talk about the season in terms of learning skills such as team building, construction and organisation. They talk about the bonds forged over door-to-door calls to raise funds for materials to construct "the bonnie" and sleeping next to it overnight to defend it. They also talk about burning Republican paramilitary flags. Some events have sparked sectarian violence as well as clashes with the police.

In one of Belfast's most deprived areas, four boys between the ages of 15 and 21 take a break from gathering fuel for their neighbourhood's bonfires. When I ask them why so many young people took to the streets, all of them ask not to be named. "They should put the border where it's supposed to be," says the youngest. It's "supposed to be" between the Republic and Northern Ireland. Also, people should respect and understand that "we're British", he adds. In this city, says another, "you have to be violent to be heard".

These kids 'want to look up. They see their fathers and grandfathers... who all fought in these paramilitaries, but they fought for a cause'

Michael Logan



Left: Michael Logan at Townsend Outreach Centre: 'You're never going to beat a kid's adrenaline rush off a riot' Megan Doherty

The sense of voicelessness hasn't always been this acute. Donna McCracken, who used to run the Black Mountain Action Group in a loyalist area of Belfast and now works there part-time, says there was an "extreme change in attitudes in communities" after the flags protests in 2012-13, as people became more attuned to how their community was being marginalised and disadvantaged.

Protestants held the bulk of the region's land, wealth, jobs and power when Northern Ireland was created. Between 2001 and 2017, they lost more than 21,500 jobs, while Catholics gained more than 56,000, according to data from the North's equality commission, highlighting the gulf in the two communities' experiences since the Good Friday Agreement promised equal opportunities.

Protestants also feel the Police Service of Northern Ireland, created in 2001 to replace the Royal Ulster Constabulary, is more lenient towards Catholics, a perception furthered by the force's failure to prevent thousands of Republicans from attending the funeral last June of Bobby Storey, a senior Irish Republican Army figure, in defiance of Covid guidelines. A subsequent failure to prosecute attendees, including nationalist political party Sinn Féin's Northern Ireland head Michelle O'Neill, provoked outrage.

The perceived slights are heightened by loyalist fears that, once the 2021 census is counted, Protestants, who accounted for more than 62 per cent of Northern Ireland's population in 1926,

could be overtaken by Catholics as the region's largest denomination. That is a particularly alarming prospect as Sinn Féin escalates calls for a referendum on uniting Northern Ireland with the Republic.

"I really understand how Catholics were treated in Belfast and Northern Ireland — it was horrific," says Paula Robinson, 33, who attended Black Mountain as a teenager and now runs the group. "But putting the Protestant community down and doing the same thing isn't the answer. That's not equality."

The divides between Catholics and Protestants are at the root of most of Northern Ireland's challenges. Education is supposed to boost equality but instead amplifies segregation, dividing children from a young age, feeding fears and suspicions. Some believe the failures of education have increased the lure of paramilitary groups. "When their aspirations are so low and when their opportunities are very limited, it can be very difficult for people not to buy into that [criminal] lifestyle," says Hughes.

The system also exacerbates inequality — Northern Ireland sends eight times as many students per head as England to state-funded grammar schools based on entrance exams that favour well-off students, who can get tutoring or other support. The result is an education system that produces better A-level and GCSE results than in England and Wales but also has "pockets of underachievement" which, according to Northern Ireland's recently departed education minister Peter Weir, are linked to Northern Ireland's "divided society". Young people from middle-class families have reported knowing almost no one outside their own community before they went to university, with some citing Northern Ireland's divisions as one reason they will make their adult lives elsewhere, fuelling the brain drain that already afflicts the region.

With integrated schools slow to take off, youth groups try to bridge the gap. R-City came about when its founders realised how much common ground their loyalist and nationalist working-class youth groups had, and thought their goals could better be pursued together. The Catholic St Peter's centre and the Protestant Townsend centre also regularly run joint projects.

Logan credits a youth trip to the US in summer 2019 with members of St Peter's as changing his view "on the other side as a whole". He went there apprehensive, "partly because of the stories you hear growing up, things like the IRA — they put the fear into you in case that's what they're still like". He tells me that on the trip he found Catholics were "very similar" to him and they got on very well. When they returned home, they were asked to his youth club and he to theirs. Yet in Belfast hanging out on each other's territory poses challenges not found in most places. The clubs are a few hundred metres apart. But once the peace gates separating the communities are closed in the evenings, they are a 10-minute drive.

As Logan explains: "It's hard getting in and out. I wouldn't feel safe travelling over there, especially in the daytime. I'd be more scared because I'd be more easily seen." He believes he would be recognised because "everyone sort of knows each other", especially with social media.

Faced with such obstacles, new friendships can quickly falter, and have for years. Logan's mother went on a similar trip to the US as a youngster and made Catholic friends, but her son still grew up fearing the other side. Northern Ireland is rich with these sorts of reminders that people have to live in the world as it is rather than the one they might wish for.

Laura Noonan is the FT's Ireland correspondent

How to cope with the climate apocalypse



Simon Kuper

Parting shot

Many people in rich countries tend to structure their lives as if on a spreadsheet. They plan their careers at 17 and their pensions at 25. A couple having a baby is projecting its genes 90 years ahead.

Our generation of westerners, raised in the most peaceful era in history, has come to imagine our personal futures as foreseeable. But the climate crisis upends all predictability. Climate change equals human change, and it requires reimagining our lives. So, how should we all live with the growing risk of disaster?

That's the question posed by the "Deep Adaptation" movement. Its guru, the British academic Jem Bendell, gets criticised for overstating the risk of "near-term societal collapse". But the truth is most of us probably underestimate it.

Bendell's premise is that talk of climate action by governments, corporations and individuals is just talk. Leaders cheerily pledge to hit zero-carbon by 2050, when they will be dead.

In truth, though, everybody's incentive is to keep the party going by emitting more carbon dioxide. Each unit pumped into the atmosphere is an infinitesimal contribution to someone else's problem at some unknown future time. This will be true even for our children living with climate disaster.

Inevitably, then, carbon emissions kept rising until the pandemic. During the unprecedented economic shutdown, they dropped about 6.4 per cent — but that's still short of the 7.6 per cent fall required every year through 2030 to keep us on track for limiting the rise in temperatures to 1.5C.

Meanwhile, climate change is advancing faster than the cautious predictions of the UN's Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change. A draft of the IPCC's next report, just leaked to Agence France-Presse, is the panel's scariest document yet, with increased predictions of droughts, floods and heatwaves by 2050. It also warns about the "tipping points" that could accelerate this future, such as the drying out of the Amazon rainforest or the collapse of ice sheets in Greenland and the Antarctic.

Greenland's sheet is melting seven times faster than in the 1990s. Today's climate disasters — such as the record-breaking heatwave in the western US — are portents of worse.

Anyone predicting apocalypse faces two standard objections. The first is that the prediction demotivates people from taking action. That might be true, but then people aren't taking significant action anyway and the objection doesn't invalidate the prediction.

The second objection is that all past predictions of global apocalypse were wrong. However, past apocalypticism was a lower-probability bet because we only acquired the capacity to

annihilate ourselves once atomic bombs arrived in the 1940s. Progress has doubled our average lifespans and simultaneously enabled us to end the global story.

Most of us cope with this not by denying it but by not thinking about it. People in the burgeoning "sustainability" industry prefer to hype small fixes (this new plane will consume 10 per cent less fuel!) than contemplate the chances of everything going pop.

So how to live? The younger you are, the more urgent the question. On the most basic level, if you're buying a house, you're typically making a 50-year bet: the period of the average mortgage, plus the mortgage of the person who will buy it from you. I wouldn't buy in Miami today.

The rule of thumb is that the safest regions in the future will be the ones that currently have relatively mild or cold climates.

Perversely, this means that the best places to escape climate disaster are precisely those that emitted most carbon in the past: northern Europe and the northern US.

More existentially, adopt the outlook that almost all humans had until about the 1950s: don't make any presumptions about your future. Don't structure your life around distant pay-offs. Which entity will be able to pay your pension in 2050?

Then there's the moral question: do you want to be part of a climate-destroying system? It's tempting to shove all the blame on the fossil-fuels industry, but almost everyone with a job in a developed country is complicit — shop assistants, hotel staff and journalists whose newspapers are funded by readers from carbon-intensive industries.

Anyone with gas heating, a car and the occasional plane ticket lives off climate destruction. Almost everything we call "progress" or "growth" makes things worse. Our children probably won't admire our careers.

The stereotype of the apocalyptic survivalist is the lunatic in a tinfoil hat with an AK-47 on a mountaintop. (The upscale version is a mansion in New Zealand.) But there are more social ways of opting out. I witnessed one when I moved into the crumbling Prenzlauer Berg neighbourhood in East Berlin in 1990, just after the fall of communism.

Many of my new neighbours were young East Germans who had rejected what they considered the evil communist system. They had no official employment, or worked in low-status jobs as librarians or nurses or, like the young Angela Merkel, in non-communist professions such as physics.

Some lived off grid, without telephones, perhaps with stolen electricity. Their little community was riddled with informers, yet people helped each other, expecting nothing of the future. Oddly, they may have been our future.

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What's fuelling China's new online nationalists?

Tech world People inside China are bearing the brunt of attacks. Yuan Yang looks at what's changed

Last summer, a friend of mine told me that she found China's biggest social media platform Weibo was becoming "unusable" for feminists and liberals such as her. Tempers were so heated, Bao told me, that disagreements easily became personal pile-ons. After a friend became the centre of a social media storm, she posted a message: "We're all just blades of grass, what's the point of

fighting with each other?" Bao ended up becoming the next target.

At the time, we put it down to Covid-19, which, across the world, left people stuck at home, bored and anxious. They were just venting. But a year on, Chinese nationalist sentiment is even greater online. It used to be outsiders, a US politician criticising the government for instance, who received the worst of the attacks from bloggers. Now insiders

bear the brunt. Recently, Weibo influencers have gone after journalists at the Global Times, the English-language, state-owned tabloid, for being "traitors". (Some of the publication's journalists had criticised a government account's Weibo post mocking India's Covid death toll.) Earlier this month, the popular science blog Science Squirrels Club deregistered its Weibo account after a few lines in a post challenged a myth about historic Japanese experiments on Chinese prisoners of war.

What's changed? The audience, the platform or the government? All of them — in different ways.

Nationalist feeling has soared since the Chinese government all but eradicated Covid through stringent lock-

downs and other measures. The fact that China's relationships with the US, India, Australia and other countries are under strain has offered a number of easy enemies.

What's on social media doesn't always reflect reality, in China as elsewhere. For Chinese people who only see the US via culture wars on Twitter, it can be easy to assume the country is on the brink of breakdown. Likewise, those reading Chinese social media from outside might think there are no liberals left. That isn't the case: many, such as Bao, have simply left social media. Before she did, she had an amusing exchange with someone who had sent her a barrage of insults online. "Our views are different, but I wouldn't attack you," Bao wrote.

The response: "That's the difference between liberals and nationalists."

Weibo has changed too. Its ecosystem of influencers has shifted vastly since Bao joined a decade ago, when online political discussion was still relatively free-wheeling.

After Xi Jinping became leader of the Chinese Communist party in 2012, crackdowns on political speech and even celebrity gossip limited what Weibo users were allowed to say. Influencers — who need to keep attracting followers and attention — have the difficult task of creating hot topics without touching political hot potatoes. For many, nationalism is a safe arena.

Influencers often earn their keep by promoting brands, as they do in other countries, and it's not unusual to find posts promoting washing machines alongside those on who should own the Senkaku Islands in the East China Sea, which are subject to a territorial dispute

with Japan and Taiwan. The same people who accuse, say, public intellectuals of "selling out to Japan" often sell Japanese products via sponsored posts.

The final element is the government's hardline approach, which has created an online climate ripe for nationalism. "On the topics of nationalism and feminism, our hands are tied," said a social media industry insider.

China's internet regulator, the Cyberspace Administration, aims to promote patriotic speech. But the line between fervent patriotism and aggressive nationalism is difficult to manage.

Bao believes that when "blades of grass" — ordinary users — attack each other, the government benefits because people are distracted from criticising it. While that's true, both government and company censors have an uneasy hold on China's new online nationalists. After all, they don't always do what's in Beijing's best interests.

Spectrum

Why not apply Marie Kondo to Britain's statue wars?



Tim Harford

Undercover economist

Weniger, aber besser. These three words – less, but better – summarise the philosophy of the great German designer Dieter Rams. His striking designs, from Braun electronics to Vitsoe furniture, have been influential to the point of ubiquity. Apple's original iPod clearly resembles a Rams-designed radio.

But while "less, but better" is revered by designers, it's not the way most of us live our lives. Our homes are full of junk, our diaries are full of meetings and our attention is fragmented by dozens – hundreds? – of electronic interruptions a day.

Countercultural counter-clutter manifestos have been popular: Greg McKeown's *Essentialism* (get rid of unnecessary tasks and meetings), Cal Newport's *Digital Minimalism* (get rid of unnecessary apps and devices) and of course Marie Kondo's *The Life-Changing Magic of Tidying* (get rid of unnecessary possessions). But like Rams himself, they are swimming against the tsunami of digital, physical and mental "stuff".

Why do we accumulate so much? An intriguing explanation comes from one of the oldest ideas in behavioural economics: the "endowment effect". The term was coined by one of the fathers of the field, Nobel laureate Richard Thaler.

In his book *Misbehaving*, Thaler described wine connoisseur Richard Rossett's cellar, which contained bottles he had purchased for a few dollars that had matured into wines

worth hundreds. Rossett occasionally drank these fine vintages, yet he would never add to his cellar by buying wines at high prices, nor would he sell those he already had at a huge profit.

There is an inconsistency here: wine cannot logically be both too expensive to buy and too cheap to sell. This is the endowment effect, by which we value possessions in part because they are possessions. Still, only an economist would find Rossett's behaviour odd. (Compounding the mystery, Rossett was the head of the economics department at the University of Rochester.)

While Rossett's case is an intuitive example, Thaler, Jack Knetsch and Daniel Kahneman also produced experimental evidence of the effect. In one study of students, half were given a commemorative mug. All were told to write down the price at which they would be willing to sell their mug – or to buy a mug if they started without one. Those with a mug were reluctant to sell for \$5. Those without one were reluctant to buy at half that price.

This endowment effect suggests that the status quo matters far more than it should. Often we hold on to things for no reason other than that they are our things.



Claire Merchinsky

We could make an active choice as to who we wanted on the pedestal for the next quarter of a century

Minimalists understand the power of the status quo and work to counteract it. Newport, for example, argues that the minimalist should begin with a month-long period of digital fasting: only the most essential tools are to be allowed. Everything else must go. This is not

intended as a "detox". It's a blank slate, designed to change the status quo. At the end of this period, says Newport, digital tools should be allowed back in only as a deliberate choice, rather than because we sleepwalked into using them once and never let go.

Kondo also fights the status quo. She advocates removing possessions from their usual setting and piling them all together, a bracing experience that reminds us just how much unnecessary stuff most of us own. Then, argues Kondo, look for what "sparks joy". Deciding to keep something from the pile becomes an active choice rather than a resigned acceptance of the status quo.

I was reminded of this as I pondered the argument over all the portraits and statues associated with the UK's colonial past. Nobody can pretend to resolve this with a single proposal, but it does strike me that we'd be in an easier place if we occasionally made

like Kondo and took them all down.

We could put all the portraits and all the statues in a big pile in the centre of each town or the lobby of each grand building. Then we could make an active choice as to who we really wanted on the pedestal for the next quarter of a century. Does Edward Colston really spark joy? Cecil Rhodes? Everyone who misses the cut could be stored away until a future round.

I can't imagine that happening to the portraiture of a Cambridge college or the statues in Trafalgar Square any time soon. Deliberately stepping away from the status quo is not always desirable and it is rarely easy.

But most of us have had to do just that over the past 15 months. Remember diary squeezes? Juggling the school run with an exercise class? The embarrassment of double-booking a dinner with friends and a night at the theatre? Neither do I. But logically these things must once have happened and they're starting to happen again.

In the desperation to get back to normality, to see people (anyone) and go places (anywhere), there's a risk that we miss the Kondo window of opportunity in which things have been reset and the endowment effect does not exist. I am trying to think, rather than simply revert to the status quo.

Not every task on my To Do list and every meeting in my calendar sparks joy, but I try.

Less, but better.

Tim Harford's new book is 'The Data Detective'

Parents paying thousands a

year for a top education in

the hope of getting their

child into Oxbridge are

finding success hard to come

by, writes Brooke Masters

Five years ago, my son would have got a place at Oxford. But now the bar has shifted and he didn't," says my friend, a City of London executive who has put several children through elite private schools in Britain. "I think he got short-changed."

I've been hearing this more and more from fellow parents with kids at top day and boarding schools in recent years. Some of it sounds like whining: most of us like to think the best of our progeny. But my friend has a point. After years of hand-wringing about unequal access to elite higher education, admissions standards are finally shifting.

A decade ago, parents who handed over tens of thousands of pounds a year for the likes of Eton College, St Paul's School or King's College School in Wimbledon could comfortably assume their kids had a very good chance of attending Oxford or Cambridge, two of the best universities in the world.

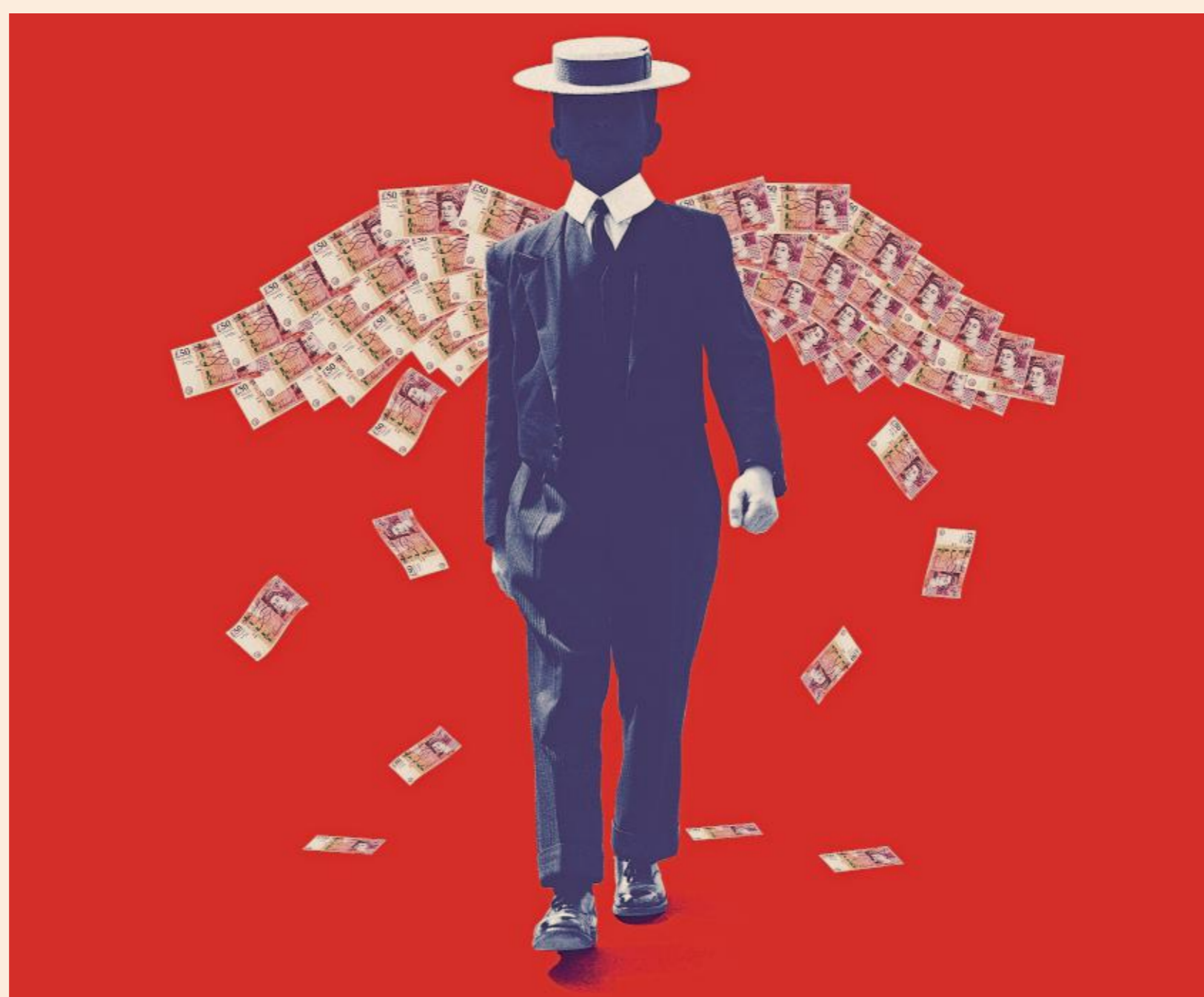
A 2018 Sutton Trust study showed that just eight institutions, six of them private, accounted for more Oxbridge places than 2,900 other UK secondary schools combined. When the headmaster of Westminster School boasted at an open evening that half the sixth form went on to Oxbridge, approving murmurs filled the hall. (I was there.)

But growing anger about inequality, rising applications from an improved state sector and a flood of international students have prompted Oxford and Cambridge to rethink. They give more credit to students who have overcome barriers on their way to top grades. This means fewer middling private school students groomed to excel at interviews are getting in. "We want to select the academically most able – the really strong candidates versus those that are average but have been well-prepared," says Samina Khan, Oxford's director of undergraduate admissions.

This is surely fair. But it also means that hothouse independent schools are losing their edge. At St Paul's, I heard one grouch father press the high master to explain how he would protect the boys there from "social engineering".

What should parents do when a policy that is good for society seems bad for their kids? I feel genuine sympathy for anyone concerned for their child's future, but complaining about a loss of privilege comes across as tone deaf.

At Eton, attended by 20 UK prime ministers including the current one, the number of Oxbridge offers dropped from 99 in 2014 to 48 this year. At King's College, Wimbledon, offers have fallen by nearly half in two years to 27, The Sunday Times reported in February. Both schools still sit near the top of the national league tables for total offers.



Illustrations by Edmon de Haro

New school rules

But their students are finding it harder to get in, ranking parents who shell out to £28,000 a year for day school or £44,000 for boarding.

The anger of wealthy, mostly white parents about losing the advantages they expected to be able to buy their children is part of a broader pattern of status anxiety among some sections of the British and American upper classes. It is out of step with reality: children from such backgrounds will typically enjoy greater opportunities and financial security throughout their lives. Nevertheless, the potency of this anxiety was on display in the US during 2019's "Varsity Blues" admissions scandal when actors and private equity giants were jailed for trying to buy their kids into Yale and Stanford, among others, with faked entrance test results and counterfeit athletic skills.

"When you have something that is very valuable to people, the system gets distorted," says Daniel Markovits, a Yale law professor and author of *The Meritocracy Trap*. "Attending these universities makes a difference in people's income and status . . . The parents see how much it costs them to live in the neighbourhoods they live in and send children to private schools, and they realise their children will be in the same bind."

4X
 Rise in annual applications to Cambridge since 1981 from just under 5,000 to 20,426 in 2020

For decades, some UK private schools traded on their high Oxbridge admission rate to help justify their astronomical and constantly rising fees. If that bargain no longer stands, what are they selling parents instead?

"Knowing what I know now, I would absolutely reconsider my decision" to choose elite boarding schools, the City executive tells me. "The fees are absolutely out of whack with reality."

He worries that he has disadvantaged his offspring. At his workplace, he says, applicants who attended top independent schools are treated with a "certain amount of sniffiness. 'Oh those guys got

such a good education, of course they did well. We need someone hungrier."

Another parent, who attended Oxford but saw an Eton-educated son rejected, frets that attending a top independent school "has become a label that stays with you for life and it's not a good label. It means that when they are applying for university or jobs, they are at a disadvantage unless they are truly brilliant."

Sam Lucy, an archeologist, has served as an admissions tutor at Cambridge since 2009. She has little truck with parents who claim their children are getting the short end of the stick. "Nobody is

There's a 'mismatch in expectations. Parents say "I got in and you are as clever as me. Why haven't they made you an offer?"

Sam Lucy, Cambridge University

entitled to get into Cambridge. You have to earn your place by being serious about your subject and going above and beyond the school curriculum. No one should expect to get in, but if they do, they will have deserved it."

Lucy has been asked so many times why smart students are getting turned down that she carries a chart that illustrates what has changed. Since 1981, annual applications to Cambridge have

risen from just under 5,000 to 20,426 last year.

Highly selective state sixth forms such as Harris Westminster and Brampton Manor in London have sprung up, partly to prepare children from disadvantaged backgrounds for Oxbridge and other top universities. They not only produce students with high exam scores and impressive essays, but also train them for interviews, an area where posh schools have long excelled. In 2021, 55 students at Brampton Manor secured conditional Oxbridge offers, exceeding Eton's 48; most have ethnic minority backgrounds, receive free school meals or were the first in their family to apply for university. Cambridge and Oxford have also had a big increase in overseas applications.

Meanwhile, the two universities, which promise small group teaching by dons and rooms in ancient stone quadrangles, have not expanded appreciably. That means it is roughly four times harder now to get one of the 6,800 places than it was when today's parents were applying. "That's the mismatch in expectations. Parents say, 'I got in and you are as clever as me. Why haven't they made you an offer?'" Lucy says.

Outside the wealthiest sections of British society, the main critique of Oxbridge admissions is about too little inclusion, not too much. Some Cambridge colleges failed to admit a single black student between 2012 and 2016, and most state-sector students historically came from selective grammar schools or wealthy areas.

"The upper classes have a vice-like grip on Oxford admissions that they will not willingly give up," Labour MP David Lammy proclaimed in 2018 as he led a campaign for change that helped inspire rapper Stormzy to fully fund two scholarships for black students at Cambridge.

Several of the elite UK private schools were established in the late middle ages to provide free schooling to gifted boys from poorer backgrounds. Over the centuries, fee-paying pupils became more numerous and they took off as training grounds for the establishment and the administration of the British Empire.

Today, private schools educate 6.5 per cent of UK children, but as recently as five years ago they accounted for 42 per cent of Oxford's domestic intake and 37 per cent at Cambridge. Since then, the private school share has fallen sharply but it is still three in 10. That has sparked resentment among fee-paying parents without assuaging diversity campaigners. "It catches parents in a dilemma," says Mark Bailey, a former high master of St Paul's who now lectures at the University of East Anglia. "They may be committed to broad notions of social justice in the workplace and society, yet here is a situation where that aspiration cuts against them."

Independent school parents point out that state-private ratios that compare Oxbridge offers to the total stock of UK students are misleading. Oxford and Cambridge generally won't look at students unless they have at least three A or A* grades at A-level, and private schools churned out one of every four of them before the pandemic.

Those results are a key reason parents shell out school fees. "Why the heck would anyone ever pay the thick end of half a million quid (aged 4-18) per child pre-tax to send them to private school if it didn't give them seriously better grades than someone equally bright who went state?" asked one person on





Seafood for the soul

Aaron Graubart

Recipe If we still can't travel, here's a seafood orzo dish that will take you to Italy. By *Ravinder Bhogal*

For years, I took travel for granted, skipping from here to there as I wished. I thought nothing of spending summer after summer in Italy, where I fell in love with ancient cities and winding passageways, sun-dappled vineyards and crystalline coastlines. Most of all, I fell in love with the intricacy and exuberance of the food.

As a cook, I am often asked about my favourite Italian meals. Most of them have been eaten at understated trattorias where the food is seasonal, pre-

pared with fervour and served on bountiful platters. Measurements and portion sizes are contradictory to the soulful spirit of generosity ingrained in the cooks there. I have enjoyed toothsome pastas of various geometries, briny seafood and memorable regional dishes, including the unlikely crowd-pleaser of *sugo* perked up with nubs of foraged snail in Tuscany.

But it was at a restaurant by the beach in Trapani, when I was still sticky with salt from a morning swim, that I had a plate of food I still dream about — a

zuppa di pesce so abundant with snow-white flakes of fish and scarlet crustaceans that it was like an aquarium in a bowl, throbbing with garlic, chilli and wine. The broth itself was so rich with good olive oil that I mopped up every drop with the rest of the bread basket.

As I knocked back the dregs of my Negroni with its perfect curl of orange peel, I looked out at the watercolour view. Here was life shrunk to its best elements: sun, sea, good food and something refreshing to sip on. We don't really need much more. Until we can travel again, here's a recipe for a seafood stew inspired by that happy moment. The salinity of seafood cooked in a saffron broth with orzo should provide a portal for escape.

Ravinder Bhogal is chef-patron of Jikoni in London

Seafood stew with orzo

Serves four

Ingredients
60ml extra virgin olive oil, plus extra for drizzling
1 small onion, finely chopped
2 celery stalks, finely diced
1 small fennel bulb, finely chopped
1 bay leaf
3 garlic cloves, crushed
2 tsp fennel seeds
Pinch of saffron threads
¼ tsp chilli flakes
300ml dry white wine
400ml tomato passata
500ml fish stock
300g orzo, rinsed
1kg clams soaked in salted water for one hour, rinsed
2 monkfish tails, deboned and cut into bite-sized pieces



250g squid, cleaned, scored, and cut into 8cm pieces, tentacles halved
8 prawns, peeled, deveined, tails intact
Coarsely chopped flat-leaf parsley to serve
Lemon juice to taste

Sea salt and black pepper

Method

1 Heat the oil in a large casserole or wide, deep frying pan over medium heat. Add onion, celery, fennel and bay leaf and sauté until soft and translucent. Scatter in the garlic, fennel seeds, saffron and chilli and stir until fragrant. Pour in the wine, bring to the boil and bubble until it is reduced to almost nothing.

2 Pour in the passata along with the stock and 750ml water, bring to the boil, then add orzo and simmer until al dente. This should take about 10 minutes. Add the seafood, cover and simmer until just cooked.

3 Season to taste, scatter parsley on top and squeeze in lemon juice. Drizzle with olive oil and serve immediately.

Mumsnet, the online parenting forum.

Within the pool of high-achieving applicants, the Oxbridge colleges now rely on "contextual admissions" that look at how students have arrived at their top marks. "If someone has done really well despite being in care, that tells you something about their ability," says Oxford's Khan. "State schools are doing so much better, particularly in London. We are getting much stronger candidates than we used to."

Few private school parents openly dispute the need for this approach. They just hate the impact on their own children. "I agree we need social justice, but the problem needs to be fixed much earlier," says a St Paul's mother, who has donated generously to bursary funds that bring less-privileged boys to the school. "These [private school] kids are all really bright and it is unfair to penalise them at this point."

Of course, not all parents who choose private schools do so expecting their kids will win a top university place. Many are drawn by their exceptional facilities and low student-to-staff ratios. "We never had set in our mind that our kids would be going to Oxbridge or an equivalent," says Catherine May, who sent two boys to City of London School. "I've loved that we have well-rounded children and we were very grateful for the excellent pastoral leadership."

I attended one of the US's elite private schools 35 years ago. I and roughly half

of the class went on to Harvard and the rest of the Ivy League. These days, the school is still a top Ivy feeder, but that share is down below 30 per cent. Most of Harvard's undergraduate class is non-white (reflecting the US high-school population) and 55 per cent of undergraduates receive financial aid.

But there are two dirty little secrets that explain why so many springtime posts on my Facebook feed feature parents on the other side of the Atlantic boasting about their children's college destinations. Top American universities still offer "alumni preference" — children of graduates don't always get in but have a much higher acceptance rate — and they of course find spaces for children of big donors. There is a back door for the 0.1 per cent and the connected, if not the merely wealthy. Oxford and Cambridge reject this. Cynics will tell you this is evident in their shabbier facilities and shallower donor pools.

All of which puts the heads of the UK's elite independent schools in a bind. On the one hand, they are under pressure to justify their tax-exempt status by improving access for poor and minority students, either by offering more bursaries or helping neighbouring state schools. On the other hand, they must also please their paying customers. And that means preserving their effectiveness at university admissions. "We feel quite irritated by politicians who bang on about independent-state school

ratios," says Barnaby Lenon, a former head of Harrow School who chairs the Independent Schools Council. "One-third of the most needy bursary students at Oxbridge are from independent schools and top state grammar schools are stuffed with wealthy parents."

Optimists hope that the changing admissions profile will reduce the outside hold Oxbridge has on the UK's psyche and its politics. "If more and more

3 in 10

Proportion of Oxford's domestic intake from independent schools, which educate 6.5 per cent of UK children

really talented kids are pushed to other universities, the reputation of those schools will rise. That's really valuable for society," says the Eton parent.

And indeed, many top independent schools now are scrambling to prove they can smooth the path for their students to other brand-name options inside the UK and, increasingly, abroad. They are hiring admissions officers who are experts not only in the requirements for US universities, such as SAT tests, but for other destinations such as Trinity College Dublin, McGill University in Montreal and Bocconi University, Milan.

St Paul's and St Paul's Girls' School even employ recent graduates of top American universities as "Colet Fel-

lows" to coach students through writing the personal essays favoured by the Ivy League. "The obsession with Oxbridge misses the point," says Sarah Fletcher, SPGS's high mistress. "Our job is to genuinely guide people to the right schools." This year, total UK applications to US universities shot up 23 per cent.

That may well be the right choice for students who are attracted to American institutions' liberal arts approach, which allows them to take a wider range of subjects, Lenon says. But, he adds, "it is not good for the UK if we send too many of our best students abroad because a proportion never come back."

For independent schools, the growing emphasis on international admissions is



Greener bottles

Jancis Robinson
Wine

Aware of the heavy carbon footprint of glass bottles, Rosemary Cakebread has been researching options for lighter bottles for her exceptional Gallica wines made in Napa Valley. She emailed me recently with her dismayed reaction to what this research has revealed: "What I've learnt is that more and more wine glass available on the West Coast is in fact made in China."

US imports of glass containers from China increased 55 per cent to 2.1bn in the five years to 2018, according to US trade data; industry estimates that year were that 70 per cent of the bottles filled by American wine bottlers were sourced from China, and that proportion is likely to have grown since. America's domestic glass bottle industry has been shrinking too: between 2005 and 2011, 11 US glass container manufacturing plants closed, leaving 43.

Standard 75cl glass wine bottles vary in weight, from under 400g to more than a kilo. The heavier they are, the greater the carbon emissions from making and transporting them, which accounts for the greatest proportion of wine's carbon footprint.

Increasingly aware of this, I started noting bottle weights in my tasting notes in February, wishing to highlight producers who use particularly heavy or light glass. On this basis, I would say that the average bottle used for wine is about 550g, although it varies by country, with producers in the US and Argentina favouring some of the heaviest.

In a recent collection of tasting notes on eastern European wines, I found one used by the Georgian producer Dugladze weighed as much as 1,025g, whereas most bottles used by the Romanian producer Cramele Recas were only 345g. Recas co-owner Philip Cox points out that these lighter bottles — the fatter burgundy shape is easier to make lighter than the straight-sided bordeaux shape — cut transport costs by about 10 per cent.

Although many of her winemaking peers in Napa Valley seem happy to use bottles weighing 800g or more, Cakebread is clearly serious about switching to much lighter bottles. But she refuses to source them from China.

"To my mind," she wrote to me, "it's not sustainable to buy a 400g bottle and then ship it nearly 7,000 miles."

Despite the impact on the atmosphere, shipments of empty bottles around the globe are growing. Every month, for

example, 200 shipping containers of glass bottles arrive in the UK from the Al Tajir bottle factory in Dubai — albeit, in this case, mainly for beer. In 2018, meanwhile, Croxsons, a glass bottle supplier based in south London, acquired a furnace in China to supply customers in the US, Australia and New Zealand.

In a 2015 report for FEVE, the association of European glass manufacturers, consultancy EY put the proportion of glass bottles that travel more than 300km from furnace to filling line at 44 per cent. While China is by far the world's biggest exporter of glass bottles, Germany is the second.

Some countries just don't have glass-production facilities or offer little choice. New Zealand, for instance, has a single producer, whose bottles Master of Wine Steve

markets, size and weight of the bottle continue to be important."

Indeed, part of the motivation for Croxsons' investment in China was to supply heavier bottles. Its website reports "concerns amongst some of Croxsons' customers that the industry has moved some bottles away from being super-premium, or even premium, to a lighter, standard-weight bottle. Clearly the risk to brands using a wrong-weight bottle is that consumers will feel a disconnection between the price point and the aesthetics that the bottle delivers."

The substantial Languedoc producer Gérard Bertrand is another advocate of organic vine-growing but persists with heavy bottles for his top cuvées. His justification is common: he argues they represent only a small proportion of his production and

that he is doing his bit for the planet in the vineyard and by using lighter bottles for the rest of his range.

The problem is that producers such as he, by putting their more expensive wines in heavier bottles, encourage the perception that good wine comes in heavy bottles. In fact, the world's most expensive wines tend to be packaged really quite modestly. Bordeaux first growths, for instance, come in bottles that weigh not much more than 500g.

Chakana is one of Argentina's biggest biodynamic wine producers. Winemaker Gabriel Bloise reports that when Chakana changed to lighter bottles 10 years ago, European markets welcomed it, but "in the USA we did meet resistance to lighter bottles and our importer says they have had a negative impact on sales... Asian markets insist on heavy bottles. But the only impact of heavy bottles is visual and they do not improve wine taste. We decided to spend the money [saved by choosing lighter bottles] on wine improvements (organics, biodynamics) rather than packaging, so we were able to improve quality, reduce the glass and keep our prices stable."

Angelos Iatridis of Greece's excellent Alpha Estate goes more than the extra mile along the path to sustainability and justifies the difficult-to-copy 887g bottle for his top Xinomavro as an anti-counterfeit measure. He is another fan of Saverglass.

Cakebread ended her email with the hopeful observation that in the US, "supply chain issues are forcing local glass plants to dust off their old equipment". If "more wineries request locally made lightweight bottles, suppliers will take notice and there will be more options".



As imagined by Leon Edler

Smith of Smith & Sheth has found so inconsistent that he imports bottles from Saverglass, based in France. According to him, Saverglass "seem well ahead of the pack on sustainability and their glass quality is first-class".

In line with increased awareness of sustainability, there has been a laudable trend to reduce bottle weights. In 2019, the average weight of bottles had fallen by 30 per cent over the previous decade, according to figures from Statista.

Accolade, the biggest wine bottler in the UK, has decreased its proportion of bottles over 500g from 17 per cent in 2017 to 3 per cent in 2020. Over the same period, the proportion of its bottles that weigh less than 390g has risen from 24 per cent to 42 per cent.

Yet for many, there still seems to be a perceived correlation between weight and wine quality. Sebastian Zuccardi is one of Argentina's most respected winemakers and his company is the country's leading organic producer. Yet he still uses some heavy 900g bottles for his Finca Piedra and Jose Zuccardi wines.

He points out they used to be even heavier: "It's really to do with consumers, because in some

all part of the expertise they sell. Consider their mastery of the Oxbridge admissions process, which requires students to apply to a specific college for a specific subject. The elite independent schools maximise acceptance numbers by dispersing applications away from the most oversubscribed subjects and colleges. That helped give the strongest schools an Oxbridge success rate of at least 33 per cent last year.

Then Covid-19 struck and A-levels were cancelled. Oxford and Cambridge had already made their offers, but they were caught up in the chaos. After schools assessed their students, the exams watchdog fed the results through an algorithm that reduced nearly 40 per cent of grades. Universities revoked thousands of conditional offers, with disadvantaged students hit worst.

When the government U-turned, restoring the teacher-assessed grades, Oxford and Cambridge found themselves with hundreds of extra students, driving total acceptances up 12 per cent to 7,692. "I still have no idea how colleges managed to find enough rooms to turn into bedrooms, but thankfully they did," Lucy says.

The bulge and another year of cancelled A-levels have put admissions tutors under pressure — teacher-assessed marks will probably produce grade inflation, but the facilities cannot accommodate another supersized class. So they are making fewer offers — at

Oxford, just 3,541 for 3,300 places, down from 3,932 last year. "The landscape is more competitive than it has ever been," says David Goodhew, head of Latymer Upper School in west London. "High-flyers are still getting offers but universities were cautious because they got their fingers burnt last year."

Some private school parents worry that admissions tutors, faced with a plethora of candidates, will focus on improving their diversity statistics. They point to the lower offer numbers at the elite schools. "These great kids with flawless records are getting turned away not just by Oxbridge but Durham?" says the St Paul's mother. "How can that be?"

At Hills Road, a selective state sixth-form college in Cambridge that gets similar offer numbers to Westminster, Jo Trump, principal, says that she is seeing slightly more Oxbridge offers to students from disadvantaged backgrounds. Now in her fourth year as principal, Trump has spent years trying to convince ambitious parents — some of them Cambridge dons — that it is not the end of the world if their children do not get to Oxbridge. "Things have changed dramatically in 30 years," she says. For parents, "it's about learning to let go a bit and learning to let students drive the process... Our job is to walk alongside them, not to go in front and drag them."

Brooke Masters is the FT's chief business commentator



SNAPSHOT

'Faces of Beale Street' by Ernest C Withers

The Memphis-born photojournalist Ernest C Withers produced powerful work in the turbulent years of the civil rights movement, travelling with Martin Luther King and covering the 1955 Emmett Till murder trial. Three years after his death in 2007, Withers was also revealed to have been an FBI informant.

But that was just one chapter in the career of a photographer who spent almost seven decades capturing African-American life in all its

richness: sporting events, funerals, proms, musical acts (among them BB King and Aretha Franklin), everything from the once-in-a-lifetime to the everyday. For all Withers' complicated legacy, his pictures offer a stirring celebration of black life.

Cheyenne Darko

'Ernest C Withers: I'll Take You There' is at the Fahey/Klein Gallery, Los Angeles, to July 31

Let's not be so laissez-faire about affairs

Jo Ellison

Trending



Should a man or woman's extramarital entanglements be a factor when judging their professional proficiency? There seems to be an enormous reluctance to pass judgment on a colleague's private life. In the thrill of excitement over Matt Hancock's affair with aide Gina Coladangelo, his peers lined up to remind us that the man should only be censured for professional impropriety, such as breaking lockdown rules or misappropriation of government funding. Few, if any, suggested that Boris Johnson should sack him because he'd been behaving like a douche.

I've never understood the leniency we extend to philanderers and adulterers. There seems to be a commonly held belief that such lapses in our moral judgment have little bearing on our competence at work. On the contrary, I find a person's sexual history to be the most telling thing about them. Surely one should need no further evidence of a person's character than the fact they have been revealed to be cheating on their spouse. If they can tell bald-faced lies about their activities to their friends, family and children, what makes anyone think they can be trusted to do their job?

But I take a very hardline view of adulterous behaviour, possibly owing to the strict Baptist fervour that spikes the family genes. True, I will delight in the sordid details of a bonkbuster tabloid scorch, and eke out every column inch of detail, but I am also prone to overbearing sanctimony when discussing the repercussions, and will rarely consider forgiveness, even in the face of great remorse. Once a shit, always a shit, tends to be my verdict, though I've tried to be more open-minded, and have listened to all the podcasts by the psychotherapist Esther Perel.

While I may have the morals of a scandalised Victorian, the world's attitude to infidelity has shifted to a far more generous point of view. According to the US General Social

Survey, one in five men will cheat on their partners, with women not that far behind. In a 2016 survey by YouGov America it was revealed that more than a third of adults under 30 had engaged in sexual activity with someone other than their partner. Of these, just under half did so with their partner's consent. But shouldn't politicians try to tamp their baser feelings down? Even the most libertarian of judges regarding the former health minister's imbroglia must see a transgression of the moral code to which he is supposed to have subscribed.

According to the Committee on Standards in Public Life, government ministers, like all public office holders, are supposed to adhere to the Nolan principles, seven Pollyanna-ish precepts ministers are meant to hold in some esteem. Chief among them is the

If someone can tell bald-faced lies to their friends and family why should we trust them to do their job?

idea that they should be selfless, "acting solely in terms of the public interest", while also showing integrity, objectivity, accountability, openness, leadership and honesty to boot.

The ministerial code further instructs them to be "professional in all their dealings" and to have "proper and appropriate . . . working relationships". Hancock clearly failed to tick those boxes. And yet despite the censure that surrounded his exposure, I was surprised by how many people considered his romantic indiscretion to be an adjacent issue that should have no bearing on his competence at work.

It's a strange time in which to embark on an extramarital adventure. While the sexual revolution has found us more licentious, trying to have an affair is actually far more complicated than it might seem. Dating apps and technology have made casual sex

readily available but, as Hancock discovered, surveillance cameras and social media can leave one frightfully exposed. The camera phone has turned everyone into a paparazzo; a fruity text exchange on the dating app Raya can go viral if it gets into the wrong hands. Technology may have liberated us, but it has simultaneously made our lives transparent. It's hard to be clandestine when your partner can track your every movement on their phone.

Do our leaders have a responsibility to instil in us some moral vigour? As UK politics becomes mired in scandal, cronyism and corruption, one wonders whether we're all being smeared in Tory sleaze. And perhaps it's inevitable that infidelity is spiking when the culture has been stoked by a prime minister whose own career has been embellished by priapic lusts.

In May, we saw Boris Johnson marrying Carrie Symonds in a Roman Catholic ceremony at Westminster Cathedral, the first wedding to be undertaken by a prime minister while in office since 1822. This curiously awkward pantomime, in which Symonds was pictured barefoot next to her new husband, wearing a white dress inspired by "ancient Greek philosophy" and a flower crown, led one Twitter commentator to observe that the couple recalled a teenage schoolgirl being dropped off at the Coachella festival by her dad. Symonds' relationship with Johnson reportedly began when he was married to Marina Wheeler, and she was the Conservatives' head of communications.

No wonder everybody's at it. Unfaithfulness is this year's hottest trend. Hancock must have assumed that his career would also be Teflon-coated. When the prime minister can only manage a glancing acknowledgment of the moral code of which he is supposed to be an exemplar, the lack of rectitude is bound to trickle down.

Email Jo at jo.ellison@ft.com

The mechanisation of the beautiful game

Janan Ganesh

Citizen of nowhere



It was as inverse a relationship as Dorian Gray's with his portrait. For decades, Italy played a cold and defensive football that bucked their own nation's splendour. The team is now among the easiest on the eye. Besides the obvious qualm — is Italy about to become a dump? — I cling to such mercies in a bland age for the game.

Euro 2020 is the first major tournament that has not held my attention since 1986, when I was four and there was no television at home. Were it not for the risk of bruising your abdomen with laughter, I would claim to have been working too hard.

The real problem has been in gestation for the best part of a decade. It started with the cult of "pressing" (running to recover the ball). It continued with the NFL-style rehearsal of attacking plays. Pep Guardiola once benched Thierry Henry for moving out of place in a sequence of passes. The fact that it had netted him a goal was scant mitigation. Add astronaut levels of physical conditioning to this micromanagement, and you have the mechanisation of a game whose central point is anarchic expression. Undivided into "sets", "pitches" or "phases", football at its best is as formless as a great city. The modern game has something of Canberra about it.

A proxy measure of the change is the physical shape of the players. They were once Rolling Stone-thin, all the better to turn on a centime and thread sinuous passes. Now even the most mobile positions — full backs, midfielders, wingers — have the tight-

shirted, gym-inflated look of a certain kind of City trader on a night out. I mostly salute the Americanisation of football: the data, the granular analysis, the consumer-friendliness. The one import I question is the idea that athleticism is intrinsically compelling. The place for it is athletics.

To say one good thing about the new game, it has taught me patience for the idea that development is not axiomatically progress. In most things, I am what the Canadian writer John Ralston Saul would call one of "Voltaire's bastards". I find modernist LA more beautiful than Prague. I view

Football at its best is as formless as a great city. The game now has something of Canberra about it

with suspicion the historical laundering of what we are no longer meant to call the Dark Ages. It is all I can do to keep my dinner in my stomach when some fool sells the lockdown as the path to more soulful living. Here I am, though, moping over football's artisans as the new breed of spinning jennies churn around them.

Younger readers will diagnose early-onset middle-age here, and its attendant nostalgia. Older ones might comfort me that sporting trends are cyclical. There was a moral panic in tennis when Pete Sampras and other ballistic servers first emerged. What followed them was a constellation of

genius that is still with us.

The green shoots of a stylistic renaissance have poked through in this tournament. There is Spain's Pedri, the competition's youngest ever starter. The Dutchman Frenkie de Jong is another who bears the telling stamp of the old school: he seems to run faster with the ball than without.

In the end, though, I sense their diaphanous promise will be brought to heel. This is a sport that now gives the time of day to that most soul-hollowing of statistics: distance covered.

An examiner once said of the dazzling scholar Jeremy Wolfenden that "he wrote as though it were all beneath him; he wrote as though it were all such a waste of his time". From George Best to Ronaldinho, nations great and small had footballers with the same majestic languor. Italy at their meanest still accommodated Roberto Baggio, even as a ruined knee rendered him borderline immobile. The point is not that skill and wit have gone. Given the speed of the game, players need to be better than ever at controlling the ball and spotting opportunities. England alone have a couple of young masters.

It just that all this flair is wedged into a corset of defensive duties, clockwork passing patterns and — oh, the vulgarity — running. At club level, Kevin De Bruyne, perhaps the grandest talent left in the tournament, is a case in point. See him recover the ball, find his station out wide and whip a scudding cross, *ad infinitum*. It is beautiful, but so is a caged blue jay.

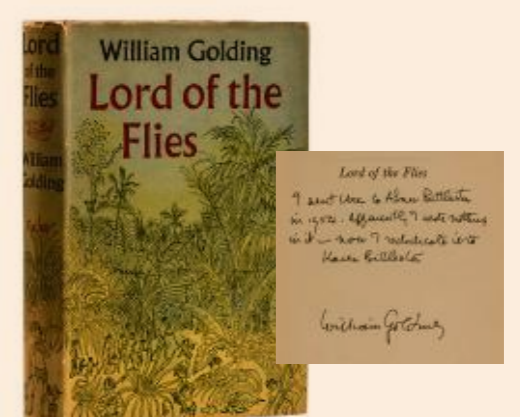
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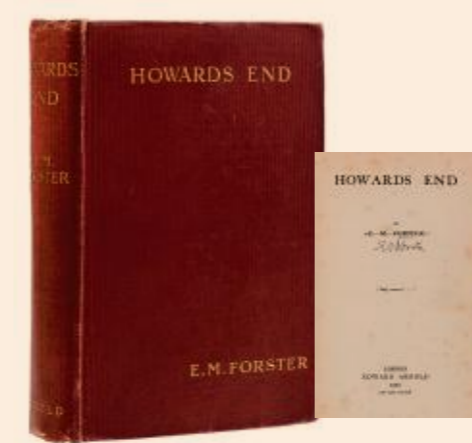
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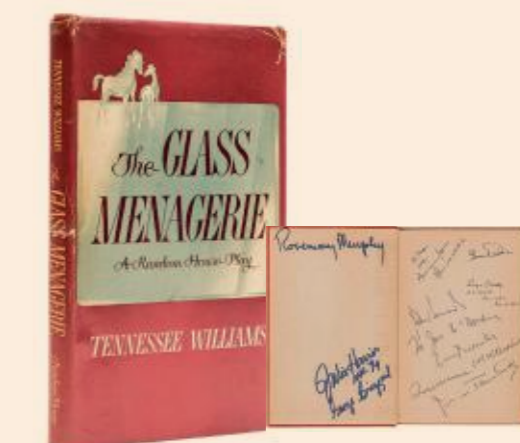
Kerouac (Jack)
Satori in Paris, first edition, signed presentation inscription from the author to his brother-in-law, 1966.
Est. £4,000-6,000



Golding (William)
Lord of the Flies, first edition, signed presentation inscription from the author, 1954.
Est. £6,000-8,000



Forster (E.M.)
Howards End, first edition, signed by the author, 1910.
Est. £5,000-7,000



Williams (Tennessee)
The Glass Menagerie, first edition, signed by the author and 7 performers, [1945].
Est. £3,000-4,000

The FT Weekend Festival — join us at Kenwood House on September 4



This week we are thrilled to announce that renowned cookery writer Claudia Roden will be joining us at Kenwood to discuss her life in food and her new book. Also on the bill are

poet and playwright Inua Ellams, who will perform a poetry session inspired by his audience, and Oxford/AstraZeneca vaccine developer Professor Sarah Gilbert, discussing lessons learnt

from the pandemic. All this as well as wine tastings, food demos, live poetry and music. For passes, programme and more information visit ftweekendfestival.com

Chess solution 2425 1gxh5! Nxb5 (Rxd4 holds out longer) 2 Rxf7! Rxf7 3 Rxf7 Kxf7 4 Qxg6+ Kf8 5 Qh6+ Ng7 6 Bxg6 (threat 7 Qh8 mate) Bf6 (the only try) 7 exf6 Qxf6 8 Bc5+ Rd6 9 Bxd6+ Kg8 10 Qh7 mate.

House & Home

FTWeekend



Greek revival Buyers are ready to party again in Mykonos — PROPERTY PAGES 3 & 4

Game changers

In 2010, the Candy brothers' One Hyde Park became a byword for excess. But the tastes of today's billionaires have changed — and so has London's luxury market, reports *George Hammond*

When I visited 80 Holland Park on a bright morning in June, the sun cast light over piles of unthumbed coffee-table books and creaseless down duvets draped over vast beds. In a special room designed for hosing down dirty dogs, there was not a single fleck of mud.

Six of the immaculate flats in the new 25-home project — a modern rendering of five classic stucco-fronted, Holland Park town houses — have sold since hitting the market in October last year. But the building is still largely uninhabited.

The latest venture from property developer Christian Candy, 80 Holland Park is a stark departure from Candy's last grand project.

Along with his brother Nick, Candy built One Hyde Park in 2010, a development that transformed London's luxury housing market — and continues to test price records for UK flats today.

This time, Christian is going it alone and selling at prices that although high — the asking price on a three-bedroom penthouse is £15.35m — are nowhere near the nine-figure sums paid for flats at One Hyde Park.

"It could not be more different [to One Hyde Park]", says Roarie Scarisbrick, a prime London buying agent with Property Vision. "It is more BMW than Bentley."

As the developer synonymous with ostentatious London homes changes tack, could the UK capital's time as the pre-eminent billionaires' playground — and the era of its homes as the preferred parking space of global wealth — be coming to an end?

A shifting market

When it was completed in 2010, One Hyde Park in Knightsbridge wasn't just marginally more expensive than other blocks in the capital, it was in a different league. The first 45 flats sold went for an average of more than £20m each, with

one penthouse selling to Ukraine's wealthiest man for £136m, by far the most expensive flat ever sold in the UK at the time.

The development continues to be a byword for opulence and excess — as well as a lightning rod for anger about London's unequal housing market. Earlier this year, a flat in One Hyde Park sold for £111m, before stamp duty costs. Another, a penthouse owned by Nick Candy himself, is currently being marketed privately for £175m.

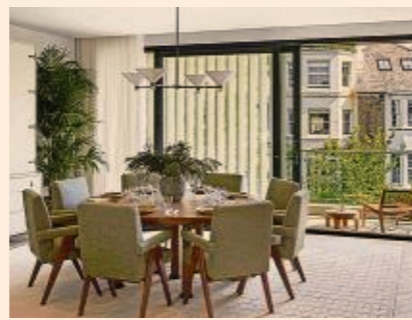
But much has changed since 2010, when the block was a symptom as well as a cause of a runaway market. Scrambling for safe places to park cash, and encouraged by rock-bottom interest rates and successive rounds of quantitative easing, the international ultra-wealthy poured money into property in "global cities" such as London and New York.

Any damage the financial crash did to high-end house prices in London was rapidly reversed. Between 2010 and 2013, London had the fastest-growing prime property market in the world, according to estate agent Knight Frank. By the third quarter of 2013, its luxury homes were the most expensive in the world — at \$3,995 per sq ft, compared with \$3,917 in Hong Kong and \$3,101 in Manhattan.



(Clockwise from below) Nick (left) and Christian Candy; the pricing and look of Christian Candy's 80 Holland Park are more sober than previous ventures; the exterior of 80 Holland Park; the new 1 Grosvenor Square

Ben Cawthra/eyeview, Alamy



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Has Candy read the room?

Candy's new development is subtler, and the pricing is more sober than his previous outing at One Hyde Park. Two-bedroom flats start at £2.6m in 80 Holland Park. A three-bedroom flat has just sold for £9.1m, or £4,335 per sq ft. That's a record for the W11 postcode, according to the developer, but still short of super-prime territory.

"Christian Candy knows the market better than anyone. He's catering to a very different audience in Holland Park to that in Knightsbridge," says Scarisbrick.

More than most high-end developments, 80 Holland Park is pitched at domestic rather than international buyers. Prospective buyers are still "migrants", says des Forges, but only from as far afield as "Knightsbridge or Chelsea". That is an advantage at a time when travel restrictions are hampering the overseas shopping trips of the hyper-wealthy.

The developers decided against marketing flats for sale before the entire

The mayor who celebrated London as a billionaires' habitat is now the prime minister of 'levelling up'

building was complete, an unusual move when many developments rely on deposits paid against unbuilt apartments in order to finance construction.

According to des Forges, Candy was deep-pocketed enough to go without cash from "off-plan" deals. But he also acknowledges that a sluggish market for luxury apartments in London had an impact.

"Off-plan sales have slowed with the market slowdown . . . it's easy to sell something ahead of completion in a buoyant market."

The development is likely to be Candy's "last hurrah," according to des Forges. "Residential development is a mercurial business, people come and go," he adds.

Tim Craine, head of research at Molior London, which monitors the property market, is more blunt: "Most developers do one cycle and quit. Either you make a load of money or go bust; either way you quit."

The torrent of cash entering the city's property market was still so great in 2014 that Boris Johnson, at the time London mayor, announced: "London is to billionaires what the jungles of Sumatra are to the orang-utan. It is their natural habitat."

But in the years since, the jungle has become harder to navigate.

"Planning has got tougher, taxes have got higher. The landscape has changed enormously," says Rupert des Forges, a partner at Knight Frank who has spent decades brokering deals in London's so-called super-prime market, where the entry fee is £10m — and who shows me around 80 Holland Park.

Targeted interventions by then-chancellor George Osborne increased the stamp duty burden for buyers in 2014 and again in 2016. At the same time, the market had to absorb reforms to taxation for homes owned through offshore and domestic companies, changes to inheritance tax and capital gains tax for

non-UK residents — to say nothing of the tighter money-laundering regulations brought in over the past few years.

With Johnson's successor as mayor Sadiq Khan introducing higher targets for affordable housing delivery, development economics have looked less favourable and prompted many private builders to look beyond London.

Add Brexit and the pandemic's travel restrictions into the mix, and the capital has not shared in the runaway house price growth seen across much of the country over the past 13 months.

On Tuesday, building society Nationwide put the annual growth of the average UK house price in June at 13.4 per cent, the fastest growth since November 2004.

But London has lagged, particularly in the market for the most expensive homes. Prices for £1m homes in central areas have fallen by about 17 per cent since 2014, according to LonRes, which monitors the London market.

The optics of super-prime development have changed too. The mayor who celebrated London's position as the habitat of billionaires is now the prime minister pursuing a "levelling-up" agenda explicitly aimed at reducing inequality between London and the rest of the UK.

In the midst of a health crisis, and an attendant recession, flashy interiors and price tags in the tens of millions are more likely to alienate than inspire.

Ballymore, a high-end but not super-prime developer with a number of projects in London, recently cut the ribbon on a swimming pool suspended 10 floors up between two blocks of luxury apartments.

The 25-metre long pool is intended as the *pièce de résistance* of Ballymore's Battersea development, but the show of opulence has been lambasted by critics — including in the pages of the Financial Times — who claim it is inappropriate in a city suffering an acute housing shortage.

Continued on page 2

OWN THIS ST IVES WORK OF ART AT SOMEONE ELSE'S EXPENSE

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A shed load of ideas



Luke Edward Hall

Questions of taste

Are corner sheds naff? I need a new shed for my small but magical garden. It needs to act as a tool store and potting shed while being attractive at the same time, as it is the focal point of the garden. Alternatively, would a small summer house look Wendy-house-ish? What do you suggest?

I don't think corner sheds are naff but, as you say yourself, your shed will be the focal point of your garden. If I were you, I'd embrace this and fully commit. Build something impressive that you will enjoy looking at. After all, this new structure will have to be pleasant to spend time in, naturally, but you will spend an awful lot of time peeking at it from inside your house, and while enjoying your garden.

I know exactly what you mean re "Wendy-house-ish". Standard garden buildings can end up having this appearance very easily and, although sometimes charming, it is possible to do better.

Before taking a lease on my new studio in the country, I contemplated building a large summer house-cum-workroom at the end of my garden. I had grand plans. For inspiration, I looked to Clough Williams-Ellis, the architect and designer known chiefly as the creator of the Italianate village of Portmeirion in north Wales. I've not yet managed to get to Portmeirion, but I am an enormous fan of Williams-Ellis's designs for garden buildings, with their baroque detailing and simple corrugated iron construction.

I wanted to build a fairly straightforward shed and stick on the front a corrugated iron facade, shaped like billowing swags of fabric, to give the appearance of a tented structure pitched in our meadowy patch of garden. I was dreaming along the lines of the Turkish Tent, which marks the final spot on the historic route through Painshill in Surrey, one of the finest remaining examples of an 18th-century English landscape park.

The whole thing would be set on wheels, meaning I'd be able to take my portable studio with me when we eventually leave our rented cottage. For various logistical reasons it wasn't possible to carry out my fantastical plans, but I hope I might persuade you to think outside the box.

If you can find a local builder or carpenter to help, the options really are endless, and you'll be able to avoid the cookie-cutter off-the-shelf Wendy house look. Think of the fun to be had: choosing timber and paint colours, finding doors and windows. Look to reclamation dealers such as Retrouvius and English Salvage as well as local yards for wonderful old examples.



I could spend hours trawling the web for stained glass panels. How lovely would it be to set some of these into your potting shed walls? I've got my eye on a pair being sold by Lassco: they feature

a greyhound's head in the centre, and a very good shade of mint green glass.

Do good research and see what styles take your fancy. Trew Turner Ltd, based in Somerset, is a small company that specialises in building all manner of garden sheds, studios and buildings. I'm a fan of the ceramics studio the company built for the ceramicist Pip Hartle, with its black-painted cladding.

When I was looking for a workshop to help with my project, many friends and friends of friends suggested I contact Rollo Dunford Wood, who, as Dunford Woodwork, builds all kinds of wondrous things, from furniture to cabins and tree houses. He also often seems to have the odd old wagon for sale. I love the idea of one of these getting a new life as a potting shed.

I noticed on Instagram recently the writer Fiona Golfar's new garden

building, constructed by a local carpenter and featuring a highly satisfying undulating roof and veranda. The veranda provides the perfect spot for pot plants and a blanket-covered chair or two.

This particular shed is a superb example of the classic Wendy house upgraded: the thought spent on those extra details along with the materials used give the whole thing a very elegant look. Yet it's all still pleasingly rustic enough to pass as a proper shed — no doubt about that.

If you decide you'd prefer to buy something over commissioning, I suggest a company such as Woodens Workshop, which in the past has designed buildings to sit on staddle stones, complete with cedar shingle roofs. I absolutely love this idea: with a bit of extra height you'd get a fantastic perspective over your garden, and the stones keep the structure dry.

Whatever route you end up choosing, enjoy the process of designing your dream shed. Even though I couldn't pull off my folly, I loved those hours spent doodling and researching, attempting to conjure up something magical (and practical). And, hey, if anybody in the Cotswolds has a field they're not using, I'm ready. I still dream of that trompe l'oeil corrugated iron tent — veranda, stained glass, flags and all.

If you have a question for Luke about design and stylish living, email him at lukeedward.hall@ft.com. Follow him on Instagram @lukeedwardhall

How lovely would it be to set some of these stained glass panels into your potting shed walls?



(Left) Stained glass panels by Lassco; (above) 'Garden at Monk's House, Sussex', Vanessa Bell, 1947

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Top of the lakes

Four properties situated on the Great Lakes of North America
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A bird in the band

What are birds saying to each other when they sing?
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Object lessons

Painter Ben Nicholson was inspired by household items
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Plate bait

A striking selection to create a showcase at mealtime
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Apostle of perfume

Robin Lane Fox on the best flowers to plant for scent
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House & Home Unlocked

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Game changers

Continued from page 1

The impact of Covid-19

In the 12 months to the end of March 2020, the month when pandemic-related restrictions were first put in place in the UK, Knight Frank recorded some 112 super-prime sales with a combined value of £2.35bn. In the next 12 months, which took in three national lockdowns, there were just over 80 sales, totalling £1.35bn.

"We've had a real issue on deals at £20m-plus: that's the big money coming over from elsewhere in the world . . . People don't want to isolate for five to 10 days," says Charles McDowell, a buying agent.

But the reality is that the kind of people with at least £10m available to buy a home will not be constrained for long, even by a pandemic. Nor are they likely to have suffered from the economic chaos which has accompanied it. The total wealth of billionaires worldwide rose by \$5tn to \$13tn in 12 months during the pandemic, according to Forbes, as government stimulus flooded financial markets.

Happily for anyone selling super-yachts or mega mansions, the super-rich are proliferating.

"The thing you have to remember is that there are huge numbers of people with huge amounts of wealth. I get calls about people I've never heard of who have untold wealth," says McDowell. "Will billionaires come to London? They will."

Deals in the super-prime sector can be notoriously secretive. Estate agents often won't be, or can't be, drawn on details. "I have so many NDAs [non-disclosure agreements] they are like confetti," says one. But it is possible to catch glimpses, which give a sense of a market in which tastes are changing — and despite Christian Candy aiming his new development at a more domestic, lower-value market, not all buying agents agree that that is where the demand is right now.

"Normally I would have one [client looking for a home] at £3m, one at £5m, one at £7m. At the moment it's only at the very high end," says Nathalie Hirst, a London-focused buying agent. She is currently searching on behalf of clients with price ranges of £10m, £17m and £50-£150m. "It's the best client list in terms of spending power I've ever had . . . I think super-prime is very much alive and well," she says.

Travel restrictions can still get in the way of deals. "I'm spending a lot of time taking videos for clients," says Hirst.



(From top) One Hyde Park took London's luxury market into a new league: flats sold for an average of more than £20m; Bond Street opulence — Hollie Adams/Bloomberg, Alamy

Typically, buyers are "75 per cent from overseas, mostly the Middle East or Hong Kong. It's still that," says Paul Roshan, a broker who is currently marketing office buildings in Belgravia and on Regent's Park to residential developers to convert into super-prime homes.

Waiting for the right billionaire to come along

The billionaires may still be coming, but their tastes have changed, says Rory Penn who, as head of Knight Frank

private office, advises the wealthy on their property purchases. A decade ago, the glitz of One Hyde Park set the tone and proved adept at attracting buyers from the Middle East and Russia, at the time the dominant property shoppers from overseas.

"The style today is less ostentatious . . . antique bronze as the metal of choice, not shiny gold"

Now, he adds, "There's such a variety of buyers in London: from Europe, the US, Asia as well as the other markets. The style today is less ostentatious, slightly more subtle, a more homely look . . . antique bronze as the metal of choice, not shiny brass or gold."

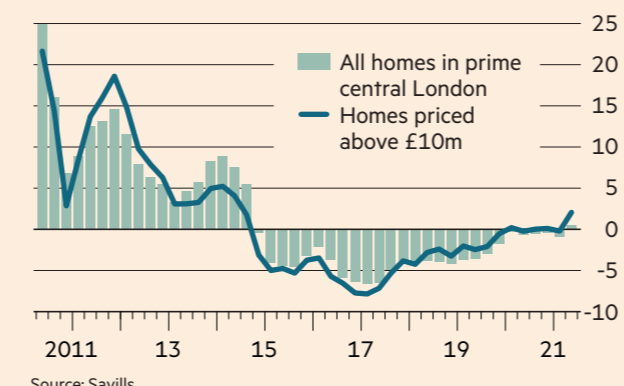
While trade in the prime market has become more laboured in recent years, at the very top end prices have continued to increase as tastes have become more refined. The most prestigious flats can trade for close to £10,000 a square foot, according to agents, though there are only a handful of newly built developments likely to come close to that bracket: such as Lodha's No 1 Grosvenor Square development, the Peninsula on Hyde Park Corner and Chelsea Barracks.

Another which might be the Glebe, an eight-home development in Chelsea that has been compared to One Hyde Park. There are parallels in the pricing — the penthouse of the Glebe is being marketed for close to £100m — but beyond that "there is no comparison," says David Salkin, a director at Orion Capital, the building's developer.

Where the Candys' block is all noise — glass-fronted and jutting out into Knightsbridge — the Glebe is "180 degrees different: small, discreet, very confidential. Seven of the apartments

London's luxury property market: a decade of change

Annual change in average property price (%)



The home in 50 objects #49: Clarice Cliff jug, c1930

This small earthenware, flat-sided creamer jug — with its geometric rings in light blue and grass green — was designed by the late ceramic artist Clarice Cliff.

Titled "Bonjour", it was manufactured by AJ Wilkinson Ltd in Burslem, Stoke-on-Trent. Cliff was closely associated with the company at the height of her career, in the late 1920s and 1930s, and later for a short while she came to own the business.

A reflection of the fame she achieved, the Museum of the Home in London features several Cliff pieces. These include items from

other popular lines, such as "Crocus" and "Daffodil".

From a large, and largely poor family in the Stoke area — the Potteries — Cliff left school at 13 to work in the local industry. She took night classes at the art school in Burslem, a town dependent on its fine pottery output.

Cliff joined Wilkinsons about three years later in 1916 as an apprentice lithographer. Its owners, the Shorter family, sent her to London in the 1920s to study at the Royal College of Art. Before the decade ended, and in an era when "career woman" was a

rarely heard term, the Shorters had given Cliff her own studio and promoted her to art director.

One of her prime talents was to make a virtue of imperfection. She experimented with rejected pottery, covering its defects with her own patterns and often vibrant colours.

Her "Bizarre" line captured the emergent confidence of the late 1920s. This and other lines that followed established her as a leading Art Deco ceramicist.

Cliff's work made for mainly bright and relatively affordable homeware. Sales of it even flourished during the 1930s economic depression, vital for the survival of AJ Wilkinson Ltd.

A shy artisan and artist, Cliff was not foremost a self-publicist.

After a lengthy affair, she married company owner Colley Shorter in 1940, taking over the business after his death in 1964.

During the second world war and the utilitarian austerity of the

following years, her work's popular appeal had faded. In the mid-1960s, she retired and sold up.

The market for Cliff classics began to revive after her death in 1972. Today a wish to keep, not discard, the imperfect, and such TV shows as *The Repair Shop* and *The Great Pottery Throw Down*, suggest she is again within the spirit of the times.

A film on Cliff's life, co-produced by Sky and others, is currently in production.

Peter Chapman

museumofthehome.org.uk



Mykonos is ready to party again

Greece property | After 'the worst year for sales in a decade', the island is attracting wealthy buyers once again. By *Liz Rowlinson*

On the island of Mykonos the music is playing again. DJs are back in the bars, where curfews have been relaxed this week, umbrellas are back on the beaches and the serpentine, whitewashed alleyways of the old port are again thrumming with tourists.

"It feels almost like Covid is disappearing and so everyone is much more relaxed," says French architect Aude Mazelin, who holidayed on the island as a student 23 years ago and never left. Today, she lives in a house she refurbished on Paraga beach, next door to Scorpios, a bohemian beach club full of driftwood daybeds and macramé hammocks where drinking and dining has resumed after lockdown measures.

"Last summer, it was like going back to how the island was when I first arrived: all the beaches were empty, it was so quiet!"

This has not been great news for the island's estate agents, for whom villa sales virtually dried up. "We don't want another 2020 but this year, thankfully, the island has suddenly opened up and we have some buyers arriving," says Roi Deldimou, of estate agency Beau-champ Estates.

International tourists and property hunters were largely absent last summer due to travel restrictions and, after

Tourists and buyers have returned to the whitewashed alleyways of Mykonos — *Alamy*

a much-delayed start to the season, are only just beginning to return — although Middle Eastern visitors are still noticeably absent, Deldimou adds.

Greece officially opened its doors to tourists in mid-May, and its government set itself the target to vaccinate all 700,000 adult residents of its islands by

'It feels almost like Covid is disappearing and so everyone is much more relaxed'

the end of June. As of this week, nearly 9,500 of Mykonos's population of 11,922 had been vaccinated, mainly with the single-dose Johnson & Johnson vaccine.

The curfew has been lifted, nightclubs are open and private gatherings are allowed of up to 100 people. And, as part

of "Operation Mykonos", a dozen drones have been monitoring the island's luxury villas and beach bars for any non-compliant "corona parties".

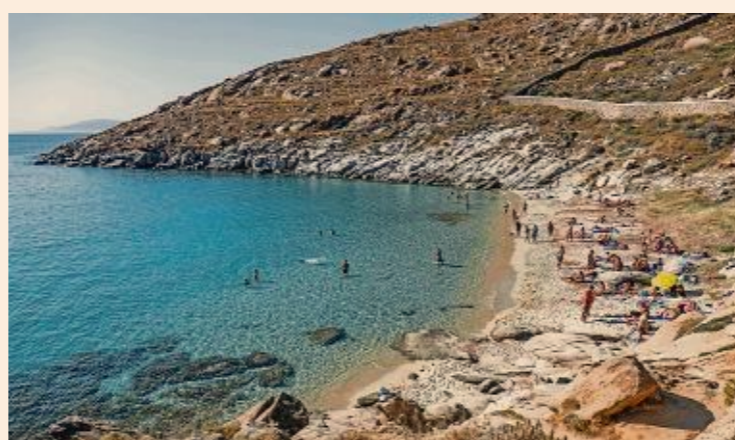
The island is famed for parties held within its distinctive sugar-cube villas (some with eight-figure price tags)

The curfew has been lifted, nightclubs are open and yachts and private jets are trickling in

NurPhoto via Getty Images



Universal Images Group via Getty



A visit by Jackie Kennedy in 1961 helped change the island from a backpackers' haven to jet-set playground

offering five-star services. Even before coronavirus, the HNWIs paying tens of thousands of euros for a week's accommodation preferred the privacy of detached villas in isolated clifftop or waterfront settings over big hotels, which are few and far between on the island.

The yachts and private jets are trickling back, but the coronavirus pandemic brought to an abrupt halt the decade-long run of summers of increasingly lavish parties, and more tourists than the last. One of the poorest Greek islands after the second world war, a visit to



Mykonos by Jackie Kennedy in the early 1960s started the trajectory that catapulted it from a backpacker magnet to a must-visit place for middle-class Greeks and summer playground for the international jet set.

Although air arrivals into Mykonos plunged from 474,081 in 2019 to 132,807 in 2020, according to figures from the Greek Tourist Federation, private jet arrivals into Mykonos have surpassed pre-pandemic levels. Between January and June, the number of such flights increased 17 per cent on the same period in 2019, according to WingX, an aviation intelligence company.

With no Land Registry figures available for Mykonos, it can be hard to determine annual transaction levels but long-established local agent Franciska Kalamara of Mykonos Dream Estates says 2020 was her worst year for a decade. In 2019 she sold eight properties and in 2020 just three villas.

"This year is going to be better. I have a sale going through at €25m for a very large property for a buyer based in London," she says.

Many of the holiday villas are owned by people with multiple properties or financial interests. Ibrahim Radwan, a Saudi Arabian architect who has been holidaying on the island since 1992, is selling one of his two homes on Mykonos — he has others in Athens, London, Paris, Washington and Lebanon. He says some vendors have very optimistic expectations about the value of their homes, especially when international buyers are still quite scarce.

Continued on page 4



Austrian/German farm owners are selling 3 farms in Romania (Timisoara, Arad)

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Current return about 2% plus rising land prices, very slim organisation.

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Continued from page 3

“Some people are asking crazy prices for their villas on this island now,” he says — admitting that the €3.5m price tag of his home is perhaps a “little exaggerated”.

Villa Bimo is a four-bedroom property, located on the fashionable Psarou beach — home to the notoriously hedonistic Namos beach club — and where a few superyachts have already moored offshore. Until 2019, the property brought in a net annual revenue of 7 per cent from rentals from April to October, says Radwan, with rates of €6,000-€10,000 a night.

He's selling up to move on to other opportunities — he has his eye on nearby Paros, Antiparos or Milos. But he plans to stay in his other property, in Mykonos Town, before the season gets

‘It is now a place to come to be seen and to party, to buy luxury brands and to lie on the beach with a hangover’



too rowdy. “The island is now a place where you come to be seen and to party, to buy luxury brands, and to lie on the beach with a hangover. It's a mistake if you come expecting to find authentic Greece,” he says.

Psarou beach on the south coast marks the easternmost point where wealthy buyers tend to want a villa, says Deldimou. The most sought-after areas are in the west of the island: Aleo- mandra, Agios Lazaros, Agia Sofia, Tourlos, Agio Stefanos, Choulakia. These can offer views towards Mykonos Town, Delos Island and, especially, the glorious sunset.

High-spec villas with good sea views in these areas are marketed at €10,000-€12,000 per sq m, compared with examples on the less developed east side of the island at €5,000-€6,000 per sq m. In the less touristy north of the island — popular for wind and kite surfers — your money can also go further.

Ano Mera, the second-largest village after Mykonos Town, is where many locals live, says Areti Lampridi, who resides on the island full time and works in property: “You can buy a nice three-bedroom house for €300,000-€400,000.”

Some businesses in the area have closed, she says. For jeweller Vassilis Kessarlis, business dropped by 60 per

BUYING GUIDE

Total purchasing costs for a resale property on Mykonos come to about 8 per cent. VAT for new-builds — formerly 24 per cent — has been suspended for the international market and replaced by a 3 per cent transfer tax, bringing it in line with what locals pay if buying a primary home.

Incentives for property investment include the Golden Visa programme offering residency to non-EU investors purchasing a property worth more than €250,000. There's also a new non-dom tax regime (with a flat tax of €100,000), a retirement scheme (7 per cent flat tax for foreign retirees) and a digital nomad programme is being planned.

Direct flights to Mykonos are available from parts of Europe and the Middle East, or transfers from Athens take 35 minutes.



cent in 2020 — which he says is typical across retail and restaurant businesses in Mykonos. With an average sale of €10,000 (Rolex and Patek watches are big sellers), he's keeping his head above water. “But one-third of this summer is already lost,” he says.

You need a lot of money to live on Mykonos now, says Athens-born Annie

Kalagirou, who owns a holiday home in Ornos, in the south-west of the island, with her French-Greek husband Alexi. It's on Costa Ilios, a private estate of holiday properties with a private beach. “When I returned to the island this spring, I was shocked to see prices in shops had gone up even further: three cans of sweetcorn in the super-

(Above and left) Mykonos Town; the island faces the challenge of balancing tourism and retaining tradition

Getty Images; Universal Images Group via Getty

market in Mykonos cost €3.75; in Cannes it was €1.50,” she says.

From the French city she runs MykonosLuxury, a concierge service. Extravagant requests from her clients have included sending a private jet to Athens for popcorn-flavoured ice-cream — less of a stretch than the time camels were flown in from Kuwait for an Arabian-themed party in Namos four years ago.

“It's a business island now, [it's] like the French Riviera,” she says.

New Yorker Jeffrey Siger is returning to his holiday home on the edge of the Mykonos old town this week, 35 years after first arriving on the island. The author's latest novel, *The Mykonos Mob*, alludes to the “wildly profitable dark side of the island” that he says has evolved in recent years.

Like other Greek tourist locations, Mykonos faces the issue of balancing expanding tourism with preserving traditional ways. To those who suggest it is not authentic Greece any more he says this: “Mykonian families that once sold watermelons off the backs of donkeys are now major business owners; instead of migrating elsewhere, young Mykonians can stay and prosper. Fun and partying has always been a part of Mykonos. It's just the packaging that has changed.”

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

MYKONOS



▲ Villa Patricia, Kounoupas, €650,000

A three-bedroom, four-bathroom house in Kounoupas, overlooking Mykonos Town. The property, which includes a one-bedroom guest house, measures 180 sq m and is part of a complex of 14 houses. There is access to a shared pool. Available through Beauchamp Estates.



▲ Villa, nr Ftelia beach, €900,000

A three-bedroom, three-bathroom villa near Mykonos's north coast. The property, which measures 118 sq m, has a large patio with an outdoor pool and views down to Ftelia beach. The villa, which is called “Sunset Harmony”, is available through Engel & Völkers.



▲ Luxury villa, Tourlos, €7m

A main villa and guest villa with a total of six bedrooms, eight bathrooms and a living area measuring 430 sq m, all in a 5,000 sq m plot. The property, near Mykonos's west coast, has a gym, entertainment room and outdoor pool. Available through Beauchamp Estates.

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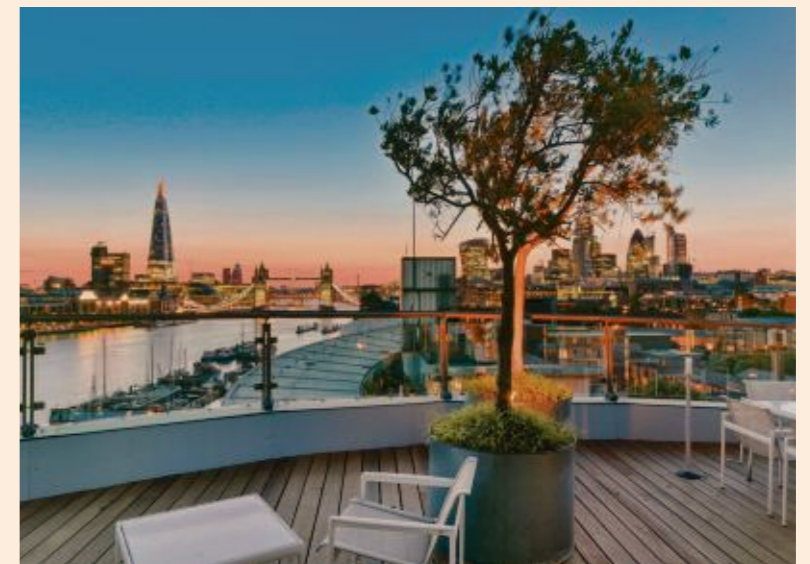
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Hot property

The Great Lakes

By Maria Crawford

► Estate, Lake Forest, Illinois, US \$10.95m

Where On the shores of Lake Michigan, 32 miles north of Chicago, about 40 minutes' drive. O'Hare International Airport is about half an hour by car.

What A six-bedroom estate on 3 acres. The current property, completed in 2001, was built

around an original "great room" designed by Chicago architect Alfred Granger in 1928. Its 9,097 sq ft of living space also feature an office, library, home cinema and exercise room on the lower level, with lake views.

Why A landscaped bluff leads to a sizeable heated boathouse and 400ft of private beach.

Who Luxury Portfolio



► Contemporary house, Lion's Head, Ontario, Canada C\$2.5m (\$2.033m)

Where On the Northern Bruce Peninsula, a 15km-wide stretch of land with Georgian Bay to the east and Lake Huron to the west. Toronto and its international airport are 260km to the south, about three and a half hours' drive.

What A three-bedroom, three-

bathroom contemporary home with an exterior finished in red cedar from British Columbia. Inside, marble, reclaimed hemlock wood floors and even quartz feature heavily.

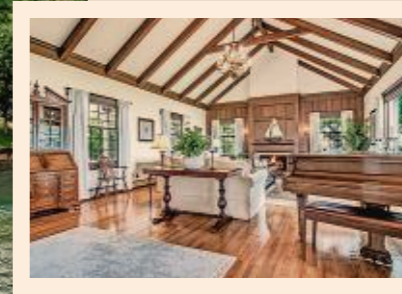
Why The property's location, clean lines and natural materials make it a peaceful retreat with little but the water, forest and views to distract you.

Who Sotheby's International Realty



► House, Dunkirk, New York, US \$2.395m

Where On Lake Erie, 43 miles along the coastline from Buffalo. Buffalo



Niagara International Airport is less than an hour by car and flights from there to New York City's airports take about 1h20m.

What A seven-bedroom colonial-style house built in 1933. A central "great room" has a fireplace and a vaulted, timbered ceiling. There are also covered patios, a butler's pantry, a study and a formal dining room.

Why The property's 5.3 acres include 26ft of lake frontage, with an outdoor seating terrace just on the edge of the water.

Who Compass

▼ Estate, Cleveland, Ohio, US \$6.5m

Where Less than 5 miles from the centre of Cleveland, the largest city on Lake Erie. Burke Lakefront Airport, which offers a weekday shuttle to Cincinnati and private charter flights, is a 10-minute drive, while Cleveland Hopkins International Airport can be reached in 20 minutes.

What A seven-bedroom property on 2 acres with marble floors and bathrooms, mahogany woodwork, two kitchens, a wine cellar and bar area.

Why Several formally laid-out terraces lead to the lakefront and include an indoor pool housed in a glass atrium. As well as the lake, the property has views of downtown Cleveland.

Who Luxury Portfolio

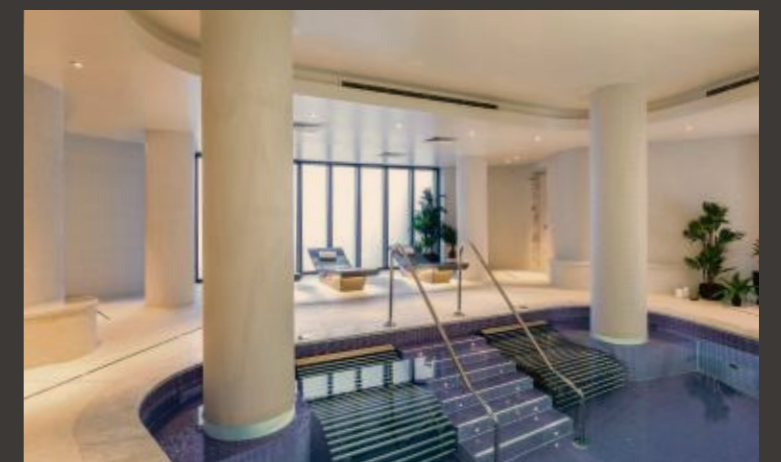


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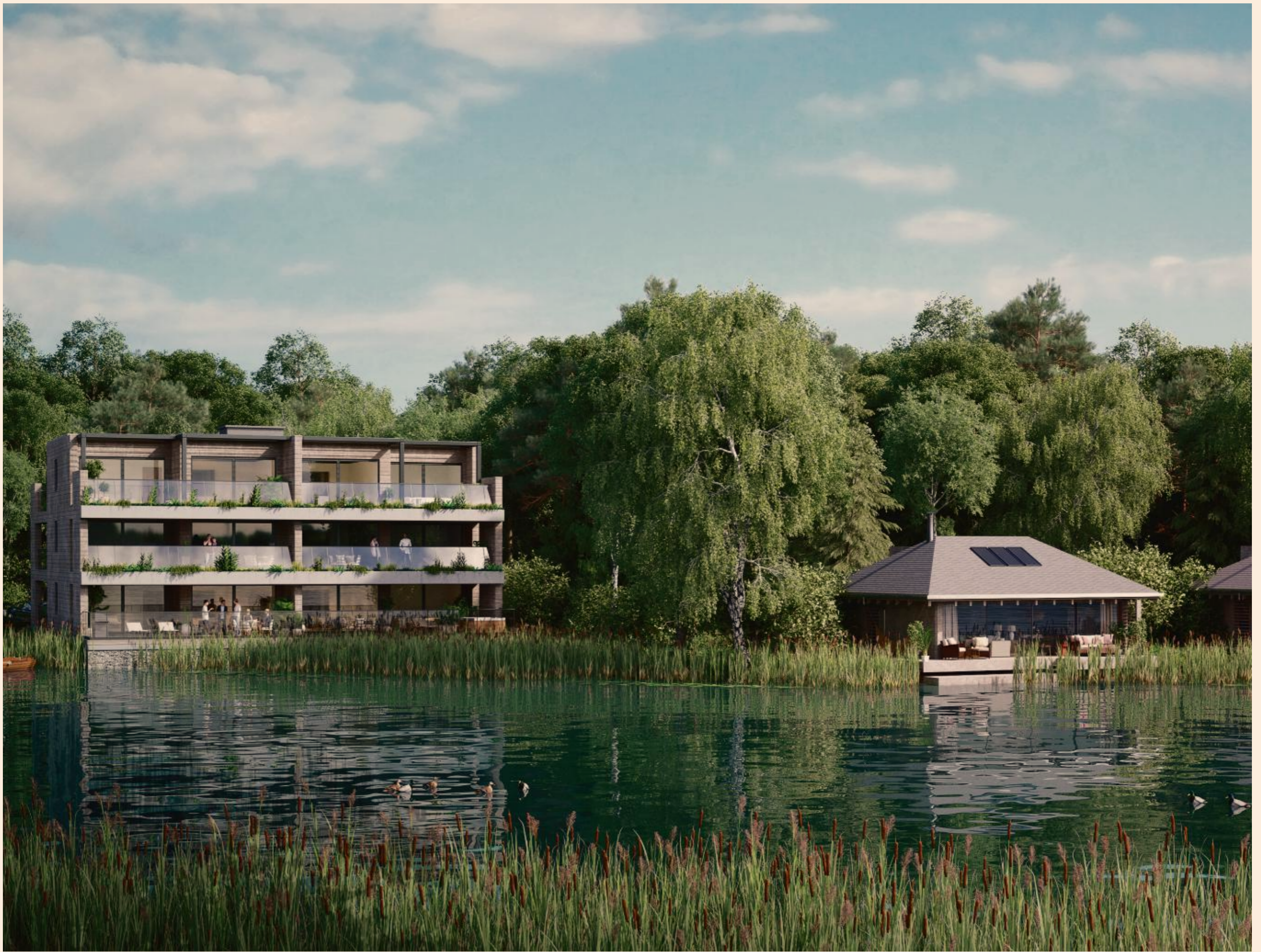


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Birdsong is beautiful, but what does it mean?



Nature therapy

Jonathan Guthrie

You may have to miss your favourite music festival but you can still enjoy the concerts of thrushes and blackbirds. Deciphering what they are saying is another matter

An open-air recital is one of the great pleasures of summer. You don your Panama hat and slump into a deck chair with a good glass of wine. As the heat of the day fades, you settle down to enjoy the music.

As for the singer, you cannot do better than a local performer. Opera stars such as Jonas Kaufmann and Anna Netrebko unaccountably refuse to perform for free in back gardens and parks. But blackbirds, thrushes and robins are all up for the gig.

You do not even have to throw a bouquet afterwards. A handful of mealworms will suffice.

Before the pandemic, birdsong was often drowned out by the noise of cars and aircraft. Then lockdowns turned down the volume. Many of us listened properly to birdsong for the first time in years.

It was a blessed escape during the months of grief and anxiety before vaccines were developed. Here was a parallel world, interlocking with our own, with its own standards of beauty and utility. The Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, a conservation charity, was bombarded with calls and

emails demanding to know: "Is there suddenly more nature around?"

Now we are turning the background noise back up again. Let's hope an appreciation of birdsong – and of wildlife as a source of wellbeing – will persist.

"It fills the heart with joy," says Mark Constantine, a birdsong expert and co-founder of cosmetics group Lush. "You could sit in your garden listening until the end of time and never understand birdsong entirely."

I had turned to Constantine to help answer a question that was bothering me. To humans, birdsong can be beautiful, engaging or beguilingly strange: but what does it mean to the birds?

Artist Gary Larson once drew a cartoon of a scientist whose invention translated barking dogs into English. The only word in the speech bubbles was: "Hey!" Similarly, animal behaviourist Konrad Lorenz interpreted the contact calls of geese as simply: "Here am I, where are you?" But there is complexity too.

My favourite backyard arias are performed in the late afternoon by a



Matthew Billington

Animal behaviourist Konrad Lorenz interpreted the contact calls of geese as simply: 'Here am I, where are you?'

blackbird perched on the top of a tall tree. His melodious, trilling song stakes out his territory and advertises his vigour as a mate.

Constantine reckons it can take several years for a male blackbird to reach concert standard. Younger birds often practise in lower-pressure venues – inside a bush, for example.

Many songbird species have a canonic version of a mating song that varies from place to place. Until he can sing this competently, a young male is, as rappers Run DMC would have put it, "a high-school loser who never makes it with ladies".

The standard mating song of a garden bird is a bit like a public profile on a dating website. Constantine prizes more highly his recordings of "ecstatic" mating calls, directed by a male songbird at a single, receptive female. They are faster, quieter and, so far as the term can apply to wild animals, personal.

The antithesis is the ear-splitting alarm call my blackbird unleashes

when I surprise him foraging on the ground, equating to: "Stranger danger! Evacuate immediately!"

I could do without this melodrama, frankly. This blackbird knows me. He sees me every day. I feel like saying to him: "OK, someone baked four-and-twenty of your relatives in a pie? Too bad. It's time you moved on."

As for starlings, I'm not convinced even these avian absurdists know what their calls really mean. Martin Fowlie of the RSPB has one in his garden that imitates a duck.

A scientist once tried to teach a group of starlings new tunes from recordings. They hand out grants for sillier things, apparently. Rejecting the scientist's taste in music, the starlings worked up some very convincing imitations of his nervous cough and a tape player switching on and off.

Starling numbers have fallen by about two-thirds since the 1970s. Thanks to habitat loss, most songbirds have suffered similar declines. When I was a kid, the Dawn Chorus was sometimes so loud it woke me up.

"I remember being blown away by it," Fowlie says. No longer.

Most shamefully of all for Britons, there has been a catastrophic decline in larks, a bird emblematic of their own lush countryside in summer.

Health regulations now permit us urbanites to drive out of town and enjoy the remarkable display flight of these birds. They flutter slowly down from hundreds of feet above, uncurling their twittering, sibilant streams of song like banners across the sky.

Pick a patch of grass, stretch out, relax and watch them. The challenge is to spot the bird right at the top of its arc, when it is a tiny dot against the blue. You will be participating in a birdwatching tradition that has been going on since Stonehenge was just a Neolithic architect's concept sketch.

Equally, we can now go to socially distanced concert halls and hear Vaughan Williams' idyllic "The Lark Ascending". This popular classical piece evokes dewy-eyed nostalgia for a vanished rural England.

But unless we mend our destructive ways, only the human music will survive. The birds that inspired it will be gone.

Jonathan Guthrie is the head of Lex

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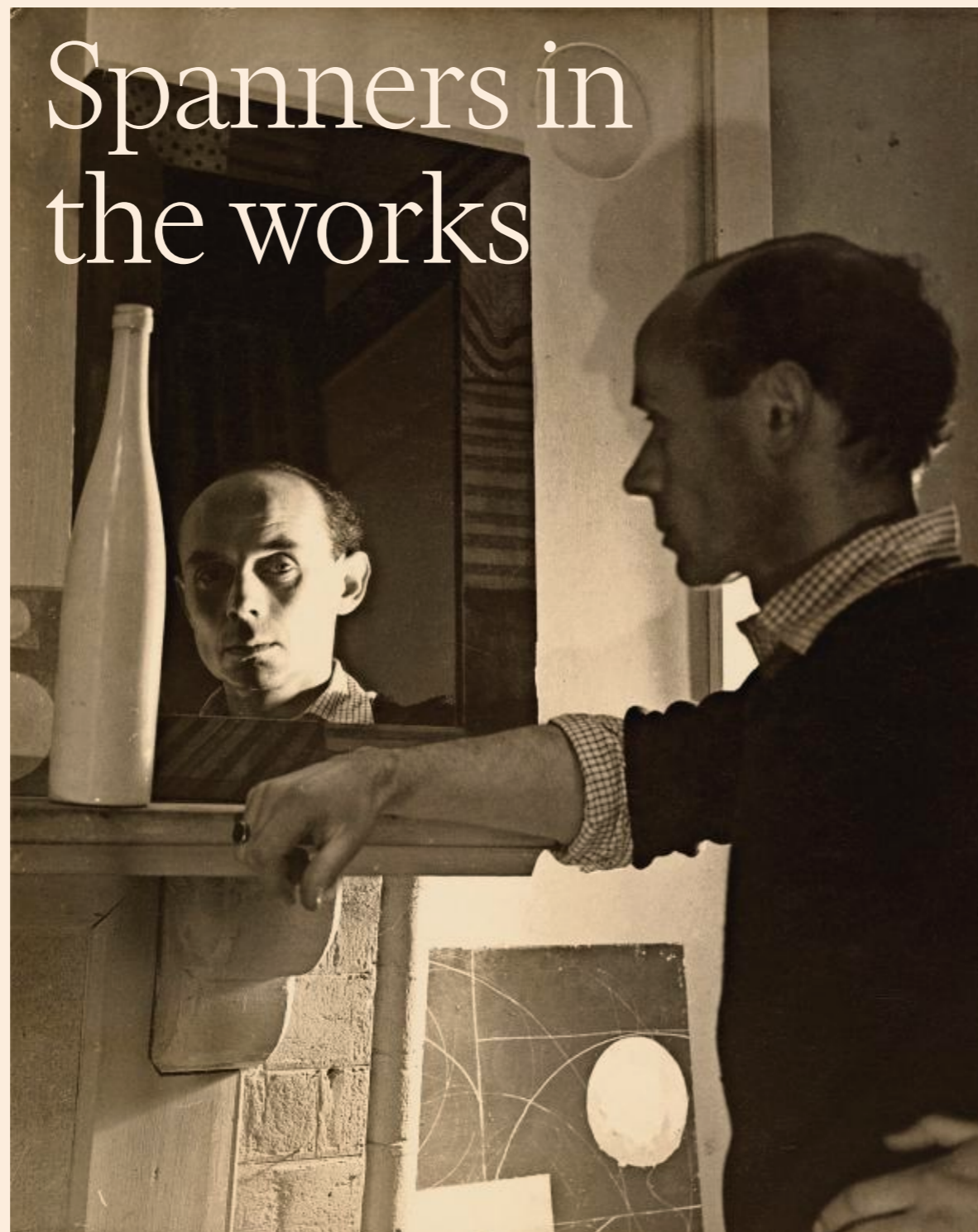
Interiors | The everyday household objects that inspired Ben Nicholson are now on show alongside his paintings. By *Caroline Roux*

In 1914, aged 20, the British artist Ben Nicholson painted a perfect rendition of a striped jug. Behind it is a sumptuous curtain and beneath it, its own shadowy reflection in a polished surface. Ten years later the jug reappears, this time as a flat stripy rectangle in one of the artist's first abstract works, "1924 (painting – trout)".

Now, 40 years after Nicholson's death, visitors to Pallant House Gallery in Chichester can see the jug, a piece of mid-19th century Staffordshire mocha-ware, in an exhibition that puts the objects Nicholson accumulated in his many studios – in London, Cornwall, Cumberland, Paris and Switzerland – on display alongside the paintings in which they appear. First they'll find it in a 1933 photograph of the studio at The Mall Studios in Hampstead, which he shared with the sculptor Barbara Hepworth, his second wife. It is sitting on a shelf, surrounded by linocuts of Hepworth in classical Grecian profile, pots of brushes and Nicholson's paintings. And then they will see the jug itself on display, light bouncing off its surface glaze.

It seems extraordinary that so many apparently ordinary objects have survived: pewter mugs, glass decanters, cups, saucers, pickling jars, a Staffordshire pottery zebra, brass weights, a set of spanners. But for Nicholson, and many other artists before him, these everyday household objects were the things that provided inspiration.

At Paul Cézanne's studio in Aix-en-Provence, you see a long shelf of jugs, bowls and cups and a walking stick hanging from a hook, which the artist used to observe how colours changed with the light. The contents of Matisse's studio went on a world tour in 2017 and 2018, and included a silver chocolate pot that appeared in paintings made over a 40-year period; it had been given to him as a wedding gift in 1898.



(Clockwise from main) Ben Nicholson, c1935; 'Striped Jug' (1914); spanners from Nicholson's private collection; the jug in the painting

Humphrey Spender, National Portrait Gallery, London © National Portrait Gallery, London. Angela Verren Taunt. All rights reserved. DACS 2021. Barney Hindle/Pallant House Gallery

In Nicholson's case, he found the starting points for his artistic explorations, whether into landscape or abstraction, in the forms of tableware and tools, translating them into poetic plays of line and colour. The relatives who inherited these objects understood their value only too well, since they have kept them with as much care as the paintings they inspired. "It's amazing that 40 years after his death, these things are still around," says Simon

Martin, the director of Pallant House. "The spanners, his table, you'd expect them to disappear. But they were recognised as important by the people who've looked after them."

Nicholson was born into an artistic family. His father William was a bon viveur painter known for his still lifes and multiple affairs. His mother Mabel Pryde, also an artist, died when Nicholson was 24, after which William married his son's first love, Edie Stuart Wortley.



Ben Nicholson attended the Slade art college from age 16, where classmates included Paul Nash and Dora Carrington. He was said to have spent more time playing billiards than studying life drawing. It was a visit to Paris in the early 1920s, where he saw work by Picasso, that was more influential by far. (A 1934 meeting with Mondrian, and the atmospheric quality of his work and studio, had the same effect.)

In 1920 Nicholson married Winifred Roberts, a successful painter of plants and flowers; the couple had three children. But by 1931 he had met Barbara Hepworth, then married to sculptor John Skeaping, and by 1932, he was sharing her studio at The Mall. While he had absorbed Roberts' skilful use of colour into his work, from Hepworth he acquired a more sculptural approach.

The Hampstead studio was an intersection of life and art. The couple carefully curated the space and invited people in. They turned their linocuts into textile designs – there are some at Kettle's Yard, the Cambridge house that collector Jim Ede turned into a "living museum" where he lived among ceramics and paintings and invited the public in. They made curtains for the critic Herbert Read, an important champion of Modernism. They even tried, and failed, to sell some designs to Fortnum & Mason.

Nicholson's preference was for a more discreet workspace, where he could dwell alone, contemplating the objects around him. At his studio in Castagnola, Switzerland, in the early 1920s, which offered captivating mountain views, he had the windows blocked out to elim-

inate any distractions. At 5 Porthmeor Studios, in St Ives, which he took on in 1949, two years before his divorce from Hepworth (leaving her with triplets), he opted for a space with roof lights, rather than one that looked out to sea.

Nicholson and Roberts had lived in a "modern" way, which meant white walls and very little furniture, partly a reaction to the flamboyant Edwardian lifestyle into which he had been born.

His desire to "bust up all the sophistication around me", which he declared early on, was reflected in the austerity of his work and his life. Disdainful of the cult of personality that often comes with success, he refused to be interviewed by journalists or appear in a film, and asked some recipients to destroy letters. While his contemporaries Hepworth and Henry Moore have their own museum and foundation respectively, Nicholson created his own fate in being far from a household name.



In the late 1990s, Sarah Jane Checkland set out to write Nicholson's biography. Most of the family refused to talk – according, they said, to his wishes – and letters were not shared. Though she succeeded in writing a very detailed book, this exhibition is perhaps a more intimate portrayal of his life.

"He spent so much time with them, studying them," says Lee Beard, a Nicholson expert, of the 90 objects on show, "and as you look, for example, from the pieces of glassware to the etchings and drawings hanging nearby, you make any number of connections. It makes the objects and the artworks feel so alive." For anyone who struggles to find a way into abstract art, they offer a door. But mostly, they are a tantalising glimpse into Nicholson's long, productive and slightly peculiar life.

"Ben Nicholson: From the Studio", until October 24; pallant.org.uk


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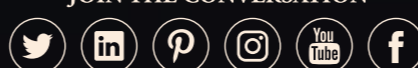
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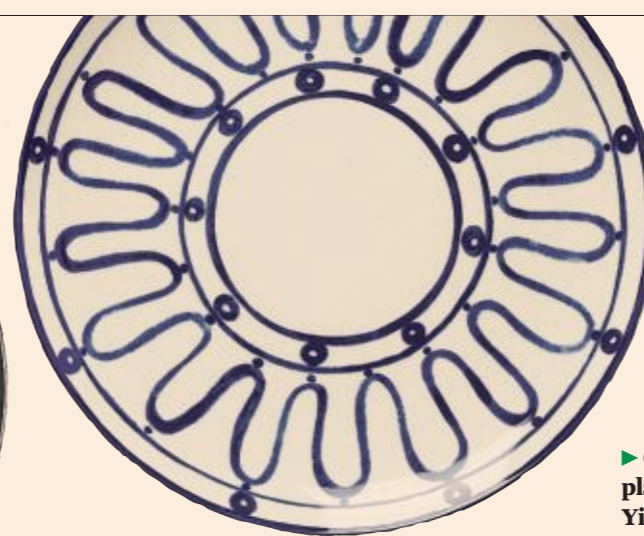


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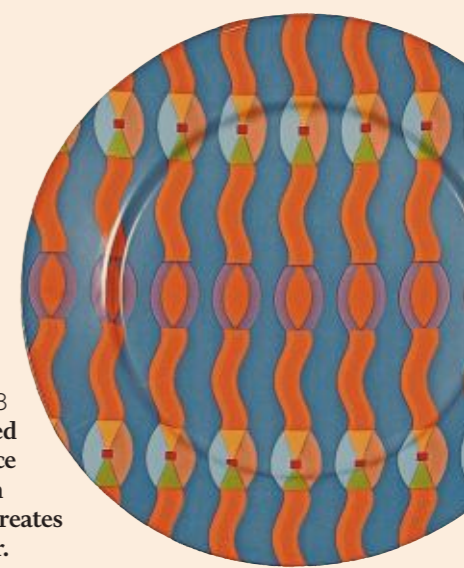
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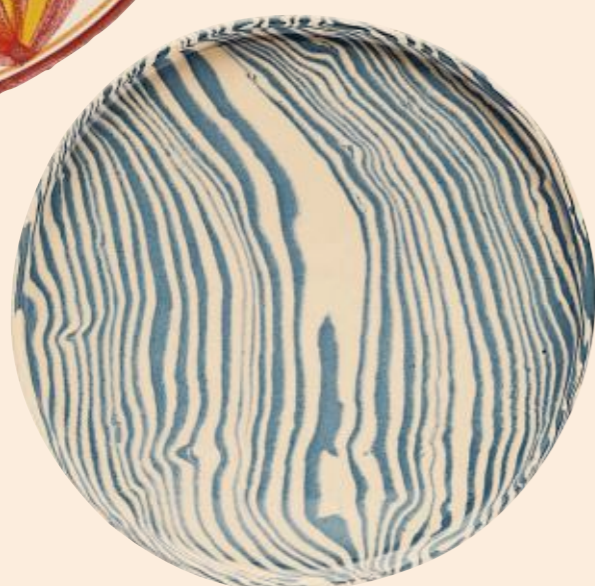


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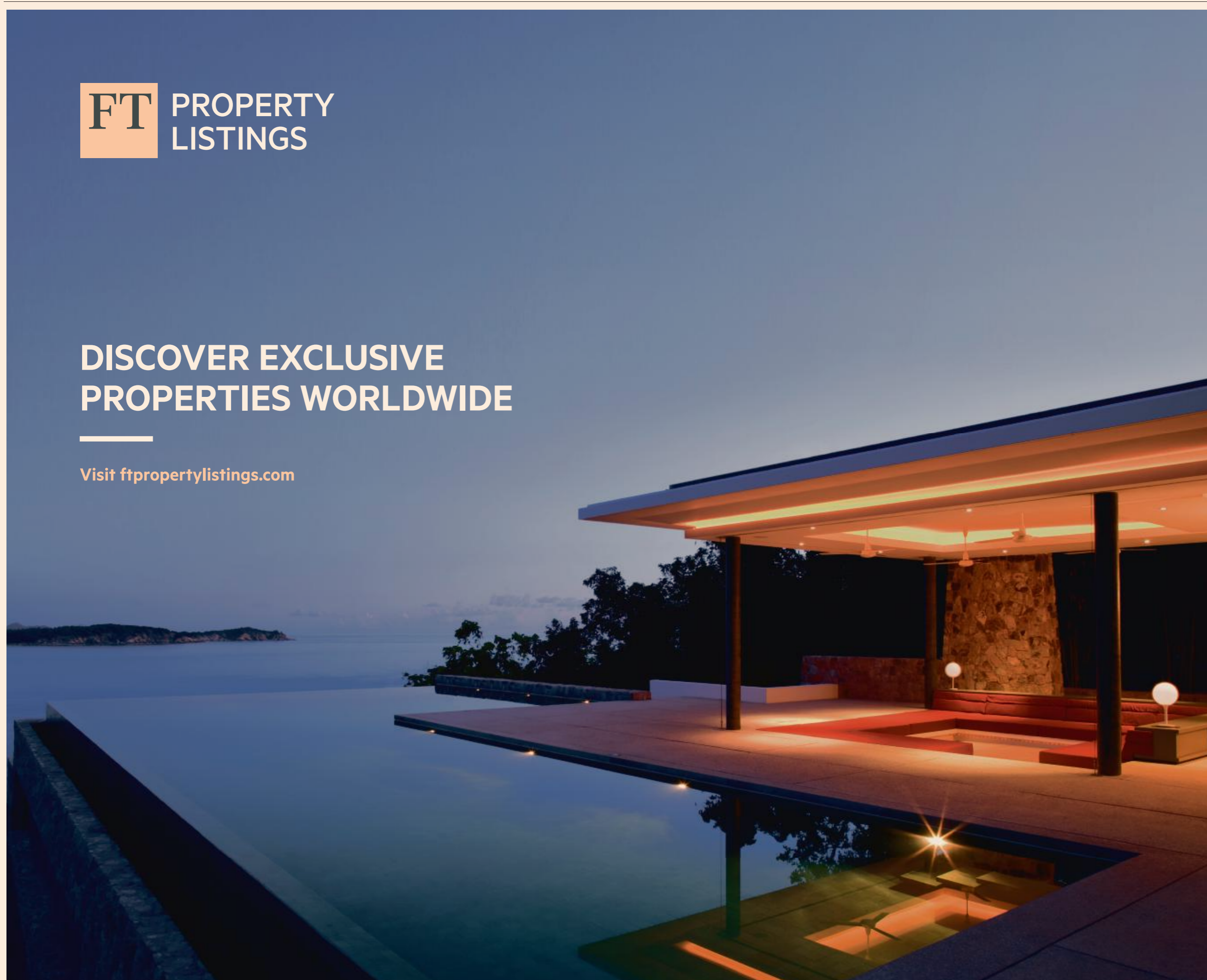


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Sniffy about rewilding

Wild flowers have little scent. Focus instead on jasmine, lily, honeysuckle and orange blossom, says our apostle of the perfumed garden

Thank heavens I have never wilded my garden. It has become the buzz of the past two years in the media, especially from voices whose gardens are too big for them. Stand up to them and think hard before you act. I will return another week to at least eight reasons why I regard much of garden-wilding as a second-class cop-out. At this peak time for summer pleasure, I want to emphasise a ninth one: scent.

I am an apostle of the perfumed garden. White-flowered lily of the valley never turns up in sunny meadow plantings, but one of its traditional German names is "stairway to heaven". I realise that since Led Zeppelin and the guitarist Jimmy Page, the name has an alternative fan base in pop music. In the world of flowers, lily of the valley deserves it even more, as its finely spaced white flowers ascend like a stairway up the stem and have a truly heavenly scent.

It transports us heavenwards, so please tell me, you apostles of cow parsley, buttercups, daisies, yellow rattle, scabious, oxeye daisies: where are the scents lifting you to heaven in your patches of muddle on earth? In the next month meadowsweet has a moderate scent, but you will have to crawl through your beloved bugs and insects in order to detect it. Ragged robin, meadow cranesbill, wild carrot will leave you searching for it in vain.

Right now I am revelling in supreme scents, none of which ever wafts in wilded gardens. They are coming from

mock orange blossom, lilies from China, selected honeysuckles and jasmine from southern Europe. All these plants are old friends, simple to grow and the unbottled essence of a great British summer. If you already have them, enjoy reading about your wise choices. If not, you know what to plant next.

Mock orange, or philadelphus, blossom is a delight to insects, pollinators and humans alike. I have grown many of the varieties on offer, but still return to the first one I encountered, quite simply the best. Philadelphus Belle Etoile has a heavenly scent that some compare to tangerines. The flowers are profusely borne, white but stained centrally with a purple blotch. Branches of it make wonderful cut flowers, best in big vases confined to them alone. Florists never sell them but they scent an entire room.

Belle Etoile was bred in 19th-century France, that source of so many fine garden plants, and is extraordinarily easy to grow. It reaches about 6ft in height and 6ft in width. Its scent is unsurpassed, especially on a summer evening when it releases it more strongly as the air cools after a warm day, the best time for scented gardens.

There are three points worth remembering. Belle Etoile does not do too well in dry shade, where the small flowered Philadelphus coronarius is the better choice. It is also not at its best in dry, hot conditions. It should be pruned only in July directly after flowering. If you cut it in winter or early spring you will spoil its summer season, because it



(Clockwise from above left) Belle Etoile mock orange blossom and campanula; Graham Thomas honeysuckle; regal lilies

Marianne Majerus; GAP Photos/Annie Green-Armytage

flowers only on growth it has made since its previous flowering.

The third point was particularly evident this year. Philadelphus can suddenly be afflicted with aphids in late spring and early summer. They cluster on the tips of the young stems and in one night cause them to go dark and become wrinkled. One hard spray with a hose will usually wash off the culprits and their eggs. The attack is shortlived and though the plant looks about to go into retreat it never does. New growths power on beyond the bug-infested pieces and by July they are forgettable.

This weekend, scented lilies mean regal lilies above all others, the ones with those white trumpets marked with a purple flush on their exteriors. These superb lilies are wonderfully easy to grow in pots, in which they can

be set on either side of the main entrance to a house and left to scent every exit and entrance, smelling cool and rich at the same time.

Bulbs cannot now be ordered until next early spring, when they should be planted in ordinary garden potting compost, no acidity needed. Plant them with about 3in of soil above their tips and then give them 3ft-long bamboo canes to support them. When they are about 1ft high, begin to feed them on liquid phosphogen. The trick is to continue feeding them on their way down after flowering. Prolonged feeding greatly improves flowering this year and next.

On the longest evening, June 21, I sat outdoors till dark and blessed my swaths of honeysuckle. A form of this scented beauty is native to English hedgerows but it never turns up in lists for wilded areas. The better varieties are selections such as the lovely pale Graham Thomas, early flowering and highly scented, and my two mainstays, the early and late Dutch honeysuckles: look for Lonicera periclymenum in the

lists, belgica being the early one and serotina being the late one.

They will climb up walls if wired but I also grow them in a style well suited to small gardens. I select one main stem and cut off all others on a newly bought plant. I then isolate this stem, giving it a very solid cane as a support and cutting off all competitors until it is about 4ft high. Then I let it develop a head of side growths and I continue to prune them to keep the plant to about 5ft. The result is a small semi-standard feature, maintained by pleasant clipping throughout the summer. The flowers, picked or not, smell exquisite first on the early plant, then the late.

Here is an invaluable honeysuckle for north walls and all but the darkest shade: Lonicera japonica halliana, a winner from Japan. It will either grow flat on the ground, covering a

Sniff the seed-heads on your wilded cow parsley. After sneezing, see sense and buy these scented wonders

multitude of sins, or it will race up a shaded wall on a backdrop of netting fixed on wires. This honeysuckle's flowers open creamy white, then turn yellow, and their scent is intense, transforming the neglected back wall of a house. It is a rapid, infallible climber but the trick is to know that it can be cut right down in late autumn to a height of only 2ft-3ft, stopping it from becoming a tangled mess.

Jasmine means white jasmine, scented from heaven in high summer. In most of Britain, the one called Jasminum officinale Grandiflorum (or affine) is the safest bet, surviving any winter and growing up to 12ft even on a lightly shaded wall, the best site for it. A newish variation called officinale Clotted Cream flowers longer and is even more conspicuous but not quite so hardy. On walls in warm London or Mediterranean bolt-holes, the winner is polyanthum, the one we buy, forced, for Christmas indoors. Outdoors it is heaven on green legs.

If you have all these scented wonders in your garden, well done: celebrate them with me this weekend. If not, go and try to sniff the seed-heads on your wilded cow parsley. After sneezing, see sense and buy this foursome on the stairway to heaven.



Robin Lane Fox

On gardens



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FINANCIAL TIMES

HOW TO SPEND IT

3 JULY
2021

GOOD DAY SUNSHINE

GIA COPPOLA'S
LA STYLE

HAUSER & WIRTH'S
MENORCA TAKEOVER

INSIDE MAX
RICHTER'S STUDIO

EDDY GRANT'S
GRAND DESIGNS





WHAT ARE THEY?

At SailGP, the competitors are not pilots. Although they know a thing or two about taming gravity using just the power of the wind. They're not scientists, although they're quite familiar with the intricate mathematics of speed, the unforgiving physics of the elements, and the onboard chemistry that is the mark of all outstanding crews. They're not pioneers, although they keep field-testing the finest instruments craftsmanship can provide and continue pushing the limits of an art that has taken 6,000 years to perfect.

They're not dreamers, either. **Except, maybe, for their profound belief that those who don't fall can fly.**

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3 JULY 2021



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ON THE COVER: Photography by SEAN & SENG Styling by TAMARA ROTHSTEIN

Misty Kyd wears MARTINE ROSE cotton polo shirt, £294. CHLOE recycled stretch denim trousers, £646. BALenciAGA vegetable tanned leather belt, £250. ALIGHIERI gold-plated bronze Selva Oscura earrings, £250

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OPENING SHOT

NEON DREAMS

Arcmanoro Niles's luminous paintings shine a positive light on our perceived failures

The neon-toned canvases of New York-based painter Arcmanoro Niles show people engaged in seemingly mundane acts, often accompanied by small, alien-like creatures. These supernatural beings, which Niles refers to as “seekers”, act as manifestations of the subjects’ primal impulses and desires, inviting the viewer to imagine what events might have occurred around the scene. One painting shows a woman waiting at a bus stop, while a gremlin-like seeker with fiery pink eyes wields a knife in the corner; in another, a father and daughter sit on their stoop with their dog while a bawdy creature lurks in the background.

Now a new body of Niles’s work is being collected into a book and exhibited at New York’s Lehmann Maupin gallery. Featuring a series of portraits and still lifes, as well as the artist’s first landscape, the works show our perceived failures: a still life of a bedside table strewn with tequila bottles and receipts, a man getting into his car after being kicked out of his house, his iridescent gold skin and hair daubed with pink glitter, lending the painting a numinous quality. “All of these moments in life that people look at as failures are just a part of growing up,” Niles says. “When I look back at my own experiences, they weren’t really failures at all.” **SARA SEMIC**
Arcmanoro Niles: Hey Tomorrow, Do You Have Some Room For Me: Failure Is A Part Of Being Alive is at Lehmann Maupin, New York, until 28 August, with accompanying book at \$25



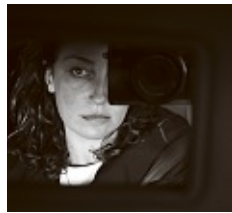
Kicked Out the House for Living Fast (I Never Held Love in My Gaze So I Searched for it Every Couple of Days), 2021, by Arcmanoro Niles

CONTRIBUTORS



EDDY GRANT

The Guyanese-British musician, who pioneered the musical style Ringbang, founded The Equals in 1965 before becoming a solo artist and scoring a number one hit with “I Don’t Wanna Dance”. His latest single, “I Belong To You”, is from his album *Plaisance*; he is writing his autobiography. In this week’s How I Spend It, he shares his love of restoring buildings: “I’ve found out that with any money I ever get, I just want to buy houses and do them up.”



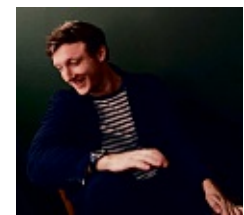
ARIANNA LAGO

The LA-based photographer finds inspiration for her quiet and painterly compositions in the everyday. “I like shooting things in a candid way in their natural environment. There’s a kind of poetry in observing things as they are,” she says. For this week’s *Aesthete* column, she photographed film director and writer Gia Coppola in her home in LA: “I loved shooting with Gia, I felt comforted by her vulnerability, which enhanced her delicate beauty.”



JAN DALLEY

The *FT* arts editor has been immersed in cultural journalism, writing and broadcasting for three decades. When not hitting print deadlines, she’s busy in her role as a director of the Sid Motion Gallery in south London. For this issue, she writes about Hauser & Wirth’s gallery and restaurant launch on the tiny, historic Isla del Rey in Menorca that she has known since she was a teenager. “Change isn’t always for the good, but this time it is,” she says.



TOM JAMIESON

With a background in documentary and photojournalism, Tom has taken portraits around the world, from protesters in Maidan Square during the 2014 Ukrainian revolution to disenfranchised young Iranians, refugees in Greece and Cornish trawler men. For us, he shot composer and pianist Max Richter in his Oxfordshire recording studio. “The morning with Max was exactly how I like to shoot; I had time to observe him in his environment,” he says.

PHOTOGRAPHS: ELENA HEATHERWICK, COURTESY ARCMANORO NILES AND LEHMANN MAUPIN, NEW YORK, HONGKONG, SEOUL AND LONDON

Chopard

THE ARTISAN OF EMOTIONS – SINCE 1860



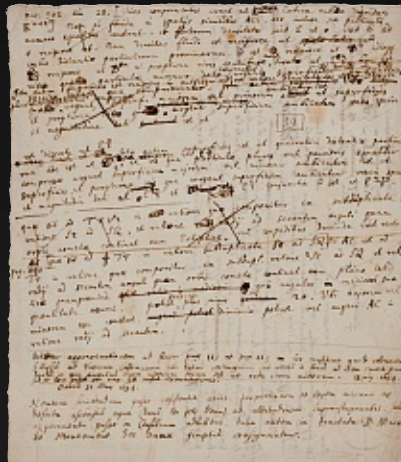
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The Exceptional Sale, 8 July

ISAAC NEWTON (1642–1727)
Autograph manuscript, draft revisions to
three sections of the *Philosophiæ naturalis
principia mathematica*
£600,000–900,000
The Exceptional Sale, 8 July

CARLOS SCHWABE (1866–1926)
La Porte d'or
£100,000–150,000
British and European Art, 15 July

BERNARDO BELLOTTO (1721–1780)
A View of Verona with the Ponte delle Navi
£12,000,000–18,000,000
Old Masters Evening Sale, 8 July

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FT.COM/NEWSLETTERS

EDITORIAL ENQUIRIES +44(0)20-7873 3203

ADVERTISING ENQUIRIES 800-446 3905

How To Spend It magazine is printed by Evergreen Printing Company

for, and published by, The Financial Times Ltd,

Bracken House, 1 Friday Street, London EC4M 9BT

ORIGINATION BY Dexter Premedia

Last week I spent some time in Bruton. A first trip to the Somerset haven of high fashionability, the excursion offered an alluring blend of art tourism, boutique hotels, local celebrity and artisanal iced buns. Its current popularity is due in no small part to gallerists Iwan and Manuela Wirth, the art power duo behind Hauser and Wirth who opened a country outpost of their commercial gallery in a converted barn in 2014. The subsequent influx of interest – not to mention metropolitan and extremely wealthy Londoners – has since established Bruton as one of the most desirable places to visit in the UK. It has also continued a precedent, seen everywhere from Hobart to Marfa, Texas, wherein the creation of an arts hub has transformed the local culture.

With more than a dozen commercial spaces spread around the world, Hauser & Wirth will this month make a new claim on an unlikely cultural hot spot with the unveiling of a gallery on the tiny Isla del Rey. Situated alongside a former hospital on the island off Menorca, the new complex has been conceived in much the same spirit as its counterpart in Bruton, combining contemporary sculpture, selling exhibitions, dining opportunities and lots of native plants. Jan Dalley, the *FT* arts editor and long-time visitor to Menorca, was there last month to receive an exclusive preview (“It’s a Trojan horse for art”, page 38). After a prolonged period of virtual gallery interaction, it’s envy-inducing to read her descriptions of this sun-baked space. Looking at Anna Huix’s photographs of the shadow of a Louise Bourgeois spider cast on a wall at magic hour, or the glowing spaces revealed along the gallery’s arcaded façade,



CHAUMET WHITE-GOLD, DIAMOND AND RUBY TORSADE DE CHAUMET RING, POA (PAGE 28)



CREATING AN ARTS HUB CAN TRANSFORM LOCAL CULTURE

I long to visit this land of olive trees and cypresses now joined by man-made masterpieces, and luxuriate in art.

Another unexpected place of creative industry is unveiled on a trip to Luscombe Farm in Devon (“Luscombe Alight”, page 23). The prolific output of the late artist Yasmin David was only discovered when, last summer, a huge

cache of paintings was found in a cupboard by her daughter, the filmmaker Clio David, while staying at the family home. David was part of an illustrious family with connections to Laurie Lee, Lucian Freud, Lady Kathleen Garman and the artist Michael Wishart, and her abstract works are only part of a biography that takes in a whole community of British intellectuals: more of that history is revealed in the retrospective that opens this month in honour of her work. Harriet Quick visits the farm – and seat of the Luscombe fruit juice empire – to unravel a fascinating story, while photographer

Simon Upton captures a family home whose style embodies a near-lost postwar charm.

Lastly in our artistic triumvirate, Max Richter, the composer and maestro of dreamy somnolence (his “eight-hour lullaby” *Sleep* has amassed more than 500m streams), has invited us to his new studio in Oxfordshire (“The Richter Scale”, page 34). In conversation with Nicola Moulton, he shares his plans for a creative fulcrum he hopes will become a “real time” laboratory for experimental sound,

and his belief in the value of art for the good of all society. Certainly, Richter’s past soundtracks have made my world feel far calmer and more uplifted. As an exercise in how to spend it kindly, this “art farm” is one to note. ■ HTSI

@jellison22

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Above: Max Richter (page 34). Above right: *Elogio del vacío VI*, 2000, by Eduardo Chillida at the entrance of Hauser & Wirth Menorca on Isla del Rey (page 38). Right: Luscombe Farm, the home of artist Yasmin David (page 23)





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INSTAGRAM

Gia Coppola

The film director, writer and winemaker loves Vans, Vegas and her grandfather Francis Ford Coppola's vineyard

INTERVIEW BY **BAYA SIMONS**
PHOTOGRAPHY BY **ARIANNA LAGO**

MY PERSONAL STYLE SIGNIFIER is white Vans – the Classic Slip-Ons. I wear them constantly. They go with everything, so I don't have to think too much about what to wear. I like trying to create a uniform for myself. £52

THE LAST THING I BOUGHT AND LOVED was Augustinus Bader's The Cleansing Balm. The other thing that makes me happy is a good bath or body wash. I go for Nécessaire's The Body Wash, with eucalyptus, or hemp-derived Lord Jones CBD bath salts. *Augustinus Bader The Cleansing Balm*, £55. *Nécessaire The Body Wash*, \$25. *Lord Jones High CBD Formula Bath Salts*, \$65

AND ON MY WISHLIST is a really nice facial. I always go to Frankie Paige in Los Angeles. I hate when facialists tell you everything wrong that you're doing for your skin then push their products on you. Every facial with Frankie is different. She's like a psychic scientist and always knows what your skin needs. Her products are simple and efficient. I especially love her BFF product – it's a spot treatment but it isn't drying. *BFF*, \$35

WITH TIME ON MY HANDS, I have been learning more about wine. I was in Napa – where my grandfather [Francis Ford Coppola] has his vineyard – for a good portion of last year, and so I had much more time to focus on our wine project, whereas normally I feel really frazzled. The first go-around I was a little too distracted to put my best foot forward and now I'm really enjoying the blending process and trusting my instincts. My favourite is my red wine, Gia Red Blend – what I call the "fat cat" wine for the picture on the label – which has become my own go-to wine. Anytime I'm learning something is when I feel the most productive. Movies can be much more painful. *thefamilycoppola.com*

I HAVE A COLLECTION OF cameras. I use point-and-shoot cameras, like the Yashica T3 or T2 and mix up different styles of film. I also like to borrow my uncle's old Hasselblad. I've collected them since I was young and also keep a hoard of my photos from over the years. That was what inspired

my wine bottles because I thought it would be fun to use old photos as labels.

I'VE RECENTLY DISCOVERED a book called *Women Who Run With the Wolves: Myths and Stories of the Wild Woman Archetype* by Clarissa Pinkola Estés. It's been popular with a lot of women in the past and it's interesting to hear about the psyche of matriarchy. It's made me think in a different way.

THERE'S SO MUCH FILM IN MY FRIDGE THAT I NEVER HAVE ROOM FOR FOOD

MY FAVOURITE ROOM IN MY HOUSE is my living room. It's the most aesthetically pleasing to me. I keep most of the art in here and a lot of my friends' artworks, such as Thomas Lynch, who does these trippy, psychedelic paintings referencing string theory. Or one by my friend Nick

Darmstaedter. He takes pennies and oxidises them, leaving pretty green imprints on the canvas.

RECENTLY, I HAVE RELIED ON my cat, Groot. And I really love to cook, doing something meditative with my hands. My family always cooked so I knew the basics but because of the pandemic I really had to step it up; going to the market in the right way to make sure you get all the right things and actually using them is such a skill. My aunt Sofia [Coppola] gave me a cookbook called *Small Victories* that has simple recipes that are light and good but not too complicated, and I love how it shows you how to repurpose your leftovers.

IN MY FRIDGE YOU'LL ALWAYS FIND film. There's so much film in my fridge that I never have room for food. I like to play around with different kinds but the one I use most frequently is Kodak 400 in



Coppola at home in LA with her cat Groot. She found the green vase at a thrift store in Palm Springs



HER GO-TO WHITE VANS SLIP-ONS AND CIAO LUCIA BLOUSE



Above: Groot with Coppola's "Fat Cat" Gia Red Blend wine. Left: wearing her favourite Vans in her favourite reading spot. Below: her *Small Victories* cookbook. Below right: Nécessaire The Body Wash, \$25

the natural colour. Also a Japanese film that's really high speed and colour so that you get this crazy grain. And Polaroids.

THE FILM THAT CHANGED EVERYTHING FOR ME is *Jaws*. I saw it when I was seven and after that I no longer felt the same about water. It's a powerful movie that can affect you like that. I still love that film. It's pretty perfect. I remember that in college I was blown away by David Fincher's *Zodiac*, about the unsolved case of a serial killer around San Francisco. Having been raised in northern California, I was always fascinated by that story.

THE PODCAST I'M LISTENING TO is *Pod Save America*, for an update on politics that doesn't feel intimidating. And comedian Marc Maron's podcast. In his interviews he's able to really get to the core of the person and to hear about their thinking process.

THE PLACE I CAN'T WAIT TO GO BACK TO is Cuba, which has amazing energy. And, now that restaurants have reopened, The Musso & Frank Grill on Hollywood Boulevard, which is one of the oldest restaurants in Hollywood. It's a steakhouse, so the food is traditional American, but it's as much about the nostalgic ambience and having a good martini. It's where Fitzgerald and Raymond Chandler used to go, to sit at the bar and work on their writing.

THE ONE ARTIST WHOSE WORK I WOULD COLLECT IF I COULD is William Eggleston. I always admire his prints at museums. I love the photograph, from 1978, of a hand mixing a cocktail while on a plane. They don't print photographs like that any more.

THE BEST GIFT I'VE GIVEN RECENTLY was a stroller for one of our close friends who was having a baby. It wasn't so much the gift as the wrapping paper we made. We got some ordinary craft paper and covered it in stickers, drawings and messages and it just looked like a piece of art.

AND THE BEST GIFT I'VE RECEIVED RECENTLY is an amazing green crystal ball my friend Zac Posen gave me.

THE TECH I COULDN'T DO WITHOUT is my Kindle. I like to read paper books, too, but this is great to have on hand for travel. You can look up a word if you don't understand

it and it saves all your highlights so you can just print them out.

AN INDULGENCE I WOULD NEVER FORGO is Top 40 music. My friends joke that I know every lyric to every song in the charts. I used to be cool and listen to obscure rock music and find new bands, but really I just have a fascination with pop culture. Still, I have playlists friends gave me that make me feel like I have better taste than I do.

MY STYLE ICON is Jeanne Damas. Her company Rouje is one of my favourites, full of classic pieces and dresses you can just throw on and magically seem put together. She also does really cute suits and coats.

A RECENT "FIND" is a book called *Wine Girl*, by Victoria James. I loved reading about James' personal journey, working her way up to becoming one of the top female sommeliers. I never knew how complicated and expensive it is, especially for young women. It's a world I previously knew little about and found very interesting.



THE LAST ITEM OF CLOTHING I ADDED TO MY WARDROBE

was a short-sleeved shirt with a bright blue mosaic pattern, from Ciao Lucia. The label's founder, Lucy Akin, uses really great fabrics such as silk crêpe de Chine. It's all pretty simple stuff that you can wear over and over again.

THE OBJECTS I WOULD NEVER PART WITH are my dad's wallet or his camera, which I inherited. Those mean a lot to me.

THE BEAUTY STAPLE I'M NEVER WITHOUT is Jo Malone Red Roses Cologne. It's something I've stuck to for years now. The lemon top note keeps it light and it mixes with me well. I feel strange without it. I've tried other scents but that's my favourite. £100 per 100ml



IF I DIDN'T LIVE IN CALIFORNIA, I WOULD LIVE IN Las Vegas. I'm so curious as to what life would be like if you lived there. It is the epitome of Americana. I love that it goes all night.

My grandpa used to say that it's a great place to write because you can be in your room and get a burger at any hour and get off from being awake with everyone else and not feel lonely. It brings out this weirder side of a person that I find interesting. I like to go to the Peppermill diner when I'm there, where everything is neon. And it's really fun to go on the David Copperfield warehouse tour, which is very interactive.

MY FAVOURITE APPS are Postmates, Instacart or Venmo – all useful and transactional in some way.

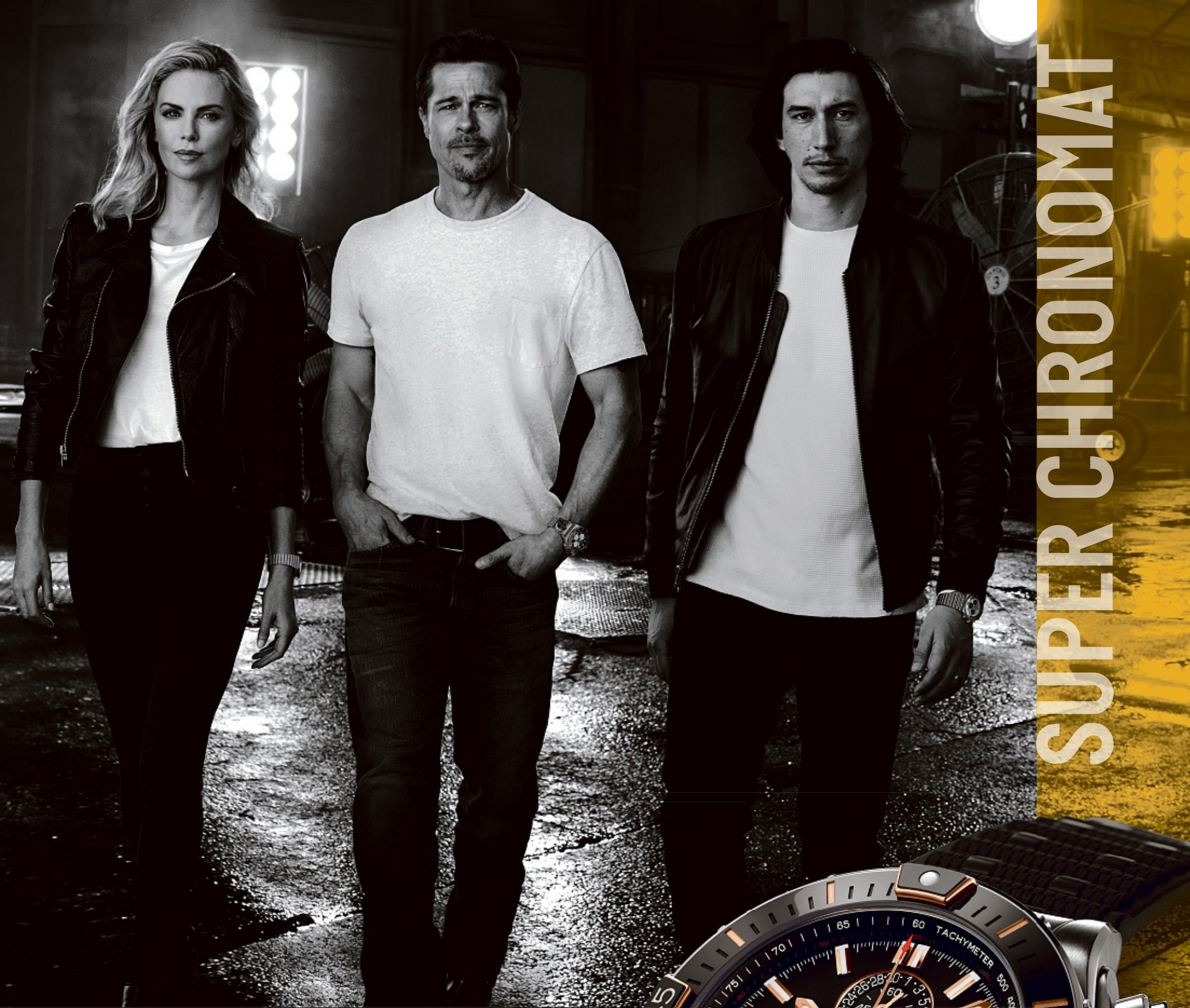
IF I WEREN'T DOING WHAT I DO, I WOULD BE a chef. As a kid I loved that idea. I worked at a restaurant when I was younger and it was so interesting to see the inner workings. It's similar to how a movie works, with all the different departments and the chaos and the running around. And it was fun and creative in just the same way too. ■HTSI

I SAW JAWS WHEN I WAS SEVEN AND AFTER THAT I NO LONGER FELT THE SAME ABOUT WATER



Above: Coppola's Jo Malone Red Roses Cologne. Right: her Gucci loafers. Below: a painting by her friend Thomas Lynch referencing string theory



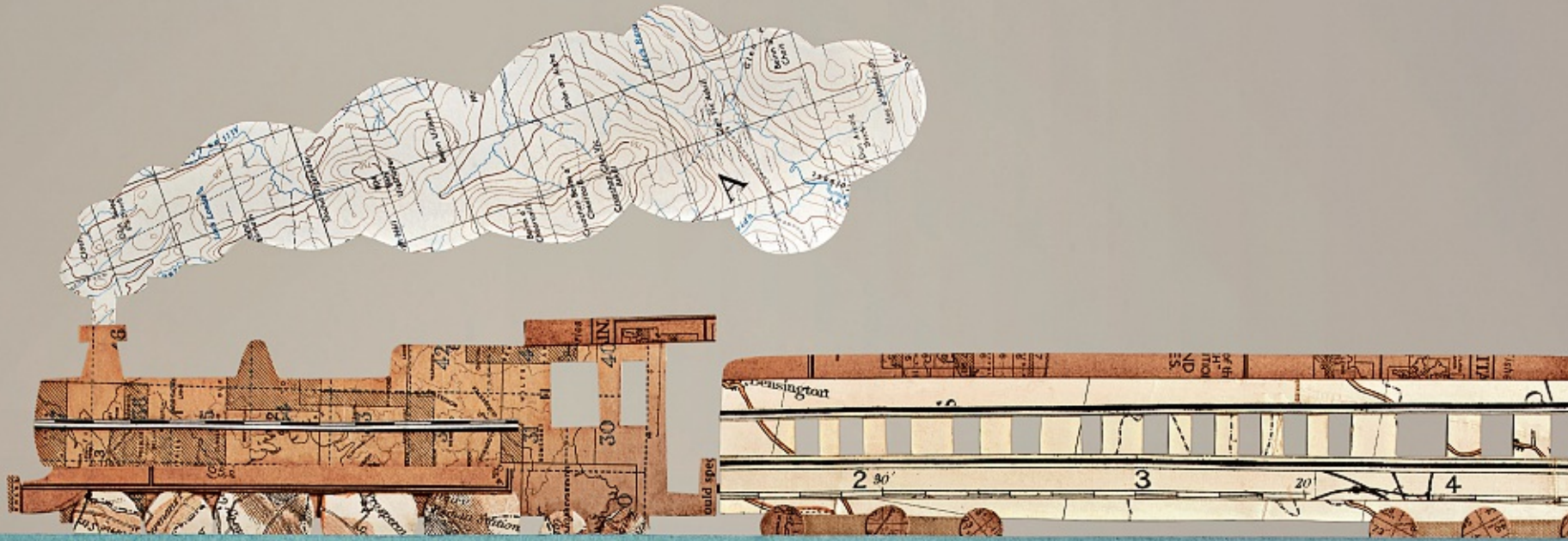


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THE FIX

Right: the elm kitchen table at Luscombe Farm, a wedding gift from Lorna and Ernest Wishart. Below: Yasmin David at the Farm in 1962, a year after she and her family arrived

ART

LUSCOMBE ALIGHT

A cache of paintings discovered in a cupboard has unveiled a postwar talent and a fascinating life.

By Harriet Quick

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SIMON UPTON

There are ordinary household cupboards, and then there are cupboards that reveal unknown worlds, like the doors that open into CS Lewis's fantasy *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*. One such portal was discovered by documentary director Clio David at her family home, Luscombe Farm in south Devon, one afternoon last summer. The cabinet – which she thought contained a jungle of bric-a-brac – housed a trove of more than 100 unseen paintings and drawings by her late mother, the artist Yasmin David.

“They were all so neatly stacked, it was almost as though she'd left them there waiting to be found,” says Clio, who grew up on the farm with her two siblings before moving to London at the age of 19. Mostly unframed, the canvases and watercolours depict nature in vibrant shades and vigorous brushstrokes that render the light-infused Devon scenes almost abstract.

The cupboard, located in a bright Indian-yellow upstairs room that served as her mother's painting studio, had been a private place. The discovery of the unsigned, untitled work cast a whole new light on Yasmin's life as a female landscape artist

as well as on a huge tranche of family history. Clio had started to catalogue the many works ahead of a planned exhibition but this find was a turning point. “I took them out one by one and, oh my God! There were five big, square landscapes,

drawings and smaller works. I thought, we've really got something here,” she recalls.

Born in 1939, Yasmin, who studied art in Sussex, came from a family that is

intricately intertwined with the cultural firmament of postwar Britain. The tree expands to English poet Laurie Lee (Yasmin's biological father); beauty and muse Lorna Wishart (her mother, who was married to publisher Ernest Wishart and was the lover of both Laurie Lee and Lucian Freud); to the poet Roy Campbell (her uncle); artist Michael Wishart (brother); Douglas Garman (her uncle, who had a long affair with Peggy Guggenheim); and to Kathleen Garman, the collector,

HER MOTHER WAS A LOVER OF LAURIE LEE AND LUCIAN FREUD

dealer and second wife of sculptor Jacob Epstein. Their lives, loves and passions are chronicled in Cressida Connolly's book *The Rare and the Beautiful: the Lives of the Garmans*.

There is a nod to Lady Kathleen Garman in the retrospective of Yasmin David's work entitled *Into The Light* (opening today) at The New Art Gallery Walsall, which was built to house the collection of Clio's

great-aunt. The Garman Ryan Collection, gifted to the Borough of Walsall by Garman and her friend the sculptor Sally Ryan, includes work by Picasso, Braque, Cézanne, Géricault and Delacroix.

This will be the first significant show of Yasmin David's work, and with the cupboard bounty, the scope of what can be explored has suddenly become richer and deeper. It serves as a chronicle of an undiscovered landscape artist who painted quietly and prolifically for more than 50 years. Her





Left: Yasmin David with her biological father, Laurie Lee, in Sussex, 1940. Below: their later correspondence, and cuttings including a painting of David's mother, Lorna Wishart, by Lucian Freud, *Woman with a Tulip* (1945)



Right: *Yasmin With Rose*, a painting of David by Lorna Wishart, c1959. Below: Clio David in the yellow room that her mother used as a studio, where the new artworks were found



a romantic Italianate garden and orchards, it appears like a reverie in the late-spring sunshine. "My mother was particular about how she wanted it to look – partially wild and untouched – and we kept it like that. Family, the farm, nature, painting... This is how she lived and she was just not interested in the art market," says Clio, who was married in the iris- and rose-planted walled garden at the house.

Yasmin never showed her work during her lifetime. "She had a skin too few," remarks Julian of her sensitivity. "The pictures found in the cupboard? I've never seen them before. She painted the whole time and I would come across things and hang them up.

"The day before she died, she said: 'Jules, I've decided that I agree with you, my work is good', and I read that as permission for me to show it. In her own lifetime, she could not bear the thought

constant subject was the thriving, fertile south Devon countryside, renowned for its magical 20ft-high hedgebanks that turn the lanes into a wild maze, and its orchards and dairy farms around the River Dart, which courses into the English Channel.

"My mother always worked from her own place, building her practice steadily over time. Her paintings are unique, and yet sit within the romantic English landscape tradition that zigzags from Richard Long and Paul Nash to Turner, and the pastoral visions of Samuel Palmer to William Blake," says Clio. "She made that tradition her own, among other postwar female artists." Together with her film editor husband, Chris Dickens (*Slumdog Millionaire* and *Rocketman*), Clio has made a short introductory film for the gallery site.

Yasmin and her husband, Julian – a Jungian analyst, therapist and teacher at the liberal arts school Dartington Hall (alumni include Lucian Freud, songwriter Kit Hain and literary editor Miriam Gross) – bought the tumbledown Devon dairy farm at auction in 1961. One wing of the house dates back to the 11th century. "No one else wanted it, the floorboards were falling through. Our three children were growing and I was pretending I was a farmer – producing milk, losing money, teaching and making cider," recalls Julian David, sitting by the fireplace wearing a smart ivory summer blazer. "There were still a lot of dialects in this area at that time and we loved that it was the real thing." The cider press turned into a successful venture and the Luscombe organic drinks brand (producing 9.5m bottles per year) is now run by his son, Gabriel, who lives in a converted barn on the estate. Clio's sister, Esther, an artist too, lives nearby and is married to dairy farmer Oliver Watson, of the Riverford Organic dynasty.

Over the years, the couple turned Luscombe Farm, with its giant flagstone floors and peeling plaster walls, into a home. Today, with guinea fowl and ducks in the yard, barns, outhouses, a running stream,

of people looking at stuff and perhaps not getting the point. The point would be in the picture itself," adds Julian, who has created an informal gallery within the house.

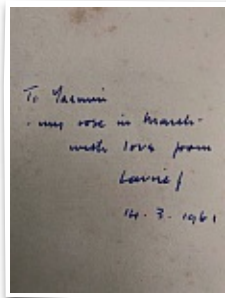
Despite – or perhaps because of – the fact that she hailed from an extraordinarily colourful bohemian family that helped to shape culture and thinking in postwar Britain, Yasmin rebelled into privacy. The oils and watercolours, far from polite and

YASMIN NEVER SHOWED HER WORK DURING HER LIFETIME. "SHE HAD A SKIN TOO FEW"

picturesque, capture nature in all its beguiling and turbulent glory. Looking at a big canvas that hangs above the kitchen table on a terracotta-painted plaster wall, the effect induces a strange synaesthesia. One can almost hear the woodland stream that gushes through the centre frame and smell the emerald and citrine lady ferns, lichen-clad oak branches and wild garlic. "She loved to watch the windy, watery, ever-changing light and seasons, which she painted mainly from her memory, but she also kept a notebook," explains Clio. One entry reads: "Jan: soft, cooler wind from the south-west, rain smelling – sky over the sea pale duck-egg blue washed with yellow – the sea itself murmuring gently, and behind the house (deeply, out of the bushes) a wood pigeon softly bubbling and re-winding down long, deep chambers of the inner ear."

Other works are more meditative, evoking the transcendent power of nature that Yasmin witnessed in the rapidly changing light, rolling clouds, hill tops and valleys. One of her favourite studies was the view from a stretch of steep Devon lane that rises up in front of Luscombe Farm. She often painted in a cabin studio, kitted out with a burning stove in the grounds. "She always sought out the brilliant light, and we spent time in South Africa and Sicily. Yet spring in Devon is inimitable," Julian says.

There is more to this discovery than the paintings alone. Clio also



AN INSCRIPTION BY LAURIE LEE IN HIS BOOK, A ROSE FOR WINTER (1955)



Right and far right: the house is a former dairy farm. Below: Julian David in the sitting room. *Untitled (Thicket)*, c2000, hangs above the fireplace



ILLUSTRATIONS: WILLIARI LUZ

retrieved a stash of correspondence and paper clippings at the back of a rickety chest. The long letters written in ink and on flyweight paper are between Yasmin and her poet-writer father, Laurie Lee. Through a bit of sleuthing, Yasmin discovered she was his illegitimate daughter and tracked him down in her early 20s. Father and daughter forged a relationship with the tender letters revealing their shared love of poetry, art and the English countryside. "It was simply the greatest occasion of my life," Lee wrote of their reunion. Their relationship remained clandestine until Lee's death in 1997, at which point the tabloids revelled in the "secret love child" scandal. "I can understand why she did not show her work as there was such a huge amount inside her and she was growing as an artist. There is a side of her I am understanding more and more now," says Julian.

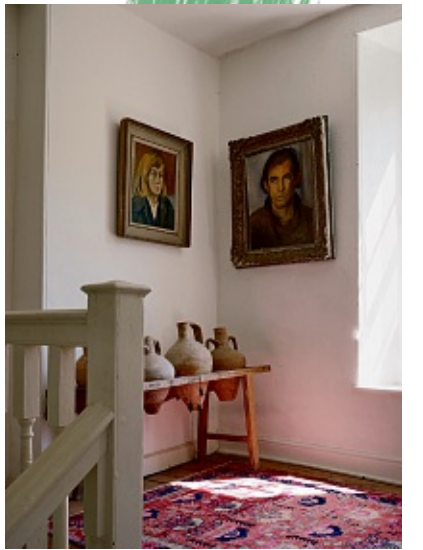
"SHE LOVED THE EVER-CHANGING LIGHT AND SEASONS"

Yasmin David's work is now attracting serious critical attention. "In the postwar period, David's work sits in comparison with that of Joan Eardley, Barbara Delaney and Gillian Ayres, women following in the footsteps of those of the St Ives milieu in the 1930s: Barbara Hepworth in the field of sculpture, and Wilhelmina Barns-Graham and Margaret Mellis," writes art academic Dr Sophie Hatchwell. "Her work offers a way into thinking about the British landscape outside of traditional patriarchal frameworks – that is, as a territory to be conquered or husbanded."

Indeed, this will be the summer of overlooked and hidden female artists – in the UK, at least. *Into the Light* runs concurrently with *Breaking the Mould*, an exhibition of female sculptors at Yorkshire Sculpture Park with work by more than 50 artists including Rana Begum, Lygia Clark, Cathy de Monchaux, Elisabeth Frink, Anthea Hamilton, Holly Hendry, Barbara Hepworth and Rachel Whiteread. At Charleston in East Sussex, more than 50 works by the flamboyant artist Nina Hammett, enmeshed in the Bloomsbury group, are currently on display. "There is a resurgence of interest in 20th century female artists. When you think of how many were practising, it is amazing how little has been told," Clio concludes. **HTSI** Yasmin David: *Into the Light* opens at The New Art Gallery Walsall on 3 July



Left: oils by Yasmin David in the sitting room. Below: portraits of Yasmin – by Ronald Ossory Dunlop – and Julian David, above a row of old terracotta pots. Bottom: David's *Woodland Stream* series, c1998-2003



**GENDER EQUALITY IS NOT JUST A GOAL
IT IS CRITICAL TO THE SURVIVAL OF THE PLANET**

GENERATION EQUALITY



CHIME FOR CHANGE

**FIGHTING TO ENSURE GENDER EQUALITY IS AT THE FOREFRONT OF OUR GLOBAL RECOVERY
BECAUSE NONE OF US CAN MOVE FORWARD IF HALF OF US ARE HELD BACK**

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DIOR EYEWEAR Blue Psychodelic sunglasses, £405, brownsfashion.com



GINORI 1735 Coral Crown trinket tray by Luke Edward Hall, £120, amara.com



ORLEBAR BROWN Bulldog Sorrento Summer Days swim shorts, £225

RALPH LAUREN PURPLE LABEL poplin shirt, £182



SAINT LAURENT brass shell pendant necklace, £285, farfetch.com



MONCLER + RICK OWENS quilted shell shorts, £660, net-a-porter.com



BOTTEGA VENETA raffia Stretch Intrecciato slides, £750, matchesfashion.com



ATTERSEE linen and cotton kaftan, £385



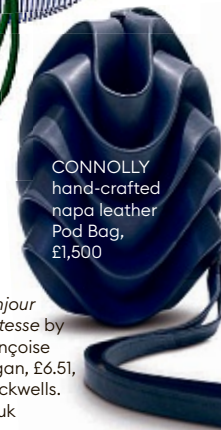
LUXE shell and glass candle holder, £70, amara.com



HERMES cotton beach towel, c1990s, £468.82, 1stdibs.com



ALIITA 9ct-gold and Tiburón Brillante bracelet, €170



CONNOLLY hand-crafted napa leather Pod Bag, £1,500



Bonjour Tristesse by Françoise Sagan, £6.51, blackwells.co.uk



CHANEL PRE-OWNED 2002 CC tank top, £2,986, farfetch.com



HUNZA G + NET SUSTAIN one-shoulder Nile Maxime ribbed bikini, £145, net-a-porter.com



DOLCE & GABBANA sequin shorts, £725, farfetch.com

SHOPPING

OCEAN COLOUR SCHEME

It's time to take the plunge.
By Aylin Bayhan



Pichet Poisson ceramic sculpture by Pablo Picasso, 1952, €21,000, 1stdibs.com



FENDI FF knitted Fish-Eye dress, £820, farfetch.com



HAECKELS Earth Marine Water + AHA 4% exfoliant, £30 for 250ml



The inspiration: a beachgoer in Bermuda, 1957



CASA DEL MAR Blue Moon Landscape #1 decorative plate, £265, artemest.com

TIFFANY & CO Elsa Peretti Colour by the Yard earrings, £880



VALERIE OBJECTS linen and steel Duo Seat armchair, £2,879, madein design.co.uk



BURBERRY cotton Mermaid Tail print sleeveless trench coat, £2,290, farfetch.com



CHOPARD Happy Ocean 40mm watch, £7,300, farfetch.com



YATAY x NO MORE PLASTIC cruelty-free bio-leather sneakers by Cindy Bruna, £260



LOEWE + PAULA'S IBIZA leather-trimmed denim Shell tote, £1,250, net-a-porter.com



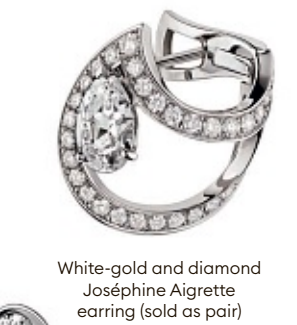
EMILIA WICKSTEAD x Emporio Sirenuse Scarlett swimsuit, £250



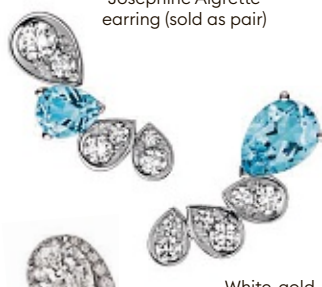
JEWELLERY
**CHAUMET
MORE**

The 240-year-old Parisian jeweller, beloved of the empress Joséphine, is embarking on a new journey, writes *Vivienne Becker*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEX CRETEY SYSTEMANS



White-gold and diamond Joséphine Aigrette earring (sold as pair)



White-gold, diamond and aquamarine Joséphine Ronde d'Aigrettes earrings, £4,430



White-gold and diamond Joséphine Duo Eternal brooch, £74,500

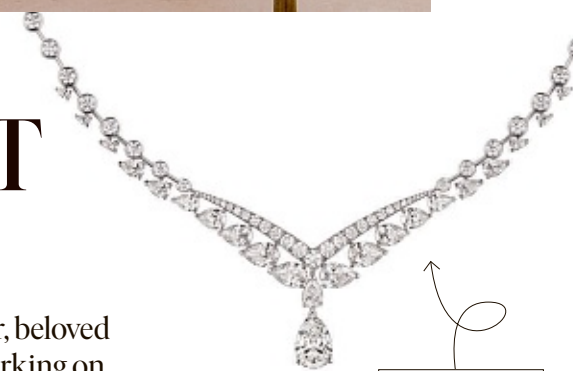


Platinum, diamond and sapphire Joséphine Valse Impériale ring

Few luxury brands have such an illustrious history as Chaumet. The 240-year-old maison was the first jeweller to take up residence at the Place Vendôme; its most famous clients were Napoleon Bonaparte and his wife, the Empress Joséphine, who had a passion for gems that bordered on obsession and whose innate style remains an inspiration for the house; it is also famed for its exquisitely refined belle époque creations, its sharp art deco designs and flurry of innovative modernism in the 1970s. Now the heritage master jeweller marks a new chapter in its story as it opens the doors to its renovated Bond Street boutique (following the complete restoration of its Place Vendôme *hôtel particulier* last year) and appoints a new creative director.

“We are driven by a sense of being both contemporary and the oldest maison in Place Vendôme,” says CEO Jean-Marc Mansvelt, who joined the company in 2015. He has been the main architect of change, instrumental in reframing the image and identity of Chaumet, which was acquired by LVMH in 1999. This reinvigoration is surely intended to capture a bigger share of the fine-jewellery market, which is estimated to grow to \$340-\$360bn by 2025. To create the look of the new London boutique, with its Lesage embroidered walls and powder-blue staircase, echoing the grey-blue skies of Paris, Mansvelt enlisted designer Patricia Grosdemange. The renovation, which has lasted a year, aims to entice clients into an intimate, storytelling space, generating an immersive buying experience that is as cultural as it is transactional.

CHAUMET WHITE-GOLD AND DIAMOND JOSEPHINE VALSE IMPERIALE NECKLACE



Above: Empress Joséphine, 1807, by Baron François Gérard, from the Château de Fontainebleau collection. Top left from left to right, creative director Ehssan Moazen, CEO Jean-Marc Mansvelt and workshop director Benoît Verhulle. Right: Les Cielis de Chaumet high-jewellery collection. All items POA unless stated

The jewellery showcased in the revamped stores demonstrates the continued exploration of Chaumet’s most emblematic themes – the tiara, love of nature, belle époque refinement and a touch of ‘70s modernity. The recent Joséphine collection celebrates the maison’s patron and muse, while the famous Napoleonic acoustic bracelet has recently been reimaged. Yet, despite the historical narrative, Mansvelt believes Chaumet’s minimal, understated style chimes with today’s quest for “something more essential”.

It is a challenge taken on by Chaumet’s new creative director, Ehssan Moazen, who joined in March 2020 after a five-year stint at Tiffany & Co in New York. He works closely



A JEWELLER'S WORKBENCH AT CHAUMET



White-gold and diamond Torsade de Chaumet necklace



White-gold, diamond and Vivid Red Mozambique ruby Torsade de Chaumet ring



White-gold and diamond Torsade de Chaumet earrings



White-gold and diamond Torsade de Chaumet ring

with Benoît Verhulle, Chaumet’s long-serving workshop director, only the 13th to hold the position in the maison’s history. It is a collaborative relationship, with design working hand-in-hand with materials, gemstones, craftsmanship, technical innovation and ingenuity, so that, says Moazen, everyone in the company has an input, just as each artisan makes their own individual contribution. Moazen sees Chaumet as the ultimate Parisian maison, but also as much more than just a heritage brand. “We are playing with very clear design codes, with a consistent vocabulary, strong roots and a well-kept path through history. It is a challenge and responsibility to contemporise these codes, not to overdo them, and to make them relevant to today. It’s about pushing the territories and perspectives of the brand.”

TORSADE, CHAUMET’S latest high-jewellery collection, launches this month. The basic concept is a ribbon, the classic, linear motif stylised into a restless twist of diamond light, twirling and spiralling with a hint of sensuality. “We had to find a way to mix tradition and creativity, in a concept that is clear to understand and designs that are comfortable to wear,” says Verhulle. “They look very simple, but are in fact very complex, in their details and three-dimensional aspect.” One technique used to develop the illusion of movement was reverse-setting rose diamonds to represent the back of a ribbon as it twists and turns. There is, Verhulle adds, a shared passion with Moazen, which makes the conversation easy. “There is a great deal of emotion in the collaboration, from the person who dreams up the design, to the artisan who has a vision for realising it.” Verhulle tells how his artisans switch easily from new technology to age-old hand skills.

This reinvigoration comes at a time of shifting priorities. Winston Chesterfield, director of Barton Consulting, specialist in the jewellery market, says: “There’s a good



Chaumet's newly refurbished flagship store in London

deal of appetite for heritage and stories, even sometimes told through antique pieces in store – people have mentioned being able to see the evolution of collections over decades.” He adds: “Acquiring knowledge is a big super-trend for wealthy consumers. It’s about being able to take something away from the purchase that’s useful, something they can pass on to others.” At the same time, Chesterfield says there’s a greater desire for jewellery to be fun. “Many fine jewellery brands feel too dusty and old-fashioned, particularly for younger consumers.”

“MANY FINE JEWELLERY BRANDS FEEL TOO OLD-FASHIONED”

Meanwhile, Mansvelt has seized on this moment to nurture Chaumet’s march toward modernity. “This is not a moment of frenetic consumption, but of considered, enduring purchases, when people look for more substance, more value,” he muses. “There is a new recognition of the emotional role of the jewel, and an understanding of the high-jewellery creation as a true work of art.” And, he adds, an appreciation of a maison with longevity. The future, he feels, is bright for the jewellery world. And for Chaumet. ■HTSI



THE NEW BOND STREET BOUTIQUE

SKINCARE

Dew the right thing

There’s nothing a quick spritz can’t fix, writes *Rosanna Dodds*

Craving new sensory stimulation? A brood of face mists are ideal for breaking up the monotony of hours spent staring at a screen, as well as providing an extra buffer against our skin’s biggest aggressors. Drunk Elephant’s Sweet Biome uses a cocktail of fermented sake extract, hops and kombucha to help restore, soothe and balance the microbiome. “Think of a good mist as a nutritional pop of vitamins, antioxidants and water-boosting substances,” says founder Tiffany Masterson, whose latest launch was inspired by the nourishing components of sweat. A similar hit can be found from Tom Ford’s Hyaluronic Energizing Mist and Chanel’s Hydra Beauty Essence Mist, both of which contain an invigorating dose of vitamin E.

For an immediate moisture boost, look to offerings from Dr Barbara Sturm, Givenchy and Glow Recipe, while Dr Dennis Gross has a formula to help fight against environmental stressors. And lastly, for a make-up refresher, try a spritz of Fenty Beauty’s What It Dew, a herbal-infused fine mist that can be applied morning, night or whenever the mood strikes. ■HTSI

TOM FORD Hyaluronic Energizing Mist, £60	DR DENNIS GROSS C+ Collagen Skin Set & Refresh Mist, \$30	GLOW RECIPE Watermelon Glow Ultra-Fine Mist, \$28	FENTY BEAUTY What It Dew Makeup Spray, \$30	DR BARBARA STURM Hydrating Face Mist, €85	GIVENCHY L'Intemporel Blossom Cream-in-Mist, £48	DRUNK ELEPHANT Sweet Biome Sake Spray, \$42	CHANEL Hydra Beauty Essence Mist, £48

PLAYING IT COOL



Athletic accents bring edge to the season's classic pieces.
Photography by *Sean+Seng*.
Styling by *Tamara Rothstein*.
Model *Misty Kyd*

This page: LOUIS VUITTON poplin trench coat, £3,200. CHANEL stretch-jersey jacket, £5,190 (just seen), and jersey velvet trousers, £2,745. MIZUNO FOR MARGARET HOWELL running shoes, £225. BOTTEGA VENETA sterling-silver earrings, £270 for a pair

Opposite page: JIL SANDER BY LUCIE AND LUKE MEIER wool jacket, £2,190. RE-SEE vintage Balenciaga knit top, €480. BALENCIAGA denim and cotton poplin hybrid shirt trousers, £1,150. SALOMON S/LAB XT-6 trainers, £155. ALEX EAGLE x OTIUMBERG gold vermeil medium single earring, £69

Throughout: chair from a selection at roomsofclapton.com





Right: LOUIS VUITTON leather jacket, £4,800. ALEX EAGLE cashmere Cricket jumper, £420. MARTINE ROSE denim Maynard jeans, £275. PANTHERELLA wool socks, £14.50. ON RUNNING Cloudaway running shoes, £130. BOTTEGA VENETA sterling-silver earrings, £270 for a pair. CHANEL leather belt, £1,005

Below right: PROENZA SCHOULER cotton jacket, £1,940, and matching trousers, £1,055. MARTINE ROSE denim Yalta shirt, £395. SALOMON S/ LAB XT-6 trainers, £155



Model, Misty Kyd at Viva London. Hair, Shon Ju at The Wall Group. Make-up, Marina Belfon-Rose. Manicure, Naima Coleman. Photographer's assistants, Jack Snell and Victor Raré. Stylist's assistants, Andreea Georgiana Rădoi, Rosie Sykes and Georgia Pellegrino. Production, Madeline Jensen at Farago Projects. Special thanks to Alva East



Above: GIVENCHY polyamide bomber, £1,590. MHL BY MARGARET HOWELL wool cardigan, £185, and denim twill jeans, £245. OTIUMBERG gold vermeil mini chunky twist hoop earrings, £130 for a pair. BOTTEGA VENETA sterling-silver and enamel chunky rings, £685 each

Opposite page: DIOR intarsia wool Check'n'Dior Pop cardigan, £1,400, and wool Check'n'Dior Pop dress, £2,800. MUJI cotton socks, £3.50. ON RUNNING Cloudflyer running shoes, £140. OTIUMBERG gold vermeil mini chunky twist hoop earrings, £130 for a pair



When the composer Max Richter was 13, he got hold of a soldering iron and built his first synthesiser out of electrical components. He had fallen in love with electronic music after hearing the German electro-music pioneers Kraftwerk, and his passion for inventing new sounds grew alongside his prowess at the classical piano.

This blend of the classical and modern, electric and acoustic, is a hallmark of Richter's beguilingly genre-defying music, which is sometimes orchestral, sometimes digital and most often a marriage of the two. His post-minimalist sound draws as much from composers like John Cage and Steve Reich as it does from the punk bands he listened to as a teenager.

Intense, haunting, exhilarating, provocative – it often feels as if he is part-composer, part-inventor. Given that he can lay claim to being the world's most-streamed "classical" composer, you will almost certainly have heard his work: Richter has written music for more than 50 film and TV projects, including HBO's *My Brilliant Friend*, Tom Hardy's *Taboo* and Charlie Brooker's *Black Mirror*. Fans of *Bridgerton* will be familiar with one of his best-known works, "Vivaldi Recomposed", which he described as "throwing molecules of the original Vivaldi into a test tube with a bunch of other things, and waiting for an explosion". But perhaps his most famous composition is *Sleep*, an "eight-hour lullaby" released in 2015 intended to accompany a full night of restfulness and which, as of July 2020, had amassed close to 500m streams. Currently, he must surely be noted as the favoured composer of those working from home.

Richter was born in Hamelin, north-west Germany, but grew up in Bedford. He has described himself as a "cripplingly shy" child and was obsessive about music and books. He went on to study piano and composition at the University of Edinburgh and the Royal Academy of Music, completing his studies with the experimental composer and electronic pioneer Luciano Berio in Florence. For a time he earned a living as a pianist, and collaborated with British electronic group The Future Sound of London and the DJ Roni Size.

And here, 30 years later, he is still very much spanning the musical spectrum. Within the new studio he and his artist partner Yulia Mahr have built deep in the Oxfordshire countryside, his huge, light-filled workspace has a Yamaha grand piano at one end and an Apple computer and Moog System 55 synthesiser at the other. "We can do any sort of recording here," he says of the

studio, an expansive old barn that was once part of an alpaca farm. The original structure is now divided into separate rooms for both Richter and Mahr. Her airy studio sits across the front of the building, while the rest of the space is filled by a recording room, which can comfortably seat an orchestra of 30, and Richter's own domain, a huge, vaulted room, the exact dimensions for which he took from the loft he worked in when he, Mahr and their three children lived in Berlin.

"Obviously we've got the computers and the digital side, but we also have new machines so we can record to tape, which is super-important to me because I love the sound of analogue media," he says. "We can do something very retro here but we can also do a Dolby cinema mix, too – so we can span both ends."

This breadth is doubly important given the sheer range of Richter's work. Early on in his career, he took commercial work as a way of funding his solo projects, but that pluralistic approach has led to a career in which he is now as acclaimed for his soundtracks and ballet scores as he is for his own more personal work. In the past year, he reworked some of the music from his 2015 ballet *Woolf Works* for Kim Jones's Fendi spring/summer 2021 couture show and released *Voices 2*, a companion to the earlier work *Voices*, which premiered just before lockdown and which takes as its centrepiece the 1948 Universal Declaration of Human Rights. He crowdsourced readings of the text on social media and received hundreds of submissions in more than 70 languages, weaving the music through his chosen excerpts.

"I see the Declaration as all about potential," he says. "It would be wonderful to play it in front of audiences some more, because that text is so important at this moment where global societies and cultures are thinking about what the next step is, and there have been all kinds of power grabs in the area of rights. I just feel like I want it to be heard as much as possible, because it's just a great way to shine a light on those questions." In fact, its first post-lockdown airing is already scheduled: the Max Richter ensemble will perform it at the South Facing Festival in London's Crystal Palace Bowl on 28 August. Richter feels it will be an incredible moment: "Music is all about communication and for musicians not to be able to do that... it's like we really thirst for it. Performance is like a 'real-time' laboratory; it's where you find out what you've made. The pandemic has been a disaster for the venues and institutions, the bands, the orchestras. I mean, it's been decimated. The government is going to have to step in more. Whole orchestras of musicians are retraining to do other things."

Richter talks quietly, thoughtfully, and in a way that, like his music, shifts seamlessly from the personal to the political. He says that the idea for a kind of rural studio-retreat – or, as he and Mahr sometimes refer to it, an "art farm" – has been percolating for 20 years. They are united by their belief in the power of creativity to influence societal change – and Richter is driven by an unequivocal belief that music can help us navigate the big, difficult questions that we face as societies by providing "a place to think and reflect". Being able to transpose that idea into a physical space, one which comes with an atmosphere of both calm and creativity, has long felt to them both like an important project. "I guess both Yulia and I share an idea of how creativity and culture can fit into society, and what it can do within society," says Richter. "And that's to do with connecting people, and allowing people to 'speak' to one another in this different medium – which needs a place where that can happen."

By any standards it's an impressive building, with floor-to-ceiling windows giving views straight into the surrounding forest. But compared to the setup of most modern recording studios it's practically cathedral-like. Recording studios are often the least glamorous part of the musical process: windowless, airless rooms dedicated to the sound, not the person making it. "The thing that a lot of studios do is they build a machine, and you feel like you're



THE RICHTER SCALE

One of the world's most-streamed contemporary composers, Max Richter gives us an exclusive tour of his new "art farm" in the Oxfordshire woods

By Nicola Moulton. Photography by Tom Jamieson

Opposite: composer Max Richter. Below: the recording studio built by Richter and his partner Yulia Mahr



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“ULTIMATELY WE’RE ALL TRYING TO FIGURE STUFF OUT BY MAKING THINGS”

inside a machine when you’re in there, which in a way also disregards the fact that you have a body. So trying to make spaces for musicians that are humane, and inviting, and comfortable, I think is really important,” says Richter.

Aside from it being a base where Richter can both compose and record, the idea is to make the studio available to others; particularly emerging artists and young musicians struggling to afford a studio, or even a place in which to experiment and create. “With studio time, you’re always on the clock,” says Richter. “And having that pressure can sometimes be quite stifling. We have space, and we have great facilities. We’re exploring ways to put together a programme so that people have access to all of this.” Alongside the studio, Richter and Mahr have had huts built in the woods so that visitors can stay for a few days at a time – and eventually there will also be a café to feed the creative team and visiting artists, too.

A transient hub, with artists and musicians coming and going, allows for the kind of creative serendipity that benefits everyone, says Richter. “Obviously I’m doing my work here... and I love the idea that one day there’ll be some kind of mega Hollywood film project, and the next there’ll be a bunch of kids trying something. I love the idea of these things being within proximity... because that sort of constellation can be so rich.”

Beyond offering the practical support of world-class recording facilities, Richter is optimistic that the space may also open up ideological discussions about what



music can contribute in the wider world. In his solo work, he describes himself as a “composer and activist”, and his music has responded to the Iraq war (*The Blue Notebooks* features actress Tilda Swinton reading excerpts from Kafka’s *The Blue Octavo Notebooks*) and the London bombings of 2005 (*Infra*, inspired by TS Eliot’s *The Waste Land*).

His new album *Exiles*, released in August, continues this exploration. The album’s title work comes from a ballet commissioned by Paul Lightfoot and Sol León (resident choreographers of Dutch contemporary dance company Nederlands Dans Theater) in 2014 – the moment when the Syrian refugee crisis exploded in Europe, and debates became particularly polarised in Germany, where Richter was then living. “I think creativity is really about finding those things that you want to communicate, that you want to talk about,” he says. “I think ultimately that’s what we’re all trying to do; to figure stuff out by making things. So a place like this, because it’s sort of wide-open in a way, it becomes sort of a big question mark for somebody to walk into. And we just press ‘record’ and see what happens.”

“I mean it’s a tremendous enabler, of course... when I was a kid, if you wanted to write for orchestra, you had to go to university and learn how to do it, then persuade a bunch of people to sit down and play your stuff. Whereas now, if you want to write for orchestra, you can on your laptop make the sound of an orchestra... kind of. But on the other hand, technology is obviously deeply embedded in the kind of late-capitalist, neoliberal model – it’s a symptom and a cause of that, and it’s also what’s putting us all in the hamster wheel. We’re just learning how to deal with this stuff. It’s going to take some time.”

For Richter, technology needs the antidote of nature to provide the balance that will temper us creatively. It’s why the studio could never have been built in a city. “I think there’s a big thing about just being here, in nature,” he says. “It’s really a ‘headspace’ thing. People can come, hang out for a few days, do some work – but they’re in the forest. And I think that’s great. I just love that sort of balance. I suppose, if we think of the past year or so as a big question mark, then potentially, now, there is an opportunity to create some positive answers.” ■ HTSI



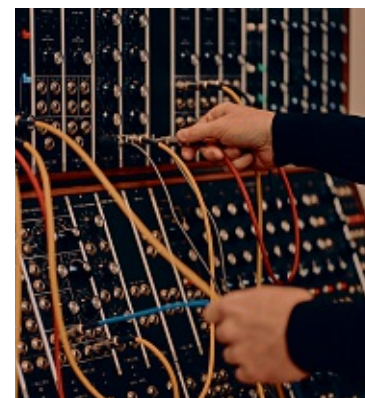
What he most wants to do, he says, is allow emerging artists to realise they don’t necessarily just need to “pick a lane” and stick to it, but should be able to pursue different avenues creatively. “Streaming has meant that people listen

really widely, because there isn’t any risk. You don’t have to spend 20 quid on the record or even go to the record shop – you just click and there you are; you’re hearing something you probably wouldn’t otherwise have heard. That’s made a music culture that is very plural, and the categories are quite fluid now, which I think is really interesting.”

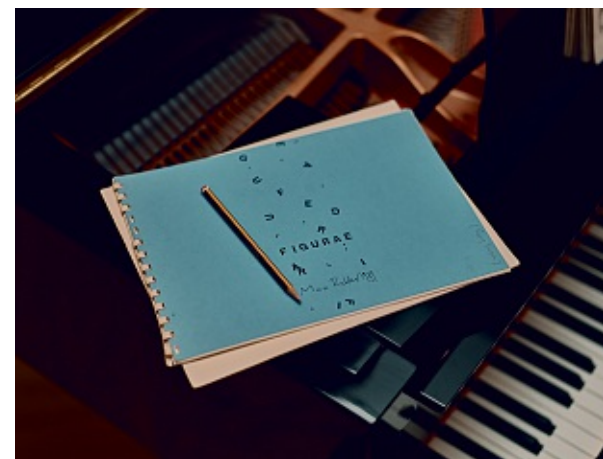
Although he embraces technology so freely in his own work, Richter is also aware of the paradox that much of his music also seeks to find solace from the digital onslaught – nowhere more so than in *Sleep*, which has been staged around the world as an overnight performance, with the audience listening in camp-beds rather than chairs.

Throughout Covid, *Sleep* has taken on a life of its own and there’s now an app that allows you to set sleep, meditation or focus schedules to Richter’s music. When the idea of the *Sleep* app was first put to him, he wasn’t sure it was a good idea, but now he sees it as an example of how technology can be a positive. “When I saw it I just thought, ‘Wow, this is what the iPhone was invented for,’” he says.

“I think that idea of technology as this kind of double-edged sword is becoming more acute,” says Richter.



Top: Richter in his Oxfordshire recording studio. Far left: huts will allow visiting artists to stay over. Left: a Moog System 55 synthesiser. Below: one of his notebooks on his Yamaha grand piano



Max facts

THE COMPOSER’S MOST-STREAMED TRACKS

ON THE NATURE OF DAYLIGHT

From *The Blue Notebooks* (2004) **211m**

VLADIMIR’S BLUES

From *The Blue Notebooks* (2004) **155m**

DREAM 1

From *Sleep* (2015) **120m**

SPRING 1

From *Recomposed by Max Richter: Vivaldi, The Four Seasons* (2012) **82m**

A CATALOGUE OF AFTERNOONS

New track on the 15-year anniversary reissue of *The Blue Notebooks* (2018) **71m**

*Data correct as of June 2021

“It’s a Trojan horse for art”

Hauser & Wirth embraces unexpected gallery conversions. *Jan Dalley* takes a first look around its new space on the tiny Spanish island of Isla del Rey. Photography by *Anna Huix*



Autostat, 1996, by Franz West, is placed at the jetty to greet visitors. Below left: wild olive tree forest in front of the gallery's restaurant, *Cantina*



I've often described our business model as a non-traditional gallery curriculum," says gallerist Iwan Wirth. "We've done things differently from the beginning."

We're talking about Hauser & Wirth's newest gallery/restaurant project, in a surprising location: a tiny island in the middle of the harbour at Mahon, in Menorca. Accessible only by boat, the Isla del Rey measures just 41,000sq m – you can stroll from one side to the other in a couple of minutes – and although for much of the year the sea around it is a heavenly blue, with sky to match, the winters bring vicious winds and a climate hardly suited to expensive art. At night, the rabbits and lizards have the place to themselves.

What's more, for a commercial gallery to bring blue-chip art to this place seems, at first, bizarre. This is the most low-glam of the Balearic islands, hardly a billionaire's playground, and its devotees like to keep it that way.

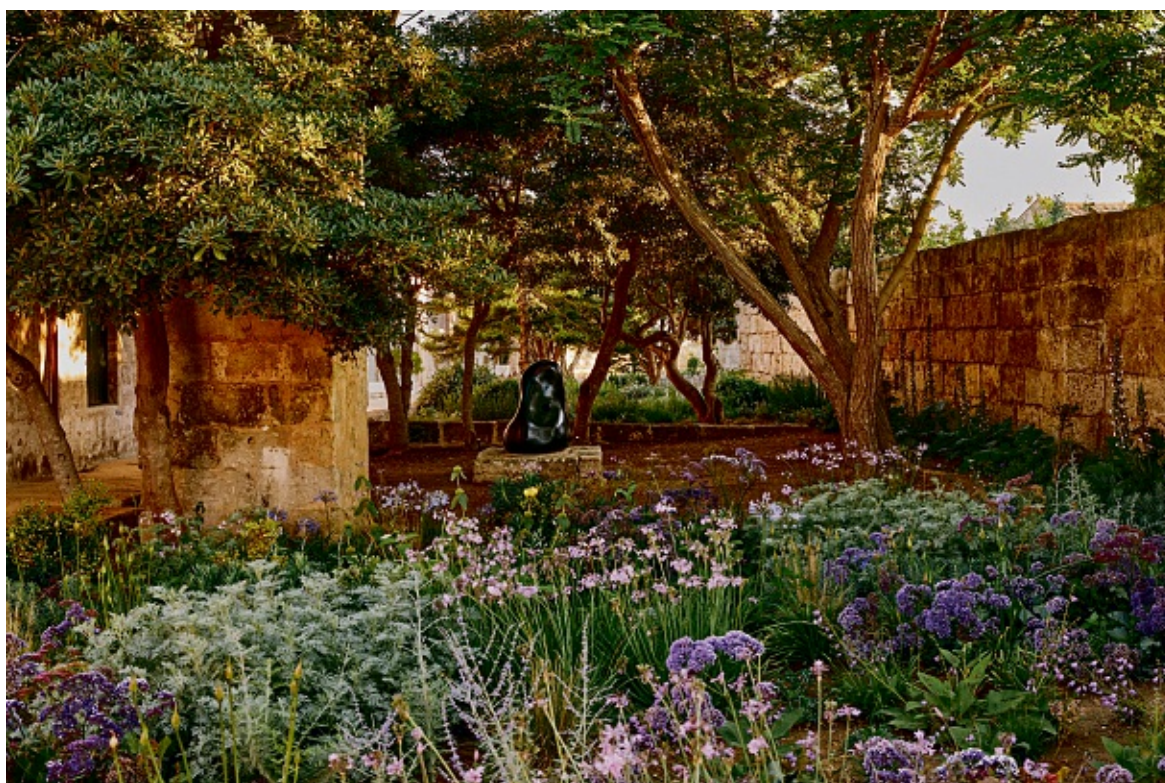
"Doing things differently", as Wirth puts it, has seen Hauser & Wirth grow into an art-world behemoth with more than a dozen galleries around the world and a roster of artists and artists' estates that is probably the world's largest. Yet somehow it retains the feel of a family business – it was established in 1992 in Zurich by Iwan Wirth, his wife, Manuela, and Ursula Hauser (Manuela's mother) – and in each of its many locations the gallery fits the local scene. So in Hong Kong that means a gleaming tower; in Manhattan, an elegant Upper East Side townhouse as well as a new-built West Side space near the High Line; in Los Angeles, a converted flour mill in formerly derelict Downtown with a restaurant with live chickens. In central London, whole tracts of Savile Row are converted into huge, airy white-box spaces, but in Bruton, Somerset, an ancient set of farm buildings has been made into a sort of compound with a restaurant and gallery in a converted barn, wonderfully extensive gardens, and spaces for resident artists and for educational and community projects.

This is, loosely, the model for the Menorcan idea. In the planning stages, the Wirths took a group of local officials from Mahon to visit Bruton: no doubt a clever sell, because getting permission to make their gallery on the Isla del Rey was never going to be easy. Although tiny, the island hosts significant historic structures. Dominating the skyline is a former naval hospital built in the early 18th century by the British, who then controlled Menorca. Its arcaded façade topped with a bell tower forms a U-shape with a chapel at one end around an old medicinal garden, now restored by volunteers. Since 2005 it has been protected by a Foundation and slowly brought back to life; it now houses a museum. But only a decade or so ago, the buildings were completely abandoned, crumbling and on the point of collapse.

And most people, if they did visit the old hospital, hardly even noticed a low line of ancient auxiliary buildings that runs across the island from one side to the other, a few dozen yards away. No one bothered with these. Just five years ago, they were in ruins – some parts nothing but rubble and collapsed beams, half overtaken by thick undergrowth. If you fought your way around them, pushing through thorny bushes and stepping gingerly over smashed tiles, broken beams and mucky rubbish, you would come to another of the island's treasures, the remains of a sixth-century Christian Basilica, scarcely regarded and almost impossible to see as it was surrounded by a hideous chain-link fence. Despite the island's startling natural beauty, and the gloomy romance of its history, the place was, frankly, pretty horrible.

It would have taken some imagination to guess that the site would be opening this month as Hauser & Wirth Menorca, the ruined buildings remade into a line of eight galleries, education spaces and offices, the former hospital kitchen transformed into a restaurant whose outdoor tables now look out through rescued trees onto the water, the gardens replanted

PHOTOGRAPH: © ARCHIV FRANZ WEST / ESTATE FRANZ WEST, COURTESY HAUSER & WIRTH



Left: *Le Père Ubu*, 1974, by Joan Miró, in the garden designed by Piet Oudolf

“LITTLE DID WE KNOW THAT PEOPLE WERE GOING TO BE RE-EVALUATING THEIR RELATIONSHIP TO NATURE AND TO CITIES”

and dotted with sculpture. And that chainlink fence around the Basilica ruins has gone.

Architect Luis Laplace, an Argentine who now runs his own design and architecture practice in Paris, talks with loving enthusiasm about the project he undertook with Mar Rescalvo Pons, the director of Hauser & Wirth Menorca. On a tour of the site, we talk about rescuing buildings, about the problems and regulations of historic listed structures, and about lizards. The Isla del Rey has a unique lizard, a bright green, fat-fingered little thing with a long tail. Laplace designed special homes for them underneath built-in benches. “They don’t like each other much so we had to make lots of different compartments,” he says.

We talk about trees, a lot. On the site, swathes of dense undergrowth were laboriously stripped out, leaving the larger pines, olives and cypresses – though none grows very large on this wind-whipped island – so the buildings are surrounded by shade and half-veiled. Working to preserve trees sometimes only a few feet from the foundations was a building challenge, Laplace admits – pointing to one especially inconvenient pine, he tells me, laughingly: “Iwan said to me, ‘If you move that tree, I’ll kill you.’”

“Even building the [access] steps, which involved taking out a single tree, was a long, long conversation. But Piet finally solved it by saying that it was a non-native tree and should go anyway.”

He’s referring to Piet Oudolf, the Dutch garden designer and writer who has created the landscaping and planting here. Oudolf is renowned for projects that include New York’s High Line, and for gardens that use herbaceous plants and grasses in dramatic clumps and drifts, with an eye always on ecology. His lush, almost Monet-esque garden at Hauser & Wirth Somerset is one of the chief delights of the place. But the dry, rocky soil of the Isla del Rey and a volatile climate is a different proposition, one that Oudolf has approached by going local. His new planting focuses on the herbs and shrubs of the Balearic Islands. In June, rich clusters of purple and yellow were emerging, with lavenders, alliums and potentilla, camomile, what I guessed were camassia, and more.

As we walk, Mar Rescalvo shows me the sculpture dotted around the buildings. The first I have already seen:

a vibrant pink egg-shaped piece, *Autostat* (1996) by Franz West, that greets you when you dock at the little jetty on the island and which announces the gallery’s presence in no uncertain terms. The entrance to the galleries themselves, up a paved, flower-bordered avenue directly facing the old hospital, is heralded by a corten-steel piece by Eduardo Chillida, *Elogio del vacío VI* (2000). The Spanish sculptor, Rescalvo tells me, was from the Basque country, but found in Menorca the wildness and stillness he needed for his work. She points me to a second piece by Chillida, *Escuchando a la piedra III* (1996), nestling under olive trees behind the restaurant. A small patina’d bronze abstract by Joan Miró, *le Père Ubu* (1974), continues the Spanish theme. Then, as she leads me into the courtyard entrance, there is the sculptural pièce de résistance, a 3m *Spider* (1994) by Louise Bourgeois.

But the buildings clamour for attention almost as much as the art. Talking to Laplace, we also spend a lot of time on ceilings. The once roofless structure that is now the restaurant – named Cantina and run by a local vineyard-restaurant called Binifadet – has a magnificent beamed roof that looks as if it has been in place for 200 years. But it is a new structure. “Every piece of wood,” he says, “was found on the site. We gathered them all up, cleaned them – but not too much – and remade this roof on a model of local ships.” He points out other details that echo the nautical setting: handles, hinges and latches made for boats, and the use of Menorcan craftspeople and makers for every possible element.

Despite this almost obsessive attention to the finer points, the overall feeling of this mighty undertaking is surprisingly light-touch. Iwan Wirth describes Laplace’s architectural interaction with the buildings as “almost invisible”, and I agree – if by that he means that the buildings created, some of which are at least 90 per cent new, already look as if they have always been there and have had only a light facelift.

When I ask Manuela and Iwan Wirth the obvious question – why this, why here? – they look at each other for a moment as if to imply that the choice was, to them if not to others, an obvious one. “Like so many times in our gallery life,” Iwan Wirth replies, “these places choose us. Opportunities find us.” Manuela’s mother, Ursula Hauser,

had a holiday home on Mallorca, but it was a visit to the smaller island that planted the idea. “There are lots of great buildings in the world,” he continues, “but you need to know what you want to do with them. And to be mad enough to put heart and soul and a lot of money into it.”

They describe the decision as “instinct, backed up by strategy”. “Little did we know that the art world was going to get decentralised, and that people were going to be re-evaluating their relationship to nature and to cities. We knew it would be an amazing place for people to visit and for artists to come and work – setting is so important.”

Mahon has the largest natural harbour in the Mediterranean, some three miles long and deep enough for ships of any size. The small bays along its edges are now, of course, dotted with buildings, but there’s still plenty of wild green space. The Isla del Rey sits about halfway down the harbour, so Mahon’s picturesque town meets your eyes on one side, the mouth of the harbour and the open sea in the other direction.

The harbour’s extraordinary size and depth made it strategically important enough, in the days of sail, for the great powers of the day – France, Spain and Britain – to fight over it bitterly. Against this setting, into this complicated and beautiful place, steps Hauser & Wirth’s first gallery artist, Mark Bradford. At first, a painter from Los Angeles might seem a baffling choice. As does the arrival of a blue-chip name, now one of the most expensive living artists, in this small place. But, as Rescalvo explains to me, Bradford had been integral to the plans from an early stage. Some years ago the artist spent time in the Balearics and found the enchantment of the islands – and even knew the Isla del Rey itself. His new series of work, entitled *Masses and Movements*, is inspired by a 16th-century map of the world thought to be the first ever mention in print of the word “America”. The sense of sea crossings and trade routes, of migrations and resettlements, echoes through the Menorca exhibition, with globe sculptures as well as canvases, and a site-specific mural that Bradford is currently creating with the assistance of art students from Mahon.

And does Hauser & Wirth expect to sell these multi-million dollar works on a small Balearic island? That’s not really the right question, these days. An artist of Bradford’s stature will have a waiting list of eager buyers, private and institutional – it hardly matters where he shows the work. What does matter is the creation of an environment that will inspire an artist, beguile visitors and provide a deeper cultural resonance. It’s a symbiotic partnership between gallerist and artist that goes far beyond the simple selling transaction.

As the new galleries open, two of the rooms will be given over to an installation designed by Bradford that explores the vast complexities of global immigration. “This will be a multifunctional educational space,” Rescalvo tells me, “and Mark will be there to develop it at the start.” Menorca’s schoolchildren and students will be involved as projects unfold, and Rescalvo, whose background is in music (she was director of the Balearic Symphony Orchestra), also has plans for performing arts.

“It’s important to have hired people from the island,” emphasises Manuela. And they have certainly done that. Rescalvo herself is a Menorcan but, like so many talented people, she had to leave to find opportunities: now she is back, living in her grandmother’s old house in Es Mercadal, a small town in the middle of the island. Her director of communications, Marta Coll, is another returnee, back in her Menorcan home town of Ferrerías after six years working abroad. The restaurant is run by



Far left: a walkway through the garden. Left: the shadow of *Spider*, 1994, by Louise Bourgeois. Below: the main gallery space, soon to be filled with works by LA artist Mark Bradford

“IT’S ABOUT OPENING YOUR MIND TO CONTEMPORARY ART IN A MAGICAL SETTING”



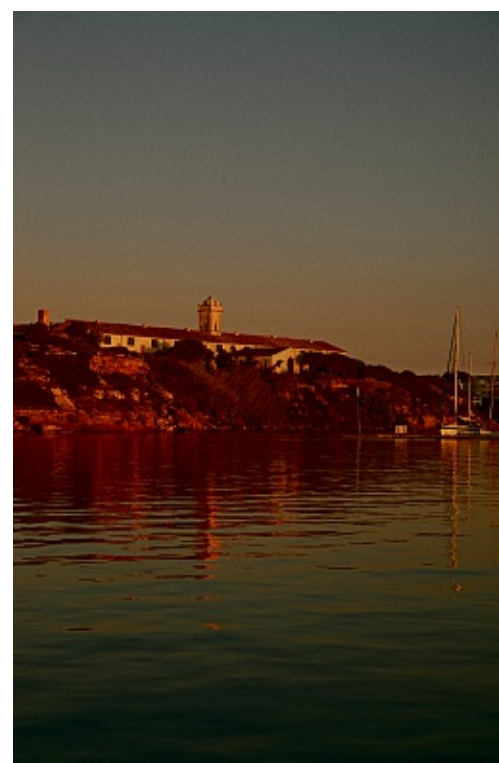
local vineyard owners, and staffed mostly from the island. Local craftspeople and makers, local talent – it has all won local approval. There will be free access to everything, and boats will run every hour; in the winter months when the galleries themselves are closed, the sculptures and gardens will still be open for walkers. “It is a public island”, as Rescalvo reminds me. Hauser & Wirth doesn’t own the real estate, and its initial 15-year lease (with an option to renew for 10 more) is already ticking. They make it clear that the success of the project, on both sides, will determine its future.

And what about that future? When I ask about next year’s artists, it seems very much a game of wait-and-see. “The pandemic has taught us not to make so many plans,” Rescalvo says, and although the first artist-in-residence will hopefully be in place in 2022, even that isn’t yet firm.

So the plans for this all-round art centre, which they intend as a cultural resource for Menorca, are somewhat vague, if enthusiastic. In the end, Wirth is passionate first and foremost about the art itself. Rather beguilingly, he describes the creation of a gorgeous setting – the gardens, the restaurant, the ambience – as a “Trojan horse”, almost a subterfuge, for bringing people to the art. “It’s about accessibility, to open your mind to contemporary art, in a magical setting.

“It changes people’s lives, touches their hearts. What more can you ask for?” ■HTSI

Hauser & Wirth Menorca opens to the public on 19 July. Masses and Movements by Mark Bradford is showing until 31 October. hauserwirth.com



Left: *Elogio del vacío VI*, 2000, by Eduardo Chillida, at the gallery entrance. Above: the 18th-century naval hospital and bell tower

LONDON NEW YORK PARIS DÜSSELDORF MOSCOW SINGAPORE
SHANGHAI QINGDAO HONG KONG GUANGZHOU TAIPEI SEOUL



ELIZABETH HARROD, SOLOIST, THE ROYAL BALLET

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CAN YOU KICK IT?

Wearable technology for sports is a big new thing. These strap-on devices for football boots are endorsed by Arsène Wenger and used by a small but growing number of football clubs.

Each Playermaker strap packs a six-axis motion sensor to sample movement 1,000 times a second. This way, in combination with a coach's iPhone (an Android app is said to be coming), players can measure and compare their performance in a wide variety of football-relevant parameters including impact with the ground, foot rotation, ball releases, possession, kick velocity, time on the ball, number of sprints, distance covered, top speed, accelerations, decelerations and work rate.

With straps on each boot, you can also learn your kick velocity for each leg. Our test footballer, a 15-year-old being eyed by a Premiership club, was pleased and encouraged to learn that while he thought his right leg was dominant, he was actually kicking faster with his left.

Playermaker can also enable you, if you dare, to compare yourself with average performance stats of professionals. Test footballer's advice: "Don't if you want to avoid being discouraged." *Playermaker UNO Kit, £199, playermakeruno.co.uk*

HOME ALONE

I doubt if the past 18 months have been a great time for sales of home-security devices. But now that going out – and even away – is back, securing your home should be a re-consideration.

I have previously featured Arlo's webcams, which have an exceptional reputation but can be complex multi-camera installations, with the cameras wired into a dedicated hub. It now has the Arlo Essential Indoor Camera, a simple, one-box security system that connects directly to your WiFi.

It provides most of the functions you would expect on a more expensive camera – 1080p HD video and motion alerts to your phone, night vision, zoom up to 12x, two-way audio communication to really spook intruders – and even more if you buy a small monthly subscription.

It also has a physical privacy shield for when you're at home, which can be slid into position remotely from the phone app.

The system also sends viewable video to your Apple Watch if the camera detects suspicious movement – so you can avoid the gaucherie of getting your phone out in, say, a meeting. *Arlo Essential Indoor Camera, £119, arlo.com*

THE BEST BAR NONE

This soundbar from JBL, a West Coast audio brand beloved of sound engineers and professionals, is, at 70cm, smaller than its competitors – but trust me, it's awesome.

It's a simple plug-and-play installation and doesn't just give a better quality, stereo take on the tinny sound a flat screen produces, but provides something close to full-on surround audio with amazing spatial effects of things flying around the room. JBL's "multibeam" design makes the extra speakers you normally need for surround sound unnecessary; it even calibrates automatically to suit the room it's in. The pretty good bass also obviates any need for a subwoofer.

If what you're watching is in the Dolby Atmos audio format (increasingly common on streaming services, especially Apple TV), it's even more arresting.

Another plus is that you can use the sound bar as a Bluetooth speaker for music. So, for £350 you're getting a sound bar that's more discreet than most and as good as £700 models – and a really decent music system thrown in. Impressed. *JBL Bar 5.0 MultiBeam, £349.99, uk.jbl.com*



GADGETS

The big smoke

An all-American, app-connected wood-fire cooking monster – and more

WORDS BY JONATHAN MARGOLIS

For more of Jonathan's reviews, visit ft.com/htsi @thefuturecritic

This all-American barbecue, new to the UK from Utah, is a 68kg, four-wheeled temple to meat. Strictly speaking, the Traeger Ironwood 650 is not really a barbecue. You can barbecue with it, if your definition of barbecue is the application of radiant heat directly on to meat from a few centimetres' distance – but Traeger's speciality is wood-fired ovens for cooking meat of all kinds in a bath of delicious hot wood smoke. This means whole chickens, joints of beef, briskets, racks of ribs etc are now cookable in the great outdoors, with superb smoky taste effects. We also had a great success with creating some home-smoked salmon.

The mechanism of the Traeger is interesting. You load approved wood pellets into a big hopper on the side of the oven. They're not too expensive and easily available in different flavours – cherry wood worked brilliantly for the salmon.

The pellets are then slowly transported to the electric element (the grill needs mains electricity) by way of a kind of Archimedes screw called an auger.

It's also WiFi-connected. So even if it's raining, as it was both times we tested it, you can control the temperature, the ferocity of the cook and other parameters from a phone app from the safety of the great indoors. There's an electronic probe to spike into cuts of meat that gives your phone or Apple Watch alerts if it's getting too hot or not hot enough. You can then remotely adjust the heat and the smoke level from wherever you are.

Can you do a steak or hamburgers as in a traditional barbecue, complete with the desirable heat stripes? Yes, you can, but since the top temperature is 260°C, it takes a little longer than on a basic chuck-it-on barbie.

Traeger advises on methods, which work fine, but are slow; or you can find guides online about how to get a Traeger to do stripy steak more quickly. I particularly like a YouTube video by Kosmo's Q BBQ & Grilling store in Oklahoma City, which suggests what they call a spot of "redneck engineering" to do the trick with a Traeger. ■HTSI

DETAILS

Traeger Ironwood 650
£1,499, traegergrills.com





Left and below: the Maybourne Riviera on the hills above Roquebrune-Cap-Martin



TRAVEL NEWS

Riviera revival

The Côte d'Azur welcomes a dazzling new resident, and other rooms with a view

WORDS BY MARIA SHOLLENBARGER

service spa, check. And for the water lovers? The private Maybourne Beach Club, naturally. maybournriviera.com, from £875

ASAP ROCKIES

To lots of those stateside who are still wary of the labile nature of international travel permissions and restrictions, 813 private acres in the Rockies looks pretty good as summer holidays go. Aspen Valley Ranch, a collection of 12 residences, has been designed by two of Colorado's longtime leading architecture firms, Michael Fuller Architects and Poss Architecture. Spread across the samesaid private estate – a former family-owned ranch – they enjoy all the services of a five-star resort (that's thanks to Simon Chen, who ran The Little Nell for years before signing on here). They vary in style, but all have at least four

813 PRIVATE ACRES IN ASPEN LOOKS PRETTY GOOD AS SUMMER HOLIDAYS GO

bedrooms and multiple outdoor playing-entertaining spaces (a couple stretch to 13,000sq ft). The terrain is ideal for cross-country skiing and sleigh rides, once the snow comes;

meanwhile, though, there are kayaks, paddleboards and wild swimming on the property's lakes and streams, and a wrangler primed to give barrel-racing lessons to the braver among the horseback riders (all of whom can enjoy day-long hacks through the surrounding woodland).

SLOW GOOD

We like the sound of "slow safari". It's how Will Jones, master Africa fixer and founder of Journeys By Design, describes Kalepo – a new exclusive-use, tented camp deep in Samburuland in Kenya's Northern Frontier District, created by long-time Kenyan hospitality purveyors Robert and Storm Mason. The charms of its ensuite tents (all with outdoor showers) and open-air living and dining areas do in fact manifest all that is "slow", from the locally produced textiles to the Swahili-influenced cuisine – much of it prepared, of course, with produce from the onsite gardens.

Beyond this there are the 390,000-odd acres of pristine, no-roads wilderness that's yours for the exploring (Jones has already taken to using Kalepo as an alternative base for his heli- and fly-camp safaris, but there are stunning hikes into the Matthews mountains that begin right outside your tent); and the equally unique draw of Samburu culture itself, with one of the original communities based close by. journeysbydesign.com, POA

RETURN OF THE SHACK

Fforest, the three-in-one retreat in west Wales – consisting of a farm, a coastal camp, and a converted granary – has been generating buzz with its signal mix of onsens, Georgian farmhouse and lofts, and elevated "Shacs", along with its array of coast-to-table dining. From summer 2021 its shacks can be joined up to accommodate up to 24 people, so ideal for families and groups of friends keen on rambles and a jazzed-up clapboard-and-tin roof aesthetic, and there's an alluring new woodland dining venue. This outfit gets very good marks for its sustainability practices – something it's bound to bring to The Albion, the 23-room hotel in Aberteifi (that's Cardigan) that Fforest will open this winter, across two repurposed maritime warehouses on the Teifi River. coldatnight.co.uk, from £125 ■HTSI

@mariashollenbarger

Below: the Lodge at Fforest farm. Bottom: one of the Shacs



Above: the Reteti Elephant Sanctuary in northern Kenya

To the French Riviera, which feels back in a biggish way. Call it nostalgia, call it evidence of a new Roaring Twenties; whatever, the arrival of Maybourne – the hotel group behind Claridge's, The Berkeley and The Connaught – would seem to seal it. The talent marshalled for the making of the ultra-contemporary Maybourne Riviera, clinging to the hill above Roquebrune-Cap-Martin, is a pretty dazzling roll call: the likes of André Fu, Pascal Goujon and Pierre Yovanovitch are handling suite designs, while supernova chef Mauro Colagreco will oversee the rooftop restaurant, with Hiro Sato (who made his bones at Tokyo's Sushi Tokami, and now presides over Hakkoku in Ginza) bringing the sushi. Indoor-outdoor pools, check; expansive citrus gardens, check; full-



THE ASPEN VALLEY RANCH, COLORADO



PHOTOGRAPHS: THE MAYBOURNE RIVIERA (2); MICHAEL BRANDS; EMILY BRITAIN DELGADO



DRINKING

Educating Margarita

The all-time feel-good cocktail has learned some spicy new tricks, says *Alice Lascelles*

Nothing screams what-the-hell quite like a Margarita. And if the world's top cocktail lists are anything to go by, that's the mood of many drinkers right now.

"It's a drink that gives people permission to have a good time," says Jeremy Blackmore of Sydney's premier mezcaleria Cantina OK! "You could drink one in a tuxedo or a silly hat, or both. It doesn't take itself too seriously."

Spicy Margaritas are especially hot in the US. At Brooklyn's Grand Army bar one of the bestsellers is a riff called the Johnny Blaze made with blanco tequila, lime, ginger and a habanero shrub that's "like having your head ablaze", says beverage director Robby Dow.

At Rita's in London's Soho, which opens this month, the agave-centric cocktail list leads with the Fresh Start, a twist on a Tommy's Margarita made with sancho pepper-infused tequila and garnished with tongue-tingling electric daisies for an extra kick.

Mexican flavours are the inspiration behind the Margarita al Pastor at Licorería Limantour in Mexico City – a verdant twist with a mix of coriander, mint, basil, chilli and pineapple that's more often found atop tacos al pastor.

At Cantina OK!, they like to serve their seasonal pineapple Margarita in a glass edged with fiery Japanese shichimi – a combination Blackmore describes as "close to perfection".

Views on how to rim a glass differ wildly but there is one consensus: plain old table salt is passé. At Toca Madera LA they serve their Mezcal Margarita with sal de gusano – a mix of dried agave worm, chilli and salt – and their Amante Picante cocktail with Tajin salt, a paprika-coloured mix of chilli, sea salt and tangy dried lime. The more traditional Toca Margarita comes with jet-black lava salt.

At Coa in Hong Kong – holder of the top spot in Asia's 50 Best Bars – the Margarita is served with three types of salt arranged around the rim of the glass. "You drink it clockwise, starting with sea salt, which is the most delicate, then grasshopper salt, and finishing with sal de gusano, which is the most flavourful," explains co-founder Jay Khan.

It's hard to imagine a Margarita without lime, but the team at Kol in London have done it – their smashable re-work is soured with verjus (tart, unripe grape juice) and yuzu sake instead. "Verjus has an amazing fruity acidity and the grape tannins give it an extra layer of complexity," says bar manager Maxim Schulte.

Even more inspired is Hacha's Mirror Margarita, a crystal-clear take that comes as a straight-up tequila twist and a mezcal version laced with kaffir lime, citrus and eucalyptus. "I wanted to create a multi-layered margarita that is like an HD version of the Espadin agave plant," says creator Deano Moncrieffe. Time to give the Margarita another shot. ■HTSI

📍@alichelascelles

Right: chefs Virgilio Martinez (left) and Santiago Fernández



All eyes are on Tokyo this summer for the Olympic Games, including those of a few world-famous chefs and restaurateurs who are launching in the capital despite Covid uncertainty. London's Italian delicatessen and pasta restaurant Lina Stores is opening a 90-cover eatery in the Omotesando neighbourhood. A long-awaited branch of New York steakhouse Peter Luger is expected in Ebisu Garden Place by September. And three-Michelin-starred chef Massimo Bottura is debuting Gucci Osteria Tokyo on the top floor of the brand's flagship store in Ginza. This follows Louis Vuitton's unveiling of Le Café V in its flagship store, where the menu of desserts and classic savoury options has been devised by Yosuke Suga of Tokyo's celebrated restaurant Sugalabo.

While the Olympics provide the backdrop, most chefs welcome any chance to cook in Tokyo such is its renown as an epicurean hub. This is certainly true of Surrey-born Daniel Calvert, who up until last August was head chef at Belon in Hong Kong. Now he is overseeing the entire food offering (including a fine-dining restaurant, bistro and room service) at the Four Seasons Hotel Tokyo at Marunouchi. Having already cooked in the "big four" cities of London, Paris, New York and Hong Kong (including at Pied à Terre, Epicure at Le Bristol and Per Se), Calvert says Tokyo was always the dream. "For the quality of products alone," he adds. "It's akin to cooking in Paris. It has the same romance. In Paris, life revolves around food. Tokyo is similar. People book restaurants three years in advance. Japanese diners know that if they go to a restaurant in June, they'd better be eating matsutake mushrooms. There is a seasonal expectation."

Sézanne, the Four Seasons' fine-dining restaurant, is named after a small city in the Champagne-Ardenne region in France, where Calvert's grandparents owned a small house. The menu builds on the work he began at Belon, which won a Michelin star within two years of opening for its simple, precise dishes rooted in French ingredients and techniques. The landmark dish was pigeon pithivier with fig and amaretto. Eschewing gimmicks or concepts, Calvert wants the 40-cover restaurant to "just serve great food and wine" and embody a sense of occasion and generosity. Expect classic tableware with Baccarat crystal and a champagne trolley offering varieties by the glass that you'd normally only see by the bottle.

Calvert is thrilled to have access to the city's exceptional produce, from "the best venison I've ever had" to "sensational" chicken. The latter he intends to use in a variation on Shanghaiese drunken chicken, where instead

Below: dining at the Four Seasons Hotel Tokyo (right)



EATING

Let the hunger games begin!

Chefs are racing to open up shop in Olympic Tokyo. *Ajesh Patalay* fires the gun on two hotly awaited new destinations



BEEF CHEEK AT MAZ TOKYO

of steeping the bird in yellow wine for a week, Calvert will use Vin Jaune from the Jura. Seasonal differences have also opened up possibilities. Venison, available year-round in Japan, can be paired with more than just winter vegetables in dishes that incorporate cherries or blueberries. "How about venison and morels?" Calvert says excitedly.

Despite his aversion to gimmicks, the dessert menu promises a good one in the shape of a Miyazaki mango dish. The flesh is scooped out, diced, marinated in rum with a touch of lime mousse, and turned into sorbet. This is spooned back into the frozen skin with meringue and scored like a halved mango with shortbread in whipped cream on top. It looks like a normal cut mango until you tuck in and is guaranteed "to put a smile on your face", he says.

Another hotly anticipated opening is Maz Tokyo from Virgilio Martinez. The Peruvian chef is behind Central in Lima, one of the top restaurants in the world. For Martinez, too, Tokyo has always been a dream. He and his chef wife Pía León have been working on going there for years.

Set to open in the Akasaka neighbourhood later this summer, the single-service, 20-cover restaurant will replicate the philosophy and look of Central, with Peruvian textiles and rugs and a stone-cut table at the entrance displaying many of the Peruvian ingredients that feature on the multi-course tasting menu. These might include grains and corn from the Andes, coffee from the Amazon, rare varieties of potato, cacao and root vegetable. Fish and other seasonal produce (Martinez raves about the "beautiful" Hokkaido scallops) will be sourced in Japan.

Martinez is evolving the menu from the one at Central, which celebrates Peruvian biodiversity (the country boasts more than 4,000 varieties of potato), with dishes created to showcase ingredients rather than follow traditional recipes. Expect raw fish preparations and quinoa-like grains, shaved vegetables and roots, clay-baked fish and oils made from Andean herbs such as bitter huacatay (Peruvian black mint) or muña (like lemon verbena), all in edible constructions that look unfamiliar but taste divine. ■HTSI

📍@ajesh34

Above: Amazonian passion fruit at Maz



HOW I SPEND IT



When I meet a house I love, it's like meeting a girl on the dance floor: there's just something about it that says, "Oh, come on Ed, choose me. It don't matter how much it's going to cost, you choose me and I'll see you alright." I suppose I'm a recreation of my father. He was a trumpeter and I became a trumpeter. He was also a mechanic and he taught me lots and lots about motor cars but also, in the early 1960s, he got involved in supplying homes, especially for people from the Caribbean. He taught me to recognise a Georgian house, a Victorian house, an Edwardian house, and so forth. It became a driver for me and I've found out that with any money that I ever get, I just want to buy houses and do them up.

My first house came soon after our band The Equals had had their first major success in the mid-1960s. It cost me £7,250 in Kenton, near Harrow. As houses went, it was the bare bones, but it was a very happy home; and it's very important to know when you've met a happy home, as opposed to when you've met somewhere where Dracula lived. My first, second and third child were all born there. It had apple trees and mulberries and blueberries and all kinds of berries in the back, so they had a really lovely beginning to their lives.

EDDY GRANT ON HIS MAGIC SPACES

ILLUSTRATION BY EMILIE SETO

By the time I realised I was going to be having my fourth child, I'd started to go down on my luck; I was out of The Equals and monies weren't coming in. I decided to set up a recording studio and borrowed money from the bank to buy what must have been the worst-kept building in Stamford Hill, north London. But I just fell in love with it. It was a massive Victorian house, with a coach house. I threw 28 skip loads of mud and rubbish out of that place, alone; alone, because I just didn't have the money to afford help. That place was my baptism of fire. But it became the magic space. It really was a place of tremendous inspiration. Every day was a party. The artists were competing against each

other to see who would be the first one to get that big hit out of there, like how it was with my man Berry Gordy in his Motown days. Of course, I was the last person and everybody was betting against me – "Ah, he can't bloody sing with that croaking voice". It's only years after I got the hit that I found out that they were taking bets against me. Every black musician in England, I reckon, passed through there.

So that property set me on the road. But it was when I decided to move to Barbados in 1982 that I took on

I'M JUST LED BY
THE SPIRITS.
THEY BRING ME
TO PLACES.
THEY TAKE ME
FROM PLACES

my biggest building project. I left my family behind in London for six months while I went in search of somewhere to build a home and a studio. Which is how I ended up buying the Bayley's Plantation. When I found it, it was in such a shoddy state that everybody told me, "Oh God, you're going to go down." I lived very rough while

I was building the studio. And we were recording in the place, while it was still being built, under the most horrible conditions. I'd sneak off to the cane fields to write songs. And the first one was "I Don't Wanna Dance". The second was "Electric Avenue". The third was "War Party". Almost as they appear on the album, that's how I wrote them.

Today, people come from all over the world to see Bayley's Plantation and to record here. Sting's recorded here, The Rolling Stones worked on *Steel Wheels* here. I didn't build it for other people, I built it strictly for me because I take so long to make records. Sting turned up out of the blue one evening and said, "Hi Ed, how's it going? I've come to look at your studio." And the first thing he did: he ran fully clothed and jumped into the pool. Then he went into the studio and started clicking his finger and then said, "Right, I'll see you." And off he went and jumped onto his plane. Then, a few weeks later, my wife said, "Ed, Sting wants to come into your studio." He made *The Dream of the Blue Turtles* there, his first solo record. And it spun him out into a totally different orbit.

One day, a gentleman came by to see me, and said, "Do you know what you've bought? You have bought, singularly, the most important piece of real estate in Barbados." And I said, "How the hell is that?" He says, "Heard of Bussa?" And I said, "No." "Well," he said, "he is the hero of this country. He led the island's 1816 slave revolt."

And it was really the luckiest place in the world for me. Every time I think about it, it brings a tear to the eye, because it could have all gone so far wrong. I didn't know anything about this place. I'm just led by the spirits. They bring me to places. They take me from places. I love this house because of its history; because there's an element of justice about it. I've been given something that, intellectually, has got endless value – value, as opposed to price. When I walk around this place, I walk around with reverence knowing that the great legs of the revolutionaries of 1816 that freed this country walked this same ground. ■HTSI
Eddy Grant's latest single "I Belong To You", from his album Plaisance, is out now



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Northern Ireland through youthful eyes

A special report

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'Before prison, of course I aimed high, all teenage boys aim high'

Growing up in Northern Ireland, page 16



'I heard one grouchy father press the high master to explain how he would protect the boys from "social engineering"'

New school rules, p28

'As I knocked back the dregs of my Negroni with its perfect curl of orange peel, I looked out at the watercolour view'

Ravinder Bhogal, p38



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Issue number 928 • Online ft.com/magazine • FT Weekend Magazine is printed by the Walstead Group in the UK and published by The Financial Times Ltd, Bracken House, 1 Friday Street, London EC4M 9BT © The Financial Times Ltd 2021 • No part of this magazine may be reproduced in any form without the prior express permission of the publisher • Publishing: Daphne Kovacs, head of FT Weekend Magazine - daphne.kovacs@ft.com • Production: Danny Macklin, advertising production - daniel.macklin@ft.com or magscopy@ft.com

Cover photography by Megan Doherty as part of a commission for R-City, a charity based in Shankill, Belfast. See the full photo portfolio on page 23

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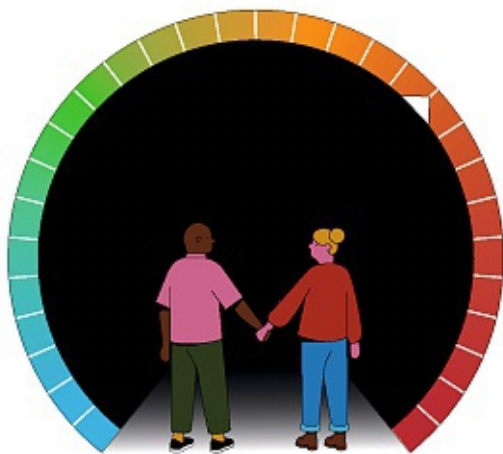




SIMON KUPER

OPENING SHOT

How to cope with the climate apocalypse



Many people in rich countries tend to structure their lives as if on a spreadsheet. They plan their careers at 17 and their pensions at 25. A couple having a baby is projecting its genes 90 years ahead. Our generation of westerners, raised in the most peaceful era in history, has come to imagine our personal futures as foreseeable. But the climate crisis upends all predictability.

Climate change equals human change, and it requires reimagining our lives. So, how should we all live with the growing risk of disaster?

That's the question posed by the "Deep Adaptation" movement. Its guru, the British academic Jem Bendell, gets criticised for overstating the risk of "near-term societal collapse". But the truth is most of us probably underestimate it.

Bendell's premise is that talk of climate action by governments, corporations and individuals is just talk. Leaders cheerily pledge to hit zero-carbon by 2050, when they will be dead. In truth, though, everybody's incentive is to keep the party going by emitting more carbon dioxide. Each unit pumped into the atmosphere is an infinitesimal contribution to someone else's problem at some unknown future time. This will be true even for our children living with climate disaster.

Inevitably, then, carbon emissions kept rising until the pandemic. During the unprecedented economic shutdown, they dropped about 6.4 per cent - but that's still short of the 7.6 per cent fall required every year through 2030 to keep us on track for limiting the rise in temperatures to 1.5C.

Meanwhile, climate change is advancing faster than the cautious predictions of the UN's Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change. A draft of the IPCC's next report, just leaked to Agence France-Presse, is the panel's scariest document yet, with increased predictions of droughts, floods and heatwaves by 2050. It also warns about the "tipping points" that could accelerate this future, such as the drying out of the Amazon rainforest or the collapse of ice sheets in Greenland and the Antarctic. Greenland's sheet is melting seven times faster than in the 1990s. Today's climate disasters - such as the record-breaking heatwave in the western US - are portents of worse.

Anyone predicting apocalypse faces two standard objections. The first is that the prediction demotivates people from taking action. That might be true, but then people aren't taking significant action anyway and the objection doesn't invalidate the prediction. The second objection is that all past predictions of global apocalypse were wrong. However, past apocalypticism was a lower-probability bet because we only acquired the capacity to annihilate ourselves once atom bombs arrived in the 1940s. Progress has doubled our average lifespans and simultaneously enabled us to end the global story.

Most of us cope with this not by denying it but by not thinking about it. People in the burgeoning "sustainability" industry prefer to hype small fixes (this new plane will consume 10 per cent less fuel!) than contemplate the chances of everything going pop.

So how to live? The younger you are, the more urgent the question. On the most basic level, if you're buying a house, you're typically making a 50-year bet: the period of the average mortgage, plus the mortgage of the person who will buy it from you. I wouldn't buy in Miami today. The rule

'Almost everything we call "progress" makes things worse. Our children probably won't admire our careers'

of thumb is that the safest regions in the future will be the ones that currently have relatively mild or cold climates. Perversely, this means that the best places to escape climate disaster are precisely those that emitted most carbon in the past: northern Europe and the northern US.

More existentially, adopt the outlook that almost all humans had until about the 1950s: don't make any presumptions about your future. Don't structure your life around distant pay-offs. Which entity will be able to pay your pension in 2050?

Then there's the moral question: do you want to be part of a climate-destroying system? It's tempting to shove all the blame on the fossil-fuels industry, but almost everyone with a job in a developed country is complicit - shop assistants, hotel staff and journalists whose newspapers are funded by readers from carbon-intensive industries. Anyone with gas heating, a car and the occasional plane ticket lives off climate destruction. Almost everything we call "progress" or "growth" makes things worse. Our children probably won't admire our careers.

The stereotype of the apocalyptic survivalist is the lunatic in a tinfoil hat with an AK-47 on a mountaintop. (The upscale version is a mansion in New Zealand.) But there are more social ways of opting out. I witnessed one when I moved into the crumbling Prenzlauer Berg neighbourhood in East Berlin in 1990, just after the fall of communism.

Many of my new neighbours were young East Germans who had rejected what they considered the evil communist system. They had no official employment, or worked in low-status jobs as librarians or nurses or, like the young Angela Merkel, in non-communist professions such as physics. Some lived off grid, without telephones, perhaps with stolen electricity. Their little community was riddled with informers, yet people helped each other, expecting nothing of the future. Oddly, they may have been our future. **FT**

.....
 simon.kuper@ft.com @KuperSimon

'I want to make the best painting in the world ever'



INVENTORY FRANK BOWLING, ARTIST

Frank Bowling, 87, is one of Britain's greatest living abstract painters. He was made an OBE in 2008 for services to art and was knighted in 2020. Known for his large-scale canvases and his sensual use of colour, he has made works that hang in major collections around the world.

What was your childhood or earliest ambition?

When I was 13 or 14, I wanted to be chief of police. I thought that I could be - that I would be - a great detective.

Private school or state school? University or straight into work?

State school in New Amsterdam [in Guyana], then national service in the RAF when I arrived in England aged 19 in 1953. My art education started at Chelsea College of Arts, then City and Guilds Art School,

then the Royal College of Art and a term at the Slade.

Who was or still is your mentor?

The writer and critic Clement Greenberg. He was a father figure who spotted that I was a natural colourist and understood what I was trying to get at. His was a kind of influence that opened new directions, rather than made you feel that this was the direction in which you should go.

How physically fit are you?

I used to be an athlete. I played cricket and soccer and I was a sprinter, winning at 100 yards and the 440-yard dash. Now my body is ravaged by age.

Ambition or talent: which matters more to success?

Ambition is the central magnet. I got to the Royal College with almost no academic background. Although Vivian Pitchforth, my

tutor at Chelsea, always referred to me as "this fellow with talent", my success at the RCA was down to the confidence that Carel Weight, professor of painting, had in me.

How politically committed are you?

I'm politically aware. I'm depressed by poverty, unfairness and the ravages of capitalism. But my art is about paint, not politics.

What would you like to own that you don't currently possess?

I'd like to own the house where I live in Pimlico near the Tate Britain and have my family turn it into a museum when I'm gone.

What's your biggest extravagance?

Booze.

In what place are you happiest?

In the studio making paintings. I try to go every day and I have a good time there. That's where it's at.

What ambitions do you still have?

I want to make the best painting in the world ever.

What drives you on?

Anxiety keeps me painting. I want to get better. I'm always risking things with the old methods and processes, constantly trying to push things further and looking for what will surprise me in the work.

What is the greatest achievement of your life so far?

Living long enough to meet my great-grandson.

What do you find most irritating in other people?

When they've got the cheek to think that they can make better art than me.

If your 20-year-old self could see you now, what would he think?

"Wow!"

Which object that you've lost do you wish you still had?

A painting that I made in 1963 called "Lent", a diptych of two six-foot-square canvases. The council ordered some workmen to clear out my studio and "Lent" probably ended up in a skip.

What is the greatest challenge of our time?

Time seems to go by far too quickly. I'd like to see an end to poverty in the world and to end the wanton destruction of the planet.


Do you believe in an afterlife?

Sometimes. If there is one, I'd like to see my mother again. And my son, Dan.

If you had to rate your satisfaction with your life so far, out of 10, what would you score?

Nine. It would be 10 if I could find "Lent" and all the other paintings that I've lost over the years. **FT**

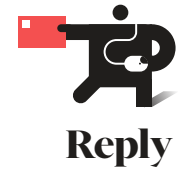
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Interview by Hester Lacey. "Frank Bowling: Land of Many Waters" shows at Arnolfini, Bristol's international centre for contemporary arts, until September 26. His work is on display at the Hauser & Wirth galleries in London and New York until July 31. arnolfini.org.uk, hauserwirth.com



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ROBERT SHRIMSLEY THE NATIONAL CONVERSATION



Horrible histories at the British Museum

Political and cultural London is buzzing with the news that archaeologists have discovered amazing relics from a lost era which will now form a major exhibition. Word of the find came with the announcement that a fully intact George Osborne, the former chancellor, had been found under a pile of money at a boutique investment bank.

Osborne has now been installed as the centrepiece of a new exhibition at the British Museum, among other fossilised remains of the Cameron government. So significant is the find that Osborne has even been named chair of the museum, a ceremonial role that mostly involves raising money and refusing to give the Greeks back the Elgin Marbles.

Finding Osborne, who had been entombed in a gold-lined office surrounded by artefacts of his previous greatness, gives historians a complete picture of the lost Cameron government, a once-mighty regime that disappeared almost overnight and whose legacy and treasures were purged from official Conservative party history. The now lost civilisation of David Cameron was then regarded as a period of great enlightenment, liberalism and modernity - as long as you were not reliant on public services.

Historians date the period from roughly 15BB (Before Brexit), also known as 2005, when the mythical Cameron took over the leadership of his battered tribe, to June of 4BB, or 2016, when an electoral Vesuvius doomed the prime minister.

Cameron vanished, although Conservative ministers were occasionally subjected to a blizzard of texts about something called supply chain finance, which none of them understood. So complete was the disappearance that many in the later Boris Johnson government took to talking of the Cameron



ILLUSTRATION BY LUCAS VARELA

administration as if it were that of a different political party. The display will feature the shepherd's hut into which the politically shattered Cameron retreated after his Brexit defeat to write his memoirs, almost all copies of which survive at his publishers.

But of perhaps greater significance are the many values mostly lost under his successors. Visitors will marvel at the policy of cosying up to China and the badge saying "Beijing's BFF in the west", which all ministers were required to wear when visiting the country. And not talking about the Dalai Lama.

Museum-goers may be astonished to discover that as recently as 2015 the Conservative party did not hate the metropolitan elite and was keen to give the impression of modernity. There will also be a vitrine spotlighting High Speed 2, but unfortunately it has run over budget and may not open until 2035.

A room is devoted to Cameron's pet project, the Big Society. As yet the display is empty but curators say it was one of Cameron's "big ideas", so they are sure it is only a matter of time before they find evidence of its existence.

There is, unhappily, plenty of evidence of the impact of the austerity policies pursued by the government during that time, but apparently the new chair of the museum feels there may not be room for it in the exhibition.

Perhaps most remarkable are the exhibits devoted to Cameron's plan to end the Tory obsession with Europe, which in one sense he achieved, though not the way he intended. A poignant piece is the handwritten note from Chancellor Merkel of Germany promising to resist the candidacy of Jean-Claude Juncker for European Commission president. It sits in a large file entitled "Problems Angela will fix".

Some have been surprised that a government so keen to break with the Cameron era would appoint Osborne to such an important cultural role. But the ex-chancellor, who has taken on numerous posts since leaving office, studiously maintained good relations with the Johnson regime even as it ditched every policy he ever believed in, on the obviously wise precaution that you never know where your ninth job is going to come from. **FT**

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"The tyranny of spreadsheets" (June 26/27) is an interesting article especially if, like me, you're a bit of a nerd. Whenever a new process is to be addressed it is important to clearly define the requirement (including data volumes, deadlines and frequency). It doesn't matter if this ends up going into a spreadsheet or written on tablets of stone (Moses probably did a full-requirements analysis before he took down the 10 commandments). The inability of many companies to do this thoroughly and continue to check it throughout the project has been the cause of many failures and is probably the reason for the overall negative view of IT projects.

JohnnyP45 via *FT.com*



@mapaulacaldas June 25

Such a highly recommended piece on the history of spreadsheets and how data management can save, or cost, lives.

Re: "Chrystel Lebas's beautiful photography captures forests without end" (June 26/27). Beautiful and serene. What a welcome change from the sight of endless Zoom calls during the week. I can't stop looking at these photographs.

Phi via *FT.com*

Re: "The new 20-second rule: how to tackle screen fatigue and sore eyes" (June 26/27). I tend to drive to Barnard Castle, rather than listening to one of your fancy optometrists.

Sued O'Nym via *FT.com*

Re: Gillian Tett's "I'm recruiting troops for the war on waste" (June 26/27). Not wasting food was something instilled in me as a child and, to this day, I'm a member of the "clean plate club". We live in the country and are perfectly happy to share our (partially) spoiled fruit and vegetables with the critters in our neighbourhood.

OldAndInTheWay via *FT.com*

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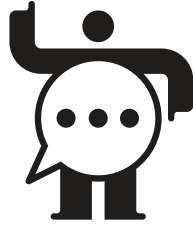
FT Globetrotter has launched a brand new guide to Singapore, celebrating the joys of the Garden City with expert advice on eating and drinking, exercise, cultural activities and much more. We're looking for your best Singapore tips too. Submit them at ft.com/globetrotter/singapore



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TECH WORLD



BY YUAN YANG IN BEIJING

What's fuelling China's new online nationalists

Last summer, a friend of mine told me that she found China's biggest social media platform Weibo was becoming "unusable" for feminists and liberals such as her. Tempers were so heated, Bao told me, that disagreements easily became personal pile-ons. After a friend became the centre of a social media storm, she posted a message: "We're all just blades of grass, what's the point of fighting with each other?" Bao ended up becoming the next target.

At the time, we put it down to Covid-19, which left people stuck at home, bored and anxious globally. They were just venting. But a year on, Chinese nationalist sentiment is even greater online. It used to be outsiders, a US politician criticising the government for instance, who received the worst of the attacks from bloggers. Now insiders bear the brunt.

Recently, Weibo influencers have gone after journalists at the Global Times, the English-language, state-owned tabloid, for being "traitors". (Some of the publication's journalists had criticised a government account's Weibo post mocking India's Covid death toll.) In June, the popular science blog Science Squirrels Club deregistered its Weibo account after a few lines in a post challenged a myth about historic Japanese experiments on Chinese prisoners of war.

What's changed? The audience, the platform or the government? All of them - in different ways.

Nationalist feeling has soared since the Chinese government all but eradicated Covid through

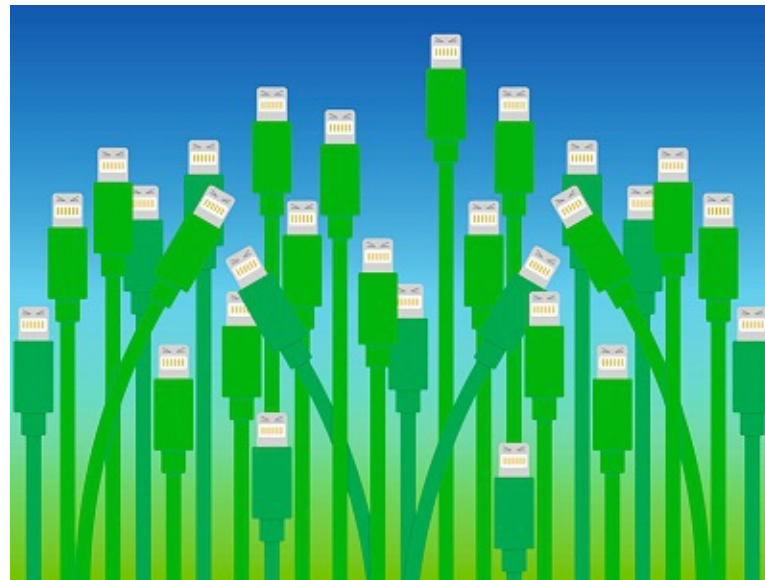


ILLUSTRATION BY PÂTÉ

stringent lockdowns and other measures. The fact that China's relationships with the US, India, Australia and other countries are under strain has offered a number of easy enemies.

What's on social media doesn't always reflect reality, in China as elsewhere. For Chinese people who only see the US via culture wars on Twitter, it can be easy to assume the country is on the brink of breakdown. Likewise, those reading Chinese social media from outside might think there are no liberals left. That isn't the case: many, such as Bao, have simply left social media. Before she did, she had an amusing exchange with someone who had sent her a barrage of insults online. "Our views are different, but I wouldn't attack you," Bao wrote. The response:

'Influencers have the difficult task of creating hot topics without touching political hot potatoes. For many, nationalism is a safe arena'

"That's the difference between liberals and nationalists."

Weibo has changed too. Its ecosystem of influencers has shifted vastly since Bao joined a decade ago, when online political discussion was still relatively freewheeling.

After Xi Jinping became leader of the Chinese Communist party in 2012, crackdowns on political speech and even celebrity gossip limited what Weibo users were allowed to say. Influencers - who need to keep attracting followers and attention - have the difficult task of creating hot topics without touching political hot potatoes. For many, nationalism is a safe arena.

Influencers often earn their keep by promoting brands, as they do in other countries, and it's not unusual to find posts promoting washing machines alongside those on who should own the Senkaku Islands in the East China Sea, which are subject to a territorial dispute with Japan and Taiwan. The same people who accuse, say, public intellectuals of "selling out to Japan" often sell Japanese products via sponsored posts.

The final element is the government's hardline approach, which has created an online climate ripe for nationalism. "On the topics of nationalism and feminism, our hands are tied," said a social media industry insider.

China's internet regulator, the Cyberspace Administration, aims to promote patriotic speech. But the line between fervent patriotism and aggressive nationalism is difficult to manage. "Platforms can't gently direct the influencers, lest they leak our conversations and cause even more trouble," says the insider. And even if posts are deleted, some controversies become big enough that they still burst into the open.

Bao believes that when "blades of grass" - ordinary users - attack each other, the government benefits because people are distracted from criticising it. While that's true, both government and company censors have an uneasy hold on China's new online nationalists. After all, they don't always do what's in Beijing's best interests. **FT**

Yuan Yang is the FT's deputy Beijing bureau chief

JOHN MITCHELL

FINE PAINTINGS

EST 1931

Marcus Jacobi (1891-1969)

The Niesen, Lake Thun, Bernese Oberland

oil on canvas, 105 x 96 cm

signed and dated 1941



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90
YEARS IN
PICTURES

Weniger, aber besser. These three words – less, but better – summarise the philosophy of the great German designer Dieter Rams. His striking designs, from Braun electronics to Vitsoe furniture, have been influential to the point of ubiquity. Apple's original iPod clearly resembles a Rams-designed radio.

But while “less, but better” is revered by designers, it's not the way most of us live our lives. Our homes are full of junk, our diaries are full of meetings and our attention is fragmented by dozens – hundreds? – of electronic interruptions a day.

Countercultural counter-clutter manifestos have been popular: Greg McKeown's *Essentialism* (get rid of unnecessary tasks and meetings), Cal Newport's *Digital Minimalism* (get rid of unnecessary apps and devices) and of course Marie Kondo's *The Life-Changing Magic of Tidying* (get rid of unnecessary possessions). But like Rams himself, they are swimming against the tsunami of digital, physical and mental “stuff”.

Why do we accumulate so much? An intriguing explanation comes from one of the oldest ideas in behavioural economics: the “endowment effect”. The term was coined by one of the fathers of the field, Nobel laureate Richard Thaler.

In his book *Misbehaving*, Thaler described wine connoisseur Richard Rossett's cellar, which contained bottles he had purchased for a few dollars that had matured into wines worth hundreds. Rossett occasionally drank these fine vintages, yet he would never add to his cellar by buying wines at high prices, nor would he sell those he already had at a huge profit.

There is an inconsistency here: wine cannot logically be both too expensive to buy and too cheap to sell. This is the endowment effect, by which we value possessions in part because they are possessions. Still, only an economist would find Rossett's behaviour odd. (Compounding the mystery, Rossett was the head of the economics department at the University of Rochester.)

While Rossett's case is an intuitive example, Thaler, Jack Knetsch and Daniel Kahneman also produced experimental evidence of the effect. In one study of students, half were given a commemorative mug. All were



TIM HARFORD

THE UNDERCOVER ECONOMIST



Resisting the urge to return to the status quo

told to write down the price at which they would be willing to sell their mug – or to buy a mug if they started without one. Those with a mug were reluctant to sell for \$5. Those without one were reluctant to buy at half that price. This endowment effect suggests that the status quo matters far more than it should. Often we hold on to things for no reason other than that they are *our* things.

Minimalists understand the power of the status quo and work to counteract it. Newport, for example, argues that the minimalist should begin with a month-long period of digital fasting: only the most essential tools are to be allowed. Everything else must go. This is not intended as a “detox”. It's a blank slate, designed to change the status quo. At the end of this period, says Newport, digital tools should be allowed back in only as a deliberate choice, rather than because we sleepwalked into using them once and never let go.

Kondo also fights the status quo. She advocates removing possessions from their usual setting and piling them all together, a bracing experience that reminds us just how much unnecessary stuff most of us own. Then, argues

Kondo, look for what “sparks joy”. Deciding to keep something from the pile becomes an active choice rather than a resigned acceptance of the status quo.

I was reminded of this as I pondered the argument over all the portraits and statues associated with the UK's colonial past. Nobody can pretend to resolve this with a single proposal, but it does strike me that we'd be in an easier place if we occasionally made like Kondo and took them all down.

We could put all the portraits and all the statues in a big pile in the centre of each town or the lobby of each grand building. Then we could make an active choice as to who we really wanted on the pedestal for the next quarter of a century. Does Edward Colston really spark joy? Does Cecil Rhodes? Everyone who misses the cut could be stored away until a future round.

I can't imagine that happening to the portraiture of a Cambridge college or the statues in Trafalgar Square any time soon. Deliberately stepping away from the status quo is not always desirable and it is rarely easy.

But most of us have had to do just that over the past 15 months. Remember diary

‘We could make an active choice as to who we really wanted on the pedestal for the next quarter of a century’

squeezes? Juggling the school run with an exercise class? The embarrassment of double-booking a dinner with friends and a night at the theatre? Neither do I. But logically these things must once have happened and they're starting to happen again.

In the desperation to get back to normality, to see people (anyone) and go places (anywhere), there's a risk that we miss the Kondo window of opportunity in which things have been reset and the endowment effect does not exist. I am trying to think, rather than simply revert to the status quo.

Not every task on my To Do list and every meeting in my calendar sparks joy, but I try.

Less, but better. **FT**

.....
Tim Harford's new book is “How to Make the World Add Up”



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The thin line

between

there and

here

Northern Ireland's tensions between loyalists and nationalists still boil over into violence, most strikingly among young people. *Laura Noonan* reports from Belfast on what this generation sees in its future
Photography by *Megan Doherty*



grew up 200 miles south of Belfast. Northern Ireland's grass is the same distinctive green as the fields of the Irish Republic where I spent my childhood. Its dramatic coastline evokes the same feeling as Connemara's. Belfast has a zone of shiny, modern apartments and offices, the Titanic Quarter, not unlike Dublin's Docklands. And yet, for all the familiarity, so much about Northern Ireland feels foreign.

It's not just the Union Jack flags that weave their way over and back across the Shankill Road, 15 minutes' walk from Belfast's main shopping street. It's not the enormous murals of men in balaclavas holding automatic rifles, a sight that still unnerves me. It's not the practicalities of a different currency, different road signs, different speed limits. It's more the sense of the place and my feeling of otherness within it.

Northern Ireland's conflict was the backdrop to the first 15 years of my life. After almost a decade away, I returned in April to cover the riots that erupted when loyalist protests against post-Brexit trading arrangements descended into violence. The unrest lasted more than a week. On the worst night, a bus was torched and water cannon were deployed for the first time in six years. It was a scary experience, heightened because of the news reports I remember from childhood. Back then, armoured police vans on Belfast's streets, blazing fires and masked rioters led to outcomes far deadlier than the scenes a few months ago.

This year marks the centenary of the partition of Ireland into an independent south and a north that is part of the UK. Cause for celebration in one community and condemnation in the other. And with Northern Ireland beginning another marching season, when unionists celebrate their traditions with parades and bonfires, the region is bracing again.

Poverty, joblessness and the anxiety and boredom of lockdown all played a part in driving people on to the streets earlier this year. So too the struggle to find Northern Ireland's place in the UK after Brexit. But something else was going on too, something particular to its involuted past.

For many, the most striking feature of the April riots, from Belfast to Coleraine and Londonderry, also known as Derry, was the extreme youth of those charging police, hurling bottles and rocks and petrol bombs. Some were not yet in their teens. I have spent the past few months asking young people, and the adults who work with them, what they see for the future of the place they call home.

When I drive into a loyalist area, I'm quickly marked out because of the Republic of Ireland plates on my car. Some of the kids I meet delight in sharing their hatred of Catholics. When I ask one group what would make Northern Ireland better,

a teenager replies that all the Catholics should be pushed out and their houses burnt down. There are roads I don't park on, because the car could be a target for vandals. At one meeting, in an empty building deep in loyalist territory, my interviewee asks me if I have come alone, and I wonder if I shouldn't have.

The adults I meet tell me that the roots of the recent unrest stretch back far further than the Northern Ireland protocol, the complex post-Brexit agreements that have become the unlikely subject of teenagers' banners and battle cries.

With that in mind, I travel to one of Northern Ireland's largest housing estates to meet Nathan Anderson. He was five years old when the 1998 Good Friday Agreement ended more than three decades of sectarian bloodshed. But he can remember the joy and relief in his loyalist Belfast community when family members and neighbours came home from prison, freed from their sentences under the terms of the landmark peace deal. Even as a child who didn't really understand, he says, "we knew the boys were getting out... That was fantastic to see."

Anderson was part of a promised generation: the first to grow up without the ever-present threat of bombings, shootings and riots that had claimed more than 3,600 lives. Now a 28-year-old single father of two boys, he still lives in the working-class area of Rathcoole that was home to his parents and four brothers. "There was five of us. Four are here - we've all got our own houses," he tells me during a walk round the estate.

Rathcoole, about six miles north of Belfast, is a place of elaborate playgrounds and huge murals celebrating loyalist paramilitary groups. It is a place, says Anderson, where a few minutes' walk to the local shop can take an hour because of "the people you run into" and where, during annual festivities to celebrate the Protestant victory at the Battle of the Boyne in 1690, children run freely in and out of each other's open houses. It was also one of the areas where, in April, loyalist protesters clashed with police for more than a week.

As we walk through streets where cars burned, the optimism of 1998 is distant. The Good Friday Agreement ended armed violence between the Protestants, unionists and loyalists who supported Northern Ireland's union with Great Britain, and the Catholics, nationalists and Republicans fighting for a united Ireland. But the communities remain on opposite sides of a fragile political divide.

"It's important to understand that peace agreements aren't fairy stories," Jonathan Powell, chief of staff to former UK prime minister Tony Blair at the time of the peace deal, told me. "People don't ▶

The question of identity and culture is 'all around you. It's impossible to get away from: you see it, you hear it, you feel it'

Nathan Anderson



◀ get to live happily ever after just because you've signed a peace agreement anywhere in the world."

The spark for the spring riots was the fallout from Britain's exit from the EU, which imposed a customs border with the rest of the UK that unionists see as a threat to their British identity. But the fuel was the deep dissatisfaction of loyalists, who have seen little improvement to their lives from the peace process and believe Catholics have progressed more quickly in education and jobs.

Anderson, who works in manufacturing and has organised community meetings around Brexit's consequences, is one of the disillusioned. In 2012, protests over the removal of the Union Jack over Belfast's City Hall turned violent, and he was arrested. Though he says he had no part in the violence, he was convicted and sentenced to eight months for riotous assembly. He was 20.

"Before prison, of course I aimed high - all teenage boys aim high... [Now,] in a work sense, I have to aim low," he says. More violence could have a similar impact on Rathcoole's young people, who he believes are driven to the streets as he was. "It was patriotic young kids who wanted to do something... so that's just how they went about it," Anderson says, describing the omnipresent question of identity and culture. "It's all around you. It's impossible to get away from: you see it, you hear it, you feel it."

Every generation in Northern Ireland has taken part in some kind of civil disobedience, he tells me. "It's like the culture... I'm not making it socially acceptable at all. I'm just explaining how easy it is for a community to get involved in, on both sides of the community... People just go and watch these things. It just became the norm."

During the April violence, community leaders and politicians publicly appealed to protesters to "think of your futures". "What future?" was the response of many working-class teenagers and young adults I spoke to on both sides.

The areas where rioting broke out are some of the country's most economically deprived. Five of the 10 most deprived communities in Northern Ireland border Belfast's peace walls, according to a broad deprivation measure used by Northern Ireland's statistics agency. Scores for income, healthcare and unemployment are particularly bad. "There's that feeling of always being told, 'You're at the bottom of the line, you'll never achieve this,'" says Alan Waite, co-founder of R-City, a community group created in 2013 to develop skills and opportunities for young Protestants and Catholics (see page 23).

Around Belfast, youth clubs and community groups have been trying to stop the city's most vulnerable from being lured into violence. Earlier this year, for example, they loaded kids who were watching the riots on to buses and drove them to their centres and provided pizza and movies. (The gatherings were allowed even under lockdown.)

Such tactics are not always effective. "You're never going to beat a kid's adrenaline rush off a riot. You're not going to stop them," says Michael Logan, an 18-year-old who works part-time at Townsend Outreach Centre, a youth centre off the loyalist stronghold of the Shankill Road. Yet Logan was among those who went out to attempt to defuse things. He recalls the smell of petrol and the sight

of "kids as young as 12 and 13 breaking bricks and stuff off the ground".

As a young teen, Logan used to attend a sort of fight club. He calls them "sectarian fights". Groups of teens from both sides would gather for pre-arranged clashes, usually around 50 on each side, though only 10 to 20 would actually fight, while the others watched. "At the start, it was just a game of chase. One side would run at the other, the other side would run back... but it started to get very dangerous," he says. Logan recalls the last night he went to one of the fights, when a young nationalist boy was beaten so badly he required intensive care in hospital. "The screams..." he says in a low voice, looking into the middle distance of the industrial kitchen we're chatting in. He never returned.

He believes the glorified violence of Northern Ireland's past was a big factor driving kids on to the streets recently. "They want to look up. They see their fathers and their grandfathers, their uncles who all fought in these paramilitaries, but they fought for a cause." That cause is no longer there, he says, but the feeling that no one is listening endures.

Paramilitary groups on both sides continue to exert control over communities, according to the latest dispatch from the Independent Reporting Commission set up by the UK and Irish governments, and are believed to have been involved in the background of April's riot, though Winston Irvine, a former (Protestant paramilitary) Ulster Volunteer Force boss turned community worker, says the paramilitary angle is "way overblown".

Ruth Petticrew, 59, a former deacon in the Presbyterian Church, came to Belfast in her mid-twenties and has been running Townsend Outreach Centre for 30 years. Working on the frontline of communities during the Troubles was "horrendous", she says. "I look back and think I don't know I survived." Once, after agreeing to officiate at the funeral of a murdered 21-year-old, she received death threats from the loyalist Ulster Defence Association paramilitary group. She says she refused to back down, requesting only that if they were going to kill her, they "don't do it in front of young people [at the centre] because they'll never forget it".

Many of the challenges are mirrored in inner-city Catholic communities. Stephen Hughes says he inherited "nine kids and a chair" eight years ago when he took on the job of running St Peter's Immaculata youth centre near the Lower Falls Road, one of Belfast's most deprived Republican areas. Today the centre is used by 50 to 100 boys and girls six nights a week who gather to watch football, play computer games or colour in pictures and chase each other round. "It takes you away from stuff on the outside," says Sean, a 13-year-old who wants to be an engineer. By "stuff" he means "all them riots and all that happened".

Hughes, a 55-year-old bear of a man who laughs as loudly with the kids as he shouts when disciplining them, speaks about his charges with fatherly pride. Children can be suspended for misbehaviour but never expelled, he tells me. Hughes hopes this unconditional welcome - and personal development programmes that cover everything from how to brush your teeth to table manners - can alleviate the damaging cycle some families are trapped in. "It's very, very easy for that to become all-consuming," he says.

One night last month, as he and I drove between his centre and Petticrew's, we spotted a fire on a ▶

OPENING SPREAD:
A BONFIRE ON BLACK MOUNTAIN, TO THE WEST OF BELFAST, OVERLOOKING THE CITY

PREVIOUS SPREAD:
NATHAN ANDERSON AT RATHCOOLE'S BONFIRE SITE

THIS SPREAD, CLOCKWISE FROM RIGHT: RUTH PETTICREW AT TOWNSEND OUTREACH CENTRE; MICHAEL LOGAN IN THE CENTRE'S SPORTS HALL; STEPHEN HUGHES AT ST PETER'S IMMACULATA YOUTH CENTRE



These kids 'want to look up. They see their fathers and grandfathers... who all fought in these paramilitaries, but they fought for a cause'

Michael Logan



◀ strip of grass between blocks of houses. By the time the fire engines were approaching, Hughes was on the phone trying to get a colleague to come and help stop the kids confronting the firefighters.

More than a month ago, loyalists began building the towering structures that they will burn on July 11. Setting them on fire ushers in the main event in Ulster's marching season and is intended to commemorate the 17th-century battle that initiated the ascendancy of Protestants in Ireland. Eleventh Night bonfires are typically accompanied by marching bands and parties.

Some of the bonfire builders talk about the season in terms of learning skills such as team building, construction and organisation. They talk about the bonds forged over door-to-door calls to raise funds for materials to construct "the bonnie" and sleeping next to it overnight to defend it. They also talk about burning Republican paramilitary flags. Some events have sparked sectarian violence as well as clashes with the police.

In one of Belfast's most deprived areas, four boys between the ages of 15 and 21 take a break from gathering fuel for their neighbourhood's bonfires. When I ask them why so many young people took to the streets, all of them ask not to be named. "They should put the border where it's supposed to be," says the youngest. It's "supposed to be" between the Republic and Northern Ireland. Also, people should respect and understand that "we're British", he adds. In this city, says another, "you have to be violent to be heard".

The sense of voicelessness hasn't always been this acute. Donna McCracken, who used to run the Black Mountain Action Group in a loyalist area of Belfast and now works there part-time, says there was an "extreme change in attitudes in communities" after the flags protests in 2012-13, as people became more attuned to how their community was being marginalised and disadvantaged.

Protestants held the bulk of the region's land, wealth, jobs and power when Northern Ireland was created. Between 2001 and 2017, they lost more than 21,500 jobs, while Catholics gained more than 56,000, according to data from the North's equality commission, highlighting the gulf in the two communities' experiences since the Good Friday Agreement promised equal opportunities.

Protestants also feel the Police Service of Northern Ireland, created in 2001 to replace the Royal Ulster Constabulary, is more lenient towards Catholics, a perception furthered by the force's failure to prevent thousands of Republicans from attending the funeral last June of Bobby Storey, a senior Irish Republican Army figure, in defiance of Covid guidelines. A subsequent failure to prosecute attendees, including nationalist political party Sinn Féin's Northern Ireland head Michelle O'Neill, provoked outrage.

The perceived slights are heightened by loyalist fears that, once the 2021 census is counted, Protestants, who accounted for more than 62 per cent of Northern Ireland's population in 1926, could be overtaken by Catholics as the region's largest denomination. That is a particularly alarming prospect as Sinn Féin escalates calls for a referendum on uniting Northern Ireland with the Republic.

"I really understand how Catholics were treated in Belfast and Northern Ireland - it was horrific,"

says Paula Robinson, 33, who attended Black Mountain as a teenager and now runs the group. "But putting the Protestant community down and doing the same thing isn't the answer. That's not equality."

The divides between Catholics and Protestants are at the root of most of Northern Ireland's challenges. Education is supposed to boost equality but instead amplifies segregation, dividing children from a young age, feeding fears and suspicions. Some believe the failures of the educational system have increased the lure of paramilitary groups. "When their aspirations are so low and when their opportunities are very limited, it can be very difficult for people not to buy into that [criminal] lifestyle," says Hughes.

The system also exacerbates inequality - Northern Ireland sends eight times as many students per head as England to state-funded grammar schools based on entrance exams that favour well-off students, who can get tutoring or other support. The result is an education system that produces better A-level and GCSE results than in England and Wales but also has "pockets of underachievement" which, according to Northern Ireland's recently departed education minister Peter Weir, are linked to Northern Ireland's "divided society". Young people from middle-class families have reported knowing almost no one outside their own community before they went to university, with some citing Northern Ireland's divisions as one reason they will make their adult lives elsewhere, fuelling the brain drain that already afflicts the region.

With integrated schools slow to take off, youth groups try to bridge the gap. R-City came about when its founders realised how much common ground their loyalist and nationalist working-class youth groups had, and thought their goals could better be pursued together. The Catholic St Peter's centre and the Protestant Townsend centre also regularly run joint projects.

Logan credits a youth trip to the US in summer 2019 with members of St Peter's as changing his view "on the other side as a whole". He went there apprehensive, "partly because of the stories you hear growing up, things like the IRA - they put the fear into you in case that's what they're still like".

He tells me that on the trip he found Catholics were "very similar" to him and they got on very well. When they returned home, they were asked to his youth club and he to theirs. Yet in Belfast hanging out on each other's territory poses challenges not found in most places. The clubs are a few hundred metres apart. But once the peace gates separating the two communities are closed in the evenings, they are a 10-minute drive apart.

As Logan explains: "It's hard getting in and out. I wouldn't feel safe travelling over there, especially in the daytime. I'd be more scared because I'd be more easily seen." He believes he would be recognised because "everyone sort of knows each other", especially with social media.

Faced with such obstacles, new friendships can quickly falter, and have for years. Logan's mother went on a similar trip to the US as a youngster and made Catholic friends, but her son still grew up fearing the other side. Northern Ireland is rich with these sorts of regular reminders that people have to live in the world as it is rather than the one they might wish for. **FT**

Laura Noonan is the FT's Ireland correspondent

Belfast

dream songs



R-City is a youth work and good relations charity based in Shankill, Belfast. Founded in 2013, it supports large-scale creative projects in Ireland and internationally. This year, R-City commissioned photographer Megan Doherty to develop a series of images capturing the experiences of young people under Covid-19 restrictions, during which they could

either stay at home alone or hang out outside.

Doherty spent time with teenagers in Shankill, Belfast Castle, Belfast Docks and elsewhere. Her images capture the alternative reality that is being a teenager, let alone a teenager in Northern Ireland during a pandemic. By photographing her subjects around well-known

landmarks late at night, she lends them a dreamlike quality.

The photos here are part of a wider selection being brought together in a photo book to be launched in Belfast in July. The project was supported by the Executive Offices' Communities in Transition project, which is managed by Greater Shankill Partnership.





PROJECT COMMISSIONED BY UPI, CULTURE + ARTS IN PARTNERSHIP WITH R-CITY. FUNDING BY THE EXECUTIVE OFFICE'S COMMUNITIES IN TRANSITION, MANAGED BY THE GREATER SHANKILL PARTNERSHIP



New school rules

Parents paying thousands of pounds a year for a top education in the hope of getting their child into Oxbridge are finding success harder to come by.
Brooke Masters reports

Illustrations by *Edmon de Haro*



“Five years ago, my son would have got a place at Oxford.

But now the bar has shifted and he didn't," says my friend, a City of London executive who has put several children through elite private schools in Britain. "I think he got short-changed."

I've been hearing this more and more from fellow parents with kids at top day and boarding schools in recent years. Some of it sounds like whining: most of us like to think the best of our progeny. But my friend has a point. After years of hand-wringing about unequal access to elite higher education, admissions standards are finally shifting.

A decade ago, parents who handed over tens of thousands of pounds a year for the likes of Eton College, St Paul's School or King's College School in Wimbledon could comfortably assume their kids had a very good chance of attending Oxford or Cambridge, two of the best universities in the world.

A 2018 Sutton Trust study showed that just eight institutions, six of them private, accounted for more Oxbridge places than 2,900 other UK secondary schools combined. When the headmaster of Westminster School boasted at an open evening that half the sixth form went on to Oxbridge, approving murmurs filled the wood-panelled hall. (I was there.)

But growing anger about inequality, rising applications from an improved state sector and a flood of international students have prompted Oxford and Cambridge to rethink. They give more credit to students who have overcome barriers on their way to top grades. This means that fewer middling private school students who have been groomed to excel at interviews are getting in. "We want to select the academically most able – the really strong candidates versus those that are average but have been well-prepared," says Samina Khan, Oxford's director of undergraduate admissions.

This is surely fair. But it also means that hot-house independent schools are losing their edge. At St Paul's, I heard one grouchy father press the high master to explain how he would protect the boys there from "social engineering".

What should parents do when a policy that is good for society seems bad for their kids? I feel genuine sympathy for anyone concerned for their child's future, but complaining about a loss of privilege comes across as tone deaf.

At Eton, attended by 20 UK prime ministers including the current one, the number of Oxbridge offers dropped from 99 in 2014 to 48 this year. At King's College, Wimbledon, offers have fallen by nearly half in two years to 27. The Sunday Times reported in February. Both schools still sit near the top of the national league tables for total offers. But their students are finding it harder to get in, ranking parents who shell out up to £28,000 a year for day school or £44,000 for boarding.

The anger of wealthy, mostly white parents about losing the advantages they expected to be able to buy their children is part of a broader pattern of status anxiety among some sections of the

British and American upper classes. It is out of step with reality: children from such backgrounds will typically enjoy greater opportunities and financial security throughout their lives. Nevertheless, the potency of this anxiety was on display in the US during 2019's "Varsity Blues" admissions scandal when actors and private equity giants were jailed for trying to buy their kids into Yale and Stanford, among others, with faked entrance test results and counterfeit athletic skills.

"When you have something that is very valuable to people, the system gets distorted," says Daniel Markovits, a Yale law professor and author of *The Meritocracy Trap*. "Attending these universities makes a difference in people's income and status... The parents see how much it costs them to live in the neighbourhoods they live in and send children to private schools, and they realise that their children will be in the same bind."

For decades, some UK private schools traded on their high Oxbridge admission rate to help justify their astronomical and constantly rising fees. If that bargain no longer stands, what are they selling parents instead?

"Knowing what I know now, I would absolutely reconsider my decision" to choose elite boarding schools, the City executive tells me. "The fees are absolutely out of whack with reality."

He even worries that he has disadvantaged his offspring. At his global workplace, he says, applicants who attended top independent schools are treated with a "certain amount of sniffiness. 'Oh those guys got such a good education, of course they did well. We need someone hungrier.'"

Another parent, who attended Oxford but saw an Eton-educated son rejected, frets that attending a top independent school "has become a label that stays with you for life and it's not a good label. It clearly means that when they are applying for university or jobs, they are at a disadvantage unless they are truly brilliant."

Sam Lucy, an archeologist who specialises in Roman and Anglo-Saxon Britain, has served as an admissions tutor at Cambridge since 2009. She has little truck with parents who claim their children are getting the short end of the stick. "Nobody is entitled to get into Cambridge. You have to earn your place by being serious about your subject and going above and beyond the school curriculum. No one should expect to get in, but if they do, they will have deserved it."

Lucy has been asked so many times why smart students are getting turned down that she carries a chart that illustrates what has changed. Since 1981, annual applications to Cambridge have risen from just under 5,000 to 20,426 last year.

Highly selective state sixth forms such as Harris Westminster and Brampton Manor in London have

sprung up, partly to prepare children from disadvantaged backgrounds for Oxbridge and other top universities. They not only produce students with high exam scores and impressive essays, but also train them for interviews, an area where posh schools have long excelled. In 2021, 55 students at Brampton Manor secured conditional Oxbridge offers, exceeding Eton's 48; most have ethnic minority backgrounds, receive free school meals or were the first in their family to apply for university. Cambridge and Oxford have also had a big increase in overseas applications.

Meanwhile, the two universities, which promise small group teaching by dons and rooms in ancient stone quadrangles, have not expanded appreciably. That means it is roughly four times harder now to get one of the 6,800 places than it was when today's parents were applying. "That's the mismatch in expectations. Parents say, 'I got in and you are as clever as me. Why haven't they made you an offer?'" Lucy says.

Outside the wealthiest sections of British society, the main critique of Oxbridge admissions is about too little inclusion, not too much. Some Cambridge colleges failed to admit a single black student between 2012 and 2016, and most state-sector students historically came from selective grammar schools or wealthy areas.

"The upper classes have a vice-like grip on Oxford admissions that they will not willingly give up," Labour MP David Lammy proclaimed in 2018 as he led a campaign for change that helped inspire rapper Stormzy to fully fund two scholarships for black students at Cambridge.

Several elite UK private schools were established in the middle ages to provide free schooling to gifted boys from poorer backgrounds. Over the centuries, fee-paying pupils became more numerous and they took off as training grounds for the establishment and the administration of the Empire.

Today, private schools educate 6.5 per cent of UK children, but as recently as five years ago they accounted for 42 per cent of Oxford's domestic intake and 37 per cent at Cambridge. Since then, the private school share has fallen sharply but it is still three in 10. That has sparked resentment among fee-paying parents without assuaging diversity campaigners. "It catches parents in a dilemma," says Mark Bailey, a former high master of St Paul's who now lectures at the University of East Anglia. "They may be committed to broad notions of social justice in the workplace and society, yet here is a situation where that aspiration cuts against them."

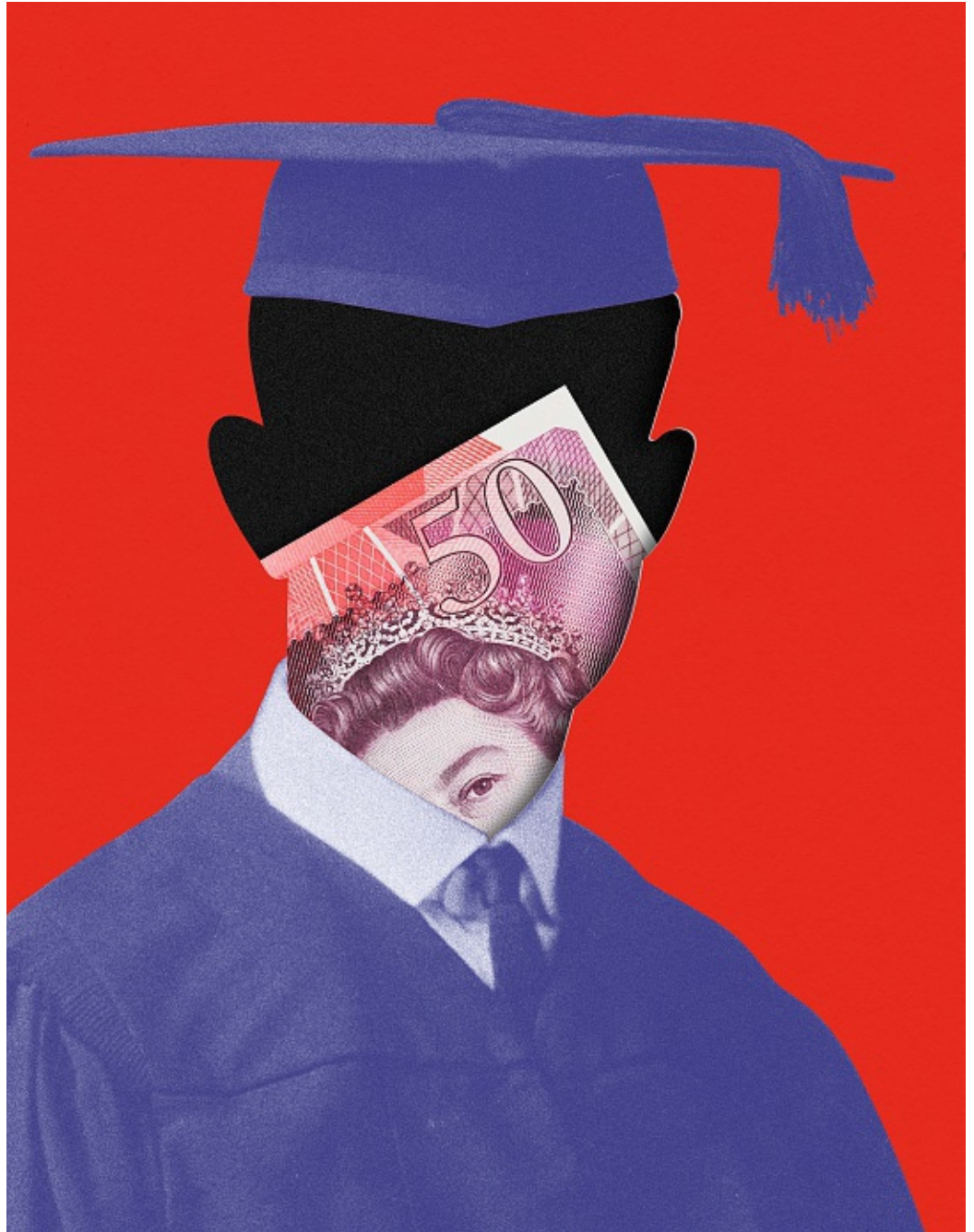
Independent school parents point out that state-private ratios that compare Oxbridge offers to the total stock of UK students are misleading. Oxford and Cambridge generally won't look at students unless they have at least three A or A* grades at A-level, and private schools churned out one of every four of them before the pandemic. ▶



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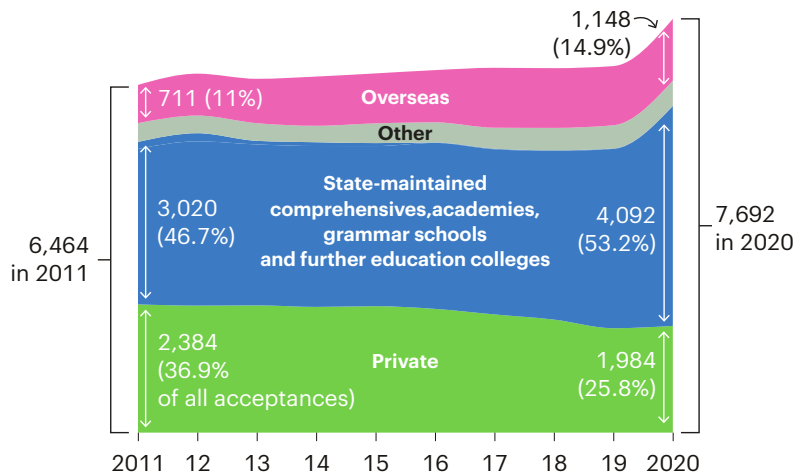
Rise in annual applications to Cambridge since 1981 from just under 5,000 to 20,426 in 2020

Outside the wealthiest sections of British society, the main critique of Oxbridge admissions is about too little inclusion, not too much



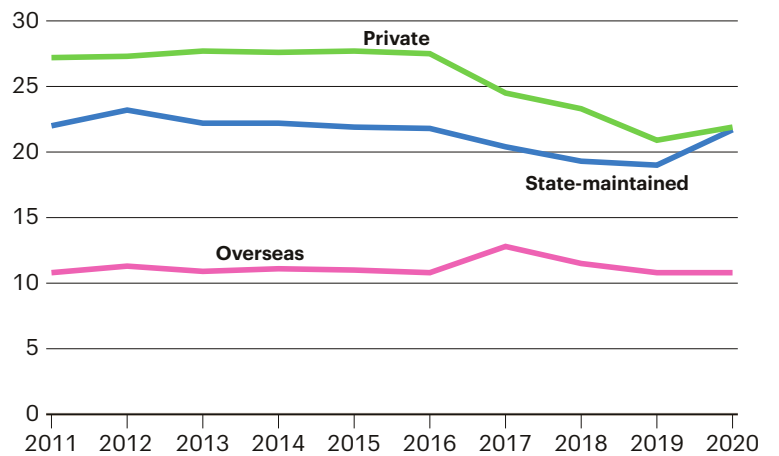
The share of students arriving at Oxbridge from private UK schools has fallen...

Combined acceptances to Oxford and Cambridge, by source



... as success rates have converged with state-maintained institutions

Oxbridge acceptances as a % of applications



SOURCE: FT ANALYSIS OF DATA FROM UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD AND UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE. © FT

◀ Those results are a key reason parents shell out school fees. “Why the heck would anyone ever pay the thick end of half a million quid (aged 4-18) per child pre-tax to send them to private school if it didn’t give them seriously better grades than someone equally bright who went state?” asked one person on Mumsnet, the online parenting forum.

Within the pool of high-achieving applicants, the Oxbridge colleges now rely on “contextual admissions” that look at how students have arrived at their top marks. “If someone has done really well despite being in care, that tells you something about their ability,” says Oxford’s Khan. “State schools are doing so much better, particularly in London. We are getting much stronger candidates than we used to. It is getting more competitive for everyone.”

Few private school parents openly dispute the need for this approach. They just hate the impact on their own children. “I agree we need social justice, but the problem needs to be fixed much earlier,” says a St Paul’s School mother, who has donated generously to bursary funds that bring less-privileged boys to the school. “These [private school] kids are all really bright and it is unfair to penalise them at this point.”

Of course, not all parents who choose private schools do so expecting their kids will win a top university place. Many are drawn by their exceptional facilities and low student-to-staff ratios. “We never had set in our mind that our kids would be going to Oxbridge or an equivalent,” says Catherine May, who sent two boys to City of London School. “I’ve loved that we have well-rounded children and we were very grateful for the excellent pastoral leadership.”

I attended one of the US’s elite private schools 35 years ago. I and roughly half of the class went on to Harvard and the rest of the Ivy League. These days, the school is still a top Ivy feeder, but that share is down below 30 per cent. Most of Harvard’s undergraduate class is non-white (reflecting the US high-school population) and 55 per cent of undergraduates receive financial aid.

But there are two dirty little secrets that explain why so many springtime posts on my Facebook feed feature parents on the other side of the Atlantic boasting about their children’s college destinations. Top American universities still offer “alumni preference” – children of graduates don’t always get in but they have a much higher acceptance rate – and they of course find spaces for children of big donors. There is a back door for the 0.1 per cent and the well-connected, if not the merely wealthy. Oxford and Cambridge resolutely reject this. Cynics will tell you this is evident in their shabbier facilities and shallower donor pools.

All of which puts the heads of the UK’s elite independent schools in a bind. On the one hand, they are under pressure to justify their tax-exempt status by improving access for poor and minor-

3 in 10

Proportion of Oxbridge’s domestic intake from independent schools, which educate 6.5 per cent of UK children

ity students, either by offering more bursaries or helping state schools in their neighbourhoods. On the other hand, they must also please their paying customers. And that means preserving their effectiveness at university admissions.

“We feel quite irritated by politicians who bang on about independent-state school ratios,” says Barnaby Lenon, a former head of Harrow School who now chairs the Independent Schools Council. “One-third of the most needy bursary students at Oxbridge are from independent schools and the top state grammar schools are stuffed with wealthy parents.”

Optimists hope that the changing admissions profile will reduce the outsize hold Oxbridge has on the UK’s psyche and its politics. “If more and more really talented kids are pushed to other universities, the reputation of those schools will rise. That’s really valuable for society,” says the Eton parent.

And indeed, many top independent schools now are scrambling to prove they can smooth the path for their students to other brand-name options inside the UK and, increasingly, abroad. They are hiring admissions officers who are experts not only in the requirements for US universities, such as SAT tests, but also for other hot destinations such as Trinity College Dublin, McGill University in Montreal and Bocconi University in Milan.

St Paul’s and St Paul’s Girls’ School even employ recent graduates of top American universities as “Colet Fellows” to coach students through writing the personal essays favoured by the Ivy League. “The obsession with Oxbridge misses the point,” says Sarah Fletcher, SPGS’s high mistress. “Our job is to genuinely guide people to the right schools.” This year, total UK applications to US universities shot up 23 per cent.

That may well be the right choice for students who are attracted to American institutions’ liberal arts approach, which allows them to take a wider range of subjects, Lenon says. But, he adds, “it is not good for the UK if we send too many of our best students abroad because a proportion never come back.”

For independent schools, the growing emphasis on international admissions is all part of the expertise they sell. Consider their mastery of the Oxbridge

admissions process, which requires students to apply to a specific college for a specific subject. The elite independent schools maximise acceptance numbers by dispersing applications away from the most oversubscribed subjects and colleges. That helped give the strongest schools an Oxbridge success rate of at least 33 per cent last year.

Then Covid-19 struck and A-levels were cancelled. Oxford and Cambridge had already made their offers, but they were caught up in the chaos. After schools assessed their students, the exams watchdog fed the results through an algorithm that reduced nearly 40 per cent of grades. Universities revoked thousands of conditional offers, with disadvantaged students hit worst.

When the government U-turned, restoring the teacher-assessed grades, Oxford and Cambridge found themselves with hundreds of extra students, driving total acceptances up 12 per cent to 7,692. “I still have no idea how colleges managed to find enough rooms to turn into bedrooms, but thankfully they did, so we didn’t need to insist that anyone defer,” Lucy says.

The bulge and another year of cancelled A-levels have put admissions tutors under pressure – teacher-assessed marks will probably produce grade inflation, but the facilities cannot accommodate another supersized class.

So they are making fewer offers – at Oxford, just 3,541 for 3,300 places, down from 3,932 last year. “The landscape is more competitive than it has ever been,” says David Goodhew, head of Latymer Upper School in west London. “High-flyers are still getting offers but universities were uber cautious because they got their fingers burnt last year.”

Some private school parents worry that admissions tutors, faced with a plethora of candidates with high predicted grades, will focus on improving their diversity statistics. They point to the lower offer numbers at the elite schools. “These great kids with flawless records are getting turned away not just by Oxbridge but Durham?” says the St Paul’s mother. “How can that be?”

At Hills Road, a selective state sixth-form college in Cambridge that gets similar offer numbers to Westminster, Jo Trump, principal, says that she is seeing slightly more Oxbridge offers to students from disadvantaged backgrounds. Now in her fourth year as principal, Trump has spent years trying to convince ambitious parents – some of them Cambridge dons – that it is not the end of the world if their children do not get into Oxbridge.

“Things have changed very dramatically in 30 years,” she says. For parents, “It’s about learning to let go a bit and learning to let students drive the process... Our job is to walk alongside them. It is not to go in front and drag them.” **FT**

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Brooke Masters is the FT’s chief business commentator

In search of Shandong's culinary sage

For centuries, Shandong cooking shaped elite Chinese culinary traditions. *Fuchsia Dunlop* made a pilgrimage to Confucius' hometown and found its current grandmaster cooking up a storm. Illustrations by *Ran Zheng*

On my first evening in Jinan, the capital of north-eastern Shandong province, I was ushered into the private dining room of a restaurant specialising in roast duck. The room was full of men, but it was clear that the centre of attention was a diminutive woman with purplish permed hair and a sharp, sparkly expression in her eyes. Standing by the seat of honour, wearing a colourful knitted jacket with black trousers and sensible shoes, she commanded the room. Attentive young men refilled her teacup, while older ones hung on her every word. It didn't take me long to realise this was the person in Jinan I'd been most longing to meet: chef Wang Xinglan, grandmaster of Shandong cuisine.

Shandong is the historical home of Confucius, who was born near the city of Qufu about 2,500 years ago. (His descendants lived in a mansion there until the 1930s.) From a gastronomic point of view, it is the epicentre of Shandong or Lu cuisine, one of China's so-called "four great cuisines" and the bedrock of elite Beijing cooking. Confucius' birthplace was in the ancient state of Lu, hence the name. During China's final Qing dynasty,

chefs from Shandong worked in the imperial palace kitchens and opened restaurants across Beijing. They became renowned for their deft knifework, swift stir-frying and profoundly delicious soups. They also gave the world Peking duck, braised spiky sea cucumbers with Beijing leek, explosively fried pig's kidneys and toffee bananas, among many other snacks and dishes.

Shandong insiders identify three distinctive local culinary schools: the food of Jinan, the seafood-based cooking of the Jiaodong Peninsula and the elevated style of the Confucius Mansion, where emperors and high officials were entertained when they visited Qufu to make sacrifices to the sage. Confucius himself had little to say about food. While he famously refused to eat anything that was served without its proper sauce, he was more concerned with the ritual propriety of food than its flavour. His descendants, however, enjoyed a hereditary dukedom and lived in luxury, served by teams of private chefs.

Shandong cooking still underpins Beijing cuisine and permeates many other regional traditions. But it has faded from prominence in China and is little known abroad, having been

eclipsed first by Cantonese cooking and then buried by an avalanche of Sichuanese chillies in recent years. Long experience has taught me, however, that almost every Chinese region is a treasure house of culinary creativity. And so, my appetite whetted by dishes I tried in Beijing, I headed for Jinan in 2019 on a Shandong culinary pilgrimage.

I'd heard about Wang Xinglan.

Now in her seventies, she is one of a vanishingly small number of women at the top of the Chinese culinary hierarchy. She began her training in 1960 at the age of 13, surviving a tough apprenticeship before making her name and going on to triumph at cooking contests. One of her fabled skills was slicing a piece of pork balanced on her thigh, a mere sheet of silk between blade and skin. In 1981, she was appointed to the small team charged with salvaging and repurposing the recipes of the Confucius Family Mansion, which had fallen into disrepair. Confucius' heirs abandoned the house before the communists won the civil war, and it had been desecrated during Mao's Cultural Revolution (1966 to 1976). These days, having outlasted all her (male) colleagues, she is officially recognised as the ►





Wang Xinglan in a test kitchen

keen wit and peals of infectious laughter. Then, to my relief and delight, she was so impressed by my omnivorousness, my note-taking and my culinary vocabulary that she announced she was going to take personal charge of my gastronomic education. “I hadn’t imagined you’d be able to eat all this *xiashui*,” she said, referring to the offal I had relished.

For the next six days, Wang and her apprentices shepherded me from restaurant to restaurant, feast to feast, to sample a scarcely believable range of delicacies. On the first morning, a couple of apprentices took me out for a few breakfasts of local noodles, griddled buns and the Jinan speciality of *tianmo*, a hearty millet gruel. Later, we met Wang for lunch in an old-fashioned house looking out over the picturesque canal along the old city moat. Another virtuoso display of cooking followed, including dainty knifework, local cured meats and a graceful seafood broth. And so the days unfolded as we ate our way around Jinan, visiting kitchens and fraternising with generations of local chefs. Halfway through the trip, I had already tasted 200 dishes.

◀ custodian of “Confucius Mansion Cuisine”, a culinary tradition named after the father of the Chinese patriarchy.

In the restaurant, Wang greeted me with a cool, appraising eye. Aside from her son, all the men in the room, it turned out, were her apprentices. These men who had pledged formal allegiance to her as their teacher ranged in age from late teens to their sixties. The meal began with a series of toasts with shots of searingly strong *baijiu*. And then one of her apprentices, our host, unleashed a stupendous feast of Jinan specialities.

There were the famous pig’s kidneys, intricately cross-hatched so they curled up in the wok like ears of wheat, wafting out a sweet fragrance of vinegar and garlic. Seasonal cattails, a juicy water vegetable, were served in a luxurious broth. Fried tofu, small fish, seaweed and other ingredients slow-cooked in vinegar made up the traditional *suguo*, or New Year’s pot. By the end of the evening, I’d jotted down notes on 23 dishes, and the room was filled with a chaos of joyful drunkenness.

Throughout, Wang held court, giving our host precise and expert criticisms of the food. She also entertained everyone with her

Shandong chefs pride themselves on the type of stir-frying known as “exploding” (*bao*) for its intense speed and heat. *Bao* helps preserve the vitality of delicate ingredients such as kidneys and has at least seven distinct variations. Meticulous attention to *huohou*, the control of heat, is required to achieve the correct texture for each dish: the brisk tenderness of kidneys, the exquisite wobble and tautness of a sea cucumber, the silky succulence of sliced fish.

In the restaurant of one of Wang’s senior apprentices, a young chef showed me how to make the classic Shandong pudding “three-non-stick” (*sanbuzhan*), named because it doesn’t stick to dishes, chopsticks or teeth. Working intently with an oiled wok over carefully controlled heat, he transformed what looked like a raggy mess of sweetened, scrambled egg yolks into a perfectly smooth, springy golden pudding, which took nearly 10 minutes of beating with the back of his ladle. The result was sublime.

Although Shandong also has a tradition of delicious street food and folk cooking, high-level Lu cuisine is comparatively expensive, laborious and technically demanding. That’s one reason it lost ground to the easy delights of more casual Sichuanese.

Cooking technique aside, an almost deranged level of attention was paid to the fun and drama of dining. At one lunch, an enormous copper cauldron full of hot stones was placed on the table. When hot broth and slices of raw fish were poured in, the fish cooked instantly in an eruption of seething heat. Storytellers in traditional robes entertained us to the accompaniment of bamboo



One Shandong chef in his eighties reeled off the names of nearly 40 cooking methods and then told me those were ‘just the basics’

clappers. A chef released a ball of flame that hovered for a moment above a dish before disappearing. To me, it seemed like a reminder of how the joy and passion of Chinese cooking had re-emerged from the ashes of the Cultural Revolution.

One evening, driving back from yet another fabulous dinner, Wang told me about the gruelling start to her career. She spoke softly of the bleak, hungry years after the Great Leap Forward [1958]. She was one of nine children, desperate for a job, a lone girl in a world of men. “It was so difficult, so bitter,” she said. “I was too short to stand at the chopping boards and had to force myself to be right-handed.” For two years she did menial kitchen jobs, working from 6am to 11pm. She washed dried kelp, killed eels and turtles, and sliced pounds of kidneys. “There was such scorn for female comrades. Sometimes I cut myself and I daren’t admit it, so I would just scald the cut in boiling water, clench my teeth and carry on.”

Over time, her master chef recognised her diligence and “stopped seeing me as a female comrade”. She warmed to the profession, cheered by the plaudits she won from the restaurant’s customers. “By the time I was 17 or 18,” she said, “I was famous all over the province.”

A sea change came in the 1980s, when China held its first national culinary contest. The country’s leaders proclaimed cooking was “art, culture and science” and, from then on, she said, “people gradually began to respect chefs”. Over the years, her acclaim grew until she became a master chef

(*pengren dashi*) in both Shandong and Chinese cuisines, and was awarded a special grant from the State Council. Her professional association, the Lan Ru Tuandui, has some 8,000 members and admits apprentices with a Confucian emphasis on both culinary technique and personal integrity. “If you are not a person of good character,” she said, “your cooking won’t be any good either”.

One afternoon, Wang showed me how to transform raw prawns into peonies for a Confucius Mansion banquet dish. She dusted a single, shelled prawn with starch, laid it on a board and repeatedly hammered it with a wooden mallet for a full eight minutes until the flesh had spread out into a translucent circle as thin as silk. The work was slow and painstaking, but when the flattened prawns had been blanched, plunged into iced water and piled on a serving dish, their resemblance to a peony was remarkable. Afterwards, she turned to me and said, “You’ve tasted 200 dishes, how about teaching me how to cook something English?”

There’s not much an English person can teach one of the most celebrated Chinese chefs about cooking. Except, it turns out, roast potatoes. Setting aside the peony prawns, I parboiled potatoes in salted water, tossed them with hot oil, garlic and salt, and roasted them until they were crisp and golden. Shockingly simple as the recipe was, it met with Wang’s enthusiastic approval. Both of my subsequent attempts to woo her, with apple crumble and with shepherd’s pie, were less successful: “Shapeless,” she declared.

One day, Wang enlisted a couple of her young apprentices to drive us to Qufu, the home of Confucius.

We wandered through the faded Confucius Temple and listened to musicians performing traditional opera in the mansion gardens. Outside the main shrine, I bought some sticks of incense, and Wang watched approvingly as I followed her instructions to make the ritual kowtows. Later we passed some villagers dressed in white rags performing an elaborate funeral ritual. “So feudal!” she said scornfully. “What era do they think they’re in?”

Contradictions like this make Wang all the more intriguing. Another one is that this pioneering chef who cracked open the male-dominated kitchen hierarchy hasn’t



By week’s end, I had tasted 308 dishes, and I was in thrall to Wang like everyone else. I could see why men of any age were willing to obey her every command

taken on a single female since she began accepting apprentices in the 1970s. “The greatest defect in female comrades,” she told me, “is that they lack perseverance. Being a chef is tough: boiling hot in summer, freezing in winter, with masses of oil and smoke, and they just can’t stand it.”

I found it hard to keep up with Wang. Day after day, apprentice after apprentice would lay out their finest feasts. At the end of each meal, we would be offered noodles or buns because, regardless of how much you’ve eaten, in China it doesn’t really count as a meal until you’ve had your *fan* (cooked grain foods). After dinner, Wang insisted on making arrangements for some interesting local breakfast. Between meals, she plied me with hot pastries and sweet potatoes from street vendors.

I could take eating everything in my stride, but the ritual toasting was a challenge. Every meal would commence not just with the obligatory toast that is common across China, but with several formal toasts followed by informal toasts throughout the meal. As each feast progressed, my notes began to slide and crash across the page, increasingly illegible. Around me, male chefs knocked back *baijiu*

as the atmosphere became more riotous. Sometimes they’d hold their glass upside-down over their heads to prove they were empty. Wang, urging me to show my respect to our hosts by toasting too, drank tea and remained serene.

Driving back from Qufu, Wang turned to me and feigned exasperation: “You’ve exhausted me! I’m so tired I could die!” In truth, I was the exhausted one. As I sank into a food and *baijiu* coma in the back of the car, the master chef heatedly talked gastronomy and cooking with the two young apprentices in the front, their discussion broken only by gales of irresistible laughter.

By the end of the week, I had tasted 308 dishes, and I was in thrall to Wang like everyone else. I could see why young apprentices were willing to kowtow during their admission ceremonies and why men of any age were willing to obey her every command. She was stern, exacting, kind and hilarious, a tough, magnificent woman. I had travelled to Shandong in search of an imperial cooking tradition and had found a queen. **FT**

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Fuchsia Dunlop’s latest book is “The Food of Sichuan” (2020 Fortnum and Mason Cookbook of the Year)



Ravinder Bhogal Recipes



Seafood for the soul

For years, I took travel for granted, skipping from here to there as I wished. I thought nothing of spending summer after summer in Italy, where I fell in love with ancient cities and winding passageways, sun-dappled vineyards and crystalline coastlines. Most of all, I fell in love with the intricacy and exuberance of the food.

As a cook, I am often asked about my favourite Italian meals. Most of them have been eaten at understated trattorias where the food is seasonal, prepared with fervour and served on bountiful platters. Measurements and portion sizes are contradictory to the soulful spirit of generosity ingrained in the cooks there. I have enjoyed toothsome pastas of various geometries, briny seafood and memorable regional dishes, including the unlikely crowd-pleaser of *sugo* perked up with nubs of foraged snail in Tuscany.

But it was at a restaurant by the beach in Trapani, when I was still sticky with salt from a morning swim, that I had a plate of food I still dream about - a *zuppa di pesce* so abundant with snow-white flakes of fish and scarlet crustaceans that it was like an aquarium in a bowl, throbbing with garlic, chilli and wine. The broth itself was so appealingly rich with good olive oil that I mopped up every last drop with the rest of the bread basket.

As I knocked back the dregs of my Negroni with its perfect curl of orange peel, I looked out at the watercolour view. Here was life shrunk to its very best elements: sun, sea, good food and something refreshing to sip on. We don't really need much more. Until we can travel again, here's a recipe for a seafood stew inspired by that happy moment. The salinity of seafood cooked in a saffron broth with orzo should provide a portal for escape. **31**

Ravinder Bhogal is chef-patron of Jikoni in London; jikonilondon.com. Follow her on Instagram @cookinboots

Seafood stew with orzo

Serves four

- 60ml extra virgin olive oil, plus extra for drizzling
- 1 small onion, finely chopped
- 2 celery stalks, finely diced
- 1 small fennel bulb, finely chopped
- 1 bay leaf
- 3 garlic cloves, crushed
- 2 tsp fennel seeds
- Pinch of saffron threads
- ¼ tsp chilli flakes
- 300ml dry white wine
- 400ml tomato passata
- 500ml fish stock
- 300g orzo, rinsed
- 1kg clams soaked in salted water for one hour, rinsed
- 2 monkfish tails, deboned and cut into bite-sized pieces
- 250g squid, cleaned, scored and cut into 8cm pieces, tentacles halved
- 8 prawns, peeled, deveined, tails intact
- Coarsely chopped flat-leaf parsley to serve
- Lemon juice to taste
- Sea salt and black pepper

1 — Heat the oil in a large casserole or wide, deep frying pan over medium heat. Add onion, celery, fennel and bay leaf and sauté until soft and translucent. Scatter in the garlic, fennel seeds, saffron and chilli and stir until fragrant. Pour in the wine, bring to the boil and bubble until it is reduced to almost nothing.

2 — Pour in the passata along with the stock and 750ml water, bring to the boil, then add orzo and simmer until *al dente*. This should take about 10 minutes. Add the seafood, cover and simmer until just cooked.

3 — Season to taste, scatter parsley on top and squeeze in lemon juice. Drizzle with olive oil and serve immediately.



FTWeekend

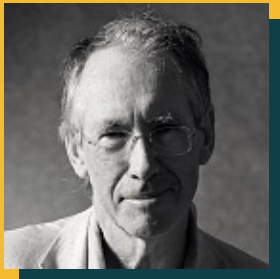
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The Reawakening:
Imagining a post-pandemic world



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Jancis Robinson Wine

Greener bottles

Aware of the heavy carbon footprint of glass bottles, Rosemary Cakebread has been researching options for lighter bottles for her exceptional Gallica wines made in Napa Valley. She emailed me recently with her dismayed reaction to what this research has revealed: “What I’ve learnt is that more and more wine glass available on the West Coast is in fact made in China.”

US imports of glass containers from China increased by 55 per cent to 2.1 billion in the five years to 2018, according to US trade data; industry estimates that year were that 70 per cent of the bottles filled by American wine bottlers were sourced from China, and that proportion is likely to have grown since. America’s domestic glass bottle industry has been shrinking too: between 2005 and 2011, 11 US glass container manufacturing plants closed, leaving 43.

Standard 75cl glass wine bottles vary in weight, from under 400g to more than a kilo. The heavier they are, the greater the carbon emissions from making and transporting them, which accounts for the greatest proportion of wine’s carbon footprint.

Increasingly aware of this, I started noting bottle weights in my tasting notes in February, wishing to highlight producers who use particularly heavy or light glass. On this basis, I would say that the average bottle used for wine is about 550g, although it varies by country, with producers in the US and Argentina favouring some of the heaviest.

In a recent collection of tasting notes on eastern European wines, I found one used by the Georgian producer Dugladze weighed as much as 1,025g whereas most bottles used by the Romanian producer Cramele Recas were only 345g. Recas co-owner Philip Cox points out that these lighter bottles - the fatter burgundy



As imagined by Leon Edler

shape is easier to make lighter than the straight-sided bordeaux shape - cut transport costs by about 10 per cent.

Although many of her winemaking peers in Napa Valley seem happy to use bottles weighing 800g or more, Cakebread is clearly serious about switching to much lighter bottles. But she refuses to source them in China. “To my mind,” she wrote to me, “it’s

‘For many, there still seems to be a perceived correlation between bottle weight and wine quality’



not sustainable to buy a 400g bottle and then ship it nearly 7,000 miles.”

Despite the impact on the atmosphere, shipments of empty bottles around the globe are growing. Every month, for example, 200 shipping containers of glass bottles arrive in the UK from Al Tajir bottle factory in Dubai - albeit, in this case, mainly for beer. In 2018, meanwhile, Crossons, a glass bottle supplier based in south London, acquired a furnace in China to supply customers in the US, Australia and New Zealand.

In a 2015 report for FEVE, the association of European glass manufacturers, consultancy EY put the proportion of glass bottles that travel more than 300km from furnace to filling line at 44 per cent. While China is by far the world’s biggest exporter of glass bottles, Germany is the second.

Some countries just don’t have glass-production facilities or offer little choice. New Zealand, for instance, has a single producer, whose bottles Master of Wine Steve Smith of Smith & Sheth has found so inconsistent that he imports bottles from Saverglass, based in France. According to him, Saverglass “seem well ahead of the pack on sustainability and their glass quality is first-class”.

In line with increased awareness of sustainability, there has been a laudable trend to reduce bottle weights. In 2019, the average weight of bottles had fallen by 30 per cent over the previous decade, according to figures from Statista. Accolade, the biggest wine bottler in the UK, has decreased its proportion of bottles over 500g from 17 per cent in 2017 to 3 per cent in 2020. Over the same period, the proportion of its bottles that weigh less than 390g has risen from 24 per cent to 42 per cent.

Yet for many, there still seems to be a perceived correlation between weight and wine quality. Sebastian Zuccardi is one of Argentina’s ►

Sustainability initiatives

- **Effective recycling of glass bottles:** glass, being inert, is the perfect material for fine wine designed for ageing. Because of their heavy carbon footprint, glass bottles should be recycled but few countries can claim to recycle a sufficient proportion of them. The US Environmental Protection Agency, for instance, calculates that about 55 per cent of all glass containers in the US end up in landfill each year.
- **Local bottle production:** Gallo, the biggest American wine producer, has its own glass bottle production facility producing more than 900 million a year from local materials
- **Returnable bottles:** the Gotham Project throughout the US, for example
- **Refillable bottles:** Borough Wines in London is the UK pioneer
- **Paper bottles:** Frugalpac of Ipswich in the UK is making headway with containers that are shaped like a glass bottle but weigh a fraction of one
- **Flat bottles made of recycled plastic:** designed by UK-based Garçon Wines for wines consumed soon after purchase (Sonoma County University calculated that 90 per cent of all wine is drunk within two weeks)
- **Cans:** proliferating at pace, especially in the US, and highly convenient



◀ most respected winemakers and his company is the country's leading organic producer. Yet he still uses some heavy 900g bottles for his Finca Piedra and Jose Zuccardi wines. He points out they used to be even heavier: "It's really to do with consumers, because in some markets, size and weight of the bottle continue to be important."

Indeed, part of the motivation for Crossons' investment in China was to supply heavier bottles. Its website reports "concerns amongst some of Crossons' customers that the industry has moved some bottles away from being super-premium, or even premium, to a lighter, standard-weight bottle. Clearly the risk to brands using a wrong-weight bottle is that consumers will feel a disconnection between the price point and the aesthetics that the bottle delivers."

The substantial Languedoc producer Gérard Bertrand is another advocate of organic vine-growing but persists with heavy bottles for his top cuvées. His justification is common: he argues they represent only a small proportion of his production and that he is doing his bit for the planet in the vineyard and by using lighter bottles for the rest of his range.

The problem is that producers such as he, by putting their more expensive wines in heavier bottles, encourage the perception that good wine comes in heavy bottles. In fact, the world's most expensive wines tend to be packaged really

quite modestly. Bordeaux first growths, for instance, come in bottles that weigh not much more than 500g.

Chakana is one of Argentina's biggest biodynamic wine producers. Winemaker Gabriel Bloise reports that when Chakana changed to lighter bottles 10 years ago, European markets welcomed it, but "in the USA we did meet resistance to lighter bottles and our importer says they have had a negative impact on sales... Asian markets insist on heavy bottles. But the only impact of heavy bottles is visual and they do not improve wine taste. We decided to spend the money [saved by choosing lighter bottles] on wine improvements (organics, biodynamics) rather than packaging, so we were able to improve quality, reduce the glass and keep our prices stable."

Angelos Iatridis of Greece's excellent Alpha Estate goes more than the extra mile along the path to sustainability and justifies the difficult-to-copy 887g bottle for his top Xinomavro as an anti-counterfeit measure. He is another fan of Saverglass.

Cakebread ended her email with the hopeful observation that in the US, "supply chain issues are forcing local glass plants to dust off their old equipment". If "more wineries request locally made lightweight bottles, suppliers will take notice and there will be more options". **FT**

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FT Weekend



Restaurants

Tim Hayward



HEDDON YOKOCHŌ, LEFT. DISHES INCLUDE TORI PAITAN RAMEN, SHIO KOSHO, SPICY KOREAN WINGS, YAKKO AND SPICY YAKKO TOFU

Heddon Yokochō, London

There are days when this job takes me to the oddest places. Follow me, then, as I wander through Soho, duck into an alleyway on the edge of Mayfair, am led down a flight of stairs and seated in a rickety booth.

This is not what you are thinking. I am lurking down here and paying for a private performance from, well, a bowl of noodles. This is London's first *shuchu* or "focus" booth, designed for the solitary contemplation of ramen, part of the heavily themed Heddon Yokochō.

In 1976, Tak Tokumine opened the Japan Centre nearby, serving London's expat Japanese community with packaged goods, utensils and magazines. Later incarnations also had food counters, bringing some of the earliest affordable Japanese food to London. I remember being introduced to my first *gyoza*, pork *katsu* curry and green tea in the basement off Piccadilly

Circus, years ahead of the easy thrills of Yo! Sushi or Wagamama. Tokumine has kept the business thriving through several changes of premises and, more recently, opening the upmarket Shoryu, which has attracted the attention of Michelin. Heddon Yokochō is his mid-range offering. While the private booths may be a clever response to pandemic restrictions, they also afford the noodle lover an intriguing opportunity.

In Japanese cities ramen consumption is an obsession, almost to the point of being a cult. Fanciers travel from shop to shop, seeking the bounciest noodles, the purest broths, the deepest tare and the most outré toppings. Yet perhaps the greatest noodle temples of all are those where the diner can sit in seclusion, cut off from sensory distraction and able to apply total attention to their meal.

I took my place at Heddon Yokochō facing a red curtain and, after a few calming sips of sparkling water, watched as a bowl was slipped under it like a sacrament. It was the simplest "Tokyo-style" ramen in which *shoyu* or soy sauce



'It is really lovely to step aside from the bubbling noise and confusion of social dining and actually concentrate on something'

Heddon Yokochō
8 Heddon Street
Mayfair
London W1B 4BU
heddonyokocho.com
Mains £11.90-£14.50

is the predominant seasoning in the clear chicken and pork broth. This is usually added by dressing the bottom of the bowl with a measured scoop of *tare*, the seasoned and concentrated sauce unique to every decent noodle counter. The medium thickness noodles, the menu informs me, are "Chijire wave". Emboldened by my solitude, I wave back.

I should probably apologise for the sneaking reference to X-rated booths in the first paragraph, but there is an unmistakable resonance with the solitary pursuit of the noodle. The plywood enclosure, after an initial overwhelming feeling of absurdity, really does liberate you to behave in new ways. I was able, for example, to stick my face down over the bowl and inhale deeply of its steamy vapours, something I would never contemplate doing in public for fear of being revealed as a colossal prat.

It worked though. I was able to focus undistracted on the faint maritime whiff of *kombu* and *katsuobushi* beneath the deeper waves of pork. I was able to turn my full attention to the absolute orange of the yolk of the *nitamago* egg as it gently wept over a near Fibonacci spiral of BBQ pork belly. I had both the liberty and inclination, dear reader, to watch nori wilt.

Stick a man in a wooden box, and it won't be long before he waxes philosophical. I began to dwell on the duality of existence, the yin and the yang, how on the one hand the broth was profound in its complex, ageless and mysterious flavours and yet still, somehow, a bit too salty.

I left that booth a changed man. It had been great, safe fun. It had been a great bowl of noodles, but there was something else. It is really lovely to step aside from the bubbling noise and confusion of social dining and concentrate on something. At times our job is one of managing overstimulation, so the focus booth was weirdly thrilling.

This time it was ramen, but I wouldn't mind renting the booth again, be it for bouillabaisse or a bacon bap. It should be mandatory for critics, once a month, like some weary old cop sent to spend time on the range. It felt like being reset. **FT**

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FROM LEFT: JAMES JOYCE, PHOEBE WALLER-BRIDGE, GEORGE COSTANZA, ORSON WELLES, FRAN LEBOWITZ AND NATHAN BROOKER

FANTASY DINNER PARTY

NATHAN BROOKER

The FT's House & Home editor invites a motley crew of raconteurs (and a friend of Seinfeld's) for a meal prepared by Ruth Rogers in the hills of the Italian Riviera

I'm not sure if you're not allowed to drive there, or if it was just bad planning on our part, but when my buddy and I stayed in Portofino, on Italy's Ligurian coast, we had to park in the next town and hike around the wooded headland. It made arriving in this gem of a village, with its pastel-coloured houses tumbling down towards the harbour, even more magical. If that were possible.

I hear it's all Gucci and superyachts now - or at least it was before the pandemic - so we're heading up the hillside to a villa that overlooks the waterfront, with a garden full of lemon trees. This is the place for my dream dinner party: out in that garden on a balmy evening in early September, the trees festooned with little lightbulbs. At this height, you can just about hear the chatter

of the diners in the waterside trattorias, but can't make out the selfie sticks.

While I wait for everyone to turn up, I think I'll mix myself a drink - a cardinale, which is like a negroni, but you substitute the sweet vermouth for Riesling.

"You're not going to invite **James Joyce**, are you?" asked my wife when I told her about this assignment. She thinks it will make me sound pretentious and out of touch. And she's right. But I don't care. Joyce is the first name on the team sheet. And not just because he was the finest writer of the 20th century. He's also my banker - someone I can faithfully rely on to get drunker than me. "His capacity for alcohol was small," wrote his biographer Richard Ellmann, "and he was prone to drunken collapses." Some nights he might start quoting Dante or break into a boisterous Italian drinking song; other times he'd go home and write embarrassing little poems about how drunk and weird he'd been.

With that, the great man arrives: suit, eyepatch, ashplant and guitar. I pour him a drink. A double, I think. The silence is broken by a commotion in the street below - the screech of brakes and a barrage

of car horns. Joyce smiles, holds his glass aloft and, in the spirit of *Ulysses*, intones: *Introibo ad altare Dei*. Then downs the whole lot.

Behind him comes **Fran Lebowitz**, flustered from whatever is going on in the street. She takes one look at Joyce. "You couldn't get Nabokov?" she says to me and heads to the drinks table for a cup of coffee.

'Fran Lebowitz has realised George Costanza is, in fact, an idiot. And Orson Welles agrees'

Orson Welles is the next to arrive. A good dinner party needs a good raconteur, and Welles is one of the greats. I've lost whole afternoons watching back-to-back videos of him on YouTube being interviewed by Michael Parkinson.

Welles is followed by the actor and screenwriter **Phoebe Waller-Bridge**. She writes with such zip and empathy, I feel like she would be an exciting person to be around. I read that she's partial to a vodka gimlet - vodka, lime juice and sugar syrup in a frozen glass - so I make a round. Lebowitz sticks to

coffee. Again, car horns blare in the street below.

The door slams open. It's **George Costanza**, frazzled, wispy hair on end. He got my text about not driving here, but decided to anyway because he thought his incredible ability to parallel park meant the advice didn't apply to him. God knows where he's left his car. He has brought a bottle with him, at least - Pepsi. I sit him next to Lebowitz, I figure the pair of New Yorkers can bond over traffic routes and everything they hate about the greatest city on earth.

So, who's in the kitchen? To be honest, I'd like a 70-year-old Italian *nonna*. Under 5ft tall, if possible, with big glasses and powerful forearms. She takes precisely zero crap from anybody and makes the most sensational wild boar ragu on the planet. Failing that, I'll take the great Ruth Rogers, co-founder of the River Cafe.

We start simple: artichokes, bitter chicory, perhaps a little Gorgonzola and a dry white wine. Costanza and Lebowitz are getting on like a house on fire. She's talking about people who walk too slowly on pavements, he's riffing about how toilet paper hasn't changed since the 1970s. Then the *primi piatti* arrive: linguini with truffles, oozing with butter under a mountain of parmesan. The mood is good. Welles is being his entertaining best.

By the time the main course comes - T-bone steak, rosemary, sautéed potatoes, paired with a bottle of Barolo - the wheels have started to come off. Lebowitz has realised Costanza is, in fact, an idiot. And Welles agrees. Unbeknown to me, Waller-Bridge has been passing around copies of Joyce's wildly intimate letters to his wife, Nora, and giggling about them. Joyce - who fails to see the funny side - is turning puce with indignation, or drink, or both.

"Jim," says Welles. "While we're waiting for dessert, why don't you play us a song?" Unable to refuse, he fetches his guitar. And just when it seems like the evening couldn't get any more embarrassing, Joyce starts singing an Italian aria, the beauty of which takes everyone quite by surprise.

And there we are, captivated in the moonlight by one of the greatest and strangest artists of the modern era. The night is young, the bar is well stocked. We hardly notice the plates of hot almond and orange cake placed in front of us, each slice slowly cooling under a melting dollop of mascarpone. **FT**

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 British head of state died 53 years after losing power?
2. Which American lawman died 48 years after taking part in the Gunfight at the OK Corral?
3. For which development charity did Prince William work in Chile in 2000?

4. Who is the only UK poet laureate to have had a child who became an Oscar-winning actor?
5. Which song has been a hit for Andrea True Connection (1976), Bananarama (1993) and Rachel Stevens (2004)?
6. Who was the Conservative leader at the 2005 general election?
7. What was the official name of West Ham's home ground until 2016 – often

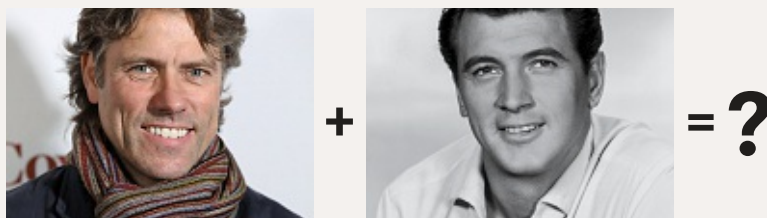
known as Upton Park (above) because of its location?

8. In *The Simpsons*, who is the principal of Springfield elementary school?
9. Who is Harry Potter's only cousin?
10. In the life cycle of the salmon, what comes between fry and smolt?



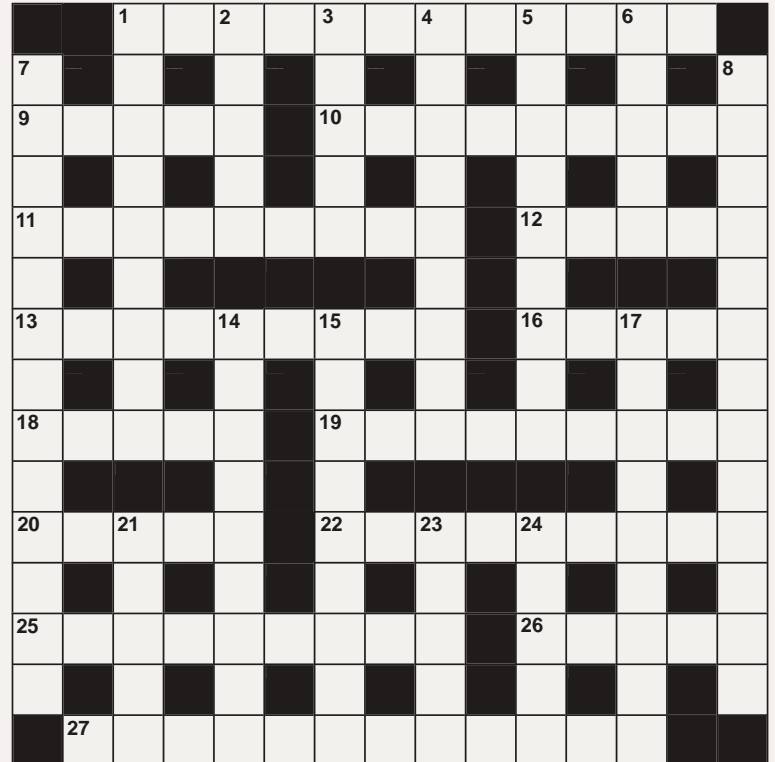
The Picture Round by James Walton

Who or what do these pictures add up to?



Answers page 10

The Crossword No 546. Set by Aldhelm



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

ACROSS

- 1 Shining phenomenon (12)
- 9 Work of fiction (5)
- 10 One seeking election (9)
- 11 Extreme (9)
- 12 Boiling water vapour (5)
- 13 Small trinkets, bits and bobs (9)
- 16 Unspoken (5)
- 18 Beginning (5)
- 19 Neverending (9)
- 20 Thigh bone (5)
- 22 Enhancing (9)
- 25 Procession (9)
- 26 Players' playing cards (5)
- 27 Senior priest's title (4, 8)

DOWN

- 1 Ancient text to utilise CV craftily (9)
- 2 Athlete rising in the preliminaries (5)
- 3 Slice of flan – a chocolate snack (5)
- 4 Holding one, it rinses out soap, perhaps (9)
- 5 Composer composed satire about king, that is (4, 5)
- 6 Stop legal proceedings when head of establishment intervenes (5)
- 7 Popular opinion's to do away with pretence, actually (2, 5, 2, 4)
- 8 Almost go with it for treatment under the German medical specialist (13)
- 14 Wild tuna's to get better, of course (9)

- 15 Top gallery includes one against entrance (9)
- 17 Warned about poor education (9)
- 21 Film contest following second (5)
- 23 Audience's calm musical work (5)
- 24 Scots shout about this colouring (5)

Solution to Crossword No 545





GILLIAN TETT

PARTING SHOT

The truth is out there... I guess



Earlier this year, I found myself in the Pentagon, the vast headquarters of the American military apparatus, for a meeting, when I spotted a striking sign on a door. It seemed to indicate the office was dedicated to research into unidentified flying objects, aka UFOs. Security was tight, and yet I asked, “Is that a joke?”

I did not get a clear response. But in late June, the Pentagon released a widely discussed report revealing that officials have been studying sightings of UFOs – or, as they now prefer to call them, UAPs (unidentified aerial phenomena) – for many years.

Of 144 UAP sightings between 2004 and 2021, only one can be easily blamed on a normal object (in that case, a deflated balloon). “[We] currently lack sufficient information in our dataset to attribute incidents to specific explanations,” the report concluded. Speculation about top-secret Russian, Chinese or even American technology, not to mention the wilder theories about aliens, has run rampant ever since.

But amid all the chatter about extraterrestrials, there is another intriguing question that the US government has been quietly studying: if aliens did show up, how might we communicate with them? The US government’s efforts to look for, and potentially communicate with, aliens are well known to sci-fi devotees. Seti, short for “search for extraterrestrial intelligence”, employs one hundred scientists from its base in Mountain View, California, part of Silicon Valley. (Where else?)

What is less well known, however, is that Seti is also working with archaeologists, anthropologists and other social scientists on the assumption that should we find somebody, we might want to say hello. Much of this is secretive, but back in 2014 Nasa published an extensive report on this work, titled “Archeology, Anthropology and Interstellar Communication”.

Though it attracted little mainstream attention at the time, it makes for fascinating reading (and can easily be found online). “To move beyond the mere detection of such intelligence, and to have any realistic chance of comprehending it, we can gain much from the lessons learned by researchers facing similar challenges on Earth,” explained a foreword by Douglas Vakoch, a clinical psychology professor emeritus at the California Institute of Integral Studies who was then “director of interstellar message composition” at Seti.

“Like archaeologists who reconstruct temporally distant civilisations from fragmentary evidence, Seti researchers will be expected to reconstruct distant civilisations separated from us by vast expanses of space as well as time,” he noted. “And like anthropologists, who attempt to understand other cultures despite differences in language and social customs, as we attempt to decode and interpret extraterrestrial messages, we will be required to comprehend the mindset of a species that is radically Other.”

In practical terms, this meant that the Seti team had analysed how archaeologists failed to interpret Mayan and Egyptian texts to see how to decode unfamiliar signals. They had pondered how “dead” ancient Greek culture transmitted signals into modern European thought and looked at how the anthropologist Ruth Benedict tried to “decode” Japanese culture for the US government during the second world war.

The research also explored the mistakes that physical anthropologists and archaeologists made when they first encountered Neanderthal fossils, most notably by presuming that this branch of humanity walked in a stooped fashion since the first excavation of bones indicated this. (It turned out those bones were from an individual with arthritis.)

‘There is another question that the US government has been studying: if aliens did show up, how might we communicate with them?’


All of which led the Seti researchers to conclude that if they are going to communicate with aliens, they cannot use auditory signals since “the factors affecting the propagation of sounds could vary so much from planet to planet”, noted cognitive scientist William Edmondson. Nor, he added, can they use symbols since “symbolic communication – in which the connection between sign and signified is arbitrary – is intrinsically limited”.

Instead, the group favours sending pictures of Earth into outer space or using maths-based quantitative signals, since these seem to be less dependent on any symbolic interpretation. But while prime numbers are presumed to be a universal construct, Vakoch has stressed that it would be dangerous to assume that numbers are perceived in a universal manner.

None of this, of course, casts any light on UAPs, which might perfectly well turn out to be any number of unexciting phenomena. Nor does it address the potential downsides of making contact, as described by physicist Stephen Hawking – and many great novelists, who fear that alien beings would not only be technologically superior, but also likely to wipe out humans.

Futile or not, I find it oddly cheering that at least part of the government has been devoted to thinking about the near-unthinkable in recent years and doing so with an admirably interdisciplinary approach.

And even if we never find any extraterrestrial life, the search for it helps to foster a debate about what it is that enables humans to communicate with other “alien” humans, across time and space on our own planet. Right now, that is badly needed – with or without any UFOs. **FT**

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