





WORLD WEEK IN REVIEW

Central bank chiefs warn of elevated rates and labour market pressures

The world's top central bank chiefs have signalled their readiness to increase interest rates further and keep them high, as they warned that tight labour markets are still pushing up wages and prices. The heads of the US Federal Reserve, the European Central Bank and the Bank of England warned at a conference in Sintra, Portugal, that more action might be needed to bring inflation down towards targets of about 2 per cent, despite some economists' predictions that further rate rises could trigger a recession or financial crisis.

Ukrainian defence minister says counteroffensive so far is a 'preview'

Ukraine has hit back at doubters over the progress of its counteroffensive, insisting recent modest gains against Russian occupiers were merely a "preview" of a much bigger push to come. Oleksiy Reznikov, Ukraine's defence minister, told the Financial Times the liberation of a group of villages under Russian occupation in recent weeks was "not the main event" in Kyiv's planned attack. "When it happens, you will all see it... Everyone will see everything," said Reznikov. He confirmed that Ukraine's main troop reserves, including most equipped with Nato tanks and armoured vehicles, had yet to be used. Reznikov argued last weekend's insurrection by the Wagner paramilitary group had laid bare the weakness of Vladimir Putin's regime.

Sotheby's sells Klimt work for record £74mn at London auction



Sotheby's gave London's slim summer auction season a boost with the sale of Gustav Klimt's "Dame mit Fächer" ("Lady with a Fan") for £74mn, a record public price for the artist and for a work auctioned in Europe. It was bought by Patti Wong, Sotheby's former head of Asia, on behalf of an unnamed Hong Kong buyer.

Bolsonaro's political hopes fade with bar from office until 2030

Jair Bolsonaro's political career was in tatters yesterday after Brazil's federal electoral court barred the former president from public office until 2030 for his conduct during last year's fraught election. Five out of seven justices voted to convict the far-right nationalist for abuse of power and misuse of the media when he made unfounded claims to ambassadors about Brazil's electronic voting system before the 2022 election. The justices' decision marks a stunning reversal for Bolsonaro, a fiery former army captain who narrowly lost October's election to Luiz Inácio Lula da Silva, his leftist rival. Bolsonaro has denied wrongdoing.

Price pressures

Eurozone core inflation rise tests ECB

Rebound in key consumer figure increases chances of higher interest rates

Eurozone inflation fell more than expected to 5.5 per cent in June, its lowest rate since the start of last year, but any relief for policymakers was tempered by a slight rebound in core consumer price growth. Annual inflation in the single currency zone was down from 6.1 per cent in May, the EU's statistical office said yesterday. It was also below the 5.6 per cent forecast in a poll of economists by Reuters. Core inflation, which excludes energy and food, was 5.4 per cent, up from 5.3 per cent in May. This was a setback for

the European Central Bank, which has said it will raise interest rates until underlying price pressures are clearly falling towards its 2 per cent target. "There is nothing in this release that would deter the ECB from raising interest rates by another 25 basis points at the meeting in July," said Jack Allen-Reynolds, an economist at research group Capital Economics, adding that there was "a good chance of another hike" in September. European stocks rallied as investors hoped that interest rates in the bloc would soon hit their peak. The pan-European Stoxx 600 rose 1.3 per cent, while France's Cac 40 added 1.4 per cent and Germany's Dax was up 1.3 per cent. The euro fell against the dollar after the release of the inflation data but recovered to trade up 0.5 per cent at \$1.092. Eurozone energy prices fell 5.6 per

cent in the year to June, a steeper fall than the 1.8 per cent decline in May. There was also a slowdown in food, alcohol and tobacco inflation to 12.5 per cent and industrial goods inflation dipped to 5.5 per cent. But these were partly offset by an acceleration in services prices to 5.4 per cent, a record high for the eurozone. The jump reflected a surge in German transport prices after Berlin increased ticket costs for buses and trains. "The core rate rose... [and] will remain sticky over the summer, but all other components are on a clear softening trend," said Melanie Debono, an economist at research group Pantheon Macroeconomics. Inflation fell in 18 of the 20 eurozone countries, rising only in Germany and staying flat in Croatia. Price growth fell below the ECB's 2 per cent target in

"The core rate rose [and] will remain sticky over the summer, but all other components are on a clear softening trend"

Spain, Belgium and Luxembourg for the first time in more than a year. ECB president Christine Lagarde told its annual conference this week in Sintra, Portugal, that it "cannot declare victory yet" in the fight to tame inflation. The bank raised its forecasts for price growth early last month to reflect an expected 14 per cent increase in eurozone wages by 2025, which it thinks may push up prices in the labour-intensive services sector. The eurozone labour market continued to tighten in May, when jobless numbers in the bloc fell by 57,000 from the previous month, while the unemployment rate remained at an all-time low of 6.5 per cent, Eurostat said. Inflation in the eurozone has fallen more slowly than in the US, where it was 4 per cent in May, but faster than in the UK, where it was 8.7 per cent last month.

Putin ally. Prigozhin deal

Lukashenko revels in truce broker role

Belarus leader thrusts himself back into spotlight by helping to end the Wagner mutiny

Rumours of the demise of Belarus leader Alexander Lukashenko were swirling just over a month ago, when he cut short an appearance in Moscow and was reportedly rushed to hospital. His statesmanship had been roundly derided since Russia's full-scale invasion of Ukraine last year - in which Belarus served as a launch pad - and after he was forced to appeal to Russian president Vladimir Putin in 2020 to help his crackdown on protests challenging his fraudulent re-election. But the 68-year-old made an unlikely comeback last weekend, when he brokered a truce in Russia and offered a haven to Yevgeny Prigozhin, the warlord marching on Moscow with his Wagner mercenaries. "Nobody would have put Lukashenko's name on a list of people who could be the broker in a Russian conflict. That is just unbelievable," said Maryna Rakhlei, a Belarusian analyst at the German Marshall Fund think-tank. "Lukashenko is now able to portray himself as an independent actor who can settle problems on a regional level, but the fact is that he has become so completely dependent on Russia that I can only think that Putin asked him for this favour and wanted him to be the white dove of peace." Many western analysts dispute the Kremlin's narrative about what convinced Prigozhin to stop the mutiny. Still, the Wagner leader did ultimately agree to fly to Minsk on his own private jet. The Kremlin has also played up Lukashenko's role, suggesting that his mediation was facilitated by a long friendship with Prigozhin. In a lengthy speech on Tuesday, Lukashenko described Zhenya - a diminutive for Yevgeny - as being "very impulsive" and rude. Prigozhin allegedly agreed to stand down after being told by Lukashenko that Putin would crush him "like a bug" and never surrender his generals. The Belarus leader also depicted



Close bond: Alexander Lukashenko, left, with Vladimir Putin in Sochi, Russia, last month

Putin as rash and willing to kill Prigozhin without even speaking to him. "I suggested that Putin should not rush to do it. I suggested that I talk to Prigozhin, his commanders." At one point, in what sounded like an attempt to soothe the Russian president, Lukashenko picked up on his positive depiction of the war effort in Ukraine: "You see, it is not all that bad," he told Putin. Wagner mercenaries are accused of committing atrocities in many places where they have fought, from Ukraine to Africa. A UN report recently implicated Wagner troops in the massacre of hundreds of villagers in Moura, Mali. Sviatlana Tsikhanouskaya, the exiled Belarus opposition leader, stressed that Lukashenko had given sanctuary to "not just another politician - he is a war criminal" who could further destabilise Belarus and pose security risks to the wider region. By helping Putin's invasion of Ukraine, Lukashenko consolidated

both his allegiance to Russia and his status as a western pariah. A new package of western sanctions last year increased Russia's role as Lukashenko's main trade partner and financier. Lukashenko recently also offered to host Putin's tactical nuclear missiles in Belarus. The west has struggled to handle Lukashenko ever since he amended the constitution in 1996 - two years after he was elected president - strengthening his grip on power. The EU responded with sanctions. In 2020, Putin helped Lukashenko crush pro-democracy protests. The US and EU imposed further sanctions, which were bolstered the following year when Minsk forced a Ryanair flight to land in Belarus in order to detain an activist. A few months later, the EU accused Belarus of orchestrating a hybrid war by luring African and Middle Eastern migrants to its border with Poland and helping them cross over. But Lukashenko's unexpected

moment in the limelight does not signify that he feels comfortable after last weekend's turmoil in Russia, according to analysts. He told his generals that "there are no heroes in this story". Such words were "not what I've come to expect from Lukashenko, who is always very enthusiastic about himself, his skills and his intuition", said Kamil Klysiński, a Belarus expert at the Centre for Eastern Studies in Warsaw. If anything, Lukashenko might feel "scared, because he understands that the Russian elites are divided, that Putin is not as strong as even a few months ago, and Lukashenko knows that he needs a stable Russia to survive". Lukashenko backed a botched coup attempt against the liberalising Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev in 1991, siding with the Communist hardliners. As leader, Lukashenko first locked Belarus into a "union state" with Russia in 1999. He often talks about their common fatherland while also claiming to protect Belarus's sovereignty. Lukashenko acknowledged his own electoral fraud in 2006, when he claimed to have lowered his result to make his landslide victory appear more credible, an episode described in US diplomatic cables published by WikiLeaks as "bizarre". Instead of using lockdowns to stop the Covid-19 pandemic, he advised citizens to avoid the virus by drinking vodka, taking saunas and working in open fields. Ruthless against his opponents, Lukashenko has jailed about 1,500 political prisoners. One of them, human rights campaigner Ales Bialiatski, won the Nobel Peace Prize last year. "In my homeland, the entirety of Belarus is in prison," Bialiatski said in a speech delivered on his behalf by his wife in Oslo. Analysts are doubtful that Prigozhin will stay in Belarus for long. "Lukashenko is not naive. He has always been very cautious and effective in terms of knowing how to keep his power," said analyst Klysiński. "The better option for him is to provide accommodation... for a little while, but then send [him] much further, perhaps to Africa." "Belarus is too small for two alpha males." See Opinion

Euclid mission

European space telescope to shed light on 'dark universe'

The European Space Agency is set to launch a €1.4bn space telescope to map billions of galaxies across the cosmos, providing essential clues for scientists trying to solve the mystery of the "dark universe". The Euclid mission, the culmination of almost 20 years of work, will travel 1.5mn km into space. From there the telescope's highly accurate observing technology will map the past 10bn years of cosmic history, helping experts define the dark energy and matter that they believe dominate the known universe. The consensus view among cosmologists is that all the visible matter known to scientists, from galaxies to subatomic particles, accounts for only 5 per cent of mass and energy in the entire universe. Dark energy, making up 70 per cent, seems to be a property of space itself, expanding the cosmos at an increasing rate. Counteracting this is the gravitational pull of dark matter, which makes up 25 per cent and has mass but no other measurable characteristics. "There are hundreds of models for what dark matter and dark energy

might be but we have no idea which might reflect reality," said Adam Amara, director of the University of Portsmouth's Institute of Cosmology and Gravitation, and an early advocate of the Euclid mission. "In 2005 a tiny group of us proposed a space telescope to investigate the dark universe. Now close to 3,000 people have worked together to make this dream a reality," he said about today's launch. Euclid, named after the ancient Greek mathematician regarded as the father of geometry, was originally due to launch on a Russian Soyuz rocket but the plan fell apart after Russia's full-scale invasion of Ukraine. Instead, a Falcon 9 from Elon Musk's SpaceX will carry the two-tonne observatory into orbit from Cape Canaveral in Florida. Finding a different launcher and reconfiguring the spacecraft delayed the mission by about a year. In about a month Euclid will reach its destination, the "second Lagrange point" 1.5mn km away, where gravity from the Sun and Earth exactly balances the satellite's orbital motion, so it appears to hover in the same place in

space. The James Webb Space Telescope is located close to this point. There it will spend six years mapping the universe by observing galaxies up to 10bn light years away across 36 per cent of the sky that is not obscured by stars and dust in Earth's own Milky Way galaxy. "We'll be able to reconstruct the cosmic history of the universe for the last 10bn years," said Euclid consortium lead Yannick Mellier of the Institut d'Astrophysique de Paris. Changes in the movement and distribution of galaxies and the way they cluster together will show the dark universe's influence. Dark matter tends to pull galaxies together through the force of gravity, while dark energy pushes them apart as it accelerates the expansion of the universe. Two cameras are attached to Euclid's 1.2-metre telescope. One, led by UK scientists, records in visible light. The other, led by French researchers, operates in the near-infrared spectrum. Mark Cropper of University College London has led the design and development of the visible camera. "[It] will image a large swath of the distant universe with almost the fine resolution of the Hubble Space Telescope, observing more of the universe in one day than Hubble [has done] in 25 years," he said. "The universe on this scale has not been seen in this level of detail." Scientists hope that the telescope's images will help define dark energy, whether it is an intrinsic property of empty space, a "vacuum energy" of virtual particles as predicted by some quantum physicists or a previously unknown energy field. Their findings could even offer evidence for a revision of Einstein's theory of gravity.

Historic mission: an artist's impression of the Euclid telescope



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## FT BIG READ. CHINESE BUSINESS AND FINANCE

At this week's 'Summer Davos' summit, officials tried to dispel thoughts of 'decoupling' and ease tensions with the US and other trade partners. But geopolitical friction was never far away.

By Joe Leahy, Ryan McMorrow, Sun Yu and Thomas Hale

**A**t a summit in Tianjin this week, the Chinese premier Li Qiang took the opportunity to make the foreign executives in attendance feel welcome.

Li, seen as the most business friendly member of President Xi Jinping's inner circle, wrapped up a talk at the World Economic Forum's New Champions meeting with a play on words in Chinese – mixing the word "laowai", which means foreigner, with the term "laoxiang", which means "townspeople."

"I hope you can become our townspeople," he told a business round table.

Li's charm offensive at the meeting – nicknamed the "Summer Davos", in reference to the far larger WEF event held in Switzerland each January – was intended to make attendees from overseas abandon all thoughts of "decoupling" and "de-risking".

But here and elsewhere it is hard to escape the geopolitical tensions between his country and the US-led west, which many in China fear are peaking at a critical juncture for its economy.

After the country's zero-Covid restrictions ended last year, the economy had a robust recovery in the first quarter. But this has slowed in recent months, with the government reporting yesterday that manufacturing activity fell for the third straight month while services were at their weakest in six months.

Beijing blames part of the geopolitical tensions on Washington after it imposed controls on high-technology exports to China and shot down a suspected Chinese spy balloon early this year.

There are signs that the US and China are trying to improve relations. When President Xi Jinping met US secretary of state Antony Blinken in Beijing last week, the two sides said there was "progress" towards stabilising ties – though it was quickly undone just a day later when US President Joe Biden called Xi a "dictator".

China has also been making overtures to US business leaders as its economic recovery stalls. Jamie Dimon, chief executive of JPMorgan, was wooed by senior officials in Shanghai in late May, and Tesla's Elon Musk was invited to meet government ministers in Beijing the same week. Microsoft co-founder Bill Gates met with Xi himself in June.

But foreign investors have been unnerved at Beijing stepping up security measures. This week, the government passed a new foreign relations law that strengthens the legal basis for "countermeasures" against western threats to national and economic security. This follows crackdowns on foreign consultancies and expanded espionage and data security laws.

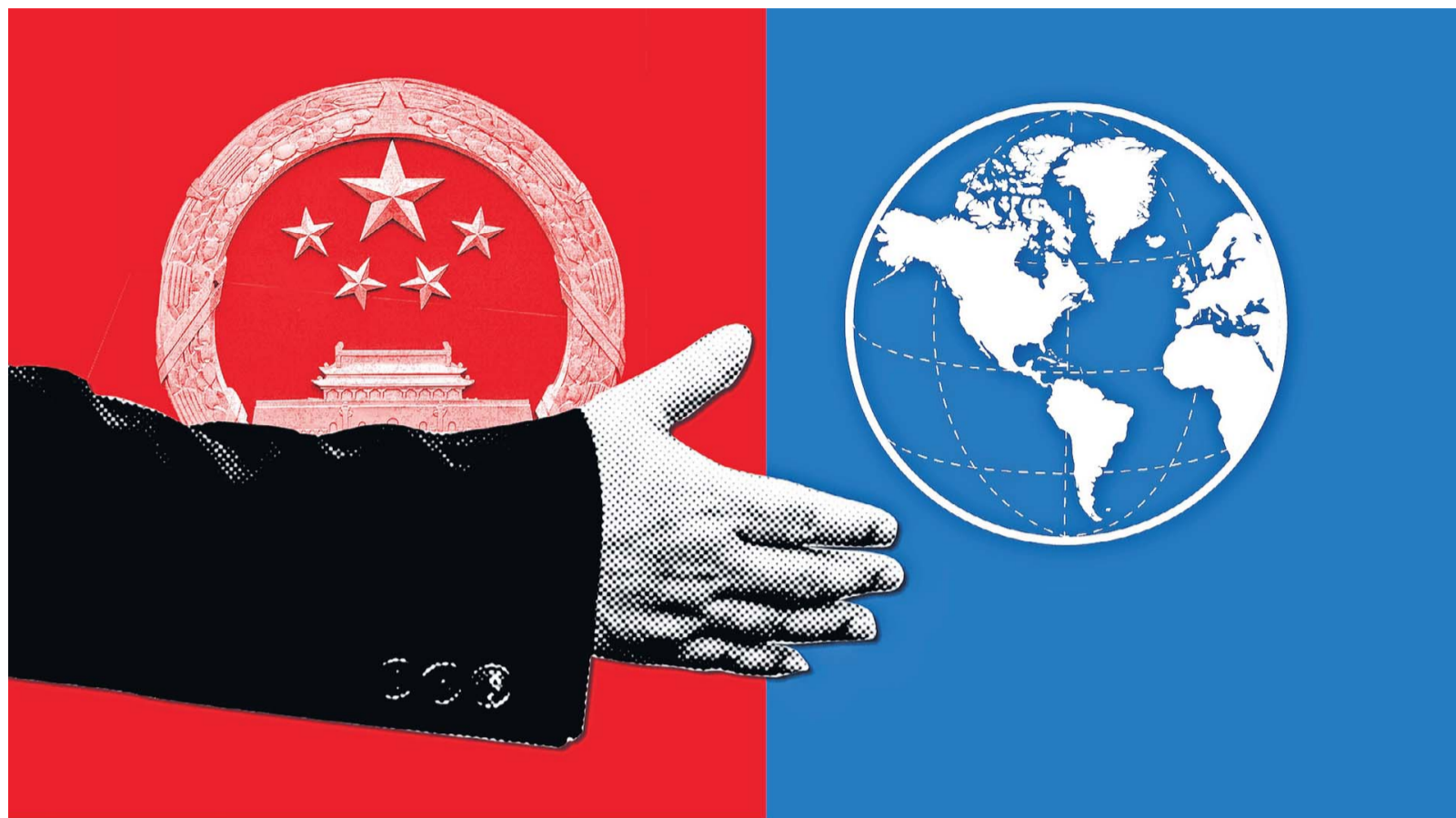
With the economic recovery weakening, however, many wonder if Beijing will soon be forced to choose whether to prioritise the economy over security – or whether China is entering a new phase in which the government will tolerate relatively low growth, while clamping down further to strengthen resilience to external threats.

Inside China, anxiety is running deep. "This is the first time in 40 years that the Chinese public are not sure if things are going to get better," says one Chinese commentator on the economy, who did not want to be named.

### Among the townspeople

The sharp changes in China over the past three years were on display at the WEF this week.

Some of these were technological, from the prevalence of electric vehicles



# China's charm offensive

**'They are keen to create the impression that everything is back to normal, but it's not'**

on Tianjin's streets to the conversion of China to a near cash-free society. Anyone without an indigenous payments app such as WeChat or Alibaba could not wander far from the venue. Many complained that even foreign credit cards did not work.

A deeper change, however, was the paucity of global CEOs at the forum, say some who had been to previous WEFs in China, and the constrained nature of some of the debate. Set up at short notice after the end of zero-Covid, it was harder for bosses to add the forum to their schedule, organisers say.

But others blame geopolitics, which is forcing many US chief executives in particular to keep a low profile.

Among the range of attendees in Tianjin, some welcomed the chance to see China for themselves after years of hearing about the "China threat" in the US.

"This is my first time in China. I thought I should be a little bit nervous," says JD LaRock, president of the Network for Teaching Entrepreneurship, a New York-based non-profit.

"I find everybody that I've met has been friendly, open, interested in talking about how we can work together. It's a different perspective from what the US politicians say."

A German business executive, however, expressed his frustration with how many participants, particularly Chinese executives and academics, seemed to stick closely to the Chinese government's official narrative.

"They are keen to create the impression that everything is back to normal, but it's not," he says. "It's such a different meeting because, five years ago, they had all those top-level people from

the industries in China, but also from the US and Europe. Everybody was discussing openly."

Yet some present were content to speak freely. At a business roundtable, Volkswagen China head Ralf Brandstätter pointed to the plethora of competition in the Chinese auto market, with over 100 carmakers, saying it was destructive of capital. He also raised the issue of China's cross-border data security laws, which carmakers have complained are too vague.

Frank Bournois, dean of China-Europe International Business School (CEIBS), which has campuses in several large Chinese cities, says the after-effects of the pandemic are still being felt at his institution, with international students numbering just below 100 of the 1,200 full-time MBA students. Normally it would be up to double this.

"International students are hesitant because of the pandemic and repercussions related to the pandemic," says Bournois. "Geopolitics [at] the moment doesn't help us much."

### Reigniting the recovery

While the US and Beijing are trying to cool tempers this year, the long-term trajectory of the great power competition between the US and China is clear, analysts say, particularly on technology.

"The US realises this is an important juncture in China's development," says Eswar Prasad, a senior fellow at the Brookings Institution, a US think-tank. Washington knew that China's bid to invest more in advanced manufacturing and other areas of high technology meant it needed to also look abroad for

foreign investors. "At the moment China needs foreign technology."

That helps explain Li's presence at the Tianjin event, among other initiatives. But the immediate priority for Beijing will be to stabilise the recovery.

The property sector, a growth engine of the economy, is locked in a long slump. After steadying briefly this year, it began to slip again in recent months, threatening consumer confidence. China's exports and manufacturing sectors are also struggling.

Some believe there is a risk of a "balance sheet recession", when the indebted focus on paying down debt, as happened in Japan in the 1990s after its bubble burst.

"I think some of the challenges the Chinese are facing are equal to or perhaps more challenging than the Japanese faced 30-something years ago," says Richard Koo, chief economist at the Nomura Research Institute.

He says the only way to fix a balance sheet recession is a very large fiscal response. The government needs to borrow the money that individuals and corporates are saving and recirculate it in the economy, Koo says, otherwise GDP will contract.

One Chinese economist with a Beijing think-tank says large monetary stimulus is needed, as well as fiscal. The government has cut interest rates but only marginally. "I'm very worried about near-term growth prospects," he says.

Policymakers led by Li Qiang, who took office in March, have yet to announce a comprehensive stimulus plan. The politburo, the party's top decision-making body, is due to meet in July and insiders say any stimulus

**The government of Xi Jinping has been making overtures to US business leaders as its economic recovery stalls. But foreign investors have been unnerved at Beijing stepping up security measures**

FT montage/Reuters

**'Some of the challenges the Chinese are facing are equal to or perhaps more challenging than the Japanese faced 30-some years ago'**

would likely come after that session.

But few are expecting anything at the scale of the \$570bn fiscal rescue package China unleashed in 2008. The Chinese economy is working through important structural changes that will take time, said economist Zhu Min at a WEF panel on the country's rebound.

The property sector is suffering from long-term oversupply, said the former IMF deputy managing director, while trade is also undergoing structural change as the share of exports going to the US and Europe fell.

But the economy is shifting rapidly towards new industries, Min added, such as electric vehicles and the green economy. "I observe the whole economy structure shifting," he told the audience. "You will see volatility [but] that's OK."

The lingering question is how US-China geopolitical tensions will play into that shift. World Trade Organisation director-general Ngozi Okonjo-Iweala said at the WEF that there was evidence that investment was shifting out of China to other parts of Asia. "If the investment patterns shift, the trade patterns will shift," she said.

In the near-term, the focus for China will be to try to achieve this year's growth target of 5 per cent, its lowest in decades. For that, it may need to lower the geopolitical temperature, especially with the US.

Beijing may also wish to reconsider the security state approach, which intensified during Covid, says the Chinese commentator, and which still weighs on the economy and on society. "The whole state-society relationship has changed and people can feel that. And they [the government] need to dial it back."

## Obituary

### The man who sparked a revolution in finance

#### Harry Markowitz

Economist  
1927-2023

The study of finance can easily be split into two eras: before and after Harry Markowitz.

The economist, who died on June 22, was one of the first academics to introduce abstract mathematical concepts – and rigour – to investment decision-making. In doing so, he sparked a revolution in the way financial markets are understood.

"Everyone knew about diversification – not putting all your eggs in one basket," said Andrew Lo, professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and co-author of *In Pursuit of the Perfect Portfolio*. "But Markowitz told us more than that. He told us how many eggs we should put in the different baskets, and how to diversify in a systematic way."

Markowitz had a key insight as he read that stock prices are the present value of future dividends. That definition failed to account for uncertainty, he realised; in reality, stocks could only be valued by their *expected* dividends. That thought grew into his PhD thesis, where he modelled the optimisation of investments across an entire portfolio.

This development caught on widely. Almost all modern professional investing is built on this type of quantitative

analysis, with a focus on optimisation and concepts of risk management that may not exist in their current forms without Markowitz.

His innovation also helped create the trillion-dollar passive-investing behemoths such as Vanguard, and in the process displaced a cadre of fund managers and stockpickers who relied primarily on corporate fundamentals and received wisdom to manage money.

Markowitz's work was built upon by William Sharpe, who invented the standard for modelling and measuring risk-adjusted returns. Sharpe, Markowitz and Merton Miller won the Nobel Prize for Economics in 1990. "Without Harry's work, there was no way I would have gone down that path," Sharpe said.

Markowitz, born in 1927 in Chicago, was the only child of Morris and Mildred, who owned a grocery shop. He said they always had enough to eat, despite the Depression. He first studied liberal arts at the University of Chicago and then turned to economics for his MA and PhD. He learnt from Milton Friedman, Leonard Savage and Tjalling Koopmans. He said Koopmans' course on activity analysis was "a crucial part" of his education, as it defined efficiency

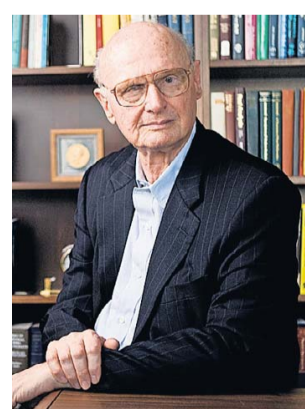
and provided a framework to analyse efficient sets.

After Chicago he mixed academic and corporate work. Sharpe and Markowitz first met at the RAND Corporation in the late 1950s, where Sharpe worked while completing his PhD. "I was very much formed by the RAND Corporation," said Sharpe. Markowitz also studied operations at RAND, another realm that has benefited from the real-world application of mathematical theories.

Rob Arnott, founder of Research Affiliates, felt Markowitz's influence from the start of his career. In his first job at The Boston Company in 1977 he used the economist's algorithm in a quadratic programming optimiser, he said. He has since built a systematic investing empire, managing about \$130bn worldwide.

"He knew that he changed the finance world beyond recognition," Arnott said. "Before Harry, investing was a bunch of rules of thumb . . . When somebody of his phenomenal stature dies, it's easy to portray him as an intellectual giant because he was. But he was also a kind, gentle and fun-loving person."

Many friends and colleagues spoke of Markowitz's irreverent humour and



Investing would not exist in its current form without Markowitz

**'It's easy to portray him as an intellectual giant because he was. But he was also a kind, gentle and fun-loving person'**

open-mindedness. His distaste for received wisdom and intellectual rigour may have helped him radically alter the status quo in financial markets, they say. It's rare for a mathematician to see their work have such a widespread impact within their lifetime. But the transition to systematic and passive investing didn't go unchallenged.

"The industry was slower to embrace these ideas . . . [Markowitz and Sharpe] were certainly iconoclastic, but more importantly they threatened the livelihoods of the stockbrokers and the gunslingers who were charging fairly high fees, in some cases upwards of 5 to 10 per cent for their services," said Lo.

But Markowitz was not an evangelist for passive management or systematic investing, however. He felt that quantitative strategies were only as good as the thinkers that built them, said Arnott.

"He was a patient, gentle man, but he wasn't patient with wilful stupidity," Arnott said. "If your inputs are carelessly crafted, optimisation becomes garbage-in, garbage-out. He was always fascinated when people just threw numbers into a formula without carefully thinking through."

Alexandra Scaggs

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## Opinion

# Wagner is the monstrous legacy of a Russian mercenary tradition

### EUROPE

Tony Barber



secretly state-backed warriors who fight for Russia — a tradition that extends from the tsarist empire’s 19th-century volunteers to the Wagner group of Vladimir Putin’s presidency.

After the aborted mutiny in southern Russia of Yevgeny Prigozhin, Wagner’s founder and leader, the mercenary group faces restructuring or even disbandment at the hands of a once supportive but now wrathful Putin. The days of Prigozhin and his agents roaming across Russia recruiting prison convicts to fight in Ukraine are over. Putin’s crackdown on the uprising’s presumed sympathisers signals a push to disperse with Wagner and puts the war effort under the control of Russia’s regular armed forces and security apparatus.

It is less clear how matters will play out in Africa, Wagner’s other main field of operations. In countries such as the Central African Republic and Mali, Wagner has relied heavily on logistical support from Russian armed forces. However, Wagner’s control of diamond and gold mines allows it to act as an

organised crime outfit as well as a mercenary company advancing Putin’s foreign policy goals.

Wagner emerged a decade ago under the auspices of Russia’s GRU military intelligence agency, a connection that differentiates it from the private security companies that blossomed in western countries after the cold war. For Putin, one of Wagner’s most attractive features was that, legally, it did not exist — indeed, it was not until last September that Prigozhin acknowledged he had set up the group in 2014.

Before then, the Kremlin took pleasure in breezy denials that it knew anything about Wagner or its activities in Ukraine, Syria or Africa. This mystery distinguished Wagner from another irregular force doing Putin’s work — the openly brash battalions of Chechen warlord Ramzan Kadyrov.

For western countries, private military outfits came to be valued because they were more adaptable than regular armed forces and less of a drain on the public purse. Governments used them

to fight drug traffickers in Latin America, deter pirates in Somalia and conduct clandestine operations in Afghanistan and Iraq. Reaping the post-cold war “peace dividend”, western governments cut defence budgets and filled the hole with private contractors.

All this was done by design, not because governments were weak. It is

The days of Prigozhin and his agents recruiting prison convicts to fight in Ukraine are over

an altogether different story when the state loses its exclusive control over armed force. When that happens political leaders may cut deals with the paramilitary, mercenary or volunteer units that proliferate as a result. One example with baleful historical consequences is Germany after the first world war.

Military defeat in November 1918

coincided with a revolution that deposed the kaiser and set up a republic fronted by Social Democrats. The new democracy’s leaders scarcely had time to draw breath before a communist uprising broke out in Berlin in January 1919. Lacking enough regular troops to put down the revolt, the government turned to so-called Freikorps units.

These militias were no friends of democracy but comprised former frontline soldiers, raw cadets and ultranationalist students, all with a taste for unrestrained brutality. Spiritual ancestors of the Nazis, they marauded through Berlin, murdering the communist leaders Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht. Later in 1919, Freikorps units ran riot through other German cities and the Baltic states, much like Wagner in Ukraine.

Closer to our times, the Yugoslav wars of the 1990s saw an explosion of paramilitary violence related to the willingness of nationalist leaders to make use of irregular forces. In 1992, Serbian and Bosnian Serb paramilitaries terrorised

Bosnian Muslim communities in a blood-soaked rampage of ethnic cleansing. This was made possible by the implosion of the Yugoslav state and the flow of weaponry into private hands. But the killing sprees also relied on the Serb-dominated Yugoslav army, which backed the Bosnian Serbs just as Moscow’s armed forces supported Russian separatists in eastern Ukraine.

The ultimate political responsibility for these atrocities lay with Serbian leader Slobodan Milošević. Josep Borrell, the EU’s foreign policy chief, made a similar point about Putin when he said this week that Prigozhin’s mutiny was “the monster acting against his creator”.

Tolstoy leaves Vronsky’s fate in *Anna Karenina* unclear, but the implication is that he will die in the Balkan war. Prigozhin’s future is likewise uncertain, but for now he is in Belarus — perhaps the least safe country in Europe for a Russian mercenary commander who has fallen from favour.

tony.barber@ft.com

Having created a version of Fox News, he now has a mainstream newspaper in his sights, write Leila Abboud and Adrienne Klasa

Last year corporate raider Vincent Bolloré celebrated his supposed retirement from his family-owned media and logistics empire. But that has not stopped him from making waves in French business and politics.

The 71-year-old conservative billionaire is now mounting an assault on a bastion of French mainstream media: the prominent weekly newspaper, the *Journal du Dimanche*. His allies have appointed the controversial former editor of a far-right magazine to run the paper, prompting outraged journalists to strike and triggering a wave of concern from leftwing and centrist politicians and celebrities.

Sitting out retirement on a beach was probably never on the cards for the financier whose name has become synonymous with bare-knuckled dealmaking and proximity to power (he is a close friend of former president Nicolas Sarkozy, who celebrated his 2007 election victory on the billionaire’s yacht).

Nicknamed the “little prince of cash flow” for his business acumen, Bolloré celebrated his departure from the family company with a Catholic mass and a party in his home region of Brittany. A devout Catholic, Bolloré wore traditional Breton clothes as bagpipes played at the event timed to coincide with the group’s 200-year anniversary.

One of his sons, Yannick Bolloré, who replaced his father at the helm of the family’s media group Vivendi, called the ceremony a “moving and really joyful moment” during which retired factory workers and managers feted the patriarch. “Working with a genius is always wonderful,” he told the *Financial Times*.

Asked about the nomination to the JDD of editor Geoffroy Lejeune, whose last magazine was convicted for running afoul of France’s hate speech laws, the younger Bolloré insisted it had nothing to do with Vivendi or his father.

Vivendi has yet to finalise its acquisition of the JDD’s parent company Lagardère, he said, so legally could not have made the choice. “We had no part in the decision,” he said.

But many in Paris media and business circles see the hand of Bolloré behind the move to install Lejeune. After all, they point out, the tycoon has form. In the past six years, Bolloré has put a conservative stamp on the media outlets he controls in what people who know him say is a concerted strategy to build a counterweight to what he sees as the leftist bias of French media.

Yet that agenda is never admitted openly. When senators grilled him last year in hearings over the concentration of media ownership, he denied any desire to influence politics and minimised his role. “Our interests are not political and not ideological, it is always and only economic,” he said. “I am answering your questions as an individual. I have no title nor power at Vivendi, Bolloré... and even less at Lagardère.”

One banker marvels at the performance: “He advances wearing a mask... There is an 18th-century aspect to him: I will strangle you but with a form of grace and elegance.”



Person in the News | Vincent Bolloré

## Billionaire taking on the French media

The most emblematic example of Bolloré’s rightwing media push came when Vivendi gutted the staff of 24-hour news channel i-Télé in 2016. It was rebranded as CNews, a Fox News-like outlet that has since become an incubator for rightwing personalities, including the 2022 presidential hopeful Eric Zemmour. Lejeune has also appeared on the station frequently. In 2021, stars from CNews were parachuted into Lagardère’s Europe 1 radio station after Vivendi built up its Lagardère stake to more than 40 per cent.

CNews also bears traces of Bolloré’s faith, notably a Sunday show called *In Search of Spirituality*. “The assignment Vincent Bolloré gave me was to bring spirituality back to the TV screen,” host Aymeric Pourbaix told *La Croix* magazine in 2021.

Keeping his family’s business going is another of Bolloré’s obsessions. He started his career as a banker, but when the family business making bibles and cigarette paper ran into trouble in the

1980s, he saved it. He later branched out in Africa to build an extensive ports and logistics network that relied on close ties with political leaders in Côte d’Ivoire, Ghana and Nigeria.

He has had only a few failures as he built a fortune now estimated at around \$10bn: Vivendi’s Telecom Italia stake

‘There is an 18th-century aspect to him: I will strangle you but with a form of grace and elegance’

has shrunk massively in value and a costly venture in electric batteries did not pan out.

People who know him say he is charming and funny, attributes he uses to get his way. “Everyone knows he is a serial seducer but he is so good at it, you doubt yourself for a moment and think this time is different,” says one person.

In business, he is rational and calculated, buying and selling assets with little emotion. Since 2022, Bolloré Group — the infrastructure-focused family holding managed by another son, Cyrille — has divested the African and logistics business the patriarch spent decades building.

The Africa business has also brought legal woes for the billionaire: he has been under investigation by French prosecutors since 2018 for alleged bribery of local officials and spent time in police custody for questioning. He has denied wrongdoing.

Back at the JDD, the journalists have few illusions that they can win against Bolloré. Most expect Lejeune to remain as editor and predict a staff exodus, as happened at CNews and Europe 1. After all, this is a man whose family’s long-standing motto since 1789 is: “Kneel before God, stand before men.”

leila.abboud@ft.com  
adrienne.klasa@ft.com

## Beware the coming wave of obesity pills

### BUSINESS

John Gapper



The doctors and scientists engaged in a long, and hitherto losing, struggle against the rise in diabetes and obesity around the world got excited this week. Who can blame them for bursting into applause as the promising clinical trial results of treatments to follow Novo Nordisk’s Wegovy drug were unveiled?

Not only was there a new injectable formula that helped patients to lose up to 24 per cent of body weight in one trial, but the San Diego conference heard of fast progress towards pills that could work as effectively as the Danish group’s Wegovy and Ozempic. The overweight and obese, or at least those that can afford such pills, now have hope.

In the future, obesity might become a chronic condition that can be treated with tablets, as statins and blood pressure drugs have reduced heart attack risk for millions. It will not only be those including Elon Musk, who can pay Wegovy’s US list price of \$16,000 per year, who will benefit. Take semaglutide, reduce your appetite, burn more energy and *voilà!*

But medicines come with health warnings, inscribed in small print on the leaflets contained inside packets, and this generation of medicines will need them. Treatments that mimic the GLP-1 hormone and use allied mechanisms to reduce obesity are having quick results but we cannot yet be certain of their long-term impact. Here are three warnings to consider.

First, they will be expensive for years to come. Many cardiovascular drugs are off patent and cheap enough for insurers and healthcare systems to cover at scale. But diabetes and obesity medicines are early in that journey — Wegovy will be protected until 2032 in the US — and pharma companies are expert at extending exclusivity.

Nor are they meant to be taken for only a short period. Obese people often rebound to their former weights when they cease treatments and diet regimens. The British NHS has placed a two-year limit on injectables as obesity treatments, but what happens then? Pharma companies are preparing for a battle to keep on getting paid.

Investors believe they will win: Morgan Stanley this week suggested that pills will attract people put off by injections, and global obesity drug sales could exceed \$50bn by 2030. The number of TikTok videos recounting weight loss stories, and cases of people taking them who are overweight rather than obese, support this view.

Second, no one can be sure how safe long-term obesity treatments will prove to be. Most of the known side effects are modest, if unpleasant — it is common to

feel sick — but there are reasons for caution. The Wegovy leaflet warns of thyroid cancer risk, and Pfizer’s shares fell this week after a trial found that one pill it was developing might be unsafe.

There is a chequered history of obesity pills that apparently produced miraculous results later being banned, going back to the amphetamine craze of the 1960s and “fen-phen”, a combination weight loss therapy that the US Food and Drug Administration ordered off the market in 1997. Several other medicines have since gone through the same cycle of hype and failure.

It may be different this time: Wegovy is approved in both the US and Europe, and many other medicines with known side effects (including statins) remain on the market. But the new obesity pills have only passed mid-stage trials, and the ultimate test will come after launch, when more of the world’s 1.3bn people with diabetes or obesity use them.

Third, losing weight is not equivalent to becoming healthier. Many people want to get thinner to look and feel better, which is a fair motive, but the medical purpose of treatment is to make them less prone to illness, from strokes to cancers. That is why doctors prescribe Wegovy, at least in theory.

Ania Jastreboff, director of Yale University’s obesity research centre and lead author on one of this week’s trials, is enthusiastic about the drugs, calling it a “transformational time” for her field when we spoke this week. But she added that “we have to think about how to

Current treatments are having quick results, but we cannot yet be certain of their long-term impact

maximise patients’ health” when treating obesity.

That means ensuring that they consume enough nutrients as their appetites lessen, and they exercise to build muscles. Being lighter has its own benefits — it reduces the strains on joints, for example — but letting drugs do all the work is not enough, appealing though it may be. This is less a moral point than a medical one: you have to make some health changes yourself.

These warnings do not mean we should spurn Wegovy and the other treatments that are coming, including the likely approval of Eli Lilly’s diabetes drug Mounjaro to treat obesity. Having worked so long in the pharmaceutical wilderness in terms of effective treatment, doctors have sound scientific reasons to make the most of a new opportunity.

But when the pent-up demand for a solution to obesity meets an eager pharma industry, there are pitfalls. That has happened repeatedly before and it could occur again. If miracle pills always met their promises, the world would already be healthier.

john.gapper@ft.com

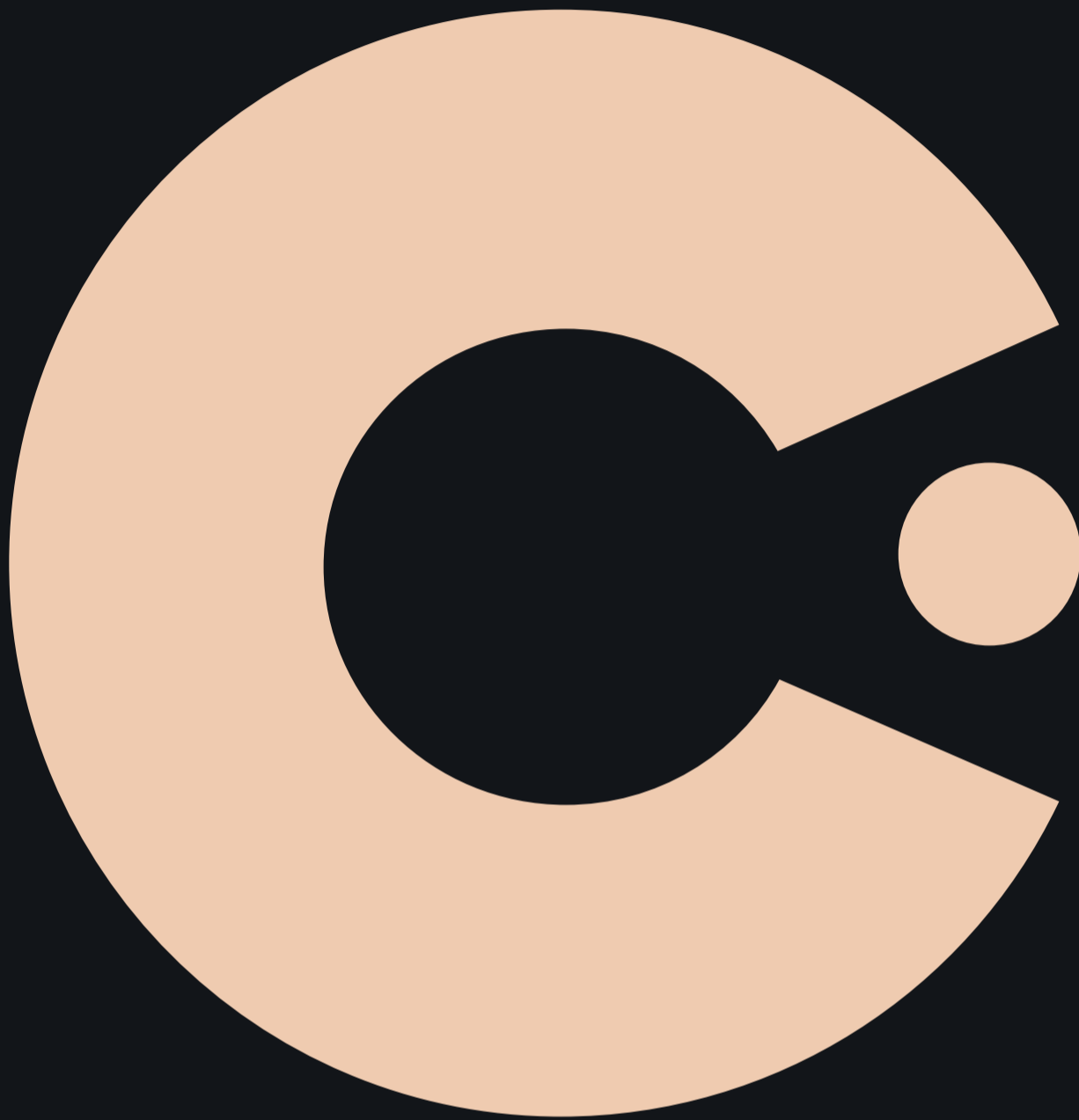
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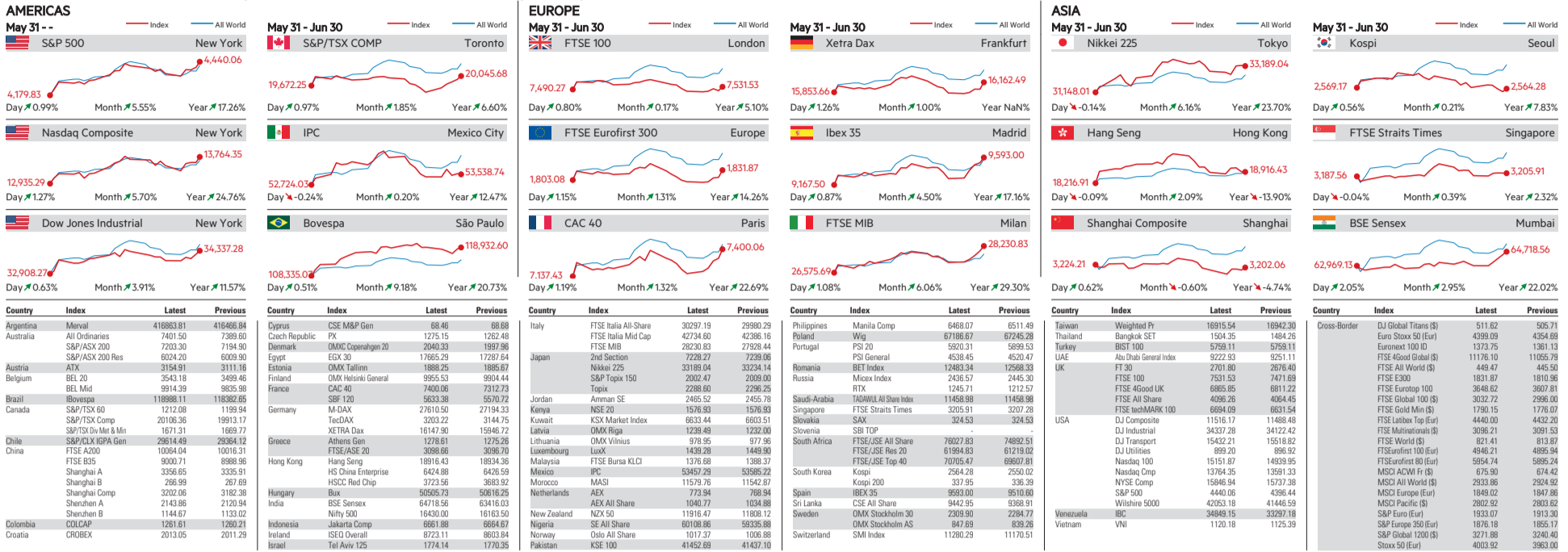
MARKET DATA

WORLD MARKETS AS A GLANCE

Change during previous day's trading (%)



Stock Market movements over last 30 days, with the FTSE All-World in the same currency as a comparison



(c) Unavailable / 1 Correction / Subject to official revaluation. For more index coverage please see www.ft.com/worldindices. A fuller version of this table is available on the fcom research data archive.

STOCK MARKET: BIGGEST MOVERS

Table with columns for AMERICA, EUROPE, and TOKYO. Each section lists stock symbols, names, and percentage changes. Includes sections for 'ACTIVE STOCKS', 'DOWNERS', and 'LOSERS'.

UK MARKET WINNERS AND LOSERS

Table showing UK market performance with columns for FTSE 100, FTSE 250, FTSE SmallCap, and various industry sectors. Lists winners and losers with their respective percentage changes.

CURRENCIES

Table of currency exchange rates for Dollar, Euro, and Pound against various international currencies. Includes columns for currency, closing price, and daily change.

FTSE ACTUARIES SHARE INDICES

Table of FTSE Actuarial share indices with columns for index name, closing price, and daily change. Includes sub-sections for FTSE 250, FTSE 100, and FTSE All-Share.

FT 30 INDEX

Table for the FT 30 Index with columns for date, index value, and percentage change. Includes a section for FT 30 hourly changes.

FTSE SECTORS: LEADERS & LAGGARDS

Table showing performance of various FTSE sectors with columns for sector name, index value, and daily change.

FTSE 100 SUMMARY

Table summarizing the FTSE 100 index with columns for index value, closing price, and various performance metrics. Includes a list of constituent stocks.

FTSE Sector Indices

Table of FTSE Sector Indices with columns for sector name, index value, and daily change.

Hourly movements

Table showing hourly movements for major indices: S&P 500, FTSE 250, FTSE 100, FTSE All-Share, FTSE SmallCap, and FTSE All-Share.

Time of FTSE 100's day high

Time of FTSE 100's day high: 14:10:30 Day's Low: 07:34:55 FTSE 100: 12010.11 High: 12035.41 (2023/07/03) ... FTSE All-Share: 2796.45 Day's High: 2800.18 FTSE All-Share: 2796.45 (2023/07/03)

UK RIGHTS OFFERS

Table of UK Rights Offers with columns for issuer, amount, and date.

UK COMPANY RESULTS

Table of UK Company Results with columns for company name, turnover, EPS, and other financial metrics.

UK RECENT EQUITY ISSUES

Table of UK Recent Equity Issues with columns for issuer, issue price, sector, and amount.



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Main Market

Main Market table with columns for Sector, Price, %Chg, 52 Week High/Low, and Vol. Includes Aerospace & Defence, Automobiles & Parts, Banks, Chemicals, Construction & Materials, Financial General, Health Care Equip & Services, House, Leisure & Pers Goods, Industrial Engineering, Media, Mining, Oil & Gas, Pharmaceuticals & Biotech, Real Estate, Retailers, Tech - Hardware, Tech - Software & Services, Telecommunications, and Tobacco.

AIM

AIM table with columns for Sector, Price, %Chg, 52 Week High/Low, and Vol. Includes Aerospace & Defence, Banks, Basic Resource (Ex Mining), Chemicals, Construction & Materials, Electric & Electrical Equip, Financial General, Health Care Equip & Services, House, Leisure & Pers Goods, Industrial Engineering, Media, Mining, Oil & Gas, Pharmaceuticals & Biotech, Real Estate, Retailers, Tech - Software & Services, and Telecommunications.

Investment Companies

Investment Companies table with columns for Conventional (Ex Private Equity), Direct Property, Conventional - Property IC, Direct Residential, Conventional - Private Equity, and Discretionary Unit Fund Mgrs. Includes various investment funds and their performance metrics.

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MANAGED FUNDS SERVICE

SUMMARY FT.COM/FUNDS

Table with 4 main sections: Winners - Europe ex-UK Equity, Losers - Europe ex-UK Equity, Morningstar Star Ratings, and Global Broad Category Group - Property. Each section lists fund names and performance metrics.

Advertising Feature for McInroy & Wood Portfolios. Includes a performance chart for Jul 2020 - Jun 2023, a bar chart for Sector Weightings as of 31/05/2023, and a table for Risk Measures as of 31/05/2023.

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MANAGED FUNDS SERVICE

Table with columns: Fund, Bid, Offer, +/-, Yield, 1Yr, 3Yr. Includes funds like Janus Henderson Global Technology Leaders Fund A Acc.



Milltrust International Managed Investments ICAV (IRL)
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Milltrust Alaska Brazil Fund SP A \$ 99.69 - -1.25 0.00 38.20 17.79

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Oasis Crescent Global Equity Fund (USD A Dist) £ 35.34 - - 0.02 - 1.94 5.53

MMIP Investment Management Limited (GSY)
Regulated
Multi-Manager Investment Programmes PCC Limited
UK Equity Fd CI A Series 01 £ 2312.15 338.48 59.65 - 4.51 17.87

Omnia Fund Ltd (UK)
Other International Funds
Estimated NAV \$916.73 - -24.68 0.00 18.78 18.34

Marvyn Asset Management Limited (CYM)
Regulated
Marvyn Value Investors £ 293.72 - - 6.14 0.00 - -7.17

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Platinum All Star Fund - A \$ 147.99 - - 0.38 5.08

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Rubrics Global UCITS Funds Pfc (IRL)
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Managed Growth 348.70 - 1.40 0.00 6.80 8.50

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Prusik Asian Equity Income B Dist \$ 181.26 - -0.44 4.96 4.93 9.16

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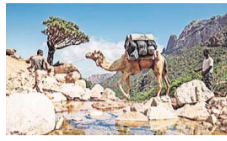
# Life & Arts

FTWeekend



**The mouse's tale**  
Disney at 100: can the kingdom keep its magic?

ARTS PAGE 11



**'Island abode of bliss'**  
Camels, mountains and coast on Socotra

TRAVEL PAGE 6

**Leaving home**  
Parenting tips from Cormac McCarthy

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disastrous decision to go to war had the potential to shake morale in the fighting forces.

Putin has made no secret of the fact that he and he alone took that decision. Indeed he has revelled in it. On February 21 2022, just three days before the start of the invasion of Ukraine, Putin teased and humiliated members of his own Security Council about what he intended – and published a video of his bullying performance online. Council members had to sit meekly as they nursed bruised egos.

**So now, Putin himself sits uncomfortably** on his presidential throne and occupies a political no-man's land of his own making. Silently, his macho image suffered damage in the Covid years. Instead of muscular handshakes with foreign visitors, he took to talking by phone. He addressed his governing cabinet via Zoom calls. If individuals wished

**With the high aristocracy struggling for preferment, the tsar himself could rest easy in his bed**

to meet him, they had to stay in medical quarantine in advance. An exception was made for Xi Jinping and Alexander Lukashenko, but generally it was made customary for visitors to take chairs at the opposite end of a very long table. Even so, his isolation from public view became a popular topic of conversation, and he began his transmutation from Kremlin Superman to quivering rural resident. No more the sparky judo champion or ice-hockey amateur of previous days.

The war has done more damage than Covid to Putin's power and status. Until February 2022, he had ultimate mastery of the machinery of state. Those who jibbed at his vision of Russia's future had been winnowed out of office. Truculent so-called oligarchs such as Boris Berezovsky and Mikhail Khodorkovsky had been thrust aside. Berezovsky was granted asylum in the UK but died in still undetermined circumstances in 2013. Khodorkovsky opted to

Continued on page 2

Russian state power. Prigozhin would hardly have launched his mutiny unless he had reason to count on a wide swath of sympathy in the Russian army below the apex occupied by Shoigu and Gerasimov. Soldiers and officers on active service know better than ordinary Russians how badly the war has been going for Russia. Which means that Prigozhin's latest outburst about the need to face up to the consequences of Putin's



## A new road for Russia?

A diminished Putin may have survived last weekend's mutiny. But

history gives him little ground for optimism, writes *Robert Service*

Most coups strike governments like lightning, and the thunder is a rumbling aftershock. Yevgeny Prigozhin's mutiny performed it the other way around. For months, he thundered his protest against the official Russian leadership and, as commander of the Wagner private military company, he had the means to cause a shattering crack in the skyline of Russia's politics.

But his summer thunderstorm blew over inside 24 hours. Fatalities on both sides were numerically small, and Prigozhin halted the convoy of trucks on Russia's M4 highway, 400km short of Moscow. After standing down his Wagnerite mercenaries – employees whom he pays from his purse with a huge state subsidy – from their treasonous mission, he protested that he never intended to hurl Vladimir Putin from the pinnacle of presidential power.

Instead, Prigozhin claimed to have wanted to oust his great enemies, defence minister Sergei Shoigu and chief of the general staff Valery Gerasimov, from their posts. But he notably added a number of other complaints. Fresh from the fighting in eastern Ukraine, where his men were in the vanguard of Russian forces, he declared on the Telegram messaging app that the entire rationale for the war was flawed. Ukraine's President Volodymyr Zelenskyy had been elected as a candidate who wished to find accommodation with the Kremlin. Back in 2019, Zelenskyy was looking for an end to the fight in the Ukrainian east.

Prigozhin raged against the Russian businessmen who were making fat profits from supplying the army's needs. Under current Russian legislation, his rant would have merited arrest. Not only did he call the war a war – rather than a "special military operation" – but he derided the decision that had brought it about and implied that the

From above: a highway poster recruiting staff for Wagner is removed from a billboard on the outskirts of St Petersburg last Saturday, the day Putin denounced the military group's actions as treason; Vladimir Putin and defence minister Sergei Shoigu (saluting) at a war memorial ceremony at the Kremlin on June 22 – AP



entire landscape of current policy required an urgent transformation.

The Wagner convoy, if it had reached its destination in Moscow, would have resulted in some kind of coup even if Prigozhin was telling the truth when he denied any intention of getting rid of Putin. Success for the Wagnerites would have left Putin a trembling puppet, with Prigozhin pulling his strings. But it was all over before any such result was achieved.

The only mystery is how on Earth Putin failed to see any of this coming, at least on the scale we saw last weekend. Like everyone else in Russia, he had heard Prigozhin for months sounding off about the "scumbags" in the defence ministry and the general staff. Prigozhin was notoriously impulsive and uncompromising. He treated even his own personnel with savage beatings when they fell short of his demands. Stories of bloody punishments were widely told.

But Putin made a crucial mistake in thinking of Prigozhin as a malleable protégé who was incapable of turning against his benefactor. They both came from Leningrad, now St Petersburg. Prigozhin was a career criminal who served time in prison. But he was a quick learner who found ample

opportunities for self-enrichment in the Russia that emerged from the tomb of the old USSR. He started a catering business and, with his tough background, excelled in protecting his interests and hammering competitors out of the marketplace.

Putin himself, who held senior posts in the St Petersburg city administration, had profitable contacts with the local underworld and Prigozhin was one of his entrepreneurial companions. In later years, when Putin moved to Moscow and became Russian president, Prigozhin established troll farms to send disinformation around the world on Putin's behalf. When Russian foreign policy needed an unofficial armed contingent to operate in Libya, Syria and central Africa, Prigozhin volunteered to put on military fatigues and lead the Wagner Group.

All those were years of intimate cooperation between Putin and Prigozhin. When Prigozhin railed against war profiteers, he kept quiet about the money he has made as privileged supplier of food to the Russian army. Meanwhile Prigozhin's outbursts against the Russian defence ministry and the general staff were useful in maintaining Putin's game of divide-and-rule. With the high aristocracy conducting its internal struggles for preferment, the tsar himself could rest easy in his bed.

But Putin seriously disturbed the balance of power in early June when, forced to choose between Shoigu and Prigozhin, he announced the compulsory incorporation of the Wagnerites into the official Russian armed forces. Prigozhin was being asked to put himself under Shoigu's orders. Putin had continually praised the Wagner forces for their valour and effectiveness in the field. Yet now he planned to rob them of their autonomy.

For the long-serving and self-serving Prigozhin, this was an insufferable demand that he thought he had the means to quash. Rostov-on-Don was swiftly occupied and a lengthy convoy of battle-hardened Wagnerites sped unopposed from the south towards the city of Voronezh. As Putin rightly explained, this placed Russia on the precipice of civil war. The fiasco exposed the inner lineaments of

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## Lunch with the FT Chris Christie

# 'Trump wants to be a dictator'

The former New Jersey governor is on a mission to stop the ex-president returning to power. Over 'Mick Jagers' at a roadside diner, he tells *Edward Luce* about his latest bid for the presidency, his relationship with Joe Biden – and why it's time for Republicans to speak out

I arrive a quarter of an hour early at the Tick Tock Diner to discover that Chris Christie is already there. "You can find him at the back," says a waitress. It is hard to think of a more atmospheric setting to meet the former governor of New Jersey, who is running for the second time to be the Republican presidential nominee.

Something of a legend since it opened in 1948, the neon-signed, silver-panelled roadside joint is hard to miss amid the drab strip malls on this busy highway north of Newark. A few years ago, Tick Tock's then manager was jailed for arranging a failed hit job on his uncle, a Greek-American who co-owns the eatery. This is the Bada Bing of diners. On this stifling summer afternoon, it is teeming with customers.

Christie's generous frame is instantly visible against a back window, where he is seated at a small vinyl table cluttered with bottles of ketchup and mustard.

"They were complaining that I haven't visited for a while," says Christie, whose home is about 30 miles from here. We are meeting just two weeks after Christie launched his campaign, which is explicitly based on the case that Donald Trump must be taken down directly. This stands out in an increasingly crowded Republican field where most of the candidates, including Ron DeSantis, the governor of Florida, are tip-toeing around the subject of Trump. A few days earlier, Trump had been indicted for concealing highly classified documents at his Mar-a-Lago resort. Christie, a former public prosecutor, was alone in the field in saying the charge sheet was "devastating".

As a result, Trump is targeting Christie. Last month he released a doctored video that showed Christie speaking at a town hall event while holding aloft a plate heavily laden with fries and burgers. Christie responded by calling Trump a "baby".

That fake plate looked like just the sort of thing we might order today. "I'm going to go for a Mick Jagger," Christie tells the waiter. This is a Taylor ham (a local form of processed pork) and cheese roll with two fried eggs and a side of disco fries – the latter a New Jersey speciality drowned in gravy and melted mozzarella. It was named after the Rolling Stones star who liked the order when he ate here a few years ago.

"A Jagger might be a little much for you," says Christie, when I ask for his advice. "I'll go for the same," I tell the waiter, who looks disapproving.

Is that a bad choice, I ask. "You know, I just figured you maybe wanted to try something a little different," says the waiter in the broadest New Jersey accent, with a hint of reproach. Since the diner's motto is "eat heavy", I stick to my guns. Whaddya gonna do? I tell Christie that Tick Tock makes a fun contrast to the upscale venues in which most lunches with the FT take place. "There's no branzino on the menu here, for sure," says Christie.

I ask Christie if he is girded for the coming onslaught from Trump, assuming he clears the low threshold – 1 per cent in three national polls and 40,000 separate donors – to appear on the Republican debate stage in August. Christie is already running at 9 per cent in New Hampshire, which hosts the first primary.

"I've known Trump for 22 years, so none of it would surprise me," he says. "Most of his stuff is pretty juvenile. As long as you're prepared for those childish attacks, it's fine. If that stuff bothers you, you're probably not up to being president of the United States."

We are interrupted by a lady who wants Christie to pose for a picture with her daughter. That is followed by another well-wisher, who tells Christie

### TICK TOCK DINER

281 Allwood Rd at Route 3 West, Clifton, New Jersey 07012

The Mick Jagger (Taylor ham, cheese, two fried eggs on a roll and disco fries) x2	\$2990
Diet cola	\$395
Coffee	\$325
<b>Total (inc tax and service)</b>	<b>\$54.70</b>

that he loved his slogan: "I'm going to do it my way". (Wasn't that Frank Sinatra?) A third comes up and says something inaudible. Christie replies: "If you think I'm better looking in real life, then I want to keep you around." He apologises for the interruptions. "I paid these people," he jokes.

While he was US attorney for New Jersey, Christie secured 150 political convictions or guilty pleas – not a single case lost. "Look," he says, "there's a case that needs to be prosecuted against Trump and his record, and I think the same thing as to Joe Biden." I observe that he and Biden have the same alma mater, the University of Delaware, where Christie did his undergraduate degree – the only four years that he has not lived in New Jersey.

Though Biden is 20 years Christie's senior, they got to know each other four decades ago. "I've known Biden longer than I've known Trump," says Christie. "He would come to football games. It's a very small state, Delaware. So everyone who is prominent, you wind up seeing them. In his younger years, he was a very natural, gregarious retail politician and I think he's a very nice person. I never had any interactions with Joe Biden that would make me feel any differently about him." He makes sure to add: "But age has definitely changed him. It is an infirmity."

Our crowded plates of Jagers have landed. We each set to the task before us – Christie's as it came, mine I spray-paint with ketchup. He is drinking iced water. I have a heavily iced glass of diet cola.

I confess to Christie that I'm looking forward to seeing him debate Trump. Watching Christie in 2016 eviscerate Marco Rubio, one of the campaign's also-rans, was a highlight. Trump has said he will not debate this time. Christie thinks that is a bluff.

"Knowing Trump as I do, I think he would have a hard time resisting, and it would be politically very risky for him, because people who are generally supportive of Trump like him in part because he's a tough guy, a fighter – that's the image. So I don't think there's a scenario in which he doesn't debate. In the end he needs it."

Since your case is that Trump has disqualified himself from being president, will you take the loyalty pledge to support whoever the nominee will be, I ask. Christie laughs: "I told them, 'I'll take the pledge every bit as seriously as Trump did in 2016,' when we all signed a pledge and we all reaffirmed it

on the stage – except for him."

I suggest that each of them would go straight for the other's jugular. Christie shrugs. "Last week he sent out some video mocking me for my weight," he says. "It doesn't bother me about me, it bothers me about him. If that's what you've got to say, then fine. He's some Adonis himself. Nevertheless, if one of your children had sent out a TikTok about a classmate that did that, and you were a parent, you'd punish them. You'd send them to their room, not to the White House."

I say to Christie that a lot of people think his candidacy is about revenge. In 2016, he dropped out of his campaign and endorsed Trump with the expectation that he would at least be Trump's attorney-general, and probably his running mate. He was offered neither, and was also fired as the head of Trump's transition team. The rumour was that Jared Kushner, the president's son-in-law, blocked Christie's path as payback for the fact that Christie had jailed Kushner's father Charles Kushner, a New Jersey real estate investor, for a tawdry episode involving sex and tax evasion.

"First off, it's not true that I wasn't offered a number of different jobs by Trump," says Christie. "He offered me secretary of labour and secretary of homeland security twice. He offered me to be White House chief of staff in 2018. Jared himself called me to encourage me to do it. I made a conscious decision that I didn't want to work for Trump because he's impossible to work for. I don't have a vendetta on that."

Would he have accepted the vice-presidency? "It was down to me or Mike Pence for vice-president and Trump picked Pence. He told me exactly on the phone why he did. He said, 'Mike looks more like a vice-president – he's out of central casting.' That's how Trump thinks. We look the way we look. I have a good relationship with Pence. People who haven't been through it don't understand. You never expect to be given one of these jobs. And I never thought I had a vice-presidential personality. It would be kind of gutsy to pick me. They know I'll be outspoken and not be a wallflower."

I say that Christie may have dodged a bullet on that one. "Certainly there are a lot of people who say, 'You're a lot better off not having been in that job now.' I certainly would have conducted myself differently than Mike did."

To my disquiet, I notice I have conquered a lot more of my Jagger than Christie, who has abandoned his halfway. "Neither of us will need to eat again today," he says.

Christie's real hunger is evidently directed at Trump, who he says cannot get over the fact that he lost "fair and square" to Biden in 2020. But what does that say about the rest of the field?

"A lot of people were saying I don't know if you can win or not, but you're the only one who can take on Trump directly. If you do what the other folks in this race are doing, which is essentially to barely even say his name, nothing critical, how do you expect people to move from him to you? You have to go out and make the case. I think what other people are doing is bound for failure. Now, I don't know whether what I'm doing is bound for success but we're going to find out."

I point out that most Republicans I know in Washington DC share Christie's dark view of Trump but very few – with Utah senator Mitt Romney being a notable exception – are prepared to say so in public. "The majority of Republicans know two things," says Christie. "One that Trump has proved himself too self-consumed to be an effective president, and two that he has been a failure politically. We keep losing. What I'm saying to them [fellow Republicans] is 'stop whispering'. To me they're literally whispering, even when it's just the two of us talking. My point to all of them is, 'It's OK, he doesn't have an army of his own, he's not somebody to be afraid of.'"

Do you think Trump would be different as president a second time round, I interrupt. "Oh, he'd be much worse," says Christie. "When he first got in, he was scared. He would bluster a lot, he didn't know what government was like and didn't know how to manoeuvre it. He would be a lot more of a problem as president this time. He's about increasing his own power and lashing out at those people and institutions that he's felt wronged by."

Our waiter asks if we want anything else. Christie asks for more water. I request a strong coffee. "It's good coffee but not like Starbucks-strong, you know?" says the waiter. Whatever you can do, I say.

I remember that Christie – who voted for Trump in 2020 but abandoned him the night he said the election was stolen – claims he caught Covid-19 from the then president.

"He gave me Covid. He did," says Christie. "He gave it to five of the six people in the room. I was in the ICU for seven days. He called me, when he was in Walter Reed [when he was also sick with Covid], to see how I was doing, but why he really called was to check I wasn't going to tell the press he gave it to

me. I said to him, 'I don't know that you gave it to me,' because at that point I didn't know. Then two years later, [former chief of staff] Mark Meadows' book came out that Trump had tested positive that morning when he had started the last sessions of debate prep, and I check with the other folks who were in the room, and he didn't tell any of them either. Later on, when we went back on the campaign trail, he told reporters that I gave him Covid."

That must still rankle, I say. "I think that incident shows Trump's character as starkly as any I could name. If you think about it: you have at the time an untreatable, incurable virus and you expose your campaign manager, your speechwriter, your communications director and your spokesperson and me to it. You knowingly got them sick."

Christie has a campaign to prosecute and I have a train to catch. It strikes me that he might well be on a kamikaze mission. If he brings Trump down, he may not be the beneficiary. If he fails to bring Trump down, there would be revenge. I mention Liz Cheney, the former Republican lawmaker, who voted for Trump's

**'If one of your children did that, and you were a parent, you'd punish them. You'd send them to their room, not to the White House'**

impeachment and was ejected from Congress in a landslide Republican primary against her. Was it all worth the risk? "The worst thing to happen to me is I lose," Christie says. "I've done that before and the sun came up the next day. The thing that would keep me up at night is that I let [Trump's return] happen without trying to stop it."

Does he think Trump means it when he says he would end the Ukraine war within 24 hours? "He'd give Ukraine to the Russians. He wouldn't care less," says Christie. "Trump is someone who believes: fill the moat, pull up the drawbridge."

Is that because Putin has some kind of a hold over him?

"No, he just admires strongmen," Christie replies. "I think we see a pretty consistent pattern of him wishing he was a dictator, wishing he could be Putin in America. That's what's dark to me about it. That's what he really wants. He wants to be a dictator."

As I am settling the bill, another fan approaches. "I'm right behind you," says the late middle-aged man. "We need somebody tough in the White House." That must be good for your ego, I say.

"I'm grabbing the flag and running up the hill," says Christie, as we are shaking hands. "You're more likely to get shot that way but that's OK."

*Edward Luce is the FT's US national editor*

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## A Racing Machine On The Wrist

## Style

## Can I wear shorts to work?

**like the idea of smart shorts in the city, but I'm not sure how or even if I should wear them? I also like the idea of shorts suits**

Ah, the smart short. Casual ones are oh so easy — denim cut-offs for beach days and picnics, soft towelling or silk for lounging, and cotton boxers for pretty much anything else. But as is often the case, once we need to make something into a smart casual outfit, we are flummoxed.

Shorts can seem challenging but they offer a relaxed ease when done well, so they really are worth trying. Plus, it is always good to give your look a bit of a shake-up every now and then.

Let us address the length straight away. People often assume you need to go longer for something to be flattering but this is not *always* the case. In fact, with shorts (the hint is in the name) it is often better to go slightly higher. I am not advising that you rock up to the office in a hot pant but do try rolling up once, or even twice, to see if the short looks better. My guide is to look for that sweet spot on the leg where it starts to narrow.

A great way to check this is the "towel trick". Stand bare-legged in front of a full-length mirror (if you don't have one — get one!). Hold a bath towel in front of you from hip to toe then slowly raise the towel up to reveal your legs. Look at

the area around the knee: where is the narrowest part? For most of us it is just below the knee, for some it is bang in the middle of the kneecap and for others it is just above. Next, check between the knee and the upper thigh. Again, where is the narrowest part? Remember this spot so that you know exactly where your shorts should sit when you are shopping.

Bermuda shorts (the longest version of a short before you get into dangerous Capri pant territory) are traditionally knee-length and tend to work best on taller, longer-legged women. These can look incredible for the office, assuming your work would not frown at a tailored short. Once you have ascertained if they are for you, ignore any paper-bag waists or excess pocketing. Pleats can work, just check that they don't balloon out when you look at yourself side-on. The beauty here is in the simple silhouette.

Tommy Hilfiger's white version (£91 on sale, uk.tommy.com) is crying out for a clean black T-shirt, silky black vest or dark shirt; you could even try a sporty V-neck knit — Margaret Howell's collaboration with Fred Perry is just the ticket (£135, margarehowell.co.uk). You could wear it with or without the matching jacket (£189 on sale, uk.tommy.com). I'd add a heeled sandal like Soeur's

classic brown look (£235, soeur.co.uk). Or you could choose a slingback with attitude, such as a furry pair from Acne Studios (£294 on sale, acnestudios.com).

If you are curvy, look for a softer fabric. Try Vince lyocell shorts (this fabric is absolutely magic in the heat, by the way) in caramel (£325, vince.com). I'd add Tibi's smart polo top (£375, net-a-porter.com) and a sandal or court shoe.

Now, shorts suits. You cannot dispute that the Duchess of Sussex does tailoring awfully well, especially when it comes to a shorts suit. She wore a delicious pink version in April for a baseball game, and a billowy white pair for a polo match in May in 2022. And who can forget Julia Roberts in that brick-red shorts suit in *Pretty Woman*? It is etched into my fashion memory — so smart yet feminine, so pretty yet powerful. That is the look I am after.

Don't be scared by a shorts suit — it is the obvious alternative to a trouser or a



Shorts can be a smart alternative to a dress  
Getty Images



Have a question for Anna Berkeley about fashion and what to wear? Email her at [anna.berkeley@ft.com](mailto:anna.berkeley@ft.com)

skirt suit in summer. In fact, you could argue that it is infinitely easier than a skirt suit, as you run less risk of flashing too much thigh.

Max Mara's linen suit is very easy. It comes in pink, ivory and yellow (shorts, £140 on sale, and blazer, £256 on sale, gb.maxmara.com). If you cannot face the whole suit, you could wear the shorts with a navy jacket shirt or simple tee instead. Gant has a great stretch linen classic suit in navy — comfortable and cool (shorts, £140, gant.co.uk). Pop on a white tee and a sandal and you're good to go (£55, gant.co.uk).

If you want something a bit more "fashion", then choose Raey's pitch-perfect oatmeal style. Size down if you don't want it loose (shorts, £295, and jacket, £595, matchesfashion.com). Imagine how beautiful any of these suits would be for a wedding or dressed up with statement heels and jewellery for an evening out.



## Ask a stylist

## Anna Berkeley

The most sustainable garments are the ones already hanging in our wardrobe. And not only is wearing a piece of clothing regularly better for the environment, it also gives our wardrobes familiarity and meaning. But what is it about certain pieces that makes us return to them again and again, and can we apply this essence to make wise future purchases?

## Charlie Casely-Hayford

The menswear designer co-founded contemporary tailoring label Casely-Hayford in 2009 with his late father Joe Casely-Hayford and opened a store on London's Chiltern Street in 2018

I've had these Church's Shannon derbys for several years, and they've been my go-to shoe on a daily basis. I'm 6ft 6in and quite slim, so I need quite a chunky shoe to balance me out and the Church's last is the best one I've come across. It's got a triple welt sole and faint, deep red stitching around the edge and I like that it combines a modern and classic silhouette.

I wear a wide-leg trouser suit pretty much every day and it works perfectly with that aesthetic, but then, equally, if I've got a more formal suit on, I can pair my Church's with that, and it gives it a nice, modern accent that means it doesn't feel too traditional. Up until I bought these, I used to wear 12-hole military boots pretty much every day with my suit — that was my signature look for about 10 years, so these Church's have kind of replaced that as the next chapter in my style. I'm not one for moving with trends. I think, because I work in fashion, I like permanence in my own style, something that isn't transient. These shoes are kind of fundamental in that I can pair them with modular pieces within my wardrobe without it feeling like my aesthetic is drastically changing.

## Cassi Namoda

The artist is known for folkloric paintings that depict daily life in Mozambique, where she was born. She shows with Goodman Gallery in South Africa, Xavier Huftens in Brussels and 303 Gallery in New York

This staple dress that I wear all the time is one I designed and made with a tailor based in East Hampton, using a pattern from an Eighties dress from a vintage shop in Paris.

I really loved the shape of it, but the material was nylon, and I just can't do nylon, so I kept the pattern to turn it into something wearable. Often, when I'm making my paintings, I'll feel inspired to make some dresses for myself based on the colours that I'm using. It's a terracotta dress made from organza, and it has this beautiful collar



## The clothes we come back to

## Wardrobe | Six stylish people share the stories

behind the items they wear most, from chunky

black shoes to a navy blue poncho. By Sara Semic

Clockwise from main: Charlie Casely-Hayford in his go-to Church's shoes; Cassi Namoda in her self-designed organza dress; Lucinda Chambers in her Alexander McQueen poncho; Jeremy Lee in his Margaret Howell denim jacket; Luke Day in his decades-old checked shirt; Arizona Muse in her woollen hat from Officina del Poggio — Lily Bertrand-Webb; Andres Altamirano; Kensington Laverne; Coco Locket by Beabond/Illona Wolff

bib with a small bow detail in the front, and I wear it thrown on with a sepia blazer. I don't really switch clothes too much; I like to keep what I have and wear it really well and because I make a lot of my own clothes, I tend to keep things and wear them on repeat.

I tend to lean on modesty and comfort as my style, so I like that I can hop on a bike in it but it's elegant enough to wear in the evening or to the opera too.

## Luke Day

The stylist and former British GQ fashion director works on magazine editorials and campaigns for brands including Hugo Boss and Tommy Hilfiger

I have numerous checked shirts, but this one is dearest to my heart. It's quite threadbare and falling apart but it's still the best checked shirt I've ever had. I got it when I was about 24 and wore it throughout my 20s, my 30s, and I'm still wearing it now in my 40s. My boyfriend at the time, who was also a stylist, was looking for shirts for a shoot for Dazed & Confused and found it in Beyond Retro. I don't even think there's a label in it.

It's a very faded, soft grey with a red check. It has a slight western yoke and it's just the perfect fit. I love the sinewy feel of the fabric and that it's so perfectly lived in. When I was young and skinny, I used to wear it in a grungy kind of skater way, and it was a bit looser and draped. But then in my older guises, it's taken on a bit more of a sexy, slimmer fit and it looks like the perfect Marlboro Man western shirt. It's a great party shirt but it also looks great with suits. Sometimes, I throw over a vest and wear it with shorts. So it's kind of grown with me and morphed into different eras and guises — it really has stood the test of time.



## Arizona Muse

The model and Greenpeace oceans ambassador is also the founder of Dirt, a charity dedicated to regenerating soil and supporting biodynamic farming projects

This hat is by a small Italian brand called Officina del Poggio and I've been wearing it for three years now. It's a beautiful woollen hat, and it has a drawstring, so it looks a bit cowgirl.

The founder, Allison Hoeltzel Savini, knows her whole supply chain and where that hat came from and did all the research to make sure it was going to have the best impact possible, and that makes me feel really good when I'm wearing it every single winter. I've always been really into hats, and I love when other people wear them.

I love seeing those black and white pictures of London in the 1930s and every single person in the picture is wearing a hat. We've lost that now. I feel like a hat really improves an outfit.

## Jeremy Lee

The chef proprietor of Soho restaurant Quo Vadis is also the author of 'Cooking: Simply and Well, For One or Many'

It was probably 10 or 12 years ago that I bought this indigo denim jacket from Margaret Howell — it seems forever ago. I liked it so much I even went straight back and bought another one, knowing they probably wouldn't make it again, and thought "Oh my god, what have I done."

But it's turned out to be a great pal and repaid itself manyfold since. It does that lovely thing that great old denim does, it just fades beautifully. It's a very brilliant block design so it fits very comfortably and doesn't give you broad shoulders or a cinched waist and all that stuff that really doesn't suit a lumbering great 6ft-3in Scot at all. It always fits, which is brilliant.

Indigo blue has always been a colour I've loved, ever since mum dressed us in navy blue as tiny tots, and I've got a collection of navy workwear shirts, but this jacket is often the one that goes on top. It's great because I can shove it in a pocket or a bag if it starts to get warm, which, as a cyclist, is very important.

Whether you're at home, going to work, meeting a pal for coffee or going out for dinner, it just ticks all the boxes for everything. There aren't many pieces that really do that, so when you do find one, you treasure it.

## Lucinda Chambers

Co-founder of online shopping platform Collagerie and fashion brand Colville. She has designed collections for Jigsaw, The Conran Shop and AZ Factory and consulted for brands such as Marni and Prada

When I was a child, my brother and I were always obsessed with the Tintin books and there's one called *Prisoners of the Sun*, in which Tintin wears a striped poncho, so I think that's where my mild obsession with ponchos comes from.

I've got about 12 ponchos in total and I never tire of them. I always think you can't be unhappy in a poncho — you just can't be.

This one is by Alexander McQueen. It's navy and bright red, so very simple but slightly military-esque and incredibly smart. I tend to wear it with trousers because of the length of it and over something quite plain, like cream canvas wide-leg trousers.

It's quite a statement to wear a poncho because it's not ordinary; it's a bit swash-buckling and bold, but it uplifts anything that you are wearing and adds a bit of idiosyncrasy.

You don't see many people in ponchos, but I guess they are quite loud and getting out of one can be like getting out of a crisp packet. Sometimes I get in a bit of a tangle, but it's worth it.



# Garments that make you think

Paris | Beyond Pharrell's Louis Vuitton debut were exceptional collections from Dior and Junya Watanabe. By Alexander Fury

Should the spectacle in fashion come from the clothes, or from the show? That was a question that emerged from Paris's spring/summer 2024 menswear week, where the weather was mostly good and the season was generally great. I say that not because of the big, flashy shows but because of the abundance of clothes that made you think. Yet, the big shows matter. It's impossible for me to look at them and not think of the pageantry surrounding the coronation of Charles III, upholding the institution of monarchy through pomp and circumstance. Paris has been staging them since the 1980s, to reiterate the fact that the city is the centre of

fashion and does it better than anyone else. And also, today, to emphasise the heft of individual brands, the power of money. That was the message behind Louis Vuitton requisitioning a bridge in the centre of Paris, gilding it, and marching the first collection of men's creative director Pharrell Williams down the middle.

The best of the best managed to team noteworthy show sets with fantastic clothes — such as Dior, where Kim Jones erected an aluminium silo outside the École Militaire and played jack-in-the-box by popping his models up out of the ground in military synchronisation. It was spectacular — even Bernard Arnault raised his phone to record the

theatre — but it was also an ode to Christian Dior, who dubbed his women “femme fleurs”. These were the male equivalents, dressed in neon brights, jewelled embroideries and specially woven bouclé tweed (which has emerged in Paris as something of an odd trend for men). Lots of the show was criss-crossed with the cannage the brand quilts into its best-selling Lady Dior handbags, inspired by the cane backs of the chairs in Dior's salons. It was a marriage of today and yesterday that Jones is adroit at producing, marking his five years at the house.

Rick Owens set off smoke bombs of bright colour over his show, raining charcoal down on his long-suffering but ever-faithful audience, who have been choked with fog and sprayed with water in the past. We keep coming back because Owens makes clothes that are utterly exceptional. This collection, entirely executed in “drama queen black” (his words), they were attenuated silhouettes against cobalt blue and red flares of pigment, high-waisted, flared in the leg, with a fluttering T-shirt, tightly swathed tank-top or a billowing cagoule. Owens' take on a sandal — hefty lumps of padded leather that resembled walking casts — may be for his hardcore devotees only, but his silhouette had legs (no pun). There was a bit of '70s Bowie there, a touch of the '30s. It also says a lot that the clothes were powerful enough to pull your attention away from the literal fireworks overhead.

That silhouette was reiterated a few days after by Jonathan Anderson at

Main: Loewe's spring/summer 2024

Smaller images, top row from left: two looks from the Kim Jones collection for Dior; two outfits from Hermès; Junya Watanabe

Smaller images, bottom row from left: Junya Watanabe; two outfits from Loewe; and two looks from Rick Owens

Laura Hirstin; Yannis Vlamos; Gorunway; Valerio Mezzanomi

Loewe, who pushed the waistband even higher and, sometimes, seamed the hems of his trousers into the shoes as if the hem was permanently caught underfoot, that hazard with flares. He installed fountains by the American sculptor Lynda Benglis, tinkling away as models emerged in everyday clothes completely bedazzled by Swarovski crystals, as if soaked with water and glittering in sunlight. Everything here felt weighted, exaggerated, amplified — a few models emerged wearing swatches of brocade, blown BFG big and affixed with a foot-long dressmakers' pin.

The best of the best managed to team noteworthy show sets with fantastic clothes

Those were funny but, despite the extreme silhouette, there was a sense of reality here. Raise the waistband a little lower and this, again, felt like the future. It also epitomised how, during his tenure, Anderson has anchored Loewe in a tradition of craft, artiness and kookiness that has given this often-fledgling LVMH brand a discernible identity. It's a remarkable success story on how to reboot a brand, outside the usual perimeters of archival investigation.

Junya Watanabe showed the best menswear collection of his career in a concrete shell of a building — the Comme des Garçons brands, in whose stable his business sits, don't really do

big sets, don't play that fashion game. Here, nothing distracted. Watanabe is big on collaborations — we get a screen detailing them every season, usually with specialist companies such as Levi's, Mackintosh or New Balance. This season however, Watanabe said he wanted to collaborate with himself, namely his own womenswear line, and breathed life into this hackneyed fashion trope.

If Watanabe's menswear often looks at American workwear, easy shapes, jeans and trainers, his womenswear is often sculptural, extreme. Translating that to menswear was extraordinary and invigorating. He has a taste for patchwork and bricolage, so crafted together dozens of trenchcoat belts into a sleeveless trench, bits of biker jackets into a calf-length overcoat, shards of pinstripe into an elongated gilet. It doesn't take much description, but it took work, and the results were sensational and apt in a season where menswear seemed intent on grabbing the spotlight.

Then, there's Hermès. Véronique Nichanian doesn't seem interested in grabbing anything — except, maybe, her men grabbing armfuls of her clothes. Her collections are resolutely quiet, confident, beautiful in a way men's clothes rarely are. This was full of grey and beige alongside eau de nil, big bridle-leather belts double-wrapping trousers, layers of fine fabric like tracing paper, lots wrinkled and see-through. It was easy — to watch, to wear, and far too easy to see yourself shelling out to look like this. Which is the great and not-so-grand point of a fashion show.

# The radical side of the little black dress

Exhibition | There's more to the LBD than being a simple sartorial standby, writes Natalie Whittle

In Alex Katz's 1960 painting 'The Black Dress', a woman at a party wears red lipstick and a black dress in six different poses. She appears glazed and listless, and it's not clear if the dress suits her or bores her.

A certain chic ambivalence has long been the USP of the LBD, a compromise waiting at the back of the wardrobe that promises to allow its wearer to slip into any event, fashion incognito.

But as a new exhibition at National Museum of Scotland, *Beyond the Little Black Dress*, proves persuasively, the idea of the LBD as simply a sartorial standby hardly does its influence or creativity justice.

Black cloth, the show's principal curator Georgina Ripley points out, is changeable in meaning: angry, regal, melancholy, erotic, mournful, depending on where you stand culturally. “We're deconstructing the concept of the LBD as a wardrobe classic to show that it evolved into other things over the course of the last century.”

Ripley traces black's popularity from mourning kings and queens in the early courts of Europe, into practical Protestant dress and then the industrial 19th century, when it became the colour of the professional classes' backlash against ostentation.

As hemlines lifted and petticoats were ditched in the gradual social emancipation of women in the early 20th century, synthetic dye was also easier to make, further democratising black fabric's social reaches.

By the time Chanel's simple knee-length take graced American Vogue in 1926, it was the workwear-inflected touches in the design that made it radical, as much as its dark colour. The

magazine dubbed it “The Chanel 'Ford' — the frock that all the world will wear”.

Ahead of the exhibition's opening, I visit the National Museum of Scotland archive with Ripley and textile conservator Miriam McLeod. Among mannequins, tissue paper and drawers crammed with conservation materials is the oldest garment in the show: a “robe de style” from Jeanne Lanvin's autumn/winter 1926 collection.

A dropped-waist, silk Art Deco design hand-sewn with glass beads imitating seed pearls, it is demure but daring. “People often say ‘Black is back’, but it really never goes away,” Ripley says. The difference, she adds, is that “dress codes for different times of day just aren't the same”.

Social and sexual revolutions filtered into the looks that shifted fashion



A Gareth Pugh dress embellished with plastic drinking straws — Stephen W Dunn

forward. “This exhibition is not just going to be dresses,” Ripley says. “We've juxtaposed '50s silhouettes with more contemporary pieces, so that people can consider how cyclical fashion is, but also how the LBD gets updated.”

To this point, one of the show's first displays is an Yves Saint Laurent Le Smoking dinner suit from the Rive Gauche line. The 1979-80 design, in wool gabardine with silk velvet brocade trim, speaks to a very modern-seeming solution to evening dressing, one that borrows from menswear.

“There is this underlying sexiness to black,” Ripley says. It's juxtaposed in the show with a Charles Jeffrey menswear outfit which does the reverse of Le Smoking by “feminising the traits of the suit” with a slashed petticoat.

Black's sexiness is also represented

Black cloth, as the curator Georgina Ripley points out, is changeable in meaning: angry, regal, melancholy, erotic, mournful

with the wild flair of pieces such as “Hellbound dress” from Christopher Kane's AW2022 collection. The design intimates fetishwear in its shiny PVC fabric, cut-out body and halter-neck.

The National Museum of Scotland collection has a surprisingly vast textile archive to prove black's versatility, stretching back to the 14th century in liturgical gear and into the 20th century via an extensive Jean Muir collection from the 1960s.

The most modern pieces pulled or

loaned for *Beyond the Little Black Dress* are technical showstoppers as much as they are markers of changing tastes. In the “Harriet” dress from Molly Goddard's AW18 collection, the heavy weight of a large nylon tulle skirt is carried magically by a fine mesh top.

Gareth Pugh, meanwhile, takes a witty approach to fabric by using both black plastic bin bags (AW13) and black plastic drinking straws (AW15/16) in two dresses that emphasise the labour of sustainability. “Pugh said he would never remake them, because they were so difficult,” Ripley says. To build the drinking straw dress, hundreds of tubes were hand-sewn on to create a structured black thatch that rustles and moves with the body.

“When it's on the figure, you realise it's hugely structured and actually gives you a feeling of dressiness,” McLeod adds. Like its sibling piece with individually knotted refuse bag scraps, which from a distance look like matte silk puffs, it has an off-killer humour to it. So where does the LBD sit in fashion today? With dress codes relaxing, chances to wear an LBD for many of us might be dwindling, for fear of looking too dressed up, or even staid. But on the red carpet, at least, celebrities are still mixing it up.

Witness Florence Pugh at last year's Venice Film Festival's *Don't Worry Darling* premiere in a black Valentino dress with sparkly spots and a sheer skirt, or Alexa Chung in Nensi Dojaka's sequin bodysuit for the reopening of the National Portrait Gallery last month. Dojaka's cutaway lingerie-inspired bodycon dresses are reinvigorating the genre. Just call it the very little black dress.



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# Travel

Ancient mariners called it the Island of the Djinn. Greek and Arab sailors took it for Paradise and imagined its frankincense lured ships towards its perfumed shoreline. Over centuries, the island cropped up in stories from Virgil and the *Epic of Gilgamesh* to the *Arabian Nights*. Tales spread of its dragon blood trees, whose sap ran red.

The thing about Socotra, whose name derives from a Sanskrit phrase meaning “island abode of bliss”, is that the reality almost matches the tall stories. The island’s extraordinary umbrella-spoked trees really do produce a blood-red resin. Its landscape, at turns brooding, dramatic and otherworldly, conjures up both a rocky garden where Cain might have slaughtered Abel and a wonderland dreamt up by Dr Seuss or Haruki Murakami. To this day, Socotra’s inhabitants, including the Bedouin of the mountain interior, use frankincense to drive out the wicked spirits they call djinns.

Socotra was once on the map. Merchants from India, Ethiopia, Egypt and elsewhere in the Middle East travelled there to trade. In the pitch-black depths of Hoq cave, inscriptions in Brahmī,



Ethiopian Ge'ez, Ancient Greek and Bactrian are scratched into the rock. But, in the 21st century, Socotra has receded back to legend.

The island, which belongs to Yemen, has been spared the fighting that has ravaged much of the mainland in a civil war that began in 2014, but the conflict left it isolated. Now, at last, Socotra is a feasible destination again. The war has cooled, a fragile truce has held since April 2022 and there are diplomatic efforts to secure a permanent ceasefire.

Socotra’s 60,000 inhabitants currently find themselves, for better or worse, under the protection of the United Arab Emirates, part of the Saudi-led coalition that intervened in the conflict to fight Iran-backed Houthi rebels who control Sana’a, Yemen’s capital, and most of the country’s north. When the UAE landed troops on the island in April 2018, taking control of the airport and seaport, it was unopposed but the deployment was controversial. The Saudi-backed Yemeni government said the move was “unjustified”; the UAE insisted it had no territorial ambitions and that its presence on the island was consistent with the Arab coalition’s aims to support the government.

Henry Cookson, a polar adventurer who pops off to the Antarctic as others might to Ibiza, has been trying to get to Socotra for 14 years, an ambition thwarted by security concerns, bureaucracy and finally Covid. Earlier this year I joined him as he finally made it there, on a reconnaissance trip for his eponymous travel company. He organises bespoke expeditions combining luxury, a carefully choreographed sense of adventure and a dash of theatre.

I came to think of Cookson as a billionaire’s dream-catcher. Want to propose to your future wife under the northern lights? He will organise the meteorologists, private jets and dog sleds to make sure it happens. Keen to sponsor a wildlife census in Antarctica with a bottle of Pétrus never far away? Sorted.

So how about visiting an island few have heard of that lies off the coast of Somalia with blinding-white beaches, a teeming ocean and black mountains where *The Lord of the Rings* might have been filmed? Cookson has come to Socotra to find out if he can offer his clients the experience they crave in the manner to which they are accustomed.

## Socotra | A trickle of tourists are returning to explore the white sands and dark mountains of an island like no other. By David Pilling

Logistics are not straightforward. Flights don’t appear on normal internet sites. The weekly service from Abu Dhabi, the most practical way in, is booked on WhatsApp by those in the know. A search for the island’s 10 best hotels throws up two less-than-enticing results, both in Hadiboh, the scrappy capital. That makes camping – in Cookson’s case, in style of course – the only real option for exploring the island’s heroically dramatic landscape.

Today, a trickle of tourists are starting to visit, and though Cookson is catering to a niche of extremely wealthy adventure-seekers, it is possible to visit on a more normal budget. Our flight also carried Polish backpackers setting off to explore the island on the cheap. In all, there were a few dozen of us – a tiny number for such a substantial slab of rock, at about 130km long and 40km wide roughly the size of Long Island or Cornwall. Those who make it pretty much have the place to themselves.

We land at the tiny airport on the island’s north coast and, after pushing through a gaggle of drummers, we drive south towards the island’s interior. Our guide is Sean Nelson, an Oman travel specialist and ex-British Royal Marine, who has been scouting out the island for months. He’s built up from scratch an itinerary and the logistics to achieve it. The idea is to spend three days explor-



ing the mountainous interior, dominated by the menacing Hajhir range, and the rest of the time on the coast.

Socotra may be politically part of the Middle East, but geographically it is a chip off Africa. As the vehicle climbs the steep dirt road, the drama of the scenery becomes apparent. Dragon blood trees dot the slopes like cocktail decorations. The distant mountains are as jagged as a sea monster’s back. About a third of the plant species on Socotra, often called the “Galápagos of the Indian Ocean”, are endemic, as are most of its reptiles, and many of its crabs, spiders and insects. The archipelago was designated a Unesco world heritage site in 2008 on account of its biodiversity.

We stop on the lip of a heart-juddering gorge for a picnic. Yellow Egyptian vultures, majestic as eagles, swoop around, performing acrobatics at close range before hurtling off. They are quite unruffled by humans. Some position themselves just feet away, hopping from foot to foot as we scoff our hummus, skewers and flatbread.

Ahmed Mohammed Said, an expert on the fauna and flora, says they clean up after the islanders like avian refuse collectors. A stocky man dressed in a turban and sarong, Said will accompany us throughout the journey, which will mean a lot of huffing and puffing up mountain trails. I will forever associate him with the word “endemic”.

After lunch we drive on, getting stuck at one point before the driver guns the four-by-four up the loose gravel surface. A camp of royal-looking tents, brought from Oman by dhow, has been set up in a clearing on the Firmhin plateau. That night I shower under a dragon blood tree as a million stars twinkle in the blackness.

The next morning we take a look at the dragon blood resin, dug from the bark by knife. Roman gladiators painted their faces with it. Today, Socotrans use it as lipstick, a blood coagulant and breath freshener, the sort of multi-use that could put Boots out of business.

To my eyes the forest is flourishing. But the slow-growing trees are endangered. Lacking roots, many were toppled in the great cyclone of 2015. An army of goats, whose numbers have swelled, gnaw at the saplings.

Still, the steep grassy inclines, house-sized boulders, caves and looming mountains present a magical vista. *Adenium obesum*, bulbous-shaped trees sprouting little pink flowers, cling precariously to the hillsides. Said points out a particularly Daliesque example before mouthing the inevitable word, “endemic”.

Salem Ghanem, a former English teacher who is also accompanying us, says the island’s nature has influenced Soqotri, an ancient Semitic language. “When I compare it to the poetry of Shakespeare, Soqotri is more beautiful, especially its descriptions of animals, plants and landscape,” he says. “We have maybe a hundred words to describe a goat,” he adds, pressing home his point.

Soqotri is unwritten and under threat,

Ghanem says. Arabic is spreading. He hopes to write Soqotri down but the Arabic script is unsuited to its sounds. Outside influences have had other impacts, he says. Women must cover, something that didn’t happen before. Outsiders flash their money and take off the most beautiful brides. The youth have started chewing qat, a mild intoxicant, and throwing plastic bottles around. “I feel Socotri, not Yemeni,” Ghanem says. “We have a different culture.”

I ask about the djinns. Nelson introduces me to Sheikh Issa, an important man in these mountains with an impressive bright orange beard. Socotrans rub noses when they are introduced, though I settle for a handshake.

Djinns are all around, apparently. “My grandfather saw a djinn leave a woman’s body once and go into a tree which cracked. It’s a true story,” he says, noting my scepticism. “Recently I saw a djinn myself,” he adds, doubling down. “It was walking, but only on one leg, and after about five minutes it cried like this [he makes a noise like a drowning dog] and flew away.”

Later, I ask Suleiman Dmero, another of Nelson’s mountain acquaintances who is showing us the small cave where he lived as a child, about djinns. He confirms their existence. “When I was a kid, my mother had to feed me and my sister, but the cow wasn’t giving any milk. We were hungry, so my mother went to the malloli [a sort of medicine man] and he said, ‘Maybe you have a djinn’. He gave us some leaves, and when we came back my father was right here milking the cow.”

The next day we start a two-day trek, which will take us over a pass and back down to the northern coast. Camels will carry our gear. Smaller than other breeds, they are well adapted to picking their way over the treacherous paths.

As we walk, Cookson is thinking about how to enhance the experience for his exacting clients. He has already tried to make the campsite more glampsite. Among his innovations: cushions and a bookshelf in the tent; and a movie screen, which he brought on the plane after haggling at check-in, strung up between two dragon blood trees for an open-air showing of *Aladdin*.

The walk is strenuous and now he’s wondering about how to lessen the strain for less fit clients. A helicopter is the obvious solution. But where to land? Besides, there’s none on the island. It will require negotiations with the local bigwigs. Like sausages, it’s probably best not to know how billionaires’ dreams are made.

That night we camp in smaller tents and fall asleep to the sound of the camel handlers singing by the fire.

The next day is tough too. We scuffle over loose black limestone rock, which echoes like broken crockery underfoot. There are abandoned caves and stone houses, though few people live up here all year round. Goats graze unattended. The only other clue humans have been here are the beautiful stone walls, constructed from giant boulders, which snake across the hills. There’s no memory of how they got here, says Said. “Maybe they were built thousands of years ago. You couldn’t build them today because the stones are too big. It would take thousands of strong people.”

We reach sea level around midday. Vehicles are waiting to speed us along the dramatic coastal road, with vertiginous white sand dunes to our right and a lapis lazuli blue ocean to our left. Yemeni music trumpets from the speakers.

Still, with no phone or internet signal, no television and no alcohol (unless you

## A whale shark, perfectly visible in the crystal water, glides gently under our boat

have visited Abu Dhabi duty free), I’m beginning to think of Socotra as Detox Island. At the beach dozens of fist-sized puffer fish have been washed up mysteriously on to the sand. There’s the smell of kelp and the thunder of waves on the breeze. That night I sleep like a dead man, untroubled by djinns.

The coast is as though on a different planet from the mountains we have left behind, but just as dramatic in its way, both wild and sublime. One day, we bounce by boat along the southern shoreline and travel for perhaps 50km without seeing a single person or structure on the beach. A whale shark, perfectly visible in the crystal water, glides gently under our boat.

Another day we go fishing. The sea is a spectacular turquoise. But Hemingway would have been unimpressed. Throw in a handheld line, feel a tug, pull up a large thrashing kingfish, red snapper or hamour fish in psychedelical colours. Repeat. Where’s the struggle in that?

However spectacular the island, Cookson never stops wondering how to elevate the experience. He hires a gyrocopter, a sort of miniature helicopter, which affords us a heart-stopping aerial view of the topography, as we sweep along the northern coast. Once, when we spot a tanker run aground, waves crashing spectacularly around the hull, he mulls the possibilities: how about stringing up fairy lights and offering clients dinner on the shipwrecked deck?

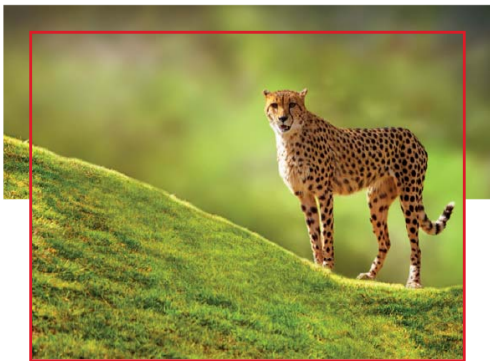
The day we see the whale shark, a pod of perhaps 50 dolphins streaks close by the boat, backs arched in sheer exuberance as they leap in formation through the spray. It is a joyful sight. Even Cookson can’t improve on that.

David Pilling is the FT’s Africa editor

### i / DETAILS

David Pilling was a guest of Cookson Adventures ([cooksonadventures.com](http://cooksonadventures.com)). Its bespoke seven-night adventure in Socotra costs from £18,940 per person, based on a group of six travelling together, including guides, activities, expedition photographer, host and chef, private transfers and visas. Those wanting to travel on a more conventional budget should consult the Bradt guidebook to Socotra ([bradtguides.com](http://bradtguides.com))

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From top: the group’s camp on the coast of Socotra; the lounge area, and a tent in the shadow of a dragon blood tree, at the group’s camp on the Firmhin plateau

Left: Henry Cookson (left) and David Pilling fishing for kingfish, red snapper and hamour fish

Below: camels carry the group’s camping equipment — Louis Walke



# Luxury distilled

**Key Notes** | Can a new hotel in a restored Belle

Époque mansion put Cognac on the map for tourism as well as brandy? By *Claire Wrathall*

**What's the buzz?** In response to the finding that “80 per cent of tourist activity in France is concentrated on 20 per cent of our territory”, France’s minister for tourism, Olivia Grégoire, last month announced a €1mn campaign “to promote”, she told *Le Figaro*, “year-round off-the-beaten track tourism”.

With its celebrated distilleries, fortified medieval gates, admittedly dour castle (the birthplace, in 1494, of France’s renaissance king François I) and narrow streets of half-timbered houses, Cognac might be just the sort of town she hopes visitors will seek out.

There’s all the more reason now that there’s a superb hotel, La Nauve, on its western edge. Converted from a Belle Époque mansion and former distillery, it is surrounded by 4.5 hectares of grounds and newly planted gardens (give them time, and they should be glorious), alongside which flows the River Charente.

It’s the second hotel from the Almae Collection (the first, Armancette, is in Saint-Nicolas de Véroc near Chamonix; the next will be Palladio’s Villa Emo in Italy’s Veneto), founded by the private equity investor Vincent Gombault and his wife, Florence. Its mission is “to reflect and honour its unique location with a life-enriching focus on art, design, gastronomy and community” — which I’d say it achieves.

**Location, location, location** La Nauve lies about an hour inland from the Atlantic coast, 106km south-east of La Rochelle airport; 128km north of Bordeaux; and 48km west of Angoulême, which has direct rail connections to Paris and is where Wes Anderson filmed *The French Dispatch*.

**Checking in** The main house was built in the 1870s, but though its ornate façade remains intact, its interior has been gutted to the rafters, its mighty oak trusses now exposed, and its interior almost entirely remodelled.

A statement bifurcated staircase carved from white Avy limestone and lit by light installations by Murano glass-maker Barovier & Toso now leads upstairs to eight spacious bedrooms. The priest are the four at the front, but my favourite was no 1, which may be the smallest and at the back but has a spacious roof terrace with a colourful living wall and a hanging basket chair. There are four further rooms, two with

**Chef Anthony Carballo paired oak-smoked ice cream with poached lettuce hearts and peas**

terraces and private gardens, in the next-door Petit Chai (barrel warehouse), by the 10-metre swimming pool.

No expense has been spared in their décor. The floors are of end-grain oak with brass inlay to echo the slight iridescence of the polished plaster walls. And the curvaceous joinery is something to behold. All the doors and bedheads, which have integrated nightstands, are inlaid with marquetry in patterns inspired by the branches of the 150-year-old sequoia that dominates the main lawn.

The bathrooms are marble and onyx, and the push-button shower was miraculously user-friendly. If only the lighting hadn’t been so overthought, it might all



have been perfect. There’s no need for a downlighter by the bathroom that stays on all night, nor a motion sensor that floods the loo with light whenever you open the door. (Nor quite so much flood-lighting of the façade.)

**What to do?** The hotel has an electric-powered boat on which you can spend a couple of hours exploring the Charente, which Henri IV, the first Bourbon monarch of France, judged the most beautiful waterway in his kingdom. At one point a water snake crossed our path, and we spotted four coypus making their way down the wooded bank to bathe.

Alternatively, it takes a little over half an hour to walk into central Cognac along a shaded riverside path that leads from the hotel’s dock. Or there are bikes (electric and push) on which to explore the surrounding vineyards.

Distillery tours and tastings are another option. The market is dominated by Maison Hennessy (the H in LVMH), founded in 1765 by an Irishman, Richard Hennessy, which offers a variety of experiences including what it calls an “immersive initiation”.

La Nauve, however, directs its guests to smaller independents such as Delamain in nearby Jarnac (where the house in which François Mitterrand was born is now a museum); and Hardy, 300 metres from the hotel and still in the hands of its founding family, one of whom lived at La

**Clockwise from main picture:** the exterior of the former mansion; one of La Nauve’s 12 bedrooms; the Brasserie des Flâneurs, the simpler of the two restaurants, housed in the former distillery; the hotel’s electric-powered boat on which guests can sail the Charente



Nauve till she sold it to Almae. There’s little to see, but the hour we spent with its present principal, Bénédicte Hardy, a direct descendant of the Londoner who established it in 1863, was both fascinating and hugely entertaining.

**What about the food?** There is no menu at Notes, the gourmet restaurant to the left of the entrance in the main house. And the only choice is between four courses (€70) and seven, nine if you include the *amuse-bouches* and pre-dessert (€110). Thereafter you are in the hands of its chef, Anthony Carballo, who was apprenticed to Yannick Alléno at La Meurice and will surely become a legend in his own right. For his is an inventive menu that navigates a path between the classic (lamb with smoked aubergine, black-garlic purée and an anchovy jus) and the outlandish, in the way he messes with convention and juxtaposes flavours and textures.

The cheese course, for instance, consisted of a tart purée of rhubarb and strawberry pine (*Microcachrys tetragona*) topped with a disc of melted Vieux Rodez, a Parmesan-like hard

cheese from Aveyron. It was sublime. In other courses, he paired crab with anise and, separately, with caviar; pollock with a salty, fishy, citrusy “iodised” foam, hazelnuts and nasturtium leaves; and oak-smoked ice cream with poached lettuce hearts and peas, each shucked of its skin. From the aerated crackling we began with — the world’s poshest pork scratching — to the chocolate and buckwheat dessert, I loved every mouthful and suffered no sense of having overindulged afterwards.

In contrast, the Brasserie des Flâneurs, across the gravel in the former distillery, is an essay in simplicity, with a



succinct menu — seared tuna, sirloin with béarnaise sauce, chicken cordon bleu (stuffed with cheese, wrapped in ham and deep fried). We enjoyed a sort of fish pie (€24), a little pot full of mussels and prawns on an earthy mushroom duxelle, blanketed in a *abayon* sauce that was vibrantly green with herbs; and pig cheeks (€26) poached in Pineau des Charentes (cognac-fortified grape must) and the local *apéro* of choice though surprisingly absent from the drinks menu), along with vegetables from the garden. Side dishes aside, there is nothing for vegetarians.

**The damage** Rates for a double room start at €294 per night, €326 with breakfast (or from about €370 in July and August).

**Elevator pitch** *Luxe, calme et volupté*. As Charles Baudelaire put it in his poem “L’Invitation au voyage”: “There, all is order and beauty/Luxury, tranquillity and delight.”

*Claire Wrathall was a guest of La Nauve (lanauve.com)*

## POSTCARD FROM...

### LONDON

Following an afternoon pounding the pavements of east London, a group of international tourists are taking refuge in a hushed, oak-panelled room on the *piano nobile* of an 18th-century townhouse. Kathleen Milligan, a Texan in her fifties, has bagged an antique armchair and is navigating a china teacup and saucer and a cake made to a 300-year-old London recipe.

“I love the narrow, cobbled streets here in Spitalfields, all these old buildings rammed up against skyscrapers,” she says.

Milligan found The Gentle Author’s Tour of Spitalfields via Instagram when it launched last year, and booked it because it offered a different perspective on London. Spitalfields is shown through the eyes of its residents (the townhouse has been loaned by a supporter to offer a glimpse of Londoners’ lives behind closed doors); the trips are run by a community tourism venture set up by locals in this densely urban part of the East End.

Spitalfields is within the borough of Tower Hamlets, where more than three-quarters of residents belong to minority ethnic groups. Tour guides are chosen to reflect the area’s diverse population — of Bangladeshi, Jewish, Somali heritage and more. They show groups of 15 or so visitors around on “a ramble through 2,000 years of culture”, offering a personal view of an area shaped by successive waves of migration.

But the initiative also has another aim, to offer “an engaging alternative” to the tours that have grown increasingly dominant in this part of London — those focusing on the murderer who killed five women in this part of the city in 1888. To thousands of tourists each year, the Jack the Ripper walking tours are an entertaining, if ghoulish, way to explore part of the city they may not otherwise visit. Some locals disagree, believing such tours help to create a distorted narrative of the place they call home.

That the killer was never caught still haunts — and titillates — London’s popular memory. But “there is more to Spitalfields than just a place where some disturbed lunatic killed some people over a century ago”, says Paul Godfrey, aka the Gentle Author, a historian, blogger and founder of the community tours.

London is not unique in its offerings of murder-themed entertainment. There are gangster tours in many US cities including Las Vegas and New York, Pablo Escobar-themed tours in Colombia, an OJ Simpson tour of Brentwood, Los Angeles (in a Ford Bronco), even a Fritz Haarmann-themed murder tour of Hannover.

But in London’s East End, murder tours have become dense. One offers “state of the art Ripper-Vision™” projections that promise to recreate Victorian London; another investigation-style trip provides the chance to join Victorian detectives “step by blood-curdling step”.

Hallie Rubenhold, an American historian, author and broadcaster, whose 2019 book *The Five* sought to draw out the humanity of the Ripper’s victims, points out that Ripper tours have been around almost since the days of the murders. “People came from the West End of London to be shown around where they happened,” she says. “There has been gruesome tourism here since 1888 and it’s not about to stop now — but it can be done sensitively and intelligently, rather than revelling in gore.”

**One event offers ‘state of the art Ripper-Vision™’ projections that promise to recreate Victorian London**



A Jack the Ripper tour — AFP/Getty Images

The Gentle Author’s tours start and finish on the steps at Christ Church, Nicholas Hawksmoor’s masterpiece of English baroque, completed in 1729. They vary depending on the guides, who include a playwright and anti-racism activist, and a restaurant insider who shares stories of Brick Lane’s curry house trade.

Most of the tours include the ornate Edwardian Soup Kitchen for the Jewish Poor on Brune Street, the site of a Roman cemetery on Bishopsgate and a chain of mosques, synagogues, pubs, alleyways, music halls and industrial infrastructure — many of them repurposed over generations.

Oral histories, personal testimonies and readings attempt to lend voice to Spitalfields residents over millennia, such as Aemilia Lanyer, often seen as England’s first professional female poet and possibly Shakespeare’s “Dark Lady”. And Suresh Singh, the “first Punjabi punk” musician, who played drums with Spizzenergi in the 1970s.

Most affecting is the story of Bedford House, a slab of Victoriana on the corner of Quaker and Wheeler Streets, built as a mission to support poor residents. In 1900, a local photographer, Horace Warner, took a series of photographs of the children who used the mission, in what became known as the “Spitalfields Nippers” portraits.

On the tour I took, Godfrey described how one in five Victorian children in London did not survive into adulthood. Warner’s portraits of these children were passed around, and their life stories read out. Some died young; others lived and thrived until the 1970s and 1980s, well within living memory. Survival seemed horribly arbitrary.

“Poverty did not define all Spitalfields lives,” says Godfrey. It’s a little earnest maybe, but the crowd of mostly Americans is enthralled.

Milligan says she booked a Ripper tour once. It was fine, but “most of the places are gone. It was like, here’s a giant skyscraper where a murder happened.” She might consider another one but thinks anglophiles would also do well to give London’s more complex, multicultural histories a try.

Helen Barrett

*The Gentle Author’s Tours of Spitalfields (thegentleauthorstours.com) last about two hours and cost £40*

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## Critical condition

Essay | As the NHS marks its 75th birthday, two books trace its foundation, survival and future prognosis, writes Sarah Neville



Above: medical staff at West Middlesex University Hospital during the Covid pandemic

Below: NHS founder Aneurin Bevan visits young patient Sylvia Beckingham at a hospital in Lancashire in 1947

Stuart Franklin/Magnum; Mirrorpix

It is rare, unique even, for a modern democracy to celebrate the anniversary of one of its public services with state-orchestrated rejoicing.

Yet many Britons are being made aware of the approaching 75th “birthday” of their health service. This anthropomorphising of a healthcare system speaks volumes about the grip the taxpayer-funded NHS has on the nation’s hearts and minds.

Although a belief in its exceptionalism is hard-wired into those who benefit from its cradle-to-grave care, the truth is that most western European countries enjoy a form of universal health provision even if some are funded through employer-based social insurance, for example, rather than taxes.

While the NHS continues to stand out, it is increasingly for the wrong reasons. People are flocking to use the private sector to escape record waiting lists for hospital treatment. Doctors, lionised three short years ago for their heroism during the Covid pandemic, will walk out on strike next month, furious at what they say is 15 years of pay erosion. The backdrop to these travails is the soaring demands of an ageing population – a problem that scarcely troubled the NHS at its foundation when men on average died at 66 and women at 71.

That Britons’ fealty to their health service nevertheless endures is testament to the way it embodies the most visceral form of security – eliminating money worries in time of serious illness – but also the values of fairness and inclusion that the UK sees as the best of itself. Yet as two new histories of the health service demonstrate, there was nothing inevitable or preordained about its foundation, or its subsequent survival.

The need for better access to healthcare for those who lacked means had begun to loom larger in the years before and during the second world war. But as both Isabel Hardman, in *Fighting for Life*, and Andrew Seaton in *Our NHS* explain, the precise form this took – and the postwar Labour government’s ability to bring it to fruition at all – reflected the political canniness and pragmatism of its progenitor, health minister Aneurin Bevan.

It was Bevan who managed to circumvent medical opposition to the plan by allowing GPs to remain independent contractors, and consultants to treat private patients in so-called “pay beds” in the newly nationalised hospitals.

In the US an equivalent attempt to introduce a system of free healthcare, backed by then-president Harry Truman, failed due to the astonishingly relentless and well-funded opposition of the American Medical Association. The British Medical Association ultimately proved less obdurate than its US counterpart, for which generations of Britons must be grateful.

The two books inevitably cover similar terrain but take different approaches to their subject matter. Hardman’s writing is breezily accessible, and her deeply researched book is full of colourful

vignettes and an enjoyable spice of gossip as befits a political journalist.

Seaton, an Oxford research fellow, has a less rollicking style and his book is clearly aimed in part at an academic audience. However, his analysis is sharp and compelling and makes a considerable contribution to the scholarship surrounding what he terms “Britain’s best-loved institution”.

This is scarcely a happy birthday for the NHS, which is paying the price for a decade of funding attrition after the financial crisis, followed by the coronavirus pandemic. So while both books are histories, readers pondering the health service’s current state and its future will reflect on whether the past serves as prologue.

Hardman’s division of her book into 12 “battles that made our NHS” feels a little contrived as a device: could the introduction of heart transplants and IVF really be so described, even though both innovations certainly created controversy? But it is wholly apt for the difficult birth of the health service that she describes in her opening chapter. She debunks the popular myth that the Conservative party – which was leading the wartime coalition government when the social reformer William Beveridge produced his 1942 report sowing the seeds of the NHS – opposed the idea. Although it voted against the second and third reading of the bill that introduced the NHS, they put down a reasoned amendment making clear they welcomed the principle of a comprehensive health service.

However, she makes the astute point that Conservative opposition to the particular blueprint that Bevan chose, involving the nationalisation of even voluntary-run hospitals, fostered an indelible narrative that the Tories cannot be trusted with the health service. “It has meant that for the rest of the lifetime of the NHS, however long or short, the Conservative party will never have

the full political permission to do as it pleases with the health service in the way that it would like.”

Perhaps a case in point is that more than 30 years later, Margaret Thatcher – a political realist despite her “conviction politician” reputation – considered but did not pursue a proposal to ditch the NHS model for a private insurance system. To this day, says Hardman, some believe the Tories have a secret plan to dismantle the NHS, given the chance. However, since it did not happen when the prime minister had such large majorities and was already pushing back the frontiers of the state, “it is unclear what that chance would be”, she notes drily.

Hardman is particularly good at locating the NHS within the wider social movements that have changed British life over the 75 years of its existence. Her chapter featuring the discovery of the contraceptive pill, which sparked a concerned senior civil servant to muse about a woman having the same rights under the NHS “whether she is married or living in sin”, speaks to its need to adapt and respond to societal change.

She also traces the roots of one of the most regrettable aspects of NHS culture: an often harsh command and control approach to leadership. The introduction of more professional management in the 1980s was the legacy of Thatcher’s flirtation with a wholesale overhaul of the system. In 1992, Duncan Nichol, the then-chief executive of the NHS, protested against the “macho” management style that had developed. Hardman writes: “It is now very hard to find anyone who doesn’t think there is widespread bullying – whether of staff in underperforming hospitals and units or of whistleblowers to safety threats – in the service.”

One of the biggest puzzles about the NHS is how it has survived with its form essentially unchanged since its foundation. Other examples of welfare, such as mass council housing and state-owned industries, did not outlast the turbulent 1980s. In his book, Seaton points to the very strong popular support that the service garnered as the years went by, and its willingness to adapt, accommodating increasingly individualistic patients’ desires for more privacy and

autonomy. This, he argues, has enabled it to endure as a bastion of social democratic politics, even as neoliberalism has become the dominant political credo and free market policies have reshaped other areas of British life.

He counters the preconception that Britons embraced their NHS with gushing gratitude from the start, however. “Rather than a natural or inevitable process, the growth of the public’s affection towards the NHS was a historical process that required work. In short, ‘Our NHS’ had to be made, both as an institutional reality and as a cultural icon.” Some of this sense of ownership, Seaton suggests, developed amid a growing realisation that other countries did not necessarily share Britons’ respect for their health service. Bevan’s hope that the NHS would be embraced as a template for the world faded in the face of opposition from US doctors, who presented the UK service’s failings as an awful warning of what the embrace of “socialised medicine” would mean.

Instead, he says, “welfare nationalism” increasingly took root among Britons. Seaton defines this as “a belief that welfare services express something essential about the nation”, a view that can encourage feelings of superiority over other countries and even marginalised groups such as immigrants.

One of the biggest puzzles about the NHS is how it has survived with its form essentially unchanged since its foundation

In the 1980s, a number of documentaries on the iniquities of the US healthcare system from left-leaning film-makers encouraged viewers to equate private medicine with the worst of the US system, helping to end the “neoliberal dream” of Britain becoming a nation of private health insurance subscribers, Seaton suggests.

Indeed the NHS went on to reach its zenith of funding and public support during the New Labour years, long after the election of the Thatcher government was supposed to have swept away the last vestiges of social democracy.

As the government and health leaders prepare to commemorate the service’s “big birthday”, it is easy to conclude that the NHS has precious little to celebrate. Neither Hardman nor Seaton reach a definitive judgment on whether it can survive in its current form, given the glaring mismatch between demand and resources.

Hardman suggests politicians need to better define what “protect the NHS” – the slogan that took on an ominous tinge during Covid when it led patients to delay treatment in unexpectedly large numbers – really means. Politicians thus far have been too “fearful or lazy” to confront the state of the NHS and create a vision to address it, she writes.

Seaton is marginally more hopeful. The history of the NHS, he says, “shows the importance of asking who is stoking the sense of crisis, and to what ends. It also demonstrates that the service has recovered from serious challenges in the past, and might do so again.”

As the metaphorical bunting goes up in hospitals and GP surgeries across the land, both books should be prescribed reading for a nation that has long embraced “our NHS” but may now be wondering precisely what that relationship will look like a decade hence.

Sarah Neville is the FT’s global health editor

### Our NHS: A History of Britain’s Best-Loved Institution

by Andrew Seaton  
Yale £20, 320 pages

### Fighting for Life: The Twelve Battles That Made Our NHS, and the Struggle for Its Future

by Isabel Hardman  
Viking £20, 384 pages

## Here be spiders ...

A history of the money-spinning activities of silkworms and arachnids is far from genteel. By Simon Ings

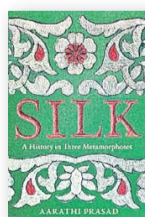
In 1766, two years after his arrival in Buenos Aires, Jesuit Father Ramon Maria Termeyer wandered on horseback through a carob forest and into a maze of spider webs so strong that they “got in the way of me and my horse and made my hat fall from my head, unless I took care to break them with a rod.” Glancing around, he realised with a thrill that he was surrounded by cocoons as large as the spiders watching him from every branch; and it was a thrill not of horror, but of mercantile possibility: what if these spiders could be forcibly silked?

Indeed they could. One of the stranger pictures in this strangest of histories,

*Silk: A History in Three Metamorphoses*, is a contemporary diagram of a 1900 machine made to “milk” related golden orb spiders in Madagascar.

Readers coming to this globetrotting and species-leaping volume expecting vignette after genteel vignette of 5,000-odd years of Chinese silk manufacture are in for a nasty shock. Here be spiders, and not just spiders, but metre-long Mediterranean clams, and countless moth species spinning their silks everywhere from Singapore to Suriname. As entomologist René-Antoine Ferchault de Réaumur observed in 1711, “nature does not limit itself to a few examples, even of its most singular productions.”

This sets writer, broadcaster and sometime molecular geneticist Aarathi Prasad quite a challenge: billed as “a cultural and biological history”, *Silk* has to flit from China, Indonesia and India to South America and Madagascar, and from there to the Mediterranean to examine Procopius of Caesarea’s “cloak



*Silk: A History in Three Metamorphoses*  
by Aarathi Prasad  
William Collins £22  
368 pages

made of wool, not such as produced by sheep, but gathered from the sea.”

The Chinese silkworm *Bombyx mori* holds centre stage, having played a leading role in our understanding of the natural world. The 17th-century naturalist and globetrotter Maria Sybilla Merian traced its lifecycle to scotch the idea that small organisms arose spontaneously out of decomposing matter. In 1807 the Italian Agostino Bassi showed how infection was transmitted from a sick caterpillar to a

healthy one, in a paper that Louis Pasteur read 60 years later as he formulated the germ theory of disease.

Then there’s the author’s own experience of these strange creatures, “cute but not beautiful”, and unable, in their adult form, to eat or defecate – “nor do they do much at all as moths, except to mate and die.” As a child, Prasad used to feed her larvae with mulberry leaf paste, then watched as they span “cradles of their own making, swaddled in kilometres of pure white silk”.

Chinese silk domestication – which began around the Yellow River, sometime between 7,500 and 5,000 years ago – bequeathed us flightless grubs that require human intervention just to survive. Other domestication strategies were followed in India, where the *Antheraea paphia* spins cocoons of golden tasar silk and hangs them on a “stalk” from its favourite trees.

Weaving between these natural wonders are the human stories; of Marcello

Malpighi, whose dissection of *Bombyx mori* for London’s Royal Society in the 1660s took an entire year; of Georg Eberhardt Rumpf, whose survey of moths in Indonesia triggered a surreal string of personal disasters; of Thomas Wardle, whose Midlands factory-hands worked out how to bleach and print

Archduke Franz Ferdinand owned a bulletproof vest made of silk. On June 28 1914 he forgot to put it on

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on tasar silk, triggering a boom in India’s silk exports. The effort to dramatise a wealth of unfamiliar and peculiar information sometimes empurples Prasad’s prose, but readers less enamoured by these flourishes will discover more sardonic pleasures. Austria’s Archduke Franz

Ferdinand, it seems, owned the latest in personal body protection: a bulletproof vest made of silk. On June 28, 1914 he forgot to put it on.

Scientific accounts of silk traditionally end in Arthur C Clarke territory, describing how Earth-tethered space elevators made of synthetic silk will propel future astronauts into orbit. Prasad is not holding her breath over that one – though she does treat us to a futuristic vision of “flexible and biodegradable implantable electronics that record our brain signals” and safely consumable edible sensors “to track our fitness or the nutritional quality of our food”.

Prasad is happy to admit that “more often, scientific progress is just tiresomely incremental.” Technological wonders will follow our investigations, but they will do so in their own good time. One gratifying lesson to be drawn from this charming and absorbing book is that silks will sustain their mystery and glamour for a while yet.







# The castle built on magical thinking

Disney at 100 | Many see the company's recent troubles as the twist in a fairytale saga, but history tells a very different story, *Danny Leigh* writes

Recently, I took my eight-year-old nephew to his first Disney movie. The venue was a London preview of *Elemental*, the new animation from subsidiary Pixar. In a crowded cinema, the screen filled with the famous logo of the parent company: a vast fairytale castle lit now by magnificent fireworks. De facto anthem "When You Wish Upon a Star" boomed in Dolby Atmos. The words 100 Years of Wonder, marking this year's corporate centenary, shone in liquid silver. For just a moment, the magic worked. My nephew, a science-minded child from a home without the Disney+ streaming service, said, unprompted: "Wow."

By that evening, the film was officially a disaster. Released in the US the same weekend, it would deliver the worst American box-office opening in Pixar history: \$29.5mn against a budget of \$200mn. (My nephew? Non-committal.) It was just the latest bad news in a rolling doom-cloud over Disney headquarters in Burbank, California. Anniversary celebrations are planned until late 2023. But the cheers may be drowned out by gloomy noises off.

Despite the return last November of veteran CEO Bob Iger, box office is down; the share price erratic; Disney+ subscriber numbers have fallen for two quarters running. And all the while, a canonic American brand is cast as the enemy within by Republican governor of Florida and presidential hopeful Ron DeSantis.

The sense of an industry titan in crisis makes for seductive drama. But the truth is more prosaic than that — Disney has long been accident-prone — and stranger too, as befits a company made rich monetising children's emotions.

As with any movie, a lot depends on where you come in. My nephew's experience of *Elemental* was prefaced by a brief film montage about Disney's first century. Images of *Fantasia* and a young Walt Disney at his sketchbook mingled with Marvel movies, James Cameron's *Avatar: The Way of Water* and Harrison Ford as Han Solo. For an eight-year-old, or anyone unversed in entertainment business takeovers, a clear line of descent would lead from the hand that drew Mickey Mouse to the minds behind *Star Wars*.

Historically, that's a little broad-brush. In fact, *Star Wars* and *Avatar* only went to Disney in 2019, with the acquisition of Rupert Murdoch's 21st Century Fox. As well as the pen of Uncle Walt, a true celebration might also show Iger signing the contracts that, even before Fox, gave Disney vast tracts of intellectual property. Pixar was bought in 2006; Marvel Entertainment in 2009; Lucasfilm in 2012. (Disney's big release this weekend, *Indiana Jones and the Dial of Destiny*, comes from that last buyout.) These were brilliant, far-sighted deals. They deserve a scene in the movie.

But histories produced by the subject themselves can often feel like fairy tales. Imperial conquests might well be played down to better convey calm continuity. And self-mythology is deeply Disney. Whatever you make of DeSantis and his culture war, his complaints that the company regards itself as an independent state are not plucked from thin air. For all Walt Disney's patriotism, there was always something secessionist in his magic kingdom.

I mean: a castle? Sheer pageantry is some of it. (Let's leave aside the weird overtones of having been inspired by the Bavarian castle Neuschwanstein, depot for Nazi-looted artwork during the second world war.) But the symbolism of the logo hints too at what castles were designed for: a literal means of keeping out all that displeased the powers inside. That much was foundational



Above: Walt Disney with his grandson at Disneyland in California in 1955. Above right: 'Fantasia' (1940). Right: Disney and his animation team talk through storyboards for 'Sleeping Beauty' (1959). Below: Tokyo Disneyland, photographed by Martin Parr; 'The Little Mermaid' (2023) — Getty Images; Alamy, Martin Parr/Magnum

for Disney. And often what was unwellcome was reality. The era in which the company broke big was the late 1920s extending into the 1930s: the years of the Wall Street crash, Al Capone and the rise of fascism. Disney responded with cartoons and children's stories whose happiness was non-negotiable.

Yes, Bambi's mother would eventually die. But the fervent escapism at its heart helps explain why Disney still only feels adjacent to the wider story of the movies. For all the golden moments its animators have conjured, there is a reason Disney has never won a Best Picture Oscar under its own banner. For many film lovers, the name forever speaks of things that have not been good for cinema: infantilisation, branded tat.

And Iger's spending spree since 2006 has only heightened the sense that the company's stock response to crises of creativity is simply to buy someone else's. But the image of apex predator can also be deceptive. If the ground under Disney in 2023 seems shaky, so it was in the past. Even in the company's salad days, *Pinocchio* and *Bambi* underperformed financially; *Fantasia* almost led to bankruptcy. In the real Disney story, box-office bombs are less anomaly and more recurring theme.

After Walt Disney's death in 1966, the company drifted into a long irrelevance. Revival only came with new-broom CEO Michael Eisner. In a graphic break with the past, the fairytale logo now took precedence above the founder's signature. It debuted on 1985 live-action adventure *Return to Oz*: a flop. "When You Wish Upon a Star" was added for the next release, dark fantasy *The Black Cauldron*. The \$44mn budget made it the most expensive animation then ever produced. In the wake of its woeful commercial performance, Eisner exiled the entire animation department from Burbank to a warehouse five miles away.

Eventually, though, a string of hits dubbed the "Disney renaissance" began with *The Little Mermaid* (1989). Like Iger's acquisitions, it is hard to argue with the sleek, clever movies Eisner oversaw (*The Lion King*, *Aladdin* and so on), or their profits. But the wizardry was pragmatic. On screen, a hefty spoonful of sugar was added back into fairy tales grown gnarled in films such as *The Black Cauldron*. Behind the scenes, with digital animation cutting overheads, headline titles were joined by untold sequels quietly going straight to video.



And an old lever was cranked hard. In 1932, with Disney almost buckled by the Depression, the company had been saved by salesman Herman Kamen, licensing the image of Mickey Mouse on to napkins, watches and wallpaper. Sixty years later, Eisner again squeezed every drop of juice from products in newly opened Disney Stores.

The films were origin stories for the merchandise. And the business model led to the definitive moment in Disney history. It came with another pen stroke: the 1991 decision to list the company in the Dow Jones Industrial Average. Disney was instantly enshrined as leader of the entertainment industry.

Yet that same year, it didn't have a single film in the American box-office top 10. Its most successful movie in 1991, *Beauty and the Beast*, wasn't even the year's most popular family film, beaten at cinemas by *Home Alone* and *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles II: The Secret of the Ooze*.

But that was no break with Disney tradition. Unlike other Hollywood moguls, Walt Disney had limited time for movie theatres. The jumbo train set of Disneyland monopolised his attention. Television too was quickly embraced. And the arm's-length relationship with cinema continued via Eisner on to his successor, Iger. In the 2010s, with Marvel deputised to the multiplex, the parent brand kept leaning into smaller screens in private homes. *Frozen* was soon the bestselling Blu-ray in US history.

Follow the breadcrumb trail and you see how Disney came to stake so much on Disney+. Industry royalty spooked by upstart Netflix, a Hollywood studio for whom cinema was just another

**'Pinocchio' and 'Bambi' underperformed financially. 'Fantasia' almost led to bankruptcy**

platform. With the Fox acquisition, 2019 must have felt the perfect moment for the endgame: the triumphant launch of a leviathan content library built for home consumption. The world's favourite stories hoarded in one place; Pixar, Marvel and the rest making more. The castle was complete.

But history is filled with monarchs who misread the room. After a bountiful Covid, 6.5mn subscribers have recently left Disney+. And much of the thinking behind the rush to streaming now feels magical itself. Once other Pixar movies were sent straight to the service, why would families see *Elemental* in cinemas? Just how many series could Marvel inspire, given that it is films were already sputtering creatively? And would Apple and Amazon be outmuscled as easily as Rupert Murdoch?

Thus far, the response has been predictable: 7,000 staff fired since Iger's return last year. Heading into Burbank, he will have also passed the protests of the ongoing Hollywood writers' strike. That too is historically on-brand: Walt Disney's employment practices famously led to a bitter 1941 animators' strike.

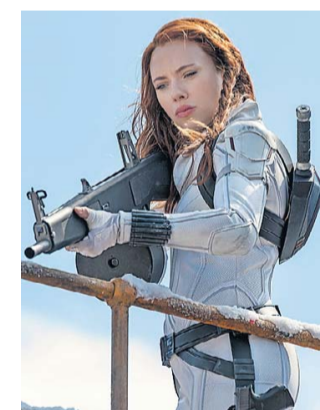
Troubled industrial relations put a layer of irony on the company's other current headache: the attacks on it as a leftist cell by Ron DeSantis. In fact, his whole vision of Disney management tainting a once innocent company with politics might be the wrong way round. Back in the 1940s, the company founder was a zealous rightwinger whose worldview helped shape its films. The inclusivity of modern Disney is, by contrast, blandly mainstream: the everyday stuff of a corporation seeking to maximise reach.

In 2023, that much can mean war. The recent live-action remake of *The Little Mermaid* starring the black actress Halle Bailey drew grim online comment. It did well with US audiences, though, at a time when Disney movies often don't.

But the film's creative context raises another question for Iger. It was made in yet another round of remakes of existing company property: *Peter Pan & Wendy*, *Pinocchio* and so on. For Disney, the past 100 years might suggest you can always save the day with the same old fairy tales. But after so many close calls with failure, a lack of new ideas now seems quite the gamble. History repeats a lot, it's true. Every now and then, though, someone else gets to have a happy ending.



Below: Scarlett Johansson in Marvel Studios' 'Black Widow' (2021); Pixar's new release, 'Elemental'; Disney chief executive Bob Iger with his wife Willow Bay at the post-Oscars Governor's Ball in Los Angeles this year



# A film of the future

**Cornelia Parker | The artist**  
talks to *Rachel Spence* about  
her new video combining her  
eye for form with a passion  
for environmental politics

A florist or gardener," replies a young boy when asked what he wants to be when he grows up. "A paleo-artist . . . who makes art of prehistoric things," proffers another child. Other children plump for "a police" [sic] and "a mathematician . . . because I could work on quantum gravity and I get a Nobel Prize". One boy is already a model. A little girl plans to play for Arsenal.

The children, all six or seven years old, are the protagonists in "The Future (Sixes and Sevens)", a new film by British artist Cornelia Parker. Just under nine minutes long, "The Future" is deceptively simple. Shown on two screens, each of which features two young children responding to questions by Parker — who is neither seen nor heard — so it appears that the youngsters are in conversation.

The upbeat tenor never wavers. Yet the children, who come from a range of cultures and backgrounds, know the challenges that lie ahead. Although one is looking forward to the future because he'll be "taller and . . . can reach more things like the top of the fridge", another observes that "the Earth is getting hotter and the ice is melting." "Yeah," says his friend, "especially with the polar bears. I've seen it on Netflix."

The children proffer intriguing solutions. "I think if people just stop," says one mini de-growther, adding that stopping is "pretty easy. It's the persuading bit that's hard." Some have faith, occasionally misplaced, in invention: "More beaches, more sun," requests one girl. The wannabe Nobel laureate has plans for black holes, settlements on the Moon, insect protein instead of beef and a somewhat risky strategy to "chop down all the trees" and replace them with water full of algae. "Then we'll actually have an increase in oxygen."

"The Future" has been created for *Dear Earth: Art and Hope in a Time of Crisis*, a collective show now at the Hayward Gallery in London. Dancing a tightrope between anxiety and hope, it blows a hole through arguments that "climate art" is an oxymoron. Although that genre is often afflicted by faux-scientific didacticism, Parker's film does what such work should do, operating both as call to action and organic, imaginative experience.

"I'm hoping people watching will realise that we are the adults," says Parker. "We can do something. The children can't. We can't wait for them to grow up. We have to act in every way we can," she pauses, then exclaims: "And certainly don't vote the Tories in!"



From top: Cornelia Parker, photographed for the FT by Ashley J Bourne; her video "The Future (Sixes and Sevens)"; a still from her 2017 installation 'Left Right & Centre' — Mark Blower/Hayward Gallery



Such bluntness typifies one strand of Parker's personality. On the one hand, she is all angles: from her ruler-straight fringe to the hem of her stylish, minipinafore dress. Yet as we chat over her kitchen table in her home in London's Kentish Town, her soft centre shines through her speech which — though full of bold ideas and mostly delivered at rat-a-tat speed — is curiously hesitant.

Parker's skill at balancing opposing forces has made her one of Britain's leading contemporary artists. Born in 1956, she grabbed public attention with "Cold Dark Matter" (1991), an installation for which she requested that the British army blow up a garden shed,

then suspended the debris around a single lightbulb. The play between the charred material detritus and its flickering shadows on the wall felt like a metaphor for the unconscious. But were we looking at the chaos inside our country's head, Parker's or our own?

Her brilliance as an artist lies in her fusion of her heartfelt politics with a crystalline sense of form, pace and scale. Little wonder she was shortlisted for the Turner Prize in 1997, awarded an OBE in 2010 and given a triumphant retrospective at London's Tate Britain in 2022.

The climate crisis leapt on to Parker's radar in 2005 when she attended a workshop for scientists and artists at the University of Oxford. "I came away pretty shell-shocked. I had a four-year-



old daughter," she recalls. "What kind of future was she going to have?"

She poured her anxieties into a film, "Chomskian Abstract" (2007), in which philosopher Noam Chomsky responds to her questions about environmental threat. "I wanted a very smart person who hadn't talked about it very much," she recalls, adding that Chomsky, known for his anti-capitalist, antimilitaristic theoretic has now "got it. He's realised [climate change] is just as dangerous as nuclear annihilation or AI."

In 2017, she accepted a post as the official artist for the UK general election. Told that she couldn't reveal her own persuasion, she put a drone and a wind machine in the House of Commons and filmed hundreds of newspapers drifting hither and thither. Entitled "Left Right & Centre", the result is classic Parker: an oblique, eerie allusion to the sinister, ambiguous forces that decide our fates, rather than an ideological manifesto. She's now agreed to make work to commemorate the coronation. "I've asked to see the Crown Jewels!" she says with a mischievous glint in her eye that suggests the monarchy doesn't know what it has let itself in for.

Raised in rural Cheshire, Parker's early life was far from the smart metropolitan circles she inhabits today. Her father — "a peasant farmer" ruled the roost while her German-born mother struggled to thrive in postwar Britain.

**'We are the adults. We can do something. The children can't. We can't wait for them to grow up'**

Parker thinks that standing up to her father — "I must have a bit of his blood" — birthed her taste for creative friction. "I had to fight to stay on at school for A-levels," she says — adding that as a "poor, working-class, free-school-meals girl" she enjoyed a free education. "That would never happen now!" she exclaims, alluding to the rising cost of higher education.

Neither of her parents understood her choice of career. "My father wanted me to work in a factory and earn proper money." Yet to Parker, orthodox employment sounded like "the worst thing in the world". Even her Turner Prize nomination failed to impress them. "I used to say: 'My job has taken me all over the world. Can't you see this is an interesting life?'"

Yet rather than succumb to victimhood, this clever, straight-talking, amiable individual has chosen to channel her personal and political conflicts and contradictions into art. "I like formalising the unformalisable" is her way of explaining her spare, acute visions.

On the new film, she gives much of the credit to her collaborator, Harry Dwyer, who also operated the drone in "Left Right & Centre". But Parker knows she has a gift for paring her art down to what really matters — however cold and dark. "I always assume my unconscious will come up with the goods. That's what allows me to be brave."

To September 3, southbankcentre.co.uk

## In the garden of dreams and nightmares

Ebony G Patterson's installation brings flocks of vultures and hordes of creepy-crawlies to the New York Botanical Garden. By *Ariella Budick*

Ah, the garden, locus of innocence, nourishment and gladness. In the Old Testament, Eden is the ideal gated community, mild and self-contained. In *The Odyssey*, Alcinoos's realm teems with "pears and pomegranates and apple-trees with their bright fruit, and sweet figs, and luxuriant olives. Of these the fruit perishes not nor fails in winter or in summer, but lasts throughout the year."

The New York Botanical Garden is a contemporary version of those mythological enclaves, the airy antithesis to the city that enfolds it. Inside are azalea walks and rose bowers. Outside are the fume-hazed roadways of the Bronx. It's an improbable oasis, a deluxe gift to harried urbanites, where jumbled masses from many nations can pause for a few hours and drift through mottled green light.

A garden isn't nature, exactly. It's a curated place, removed from everyday torments, suffused with divine grace and moulded by exacting labour. (Just ask anyone with pruning shears and an edging tool.) Unlike pure wilderness, it's a cultural artefact that relies on human creative power, and with that taming comes corruption. Fecund beauty can hide decadence and predation.

Ebony G Patterson's multi-part installation, scattered through the Botanical

Garden grounds, delicately reminds us of those more sinister inclinations. ". . . things come to thrive . . . in the shedding . . . in the molting . . ." is a lush ode to death. Hundreds of darkly effulgent foam vultures stand around like spies among the verdure, looking busy. At first, you might pick out one or two. Then, alert to their presence, you notice dozens, bending, pecking, diving headlong into the flora. They mass into sinister committees among velvety coleuses, tall pink foxgloves and bright-red petunias.

A wake of vultures doesn't inspire happy thoughts. We reflexively perceive them as repellent, with their long coiling necks, broad dark feathers and nasty flesh-tearing beaks. Their hideousness conjures up the mortality they thrive on — not as killers but as consumers of death. But Patterson would like us to reconsider those prejudices. "It is sad that vultures get a bad rap," she said recently. "They come as an act of love." Far from unleashing omens, she claims to have loosed these scavengers on the garden to redeem them. Like worms and maggots, they transform ends into new beginnings. They take the job that no one else wants.

Patterson sings the praises of these maligned creatures: a text panel informs us that vultures are exceptionally social, monogamous and loyal family birds that

care for their young long after they are fledged. They are generous, too: by removing dead animals from our midst and cleansing the land of harmful bacteria, they heal the landscape.

To persuade us of their beatific role, Patterson exaggerates their handsomeness, trimming her sculptures with glitter that sparkles in the sunlight, and streamlining them into figures of elegant grace. She stretches her case a little too thin for my taste; I can't fall in love with a bird that spends its life circling above the doomed, patiently waiting for them to become dinner. And yet, in spite of the species' foibles, here among

the foliage, these prettied-up effigies become an unnatural delight.

Patterson's not done revising nature. A translucent peacock dominates the entrance to the glassed-in Conservatory. Forget the imperial associations and showy displays of plumage, though: we get a shaggy, rather plebeian-looking specimen caught in mid-moulting. It's not pretty, but then all creatures go through an awkward stage. Splendour is still in the offing.

Surrounded by the Botanical Garden's consoling tumult, it's hard to remember that such profusion is the product of hard work and skilled contrivance. The

monumental efforts of horticulturalists, landscape architects, gardeners and groundskeepers are most successful when they disappear, leaving only anonymous loveliness. That same confusion between nature and artifice exists at the global level, too: fate and hubris have put humans in charge of maintaining our whole green planet, and we're botching that job, leaving our signature all too visible.

That, surely, is why Patterson has resurrected extinct plant species in ghostly glass sculptures that spring from beds of living flowers. With their pale stems and translucent leaves, they stand in as life-sized, bone-like monuments to disappearance, and to the planet's dwindling biodiversity. Nobody cheers for extinction but, with a kind of contrarian optimism, Patterson reminds us that such catastrophes keep recurring over the aeons, as decay and loss make way for fresh forms of life. (Unfortunately, in the Anthropocene, the process has drastically accelerated, outpacing the evolution of new species.)

The exhibition continues in the Mertz Library Building with a series of riotous, baroque collages constructed of cut-up and torn botanical illustrations. Resembling funeral wreaths or high-relief church decor, they are somberly exuberant, with darkness winking through the dazzle. Like Nick Cave's flamboyant



Ebony G Patterson populates the New York Botanical Garden's spaces with foam vultures, cockroaches and ghostly glass sculptures of extinct flowers  
Frank Ishman

"Soundsuits", they're merry and scary, enticingly colourful, good-naturedly kitschy and resoundingly nightmarish.

Perhaps you've had the classic dream in which you approach an exquisite animal in the woods only to find it's a reeking corpse crawling with worms. Here, that nightmare bursts into daytime hours. Celebratory blooms hide cockroaches and scorpions. Bouquets are bedecked by flies. Snakes slither everywhere, reminding us (as if we could forget) that a serpent's place is in the garden. At the same time, we're also invited to reflect that, though we endow such reptiles with evil intent, they're just performing their assigned task in the ecosystem and in mythology. They also serve who only slither and lurk.

There's a moralising, warning undertone to the whole installation, and that becomes explicit in the centrepiece beneath the rotunda. On entering the room, you pass a rack of sumptuous damasks and brocades, rich with flowers and vines. All is luxury and voluptuous calm. The exhibition route guides visitors past the other side of that installation, a wall of infernal, grasping hands and blackened, withered stalks. At that point, the conclusion becomes unavoidable: this may be a garden of pleasure, but it offers no hope of real escape.

To October 22, nybg.org

**Dance** | Transgressive, feminist and queer artists are shattering conventions in a return to the form's anti-establishment origins, writes *Agnish Ray*

# Flamenco taps its radical roots



couldn't move my hands, I couldn't lift my arms above my head." The Granada-born flamenco choreographer Manuel Liñán is telling me about the dance training he received as a boy. "When I placed my hands on my body, they had to be straight. My head had to be still – no circular movement."

Such were the rules for male dancers 30 years ago. Liñán envied the fluid, expressive movements of his female counterparts, who swirled their hands in graceful circles. For his generation, a heavily gendered education laid out strict codes for how men and women should move and look in flamenco – and conforming was necessary for progressing a career in the mainstream. "There were programmers who told me not to wear tassels on my jacket," Liñán, now 43, recalls, "because men shouldn't dress like that."

In an art form so steeped in tradition and virtuosity, one might expect certain conservatism. But flamenco was once a voice for dissidence – a song of protest, a lament for the oppressed. Differing styles such as *seguiriya* and *soleá* sing of sorrow and injustice among neglected Romani communities while the metallic beat of the *martinete* recalls disenfranchised blacksmiths who sang to the sounds of hammers and anvils. Today, many contemporary practitioners are re-embracing the radical and anti-establishment origins of flamenco, with transgressive, feminist and queer approaches shattering its conventions.

Liñán eventually built a name from his work with the *bata de cola*, the long-trained dress that female dancers are taught to use. He was in London last year with his work *¡Viva!*, which saw a troupe of men performing as female *bailaoras*, complete with ruffled skirts, Manila shawls and flowers in the hair.

Now he's developing an experimental work, set to be performed at the annual Flamenco Festival at Sadler's Wells, about his sexuality. He's also exploring the *copla*, an early-20th-century singing style which he says is full of hidden meanings about same-sex relationships. "Gay people were persecuted, so one of the ways they could express themselves was through music," he explains. "Their declarations of love became songs."

The dance historian Fernando López Rodríguez, author of the 2020 book *Queer History of Flamenco*, traces cross-dressing in flamenco and its parallel forms back to the late 19th century. Women such as Dora la Gitana and Trinidad la Cuenca famously dressed in men's clothes and embodied male identities both on and off the stage. "Today, we might understand them as non-binary or trans," explains López Rodríguez. Male performers who cross-dressed, such as Edmond de Bries, were also pivotal in aligning flamenco with the creative impulses of some of the most marginalised people.

For the dancer Olga Pericet, the earliest germinations of flamenco during that period – what she calls "pre-flamenco" – are inextricable from the changing social role of women at the time. I meet the Córdoba-born powerhouse in Madrid where she is rehearsing a new work named after the first prototype of the modern Spanish guitar, built in 1856, which Pericet sees as the birth of flamenco.

The luthier behind this revolutionary instrument, Antonio de Torres, called his creation La Leona (The Lioness), for the growl it made when strummed. It's an apt word for Pericet herself, a



From top: Olga Pericet, performing her work 'La Leona'; the prominent queer flamenco artist Rocío Molina performing 'Carnación'; dancers from the Compañía Manuel Liñán

Paco Villalta; Simone Fratini; Jesus Merida/Sopa Images/Sipa USA

ferocious performer who prowls the stage with a mane of wild hair, as if marking the territory of her lair. Even in rehearsals, the muscles across her back ripple as she writhes and pulsates on the ground, later dancing a *farruca* (traditionally performed by men) in a black suit. London audiences will be able to experience this too at Sadler's Wells.

Throughout her investigations of the beginnings of flamenco, Pericet found a Spanish society in which women who earned their own money through art, performance and entertainment were considered morally questionable. The *café cantantes* in which they performed were known for prostitution; their bodies were subject to the male gaze as objects of desire. Amid fears about women's independence and autonomy, the flamenco dancer was rendered an alluring yet terrifying figure. "It was said that the first *gitanas* [Romani women] who danced flamenco were witches who hypnotised men," explains Pericet, "but really they were just free women."

Alongside other trailblazers such as Rocío Molina and Israel Galván, Pericet belongs to a generation of artists that has pushed contemporary flamenco into radical directions, exploring the grotesque, the absurd and the theatri-

cal. Molina's latest brainchild, *Carnación*, is a stormy duet with the musician Niño de Elche, in which they carry out various physical acts – dressing, undressing, beating, tying up, dragging around – on each other. The two bodies wrestle, embrace, collide and fall apart, before surrendering to a deranged, cathartic chaos. Currently touring Spain, the work has been received as a groundbreaking exploration of desire, intimacy and repression by two prominent queer artists in flamenco.

**'It was said that the first gitanas who danced flamenco were witches who hypnotised men'**

Deconstructive approaches such as Molina's and Pericet's are saturated with movement, aesthetics and music from outside flamenco – but their revolutionary spirit recalls the primal origins of the form. Unlike more institutionalised dances propelled by French influences in Spain in the 19th century, the emergence of flamenco signalled something far more visceral and impure –

and it's this "dirty" quality that interests Pericet. "Impurity is something marvelous," she says: a "contamination" that imbued flamenco with its richness and that now charges the visceral, ancestral roar of Pericet's lioness.

Still, normative attitudes in modern flamenco are hard to shake off. Some trace these back to the mid-20th century, when the Franco regime began using flamenco to attract foreign tourism to Spain – but a cleaned-up version, devoid of its essential wildness. "The hybrid and experimental elements disappeared," explains López Rodríguez. "Some of the most avant-garde artists died or were exiled. Flamenco assumed its most conservative aspect, to become part of the popular culture that Franco wanted to promote."

Artists are addressing the lasting impact of this today. In Barcelona, I meet the founders of Flamenco Queer, which began as a grassroots project reclaiming the form for the LGBTQ+ community. Led by dancer Rubén Heras and UK-born guitarist Jero Férec, the initiative celebrates the persistence of flamenco's queer influences and aesthetics.

"We're trying to create a safe space where queer audiences can experience authentic flamenco," says Férec. I watch them at a bar called La Federica, where they perform against a backdrop of sparkly drapes; disco lights flicker while the singer's *quejío* (wail) intoxicates the crowd. Heras describes the project as a "reconciliation" for queer people alienated from flamenco and the repression that it became associated with.

Equally reconciliatory is Pericet's attempt to redress the power imbalance of Torres's lioness guitar – a feminised object caressed by male hands. Embodying the instrument herself, Pericet reclaims that eroticised female form, channelling its ferocity and power.

"Flamenco is anarchic," she says – true of both its form and its social function. And so too is the beast that she wants to embody on stage: "It's the animal that we all carry inside us."

Flamenco Festival 2023, Sadler's Wells, London, July 5-15, [sadlerswells.com](http://sadlerswells.com)



## Prime time for the midlife crisis

UPSTREAM

FIONA STURGES

In the new Channel 4 comedy series *The Change*, Bridget Christie's Linda has just turned 50. She recently had a birthday party – for which she had to bake her own cake – during which her husband, played by Omid Djalili, passed the time throwing sausages in the air and catching them in his mouth. Meanwhile, her joints ache, her ears ring with tinnitus and she keeps forgetting words: all symptoms, she discovers, of the menopause.

So Linda makes a decision: she will cash in the hours she has spent doing thankless chores at home and carve out some time for herself. Dusting off her old Triumph motorbike, she takes off to the Forest of Dean, where she meets an array of eccentrics and successfully shakes off her identity as a wife, mother and office drone.

*The Change* is unusual for all sorts of reasons: its starry cameos (Monica Dolan, Susan Lynch, Paul Whitehouse, Jerome Flynn); its deft handling of issues around gender fluidity and fertility; its seam of old English mysticism. But rarest of all is its focus on a woman struggling in her middle years. This might seem strange, given how the male midlife crisis has proved endlessly fascinating to TV writers (see: *Breaking Bad*, *Lucky Hank*, *Man Down*, *Detectorists*, *Fraser*, *Men of a Certain Age*, *The Fall* and *Rise of Reginald Perrin* and more).

Of course, there have been outlier series led by older (but not too old) women – *Cougar Town*, *Nurse Jackie*, the brilliant but criminally overlooked

sitcom *Mum* – but these are the exception rather than the rule. Netflix's 2019 film *Wine Country*, about a group of women holidaying in Napa, might have provided a more honest and nuanced depiction of mid-life, given that it was written by Amy Poehler, queen of the subversive, woman-centric comedy. In fact, it featured the protagonists variously getting drunk, self-medicating, passing snarky judgment on one another, all while wallowing in private disappointment and regret. A more mean-spirited portrait of middle-aged womanhood you would struggle to find.

Behind all this is a broader problem about how older women are perceived in the entertainment industry. The myth of women's sell-by date was aptly lampooned in Amy Schumer's comedy sketch *Last Fuckable Day*, where Schumer comes across a picnic where three actors – Julia Louis-Dreyfus, Tina Fey and Patricia Arquette – are celebrating the last days of being "believably fuckable". When Schumer asks when a man's last day is, they all roar



Bridget Christie stars as Linda in 'The Change' on Channel 4

with laughter. "They can be 100 and with nothing but white spiders coming out of them..." Fey says.

Yet there are signs that attitudes might at last be changing. Where *The Change* shrugs off the old clichés of hot flushes and self-hatred around menopausal women, recent crime dramas such as *Mare of Easttown* and *Happy Valley* gave us, in Kate Winslet and Sarah Lancashire, leading women in their forties and fifties, no-nonsense heroines battling tiredness while challenging the ineptitude and abusiveness of the men in their orbit.

In HBO's *Sex and the City* reboot *And Just Like That...*, the gals about town we knew 20 or so years ago are navigating recalcitrant teenagers, plummeting oestrogen and stagnant marriages. The first series was a mess, with the privileged protagonists putting their foot in it around their non-binary co-stars and worse. But while the second season seems to be as reliably ridiculous as ever, it feels more sure-footed in depicting a group of fiftysomething women leading messy lives and supporting one another through difficult times.

We are still a long way off gender parity among older actors; while men in their fifties and sixties, with their stately greying hair and characterful lines, can still be lotharios and action heroes, their female counterparts (pace Michelle Yeoh in *Everything Everywhere All at Once*) are more likely to be meek, shrewish, embarrassing – or just absent.

Contrary to many popular depictions, middle-aged women are in the prime of their lives. To overlook this demographic is to miss out on its talent, experience and accrued wisdom. The more we see them on screen, not just trying to regain their lost youth but just being, the better for storytelling and TV as a whole.

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## Arts



# Italian saints and sinners

Louvre | Works by Caravaggio and Michelangelo

on loan from the Museo di Capodimonte are

glorious Paris additions. By Jackie Wullschläger

Since becoming the Louvre's director in 2021, Laurence Cars has brought Yves St Laurent into the Apollo gallery alongside the crowns and jewels of French monarchs, staged *Things*, a landmark still-life show as cerebral as it was sybaritic, and now makes an entire foreign museum her subject. The tremendous exhibition *Naples in Paris* hosts the treasures of the Museo di Capodimonte, Europe's least-known great museum, on the big stage of the French capital. It confirms the Louvre, traditionally staid and inward-looking, as newly outward-bound, experimental and capable of surprise.

The Neapolitan guests – greeted by Presidents Macron and Mattarella at the inauguration in June – were welcomed as no other visiting pictures have been received in Paris for half a century: they were accorded places within the museum's historic heart, the 300m Grande Galerie of Italian Renaissance paintings. Unprecedentedly integrated into the long-established display here, they spark a dizzying parade of comparisons, challenges, parallels, echoes.

Giovanni Bellini's vast and original "Transfiguration", blending human, divine and landscape elements – the stunned apostles curled up on the ground, Jesus magnified in bright white robes, the distant city and hills bathed in soft autumn light – joins the Louvre's

contrastingly austere showpiece "St Sebastian", another monumental luminous figure, by Bellini's brother-in-law Mantegna, filling out the story of late 15th-century Venetian art.

Caravaggio's "The Flagellation", vivid, violent gaoler set against the heroism yet flesh-and-blood vulnerability of Christ, painted at speed in Naples, is seen in the context of the Louvre's "Death of the Virgin", painted in Rome, demonstrating the artist's evolution towards a more fluid, brutal manner after being exiled by the pope for murder.

At the Grande Galerie's centre, "Danaë" from the Capodimonte, the earliest version of Titian's voluptuous gold-showered nude, and the only one accompanied by a playful Cupid, meets Correggio's sinuous, softly curving "Venus" sleeping naked, with her baby son Eros slumbering on a lion skin, from the Louvre. Each nude is revealed to the viewer/voyeur in enclosed, secret settings: the bedroom with curtain pulled back, a glade in a dense forest. It's a majestic pairing of equals – Titian once muttered, "If I were not Titian, I would like to be Correggio" – and expresses too the sense of privileged pleasure flavouring the Louvre's and Capodimonte's collections, both initially legacies of monarchs.

"Venus", painted for Count Maffei, was subsequently owned by Louis XIV



– it prefigures French rococo taste. "Danaë" was commissioned by Cardinal Alessandro Farnese, whose family's paintings, shipped to Naples in 1734, form the nucleus of the Capodimonte holdings. Farnese refinement was legendary. Among the family's trophies here, you see it in Titian's portrait of the ambitious cardinal, in El Greco's searching, meditative depiction of painter Giulio Clovio and in Parmigianino's elongated elegance. His nonchalant, half-smiling, slightly creepy "Antea", tiny oval head set on an impossibly ample body, wrapped in a silver-ribbed satin, draped with a marten fur – the dead animal's eyes, like the woman's, almond-shaped and fierce – is the show's poster image. She is an enigma not quite rivaling the Mona Lisa, but nonetheless one of the strangest portraits in the Renaissance.

Mysterious and self-contained too is Parmigianino's princely scarlet and black portrait of the *condottiere* "Galeazzo Sanvitale". A key work in launching Mannerist distortion, this takes its place alongside the Louvre's model of High Renaissance courtly male portraiture, Raphael's glittering-eyed humanist "Baldessare Castiglione", painted just 10 years before.

Even for those familiar with the Capodimonte, these encounters are mesmerising. On one hand, the Farnese pictures take the role of sympathetic ambassadors, illuminating common themes and exploring nuances between the two aristocratic collections. On the

other, many of the post-Farnese Neapolitan paintings function as magnificent, disruptive interlopers, disturbing the Louvre's classical equilibrium, like flamboyant dignitaries from an exotic court.

From the first moment – the gold and tempera panel with wildly gesturing mourners in the 1426 "Crucifixion" by Masaccio, a founder of Tuscan realism absent from the Louvre's own collection – these pictures leap out for their sharp psychological expressiveness, theatrical movement and intense atmospheres. A taut, desperate heroine plunges the knife into her howling victim in Artemisia Gentileschi's "Judith Slaying Holofernes". Wind whips across Guido Reni's "Atalanta and Hippomenes", stirring the lanky athletes moving in different directions, the swift suitor outrunning the tricked princess when she turns to grab a golden apple: the formal choreography is like that on a Greek vase. Francesco Guarino's "St Agatha", face defined by shadows, gazes out with a sensual but otherworldly air, making the reality of her martyrdom – the bloodstained white cloth covering her breast – the more shocking.



Above: 'Antea' by Parmigianino



As the show unfolds towards the Neapolitan baroque, it is "the opulence and immoderation" of the visiting pictures, as curator Sébastien Allard describes them, that compel. Mattia Preti arrived in plague-ridden 1650s Naples to paint the silvery "St Sebastian", stretched across the diagonal of the dark canvas, terrifyingly isolated, awkward, deliberately unclassical; Preti's contemporaries criticised the figure for looking like a common porter. And in an uproarious scenario, two enormous tableaux of material splendour, Abraham Brueghel and Giuseppe Ruoppolo's "Still Life with Fruits and Flowers" and Giuseppe Recco's "Still Life with Fish and Other Marine Animals" – a characteristic Naples subject, relishing varied surfaces of iridescent scales, slimy crustaceans, flabby turtle – flank Luca Giordano's towering, frothy, cherub-encrusted "Madonna of the Canopy", as if offering her all the riches of the sea and earth.

From top left: 'Danaë' by Titian; 'The Flagellation' by Caravaggio; and 'Transfiguration of Christ' by Giovanni Bellini

It's a majestic pairing of equals and expresses the sense of privileged pleasure flavouring both collections

A pair of codas to this extravagant orchestration calm the pace and are similarly unforgettable. In the Salle de la Chapelle, the Capodimonte's history is told through a concentrated group of famous works including Titian's loosely rendered "Pope Paul III", wily and distrustful, and his penetratingly uneasy "Pope Paul III and His Grandsons", capturing the power play between the elderly pontiff and the dissatisfied youths. There are also comic eccentricities: Filippo Tagliolini's cascading porcelain "The Fall of the Giants", Andy Warhol's Day-Glo "Vesuvius".

Finally, the Salle de l'Horloge returns to the show's Renaissance origins with the Capodimonte's choicest drawings, led by two life-size charcoal and black-chalk cartoons. Raphael's "Moses", the prophet kneeling, shielding his eyes from the burning bush, is a model for the fresco in the Vatican's Stanza di Eliodoro, and "Group of Soldiers", marching up rough-hewn steps for "The Crucifixion of St Peter" on the Sistine ceiling, is one of only two surviving large cartoons by Michelangelo. Drawings give an intimate sense of an artist in thought, but these were also the finished *cartone* already collected as works of perfection during the Renaissance. In the figures' sculptural beauty and precision, dynamism, inventive design and spiritual strength, they distil and conclude the glories of this rare exhibition.

To January 8 2024, [louvre.fr](http://louvre.fr)

## THE LIFE OF A SONG

### MERCY STREET

Peter Gabriel's trip to Rio in the 1980s turned into a near-death experience when the plane's landing gear jammed, so it is not surprising that when he recorded a rhythm track there with percussionist Djalma Corrêa and brought it home to the UK, mortality was on his mind.

That track went through several iterations. First, Gabriel used it to underpin "Don't Break This Rhythm", eventually dropped from the album he was recording, *So* (1986). Then it made its way into the middle section of a new song. Early versions are busy, with piano from Richard Tee and floating saxophone explorations from Mark Rivera. Over time, "Mercy Street" reached its released form. The Brazilian rhythm was slowed; the piano was erased so that the song weaves around its absence (Tee is still credited); the saxophone processed into something electronic, inhuman. The slowed-down congas and surdo drum are matched by a high cymbal like a tiny bell endlessly repeating the letter R in Morse code. Gabriel's high tenor is matched an octave lower by

his own voice in an early morning growl. The overall effect is that "Mercy Street" has absences at its heart.

Gabriel's lyrics are in dialogue with Anne Sexton's poem "45 Mercy Street" (published posthumously in 1976). Sexton dreams of roaming Boston looking for her childhood home, "walking up and down Beacon Hill/ searching for a street sign –/namely MERCY STREET./ Not there."

In Gabriel's song, we are first in Sexton's dream, watching her in third person "sweat they moved that sign", and then in Glenside Hospital, where she is receiving psychiatric treatment. "Wear your inside out," sings Gabriel, picking up a hint from the poem, and the line fractures into multiple puns: is this "Mercy Street, where you're inside out"? Or an instruction to wear your inside on the outside – a metaphor for therapy? Or a warning that this will leave your inside worn out?

The images jumble in mid-century surrealism: God the Father blurs with Father the God as Sexton's *The Awful Rowing Toward God* – published after she took her own life in 1974 – becomes "Anne with her father is out in the boat". Everything in the song is oneiric; the depression is seductive.

Cover versions reinstate what Gabriel left out. Elbow's earnest reading, soporific rather than dreamy, features chiming cloister bell piano. Fever Ray's pounds like a migraine. Katrin Werker accompanies herself on piano, as if this were Kate Bush's "This Woman's Work". Silje Nergaard alchemises the main melody. Iain Matthews performs it with the same instrumentation as Gabriel's "Solsbury Hill", with acoustic guitar and kit drum.

Jazz musicians' instrumental versions draw on the song's three distinct melodies. Herbie Hancock improvises around the tunes with

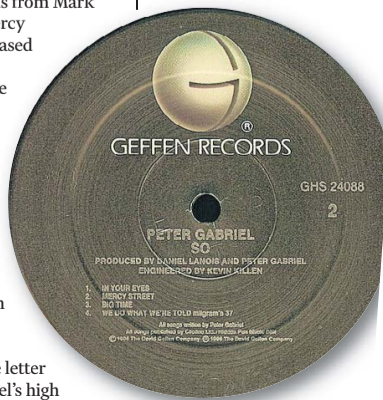
Michael Brecker on saxophone. Al Di Meola gives it a Spanish twist. John Tesh turns it into rolling New Agery. Cattleya, Casey Filiaci, Quarteto Içá and Jan Sturiale all have memorable versions with instrumentation.

Brazilian artists have been drawn to "Mercy Street", from Eduardo Braga to Danni Carlos. Jane Duboc has a swooning supper-jazz version; Ive Greice sings her own "Viagem Ao Brasil" to its tune. There is also a cluster of Nordic covers: pulsing from Dromlage, stark from Hilde Heftte, sweet from Elin Synnøve Bråthen. Gothenburg choir Sångensemblen Amanda use the melody for "Nagonting Varmer"; so do Malva for "Nadens Tid". But it resonates everywhere from Jamaica (Black Uhuru's disappointingly stolid reggae version) to Los Angeles (Jane Lui's lowering recording as Surrija) to Israel (Gilad and Enav Ephrat, heavy on the double bass).

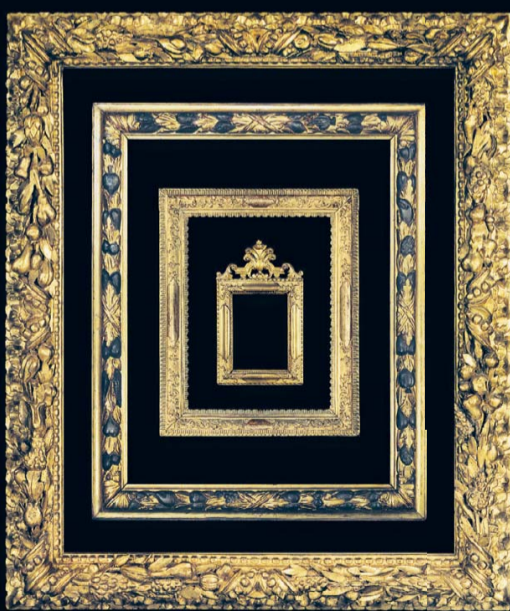
Gabriel himself revisited the song in 1992 in an uncharacteristically unsubtle William Orbit remix and it remains a fixture in his live setlists. In light of Sexton's difficult relationship with her father, perhaps the most moving performance was a duet with Gabriel and his daughter Melanie. On that 2003 tour, the stage became a sea dappled with watery blue light under a giant moon. Melanie sailed round its revolving perimeter in a rowing boat, her father, as the song ended, walking steadily towards her.

David Honigman

More at [ft.com/life-of-a-song](http://ft.com/life-of-a-song)



Peter Gabriel on stage in 1986 – Paul Narkin/Getty Images



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LA LONDON ART WEEK

# Bidding war for Klimt's Dame fans London sales

**The Art Market** | Sale is a £83mn record; Christie's sells Signac after settlement; 'flipped' art doubled in 2022. By *Melanie Gerlis*

Sotheby's gave London's slim summer auction season a boost this week with the above-estimate sale of Gustav Klimt's "Dame mit Fächer" ("Lady with a Fan", 1917-18) for £74mn (£83.5mn with fees), a record public price for the artist and for a work sold at auction in Europe. The picture, on Klimt's easel when he died in 1918, shows a kimono-clad woman surrounded by lotus blossom and phoenix motifs and appealed — as expected — to buyers in Asia.

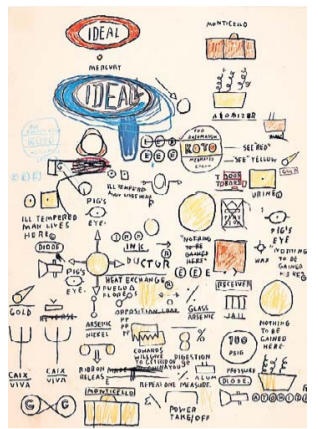
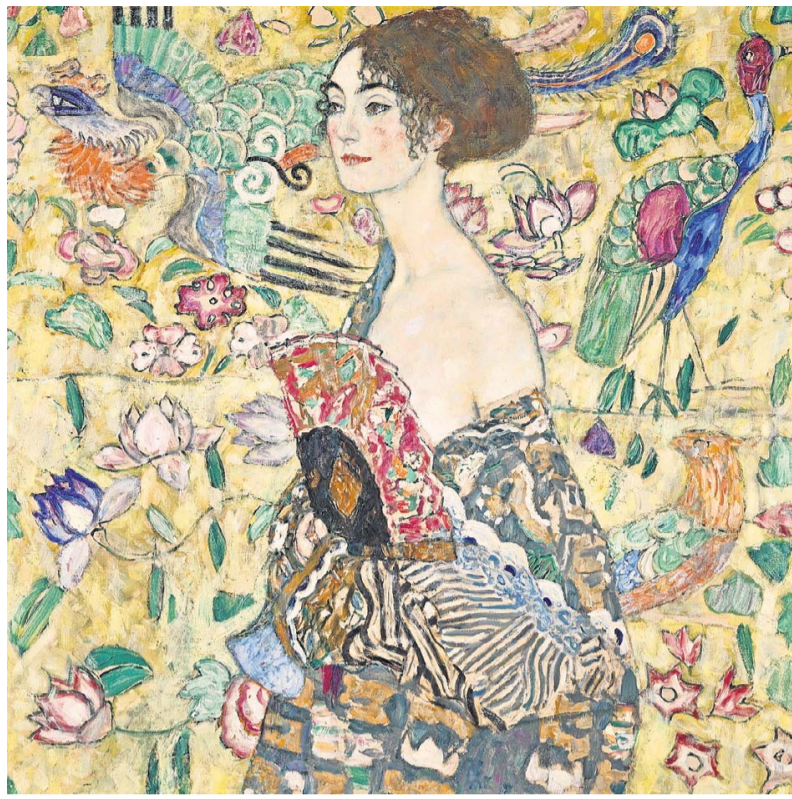
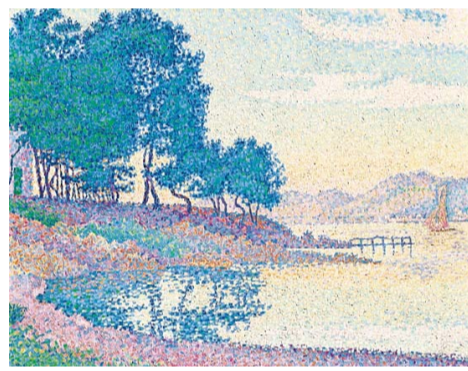
It was bought by Patti Wong, Sotheby's former head of Asia and now an independent art adviser, bidding on behalf of a Hong Kong buyer, against her previous colleague, Jen Hua, Sotheby's deputy chair of Asia, on the phone to a client from the continent, Sotheby's confirmed.

Wong's presence in the London saleroom on June 27, plus the spectacle of a bidding war, gave the auction a buzz that has long been missing from these heavily orchestrated events. But the weakening art market, already apparent at the end of last year and in New York last month, remained the unsettling backdrop this season. The Klimt dominated Sotheby's evening total of £167.2mn (£199mn with fees), at the low end of its presale estimate.

Christie's had the weaker sale of the two this week, posting a below-estimate total of £51.7mn (£63.8mn with fees) on June 28. The proportion of works sold was still impressive — 61 of 65 offered — but was helped by consignors accepting bids far below estimates. One example, Marlene Dumas's work on

paper "Chained to the Bed for 15 years" (1986), sold for £90,000 (£113,400 with fees) against a presale estimate of £200,000-£300,000. In 2020, the same work had sold in London for a fee-inclusive £325,000. The sale still had some high points, notably for the Romanian painter Victor Man whose "Weltinnenraum" ("World Within", 2017), a haunting image of his pregnant girlfriend, soared above its £150,000 high estimate to sell via the telephone for £1.4mn (£1.7mn with fees), an artist record.

Another talking point of Christie's auction was Paul Signac's "Calanque des Canoubiers (Pointe de Bamer), Saint-Tropez" (1896), which was at the centre of a London High Court claim in 2020. The painting was sold in 2013 on behalf of the US collector Linda Hickox by the since disgraced British art dealer, Timothy Sammons; it fetched



were bought publicly within the past two years. These included, at Christie's, Jean-Michel Basquiat's "Untitled" work on paper (1987) bought for \$1.5mn with fees in December 2021 and resold this week for \$1.25mn with fees.

London's inaugural mixed-category Treasure House fair (June 22-26) was rougher around the edges than its predecessor, Masterpiece — literally, as the surrounding lawns, exhausted by the previous month's Chelsea Flower Show, remained unfurled. But many of the fair's 52 exhibitors praised organisers Harry Van der Hoorn and Thomas Woodham-Smith for getting it going at all. "London was crying out for this, it is important to keep a fair here at this time," said Kathleen Slater, director at the ceramic specialists Adrian Sassoon. She reported "particular interest" in its antique Sèvres porcelain, priced from the low thousands to £145,000.

This reflected the fair's more old-school feel, something that Woodham-Smith says is intentional. "Masterpiece was more about luxury partnerships, this is more like Grosvenor House [a traditional London fair that closed in 2009]. This is a different fair for a different time," he says.

Footfall was disappointing — "there were not as many people through as we had thought," Woodham-Smith said — but he expects that an increase in exhibitors next year, up to about 80, plus being a more established fixture, will spread the word. Most of this year's exhibitors back him. "If they can do this in just four months, imagine what they could do with a year's run-up," said Maureen Diner, co-owner of the Washington, DC art and design specialists Geoffrey Diner Gallery.

\$4.85mn, with Simon C Dickinson gallery acting as agent to the new buyer. Hickox never received the \$4.5mn owed from the sale and subsequently filed a complaint of criminal activity. In 2019, Sammons pleaded guilty to 15 counts of fraud and grand larceny against multiple clients, and was sentenced to up to 12 years of prison in the US.

Through London's High Court in 2020, Hickox then sought an order for Dickinson and his gallery to reveal information of Sammons's sale, including the name of the painting's buyer, a reversal of the art market's norms of client confidentiality. The order was granted and Dickinson — never accused of any wrongdoing — complied. The painting reappeared at Christie's this week, "sold by and with the agreement of the interested parties in the claim, pursuant to an out-of-court agreement settling the ownership", says Hickox's lawyer, Tim Maxwell, partner at Wedlake Bell. Estimated for £5.5mn-£8mn, the work sold for £6.7mn (£8mn with fees), the top lot of the sale.

The frowned-on practice of "flipping" contemporary art — quickly reselling recently made works — more than doubled in volume during 2022, finds a new report published by the insurers Hiscox, using data from ArtTactic. It finds that 1,033 unique works were offered at auction within two years of being made and first sold privately (defined as "wet paint" works), up from 478 in 2021. Totals and price points have fallen considerably, though. The Hiscox report finds that in 2021, wet paint sales proceeds were \$130mn (average price \$272,000), while in 2022, the higher volume made \$109mn (average \$106,000).

Wet paint works seemed less in evidence and demand at the London sales this week. At Sotheby's, Hilary Pecis's "Studio Vases", made last year and estimated between £120,000 and £180,000, was one of three works withdrawn from the 17-lot Now portion of its auction, while two works from 2021 — by Caroline Walker and Dana Schutz — were among those withdrawn from its day sale. More noticeable this season were quick resales of works that

## Diversions

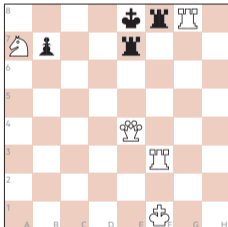
### CHESS LEONARD BARDEN

Chess by franchise auction got off to an interesting debut in Dubai last week, when six all-grandmaster teams of six players competed in the Global Chess League (GCL) for a place in this weekend's final decider.

The tenth and last round is on Saturday July 1 (1pm BST start) and the final between the two top teams on Sunday July 1 (4.30pm start). Chess24 has free and live commentary on games.

Magnus Carlsen, still world No1, leads the incongruously named SG Alpine Warriors, half of whom are Indian teenagers. The Norwegian began with three draws and a win against his now fellow ex-world champion Vishy Anand, the only Indian in the Ganges Grandmasters squad. However, a blundered pawn against Maxime Vachier-Lagrave put Carlsen back to 50 per cent.

The GCL uses an innovative scoring and



pairing system which, if successful, could interest other chess events which suffer from too many draws. The time limit

of 15 minutes per player per game, plus a per move increment, is sufficient for GMs to play high quality chess.

A win with White counts three points, a win with Black four points, a draw one point, and a loss zero.

**2526**  
White mates in two moves, against any defence (by Victor Baja, 1976). Clue: look for a visually implausible choice. *Solution, back page*

### BRIDGE PAUL MENDELSON

Distribution, players' actions and visualisation led to success for one declarer. What insight might this offer for future defenders?

Most made 11 tricks, but a good player made 12. West's 2D was weak; South's 3D response to his partner's double indicated both majors; 4C showed five or more clubs.

West led 5♥. With the heart suit sorted out, declarer must decide how to play the spade suit. West's

Dealer: West N/S Game

North	East	South	West
DbI	NB	3D	NB
4C	NB	4NT	NB
5C	NB	6NT	NB

is required. Declarer played out four rounds of hearts, pitching 4♠ from dummy; West threw a diamond. When declarer ran five rounds of clubs — throwing all his diamonds — West showed out on round two and discarded four further diamonds, leaving himself with just A♠ and ♠Q63. Declarer played J♠ to West's

weak 2D showed 5-10pts with a six-card suit, so the point-count reveals little. Distributional information

♠ 10 5 4  
♥ A J 3  
♦ J 4  
♣ A K J 10 4

♠ Q 6 3  
♥ 5 4 2  
♦ A Q 9 8 7 2  
♣ 6

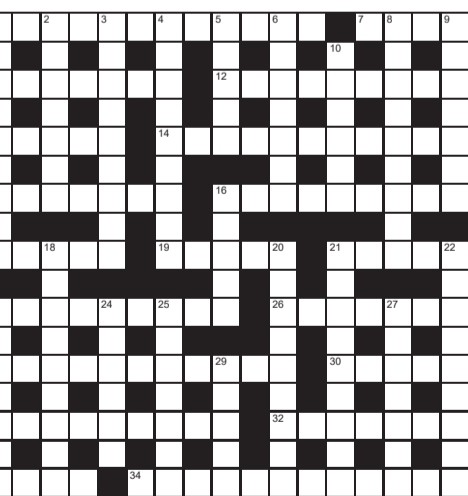
♠ 9 7 2  
♥ Q 8 7  
♦ 6 5  
♣ 9 8 7 5 2

♠ A K J 8  
♥ K 10 9 6  
♦ K 10 3  
♣ Q 3

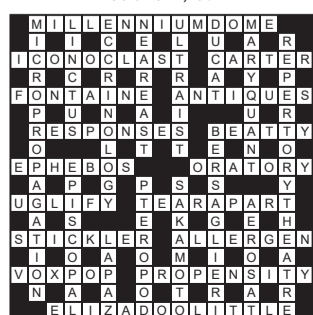
### POLYMATH 1,237 SET BY BRADMAN

- ACROSS**
- A bee or a wasp, maybe (12)
  - Newts (4)
  - Headwear that may betoken the working class (4,3)
  - Skin eruption (9)
  - German semi-automatic pistol (5)
  - Another name for mercury (11)
  - The jangly sound of a plucked string (7)
  - The blowing down of trees in a gale (9)
  - A former region of Africa (5)
  - A toy wind instrument (5)
  - Component lacking in skimmed milk (5,4)
  - The simplest ketone, a highly flammable liquid (7)
  - The name of a German canal (4)
  - The narrator of the *Arabian Nights* (12)

- DOWN**
- Affectedly genteel (9)
  - Muscular pain (7)
  - A Central American republic (9)
  - A small and insignificant person (3-6)
  - A fragrant resin (5)
  - A member of the 49th state of the USA (7)
  - Poetry without a consistent metrical pattern (4,5)
  - Edith Piaf, the Little \_\_\_ (7)
  - An old-fashioned word meaning 'between' (6)
  - Shrivelled, possibly through old age (archaic word) (5)
  - Member of a tribe of Israel associated with a youngest son (9)
  - Express strong disapproval of (9)
  - The full version of CE as an alternative to AD (6,3)
  - Metallic element with the atomic number 25 (9)
  - Long garment worn by clergy and choristers (7)
  - A portrait artist (6)
  - Relating to a movement in Buddhism (7)
  - A pantheistic Dutch philosopher (7)
  - The dark fur of the marten (5)



Solution 1,236

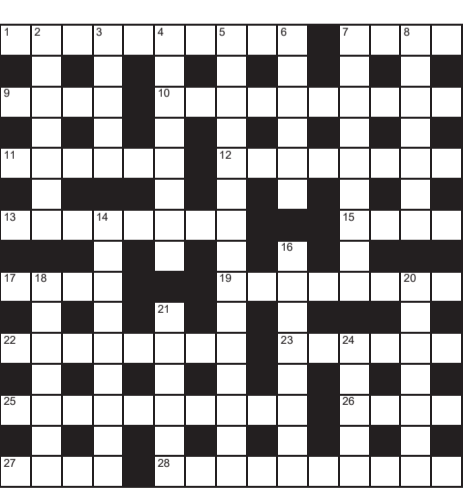


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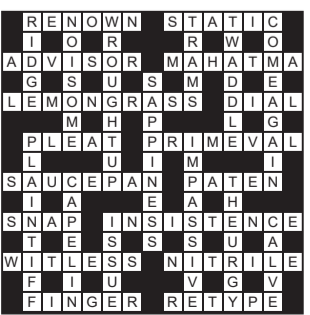
### CROSSWORD 17,457 SET BY NEO

- ACROSS**
- Caught in tragedy in volatile urban development (6,4)
  - Corned beef dish in mess (4)
  - Lady wife leaves for the country (4)
  - Unhinged man in opera one surely barking? (10)
  - Thin plate sent back for that Muppet on the drums (6)
  - River I love that's wonderful — its Mexican name? (3,5)
  - Dandy advanced — vehicle going into M1? (8)
  - Revealing work in new Cornish resort bishop banned (4)
  - In grammar class might one be taught? (4)
  - Eugene O'Neill's piece, as an example? (5,3)
  - Will fastest guns win this militaristic competition? (4,4)
  - Pleasing victory announced in 1 (6)
  - Province not one area in which we find da Gama? (4,6)
  - Cat in wood by lake (4)
  - Great footballer training with the French (4)
  - 'Massive' ordered lagers and cold beer (5-5)

- DOWN**
- Song about People's Republic (7)
  - Material removed from the ground that's raised (5)
  - Christmas over: roast served up is pig (8)
  - Electrical device in home — timers are reset (9,6)
  - Plague surging northward to devour atomic plant (6)
  - Farm steward managed church bar (9)
  - Victor looked outside — lacking in cheer? (7)
  - American rebel involves old plane in sudden attack (9)
  - Go out with farewell in Welsh town (4,4)
  - Nobleman given award for organ piece? (7)
  - Unseen at first, little girl climbing on the bed? (7)
  - Package right put in place for sorting (6)
  - Ring round to collect island flower (5)



Solution 17,451



Try out the latest FT World Puzzle this Sunday, July 2, on the FT crossword app at [ft.com/crosswordapp](http://ft.com/crosswordapp)

Jotter pad

# Magazine

Life&Arts

LONG READS | INTERVIEWS | IDEAS

After she fled to South Korea, Kim Joo Kyung couldn't stop thinking about her first love – so she decided to try to find him. By *Edward White and Kang Buseong*

It can't be him, Kim Joo Kyung thought, as she took a seat on a crowded Seoul subway carriage. She stole glances through the swaying jungle of legs and bags and jackets at what looked like the same high cheekbones, cropped black hair, sharp shoulders, even the suit. The train screeched and jolted into a station that wasn't her stop. Before she knew it, she was following the man off the train into the underground. He walked briskly, and Joo Kyung worried she might lose him. Then she snapped to. There was no way it could be Jang Hyeok.

Heart pounding, Joo Kyung walked back to the platform and waited for the next train. She was in her early twenties, slim and dark-haired. Since moving to the South Korean capital and beginning her studies to become a teacher, Joo Kyung had picked up the fashions and mannerisms of the young people around her, adopting the softer cadences of the southern accent. Her mind turned over the last time she saw Hyeok, two years earlier in North Korea, where they'd both grown up.

Ten months after they'd met and fallen in love, Joo Kyung fled the country with her family. The dangers of defecting required absolute secrecy, so Joo Kyung hadn't given Hyeok any warning or explanation. She'd simply disappeared one day.

After the dreamlike encounter on the train, Joo Kyung found her attention returning again and again to Hyeok. At times her thoughts even drifted towards the unthinkable: reversing the longest, most dangerous journey of her life, just to see him. Later, she told a friend about the incident on the train and confided an idea that had taken hold in her mind. She would find a way to contact Hyeok.

**North Hamgyong, where Joo Kyung was born, is a mountainous province in the north-eastern corner of North Korea. With forested alpine ranges and a largely untouched coastline, it contains areas of stark natural beauty. But it is also among the worst-affected regions during the country's economic crises; food can be scarce.**

Joo Kyung and her little sister had a relatively stable upbringing. Smart and hard-working, she graduated from high school with good grades and hoped to attend a top university in the capital Pyongyang, a rare shot at social advancement. But when Joo Kyung was in her late teens, her parents told her they had been the victims of a financial scam, making their debts unmanageable. They could no longer pay for her studies.

Not long after, Joo Kyung's mother decided the family would try to escape. It was August 2012. Kim Jong Il, North Korea's supreme leader for almost two decades, had died the previous year, and power transferred to his 27-year-old son, Kim Jong Un. Global intrigue swirled around the new dictator.

The family had held power since Kim's grandfather became Joseph Stalin's puppet in the wake of the second world war, and western analysts wondered whether the new leader, Swiss-educated and famously devoted to the Chicago Bulls, would finally open up the hermit kingdom.

But little changed for the majority of the 26 million people trapped in North Korea. The economy had never really recovered from the end of Moscow's patronage after the Soviet Union collapsed, or from the devastating famine that followed in the 1990s. It had been years since the state had provided meaningful support to its people.

Joo Kyung and her family planned to reach family members in China, where several million ethnic Koreans live. With few exceptions, all those fleeing North Korea cross into China somewhere along the 1,400km-long border between the two countries. The best cover is usually found along remote corners of the Yalu River, which runs for almost half the border length and freezes over through the long winters, when Siberian storms plaster the peninsula with thick ice and snow.

When the family came to the edge of the Yalu, it was still late summer, the river high and flowing fast. They strung a rope around their waists, tying themselves together in case one of them slipped, and waded across.



## Secrets, lies and love in North Korea

Above: Jang Hyeok and Kim Joo Kyung photographed for the FT by Jihoon Yang

The borderlands are dangerous, peppered with police and security outposts on the lookout for defectors. Many successful escapes depend on a shadowy support network: brokers in North Korea and China, who peddle information, burner phones and money-transfer services, and members of non-government groups, some funded by American churches, who co-ordinate a network of safe houses and drop-off points through China and south-east Asia.

Joo Kyung's family could not afford a broker so they went on their own. For two weeks, they traipsed through areas of swamp and low mountainsides dotted with small farms.

While Joo Kyung didn't dare question her parents, after a few days, she felt a creeping hopelessness. It was late monsoon season, and the air was thick and buzzing with mosquitoes. Her sister's face swelled with bites. Locals refused to help the family. They picked cucumbers from tiny fields to eat. Finally, they reached a relative in a small rural Chinese village. The relief didn't last. Within days, a suspicious neighbour had reported them to the police.

China adheres to a border protocol it agreed with the Kim regime in 1986, under which North Korean defectors are seized and forcibly returned. Once back home, they face persecution, tor-

ture and hard labour in prison camps; some are executed. Human rights groups argue that by repatriating North Koreans, knowing the treatment awaiting them, the Chinese government is in breach of the United Nations' 1951 Refugee Convention as well as the UN Convention Against Torture.

"We are all dead," Joo Kyung thought when the police arrived. Her family was held in China for several weeks before

**It can't be him, Kim Joo Kyung thought, as she took a seat on a crowded Seoul subway carriage**

being bundled into an SUV by security agents and driven back to North Korea. In her memory, the journey is shrouded in a grey pall. The security agents appear grey, their faces dark, their features blurred.

In the end, she and her family got off comparatively lightly. Her parents were sentenced to six months in a labour camp, where underfed prisoners toil for hours during the day before returning to cramped, disease-ridden dormitories. Joo Kyung and her little sister were held in a detention centre near the border.

The young women were subjected to invasive and humiliating searches, surveillance and interrogations. The authorities wanted to know every detail of their escape, even what kind of rope they had used to cross the river. For long periods, they were under instruction to do nothing but memorise the facilities' rules and schedule. When does one wake? When does one eat?

Once the family were released, they returned to Joo Kyung's grandmother's hometown, their situation worse than ever. They had no money and were social outcasts. Joo Kyung watched as her mother sank beneath the burden of feeling she was at fault for her family's ruin. Then her father became unwell. "A lot of things didn't work out for our family," she told the Financial Times in Seoul. "My father became sick and soon passed away. My mother blamed herself for everything." But instead of accepting their lot, her mother decided they would try again.

**Joo Kyung says her heart still trembles** when she thinks of her first encounter with Hyeok. Almost three years had passed since the initial failed escape attempt. She was working for board and lodging at a photography studio in Chongjin, the industrial port capital of North Hamgyong. One day in early

2015, Hyeok, a visiting technician, placed a hand on her shoulder from behind and asked how she was. He had mistaken her for someone else. She spun around. They were eye-to-eye, their faces inches apart. Tall and classically handsome, he had striking angular features that softened and brightened when he smiled.

Hyeok had grown up in Chongjin. He was a star pupil, catching the attention of education officials in Pyongyang. In his late teens, he was selected for a national mathematics team and travelled to Beijing, a rarity in North Korea where international travel is reserved for elites or envoys making money for the regime. He went on to study data science at the University of Sciences, a prestigious school in the capital. After graduating, Hyeok was employed by the Workers' party, which runs the state under the direction of the Kim regime. He won't talk publicly about the details of his work, for his own security.

Foreign researchers have documented a variety of roles someone with a top class maths education and computing skills might be assigned in the Kim regime. Some develop and police the country's national "intranet", a limited version of the web that selected citizens are allowed to access via state institutions. Others are asked to track down and steal nuclear weapons secrets or generate cash for the regime via international financial fraud and cryptocurrency theft.

Some are also known to develop lucrative, illegal side hustles, such as

**He received a startling message from a broker in a border town: a girl in South Korea said she knew him**

rebooting Chinese-made smartphones that allow North Koreans to access banned foreign content and apps.

In the early 2010s, Hyeok, then in his mid-twenties, drifted back from Pyongyang to Chongjin, where he began making money providing technical assistance to local businesses. As one of the few locals to have attended an elite university, travelled abroad and returned to launch a profitable business, Hyeok sparked intrigue and gossip in Chongjin. By the time he mistook Joo Kyung for someone else, she had already heard about him from friends.

Dating culture in South Korea is a labyrinth of unspoken etiquette rules and tests, many of which involve gift giving, chivalry and the marking of anniversaries – starting with 100 days after a couple's first meeting and 100 days after becoming a couple. In North Korea, moments of romance are snatched between endless hours of work, household chores and errands. Joo Kyung and Hyeok found those moments. If they finished work early enough, they shopped for groceries together, carrying firewood and eggs home from the markets. Sometimes they walked along the beach, looking at the stars. On days they were exhausted, they would place their slippers on the ground, sit on them and eat chocolates.

By the time they began falling in love, Joo Kyung was harbouring a secret. The close attention officials had paid to her family after their attempt to flee had slowly dissipated. Life had seemingly gone back to normal. But her younger sister had not been able to return to school and was working on a farm, and her mother had returned to her hometown, close to the border with China, where she was planning a second escape attempt.

For months, Joo Kyung resisted her mother's increasingly urgent calls to join the family. She agonised over how and when to tell Hyeok. The thought of him asking her to stay would be bad enough, but the idea of him telling her to leave was also difficult to bear. And she was petrified of being caught a second time. In the end, she lied. She told Hyeok she had to leave town to visit her grandmother. "I couldn't stay just for the sake of maintaining the relationship," she said. "I just left, without telling him the truth."

**By late October 2015, when Joo Kyung, her sister, mother, aunt and cousin set off, there was snowfall in the borderlands. The rivers and streams were not yet frozen but were extremely cold. Since the family's failed escape attempt, Kim Jong Un had solidified his power, revealing a malicious Machiavellian streak few predicted. His uncle, one of the country's most powerful men and regent to the young ruler, was executed in 2013. His aunt, believed to have been pivotal in charting his ascent, disappeared from public view. His estranged half-brother was assassinated with a nerve agent in a Malaysian airport in 2017. For Kim, defectors were traitors. The kingdom's borders were fortified with more barbed wire, border guards and patrols. Punishments for escape**



# The 2024 elections will come under attack. We should get ready



**Tim Harford**

**Undercover economist**

Fact-checkers are level-headed people in my experience. They see claims circulating online — or in parliament — and check them, clarifying the confusing ones and refuting the lies. They are not prone to moral panics or conspiracy theories. But some of my favourite fact-checkers are starting to warn that the next round of elections in western democracies will be under attack from many fronts — and they are getting little reassurance that governments are thinking seriously about the risk.

That risk comes in three parts. First, democratic elections can have big consequences, and narrow margins matter. The world would look quite different if Hillary Clinton had defeated Donald Trump in 2016, if Trump had defeated Joe Biden in 2020, or if the UK had voted to remain in the EU in 2016. With a modest swing in the vote, any of these outcomes could have happened.

Second, the small number of swing voters who are usually decisive in elections often make up their minds whether and how to vote in the final few days of the campaign. Late surprises can make all the difference.

Third, it is cheap and easy to launch a disinformation attack. Given the two points above, if you were a bad actor — a foreign government, an extremist group, a billionaire hoping to gain influence — then why not give it a try?

I spoke to Will Moy, outgoing chief executive of Full Fact, a UK-based fact-checking organisation, and to Andrew Dudfield, who is Moy's interim replacement and Full Fact's head of artificial intelligence. They painted an

unsettling picture of the possibilities. What if, for example, there is a co-ordinated release of fake and inflammatory images and stories?

A few weeks ago, fairly crude fake images of a non-existent explosion at the Pentagon sent a brief shudder through stock markets. The faked images were amplified by a Twitter account with a blue checkmark that appeared to be an official Bloomberg News account — but wasn't — and by the Twitter account of the Russian state media outlet, Russia Today (it later deleted the tweet). It is not hard to imagine a more sophisticated piece of disinformation being unleashed just as a finely poised electorate goes to the polls, and proving decisive.

The event itself need not be faked. Perhaps a police officer is murdered, or a public building catches fire, and the disinformation attack is to falsely accuse a particular group of responsibility. Another possibility is the last-minute release of confidential information; even true information can be highly misleading if released in a selective way.

A third line of attack spreads disinformation about the electoral process itself — for example, alleging electoral fraud, or trying to suppress turnout by spreading lies about the process for voting, the location or security of voting booths, and even the date of the election. The Latin-American fact-checking organisation Chequeado has seen so many examples of this that it has published a top 10.

All of this has happened before, so it would hardly be a shock if it happened again. But we may not have fully adjusted to the fact that powerful

tools for disinformation are now much more widely available. Lies can come from foreign governments, from influencers looking for clicks and advertising revenue, or from bored teenagers.

Lies can also be targeted over social media, whispering to voters in quiet corners of the internet, unnoticed by conventional journalists, fact-checkers and commentators. A new study by Ben Tappin, Chloe Wittenberg and others suggests that, at least for some topics, some fairly basic targeting of a particular type of message to a particular type of person makes that message substantially more persuasive. There is nothing wrong with such targeting — unless these targeted messages are flying under the radar of basic fact-checking scrutiny.

These are some of the obvious possibilities; there are, presumably, other lines of attack that we have not yet imagined.

So how should we respond to these risks, while remaining an open society? It is important not to overreact: spreading unfounded cynicism about the electoral process is self-defeating, since one aim of bad actors is simply to undermine our confidence in our own elections.

One possibility is to take a leaf out of Canada's book. Canada has a "Critical



Jason Allen Lee

Election Incident Public Protocol" that appoints an independent panel of public servants to decide whether the integrity of an election is under threat, and if so what to do about it. It is a fairly light-touch approach to the problem, but that may well be wise.

Full Fact also suggests that disinformation needs the same kind of framework as severe weather, terrorist threats and so on: we should adopt a scale of one to five describing "information incidents" in a way that specialists can convey clearly to the rest of us just how serious a particular problem really is.

The alternative is simply to hope that nothing bad will happen, and that if something does, the government of the day will act appropriately while also seeking re-election. The potential for conflict of interest is painfully obvious. Equally obvious is that it will be impossible for politicians running for office to be trusted to take impartial and appropriate action about a competition they are trying to win.

"We don't know what the next election will look like and neither does anyone else," says Moy. But our current information ecosystem is fragile, and there are many who would be delighted to exploit that fragility — both inside the political establishment and well beyond it. Our unblemished record of being caught unprepared by everything from war to financial crisis to pandemic is remarkable. But at the risk of spoiling all the fun, it might be worth thinking this one through in advance.

Tim Harford's children's book *'The Truth Detective'* is available now, published by Wren & Rook

Disinformation attacks are cheap and easy to launch. So if you were a bad actor, why not give it a try?

In February 2009, James Wilsdon was attending a conference in a bitterly cold Chicago when he got a phone call with an intriguing invitation. The caller hoped that Wilsdon's boss, the president of the Royal Society in London, might visit Richard Branson's Necker Island, where the tycoon was assembling a scientific and financial supergroup for a new initiative, the "Carbon War Room". When the president declined, Wilsdon went in his stead.

A small private plane whisked him from Chicago to Beef Island, Necker's nearest airstrip. Then, he was escorted to a white speedboat and, shortly afterwards, he arrived in Branson's living room, still in his winter coat. Around the room sat the founders of Skype, Microsoft and the Dutch postcode lottery as well as scientific directors, fund managers and, inexplicably, Vivienne Westwood. Branson had assembled this small band of big money as a shock brigade on the climate crisis.

The Carbon War Room gathered in the "temple", an expansive pitched-roof villa originally constructed by Branson for meetings of the "Elders", a group of pan-global leaders established by Branson and musician Peter Gabriel in 2007. (As Necker can be hired, pictures of the

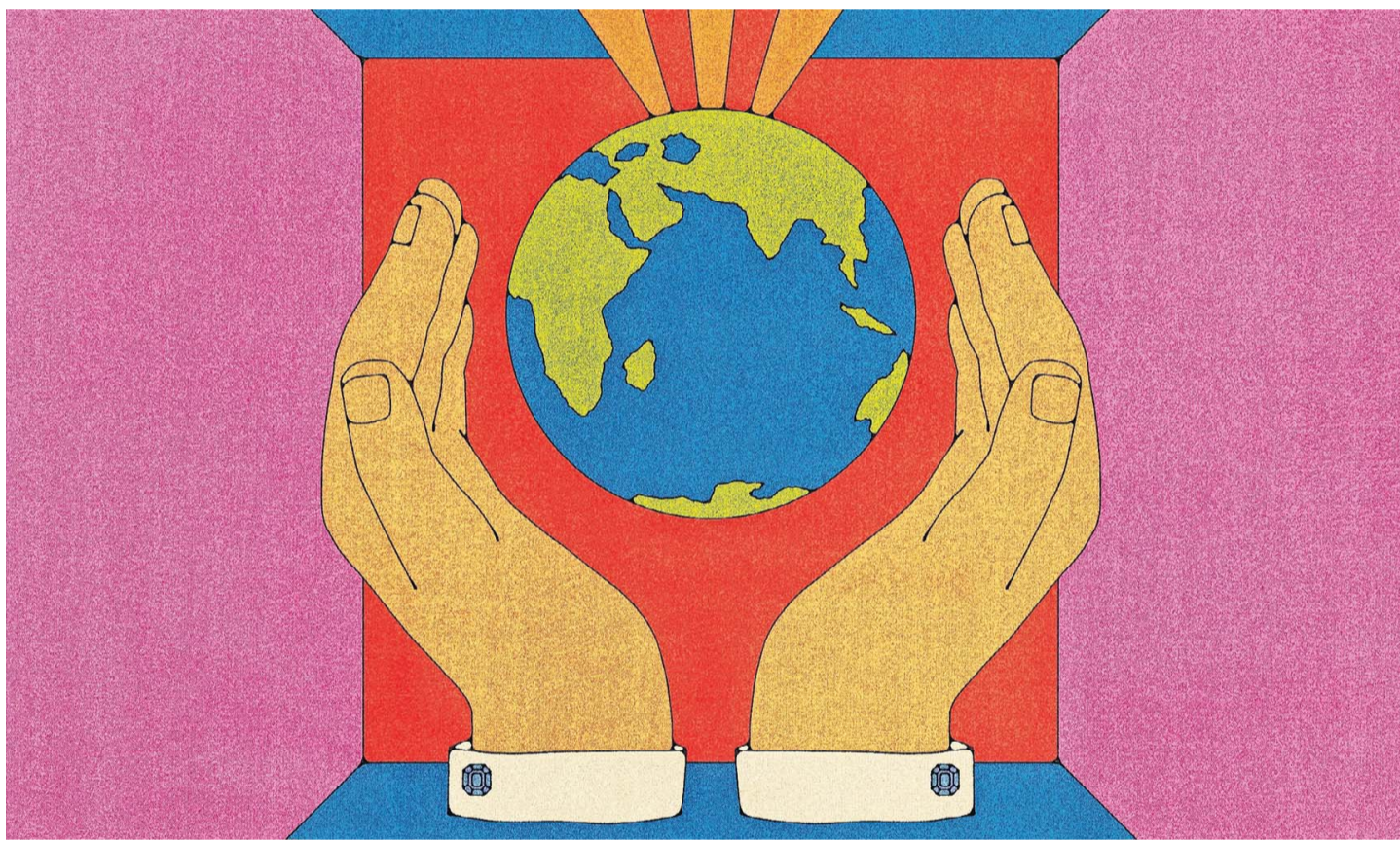
The most popular idea is solar radiation management. Opponents insist it is too dangerous even to research

temple can be viewed on TripAdvisor.) There followed a series of briefings on what could or couldn't be done to solve the problem of the Earth's rising temperature. Wilsdon came away impressed by the appetite of people with "a certain amount of financial freedom" to make large-scale climate interventions, but unsure whether their grand plans could or would materialise.

The Necker Assembly interests me for several reasons. First, as a novelist who's just written a book about an island-based plutocrat with a distinct vision for humanity's future, I would have rejected it as unrealistic. (A temple? Too much.) Second, it now seems Branson's scheme was merely a prototype for the breed of magnate that has appeared in the years since, one who wants to rescue the planet from the industries and systems which, in many cases, made them rich in the first place.

As Wilsdon told me the tale of the Carbon War Room on the phone from his University College London office on an unseasonably warm spring day, one term in particular stayed with me: "Greenfinger". Back in 2008, when climate expert David Victor coined the term, the word described a theoretical "self-appointed protector of the planet" who might fund a big, risky, climate-saving scheme and unintentionally do substantial harm in the process. The idea is usually the preserve of sci-fi.

But talking with Wilsdon, I began to consider how far climate philanthropy had changed. Today, practically everyone above a certain net worth has a World-Saving Project or WSP. Elon Musk (\$225bn) has pledged \$100m to the winners of his XPrize for carbon capture. George Soros (\$7.16bn) wants to refreeze the Arctic. As well as defeating death and going to Mars, Jeff Bezos (\$153bn) has announced \$10bn for his grant-giving Bezos Earth Fund. Former Reddit chief Yishan Wong intends to



Kate Dehler

## Billionaires want to save the world. Is that so wrong?

Rich people's impulses to save the planet may have unintended consequences. By *Andrew Hunter Murray*

plant a trillion trees. The potential benefits of all this funding are, of course, huge. But a wealthy individual's financial nimbleness, and their limited accountability, potentially create the kind of risks Victor warned of in 2008. Might the world's first real Greenfinger appear in the not-too-distant future?

Wilsdon is now director of the Research on Research Institute, which works to improve public R&D. He remains politely sceptical about deep-pocketed funders. His view is that what we need is "not some sort of uber-tier of incredibly omniscient billionaire philanthropists picking where to put the money", but a "well-lubricated, funded, secure research system" that has the strength and capability to turn to big problems as they arise. He tells me the UK government's R&D budget is approaching £20bn a year, and that private-sector R&D now exceeds public money roughly threefold. In the philanthropic space, there are foundations like

the Wellcome Trust or Cancer Research and individual donors riding their personal hobby-horses. While he welcomes all science funding, Wilsdon believes that, during Covid-19, for example, "the people who made the really big differences were people who'd been working in very proximate areas for a very long time and could then pivot. The idea that you can sweep it all away and reinvent it from scratch much more effectively is a bit naive." He reckons that the Covid response from private funders like Fast Grants, which awarded \$50m to hundreds of projects at the start of the pandemic, was somewhat overhyped. Existing funding bodies are perfectly able to pivot towards sudden challenges; in 2021, work on Covid featured in 9 per cent of all scientific papers published, even though most funding was allocated pre-pandemic, showing that scientists who had been funded for something different were nonetheless able to contribute to the pandemic response. (A repre-

sentative for Fast Grants' co-founder, the Stripe billionaire Patrick Collison, declined to comment.)

Some researchers have seen their fields substantially disrupted by a rise in philanthropic funding as enthusiastic donors have piled in. "It has changed considerably over the two decades I've been involved," says Filippa Lentzos, a biosecurity expert and associate professor at King's College London, who works on biorisk management and biological arms control. "There is clear benefit to that, but what's happened with my field is that it's relatively niche and philanthropic funds have flooded the market", leading to an imbalance in research funds.

Mysteriously, nobody seems to know how much private money goes into scientific R&D. Both the UK's Department for Science and the US's National Science Foundation told me they don't track that data because the bewildering array of structures used — foundations, charities, limited liability partnerships, spinouts — make it too complex to count. Yet there are clearly advantages to these private cash injections. Dozens of world-changing technologies were supported through their first fragile years by private money. Agronomist Norman Borlaug was hailed as a hero for developing new varieties of dwarf wheat that doubled or trebled crop yields. Many believe he saved millions in India and Pakistan from famine; in 1970 he won a Nobel Peace Prize. His chief funders were the Ford and Rockefeller Foundations, the ossified fortunes of earlier millionaires.

When the UK's Medical Research Council refused to countenance work on IVF in 1971, US philanthropist Lillian Lincoln Howell supported pioneers Edwards, Hoptell and Purdy (a fact only acknowledged after her death in 2014). In the 1950s, Michigan millionaire Katharine McCormick single-handedly

funded development of the pill, at a time when the government and pharmaceutical industry had shown zero interest and 30 states legally restricted the sale of contraceptives. Perhaps most striking, in the 1930s, after the RAF derided high-speed seaplanes as money-burning "freak machines", the manufacturer Supermarine was on the brink of abandoning its new project, the S.6B, until Dame Fanny Houston, England's second-richest woman, wrote them a cheque. That plane's eventual successor, the Spitfire, played a substantial part in winning the Battle of Britain.

These innovations were significant. But the technologies being researched today have the potential to make even greater impacts.

The most popular idea among the potential Greenfingers is solar radiation management (SRM), a technology nurtured in its earliest years by grants from wealthy individuals including Bill Gates. It would involve spraying fine aerosols into the upper atmosphere, probably from a fleet of high-altitude planes, in essence dimming the sun slightly and thus cooling the atmosphere. This is the idea Wilsdon briefed Branson's Carbon War Room on. It would require billions of dollars, but it's by far the cheapest option suggested.

Many experts consider SRM fraught with risks. It could alter rainfall patterns. Once we start spraying, we might not be able to stop, for fear of a catastrophic release of pent-up heating called "termination shock". The odds of global consensus on deployment seem slim. Nonetheless, after years of the tech being regarded with suspicion, the US government has announced a five-year research scheme into "climate interventions". In the past year, a couple of tiny real-world experiments have been conducted by individual scientists.

Could an individual Greenfinger start dimming the sun without state support?







## SNAPSHOT

### 'Nature Vigoureuse' (2008) by Martine Fougeron

Esparon, a remote hamlet in the Cévennes region of southern France, is perched on a rock. At the end of the 1950s, it was adopted as the summer sanctuary of French ex-pats living in New York: the grandparents of photographer Martine Fougeron.

Her two-part exhibition sets a documentary of her parents' arrival in the Cévennes, shot on 16mm Kodachrome, alongside 17 large format photographs depicting her two sons' transition to adulthood between 2005 and 2018. The pictures are part of Fougeron's long-term project *Nicolas & Adrien: A World with Two*

*Sons*, a series of intimate portraits of her sons and their friends growing up in New York and France.

Fougeron sees the hamlet as a "mountain circus which rises like an amphitheatre". Scenes by the river, forest and holiday home convey the family's attachment to nature — a peaceful refuge for its acrobats, who tumble and swirl through four generations.

Georgina Findlay

'Martine Fougeron: Summer Time' is at the Art Institute, Château d'Assas, Le Vigan, France, to Sept 17

## How British liberals turned American

Janan Ganesh

### Citizen of nowhere



Years ago, before he took the Russian petrodollar, Gerhard Schröder was the guest speaker at a conference of Britain's Labour party. In the lag between each sentence and its translation, members of the audience competed to laugh (if he had made a joke) or cheer (if he had made a solemn point) to show they understood German. Ostentatious, I know. But of the time.

You see, back then, a British liberal was, or meant to be: abreast of continental politics, claret-drinking, Tuscan or Provençal in their summer travel plans. The whole mental orientation was Europe.

This didn't, or didn't always, mean anti-Americanism. But there was an awareness of the US as Other, in its expectations of the state, its geographic separateness, its religiosity.

How did that polite detachment from America turn into what is now total, cringing, round-the-clock absorption in its public life? Leave aside the "woke" thing. Even middle-of-the-road liberals in Britain live in a world of *Daily Show* clips and piled-up copies of the *New Yorker*. This wasn't happening a generation ago. And the photo negative of it is a serene incuriousness about the mental life of their own continent. When did something European last penetrate the British cognoscenti? Prime-era Michel Houellebecq? Or the Scandinavian TV dramas? This is a Brexit of the mind.

And of the tongue. "Elton John is living his best life and I'm here for it!" How lost do you have to be as a British adult, how impressionable, to speak like this? Or to say "oftentimes", "at

this point", "not OK"? There was a fine essay (as it happens, in the *New Yorker*) about the protean richness of multicultural London slang. How odd that some people in the same city prefer to converse, and tweet, in the register of an Amherst common room.

This Americanisation would be easier to understand if the US were an ever mightier force in the world. But it has a smaller share of global output than it did in 2001, when I heard Schröder speak. The dollar accounts for a lower share of currency reserves. America's military now has a rival worth losing sleep over. There is less cause, not more, to face west. Yet America's

### Even middle-of-the-road liberals in Britain live in a world of 'Daily Show' clips and piled-up New Yorkers

psychic hold on the British *bien pensant* has tightened over the period.

Last week, breaking my general policy against west London, I attended the launch of Tomiwa Owolade's *This Is Not America* in Holland Park. Its argument — that US race relations don't map on to Britain's — has needed saying for years. The prose has the tranquillity that doesn't tend to come, if at all, until middle age. (The author is in his twenties.) And so the book deserves to succeed in its central mission.

It has no chance, of course. Something has changed in liberal Britain, and it predates Brexit. All my life, it was the right that was immersed in Americana. The left has joined

them. There is nothing in this for the US. First, being obsessed with America is not the same as being pro-American. British liberals still disagree with the US line on Israel and much else. They just do so with a rising vocal tone at the end of each sentence.

Second, the temperature of US politics is high enough, without foreigners gawping into the fishbowl. What an awkward predicament for a nation: to be scrutinised as though it were a unique world power while having the actual clout of just one of two, and in time, depending on India, perhaps three.

So, no, I didn't see what Colbert said about that thing last night. No, I am not caught up with *Pod Save America*. I recognise no US TV anchors except the one on CNN with the lovely sad eyes. And I lived there for four years. In fact, I have friends from Virginia to Venice who are less across the politico-media life of their own republic than some people in De Beauvoir Town.

Compatriots: this behaviour is weird. And unbecoming.

Perhaps a great power's cultural influence, like an ageing gigolo's charm, is the last thing to go. Long after Britain lost its might, there were people in Hong Kong and Zimbabwe moaning about their servants and describing things as "just not cricket" in a way no one in England had done since 1913. *Plus anglais que les anglais*, was the phrase for these tragicomic people and their affectations. How things come round. Don't be more American than the Americans.

janan.ganesh@ft.com

## The long road of parenthood

Jo Ellison

### Trending



In a brilliant take on the late novelist Cormac McCarthy, who died last month, the writer Kathryn Jezer-Morton describes *The Road* as being the best parenting book of all time.

It's an unlikely angle and one that might at first seem facetious. *The Road*, McCarthy's odyssey about a father and son walking across a post-apocalyptic landscape in the wake of an unspecified disaster, is more generally celebrated for its spare prose and vivid expression than as a viable alternative to nap-training manifestos and toddler-taming manuals.

But for Jezer-Morton, who was caught up in the infrastructural collapse of New Orleans after Hurricane Katrina, the novel's brilliance (and its most valuable lessons) is found in its immortal "relevance". As she writes: "It eschews the typical narrative terrain about heroic American ingenuity in the face of adversity and, instead, focuses almost exclusively on the emotional work of being loving and brave while fearing for your life."

I have never been caught up in an infrastructural collapse, and read *The Road* while lying on a comfortable bed. But, as with Jezer-Morton, it stirred in me an almost primal fear. As I reached the book's conclusion, I put it down, crept into my then five-year-old daughter's bedroom, picked up her sleeping body and put her in my bed. McCarthy's novel of dystopian survival had been so terrifying, the only comfort I could think of was to hear my daughter breathe.

Every day I'm grateful for that privilege. The most fundamental hope for any parent is to see their children thrive. As parents we are all on the metaphorical road, trudging towards some distant "safe place" in which we can dispense with all the worry associated with taking care of other

human beings. And if we're lucky we will never reach it, because the very act of worry is an indicator that — right now — everything is basically OK. One hopes the hazards on our road will be small, innocuous dangers especially when for so many others, escaping warzones or natural disasters, the road can be a fact of daily life.

Parenting is all about positivity and hope and reassurance; things at which I am generally quite bad because I'm British and over-cautious, but which I try and conjure because I know that, as a parent, it's pretty much my only job. And so I throw around my worldly

### The hope for any parent is to see their children thrive. As parents we are all on the metaphorical road

wisdoms and hope she doesn't do anything too stupid — such as hitchhiking without a mobile phone, which I myself did when I was 17. I want my daughter to be resourceful and independent, to know she will be able to fend for herself. And although I would still happily sleep with her next to me, the time is fast approaching that she must face the road alone.

Last weekend, we reached our own crossroads, a school prom, and the final hurrah for an education that has now reached its 12-year end. My daughter got her hair curled, put on a slip (which apparently passed as a prom dress) and went off to a night of revelry punctuated with live songs.

People have long warned me of empty nest syndrome and all the attendant feelings that might hit with her impending adulthood. But I have been slammed by that dreadful, crushing cliché that the end of all this childhood has been too hideously

brusque: I'm sad the old routine has been suddenly uprooted, I feel quite abject about the inky pencil case and the crumpled nylon blazer now abandoned by the stairs.

How could it be possible that she can be a full-sized person when, if I close my eyes, I can still feel her pudgy infant body when I bounced her in my arms?

Early summer is a cavalcade of markers. I find each as melancholy as the next. Walking around Washington DC a few weeks ago, in glorious sunshine, every public space had been repurposed to stage commencement ceremonies: the city was humming with cars being packed with the detritus of student living and teens in mortar boards. I found myself spontaneously crying on every corner. I couldn't work out why the sight of so many young, fresh, accomplished people made me feel so depressed. Was I envious for the road that now awaited these young folk? Or was I feeling a more existential doom about the crappy world that will belong to them?

Having reached the age at which I can observe at least two younger generations, I join the chorus of old folk who feel increasingly agitated by the news. So much debt and inflation, AI omnipotence, smouldering skylines, mass extinction warnings and an ever boiling planet. Sometimes it feels like Cormac McCarthy's vision of the future has become a bit too real. But only a total psycho would drag that to the dinner table. My job is not to catastrophise, but to maintain what Jezer-Morton calls "an emotional baseline of determined love".

And so I took a billion pictures of my little prom queen, popped the champagne and sent her off to start on her own path.

jo.ellison@ft.com



### Are you listening to the FT Weekend podcast?

This week we highlight the winner of the International Booker Prize: the novel *Time Shelter*. Host Lilah Raptopoulos talks to Bulgarian author Georgi Gospodinov and his English-

language translator Angela Rodel. *Time Shelter* follows an eccentric doctor who creates homes for people with dementia that reconstruct decades from the past, so they can live in eras they

remember — and serves as a beautiful, biting critique of the world's recent populist movements. Listen wherever you get your podcasts, or at [ft.com/ftweekendpodcast](https://www.ft.com/ftweekendpodcast)

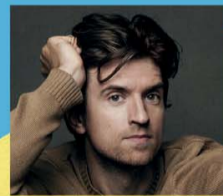
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## Beyond repair?

The soaring cost of materials, a lack of skilled labour and surging mortgage rates have halted many UK renovation plans. By *Alexandra Goss*

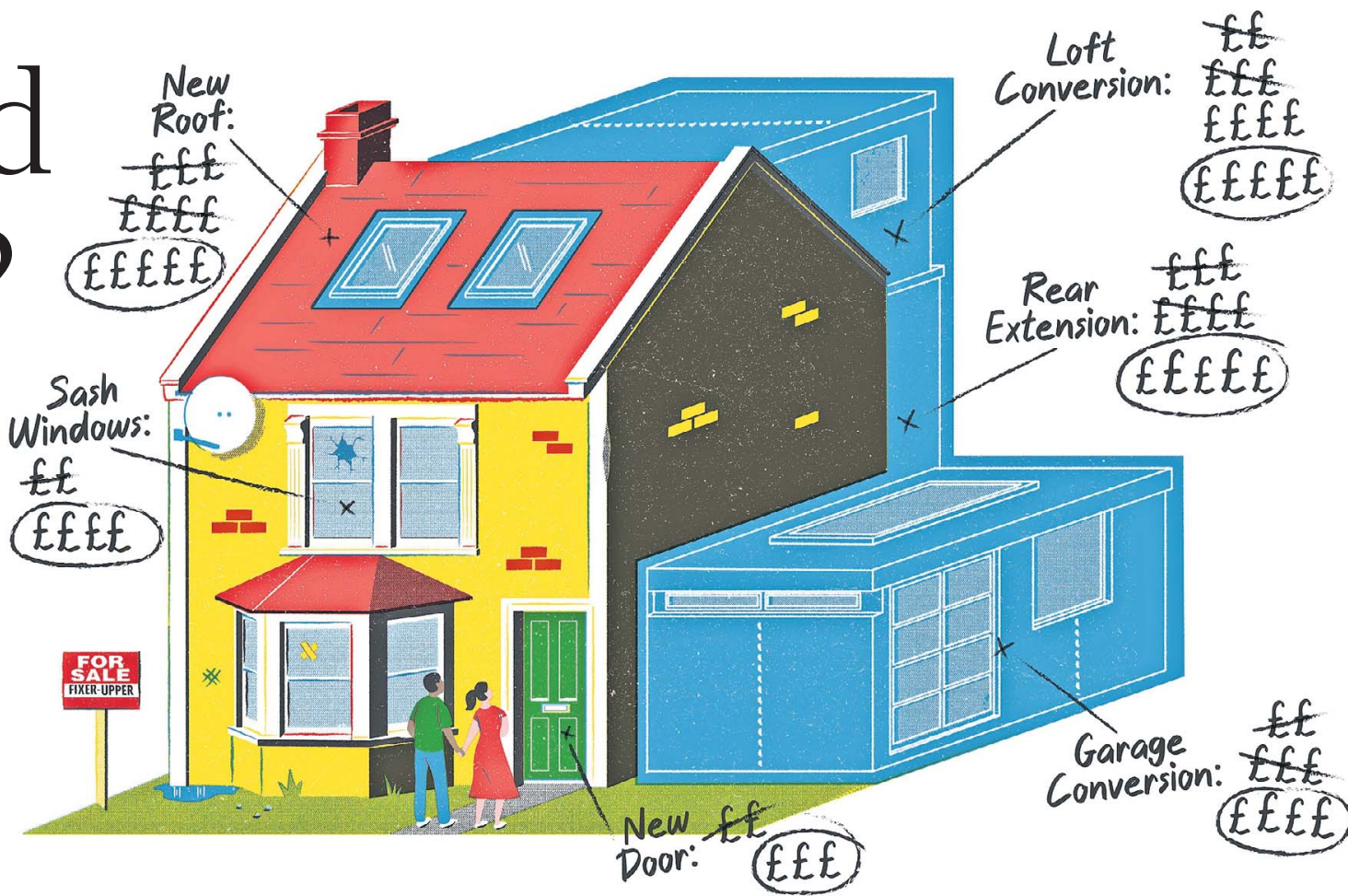


Illustration by Toby Leigh. (Below) Tim Woodcock at his recently renovated house in Hove, East Sussex. Photographed for the FT by Harry Mitchell

This month, Tim Woodcock will finally move into the house in Hove, East Sussex, that has, over a year and a half, been gutted and remodelled. With its open-plan layout and modern look, this four-bedroom Edwardian semi has been transformed from its days as part of a nursing home. Yet the works have taken their toll, lasting six months longer than planned and costing double the original budget.

Woodcock, 59, a business owner from Twickenham, London, bought the property in the seaside town for £1.2m in 2020 and set aside £350,000 for transforming it. "I spent £700,000," he says. "About £100,000 of that was due to me being fussy at the end and over-specing but the rest was down to inflation. The cost of materials, such as plasterboard, rose dramatically and tradespeople's day rates went up by 30 or 40 per cent."

Woodcock says the restored house is now worth about £1.7m, £200,000 less than the combined spend. "I've finally got the home I wanted and it's lovely being by the sea but a rising tide floats all boats and any fool can make money on property when the market's going up," he says. "If it's falling and costs are rising, you're going to get hurt."

Rampant inflation, the Covid-19 pandemic and the war in Ukraine have sent the cost of building materials through the roof and caused financial pain for homeowners doing building work.

Prices of construction materials in the UK in April were almost 5 per cent higher than the year before, according to the Office for National Statistics. And though materials price inflation is slowing from the peak in summer 2022, prices are now 43 per cent higher than they were in January 2020, according to Professor Noble Francis, economics director at the Construction Products Association, using official data.

The spiralling costs of everything from concrete to insulating materials mean tradespeople have also been putting up their rates — in the first quarter of this

year, three-quarters of members of the Federation of Master Builders reported an increase in the prices they charge. "This leaves homeowners with increased costs for new work and risks them putting off projects," says Brian Berry, chief executive of the FMB.

Indeed, many architects and building companies report that homeowners are pulling the plug on renovations and extensions. "Rising costs have stopped many of my projects this year, with clients pausing because they decided they are not comfortable to embark on a

**'Any fool can make money when the market's going up. If it's falling and costs are rising, you'll get hurt'**



project amid this uncertainty or because they mistakenly believe costs will go down when the rate of inflation slows," says George Omalianakis, founder of architecture firm GOAStudio London. And, thanks to the increasingly expensive works and rapidly rising mortgage rates, some are pulling out of buying homes altogether.

Harry Hammonds, senior sales manager at Aston Rowe estate agency in Acton, west London, recently had two sets of buyers decide not to buy properties that needed work: one because the build cost came in at almost double their estimate; the second because the quote they received for a loft extension when their offer was accepted rose dramatically in only three months.

"The buyers pulled out just before exchange of contracts because the £75,000 estimate went up by £35,000 over that time," Hammonds says.

So, as the numbers get increasingly difficult to stack up, is the dream of the fixer-upper on hold?

**The overheated market during Covid**, fired up by the stamp duty holiday and low mortgage rates, led to a boom in sales of homes that could be renovated or extended.

"There is typically around one home extension for every six house purchases and during the race for space more people were buying with the view of extending or improving," says Frances McDonald, director of residential research at Savills estate agency.

The number of homes granted full planning permission hit a peak of 339,473 in the year to June 2021,

### High inflation in cost of UK construction materials

Annual change in price (%)



according to Savills' figures. However, since then rising costs mean there has been a steady decline in the number of people seeking to overhaul their homes.

Savills says consents fell to about 255,000 in the 12 months to March 2023 and may reduce further — its analysis of data from the Department for Levelling Up, Housing and Communities shows the number of applications submitted in 2022 was 14 per cent lower than in 2021.

Materials shortages have had an impact on those braving renovations — Woodcock, for instance, had to wait a year for the parts for the mechanical ventilation system to come from China. And though some of these backlogs have now eased, anyone embarking on a fixer-upper has struggled to find tradespeople. "Certain builders I know in Bristol have a two-year waiting list, while even a delay of a few weeks for securing a good plasterer might have an impact," says Jerome Lartaud, director of Domus Holmes Property Finder.

Although demand for builders was exacerbated by those who sought to extend their home during the pandemic rather than brave a highly competitive housing market, the dearth of skilled workers is a longstanding problem in the UK that has been compounded by Brexit and is most acute in London and the South East, according to Berry at the FMB.

"The availability of EU workers, who made up 9 per cent of the overall construction workforce, is no longer a viable option," he says, adding that a lack of skilled tradespeople delayed jobs for nearly half of FMB members in the first three months of this year.

The planning system is another roadblock, with staff and skills shortages in council planning departments meaning householder applications are unlikely to be decided in the target eight weeks. "For anyone embarking on a project, there are likely to be severe delays at the planning stage, with many councils and London boroughs struggling to meet their deadlines," says Amrit Marway, associate director at Architecture for London. Many architects are reporting delays of six months or more.

Home improvement works are now significantly more expensive than they were before the pandemic. Marway says tenders for a loft conversion for an average London terraced home are now coming back at £100,000, compared with £75,000 before Covid, while a kitchen extension of 30 sq m now costs about £110,000, up from £75,000 in 2019. Even a small project, such as a

Continued on page 2

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**France property** | Young professionals are attracted to Canal Saint-Martin but rising mortgage rates are taking a toll. By *Hugo Cox*

When chef Maxime Bouttier was considering a location for his first Paris restaurant, which opened in April, the Canal Saint-Martin offered an enticing mix of relatively affordable rents and excellent travel connections.

"It is much less expensive than the 6th or the 8th arrondissement, where many of my diners will travel from," he says. "But, at the same time, you feel right in the middle of things."

What drew Bouttier has proved popular for those seeking a good-value home in a central location, where commercial rents are mirrored by lower home prices. Waterside properties abutting the 4.6km canal, which runs through the 10th and 11th arrondissements and gives the area its name, still cost significantly less than those nearby on the Seine.

Average list prices in the 10th and 11th arrondissements are €9,806 and €10,128 per sq m respectively, according to French property website Meilleurs Agents. To the south, abutting the river in the 4th, the average is €13,813; cross the Seine into the 6th and this increases to €15,540.

Cheaper prices and a central location have made the area popular with younger buyers, including those purchasing for the first time or with smaller budgets, for years. But, with mortgages typically making up a larger share of their total home price, this group has



Saint-Martin area a distinctive bustle, and the area is dense with a range of spots to eat, drink and shop.

A 10-minute walk from Rue de la Folie Méricourt, where Géosmine, Bouttier's restaurant, is located, independent shops, bars, restaurants and delicatessen cluster along a section of the popular Rue de Lancry, between the pedestrian canal bridge of Pont Tournant de la Grange-aux-Belles and the Metro station on Place Jacques Bonsergent.

These include bistro and natural wine specialist Le Verre Volé (The Stolen Glass), Viande & Chef, a butcher that opened in 2015, and specialist chocolatier Denver Williams, whose website claims the business is "as Parisian as the Canal Saint-Martin" and exhorts visitors to watch staff shape their wares in the chocolate workshop.

Around the corner is the celebrated covered food market on Rue du Château d'Eau, established in the 19th century. For Bouttier, who frequently makes the 15-minute walk from the restaurant to source produce, it was a draw and adds to the area's self-contained feel. "It's a walkable neighbourhood and there's no need necessarily to go beyond it for what you need, you kind of have it all here," he says.

Soon after Julie Ciruolo, 33, bought a ground-floor flat nearby in 2018, for €490,000, her section of the canal was pedestrianised and she noticed foot traffic in the neighbourhood – and the number of new local businesses –

# Unlock the Parisian life

been hard hit by rising mortgage rates. In February 2022, when Giorgia Rowe, 27, started searching for a home to buy, her mortgage broker said she would be able to get a mortgage with an interest rate of 1.2 per cent.

By June, she had found a one-bedroom apartment in the Canal Saint-Martin for €350,000. But, before she could agree the purchase and secure the mortgage, she needed to sell her studio flat. With mortgage rates increasing, it was a race against time: by August, when she was ready to buy, her rate was 2 per cent.

"Another month of mortgage rises and I wouldn't have been able to afford the home," she says.

For many, mortgage rate rises have meant they can no longer afford a purchase. Since the European Central

Bank started raising interest rates in July 2022, home sales have fallen up to 35 per cent, according to Yves Romestan, chief executive of YRSA Progedim, an estate agency that covers

Paris. Nationwide, the average rate for a 20-year fixed mortgage is now 4.02 per cent, according to Crédit Agricole, the French bank.

"The current situation excludes many

(Clockwise from above) Bridges over the Canal Saint-Martin; street art; the area has many bars and restaurants  
Hemis/Alamy; Samantha Ohlsen

**'It is much less expensive . . . But, at the same time, you feel right in the middle of things'**

first-time buyers from the market and many smaller, cheaper properties can now only be targeted by investors," says Thomas Lefebvre, head of research at Meilleurs Agents in Paris.

Its growing popularity among younger residents has given the Canal



Continued on page 4



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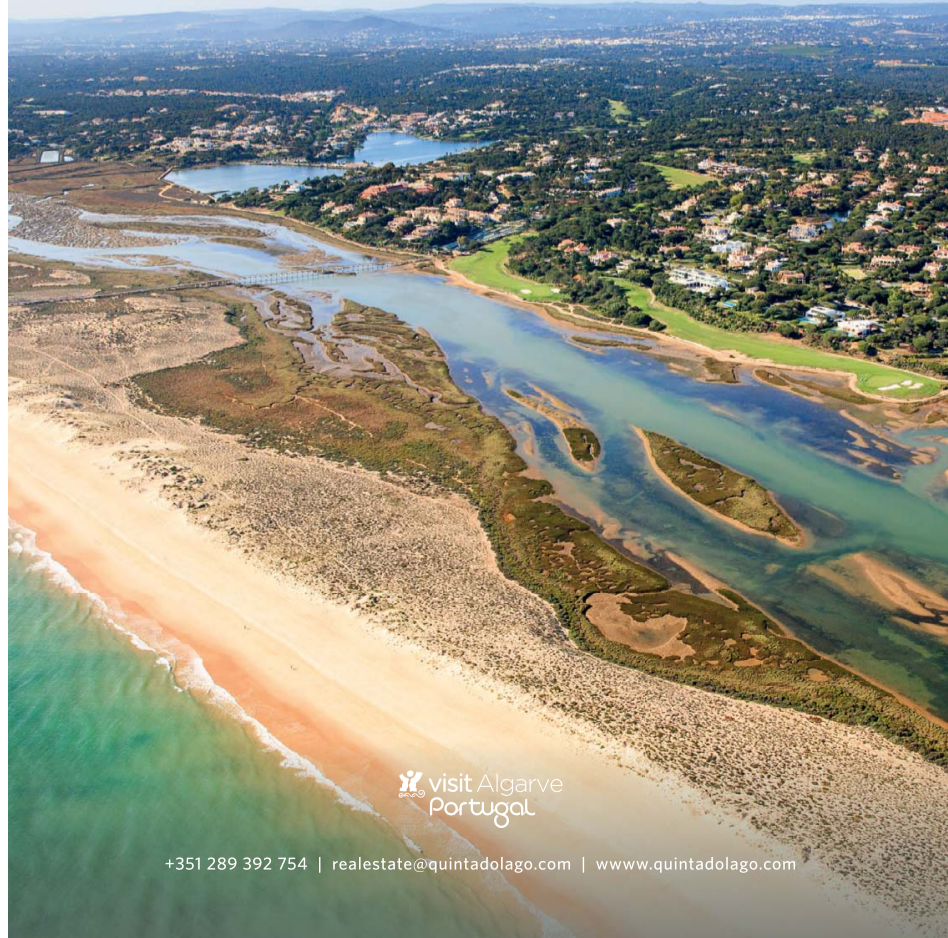
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## i / AT A GLANCE

In June, the average list price for an apartment in Paris was €10,081 per sq m (Meilleurs Agents).

Trains connect Gare du Nord with the main Paris business district of La Défense in 15 minutes.

Trains from London to Paris take less than 2 hours 30 minutes; flights from New York take less than eight hours.

Continued from page 3

increase. These days, she says, she has lost count of the number of new bars and restaurants that have opened locally.

Aside from the prices and the water-side location, another draw for her was the fact she was within walking distance of two green spaces.

To the north is the nearly 25ha Parc des Buttes-Chaumont with its distinctive Temple de la Sybille, a Roman-style monument based on the ancient Vesta temple in Tivoli. The smaller Jardin Villemin to her south includes sports facilities, a bandstand and a playground. "In Paris, being this close to two

**"They shouldn't forget the 10th is an active, thriving district. Some expect tranquillity: let them move"**

green spaces is a real luxury," she says.

Ciraolo enjoys the noise of conversation from the bar opposite her and she dismisses local grumbling that the neighbourhood has become too fashionable among the *bobo* class, a popular French term for affluent professionals with pretensions to bohemian values but who lead bourgeois lives.

"They shouldn't forget the 10th is an active, thriving district. Some people tend to think they are in 16th and expect tranquillity: let them move," she says, referring to the upmarket westerly district accommodating many of the city's embassies and museums.

Rowe, who has visited the area since she moved to Paris from London in 2017, has noticed the change, too. "Today, sometimes as soon as I leave my building I'm hit by the crowds." But



(Clockwise from above) Relaxing canal-side; the Temple de la Sybille in the Parc des Buttes-Chaumont; shops on the Quai de Valmy — Hemis/Alamy, Jérôme Labouyrie



despite the tourists — and the white-knuckle ride of securing her mortgage — there is nowhere she would rather move, she says.

Originally from the UK, she travels back to London seven or eight times



a year via the Eurostar, which departs from Gare du Nord, a 15-minute walk from her home. With the area's good connections — Gare du Nord, Gare de l'Est and République lie on several Metro lines — it also appeals to her friends.

When we speak in May, she has recently hosted a midweek evening picnic for eight, gathering on the grass next to the canal in front of her new apartment. The group has assembled from across the city — some arriving by bike or moped, others via Metro — for an archetypal French spread: two bottles of rosé and some Kronenbourg 1664, filling baguettes with cheese and saucisson purchased from a local shop.

"It sounds like a cliché but it's a cliché for a reason, this is one of the best picnic spots in Paris," she says.

## PROPERTIES FOR SALE

## CANAL SAINT-MARTIN



▲ Apartment, 10th arrondissement, €730,000

A two-bedroom, 73 sq m apartment on the third floor of a 1914 building to the west of Canal Saint-Martin. A short walk to Louis Blanc Metro station, it has lift access, parquet flooring and a communal cellar. For sale with Engel & Völkers.



▲ Apartment, 10th arrondissement, €910,000

A one-bedroom apartment overlooking the canal. The flat is on the second floor of a condominium with a caretaker and lift, and comes with a parking space. It is a five-minute walk from Gare de l'Est. For sale with Barnes International Realty.



▲ Apartment, 10th arrondissement, €1.74m

A three-bedroom, three-bathroom apartment on the cobble Passage du Désir, a short walk to the west of the canal. The third-floor flat measures 145 sq m and features an open-plan kitchen and living area. With Engel & Völkers.



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# Hot property Costa Brava

By Madeleine Pollard



## House, Peralada, €2.95mn

**Where** In the north-east of the Costa Brava, just 16km south of the French border. It's a few minutes' drive from Peralada and half an hour from the coastal town of Roses.

**What** A four-bedroom detached house built in 2020 with 666 sq m of living space, including six bathrooms, a gym and spa.

There is underfloor heating and air conditioning throughout, as well as an outdoor pool and large garage.

**Why** The property is on the edge of the 18-hole course at Peralada Golf, and its floor-to-ceiling windows give views of the greens on one side of the house and the mountains of the Serra de Rodes on the other.

**Who** Engel & Völkers

## House, Aiguablava, €7.5mn

**Where** On the coast near Begur, overlooking the bay of Aiguablava and the marina of Fornells. Girona-Costa Brava airport is about 55 minutes by car; Barcelona is 130km, which takes about 1 hour 30 minutes.

**What** A waterfront house built in 1975 with 692 sq m of living space, including six bedrooms, five bathrooms and staff accommodation. There are sheltered terraces and a pool with an adjacent summer kitchen.

**Why** The property has sea views, and it's just a few minutes walk along a direct coastal path to Platja Fonda, a small beach below the property. It's also possible to swim from the rocks in front of the house.

**Who** Lucas Fox



## House, Pau, €1.85mn

**Where** On the edge of Pau, a small town in the upper Empordà region in the foothills of the Serra de Rodes. The town of Roses is about 15 minutes away by car; Cadaqués is half an hour.

**What** A three-storey house with nearly 450 sq m of indoor space, including a 150 sq m guest

apartment. There are a total of four bedrooms and three bathrooms.

**Why** The house has more than 500 sq m of terraces, featuring a sheltered bar, barbecue and dining area, heated pool, sauna and hot tub, and the hillside location means there are sweeping views across the Empordà countryside, vineyards and olive groves.

**Who** Engel & Völkers



## House, Sant Feliu de Guixols, €3.49mn

**Where** In the Punta Brava neighbourhood of Sant Feliu de Guixols, on the south-facing coast between Begur and Lloret de Mar. Girona and its airport are about 40 minutes by car.

**What** A five-bedroom, four-bathroom hillside house with a ground-floor apartment, library and office. Amenities include an infinity pool, spa, underfloor heating and air conditioning.

**Why** The property has far-reaching sea views and it's within walking distance of several beaches.

**Who** Lucas Fox



## House, Mont-ras, €79mn

**Where** Near Mont-ras village, 14km south of Begur, between the towns of Palafrugell and Palamós. The coast is a 12-minute drive away.

**What** A seven-bedroom, six-bathroom air-conditioned villa with about 1,265 sq m of living space and almost 6ha of land. It features a library, gym, wine cellar, solar panels, terraces, a 75-metre half-indoor, half-outdoor pool, a five-car garage and panoramic views of the countryside.

**Why** The property has vineyards and a winery, designed to produce about 8,000 bottles a year.

**Who** Sotheby's International Realty

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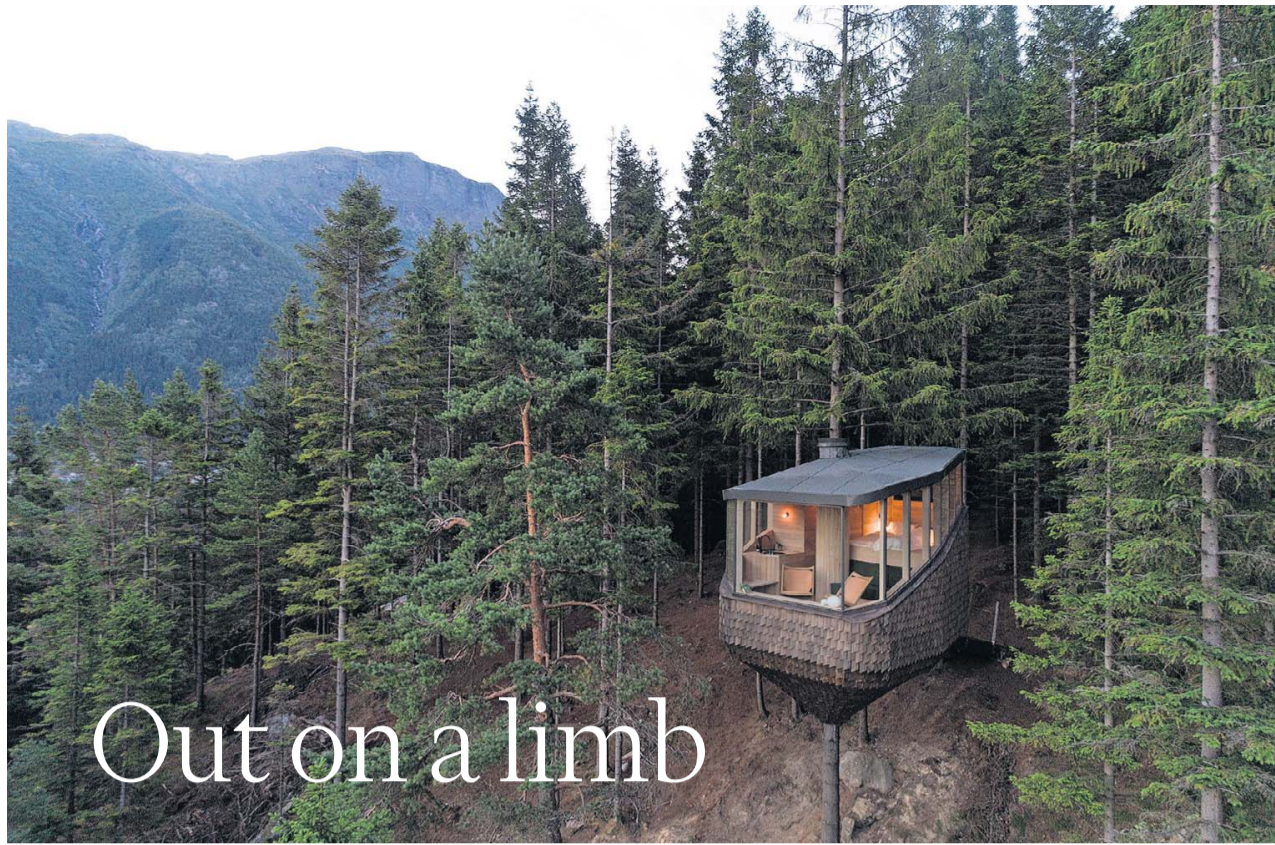


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# Out on a limb



bush home in Kenya, where the brothers grew up; it was their bush-based childhood that provided inspiration for the company when they established it 20 years ago. They pride themselves on being imaginative and undaunted. "Nothing is impossible if you have deep enough pockets and enough patience. We don't like saying no," says Andy.

Take the brief from one client who wanted to make sure her treehouse accommodated the fairies who lived in her woodland, complete with a miniature set of doors and windows, seating area and log burner. "We didn't have to put in a toilet because they have different arrangements for that," he chuckles.

Blue Forest is also known for fibre-optic installations in ceilings, intended to ape the stars of the night sky; one client had a specific request – make it the constellations in the sky as seen on the day their child was born, from the United Arab Emirates, they said.

Another asked for a secret room, accessible only by pulling out a particular title from a bookcase: inside was a toy gun armoury, filled with body armour and toy guns the kids could use to ambush their parents. It's less *Swallows and Amazons*, more *The Falcon and the Winter Soldier*, a far cry from a spartan, imagination-sparking plank nailed to a branch.

Amanda Welles-Gould lives at Rocky Lane Farm in Henley-on-Thames, where she and her husband run an equestrian centre; she saw Blue Forest's stand at the

Chelsea Flower Show last year and realised it was an ideal amenity for her four grandchildren. "A lot of our acreage is horse pastures but there was an area of pine trees where we never walked that was unused and forgotten – it has become this magical wonderland now."

**'Nothing is impossible if you have deep pockets and enough patience. We don't like saying no'**

Her oak-and-cedar structure sits three metres off the ground and features a west-facing reading nook with baskets full of books; underfloor heating will prevent damp and mildew.

Welles-Gould is particularly delighted by a Narnia wardrobe, one of Blue Forest's signature details. Step inside the rickety built-in wardrobe and push through the dress-up clothes, and you'll stumble on a mysterious hole in the wall – so dark, it's hard to see what lies beyond. Those curious and brave enough to clamber inside will be rewarded, whisked giddily down a chute before tumbling out at the end of the slide unsure where, or even when, they've landed.

It's also built on stilts, to avoid nailing anything into tree trunks, another Blue Forest detail. Andy Payne says 99.9 per cent of their structures are built free-standing, often on stilts, with a tree poking through the deck or rope bridges connecting branches.

And that's the crux of a testy question that riles rival builders: is it really a

**Architecture** | Luxury treehouses leverage our childhood fantasies to create functional spaces the whole family can enjoy, discovers *Mark Ellwood*

While allegations that Boris Johnson held lockdown-era gatherings at Chequers have hit the news in recent weeks, the most intriguing detail surrounding the former UK prime minister's use of the grace-and-favour country retreat is that he considered installing a £150,000 treehouse in its garden.

Plans for the six-figure hide-out – purportedly for then-toddler son Wilf – were shot down. Even if it were made of bulletproof glass, as planned, security services said its visibility from the

roadside made it too risky to greenlight.

This abortive project isn't an outlier; treehouses now can be luxury garden amenities, not just impromptu shacks. Companies have emerged around the world that specialise in bespoke designs and installations intended as much to delight over-18s as their toddler tykes.

They come together at the World TreeHouse Conference in Oregon each autumn; co-founder Michael Garnier invented the Garnier Limb, a treehouse-specific bolt that makes foundations more stable and is widely used throughout the industry. There are several TV

series showcasing the elaborate designs of professional builders, including *Treehouse Masters*, starring Pete Nelson, Garnier's conference co-founder.

Mention a treehouse and it's impossible not to half-smile, indulgently, at the idea. It's synonymous with screen-free, knee-skinning childhoods, a place that sparks imagination and derring-do in equal doses. These builders tap into that innate delight, and dream up visions of simpler times with very contemporary price tags – expect to pay about £250,000 for a custom hide-out from East Sussex-based Blue Forest, for example.

The 20-strong company is run by brothers Simon and Andy Payne and, though 80 per cent of their business is UK-based, it's now expanding strongly across the world – recent briefs included a large project in India and a

(Clockwise from main) Woodnest by Helen & Hard; O2 Treehouse's The Honey Sphere for Robby Krieger; the view from Woodnest – Sindre Ellingsen



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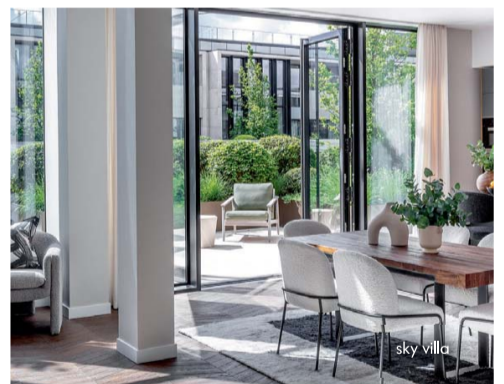
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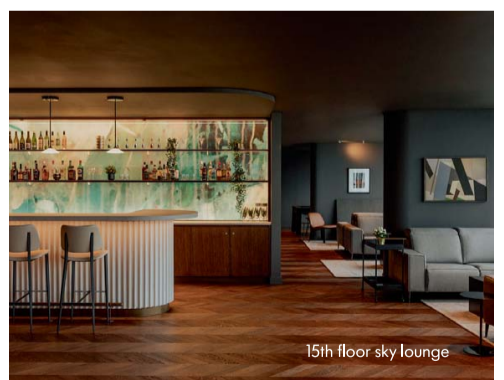
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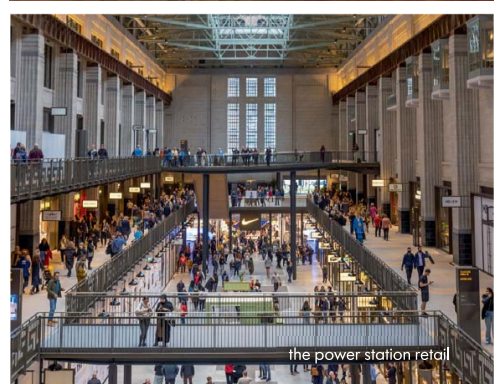
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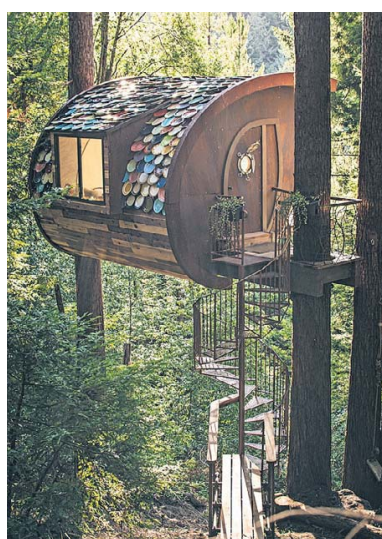
treehouse if it's not built in, on and with a tree? California-based Dustin Feider doesn't think so. He considers stilt-based structures infra dig, and shuns the approach at his company, O2 Treehouse. "I am a snob and, to me, it's cool if it's on stilts but it's gotta be in the tree to be called a treehouse," he says, firmly.

Feider studied furniture design at college and considers his designs more like supersized custom pieces of furniture. He built the first 17 years ago in his father's backyard but attracted attention — and built a business — via a 13ft-diameter geodesic sphere-inspired structure, where half of its canopy unzipped to become open windows, allowing whoever was inside to be fully immersed in the tree canopy.

He and his 20-person team have built more than 80 treehouses, most of them 250 sq ft or smaller; the minimum spend is \$75,000, though he has worked on a multi-treehouse project on a single site that cost \$1.5mn. Feider slept in his

(Clockwise from above) Blue Forest's structures often rest on stilts; Blue Forest's Chelsea Flower Show treehouse; O2 Treehouse's The Glazed Perch, adorned with vintage dinner plates

Chris Taylor Photography



car while working on early projects in and around Beverly Hills, at least until a client offered him a spare room. He soon met the homeowner's neighbour, Robby Krieger, guitarist with The Doors and Feider's childhood hero, who promptly hired him for a treehouse, too. "He went

**"Treehouses aren't just for kids, and I think I'm going to be spending a night out there myself"**

for a 16ft-diameter geodesic sphere with 220 facets on it. It was very challenging for me at the time but it was a fantastic project for my portfolio."

Feider has also produced whimsical designs like those in which Blue Forest specialises. Take the multistorey structure he built in northern California for a woman who was keen for her treehouse

to be visually arresting. Why not tile the roof with dinner plates, Feider suggested? He spent weeks trawling thrift stores in the area for every brightly coloured plate he could score. He then travelled to Colorado to buy a used spiral staircase to powder-coat and install at its heart. "It reminds me of a gingerbread house from 'Hansel and Gretel', with that staircase at the heart looking like a chocolate fountain," he says.

Kjartan Aano didn't bother hiring Feider or Payne for his first treehouse. Instead, the Norwegian electrician built one himself, 10 metres high in the crook of a tree, to propose to his now wife Sally in a forest near their home in Odda. Treehouses had become a trope for the couple since their first meeting, when talk of bucket lists sparked them to jot down their own must-dos.

"When we swapped our phones and shared our lists, we both had 'live in a treehouse' on ours. It was pretty cool," he recalls. The landowner of the property where he had built his hideaway discovered it and insisted it be dismantled — "it's stored inside our garage now", he admits — but Aano couldn't shake his fascination with the idea.

Through a friend, he met the architects Helen & Hard in Oslo, and asked if they could design one for him — like Feider, he's firmly convinced you can't call something on stilts a treehouse. With the architectural duo, he came up with the Woodnest, a sleek cabin-like structure engineered to sit around a tree: one bolt is driven through the trunk and a metal casing is attached to that as a form of cladding around the trunk. It takes the load off the resulting structure.

The firm built a pair of them on Aano's

property, budgeting initially Nkr1.4mn (\$130,000); it ballooned to Nkr5.5mn by the end. Aano rents the cabins starting at Nkr3,300, or about \$310, a night but has turned down multiple inquiries to sell the plans, fearful it might eclipse his original site. He has, though, acted as a paid consultant for those who want to replicate the look and feel of his structures, and will continue to do so.

Aano is about to complete building two more next month, designs tweaked from roomy enough for a family of four to space for just a couple. "We saw the most happy ones were those coming without children," he says. Indeed, off-spring or grandchildren act as an excuse for customers such as Welles-Gould. "Treehouses aren't just for kids, and I think I'm going to be spending a night out there myself," she admits. Blue Forest's Andy Payne says he tries to future-proof his designs so they can adjust to changing needs.

Twenty years into his business, Payne says he is now being tapped to return to early projects and renovate them for adult-only use after the children have moved out — one refurb under way for a 2005 project, for example, will turn it into a private dining suite and home office. It's a reminder that the back-to-basics premise that's often touted for such follies is exactly that — an excuse for a Richie Rich indulgence that adults can enjoy too, without the risk of anything as inconvenient as a skinned knee.

"Often . . . the starting point is: 'I want a kids' treehouse,'" he says. "But by the time we've finished with the design process it has turned into a fully family-friendly treehouse, a multifaceted place for everyone to use."

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## BEST IN THE BAHAMAS



Lion House sets the gold standard for island living. This exceptional oceanfront estate, now for sale, offers an exclusive lifestyle opportunity

BY Cathy Hawker

Lion House at Albany in the Bahamas is an estate with an outstanding pedigree, a family home that offers the perfect pairing of elegance and beachfront informality. Designed for year-round living, it's a sophisticated and private waterfront property on an exclusive sporting and leisure resort.

Both the property and the residential resort of Albany set new standards in excellence in the Bahamas and the wider Caribbean. Albany is a 600-acre resort with a refreshing contemporary style, superb sporting and leisure facilities and a vibrant community of like-minded owners. Existing investors and residents include world-famous sporting names.

"Of the many attributes that elevate this property above others, one of the most notable is its top-tier location within Albany," says Paddy Dring from Knight Frank, joint selling agents with Savills. "Lion House has 134 feet of direct sea frontage and sits with the harbour lights of the marina behind and the soft sand beach in front, an ideal vantage point to watch the sun set over the water."

Lion House has been meticulously remodelled and redesigned throughout to provide a supreme level of comfort and detail. The principal house, 9,300 square feet, has five en-suite bedrooms with a further three bedrooms in two separate, self-contained cottages. Showstopping details include a bespoke kitchen, an in-house cinema with 146 inch screen, a dance studio and temperature-controlled dressing rooms for clothes storage. Outside, along with a swimming pool and jacuzzi that blend seamlessly onto the beach, there's a rooftop dining area and in the garden, entertaining and dining space with seating for 36 guests.

Albany is on the south west coast of New Providence, the most international of the Bahamas' 700 islands, where high-end restaurants,

five-star hotels and marinas mix in among swaying palm trees and sandy beaches. The resort introduced a new lifestyle when it opened in 2010, with a host of elite sporting options. They include an acclaimed Ernie Els-designed championship golf course, clubhouse and practise facilities, a 71-slip mega-yacht marina, a first-class fitness arena, a racquet centre and newly opened this year, a trailblazing equestrian centre allowing owners to stable their own horses.

These curated facilities on-resort are matched by an established infrastructure off-resort. Nassau's international airport is 20 minutes from Albany while the Windsor Academy, Nassau's international school has two campuses, one on Albany itself, providing a rare combination of global connectivity and high-quality educational access in a secure, calm and tropical environment.

Lion House is for sale at US\$75 million through Knight Frank and Savills. Please contact Paddy Dring at Knight Frank +44 20 7861 1061 or Jonathan Hewlett at Savills +44 20 7824 9018 to arrange a viewing or to discuss any of your property needs.

## Will beavers be eager for London life?



**Jonathan Guthrie**

### Nature therapy

Surplus Scottish rodents are to be rehomed in Ealing this autumn as part of a rewilding experiment that hopes to restore a city ecosystem

The hand of fate is hovering over an unpopular family of Scottish beavers. Soon they will be going somewhere where they will be appreciated.

That place is the London Borough of Ealing, which is planning a radical experiment in urban rewilding.

It would be nice if the refugees turned up in Ealing wearing little duffel coats labelled: "Please look after this beaver." But they are expected to make a more prosaic appearance, caged in the back of a van.

This was probably how recent ancestors arrived on Tayside, which was previously devoid of beavers. Humans hunted them to extinction in the British Isles in the 16th century. Beavers have tasty flesh, fur prized by hatters and musk sacs useful in perfumery. A characteristically fanciful medieval bestiary shows a mournful beaver jettisoning its testicles to appease a hunter.

The catchment of the great Scottish river is now the scene of acrimony

between farmers and rewilders. Some of the latter engaged in so-called "charismatic mammal fly tipping" in the noughties. They released continental beavers by dead of night.

The beavers got beavered: they coppiced trees, built dams, created pools and popped out little beavers.

There are now some 1,500 beavers in Scotland, some reintroduced quite legally. By 2030, the population is expected to rise to 10,000.

That makes it sound like Caledonia will soon be overrun with amphibious rodents. Out for a drink on Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow? Lairy beavers will spill your pint and mock your inability to metabolise bark. Going for a jog through Princes Street Gardens, Edinburgh? Go wild swimming instead.

But there is plenty of room in Scotland for people and beavers. In the right place, beavers are great. Their dams check erosive flash flooding. The pools they create to protect their lodges are wildlife havens and carbon sinks.

Problems only occur when interests conflict — when beavers flood



Out for a drink in Glasgow? Lairy beavers will spill your pint and mock your inability to metabolise bark



farmland, for example, damaging sometimes fragile rural incomes. Or when farmers or others kill beavers, enraging animal lovers.

NatureScot, a Scottish government agency, is tilting towards relocation as a solution. Perhaps all the shouting has given it a headache. Law-abiding Tayside farmers do not break out their shotguns when protected beavers become a nuisance. They apply for rehoming. Conservationists sometimes jokingly call the subjects of these renditions "Asbo beavers", after the antisocial behaviour orders Scottish courts slap on rowdy humans.

A family of these animals — a mated pair and three or four youngsters — will be trapped and moved south. Ealing should get its Asbo beavers in October. It is just as well beavers like to keep busy. They have a feat of hydrological engineering ahead of them.

Sean McCormack, founder of the Ealing Wildlife Group, showed me the problem: Costons Brook. This modest watercourse runs through public parkland, then south through urban

Greenford. It cannot handle the rainstorms increasingly common as a result of climate change. Flash floods inundate the streets around the Tube station and McDonald's.

"I had a lightbulb moment," McCormack tells me. His group has already reintroduced harvest mice to local parkland. Pondering their chances with water voles, McCormack thought of beavers, animals with a similar body plan, only a thousand times bigger. "They are a keystone species that can create a thriving and dynamic ecosystem," he says.

He showed me the proposed release point, a reed-fringed pond. It boasted that iconic feature of so many urban expanses of water: a shopping trolley sunk nose down in the mud.

McCormack sees something else here at Paradise Fields, as the area is known. His vision is of beavers coppicing mature willows to let in light. The animals build dams across the brook. This creates a series of pools. The beavers dig channels to connect them.

McCormack sees new wetland glittering in the sunshine after soaking up heavy rains like a sponge. Flocks of birds feed in the shallows. Local residents stroll through on raised paths. Volunteers show the beaver works to parties of local schoolkids, awakening them to nature.

Reintroductions such as this have real financial costs. Contractors will have to fence the entire 9ha site. McCormack reckons the total bill for the project will be about £100,000. The bulk of this will come from Ealing Council and the Mayor of London.

A lot could go wrong. The beavers will have to brave human disturbance, fierce dogs and the propensity of Thames Water to dump raw sewage into watercourses. But I had an epiphany while McCormack was showing me around. For some wild animals, towns are now better habitats than the countryside. Townies rarely own guns and, if we do, it is likely to be for purposes even more nefarious than destroying wildlife. Parks and gardens provide varied habitats. In some towns and suburbs you may spot sea eagles, red kites or pine martens. So, why not beavers in Ealing? London has always welcomed incomers. We can probably fit in a few rumbustious Scottish beavers — particularly if they can sort out the flooding.

Jonathan Guthrie is head of Lex

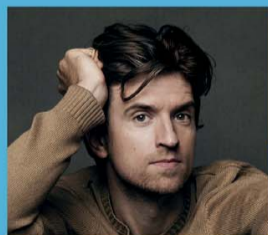
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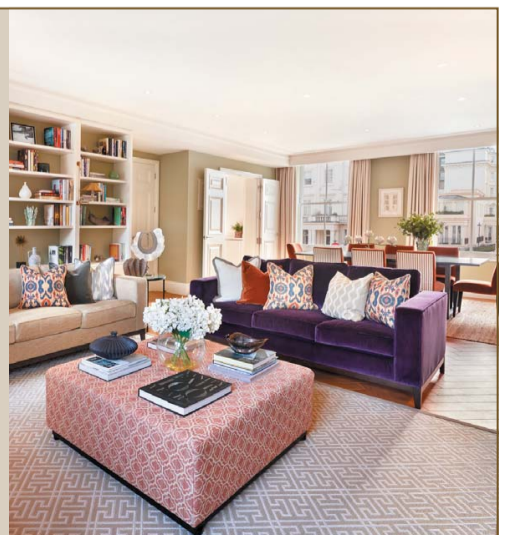
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# Green shoots after the fire

Euboea was devastated by blazes in 2021 but the Greek island's recovery offers valuable lessons

Forest fires are scary, hard to control and ever more in the news. In Canada they have been burning millions of hectares and their fallout has blackened New York. In parts of California, there have been successive years of conflagratory horror. Southern Spain and the south of France are beset with it. While you recline by the Mediterranean, there will be images of fire and smoke in a hinterland, possibly one near your sunbed.

Greece is a prime candidate. Fires there are an annual hazard and in 2021 they burnt parts of Attica and devastated the woodlands of northern Euboea. Those Euboean woods are close to my heart. I have holidayed beside them, written about their history and prized them as an asset that foreign tourists seldom appreciate. In August 2021, they became a conflagration, internationally reported. Simultaneous fires in Attica, nearer the big city, monopolised the equipment that could have fought Euboea's flames.

For four days, villagers had only their hoses and their valiant, self-organised defence. Young men formed human chains to save what they could. They put the elderly's safety first, escorting them on to boats and floating them at sea. Food, let alone water, became ever scarcer. The fires produced local Euboean heroes: after the ruination of 100,000ha of woodland, what has happened locally at ground level?

To find out I have been on a fact-finding mission, helped by local Euboeans. After ferrying from north-east Attica to Aidespos, we followed the roads into higher mountains nearer the

northern tip of the island. After a green beginning, recalling the past, the long view becomes one of black woodlands, mostly pines. The fires began near Limni where resin used to be collected from the pine trees, an important mini industry. That industry is now dead.

On a high mountain ridge, before the firescape began, we were guided by a local delivery worker to a vista of blue anchusas and yellow verbasiums, interspersed with grey-flowered *Echium italicum*, carpets of pink-flowered *convolvulus* and yellow *hypericums*. The drifts of blue anchusa revelled in the open sunshine and made me think wryly of the garden that won the People's Choice Award at this year's Chelsea Flower Show. Blue anchusas had been bedded beneath its instant trees, where they would never flourish in a long-term garden.

Where the Euboean firescape begins, not all is dead and done for. At a lower level, bushes have started to spread into the gaps. Our Euboean guides directed us to what we had hardly dared to hope to find: bushes of the rare Euboean oak, endemic to the island. Beside some of its patches, spikes of purple-blue *salvia* and blue *rosemary* are capitalising freely on the lack of overhanging shade. So are clumps of the local *hellebore*, *Helleborus cyclophyllus*. In summer, beekeepers used to set their hives by north Euboean woodland, collecting oak honey or chestnut honey for sale. Now they collect flower honey, made by bees from flowers set free of the forest's edge. Where a river had stopped the advancing fire, we found bigger and better wild *gladioli*,



(Above) *Quercus euboica* resprouts after the fires. (Inset) *Pink convolvulus*

Harriet Rox



Robin Lane Fox

On gardens

revelling in the sun without a forest to shade them on the opposite bank.

A distinctive feature of the Euboean oak is the white underside to its glossy, serrated leaves. It stops at a height of about 5ft and I learnt that, genetically, it is a spin-off from *Quercus trojana*, the Trojan oak. Taxonomists and eco-botanists have explanations for its distribution but I have my own, a fancy based on Homer.

In Homer's *Iliad*, a prominent oak tree stands near the city of Troy by which gods and goddesses meet and discuss their partisan attitude to the city. Homer gives no more details but in the modern Troad a distinctive Trojan type of oak tree has long been recognised. I have just finished writing a book, *Homer and his Iliad*, and to mark its imminence I have planted *Quercus trojana* in our Oxford college garden. As it is hardy in Britain, it has come through the winter unharmed. It is still green after the dry weeks in May and June. In the *Iliad*, the first Greek hero to die in battle is Elephenor, leader of the Euboean contingent. Whatever science may establish, I enjoy my myth, that fellow Euboeans returned with acorns from the oak near Troy and sowed them in his memory

on their island. Some of them branched off to become the local Euboean variation.

In the *Iliad*, Homer compares episodes in the battle to outbreaks of fire in forests. He never ascribes these fires to gods and he never claims they begin when a branch rubs against another branch, a fallacy first attested in the histories of austere Thucydides, c. 400BC. For an even longer

**Walnut trees were 'suicide trees'; they stopped the fire advancing as they have a high internal water content**

understanding of them, I have been directed to the writings of that expert in treescapes and their history, the late Oliver Rackham.

In his excellent 2001 book with AT Grove, *The Nature of Mediterranean Europe: An Ecological History*, Rackham gives a crucial account of forest fires and their consequences. Taking a long view, he disputed their increased occurrence, at least up

to 2001: since then, recent patterns would no doubt make him temper some of his views. He also minimised their connection with discarded cigarettes ("even in Greece in the early 1980s, when we seldom saw any man not smoking, less than 3 per cent of the landscape burnt each year").

Less idiosyncratically, he traced a "pine-and-fire cycle", which is still valid. Pine trees, unlike firs, drop seeds from their cones in the wind fanning the flames and, about three years later, seedlings begin to germinate from burnt ground. On Euboea, young pines are indeed appearing sporadically. In about 30 years' time, most of the pine forests in north Euboea should have regrown.

Will there be flash-flooding, meanwhile? Controversially, Rackham argued there will not, especially after his experiences on Crete. The roots and stumps of burnt trees, he insists, must be left in the ground to stabilise it. I was

reminded of his advice when taken to a new top-down initiative, wished on the river valley up from the village of Asminio across whose banks the Euboean fire failed to spread. A big concrete dam has just been built there to halt

the river if floods cause it to rise. Locals who know the valley think the dam will be far too low to stop a major flood. If the burnt trees are left in place on the hillsides, Rackham insisted there will be no such floods anyway.

A better precaution would be to plant circles of walnuts round villages in the future fireline. One of my guides, Michael Moschos, owns and directs a farm of fine walnuts near the coastline at Artemision. Surrounding water protected it but he observed how walnut trees were "suicide trees" elsewhere; they caught fire but they extinguished themselves and stopped the fire advancing as they have such a high internal content of water. As a fire screen, they serve as extinguishers.

Rackham-ed and informed on site, I am not claiming that dire fires have a wholly happy after-story. Rather, in Greece, as elsewhere, burning belongs on a botanical balance sheet, not all of which is one-sided. Wait, and one day you too will enjoy Euboean pine woods like the ones imprinted on my memory.



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