JUNE 24/25 2017
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SUPPLEMENT OF THE YEAR

THE NEW WORLD DISORDER

by Edward Luce


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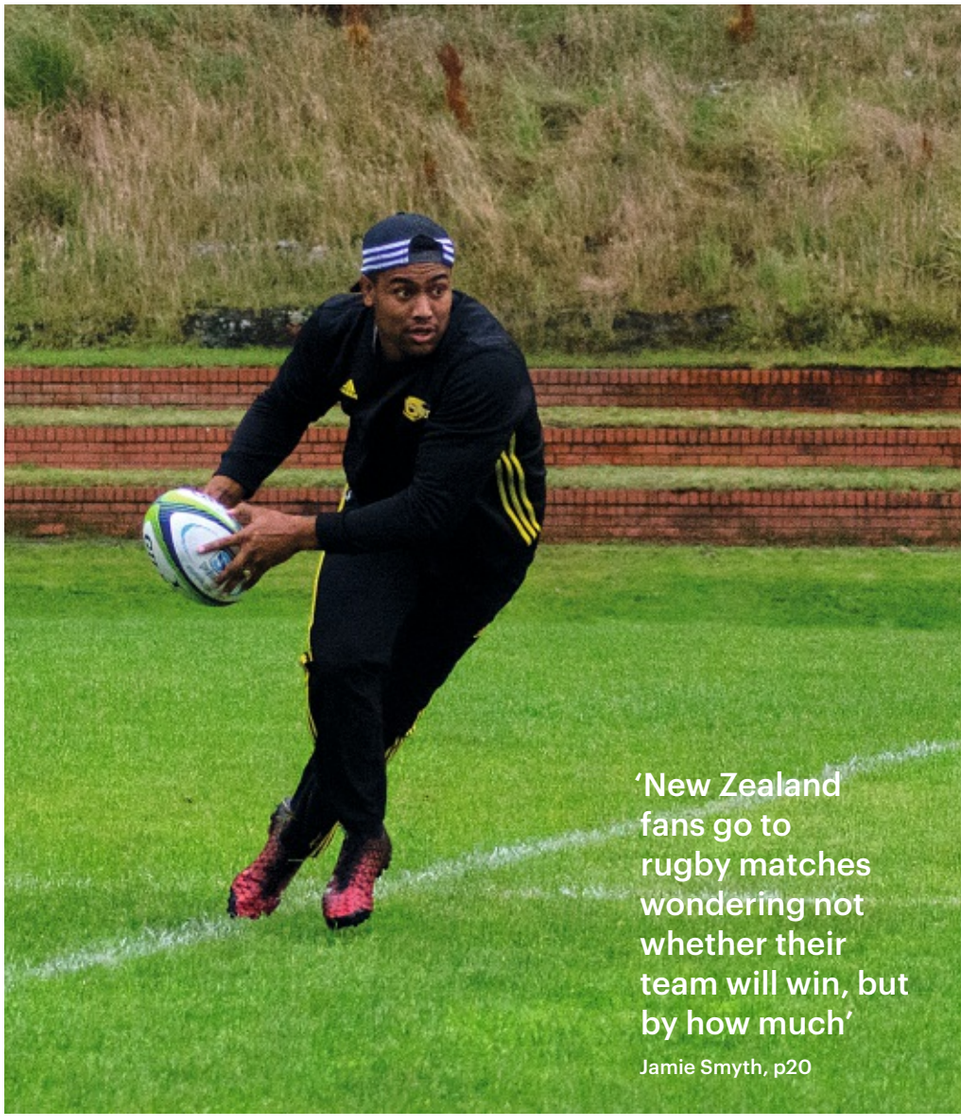

EDITH AMITUANAI

Julian Savea training at Hurricanes rugby club, May 2017

‘New Zealand fans go to rugby matches wondering not whether their team will win, but by how much’

Jamie Smyth, p20

‘You can get a decent tomato all year round. But when the sun is out, they come into their own’

Honey & Co, p36

Cover illustration by Andre Beato

‘Uber’s values may have been a trade secret but they happened to be the wrong ones’

Leslie Hook, p8

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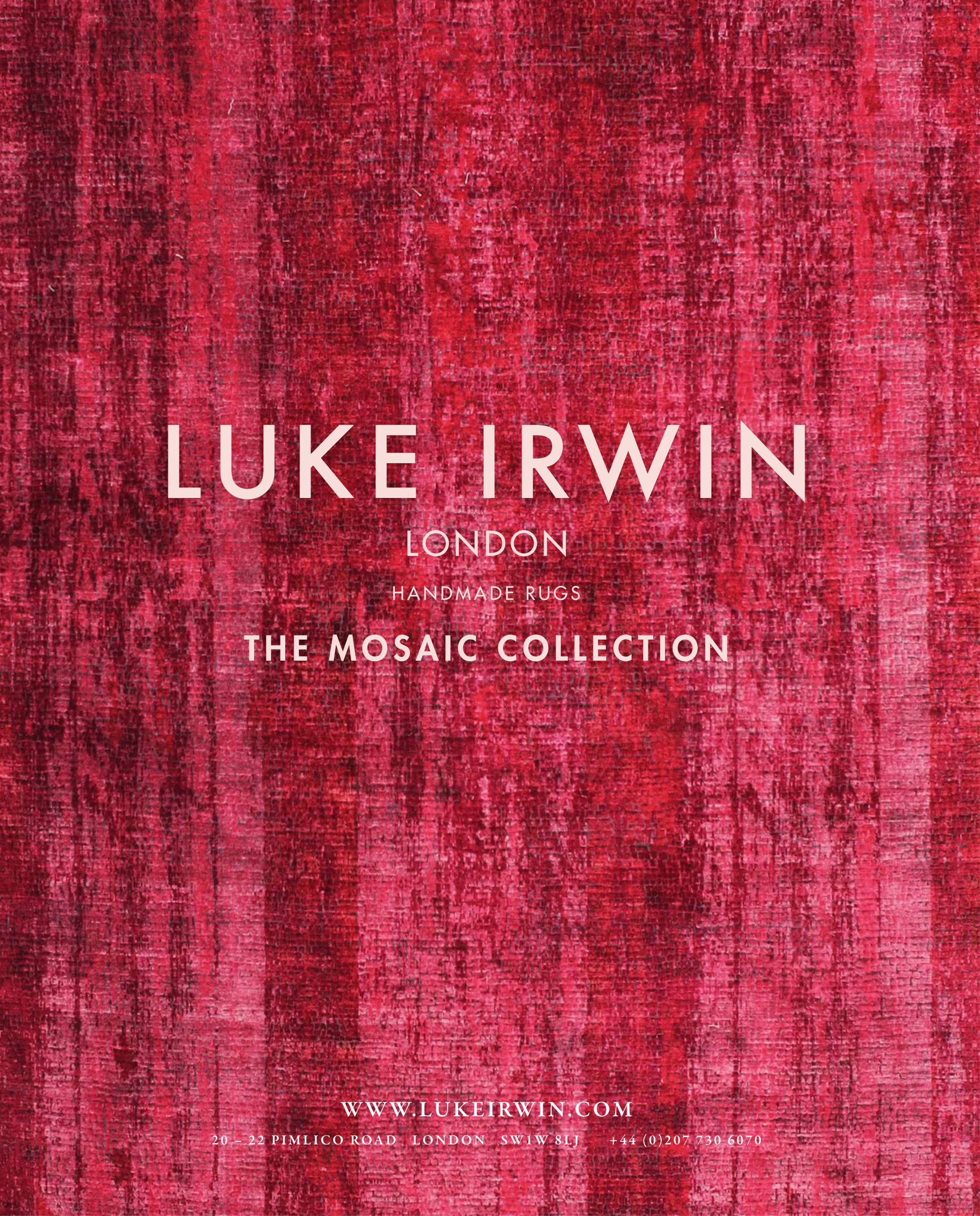
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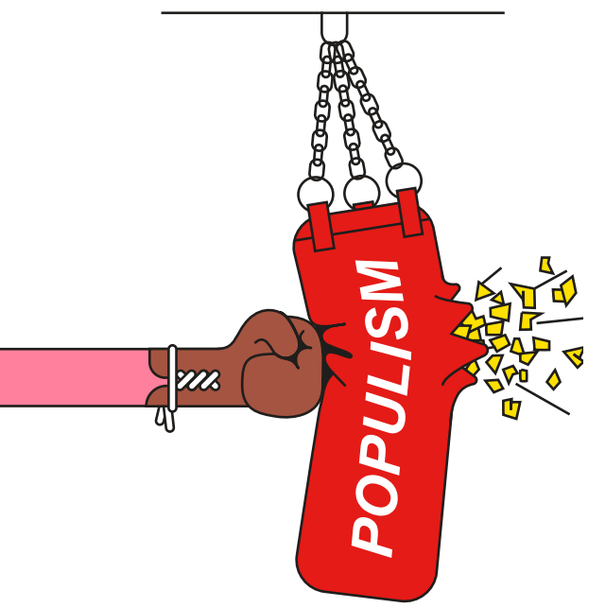
SIMON KUPER

OPENING SHOT

How to take on the populists



The struggle between populists and the mainstream is like a long boxing match. A year ago this Friday, the populists won the first round when the UK voted for Brexit. Donald Trump won them the second. But by then the mainstream had had a good look at populist methods. Now, led by Emmanuel Macron, it's hitting back. Here are some techniques that work:

Sound as patriotic as they do. If populists manage to frame elections as nationalists against globalisers, you know who is going to win. Some traditional parties hand them that frame: Jeremy Corbyn, the British Labour party leader, erred by not singing the national anthem at a memorial service for the Battle of Britain. If you want to lead a country, you have to show you love it. Macron did famously once wave a European flag during the campaign, but he ended his rallies singing the Marseillaise with his hand on his heart, American-style.

Your nation has to include everyone, immigrants and natives. The mainstream needs to construct a "new we". This can only be built on mainstream values. Talk of hard work, family and playing by the rules unites all ethnicities. Liberal values such as human rights and anti-discrimination have less appeal.

Don't tell populist voters they are racist. Some of them undoubtedly are, while others aren't. But if you tell them they are, they will stop listening and go find a politician who will hear their concerns. Joan Williams, author of *White Working Class*, recommends encouraging voters to express their anger. One thing liberals can fix, she says, is to "communicate that we believe that the injustices experienced by working-class whites are ones elites have a moral obligation to address".

Show that you are listening. At the Whirlpool factory in his hometown Amiens, Macron waded into an angry crowd. TV images of this little man surrounded by burly workers, arguing heatedly with them, confirmed him as the new world flyweight champion of politics.

Show respect. The working classes don't necessarily believe that any politician can bring back good jobs. But they want to feel that the candidate likes them just as they are. Trump gave them that. By contrast, mainstream parties are always telling the working class to go to university, leave their dying native regions and eat healthier food. The message: "We disrespect you because of your income, age, education, geography, unfashionable tastes and body weight, and anyway you are doomed by automation."

In campaigns, don't lead with facts. Hillary Clinton proved that an election is not a school exam. Few voters understand, remember or believe your facts.

Don't lead with policies either. Government policies since about 2000 haven't worked well but, worse than that, many voters no longer believe policies can work. In an age of globalisation, governments seem powerless to control immigration, stop terrorism or tax multinationals. So who cares about their new policy promises?

Instead tell a story about the nation in which both candidate and voter have roles. That's the genius of "Trump: Make America Great Again".

Sound like yourself, even if it means you make the odd gaffe. George Orwell, in his final article, written on his deathbed in 1950, praised Winston Churchill's writings as "more like those of a human being than of a public figure".

That's the strength of Trump's tweets, misspellings and all. It's what people mean when they say, despite his lies, "He tells it like it is." Contrast that with Theresa May's embarrassingly robotic repetitions of "strong and stable" in this month's British election. Since the 1990s, voters have learnt to see through packaged campaign messages.

Use images not words. Before the age of literacy, images were everything. That's becoming true again now that smartphones have shattered our attention spans and we've stopped reading entire articles, let alone the retro political leaflets still handed out on high streets ahead of elections.

Macron is a master of image creation. His speech chastising Vladimir Putin for Russian propaganda wouldn't have worked had it been just words. But Macron spoke with Putin beside him, framed in the TV picture. That registered. So did Macron's iron handshake with Trump, and the time in Brussels he pretended he was going up to Trump and then sidestepped to greet Angela Merkel instead.

> 'The working classes don't believe any politician can bring back good jobs but they want to be liked just as they are'

Rich politicians lose elections. That's why François Fillon and Hillary Clinton aren't now leading their countries. Any politician entering government should also have to sign a contract renouncing certain kinds of future enrichment. When José Manuel Barroso goes from leading the European Commission to working for Goldman Sachs, it's effectively a campaign ad for Brexit.

Talk about Trump. The American statistician Nate Silver has shown that support for western European populist parties has plummeted since Trump's election. This is causation, not just correlation. One effective persuasion technique used on potential Front National voters in France was to say: "You don't want Trump-style chaos here, do you?" And listen to how US Democrats are always linking Trump to "chaos".

Endurance counts in any boxing match. That works against people who get elected promising the moon tomorrow morning. FT

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ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY HAYSOM

INVENTORY DAMIAN MARLEY, MUSICIAN

‘My ambition is to change even one Jamaican ghetto into somewhere better’

Damian Marley, 38, aka Jr Gong, Bob Marley’s youngest son, won two Grammy Awards in 2006 for his third album, *Welcome to Jamrock*. He is turning a disused prison in California into a medical marijuana manufacturing plant.

What was your childhood or earliest ambition?
It was music first, athletics at one time, then back to music.
Private school or state school? University or straight into work?
I went to a very good private school in Jamaica: Hillel Academy, a Jewish school. You got into trouble for not having good grades but there’s much more stress in life, so I can’t complain. I didn’t have the opportunity to go to university; I was applying at one point, but went straight into music.
Who was or still is your mentor?
Definitely my parents; not just my mum [Cindy Breakspeare, Miss World 1976] and dad but my stepfather [Jamaican senator Tom Tavares-Finson]. And, of course, my older brother Stephen [co-producer of *Welcome to Jamrock*].
How physically fit are you?
I’m in pretty good shape. I work on it a little bit.
Ambition or talent: which matters more to success?
Both. And determination. Talent is from nature, but you have to be ambitious. Depending on the field that you’re speaking about. Most individuals, however hard they work, will never be as fast as Usain Bolt, but working at something makes you better. I have been working at my craft for years and I have definitely seen how I’ve improved. I wasn’t born being able to do what I do now, I work at it.
How politically committed are you?
My stepfather was involved in politics and remains so to this day, so it’s something I grew up around. I’ve never voted or endorsed any party. However, I do have a strong interest in politics and how it affects people. In Jamaica we grew up with a really tribal political system that has divided our country for decades and that has nothing to do with policies. My father got shot because of Jamaican politics. It runs deep in our history.
What would you like to own that you don’t currently possess?
If you’d asked me 10 years ago, it would have been a recording studio. Now I’d like to build universities, schools, own a football team – that would interest me. But there’s no one thing I have to have.
What’s your biggest extravagance?
I just try to get the best quality [in everything]. Timewise, it’s time in the studio.
In what place are you happiest?
When I’m with family and my close friends. I’m very happy when I’m making music and playing music. I’m happy playing soccer. I’m happy when the people around me are happy too.
What ambitions do you still have?
Especially at home in Jamaica, to make real change, tangible change, for poor people. If even one community there changes from a ghetto into somewhere better, a place where people want to go and live, and are proud living there.
What drives you on?
My passion for what I do. When I don’t do music, I start feeling anxious.
What is the greatest achievement of your life so far?
Becoming a father.
What do you find most irritating in other people?
Laziness.
If your 20-year-old self could see you now, what would he think?
Lots of things. I am proud of the things I’ve accomplished so far, but I could accomplish more. I could be more cheerful, more focused, more disciplined.
Which object that you’ve lost do you wish you still had?
Some jewellery that my mother had given me that belonged to my father. I was playing soccer and it fell off and I didn’t realise until it was too late. I was on tour and I didn’t get the chance to search.
What is the greatest challenge of our time?
That’s a big one, but I think the biggest global challenge is having the patience and compassion to understand each other. All other problems would be solved by that.
Do you believe in an afterlife?
Yes, I do.
If you had to rate your satisfaction with your life so far, out of 10, what would you score?
10.

“Stony Hill”, Damian Marley’s new album, is released on July 21. He headlines the July 7 Summer Series Somerset House show

BRIAN CROSS

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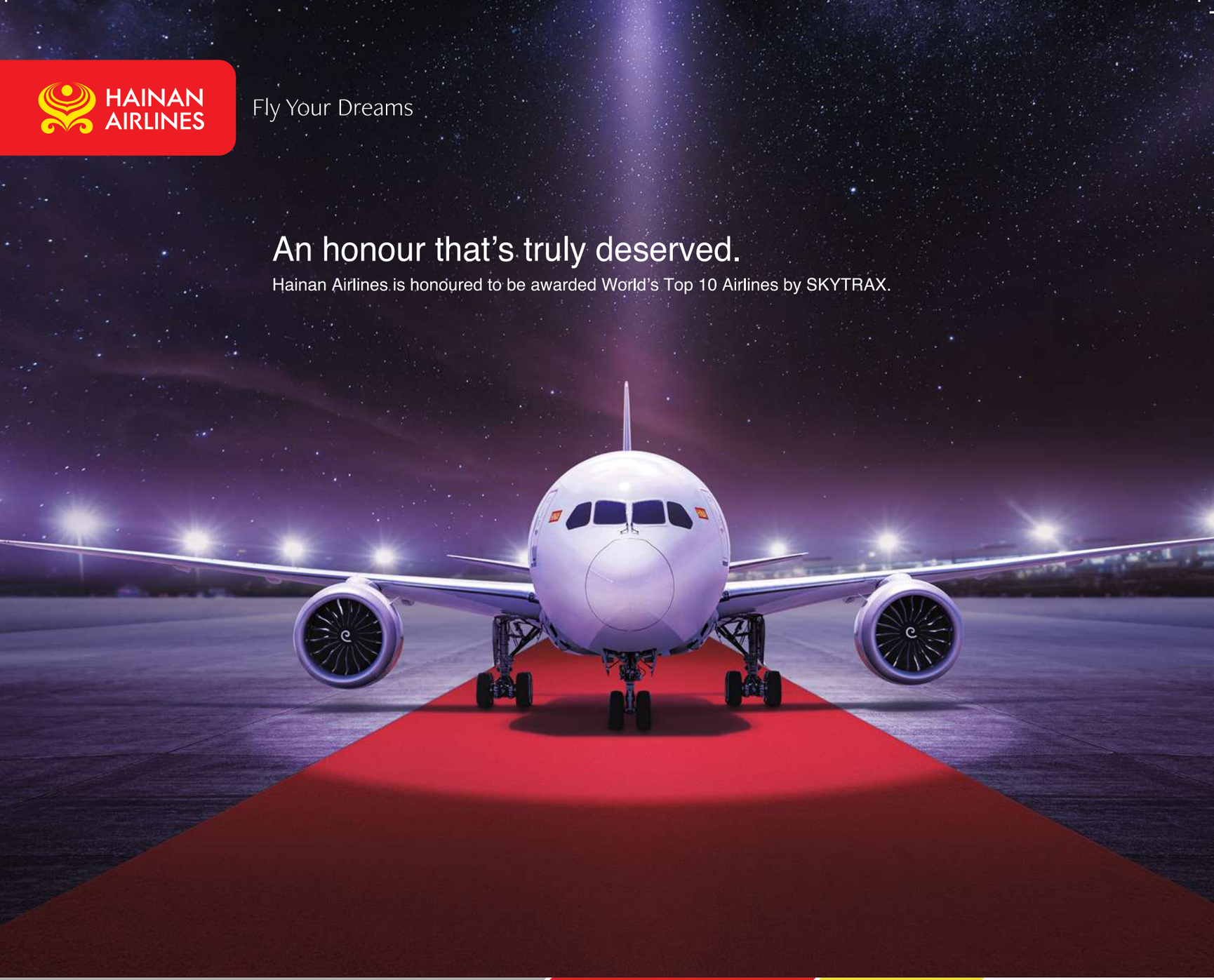

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BY LESLIE HOOK IN SAN FRANCISCO

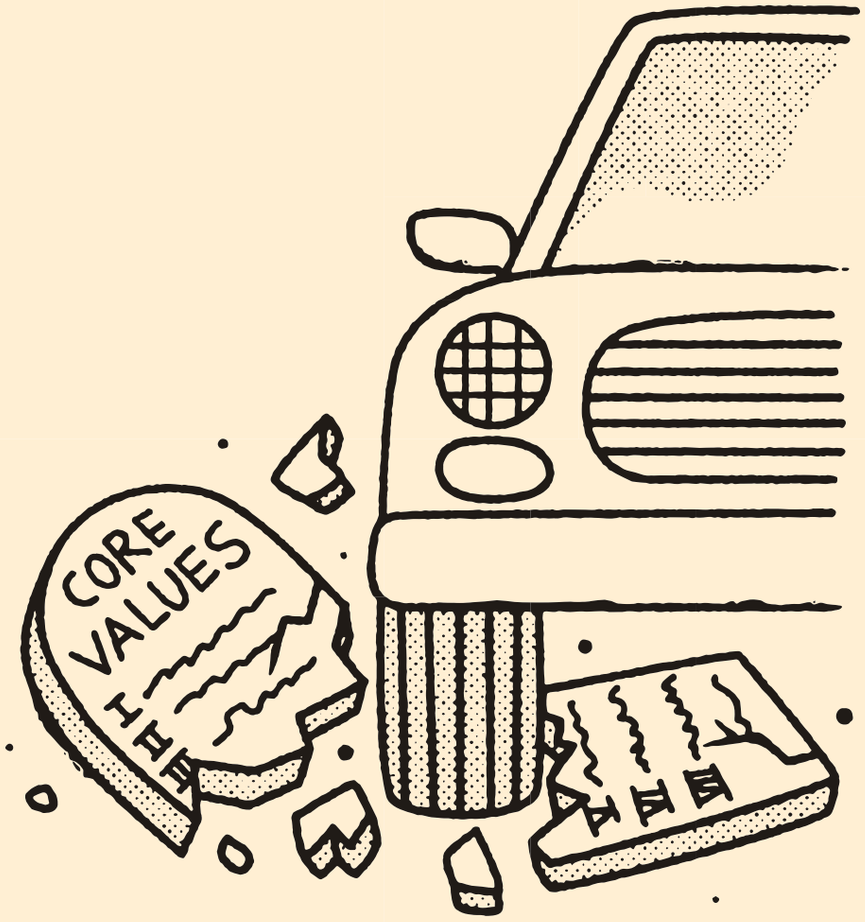

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRISTOPHER DE LORENZO

Why Uber has been forced to U-turn

Tech companies love to blather on about their values. Usually these are just bits of fluff – such as "fun" (Salesforce) or "be passionate" (Zappos). But occasionally a start-up comes along that takes its values very seriously – and that's not always a good thing.

Take the case of Uber, where the company's 14 values are enshrined in the minds of new hires during an orientation week called "Uberversity". These include some mantras that could politely be called non-standard, such as "always be hustlin'" and "stepping on toes".

Uber takes its unusual values so seriously that, in the past, it guarded them as corporate secrets (even though they subsequently leaked out). Former chief executive Travis Kalanick, who resigned earlier this week, spent hundreds of hours hashing them out with chief product officer Jeff Holden.

"We don't feel like any of them are dispensable," Holden told me in May. "We actually consider it proprietary, because it really is Uber's philosophy of work." He said he couldn't tell me what Uber's values were because they were an important trade secret.

Secret or not, those values happened to be the wrong ones. That was the conclusion of a report published last week by former US attorney general Eric Holder and his colleague Tammy Albarran, who Uber asked to investigate its culture after the well-publicised allegations of sexism and sexual harassment.

In recent months, Uber has faced one crisis after another, including claims that it mishandled the medical records of a rape victim, a lawsuit over trade secrets theft and a raft of executive departures. A company probe into more than 200 cases of harassment and bullying resulted in 20 people getting fired.

Holder and Albarran were tasked with fixing this. One of their findings was that Uber's values had "been used to justify poor behaviour", and that the company should "eliminate" or "reformulate" them.

They targeted four values that need to change. The first is "let builders build", a credo internalised by many of Uber's managers during the company's early expansion in which decision-making devolved entirely to them, so they could "build" as they saw fit. This had unintended consequences. Growth was all that mattered, and oversight was secondary, lest it get in the way. This might mean launching in a new jurisdiction before Uber was legal there, or using a secret program called Greyball to deny service to individuals suspected of working for the authorities.

The other values singled out reveal a cult of the individual: "always be hustlin'", "meritocracy and toe-stepping" and "principled confrontation". These describe a company where each person is out for themselves.

Board members were candid about Uber's shortcomings in a company-wide presentation this month in San Francisco. "The key 14 values have been weaponised. Not all of them, but some of them," said board member Arianna Huffington. Some values, Huffington announced, were being changed immediately. "You know the value about working smarter, longer and harder? Well 'longer' is gone," she said. "Being always on" and "toe-stepping" are also gone, she added. Moreover, Uber's central conference room, the "war room", will now be known as the "peace room".

Such cosmetic changes won't shift Uber's culture overnight. If the company does succeed in creating a more respectful work environment, it may be its future leaders, rather than a sanitised list of corporate values, that play the bigger role. As my colleague Andrew Hill noted recently: "There is still a chance that Uber could take a different route, perhaps with a different driver." With Kalanick now gone, Uber will hire a new chief executive, as well as a chief operating officer, chief financial officer, general counsel and head of engineering.

It's rare in Silicon Valley to see a company's sacred values torn apart like this

It's rare in Silicon Valley to see a company's sacred values torn apart like this. The tech world prefers to operate on the assumption that everyone is making the world a better place. What has happened at Uber reminds us what a dangerous assumption this can be.

As the company tries to turn over a new leaf, its head of human resources is working to develop a fresh set of values. Uber hasn't said whether these will be made public or will remain proprietary. But the thing about values is that they always have a way of being seen. FT

Leslie Hook is a San Francisco correspondent for the FT

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ROBERT SHRIMSLEY
THE NATIONAL CONVERSATION

Dealing with the phonelessness crisis

This is a story of phones and fraternity; of siblings and Snapchat. A trivial yet heartwarming tale of a favour that seemed above and beyond the call but which brought home – to me at least – the true nature of modern childhood.

Specifically, it is a story of how the boy went out of his way to spare his younger sister from something his parents saw as little more than a minor inconvenience because he understood otherwise.

Our saga began when the girl left her mobile phone with one of the boy's classmates after we bumped into him while on a trip out of town for a university open day. (I could explain the full absurd sequence of events but you wouldn't thank me.) By the time we realised the error, we were already in a taxi on the way to the station. It did not seem a big issue. The boy would retrieve the phone at school on Monday.

But this was Saturday afternoon. The girl was facing the prospect of two full phoneless days before the device would be returned to her. There was one chance to cut short her misery. Some of her brother's friends – including the one with her phone – were meeting up in London later that evening. The only problem was that he had said all day that he was not going to go. It was hot, he was tired and he did not want to go out again.

And yet, without hesitation or consultation, he immediately agreed to meet his friend at the event he'd been planning to duck. His sister did not even have to beg. He exacted no price for his effort. He could – and ordinarily would – have struck a hard deal. This was easily worth concessions of the magnitude of "clean my room for a week" or "sole use of the PlayStation" – or would be if we had a PlayStation or if he cared about the state of his room.

ILLUSTRATION BY LUCAS VARELA

Then he discovered that the Tube had a restricted service. The journey into town would take him twice as long as usual. Still he did not waver. I was, frankly, astonished.

Now, he is a good kid, but the spawn will argue intensely over who gets the first bath. Hefty concessions will be extracted before one gives way over the choice of a takeaway. And as for chores, both have a policy of being extremely difficult about any unexpected requests, to ensure that we regard the transaction costs of seeking help as far higher than the price of simply doing the work ourselves.

I certainly would not have gone out of my way to help. I could have driven her to the friend's house but it was far enough to be a nuisance and two days without a phone hardly seemed a calamity. But this is where the boy and I diverged. He intuitively understood that two days without a phone was indeed a calamity, that it was to be cut adrift from your entire social sphere, from all arrangements, conversation and music.

He responded to his sister's phonelessness much as we might respond to TV charity appeals about children having to drink contaminated water. It was a crisis to which he could relate, which was too important to demand payback. It was a "Two Little Boys" moment: "Did you think I would leave you dialling..."

(Since doing the good deed the boy has realised his error in failing to make upfront demands. Gratitude rarely lasts and retrospective terms are always harder to secure.)

We all know the feeling of leaving our phone at home – that faint sense of professional and social amputation that leaves us uneasy all day. But those of my age communicate by email for a day and we cope.

This is not how teenagers see things. Two days without access to the dazzling repartee that is a 14-year-old's WhatsApp group, to Snapchat and texts, is social solitary confinement. They do not use email. For them, no phone means dropping off the grid. Not only are they unable to organise their lives but they miss the conversations which might be the focal point of the week. Two days is a lifetime. The boy understood this and acted.

For us, the sight of the spawn coming to each other's aid bodes well for the future, when they will have to lean on each other in times of crisis, be it sickness, destitution or – God forbid – a lost phone. FT

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Reply

In response to John Gapper's cover story ("F1 and the race for world domination", June 17/18), Formula One is a prime example of a business that has ruthlessly maximised short-term profits with little thought about future longevity. Bernie Ecclestone bled the racing tracks dry, making running an F1 race a cripplingly expensive venture. This has led to extortionate ticket prices for fans, classic circuits leaving the sport and tracks popping up in some of the most corrupt countries across the world – countries that struggle to fill the stands. Further to that, he has pushed F1 to pay TV in most European countries. There is no way to watch the races online and no thought given about appealing to new fans.
Negaduck739 *Via FT.com*

@Prof_Chadwick June 18
Really enjoyed reading this piece. "F1 has become an arms race between a handful of guys at the top"

I yield to no one in my admiration for William Dalrymple. Nevertheless, I really must object to his comparison of British India to Nazi Germany in his recent piece ("A diamond's journey", June 17/18). He does the same thing in his book *City of Djinns*, where he compares Lutyens' New Delhi to Nazi Berlin. This is infelicitous to say the least. Whatever the rights and wrongs of empire, the British were most certainly not genocidal maniacs. As for the Koh-i-Noor diamond, as Dalrymple himself admits, the situation cannot be resolved as there is more than one claimant, so I am not sure why this grievance is being aired, other than to stir up resentment.
John-Paul Marney *Edinburgh*

Re Robert Shrimsley's column ("Disco dancing to Spotify's tune", June 17/18). Running the stock market, scanning your brain, landing a jumbo jet, mapping the genome? Sure, why not let a computer do those things? But choosing which music to play? Forget it.
Hazey Jane IV *Via FT.com*

To contribute
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Quiz answers 1. *Father Ted* 2. Nana Mouskouri 3. Mumsnet 4. Lehman Brothers 5. *The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover* 6. Uncle Vanya (Chekhov) 7. Seven Sisters 8. Mother-of-pearl 9. *Sons and Lovers* 10. Aunt Sally. The link was members of the family. **Picture quiz** Pope Paul VI + Mary Whitehouse = Paul Whitehouse

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THE NEW
WORLD
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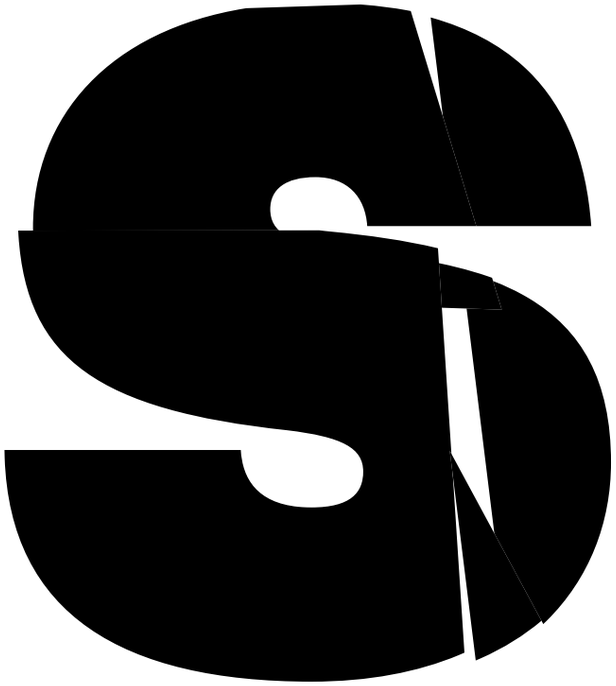
As Donald Trump radically transforms US relationships around the globe, America's allies are wrestling with the quandary of what they should do next. **Edward Luce** looks at a world in flux – and those hoping to benefit from it



several US presidents have proclaimed a new world order. Today most of us remember only the one that George HW Bush called for at the end of the cold war. "That new world order is struggling to be born – a world quite different to the one we've known," said Bush Senior in 1990. Minus the Soviet Union, it was in fact roughly the same one we had known for the previous half-century. With a few ups and downs, Pax Americana held for about another decade.

Since the attacks of 9/11, however, the fissures have begun to show. In the past few months, it has become possible to imagine a crack-up. For obvious reasons, not even Donald Trump would dream of boasting about ushering in a new world disorder. Yet Bush's words may inadvertently have foreshadowed what is happening today. "America has always led by example," he said. "So, who among us will set the example? Which of our citizens will lead us in this next American century?" He could not possibly have guessed the answer to that.

History, as they say, is lived forwards but written backwards. Two decades before Bush Senior's declaration, Dean Acheson, the former US secretary of state, wrote his classic, *Present at the Creation*. It set out in epochal detail how America had created the postwar system that Bush rebranded the new world order. Bodies that today seem to be in the natural scheme of things – the United Nations, Nato, the International Monetary Fund and the forerunner to the World Trade Organization – were assembled against the odds by the Truman administration in which Acheson served. It was a unique historical flurry of global institution-building that could only have been undertaken by America. No other country had the self-belief – or wherewithal – to remake the world in its own image.

Today, in the era of Donald Trump, it feels as though we may be living history backwards. America has a president who disdains his country's handiwork. For most of the past seven decades, it was America's enemies, led by the Soviet Union, that attacked ▶

ARTWORK BY ANDRE BEATO

The first meeting of the UN Security Council in 1946

◀ the liberal order. Much of the world saw the UN Security Council and other bodies as neo-imperial instruments of US power. Every now and then, US presidents complained that others were not paying sufficient dues. None ever questioned their existence. America's detractors could carp at the global order secure in the knowledge that it wasn't in any danger. Since January 20, that assumption no longer feels safe. "We forget how unnatural the US-created liberal world order always was," says Robert Kagan, a trenchant conservative critic of Trump. "It is hard to imagine who will sustain it when the US president himself is actively undermining it."

In one way or another, all of America's closest allies are now wrestling with that quandary. Even those who have traditionally been reluctant to voice their misgivings in public are speaking out. Last month, Angela Merkel said it was time for Germany and Europe to take their "fate into their own hands". She said this shortly after Trump had declined to offer his support for Nato's Article 5 mutual defence clause, despite his recent unveiling of a plaque to the victims of the 9/11 terrorist attacks, the only time America's allies had invoked the clause. "The times in which we could rely on others – they are somewhat over," said Merkel with her trademark understatement.

Earlier this month, Chrystia Freeland, Canada's foreign minister, gave a speech in which she asked what Canada should do in a world in which the US was no longer reliable. Thanking America for decades of global leadership, Freeland (a former colleague at the Financial Times), said it was time to act as though that age was passing. "The fact that our friend and ally has come to question the very worth of its mantle of global leadership puts into sharper focus the need for the rest of us to set our own clear and sovereign course," Freeland told Canada's House of Commons.

Her speech elicited no reaction from the Trump administration. Plenty of other US figures approved of what she said. "If I were advising on national security in any other country, I would be asking exactly the same questions," said Richard Haass, head of the Council on Foreign Relations and a former senior official in several Republican administrations. "Something fundamental seems to be breaking. If America can do it once [under Trump], why can't it happen again?"

Then there are America's potential adversaries, chief among them China and Russia, who are a bit like the proverbial dog that caught the car. Having railed against the so-called "unipolar moment" that followed the cold war, they find it has ended far quicker than they expected. For both China and Russia, Trump's presidency is an unimagined geopolitical windfall.

The response from Trump's shrinking circle of apologists is to point to the acknowledged "globalists" he has put in the biggest roles. The shorthand for these is "MMT" – James Mattis, US secretary of defence, HR McMaster, national security adviser, and Rex Tillerson, secretary of state. This so-called "axis of adults" will keep Trump honest, they say, and prevent him from taking steps to detonate the global order. There are two glaring problems with this Panglossian account. The first is that Trump keeps ignoring their advice. His decision to undercut Nato last month reportedly caught most of his advisers by surprise. The fact that he casually uttered that missing Nato pledge a few days later was only mildly reassuring. He has done so before, only to reverse himself. "When Trump says the right thing, it's like one of those Snapchat images," says the Washington ambassador of a US ally. "It seems to vanish straight after you've seen it."

Trump also spurned MMT's unanimous counsel not to pull out of the Paris agreement on global warming. The same willingness to overrule those around him is evident in Trump's loud support for the Persian Gulf states' decision to sever ties with Qatar – a measure just short of war – even though Qatar plays host to 11,000 US troops. While Tillerson was trying to mediate, Trump was goading the Saudis and its allies to go further. Whom should the world take seriously? Tillerson or Trump? "I don't buy this

'Trump believes all foreigners are playing us for suckers. How can you lead alliances when you keep telling your allies they are ripping you off?'

Ivo Daalder, former US ambassador to Nato

KEYSTONE/GETTY IMAGES; AFP/GETTY IMAGES; REUTERS/JONATHAN ERNST

Angela Merkel and President Trump's first meeting at the White House, March 17 2017

Above: President Trump with secretary of state Rex Tillerson (left) and defence secretary James Mattis, part of the "axis of adults" meant to keep Trump in check, pictured at the White House in March

theory about the axis of adults," says Kagan. "Even Obama was able to overrule his senior generals. We have no evidence to show that the so-called adults can stop Trump from being Trump."

The second drawback is that Trump's world view is deeply at odds with most of his senior officials (Stephen Bannon, the anti-globalist White House chief strategist, is the big exception). For more than 40 years, Trump has consistently seen the rest of the world as a hostile place – foes and allies alike. Phrases such as "They are laughing at us" and "We are being ripped off" have tripped off his tongue since the 1980s. At 71, it seems unlikely he will change his instincts. On his first trip abroad last month, Trump again berated Germany for paying less than its fair share to Nato, and for its alleged cheating on trade. "Trump believes all foreigners are playing us for suckers – he sees the world as a dark place," says Ivo Daalder, a former US ambassador to Nato. "How can you lead alliances when you keep telling your allies they are ripping you off?"

Some insist Trump is a "realist" – a refreshing contrast to the neoconservatives around George W Bush. But such an approach only works with a nuanced grasp of what motivates other countries. Trump makes no effort to seek out their opinion. America's allies were particularly shocked last month when HR McMaster and Gary Cohn, the president's senior economic adviser, wrote a Wall Street Journal column setting out Trump's diplomatic principles. "The world is not a 'global community' but an arena where nations, nongovernmental actors and businesses engage and compete for advantage," they wrote. "Rather than deny this elemental nature of international affairs, we embrace it."

So much for realism. What McMaster and Cohn depicted was a brutalist world in which there were no shared values. The

'It is striking how often European leaders and China seem to agree with each other nowadays'

Javier Solana, former diplomatic envoy for the EU

fact that it was a carefully penned message delivered by two of Trump's more seasoned advisers, rather than a casual tweet by the president himself, was particularly striking. "These are the people who are supposed to be moderating Trump," says one European diplomat. "The message we took was, 'You're on your own now.'"

An added complication is that it is by no means clear Trump's top three cabinet officials even agree with each other. Mattis and McMaster are widely rumoured not to get along, while Tillerson's world view is still largely unknown. Of the three, outsiders place most faith in Mattis, who has found it increasingly hard to justify Trump's stances in public. "It would be a big surprise to me if Mattis is still in his job a year or two from now," says Javier Solana, the former top diplomatic envoy for the EU.

Trump's next big test will come in early July when for the first time he will meet his Russian counterpart, Vladimir Putin, at ▶

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Trump with world leaders at the G7 summit on May 26 2017, Taormina, Italy

> 'For the foreseeable future, the US-UK special relationship is irrelevant. Britain has decided to remove itself completely from the chessboard'
>
> Thomas Wright, Brookings scholar

◂ the G20 summit in Hamburg, Germany. The visual takeaways from such confabulations often speak louder than the statements. At the G20 in Australia in November 2014, shortly after Russia had annexed Crimea, Putin was photographed alone, shunned by his fellow leaders. He left the meeting early. His departure symbolised Russia's isolation. Trump's decision to take a golf cart rather than join the other six leaders on foot at the G7 summit in Taormina, Sicily, last month also spoke volumes, prefiguring his withdrawal from the Paris agreement a few days later. "He could not even be bothered to walk for a few minutes with his fellow leaders," says Solana. "It said so much about him."

Will Trump be pictured chatting happily with Putin in Hamburg? Or will he be alone? "The more Trump emphasises America First, the more it turns into America Alone," says Daalder. Those who know Putin say he will use the meeting to do a forensic probe of Trump's strengths and weaknesses. How the former KGB officer reads the US president will shape Russia's actions in the coming months.

But the highest-stakes Trump mind-reading is taking place in China. Russia may present an immediate threat to America's allies in Europe. Beijing poses the transcendent challenge. Those who made the case that Trump was "normalising" pointed to his meeting in April with Xi Jinping, China's president, at Mar-a-Lago. In contrast to the election campaign, in which he accused China of "raping" America, Trump struck a convivial tone at this first meeting with his Chinese counterpart and discarded all talk of launching a trade war. In exchange he enlisted Xi's help in supposedly rolling back North Korea's nuclear programme. In practice, China has done little more than it was already doing – not very much – to rein in North Korea's Kim Jong-Un. But Xi's charm offensive was well judged.

Not only did he travel to Trump's Florida club, which is where the US president feels most at home. China also approved dozens of pending Trump trademarks. His visit also coincided with a flurry of approvals for Ivanka Trump's line of accessories. Xi, in other words, came bearing gifts for the president and his family. Kagan describes this as "bringing fruits to the volcano". It worked. Trump duly sang Xi's praises – and has done so ever since.

Others of whom Trump has spoken glowingly include the leaders of Saudi Arabia, Russia, Egypt, Turkey and the Philippines. Barring the last, which is run by the pugilistic Rodrigo Duterte, each is an autocracy. Trump rarely has a good word to say about his fellow democratically elected leaders.

It is not only Canada and Germany that are seeking insurance against a wayward US. Others re-evaluating their place in the world include France, Australia and Mexico. Meanwhile, the clutch of smaller allies that play host to US military bases, such as Singapore and Djibouti, will be watching Qatar's fate with interest. Does hosting US troops buy you any loyalty in Washington? "In every interaction with a foreign power, especially an ally, you have a US president asking: 'What's in it for us?'" says Haass. "It is only natural that allies will follow suit and drift into Japan First, France First, Canada First – and so on."

Long before Trump's victory, Australians were also debating whether their country should distance itself from the US to accommodate a rising China – a more important economic partner than the US. Now such arguments have gone mainstream. Former prime ministers, such as Paul Keating, make the case that Australia should hedge its bets. "The 'equidistance' argument used to be made on the fringes of academia and the media," says Andrew Shearer, who was national security adviser to Tony Abbott, Australia's last prime minister. "Trump has made their case so much more respectable."

Meanwhile, the UK, which is likely to be absorbed in Brexit deliberations for years to come, is no longer an active player. America's circle of reliable allies is dwindling. Even before Brexit, the UK was scaling back. The British army is now smaller than the US marine corps. "For the foreseeable future, the US-UK special relationship is irrelevant," says Thomas Wright, a Brookings scholar of foreign policy. "Britain has decided to remove itself completely from the chessboard." ▸

As Theresa May and the UK enter Brexit negotations, America's circle of allies is shrinking

BUNDESREGIERUNG VIA GETTY IMAGES; SIMON DAWSON/BLOOMBERG

New best friends: Trump and Chinese president Xi Jinping at Trump's Mar-a-Lago club in Palm Beach, Florida in April

> 'In every interaction with a foreign power, you have a US president asking: "What's in it for us?" It is only natural that allies will drift into Japan First, France First, Canada First'
>
> Richard Haass, head of the Council on Foreign Relations

◂ America's friends would be more sanguine about the health of the world order if they saw Trump as an aberration. But he is more of a symptom – albeit an alarming one – than a cause of America's retreat from its postwar role. With some reason, US leaders have for years beseeched their allies to spend more on defence. To little avail. Since the end of the cold war, it has become ever harder for US leaders to convince voters of the old Kennedy exhortation to "pay any price, bear any burden". The very notion that an aspiring US president could urge Americans to sacrifice on behalf of other countries seems fanciful. Perhaps they are on to something. If the world order collapsed, Americans would probably be the last to feel it. "We would pay the lowest price," says Kagan.

In reality, America's global retrenchment began to really take hold under Barack Obama – albeit in a highly different style to Trump. It was during Obama's second term that China overtook the US as the world's largest economy on a purchasing power parity basis. It is likely to overtake the US in dollar terms within the next presidential term, regardless of who is in office.

The world was already making adjustments before Trump announced his candidacy. Almost two years before the UK's Brexit referendum, David Cameron, Britain's then prime minister, rolled out the red carpet for Xi Jinping on a state visit to the UK. Britain also enraged Obama's White House by rushing to join China's Asia Infrastructure Investment Bank, which was set up as an explicit rival to the US-created Bretton Woods system. Others, such as Australia and Germany, hesitated but then followed suit. Almost every western power sent delegations, among them 29 heads of state, to China's recent "One Belt, One Road" summit in Beijing. When China speaks, foreign governments listen. When Trump tweets, they find a senior US official to check whether he really meant it. "You could ask whether the UK was an outlier, or whether it was an early adopter," says Wright. "It is not yet clear which."

The big imponderable is whether Trump will inflict irreparable damage on the world order before he leaves office. He has been in power for just over 150 days, which is barely 10 per cent of his allotted first term. The world could respond in two different ways. The troubling scenario is that we are indeed present at the early stages of the destruction. One of the reasons Xi played nice with Trump in April was to keep things calm until the next Communist Party Congress, which takes place in September. Once Xi has cemented his hold on the presidency for another five years, he will be freer to pursue his foreign policy goals. Chief among these is consolidating China's control of the disputed South China Sea Islands. Taiwan is also in Xi's sights. "It is a fair bet that US-China relations will get a lot more testy after September," says Wright. "Next year is likely to be a year of US-China tensions."

It is an open secret that China now has the capacity to threaten America's battle groups with its anti-ship missiles and submarines, which means the US can no longer intimidate in the way it once did. Indeed, some see the aircraft carriers as sitting ducks. The scope for accident, and miscalculation, is high. Will Xi call Trump's bluff? Does he, like Putin, see Trump as a paper tiger? Worse, could they misread Trump as a paper tiger when in fact he would prove trigger-happy in a showdown? There is no way of telling. Therein lies the rub. In his book, Acheson set out how a global leader should above all be predictable and uphold the rules. Whatever happens during Trump's watch, we can be sure those precepts are off the table.

The rosier path is one in which other nations step into the breach vacated by Trump's America: the rest of the world, in other words, might finally take ownership of Acheson's creation. The strongest sign of that came from Xi in January, when he told the Davos gathering of global elites that China was prepared to uphold the world economic order in the teeth of US protectionist rhetoric. "Some people blame economic globalisation for the chaos in our world," said Xi. "We should not retreat into a harbour whenever we encounter a storm; otherwise we will never reach the other side."

Likewise, China and India showed restraint in response to Trump's decision to quit the Paris deal last month. Both Li Keqiang, China's prime minister, and Narendra Modi, India's prime minister, visited European capitals in the same week and agreed with EU counterparts that they would stick to their Paris carbon pledges. "It is striking how often European leaders and China seem to agree with each other nowadays," says Solana.

Another hopeful sign is the warm relationship between French president Emmanuel Macron and Merkel. If they can rekindle the Franco-German motor, Europe could take on greater responsibility for its own defence. Ironically, this is just what Trump and his predecessors have been urging. There is even talk of an independent European nuclear deterrent, though many still see that as far-fetched. Likewise, Freeland's speech to Canada's parliament included a pledge to step up the country's defence spending. If the universe has a sense of humour, Trump's accidental legacy could be to convince the rest of the world to step into America's shoes. FT

Edward Luce is the FT's chief US columnist and commentator

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Why are the All Blacks so good?

They are the world's most successful sports team, their legend a crucial part of New Zealand's national identity. As they face the Lions this weekend, **Jamie Smyth** meets the players and coaches and tries to discover their winning formula. Photographs by **Edith Amituanai**

Clockwise from top left: All Blacks Rieko Ioane, Beauden Barrett, Julian Savea and captain Kieran Read


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'In New Zealand it is not just their national sport, it is part of their national identity'

Simon Poidevin, former Australian international

This page
Clockwise from top left: a lunchtime game at Wellington College; promising young player Naitoa Ah Kuoi; Ories Rugby Club in Wellington

For most of my life I hated the All Blacks. It was an emotion bred from the pain of watching successive defeats of my beloved Ireland from the terraces of Dublin's Lansdowne Road, and the envy of seeing New Zealand, a country of 4.5 million people, somehow nurture generations of world-beating players and dominate a sport.

At a certain point, the resentment turned into something else. I became fascinated with discovering the team's winning formula. The All Blacks are the most successful sports franchise in history, achieving a better win ratio than Brazil in football or Australia in cricket. They have claimed three World Cups and won more than three-quarters of the matches they have played in their 125-year history, more than any major national sports team. Many New Zealand fans go to rugby matches wondering not whether their team will win, but rather by how much.

Over the next two weeks they will play a three-match Test series against the British and Irish Lions, a squad picked from the best players in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. The omens aren't good for the Lions, who have not won a series against the New Zealand team since 1971. So what makes the All Blacks such world-beaters – and can anything challenge their success?

"The way we play rugby, it is a more expansive game than many other teams," says Beauden Barrett, the 26-year-old New Zealander who was named world player of the year in November. "It makes it easier to go out and score quick tries if needed. It certainly helps playing that brand of football and having the belief that it is not over till it is over."

We are sitting in the gym of the Hurricanes, a rugby club based in Wellington and the current champions of Super Rugby – a competition played between the best clubs in New Zealand, South Africa, Australia, Argentina and Japan. The words "No Excuses" are painted in big black letters above the weight machines; a visible reminder that New Zealand rugby does not countenance failure and demands 100 per cent from its players at all times.

"Public expectation is very high," says Barrett, who plays in the fly-half position for the All Blacks, a critical decision-making role as he chooses the direction and tempo of most attacks. "You know, sometimes I feel it is not a bad thing to have it that high but – how do I say this – when we do lose, it is like the end of the world. I think the public gets used to us winning and it has become the norm."

Barrett speaks slowly and softly, in a manner that seems at odds with his explosive running and slick passing on the pitch. He grew up on a farm in Taranaki on New Zealand's North Island with four brothers and three sisters. His phenomenal pace, vision and tactical kicking over the past two seasons have electrified fans; he is probably best known abroad for scoring the winning try in the 2015 World Cup final against Australia. Most rugby pundits say Barrett is the key player the Lions must stop if they are to have any chance of defeating the All Blacks in the series, though his brothers Jordie, 20, and Scott, 23, have also been named in the squad – the first trio of brothers to be selected to play in the same New Zealand team.

"From the very first game I watched the All Blacks and saw the haka [a Maori ceremonial war dance performed by the players before every match], I knew straight away that was part of who I am," he says.

The All Blacks' attacking style of play helps drive their ability to demolish opponents. Last year they scored an average of just under six tries per match.

The best northern hemisphere teams playing in the annual Six Nations tournament – England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, France and Italy – averaged just under five tries in 2016.

Keith Quinn, probably New Zealand's most experienced rugby commentator, began his career reporting on the 1971 Lions tour. He believes the country's nurturing of extraordinary talent is key to their enduring success. "We have a number of these brilliant X-factor players like Beauden Barrett, Julian Savea and Ben Smith, who are pushing the brilliance and expertise in rugby even further."

It is lunchtime when I arrive at Wellington College, a state secondary school for boys, and hundreds of children are spilling out on to the school's rugby pitches, tossing around balls and performing hair-raising tackles on each other. "We try and stop them tackling for safety reasons during school breaks but it is easier said than done," says Greg Sharland, a physical education teacher and coach of the 1st XV.

Established 150 years ago in the country's capital, Wellington College has proved a fertile source of rugby-playing talent. A plaque in reception bears the names of 35 alumni who have gone on to play for the All Blacks, including current team member Dane Coles. A trophy cabinet is stuffed with rugby silverware.

Sharland points out three current students he believes have the potential to turn professional, including club captain Naitoa Ah Kuoi, a 17-year-old of Samoan descent. He is possessed with such physical strength and skill that he has been playing for the 1st XV since he was 14. "Being a Kiwi Samoan, we had rugby everywhere when I was growing up. I've been playing since I was three years old, which is pretty normal here," says Ah Kuoi, in between bites of pasta salad from a huge Tupperware container. "I love the game and it would be my dream to play professionally. That is what would make all the hard work and sacrifice worth it."

This page
Clockwise from above: All Black Julian Savea in action during a warm-up game; former All Black captain and coach Brian Lochore in the stand named after him; memorabilia from the 1991 World Cup at the New Zealand Rugby Museum in Palmerston North

School-level rugby is a serious business in New Zealand, partly because the sport plays such an elemental role in national life. There is a club in most small towns, just about every news bulletin carries a rugby story and there is even a television channel dedicated to school rugby, helping attract young recruits and sustain the pipeline of talent for the All Blacks. At a 1st XV parent meeting during my visit to Wellington, advice on nutrition, training and health was handed out to parents, whose support is considered essential for their sons and the school team to succeed.

Simon Poidevin, who played 21 Test matches for Australia against the All Blacks in the 1980s and 1990s, cites this cultural dedication to rugby as pivotal to his rivals' success. "In New Zealand it is not just their national sport, it is part of their national identity," he says. "Rugby consumes the country and the public are proud of what the All Blacks have done for their nation. Rugby is on free-to-air TV all the time."

Some top Kiwi schools send scouts to Pacific Islands such as Samoa, Tonga and Fiji with lucrative scholarships to tempt talented children to relocate to New Zealand, while ambitious young players travel to the country under their own steam to take part in rugby trials in search of a scholarship. Sharland says Wellington College doesn't poach talent from overseas and notes that the large immigrant communities from the Pacific Islands living in New Zealand already provide a steady stream of players.

One of the most talented Pacific Islander recruits is Julian Savea, an All Black winger nicknamed "The Bus" due to his powerful running style. A second-generation New Zealander of Samoan descent, he is blazing a trail for others to follow, among them ▶

Julian Savea in the weights room of his club side the Hurricanes

> ***'We have such a history of success and the players nowadays do not want to let that legacy down'***
>
> *Richie McCaw, former All Blacks captain*

◂ his brother Ardie, who is also a member of the All Blacks. "Pacific Islanders are contributing a lot to New Zealand rugby and rugby all around the world. They are really helping a lot of teams, which is awesome," says Savea, 27, who stands 6ft 4in tall and weighs 108kg (about 17 stone).

Savea scored eight tries in the 2015 World Cup, more than any other player. His style of play was exemplified in a game against France, where he knocked three defenders to the ground in succession on the way to scoring a decisive try. Despite a fearsome reputation on the pitch, Savea is soft-spoken and shy. When I meet him on a drizzly day in Wellington, he speaks so quietly it is hard to hear him over the laughter of his team-mates who are training nearby. "I didn't realise until I was 18 or 19 whether I could actually make it as a professional rugby player," he says. "It's then that you start to think about the sacrifices you want to make and whether to go down that path."

The physical training regimes in professional rugby are gruelling. On the day I visit the Hurricanes club, where Savea and Barrett both play Super Rugby, the men are working out in the gym to build muscle strength. Later they run on to the training pitch in the rain to prepare for their weekend game. As they go through their routines, steam rises from their bodies.

International travel means long periods spent away from families, and the pressure of maintaining a place in a professional squad is intense. But the financial value of a contract at a Super Rugby club can transform the life of a player and their families. "We didn't have a car when we grew up, so we used to have to walk everywhere or get the bus," Savea says. "For my parents it was a little bit embarrassing because they had to keep asking other parents for rides to take us to games. For myself and my brother it was a huge thing to be able to provide that. We didn't have a car until my first contract."

New Zealand's talent pool is not a question of superior numbers. There are only about 250 professional rugby players in the country, and 150,000 players at grassroots level are registered with New Zealand Rugby. This is fewer than Australia (230,000), England (382,000) or France (542,000), according to the 2016 World Rugby Yearbook.

And contrary to expectation, the most played team sport in New Zealand is now football rather than rugby, according to a 2013/14 study by New Zealand Sport. Even at Wellington College, a school with a rugby tradition that dates back more than a century, more kids play football than rugby, according to Sharland. However, he says the most talented athletes still tend to gravitate to rugby, a sport that can offer a stellar career path to the best players.

Fly-half Beauden Barrett practises his kicking

The same is true of coaches. New Zealand has been blessed with some of the world's best rugby brains, including former All Black coaches Brian Lochore, Wayne Smith and current head coach Steve Hansen. Perhaps the greatest compliment to the standards of coaching is the fact that seven of the 20 teams playing at the 2015 World Cup employed Kiwi coaches.

"If you don't produce good coaches, then you won't produce good players," said Steve Tew, the chief executive of New Zealand Rugby, shortly before that tournament. "You need great coaches to produce great players. The coaches have to come first."

Richie McCaw, a former All Blacks captain who is the most capped rugby player in history, tells me the national team's culture of success helps to maintain grassroots interest in rugby. And a vital component of this success is wrapped up in the history, tradition and ethos of the All Blacks, which has built up over more than a century, he adds.

"I think you have to look back at the early days of New Zealand rugby to find answers," says McCaw. "There was the Originals team [the first New Zealand team to tour outside Australasia] who managed to get one over the mother country in the early 1900s, which was quite a big thing. I think that is what started the All Black psyche. We have such a history of success and the players nowadays do not want to let that legacy down."

The Originals tour to Britain in 1905-06 is chronicled at the New Zealand Museum of Rugby in Palmerston North, a town about two hours' drive north of Wellington. Old photographs and memorabilia document how a New Zealand team led by Dave Gallaher, an Irish migrant who served in the Boer war, won 34 of their 35 matches. They only lost to Wales, by the narrow margin of 3-0. The All Blacks went unbeaten on a subsequent British tour in 1924-25, earning the moniker the "Invincibles". ▸

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'I know people who have been taken off the All Blacks' list when their attitude wasn't right'

Neil Sorensen, GM at New Zealand Rugby

◀ Stephen Berg, director of the museum, says such emphatic overseas victories helped cement rugby as the dominant sport among the settler communities across New Zealand. "Rugby initially provided a reason for the settlers in New Zealand to get together and socialise. The physicality of the sport suited the farmers, who arrived to settle the land, and Maori," he says. "The fact rugby was played by everyone in New Zealand helped it to spread quickly and become the dominant sport whereas in England rugby remained an upper-class sport and was overtaken by soccer."

New Zealand's prevailing egalitarian culture runs through the All Blacks' set-up, with the star players expected to clean up their locker rooms after games and training. The team also operates what players refer to as a "no dickheads" policy, which ensures troublemakers or overinflated egos do not last long on the squad.

"I know people who have been taken off the All Blacks' list, even if they are the best player, when their attitude wasn't right," says Neil Sorensen, general manager at New Zealand Rugby, who has worked at the governing body since 2001. "There are a bunch of unwritten rules within the game at all levels that are drilled into our kids from a young age – it's about sportsmanship, respect for the game and the opposition".

The responsibility to maintain the highest standards rests with the team members themselves. No one in the All Blacks set-up is more important than the players – and that includes Steve Hansen, the coach. Gilbert Enoka, the team's mental skills coach, noted last month that Hansen was recently chastised by a senior player for arriving at a team meeting a few minutes late. "In our cornerstone philosophies, the team towers above the individual. You will never succeed on your own but you will be successful as an individual if the team functions well," he told Wales Online.

Enoka, a former international volleyball player who joined the All Blacks 16 years ago, is credited by many in the group with changing the culture of the team following a defeat to South Africa in 2004 that was followed by a now infamous binge-drinking session. He also helped to stiffen the All Blacks' resolve and overcome the tag of "chokers" – a reputation they earned when they failed to win the 1999 and 2007 World Cups despite having exceptionally talented teams.

"Sports psychology is huge," Barrett tells me. "We work hours and hours out on the field and in the gym but your brain needs that work as well. You need to stay fresh, keep developing your mental skills. It is not something you either have or you don't. It is something we work on most weeks to develop."

New Zealand Rugby maintains an iron-clad grip on the game at all levels, including club rugby, which enables it to prioritise the success of the national team above all else. In contrast, clubs in England and France are privately owned, a situation that has, at times, led to disputes between national unions and clubs over how star players are managed and utilised. "Our system is all about sharing information between the different levels – schools, provincial and Super Rugby clubs – to ensure the All Blacks are the best and keep winning. Then we can all celebrate the victory," says Sorensen. "I doubt the Bath coach would be comfortable sitting down with the Leinster or Toulon coaches [in Europe], sharing ideas about how England could be successful on the world stage."

Another key point of difference from most other rugby nations is New Zealand Rugby's decision not to select anyone who is playing overseas to turn out for the All Blacks. This rule has kept the best talent at home, strengthening domestic rugby competitions, and ensuring that the team aren't playing too many games and arriving for matches ill-prepared or suffering from jet lag.

Ben Smith, the All Black vice-captain, turned down a big pay rise to play with a club in France this year. He says the lure of the All Black jersey and the opportunity to play against the Lions kept him in New Zealand. "I wanted to give myself the chance to fight to get an All Black place in the next couple of years. To play as well as I can for the [Super Rugby club] Highlanders and then get involved with the All Blacks against the Lions – this is massively something you want to do as a rugby player."

Sir Brian Lochore, a giant of a man with hands the size of plates, is sitting in a spectator stand named after himself at Wairarapa stadium, a sports facility in the town of Masterton that was recently renovated at a cost of more than NZ$2m (£1.1m). Lochore is a former All Blacks captain and coach of the side that won the inaugural World Cup in 1987.

"All Black success breeds success for rugby at all levels in New Zealand," he says. "I think we handled the transition from amateur to the professional era of rugby very well and certainly much better than the home nation unions, who in some cases were dragged kicking and screaming to professionalism."

Beauden Barrett (right) in action against Ireland last year

PAUL FAITH/AFP/GETTY IMAGES

The Wairarapa stadium, which includes an artificial turf pitch for use in all weather conditions, is testament to the strong financial position of rugby in New Zealand. The All Black franchise is one of the richest in the world, in spite of the country's small size. AIG, the US insurance giant, reportedly paid NZ$80m (£45m) in 2012 to put its logo on the team's jerseys, and signed a new six-year deal in 2016. The team have also secured global sponsorship deals with the likes of Adidas and Gatorade, and boosted the value of TV rights deals. The union made record revenues worth NZ$164m in 2016, up a fifth on the previous year, with about 70 per cent linked to the All Blacks. In contrast, New Zealand's traditional rivals, Australia and South Africa, which have much larger populations, made NZ$135m and NZ$133m. Funding for provincial rugby grew 56 per cent to NZ$32m, as the national union prioritised grassroots development.

Winning has proved lucrative for New Zealand rugby, and it has also raised the profile of the small country, perched on the edge of the South Pacific. The All Blacks' trademark black jersey with a silver fern logo has become an instrument of "soft power" for New Zealand's political leaders, who have presented it as a gift to world leaders, including Chinese president Xi Jinping.

But Lochore warns that the team, and its fans, cannot afford to be complacent. "Our centralised approach, which focused on the national team, gave us a head start. But the other rugby nations are catching up and the All Blacks' current dominance cannot be taken for granted," he says.

Earlier this year England equalled the All Blacks' world record of 18 consecutive wins set in 2016, before losing to Ireland in the Six Nations championship in March. And, in November, Ireland finally beat the All Blacks, by a score of 40-29, the team's first win against New Zealand in 111 years of trying.

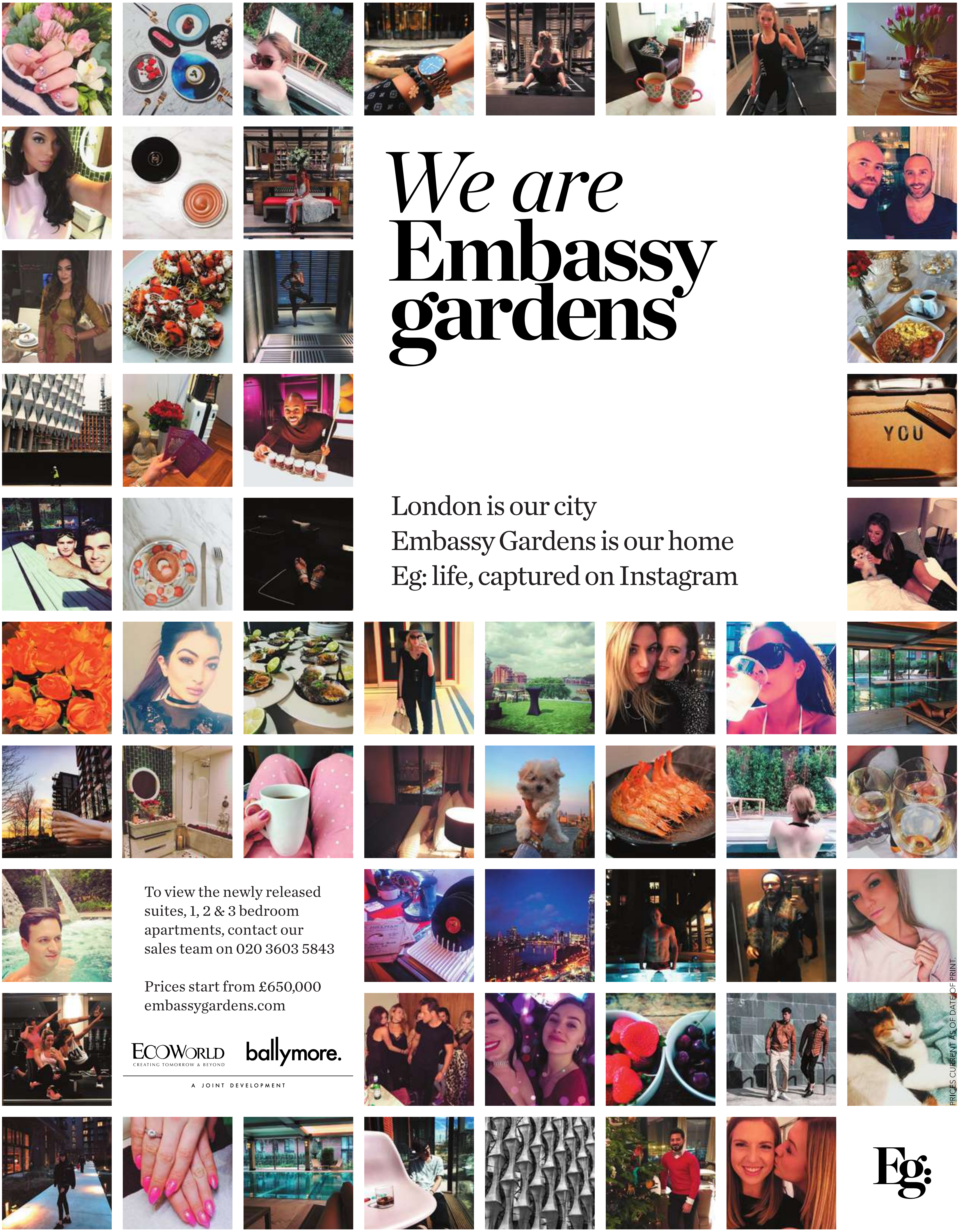
"The Irish, the way they played that day, they deserved to get the result. I think we have learnt a lot from that game," says Ben Smith. When I ask why he thinks the All Blacks lost, he is tight-lipped, saying that this type of thing is best "discussed behind closed doors".

My own view is that Ireland's coach, Joe Schmidt, a New Zealander, has sprinkled some of the All Blacks' magic on to Irish rugby. This weekend the world will see whether Warren Gatland, another New Zealand import who is coaching the Lions, can do the unthinkable and inspire them against all the odds to beat the best sports team in the world in their own back yard.

Keith Quinn, the veteran commentator, is sceptical of that possibility, believing that the All Blacks are continuing to innovate as they plough resources into fresh generations of players. The depth of the All Blacks' talent pool is demonstrated by the fact that, despite five players from the New Zealand 1st XV retiring after winning the 2015 World Cup, the team have, if anything, become stronger. They set a world record of 18 consecutive wins last October with a new crop of players, including Barrett who succeeded Dan Carter as chief playmaker.

"[Barrett] is faster than Carter and his kicking to the sides is something that Carter hardly ever attempted. The dimension of what players are doing in the number 10 jersey is widening and Barrett is taking it further," says Quinn. "I can't see the Lions stopping them." FT

Jamie Smyth is the FT's Australia correspondent



Claimer: These are real residents, who really do live in Embassy Gardens! Images from Instagram @embassygardens #embassygardens

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My London
Olivia Sudjic

From left: the Barbican; Leather Lane

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JESSICA MACCORMICK

Continuing the series in which writers and artists reflect on their favourite London places.

Clerkenwell Road

My centre of gravity in London is a triangle with King's Cross to the north, the British Museum to the south and the Barbican to the east. At its heart is Clerkenwell. It vibrates at a certain frequency – thanks to its multiple layers of history – that I find healing. In the 1100s it was a rural area just outside the walled city. Named after a spring where clerks came to watch religious plays. Later home to Wat Tyler's rebellion, John Wilkes, Italians, slums, Dickens's Fagin. The way it all slots together is soothing, the way a well-organised cupboard is. I went to school in the Barbican. Mythologised the briefly endangered Fabric nightclub. I spent university summers interning on an alley near St Peter's, the Italian church, and visiting a neighbouring deli where I used to read, drink coffee and eat ravioli on lunch breaks, not realising that no one else took one.

Towards the bottom of my triangle runs the Clerkenwell Road. It's the road that feels closest to my own heartbeat, its offshoots and intersections like an EKG. My grandparents live above Leather Lane, which joins at its western end. I always seem to stay there during upheaval. Between jobs, between homes, between relationships. Liminal periods largely spent in solitude. During summers, when my grandparents go away and traditionally a time of spiritual renewal because my years still begin in September. It's my ring-the-changes road. It started when I stayed by chance during the 2011 riots. Then by choice, after an operation as the 2012 Olympics got under way, when the sound of television crowds followed me down the street like a wave, the physical feats strengthening me, in mind if not in body.

Last summer, for a month, recently split from the boyfriend I'd been living with, I am there waiting to move into my first flat, to live alone for the first time. One day I go to the Ragnar Kjartansson exhibition at the Barbican with a friend who is moving to New York and after we say goodbye I walk home, blinking away tears. I've just finished editing my book and can no longer read it on screen, so have it printed and bound at the Wyvern Bindery, an attractive green shop at the eastern end of Clerkenwell Road.

> 'I pass the former petrol station that is becoming a hotel. For a summer in 2010 it housed an outdoor cinema. I watched *Barbarella* there'

I red-pen my newly physical book, sitting on a bench in St John's Cloister Garden, halfway along. My back in the shade of a 200-year-old olive tree, my bare feet scorched on stone above the bodies of Christians awaiting the resurrection. Tiny and peaceful, the garden dates from 1955, though the priory was built in 1144 by the Order of St John, who first founded a hospital in Jerusalem to care for pilgrims and nowadays runs the St John Ambulance service. The garden is planted with medicinal herbs. On the opposite side is St John's Gate. Shakespeare travelled here to license his plays, after that came Dr Johnson. I pass the former petrol station that is becoming a hotel. For a summer in 2010 it housed an outdoor cinema with a space-age silver curtain, built by friends from university. I watched *Barbarella* there.

I loop Clerkenwell Green, home to Marx's Memorial Library, buying a Coke in The Three Kings by St James's Church with the duck-egg ceiling. The Old Sessions House, a Masonic lodge for a while, is becoming another members' club. The road arcs over the sinewy tracks of Farringdon Station, the terminus of the world's first underground railway. On the left St Paul's dome is glowing. Outside St Peter's there is a funeral hearse and a black swarm of cheerful Italian mourners spilling on to the road. On Leather Lane, the street-food vans are packing up and an old woman is foraging for good tomatoes left behind.

I buy iced coffee, text the boy who's suggested a date. I pass the flower shop, the famous magic shop where they don't like browsers, the bike shop, the shop with mid-century furniture I can't afford. I turn back at the Peabody Estate. Laugh inwardly, as I always do, at the name "Clerkenwell Screws", which sells exclusively screws, nuts and bolts. He texts back. We will find a bench outside The Eagle, first "gastro pub", on Farringdon Road, which meets Clerkenwell Road right in the middle. I will walk along it to meet him and call my newly absent friend to "practise speaking" on the way, leaving her an answering machine message that is just a peal of laughter. FT

Olivia Sudjic's first novel "Sympathy" is published by ONE/Pushkin Press; thamesandhudson.com

THE CONTINUITY OF PLACES

In his new book, the writer and photographer *Teju Cole* records his travels, discovering the line of human experience that runs through them all

In each place I have travelled, I have used my camera as an extension of my memory. The images are a tourist's pictures in this sense. But they also have an enquiring feeling to them and, in some cases, showed me more about the place than I might have seen otherwise.

I was born in the United States and moved back to Nigeria, my parents' country, as an infant. After finishing high school in Nigeria, I returned to the United States for university. With only a few exceptions – notably the UK – this was the world I knew. In the last 18 or so years, however, travel became a bigger part of my life. It began first with the journeys I undertook for my research as an art historian in training: to Germany, Austria and Belgium. But later, after my books were published, I began to receive invitations to literary festivals and to teaching programmes. If the place is interesting and I have the time, I go. I also travelled on vacation, or to see friends and family. Later still, I travelled on my own specifically to make photographs. Ten countries, 20, 30: the numbers mounted and "home" was now also in airport lounges and hotel rooms. Without my having intended it, the map being drawn by my movements was taking on the shape of the world.

I am intrigued by the continuity of places, by the singing line that connects them all. Human experience varies greatly in its externals, but on the emotional and psychological level, we have a great deal of similarity with one another. Whether I was in a small town or in a high building overlooking the dwellings of millions of people, my constant thought has been the same: how to keep the line going.

This project came about when I began to match words to these interconnected images. The process, I found, was not so different from one of composing a novel: I made use of voices, repetitions (within the text, and from other things I have written), allusions and quotations. The resulting book stands on its own. But it can also be seen as the fourth in a quartet of books I have written about the limits of vision.

To look is to see only a fraction of what one is looking at. Even in the most vigilant eye, there is a blind spot. What is missing?

LAGOS

All the cities are one city. What is interesting is to find, in this continuity of cities, the less obvious differences of texture: the signs, the markings, the assemblages, the things hiding in plain sight in each cityscape or landscape: the way street lights and traffic signs vary, the most common fonts, the slight variations in building codes, the fleeting ads, the way walls are painted, the noticeable shift in the range of hues that people wear, the colour of human absence, the balance of industrial product versus what has been made by hand, greater or lesser degrees of finish, the visual melody of infrastructure as it interacts with terrain: wall, roof, plant, wire, gutter; what is everywhere but is everywhere slightly different.

NEW YORK CITY

I follow her for one city block. Thirty seconds after the first photograph, I take a second. Against my will, and oblivious to hers. Then I lose her to the crowd – the mutual danger is defused. On Instagram, the ones who see what you saw are called your followers. The word has a disquieting air.

SEOUL

The talk that morning was all of THAAD, the two-tiered ballistic missile defence system in which Lockheed Martin had a major financial stake. The US and South Korean governments were in high-level talks about deploying the system, said Lockheed Martin. The South Koreans denied any such talks were taking place, and the Pentagon denied it too. On the 21st floor of the Hanmi Pharmaceutical company, the beautiful young employees come and go in their soft dark suits. They drink coffee and show one another interesting things on their Samsungs. Their laughter is mellow and rich, their hair just so. Suddenly I am alone in the staff lounge. Below, the enormous city, awakening to its day. Thirty-five miles north is the rupture in the terrain, the horror state.

BEIRUT

Something needs doing around the house, so M's mother calls their handyman, M tells me. He isn't there, the phone is answered by someone else. It's the handyman's brother. He's away, the brother says, but I can do the work. Away to where? He's in Syria, he's become a fighter. The brother comes and does the work. Something else needs doing a month later. M's mother calls the handyman's brother. The handyman himself answers. You're back? I'm back. And your brother, where is he? He's in Syria, fighting. I'll come over and do the work myself.

WANNSEE

I was hiking in a foreign country with a friend of mine. I had known this man for years, and our friendship was mostly laughter. We were close. Something had made me nervous on the trail. There were loose rocks here and there, and a steep drop. Late in the afternoon, when we were tired, and I was hiking a little bit ahead of him on a narrow mountainside pass, but not out of his sight, I heard a sharp yelp behind me. It wasn't a scream. It was a sudden cry of surprise like a dog might make when someone kicks it. I spun around. He was gone, he'd lost his footing and plunged down the cliff to the rocks below. I gasped in disbelief, but no, this was real. Sudden, shocking, and real.

I remember nothing else, except that I was vaguely aware that shock had unbalanced me and made the trail even more dangerous for me than it had been. I managed to hike down to safety, trembling all the way. Then, later, the flight home, and crying out loud on the flight, because I didn't know what I would say to this man's wife or his child, and because I was also shattered for my own sake, full of grief at his absence from my life. I woke up sobbing.

A dream. Unfamiliar pillows in a too dry room. Bad night. Much happens in dreams that tests the boundaries of believability, and tests them in meticulous psychological terms, eventually bullying us into belief. Waking life itself becomes freighted with the psychosis and anxiety of dream events.

It is why we immediately compare the horrifying thing to a dream. The world of dreams is where many horrifying things already happen routinely. Even in a dream we say, "Is this a dream?" and sometimes falsely respond to ourselves that "No, it is not a dream" – as happened with my friend on the hike, when after brief disbelief I came to believe he really had died.

The soul cries wolf often, or has wolf cried at it.

Then one day the wolf appears for real.

THE CYCLIST
Robert Marchand, 105

Pedal pusher

THE FRENCHMAN SET HIS LATEST WORLD RECORD IN JANUARY, THRIVING IN A SPORT THAT HE HAS LOVED SINCE HE WAS A CHILD

If life is about adventure, I've done pretty well. Between the two world wars, I was a fire fighter in Paris, then a prisoner of war. In the late 1940s, I crossed the Atlantic by ship and got as far as Venezuela where I worked as a lorry driver. I was even married — though that's another story!

But together what has always remained constant is my love of physical exercise and particularly cycling, which I first discovered when I was 14.

I took it up after school and competed in several races but then stopped for more than 50 years after my coach told me that I was too short to become a professional. But even after he told me I didn't have a future as a cyclist, I always did some form of training. It makes me feel good and it makes me feel alive.

That is why I was able to return to the sport in my late 60s — and why I have been able to set new world records and open up new age categories.

In January, when I set a new record in my age group for the furthest distance cycled in one hour (22.6km). I did it to show the world that a person of my age can still get on a bicycle and ride.

Five years ago, to mark my 100th birthday, I rode just over 24km in an hour — a time that I bettered two years later. I also hold the record in my age group for cycling 100km: four hours, 15 minutes.

I don't have any particular philosophy on ageing, and I don't have any special secrets other than that I love cycling and I still like to push myself. In 1992, for example, I cycled from Paris to Moscow. That was a real adventure!

You have to have "get up and go" otherwise you end up just sitting back in your armchair doing nothing.

A few years ago, I took part in a study where they wired me up to computers to measure my oxygen intake during exercise. The first year I did it, when I was 101, the scientists concluded that I had the capacity of a 55-year-old. The following year, they said that I had the capacity of a 45-year-old.

I have never smoked and I don't eat much. In the mornings, I have a small cup of coffee and a banana before doing some training. For lunch, I eat whatever is around — vegetables, fruit, and not much meat. In the evenings, I eat very little. If I drink some wine now and again, I drink one glass and never two. It's been like that all my life. I go to bed at 9pm and wake up at 7am.

> "YOU HAVE TO HAVE 'GET UP AND GO' OTHERWISE YOU END UP JUST SITTING BACK IN YOUR ARMCHAIR DOING NOTHING

As long as I'm still alive, and until the good Lord takes me, I'll always do sport and continue to cycle. There's just something I love about getting on a bicycle and pedalling.

I imagine that is why I am often asked whether I intend to break my world record in the future. In January, when I set the one-hour record, I could have gone faster. The reason I didn't is because I failed to see the 10-minute warning sign and so didn't push harder in the final minutes. But I'm also waiting for some competition and, when it arrives, I'll be ready.

This is the last in a series of profiles of individuals who are redefining later life that will appear in FT Weekend Magazine. Read the whole series at www.nextact.ft.com.

QADISHA VALLEY

I had parked my car in the shadow of the overhanging rock above the precipice. A man walked past my car, went past the traffic mirror and red safety notice, and stood at the edge. He appeared to be a foreigner. He stood there for a very long time, maybe 15 minutes. He had a camera but didn't take any photos. I wondered what kind of life he lived, what his past contained, and how he came to be standing here in this faraway country, at the edge of the precipice. What was he thinking about, there ahead of me?

After taking the photo, I walked past a car parked in the shadow of the overhanging rock above the precipice. I went past the traffic mirror and red safety notice and stood at the edge of the precipice. There was a man in the car behind me, a local, to judge from the plates. He just sat there, not moving, and with no change in his expression. When I turned around and walked past him, probably a quarter of an hour later, his expression was still the same. I imagined that he came here to the edge of the precipice to get away from a difficult life, to enter into aloneness, silence, the cool of the rock's shadow. What was he thinking about, there behind me?

BROOKLYN

South-west exposure. The room can be as bright as a field in winter, the sun pours in from early morning till late in the afternoon. It is my favourite room in the apartment. I go up to the windows and look out past the fire escape on to the row of houses across from mine. What I see is not the fronts of these houses but their backs; their backs face the backs of the houses in the row on which I live. This arrangement makes me think of canalside houses, as though the space between the houses were now no longer a grid of ordinary New York City backyards, as though we were now in Amsterdam and were facing each other with water in between. And each day when the sun goes down and my room darkens and my neighbours' lights begin to twinkle on one by one, I begin to imagine their lives and their imaginations, in all their foreign languages, and I begin to imagine them imagining the lives lived in my apartment, and I begin to remember the shortage of bridges between them and me. FT

"Blind Spot" by Teju Cole is published on July 6 by Faber & Faber (Random House in the US). He will be speaking at the Royal Festival Hall in London on August 17; southbankcentre.co.uk

Honey & Co Recipes

We all say tomato

You can get a decent tomato all year round. In winter, some will have a slightly salty taste, low acidity and a crunch that is quite pleasurable, making them feel almost like a different fruit. But it is now, when the sun is out, that tomatoes come into their own. As with peaches, apricots and all other summer fruits, there's nothing better than sinking your teeth into a perfectly ripe tomato – a good one will be firm and juicy and almost sweet enough to end a meal with, if it weren't for that unmistakable savoury taste that sets them apart.

A middle-class pastime for the summer months is getting to know the different varieties that are available now. Datterini come in many colours and sizes but the small ones are the nicest and pop in your mouth like candy. Spagnoletta are the bulbous ones that melt into the most delicious sauce, and the long fiery tubes of San Marzano – the Gucci of tomatoes – are good for everything. As their names suggest, most of them come to Britain from southern Europe, so it is worth enjoying them now as they may not be available for the same price post Brexit.

We recently saw some lovely tomatoes at an upmarket grocer, got a bit overexcited and, for a small fortune, extracted a brown bagful that we arranged in the fruit bowl (tomatoes do not like refrigeration). We had plans for them but, as always, life (ie work) got in the way and by the end of the week they were too far gone – or almost too far: good tomatoes never go to waste. Tomatoes that are just on the cusp – too soft for chopping, roasting or grilling – are perfectly placed to collapse into a sauce or stew. On a hot day, at the end of a long, busy week we had this soup – light and refreshing but exploding with summer sweetness, the crisp pitta bits making it just substantial enough for a good lunch. FT

By Sarit Packer and Itamar Srulovich
honeyandco@ft.com

Cold tomato and basil soup with crispy pitta shards

Serves four

For the soup
It is best to marinate the mixture overnight, so start the day before

8 very ripe plum tomatoes, quartered
Small bunch of basil, leaves picked
3 cloves of garlic, peeled
3 tbs red wine vinegar
2 tbs brown sugar
3 tbs olive oil
1 tsp sea salt
1 tsp sweet paprika
4 ice cubes

For the pitta shards
2 pitta breads
2 tbs olive oil
1 garlic clove, halved
½ tsp chilli flakes
1 tsp dried oregano
Sprinkling of salt

1 — To make the soup, place all the ingredients together (apart from the ice) in a large jar or a tall bowl, mix well, cover and put in the fridge overnight or for at least six hours.

2 — Remove from the fridge, add the four ice cubes and use a stick blender to blitz everything together to make a smooth soup. Then taste for seasoning: you may need another pinch of salt.

3 — To make the crispy pitta, heat your oven to 170C with fan assist, halve the pitta, brush them with the olive oil and rub them all over with the halved garlic. Then use a sharp serrated knife to shred the pitta into thin long strips, place on a baking tray and bake in the oven for 10 minutes.

4 — Sprinkle the shards with all the dried oregano and chilli and a pinch of salt and return to the oven until golden all over – this will take about another 5-10 minutes.

5 — Remove from the oven and allow to cool. Serve the soup with some extra ice, the crispy shards and a drizzle of olive oil.

Photographs by Patricia Niven

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Jancis Robinson Wine

A fight with fizz

When she was studying French at Reading University in the late 1980s, Jayne Powell was so effervescent, Francophile and bibulous, she was known as Champagne Jayne. A trip to France as a 15-year-old schoolgirl had lit the flame and led to a fine French accent – and a love of champagne.

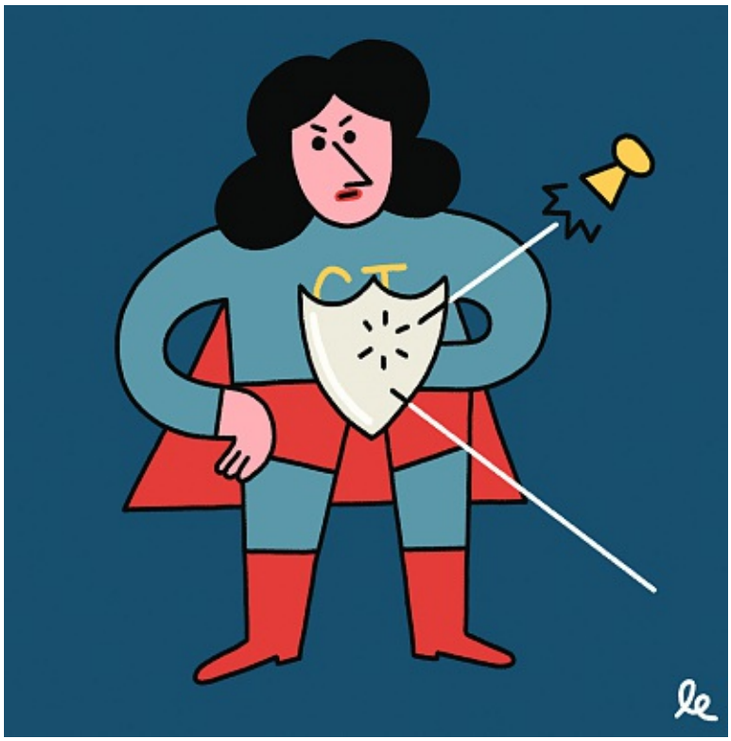
After working in publishing in London, often organising champagne-based corporate events, Powell decided in 1999 to transfer her skills to Australia – although she was rather horrified by the narrow range of champagnes there. In 2003 she set up a corporate event consultancy, Wine at Work International, and held her first champagne masterclass in Sydney in 2004, having been inspired by a similar one hosted by Serena Sutcliffe of Sotheby's in London.

Realising how useful social media could be in the promotion of wine, and herself, Powell set up a Twitter account and a website, styling herself Champagne Jayne. By 2009 she was lecturing on the confluence of wine and social media. In the same year she registered Champagne Jayne as a business name in Australia.

Three years later, perhaps emboldened by having co-written a book on champagne that had won one of the Gourmand World Cookbook Awards, she successfully submitted a trademark application for Champagne Jayne in Australia in the entertainment category.

Then followed a bizarre sequence of events. On September 8 2012 in Champagne she was made a Dame Chevalier de l'Ordre des Coteaux de Champagne. Powell's website shows her with her new medal in a clinch with Pierre-Emmanuel Taittinger. Two months later she received notice that the CIVC, the official governing body of champagne, had lodged its opposition to the Champagne Jayne trademark.

The CIVC lawyers are the most active in the world of wine.



As imagined by Leillo

Attempts to restrict the name champagne to the sparkling wines of the Champagne region are legendary and, by and large, successful. Casual drinkers may call any wine that sparkles champagne but anyone who tries to sell a product using the word champagne – not just Babycham and Spanish fizz but also, for example, a perfume or cigarettes – will find themselves pursued by the CIVC lawyers.

All of the large companies involved in these lawsuits were successfully brought to heel but sole trader Powell seems to be made of sterner stuff. The harder the CIVC pushed, the more she dug in her heels. Her defence was that she had been using the name for 12 years, was an active ambassador for champagne and that there were several other trademarks (and Twitter addresses) that included the word champagne.

The Champenois were unimpressed, particularly since Powell did not restrict her

'Attempts to restrict the name champagne to the sparkling wines of the Champagne region are legendary'

comments to champagne. From her tally of more than 21,000 tweets, the lawyers found 84 that mentioned sparkling wines other than champagne. Four mentions of English sparkling wine on her website and three on her Facebook page were also cited in a letter sent to Powell by the CIVC's British lawyers in June 2014, just after she had split up with her partner over her stubborn determination to fight to keep her professional name. (The proceeds of the divorce helped underwrite her legal costs but she admits the saga took a terrible toll.)

I'm sure I would have given in long ago so I asked her, when she was in London recently, why, risking enormous legal costs and ▶

Some current particularly delicious champagnes

From champagnes tasted most recently.

- **White**
- Billecart Salmon, Blanc de Blancs 2004, Blanc de Blancs Grand Cru NV, Cuvée Nicolas Billecart 2002
- Bollinger, La Grande Année 2005
- Dom Pérignon 2009, 2003, P2 Plénitude 2000, Rosé 2005
- Egly-Ouriet 2003
- Philippe Gonet Blanc de Blancs Grand Cru 2009, TER Noir NV
- Jacquesson, Cuvée 740 Extra Brut
- Louis Roederer 2004
- Pommery, Cuvée Louise 2002

- **Rosé**
- Billecart Salmon, Cuvée Elisabeth Salmon 2006
- Dom Pérignon 2005
- Dom Ruinart 2004
- Charles Heidsieck 2006
- Lanson, Noble Cuvée NV

For tasting notes see Purple Pages of JancisRobinson.com Stockists on winesearcher.com

◀ effectively having to give up work during the fight, she kept on. She said: "If I gave up, people would think I'd done something wrong. I was divorced, unemployed and in multiple litigations with no money, but they picked on the wrong woman. I thought to myself, 'I'm going to go the full monty because I've got nothing left to lose.'"

From 2013 Powell was locked in combat with the Melbourne trademark lawyer hired by the CIVC and its legal team. They lodged opposition to her trademark just before Christmas 2013, and just after she had appeared on ITV's *This Morning* in the UK, recommending a range of festive champagnes, the CIVC began federal court proceedings.

Powell managed to convince at least two sets of lawyers to represent her pro bono but the first dropped the case and sued her. By 2014 her new lawyer was getting three letters a week from the other side.

The federal case was heard at the end of 2014 and mediation was ordered, to no avail. The 98-page judgment was eventually delivered in October 2015. The judge said each party had had some success in the litigation and therefore must bear their own costs. He said Powell should have described herself as an advocate for champagne rather than an ambassador.

The CIVC, clearly as determined as Powell, immediately took up the cudgels again in its challenge of her right to the trademark Champagne Jayne, and final submissions were finally made at the end of last year. On April 4 this year came the judgment that she was allowed to use her contentious nickname. In one of his more memorable observations, the judge pointed out that when Buffalo Bill put on a show, it was extremely unlikely that his customers expected to see nothing but bison. Champagne Jayne was to be allowed to continue to refer to sparkling wines other than champagne.

On the face of it, this looked like a David and Goliath battle, but David in this case is a media professional. Powell made sure that wine writers around the world were aware of her fight, and that she had to fund her own defence. Had she been a wine writer, I suspect her peers would have supported her more readily. Powell herself says she feels like a pariah in Australia, although there have been some positive tweets from the UK wine media since her victory.

So what are her plans? "I will continue to educate on champagne and the world's best sparkling wines, but also about managing brands and small businesses." She has also, perhaps inevitably, enrolled on a masters degree in law, media and journalism specialising in intellectual property.

The word chutzpah comes to mind when considering Powell. The job of promoting the CIVC in Australia is currently vacant, apparently. She thinks she would be the perfect candidate. FT

More columns at ft.com/jancis-robinson

MY ADDRESSES — MUMBAI

KARAM SETHI, RESTAURATEUR

— The best of India's cuisine can be found across this culturally diverse city. You have to be careful eating roadside snacks, known collectively as *chaat*: as delicious as many of the food stalls look, they might not suit western palates. I go to **Elco** in Bandra for moreish *pani puri* and *bhel puri* washed down with a *nimbu pani* – a drink of lime or lemon juice mixed with sugar and water. **Swati Snacks** at Nariman Point offers traditional Gujarati vegetarian cuisine (above left). Arrive hungry and order as much as possible – especially *panki* (chickpea flour pancakes steamed in banana leaves) and *satpadi roti* (masala wheat rotis served with a dumpling curry).

— **Trishna**, to the south of the city, has been around for more than 50 years and serves some of the finest seafood in the world. I love the giant king crabs with an abundance of garlic, pepper and butter. A short way from there, in the Taj President Hotel, is the **Konkan Café**. For first-timers, the seafood *thali* is the best way to taste multiple dishes on the menu. Walk south down bustling Chowpatty beach and you'll stumble across **Bachelorr's** on Marine Drive. Stop for a simple plate of alphonso mango or the fresh *mango kulfi*.

— At night I go to the **Bombay Canteen** (above right) housed in an old Mumbai bungalow with a clever spin on Indian food. Settle down for the evening with a Bombay Sour and small plates of ghee-roast liver on toast or beef shank *kothu*. Be sure to finish with the *gulab nut*, a delicious fried milk doughnut soaked in sugar syrup. When the heat of the city gets too much and I want to stay in my hotel, I order from the **Bohri Kitchen**, a delivery service that started as a pop-up run by a Bohra-Muslim mother.

For details go to ft.com/myaddresses

Karam Sethi is co-founder of JKS Restaurants, which will launch Hoppers at St Christopher's Place, London, in September

A meal in the country

Where to find a summery escape from the city. By *Natalie Whittle*

Roth Bar & Grill, Somerset

In a field above the town of Bruton, tiny Bacchus grapes are budding under leaf, encouraged by the Somerset sun. The young vines are growing on farmland owned by Iwan and Manuela Wirth, the Swiss couple who have planted a renaissance in this green and rather gorgeous fold of the West Country.

In the courtyard of Hauser & Wirth Somerset, the gallery they opened in disused farm buildings on the edge of Bruton three years ago, there are bright, strange things in the ground – an oak-height human figure with Henry Moore proportions by sculptor Paul McCarthy and a giant silver bucket of bubbles by Subodh Gupta. Inside the old threshing barn is an exhibition by Chicagoan artist Rashid Johnson.

Bruton, population circa 3,000, now finds itself on the international cultural radar, but Hauser & Wirth's on-site watering hole, Roth Bar & Grill, is packed with well-heeled locals who come for the excellent food and drink as much as for the art. The secret of its success lies in its proximity to its supply chain – 1,000 acres of farmland are on the doorstep, and restaurant manager Jules Horrell and her chef husband Steve use the produce to show off its consistency and depth of flavour.

Sides of Aberdeen Angus are aged in a glass-walled curing room next to the bar – the haunches look so otherworldly against the Himalayan salt bricks that a notice has been added to explain: "This is not an artwork, this is the art of food." The Spanish-style outdoor *asador* grill, with its torturer's prongs for slow-cooking pork bellies and marinated lamb, could also pass for a conceptual piece.

A small herd of Wagyu cattle has recently joined the farm's other livestock – a superior bunch comprising Angora goats, free-range woodland pigs and self-shedding Exlana sheep. The Wagyu, like the wine, will take time to be ready: this Japanese breed is infamous for the fine treatment it supposedly requires to create perfect marbling. Meanwhile, Horrell and farm manager Paul Dovey work together so that they can tweak the amount of fat in the pork chops from season to season.

Some 15 per cent of Durslade Farm's produce goes straight to the restaurant and this translates into a great menu – porchetta with braised peas and artichoke with apple sauce, for example, makes for a deliciously simple lunch. Wagyu beef carpaccio with salad leaves from the garden is pared back but impressive. Breakfast is superb: brioche bacon buns, and Burford Brown eggs in the kedgeree. Some modern standbys are nicely balanced by foods that give you a precise local taste – Middle Eastern aubergine salads next to rook salami made from birds shot in the nearby woodland; mini doughnuts next to summer berries dressed with elderflower.

And as is fitting for the "canteen" of an art gallery, there are food-nuanced works hanging on the walls, as well as a stuffed hare brandishing a broken shotgun, standing guard on a window perch. The hare is just a piece of taxidermy but he often finds himself mistaken for a famous artwork. In Bruton, every other person possesses some degree of renown or lives next door to someone else who has it, thanks to the density of celebrities who have weekend homes here. It brings a touch of unreality to the whole affair, but there's such energy in the town that there is barely time to notice.

For their next project, the Wirths are refurbishing the local pub, The Bull. (A Cairngorms shooting lodge, The Fife Arms, is also currently being remodelled.) It'll be a number of years yet before they can serve the Durslade vineyard's first vintage, but there will probably be much to toast by the time they do uncork the bottles. FT

The writer was a guest of Roth Bar & Grill, Durslade Farm, Dropping Lane, Bruton BA10 0NL; Tues-Thurs and Sun 10am-3.30pm, Fri-Sat 10am-11pm, closed Mon; rothbarandgrill.co.uk

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Restaurant Insider
Nicholas Lander

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: FOIE GRAS; GRILLED OCTOPUS; OYSTERS ROCKEFELLER; SCALLOPS. PHOTOGRAPHS BY OH! TASTE

Le Roi Fou, Edinburgh

As the citizens of Edinburgh prepare to celebrate the 70th anniversary of their arts festival, visitors to this enchanting city cannot fail to notice the changes that have transformed its centre.

The building that once housed The Scotsman newspaper is now the Scotsman Hotel. Meanwhile, George Street, parallel to the shopping on Princes Street, has become a magnet for anyone hungry or thirsty. The development of the new buildings that face on to handsome St Andrew Square has attracted several well-known brands: Wahaca for Mexican food, Dishoom for a colonial-style Bombay café and Wagamama for noodles.

So far, so very typical of many a modern British city, and there is clearly a huge demand for chefs, as illustrated in the windows of the recruitment agencies. But a 10-minute walk from St Andrew Square, past Harvey Nichols and the bus station, brings one to a restaurant whose opening could just have been possible 70 years ago.

At One Forth Street, next to the Swedish-influenced Soderborg café and on the borders of the Broughton and New Town suburbs, chef Jérôme Henry opened a French restaurant this spring called Le Roi Fou, or The Mad King. In doing so, he showed his single-mindedness. The premises that Henry, 44, took over had been a hamburger restaurant called Burger Meats Bun, something he only realised the implications of after signing the lease and before undertaking the Herculean task of cleaning out the heavily greased kitchen and its ducts.

Le Roi Fou is small, with two tables in the front windows, six to eight tables in the back and eight stools around a curved bar. Henry works in the downstairs kitchen assisted by two other chefs, with three friendly waiters on the ground floor. But, in keeping with all those restaurants that used to be found in every small city in France and, to a lesser extent, across the UK, Le Roi Fou is the realisation of one chef's vision.

Unexpectedly, this is a dream that has its roots in the US, despite Henry's birthplace in Haute-Savoie in France and his years at the stoves at Shoreditch's Les Trois Garçons and then as head chef for Anton Mosimann's private club in Belgravia, London.

It was during his early years working in Chicago that Henry appreciated the attractions of neighbourhood restaurants. Henry, who had no previous connection with Scotland, noticed the Roi Fou site when he was in Edinburgh and realised that it fitted his quite tight budget. With an investment of £250,000, he moved in, working closely with his partner Isolde Nash, a professional set designer.

'It was the saffron sauce that lured me to choose my main course of grilled cod. The sauce was so delicious that not a drop of it was left'

Le Roi Fou
1 Forth Street,
Edinburgh EH1 3JX
0131 557 9346
leroifou.com
Starters £5.50-£15.50
Mains £14.50-£29.50
Six-course tasting menu £48

On the menu, there could be some dispute about the order of the dishes – the two soups come at the end of the starters, the fish after the main courses – but there is no doubting the cooking.

Here are eight starters, five meat courses and a vegetarian main course as well as two fish courses that manage to combine freshness, modernity, complexity, flavour, classicism and colour while taking no short cuts.

We began with two shellfish-based first courses, plump Isle of Skye scallops, grilled and served with fresh peas and asparagus (an ingredient Henry seems fond of) and a Hebridean crab chowder with turnips and buttermilk – almost alive with the freshest crab.

Our two main courses showed off different aspects of the kitchen's ingenuity. There was precision in the combination of two slices of new season's lamb rack alongside the much more succulent meat from the braised belly of the lamb. My dish was all about the saucing. It was the promise of a saffron sauce that lured me to choose the grilled cod, which was not only delicious but also copious, served in a bowl with a spoon. Not a drop was left. With this, we relished a fine bottle of Nuits-Saint-Georges Lavières 2010 Domaine Jean Chauvenet (£68) and two desserts, poached rhubarb with crème fraîche ice-cream and a Valrhona chocolate marquise. The bill for two came to £161 without service.

After paying, I watched two parties arrive close to 10pm. My last view of Henry was of him hurrying down to the kitchen to cook their orders, having brought up the plates of "panisse", the crisp southern French chickpea fritter he was serving as an amuse-bouche, in generous neighbourly mode. London's loss is very much Edinburgh's gain. FT

More columns at ft.com/lander

Games

A Round on the Links
by James Walton

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

1. Which comedy series did the British Film Institute name in 2000 as the best Channel 4 programme of the 20th century?

2. Which Greek singer was the 20th century's best-selling female recording artist?

3. Which website's 10th birthday party in 2010 featured a speech by prime minister Gordon Brown calling it "one of the great British institutions"?

4. Which company's bankruptcy in 2008 remains the largest in American history?

5. The title characters of which film were played, respectively, by Richard Bohringer, Michael Gambon, Helen Mirren and Alan Howard?

6. As what is Ivan Petrovich Voynitsky known in the title of an 1897 play?

7. Which alliterative two-word phrase is the name of a Donegal mountain chain (above), a London Tube station and the star cluster Pleiades?

8. Which hyphenated three-word phrase is a synonym for "nacre"?

9. Paul Morel is the main character in which novel by DH Lawrence (below)?

10. The Charlbury Beer Festival in Oxfordshire hosts the annual world championship of which traditional game – in which players throw sticks at a model of a woman's head?

The Picture Round
by James Walton

Who or what do these pictures add up to?

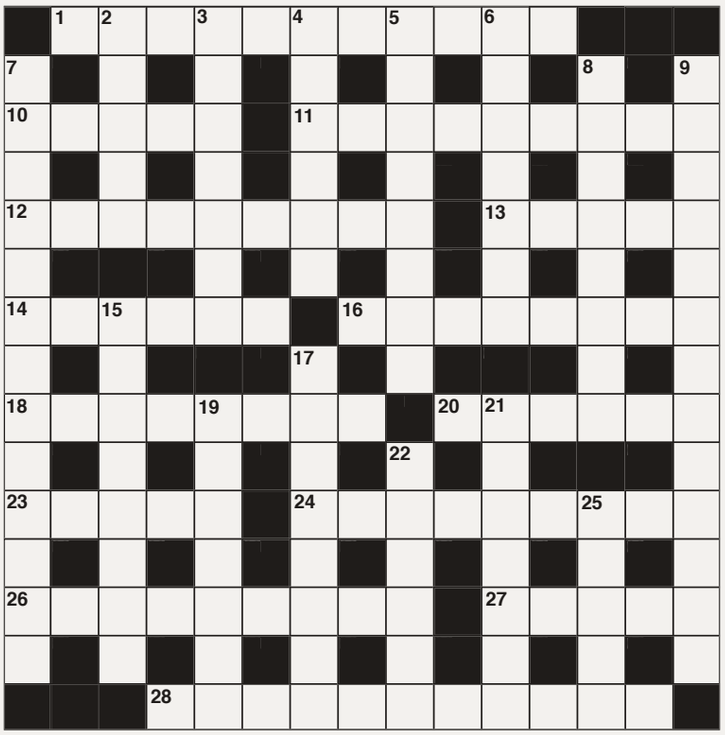
+

= ?

ALAMY; GETTY IMAGES; BETTMANN

Answers page 10

The Crossword
No 340. Set by Aldhelm



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

ACROSS

1 Cooked and cured meats (11)
10 Allow (5)
11 Thoroughbred runner (9)
12 Lack of movement (9)
13 Diminutive (5)
14 Appearance (6)
16 Skin disease (8)
18 Spoke ill of (8)
20 Avoid, keep away from (6)
23 Natural fabric (5)
24 Behaviour-altering chemical (9)
26 Intricate (9)
27 Small medicine bottle (5)
28 Very keen person (5, 6)

DOWN

2 Old author's a big hit in America (5)
3 Upset traitor leader of traitors commanded (7)
4 Disorder turns nasty, encompassing violence, ultimately (6)
5 Polite apology from former copper – seem odd? (6, 2)
6 Hurriedly broadcast *The Saint* – last character's edited out (2, 5)
7 Bringing about fame's hip – I play this game (5, 8)
8 Heartlessly ask one with new coat that's weird (8)
9 Man's whole cooked fish for an eating-in service (5, 2, 6)
15 Can alder remarkably be full of dates like this? (8)
17 Model matched up with book illustration (8)
19 Vessel changes to loading when it's removed (7)
21 Craftily swap one vegetable (4, 3)
22 Tenor's last note rising up for echoing effect (6)
25 Top of pulpit – I got in one to hold forth (5)

Solution to Crossword No 339

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GILLIAN TETT

PARTING SHOT

Why the government needs geeks

There has not been much good news coming out of Washington lately. But here is one nugget: a few weeks ago, the Department of Veterans Affairs announced that it had finalised plans to introduce a new integrated electronic health-record system.

This marks a big leap forward for the VA, which has hitherto kept its records in a fragmented manner. For the first time, it will be integrating its systems with those of the Department of Defense. This will ensure that, instead of sitting in limbo for months, records will be transferred as soon as servicemen and women leave the military.

"For almost two decades, Congress has been imploring the Department of Veterans Affairs not only to deliver on our promise to veterans, but also to innovate and modernise," declared Jeff Dunham, a Republican congressman from California, writing in The Washington Examiner recently. "Now under new leadership, following years of frustration, corruption, scandal and abuse, the VA is taking the initiative to deliver the care and services that our veterans [need]."

I dare say some readers' eyes are glazing over at this point; the finer points of government digitisation don't normally provoke media headlines or voter passion. But it is worth pondering this story – or, more accurately, the fact that it wasn't much of a "story" at all for our current Trump-obsessed media.

That the VA announcement passed without much notice says a lot about what is wrong with our concept of what matters in government today, and the way we are increasingly treating Washington as an entertaining reality-TV show, without noticing the things that government actually could – or should – do.

In any rational world, it would seem entirely sensible for the VA to create integrated healthcare records. Many observers might consider it odd that the department has not already done so. After all, America is a place of cutting-edge technology and digital entrepreneurial skills – just think of what Amazon, Facebook and Google have done. It is also a place where companies have been using digital technology for years; where the healthcare system accounts for a sixth of all economic activity; and where there are some 21 million veterans (equivalent to the entire populations of Norway, Sweden and Denmark combined).

For the past two decades, however, the VA has repeatedly failed to implement an integrated record-keeping system (never mind that it has spent about $2bn on feasibility studies in recent years). While these delays can be blamed partly on mismanagement, the issues go well beyond that.

Much of the US's civilian healthcare system is fragmented too: while it is easy to transfer healthcare records between doctors in a country such as the UK, it is very difficult to do so in much of America. And the VA is certainly not the only one with archaic practices: although there are corners of the public sector that are using the latest technology – such as the City Halls in New York and Chicago – most federal agencies have been almost as slow as the VA to introduce 21st-century ideas.

The good news is that moves to change this are under way. Various private-sector entrepreneurs are launching innovations in healthcare IT, and there are campaigns to upgrade public-sector digital know-how. The non-profit "Code for America", for example, is campaigning for computer geeks to volunteer to spend a couple of years working for government, in much the same way that the better-known "Teach for America" encourages graduates to work for a time in the country's public schools.

What's more, some White House officials, such as Gary Cohn and Jared Kushner, now seem keen to bring better management and tech skills into government. This week, for example, President Trump, Cohn and Kushner convened a meeting of tech CEOs to discuss how to launch a revolution in the way the federal government uses computers – and claimed this could deliver a trillion dollars in cost savings over 10 years.

"We are here to improve the day-to-day lives of the average citizen," Kushner said, pointing out that the federal agencies are so fragmented they currently maintain no fewer than 6,100 data centres. These, he argues, could be streamlined to create a more efficient structure, just as the VA is now attempting to do.

'Although there are corners of the public sector that are using the latest technology, most federal agencies have been slow to introduce 21st-century ideas'

This is sensible stuff – exactly the type of common-sense action that governments should take (and that businesses do take every day). But even at the best of times it is hard to get voters – or media consumers – particularly excited by this sort of basic but important reform. And right now it is doubly hard.

That is partly because the media are mesmerised by the investigations surrounding Trump and his entourage, including Kushner. But it is also because Trump himself keeps creating distractions with his own deliberately incendiary tweets, making it difficult for voters to pay any attention to the sensible reforms that advisers such as Kushner want to promote.

Therein lies a huge missed opportunity. It would be comic if it were not so tragic; we'd better just hope those VA reforms fly. FT

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