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FT Weekend Magazine



THE MACRON PARADOX

CAN ONE MAN REALLY CHANGE FRANCE?

By Anne-Sylvaine Chassany

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'I knew Tolkien's topography better than I know any real place today'

Horatia Harrod on her childhood love of *The Lord of the Rings*, p24



'Have they forgotten the ship in citizenship?'

Poet John Agard's sonnet on Windrush, p20



'We got so hooked on these Argentine cookies that we decided to bake our own'

Honey & Co, p34

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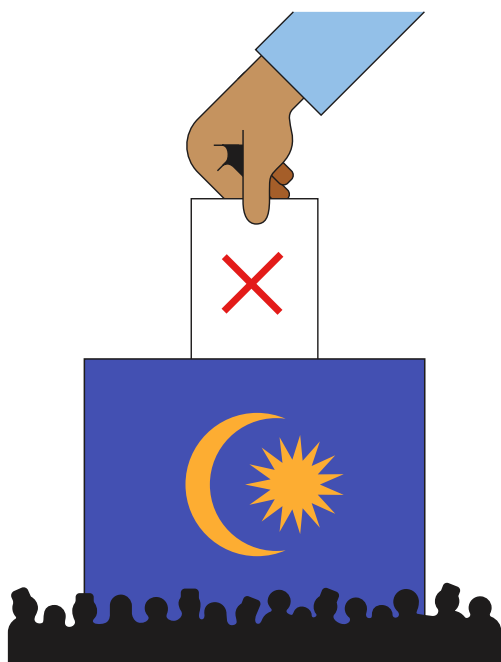

NEPTUNE



SIMON KUPER

OPENING SHOT

A case study for democracy in retreat



The first time Anwar Ibrahim was in jail – six years in solitary confinement – he stayed upbeat. He read all of Shakespeare (“four and a half times, copious notes,” he chuckles) and sang every song he could remember. When I interviewed him years ago in a posh Parisian tea room, he suddenly belted out: “Please understand just how I feel/ Your love for me, why not reveal?”

But now Malaysia’s de facto opposition leader is jailed again, at age 70, though he’s currently in hospital. When I visited the country last October, his daughter Nurul Izzah Anwar, herself an opposition politician, told me: “Another vehicle veered into his convoy when the prison was sending him back from hospital so, to add to the existing shoulder injury, there’s another injury.” She wasn’t sure it was foul play but he does seem remarkably accident-prone.

Not by chance, Anwar will miss Malaysia’s elections on Wednesday. The country is a case study for the world’s recent retreat from democracy. But it also gives hope for change.

In this bizarre election, Anwar’s representative is his nemesis Mahathir Mohamad. In 1998, authoritarian prime minister Mahathir had his protégé and finance minister Anwar jailed. Now, aged 92, Mahathir is barnstorming around Malaysia, leading the opposition, promising to hand power to Anwar if he wins. Prime minister Najib Razak is under pressure over \$681m that materialised in his personal bank account, allegedly from the Malaysian sovereign wealth fund 1MDB. Najib says the money was a gift from the Saudi royal family. He will probably lose the popular vote but be re-elected anyway, having revved up traditional Malaysian gerrymandering.

It’s easy to imagine Malaysia as a full democracy. The World Bank calls the country a “highly open, upper-middle-income economy”. Average incomes are about \$9,500. In short, it’s exactly the sort of state that 1990s political scientists would have considered ripe for democratisation. Indeed, back then it nearly made the leap.

After the cold war, western powers nudged their former client states to democratise. In 1998, Anwar gave a speech calling for *reformasi*. He said rule by decree, bribery and discrimination against non-Malay Chinese and Indians had to stop. This was quite a shift for a man who, like Mahathir, had entered politics to fight for ethnic Malays. However, *reformasi* never came. Mahathir had Anwar jailed on far-fetched charges of sodomy.

The global wave of democratisation ended around 2006. The Iraq war and later the Arab spring were seen by autocrats worldwide and even many citizens as warnings against democracy. Iraq and Syria showed what horrors could ensue when ethnically mixed autocracies imploded.

Meanwhile, another model had emerged. China and Singapore, Malaysia’s main trading partners, have done better at reducing poverty and chaos

than full democracies such as India and Brazil. Many Malaysians who remember past hardships and interracial violence simply want Chinese-style stability, says Chandran Nair, Malaysian founder of the Global Institute for Tomorrow think-tank. “Most people think, ‘We have a few problems but life is good enough.’ They fear change.”

Then there’s Malaysia’s rural-urban divide, which resembles the American one. Rural Malays tend to support the ruling party, United Malays National Organisation, as the champion of their ethnic group. UMNO has provided all Malaysian prime ministers since independence in 1957. Rural areas account for just 30 per cent of the population but control more than half of parliament because of gerrymandering. And even most urban Malays, influenced by the spread of Sunni political Islam, don’t want non-Muslims running the country, says James Chin of the University of Tasmania.

Many Malaysians fear their rulers. The press is muzzled. Najib’s government, which tracks the latest autocrat fashions, recently banned anything that it labels “fake news”. Most people I met were afraid to talk politics on the record. An insider who once defied UMNO said that with hindsight he often regretted it: his family had paid a price.

No foreign powers are pushing Najib to democratise. To the contrary, he recently met Theresa May and Donald Trump (with whom he claims to have played golf). Trump seems unbothered that the US attorney-general called the 1MDB case

‘A lot of Malays feel Najib Razak has broken the cardinal rule for autocrats: don’t steal too blatantly’

“kleptocracy at its worst”, or that the Department of Justice has investigated Malaysian-related assets including Najib’s wife’s \$27m diamond necklace and rights to the movie *Dumb and Dumber To*. As for May, says Nurul Izzah: “After Brexit, I think, it became much more important for the British government to have closer trading ties in Malaysia. Rule of law mattered less.”

Yet on Wednesday, Najib might just lose the election. Social media are giving an uncensored view of the campaign. The sight of Mahathir racing around the country, addressing big crowds in remote towns at midnight, has electrified people, says Nair. Mahathir and Anwar have impeccable pro-Malay credentials and, anyway, most urban Malays won’t simply vote ethnically. A lot of them feel Najib has broken the cardinal rule for autocrats: don’t steal too blatantly. Nair says: “I’ve never sensed a greater feeling that people want change. I’ve never been interested in a Malaysian election before. I am interested in this one.” Democracy is down but not out. **FT**

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'It can't be right that UK engineering is 91 per cent male and 94 per cent white'



INVENTORY HAYAATUN SILLEM, CHIEF EXECUTIVE,
ROYAL ACADEMY OF ENGINEERING

Hayaatun Sillem, 42, was appointed chief executive of the Royal Academy of Engineering in January - the first woman to take the role. She was previously a specialist adviser to the House of Commons Science and Technology Committee.

What was your childhood or earliest ambition?

I wasn't a born scientist. Aged three, I used to say I wanted to be a mother and travel the world.

Private school or state school? University or straight into work?

State primary, the same primary my own children go to, then Godolphin and Latymer. My father was from South Africa and the first in his family to go to school beyond the age of 14, so he was determined my brother and I would have the best education possible, even though it was a financial stretch. I went to Oxford, then to

do a PhD at the London Research Institute of Cancer Research UK.

Who was or still is your mentor?

My parents instilled a strong spirit of self-reflection, self-correction and self-improvement that has served me brilliantly. They believed in me so much it became easier for me to believe in myself.

How physically fit are you?

I'm active but not especially fit. My life splits into two: family and work. Everything else - hobbies, socialising, exercising - goes to the back of the queue.

Ambition or talent: which matters more to success?

Opportunity matters at least as much. There are loads of people with talent and aspiration who don't have any canvas on which to express themselves.

How politically committed are you?

In the party political sense, not at all. As somebody who comes from

multiple minorities, I find myself deeply uncomfortable in tribes.

What would you like to own that you don't currently possess?

A 20 per cent uplift in the time available to me each day.

What's your biggest extravagance?

I don't go on holiday very often but, when I do, I find myself craving a bit of luxury.

In what place are you happiest?

Somewhere warm with all my family around.

What ambitions do you still have?

Long term: to look back and feel I've done something worthwhile with my life - and bring up children who share that ambition and will derive happiness from pursuing it. Near term: I would love to see many young people from all backgrounds choosing careers in engineering - the focus of our "This Is Engineering" campaign. The people who shape the world around

us should be more reflective of the society we live in. It simply can't be right that the UK engineering workforce is still 91 per cent male and 94 per cent white.

What drives you on?

I've been given more than my share of luck, talent, opportunity, however you want to describe it. I can't bear the idea I'd waste that. I've got a great need to feel I'm contributing.

What is the greatest achievement of your life so far?

Being appointed CEO of the Academy. Progressing in my career while building a happy family life.

What do you find most irritating in other people?

Bad manners. And negativity - why drag everyone else down?

If your 20-year-old self could see you now, what would she think?

She'd be delighted to see I had two lovely children. The job I'm doing would tick all the right boxes. She would be impressed that I now champion a profession that brings tangible benefits to people's lives.

Which object that you've lost do you wish you still had?

I can't think of anything.

What is the greatest challenge of our time?

To harness the tools that technology and engineering provide to create a better, more sustainable, cleaner future.

Do you believe in an afterlife?

I'm not a fan of questions like these - people will make assumptions whatever your reply. It goes back to my discomfort with being part of a tribe.

If you had to rate your satisfaction with your life so far, out of 10, what would you score?

So far, a nine. I don't think I could hope for more at this stage, though I have plenty of aspirations. **FT**

Interview by Hester Lacey.

"This Is Engineering" is a campaign led by the Royal Academy of Engineering and is a key part of the government's 2018 Year of Engineering

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TECH WORLD NOTES FROM A DIGITAL BUNKER

BY HANNAH KUCHLER IN SAN FRANCISCO

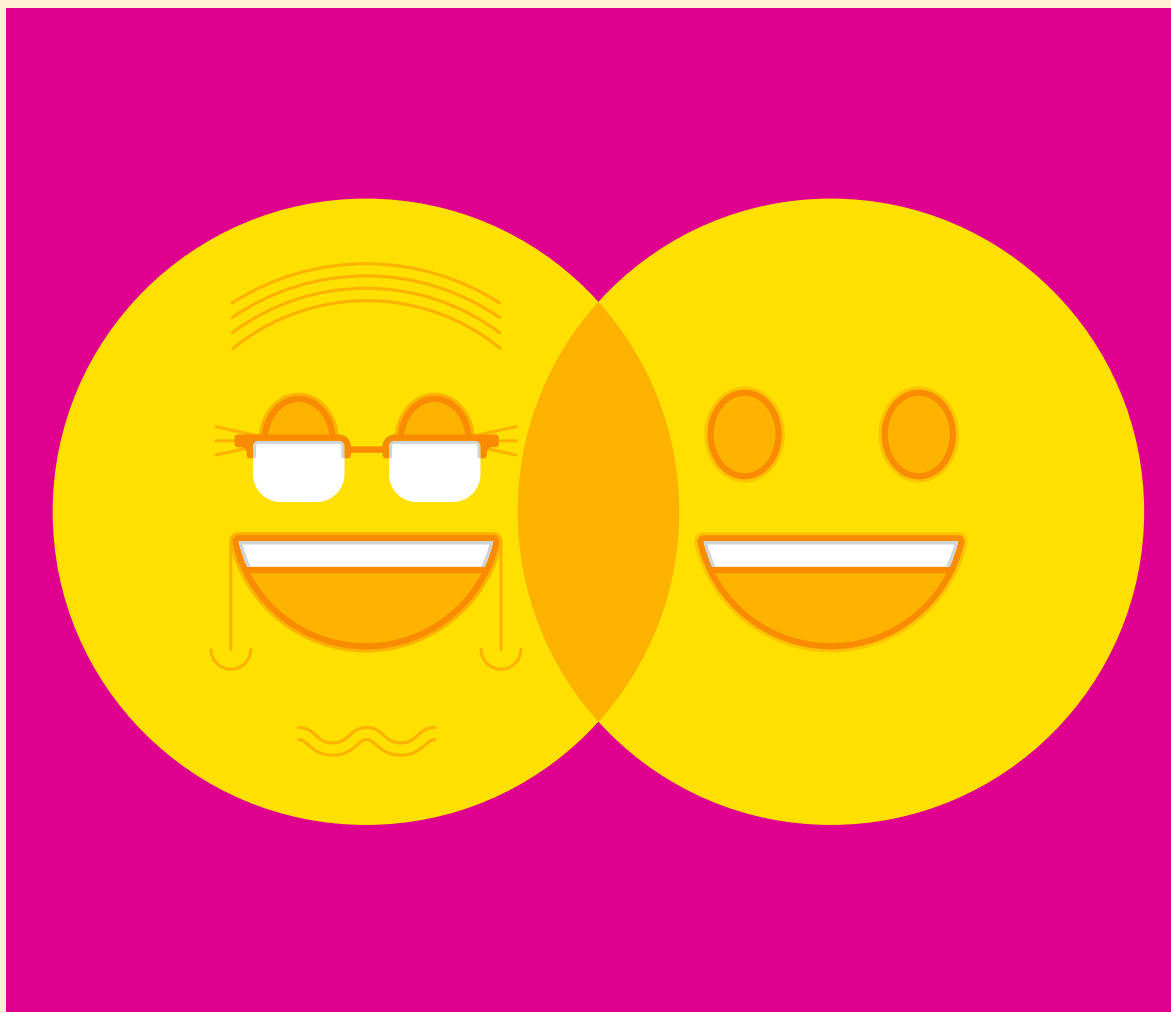


ILLUSTRATION BY PÂTE

What tech can learn from nonagenarians

It was billed, unofficially, as “TED talks by old people”. Instead of millennial speakers with slick slide decks trying to sell their start-ups, octogenarians – and even the odd nonagenarian – took to a stage in San Francisco last month to speak candidly about their life experiences.

The “Bridge” event was part of Reimagine, a week devoted to discussing the end of life (I even got a free pack for planning how I want to die). But the speeches (not in fact organised by TED) had more life in them than most of these types of talk, where speakers tend to open with an anecdote, scatter in a few funny pictures and conclude with a three-point argument.

An audience of young and old heard about some vastly different life experiences. There was an 87-year-old African-American, born to a teenage mother in a shack in Texas two generations after the abolition of slavery. At the age of five, he picked cotton and was taught the danger of hugging white girls. But he was the first in his family to graduate from high school, from college and from law school. He became a judge in San Francisco.

In stark contrast, an 84-year-old white man wearing wacky trousers took off his sandals, stood in his socks and told the epic story of how he gave up his safe job as a junior executive to go “vagabonding” around Europe.

My favourite was a drummer who had taken up with a number of gurus during the 1960s. His life lesson was that if you put positive

energy into the world, you will get it back. But he also spoke about losing one guru “to the nuthouse in Napa”, and following another to an ashram that was bombed during the 1965 Indo-Pakistani war. So not all positive energy.

The young people at the event went because they realised they could learn from an older generation. But old age is a rare commodity in Silicon Valley. Too often, the technology industry fears or sneers at older people. This element was on full display last month when Mark Zuckerberg was quizzed by US Senators. Tweeters obsessed over how old the politicians were, just as the writers of breathless magazine profiles used to marvel at how young Zuckerberg was.

“Mr Zuckerberg, a magazine I recently opened came with a floppy disk offering me 30 free hours of

something called America On-Line. Is that the same as Facebook?” mocked one tweeter. “Facebook stock up 4.5 per cent on news that America is run by people who still own VCRs,” snarked another.

In truth, some of the politicians did little to dispel such remarks. One described smartphones as “handheld tablets”, another boasted of having his “Facebook address” printed on his business cards, while yet another appeared confused about how the company made money (leading to the now famous Zuckerberg response, simple to the point of insolence: “Senator, we run ads”).

Of course we should expect the people that regulate companies to understand them. But the sneering felt unfair. And those who cringe at an older generation’s tech illiteracy risk missing out on what else they might have to offer. Senators with strong foundations in politics and economics may, for instance, have a better understanding of how to regulate large companies

‘Too often the technology industry fears or sneers at older people’

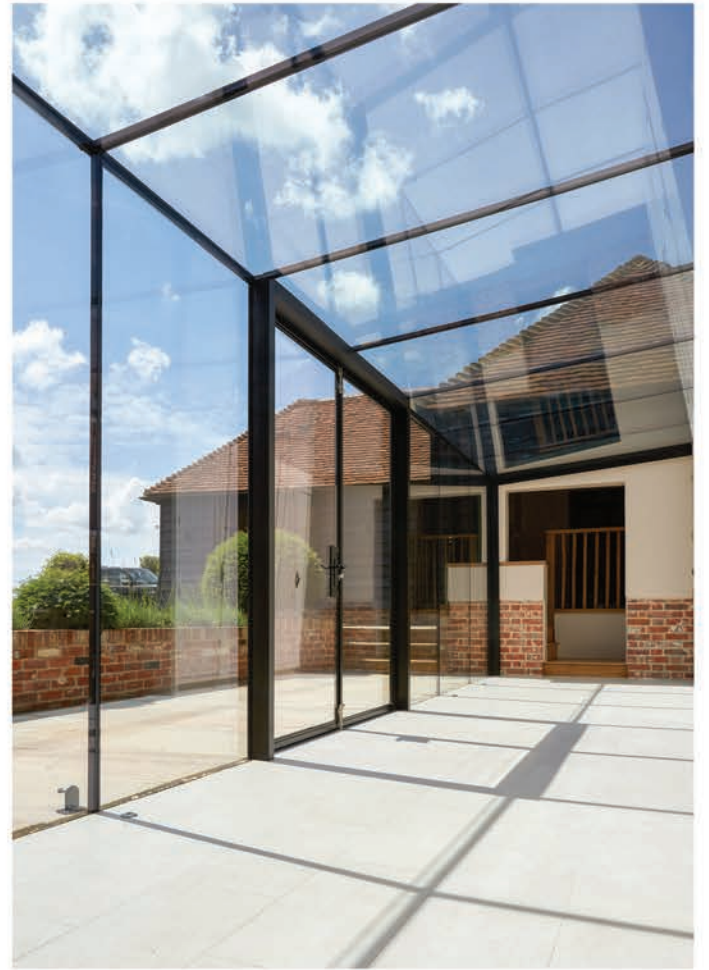
than kids in Silicon Valley who know that a “cookie” is both a way of tracking a user around the web and a way to fill your belly.

Back on stage, Vilma Ginzberg, a 91-year-old retired psychologist, had some advice for those worried about tech addiction. Young people’s minds were, she feared, being wired like devices, not humans. To counter this she had a four-step plan, which, over 21 days, might become a life-enhancing habit:

1. Move, move with your children, move at least every hour-and-a-half.
2. Remember the importance of human touch, even for old people.
3. Prioritise emotional connection in person (emojis won’t do).
4. Get outside into the natural world.

It was the kind of talk that, were she 50 years younger, would have gone viral. **FT**

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Hannah Kuchler is the FT’s San Francisco correspondent



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THE ARCHITECTURE OF GLASS



ROBERT SHRIMSLEY THE NATIONAL CONVERSATION

Back to nature, back to the shops

As I looked around the shop, I began to sense that we were part of a wider pattern. Dotted across the various aisles were children and parents curiously examining assorted bits of camping equipment with the attention to detail normally reserved for choosing a New Zealand wine.

This scene will have been repeated across the outdoor equipment stores of Britain in the past few weeks. Blacks, Millets, The North Face, Mountain Warehouse, Ultimate Outdoors and all the other purveyors of overpriced hiking gear will have experienced a sudden and welcome influx of this sub-breed of occasional customer: the Duke of Edinburgh Award families seeking last-minute supplies. These are not the nature-loving parents who have already dragged their spawn across the Quantocks. These are the families not given to hiking, people whose idea of a day in the country is a visit to a National Trust tea room. We are the ones looking at tents and wondering whether it wouldn't be rather nice to go camping before remembering that, for us, roughing it is a night in a Premier Inn.

Even as you read this, the girl will be yomping her way through the New Forest, the Sussex Downs or the Hampton Court maze, decked out with new walking shoes, blister cream, a compass, a torch, waterproof trousers and a backpack full of muesli bars and spaghetti. She will be wearing a thick fleece and possibly a thin fleece, as well as a thermal base layer and a waterproof top - unless, of course, it is sunny, in which case she will merely be carrying them.

Captain Scott's polar expedition was not as well prepared, although in fairness, the outcome of that mission was suboptimal. For one thing, Scott's party never completed their time in a charity shop and thus fell short of the gold award.



ILLUSTRATION BY LUCAS VARELA

Across the store, the pattern was repeated - one parent and one child trying to navigate their way through camping supplies, looking for thin fleeces at the thick-fleece aisle or orienteering their way to the waterproof map cases. So much for the simplicity of nature. This, then, was the Duke of Edinburgh Award challenge for parents. The spawn dump a long list of provisions they need by "NEXT WEEK!" You have to rush to your nearest outdoor equipment store and try to emerge with change from £100.

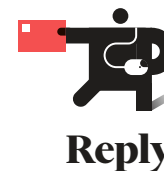
I don't want to knock the DofE. Its combination of self-sufficiency and voluntary service is unquestionably a good thing - and it is almost certainly salvaging Q2 for a good chunk of the high street. There were Duke of Edinburgh special offers and discounts, and delightful shop assistants on hand to explain that £150 was about right for walking shoes the girl will probably wear twice in her life. We explained that we were more at the Sports Direct end of the market, albeit without the intelligence to head there. At least we were in good company. I did know there were cheaper options, but they never exude the health-giving vibe that you get from an overpriced camping shop.

There were odd bits of kit we managed to scrounge from relatives, plus hand-me-downs from the boy's brief Duke of Edinburgh flirtation. He too was kitted-out in expectation of a desire to progress all the way to a gold, before he concluded that the required 12 months' voluntary service was more than Ant McPartlin got for drink-driving.

While I might snipe, I am glad the girl is taking the challenge. She will learn some teamwork, a bit of self-sufficiency and how to find her way on a hike with maps and compass - although all this will be as nought if she finds herself lost in a forest without both a thick and thin fleece. But I do think that, given the lives our children will actually lead, the time has come for an urban equivalent.

You know the kind of thing: you are driven to a Southern Rail station and have to make your own way to work. Your broadband crashes the day before you have to hand in an essay on Elizabethan foreign policy and you have to find a local library using only an A-Z. You must buy something on Amazon without inadvertently signing up to Prime. Now that's a challenge fit for a prince. **FT**

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I thought Simon Kuper's column ("What I've learnt from my Brexit critics", April 28/29) was well balanced and witty. I was a Remainer and would probably vote that way again, although I have been mildly embarrassed by the cultural meltdown that some on my side have exhibited since the result.

Tiresius via FT.com

Simon, can you explain why you think we should remain in the EU? If the real reason for the EU is that European countries need to club together to compete economically with China and the US, then how do we explain the fact that the EU has grown so much more slowly than those two for the past 20 years, and has such an appalling record on unemployment? I'm struggling to see the "killer reason" why any country would trade in so much sovereignty to join such an organisation.

rrp1973 via FT.com

@spencershapland April 25
That's a proper bit of journalism from the FT: Orla Ryan reports from a divided nation on Ireland's abortion battle

Really interesting article ("America is preparing for another attack on its democracy", April 28/29). I wish those involved the very best of luck but I am not completely reassured they are on top of this, bearing in mind how sophisticated their opponents are.

Tony Islington via FT.com

Derek Parfit's photographs ("The philosopher in the darkroom", April 28/29) embody paradoxes: people are missing, but the photographer studies exclusively the works of man. There is great stillness and often chill in the air, but they are anything but empty or cold. He is laying down a standard of perfection.

Crc via FT.com

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THE MACRON PARADOX

One year after his election, the French president has established himself as a decisive leader. But while voters back his barrage of reforms, some are less happy with his corporate, controlling style. *Anne-Sylvaine Chassany* reports on a presidency in need of direction. Illustration by *Anthony Gerace*

Something was bugging the French president - a small line in a draft bill about Romanian physiotherapists. The paragraph that caught Emmanuel Macron's eyes a few months ago stated that a lack of response from the French regulator would mean the rejection of any foreign practitioner's application to settle and work in France. Macron knew the inertia of the government all too well. The clause could become a protectionist tool that would go against his Europhile principles. So he requested further technical assessment. Civil servants were stunned. "We don't expect that level of detail from a president," one said.

Such attention to minutiae lies at the heart of a presidency that has emerged as one of the most centralised and technocratic in French post-war history. From his corner office overlooking the gardens of the Elysée Palace, the youngest French leader since Napoleon is running a tight operation designed to exert maximum control over his government, parliamentary majority and party. Surrounded by a handful of trusted aides and dozens of millennial, mostly male, staffers, Macron is rolling out his economic plan, overseeing every element of its execution, shaping France's diplomacy and concocting minutely choreographed communications coups. Rarely in the history of the French republic have decisions lain in the hands of so few - or so young.

Since his election in May last year, this concentration of power, compounded by a weakened political opposition and docile parliamentarians, has enabled Macron, 40, to push through contentious pro-business reforms at a rapid pace. As populist voices elsewhere grow ever louder, his reformist zeal, liberal ►



'Macron's election is like Hiroshima year zero. A nuclear bomb fell on French politics and we're still standing in the rubble'

Laurent Bigorgne, head of think-tank Institut Montaigne

◀ activism and Gaullist pomp have changed France's image abroad - from the sick man of Europe to a refuge for entrepreneurs.

"It's a power that places efficiency at its heart," says Virginie Martin, a political scientist at France's Kedge Business School, of Macron's approach to government. "It makes its own way, runs the state as a company and, for better or worse, has swept away debate from French political life."

In a recent speech, Macron said: "One must be very free to dare be paradoxical and one must be paradoxical to be truly free" - and his self-proclaimed "Jupiterian" style fits neatly into this category. During the campaign, he appealed to voters on both the left and right by praising the "bottom-up" approach of technology start-ups, lashing out at the ossified political class and establishing a grassroots movement, En Marche. Today, though, even his earliest supporters are scratching their heads. Gilles Le Gendre, an En Marche MP, says: "Macron's vertical governing style is incompatible with his promise of democratic renewal, which is, by definition, horizontal."

When the youthful technocrat with a gap-toothed smile threw his hat into the ring in November 2016, reaching the presidency was a long shot. Macron had entered politics two years before, when François Hollande, the Socialist president, appointed him as economy minister. Until then, he was an adviser at the Elysée and not much differentiated him from other bright civil servants. Born to middle-class parents in Amiens, a northern town hit by deindustrialisation, he attended Sciences Po and ENA - the elite university gateways to the Parisian establishment, while also studying philosophy on the side. He spent three years as an investment banker at Rothschild, where he developed a network of corporate allies, a taste for bespoke suits, globish financial jargon and a habit of working round the clock - features he has since transposed to the Elysée.

As a minister, Macron caused controversy by taking swipes at sacred socialist cows including the 35-hour work week, and by fighting the Socialist majority to extend Sunday trading. His marriage to Brigitte, his former high-school drama teacher and 24 years his senior, became tabloid fodder. But extraordinary circumstances during the presidential campaign, including a financial scandal that ensnared François Fillon, the frontrunner, helped his cause. The political rookie qualified for the run-off round of the election with 24 per cent of the vote. Two weeks

later, he defeated the far-right candidate, Marine Le Pen, by rallying mainstream voters. "I am the product of a form of brutality of history, I broke in because France was unhappy and worried," he told the press in February.

Macron declined to be interviewed for this article but, according to multiple senior aides, government officials, former campaign staff, parliamentarians and friends interviewed by the FT, he arrived at the Elysée with both a plan and a method of executing it. He is determined to liberalise France's economic model, restore its international standing and profit from a globalised economy undergoing rapid technological change. His approach: a blitzkrieg of legislation. "A sense of urgency dictates the need to carry out reforms in all directions simultaneously and very fast," says one senior presidential adviser who warns that voters should not expect the pace to slow down even if that means eating away political capital. "Taboos won't stop us."

At stake is whether Macron will succeed in re-legitimising the postwar liberal consensus in the eurozone's second-largest economy and, by extension, help contain the populist onslaught on the EU. Surveys suggest most voters back his reforms. Yet his overall approval ratings have fallen below 50 per cent this year. A poll released for the first anniversary of his election showed that Le Pen and far-left candidate Jean-Luc Mélenchon would each get about the same share of the vote as in last year's presidential polls. The president siphoned off wealthy, urban and highly educated voters from mainstream parties with a platform intended to redraw political fault lines. But it's still unclear whether he will be able to lure the working class away from the extremes.

"Macron's election is like Hiroshima year zero," says Laurent Bigorgne, head of Paris-based think-tank Institut Montaigne, who helped set up En Marche. "A nuclear bomb has fallen on French politics and we're still standing in the rubble."

The president's style of governing is forceful and decisive, quick to combat dissent. This was demonstrated when, two months after the explosive 2017 election, top business executives gathered in Aix-en-Provence. A few days earlier, Prime Minister Edouard Philippe had suggested in parliament that Macron's planned tax breaks for investors and businesses would have to be delayed in order to reduce the French deficit.

Finance minister Bruno Le Maire, who - like Philippe - had defected from the centre-right Republican party to join Macron, openly criticised the delay, according to a member of the government. He pushed for slashing the wealth tax even if it meant widening the deficit and causing yet another row with Brussels, according to finance ministry officials. "We can perfectly reduce public spending... and at the same time cut taxes," he told reporters in Aix-en-Provence.

Philippe and Le Maire were summoned to the Elysée the following morning, where Macron was waiting with Elysée secretary-general Alexis Kohler, his trusted number two. According to people who were there, Macron laid down the law, telling the men that all his promised tax breaks would have to be passed in 2017 while the country would also meet the EU deficit rules. He also told them to stop blathering in the press.

"That was gutsy. No one knew if growth would be sustained enough to make it work," says budget minister Gérard Darmanin, who was also in attendance. "But the president was right. Delaying would have had a negative impact on [business] confidence. Fulfilling the pledges had a positive one. It was a good political lesson for me." Last year, France's deficit fell below the 3 per cent EU limit for the first time in a decade.



The Macron circle, from left: Alexis Kohler, Elysée secretary-general; Ismaël Emelien, special adviser; Stanislas Guerini, En Marche MP



Macron at a campaign rally in Paris, April 17 2017

The Macron-Kohler double act is an important part of how the president does business: through a number of powerful lieutenants. “Every time we see the president, Alexis Kohler is there,” says a ministerial aide. An ENA graduate like the president, Kohler is sometimes described as his twin brother and it is his job to execute the presidential programme. Many see him as the effective boss of Bercy, France’s mighty finance ministry. Kohler keeps a firm grip over the administration, which he knows inside out and where he can make or break careers. Over 50 advisers report to him, a dozen of whom are shared with Philippe and attend all meetings arranged by the PM.

Looking guarded in a grey suit, Kohler tells the FT that this set-up is intended to avoid divergences of views. His role, he says in a soft, cautious voice, is “to deliver” and “make sure we do what we said we would do” – a mantra repeated over and over in Macronist circles. “In France, people had gotten used to leaders who would start their term with an audit and end up changing their plans six months later,” he adds.

Only the Green Room – named for its olive tablecloth and curtains – stands between Kohler’s corner office and that of the president. He says the appointment of specialists, rather than politicians, to some of the most important ministerial jobs – labour, education, justice, health – has brought “legitimacy” and “efficiency” to their reforms. It has also brought loyalty to the president: during weekly meetings, officials say that Macron

likes to challenge these government novices who owe him their jobs. They must also send their speeches and interviews to both the Elysée and the PM’s office for review. While the French press typically allows political interviewees to check their quotes pre-publication (not a practice generally accepted in the UK), Les Echos, France’s largest business newspaper, recently refused to publish an interview with the minister of transport, because it had been rewritten beyond recognition.

In previous governments, the number of advisers hired by ministers had swollen into the dozens – typically because they wanted to keep their personal political ambitions close to their chests. Macron and Kohler decided to limit the number to 10. “Like in any large corporation, we decided to cut down the thick layers,” Kohler explains. “We want to empower the administration. Either you trust them and you use them, or you don’t trust them and you change them.”

Macron expects similar loyalty from MPs, most of whom are first-timers, and from the party, now rebranded La République en Marche – republic on the move. “We created a very clear and coherent political platform and a structure to help it win,” a senior presidential adviser says. Old mainstream parties including the Socialists, who were decimated in the last election, started to break away from their leaders because of “disagreements, different currents”. “There’s none of that at En Marche,” he says.

A close aide says Macron, who sleeps four hours a night, “had always had a tendency to control everything.” Other officials ►

‘One needs to be Caesarist or Bonapartist, then you can let go a little at a later stage’

A ministerial aide close to the president



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'Macron said, "Stop taking into account external constraints." We had found someone who could serve as a detonator'

Stanislas Guerini, En Marche MP



Melania and Donald Trump with Brigitte and Emmanuel Macron on the White House lawn, April 23

◀ insist such authority is necessary at the beginning of the presidency. "One needs to be Caesarist or Bonapartist, then you can let go a little at a later stage," says a ministerial aide close to the president. Macron himself recently told literary magazine *New French Review*: "I own the choices that are made, I hate the habit of explaining the rationale of a decision: there's a time for deliberation and a time for decision. They cannot mix."

"[Under Hollande] we were running all day long to stay in the loop," recalls a former Elysée aide who worked with Macron then. "We were in constant crisis mode, fixing things at the last minute." Ministers competed against each other and double-crossed the PM. "Decisions would be overturned, and overturned again," says another aide. "The worm was in the apple from the beginning."

Yet there are downsides to Macron's methods. Staff describe his style of leadership as one that has become so paranoid about rebellion that it exerts excessive pressure and quashes debate. Short-staffed and sleep-deprived advisers struggle to compensate for their ministers' inexperience. An official in one ministry says the centralised organisation "tends to create bottlenecks at the Elysée". When Kohler does make a decision, few dare to appeal it even if they think it is wrong.

Political game-playing is now frowned upon partly because Macron would not have reached power without it. "We're best placed to know how quickly the balance of power can shift," a government adviser says. In 2014, Macron resigned from his job as economic adviser to Hollande because he had been refused a promotion. A few weeks later, he was offered the economy ministry but he soon grew impatient and began plotting a presidential bid.

One Saturday in December 2015, he invited a dozen of his closest advisers for lunch in his apartment, where they discussed possible movement names. En Marche was most praised, according to a person who attended. When the party was launched four months later, Macron assured Hollande that it was meant to help his re-election. After his first political rally in July in Paris, he insisted he had no intention of running for president. "Grotesque. Kisses," read his text message to the Socialist leader, who published it in a revengeful book released last month.

Meeting Macron back then was a revelation for Stanislas Guerini. Now a Paris En Marche MP, the 35-year-old had been part of a group who worked for Dominique Strauss-Kahn, the former Socialist finance minister who sounded the alarm about

France's dysfunctional social mobility a decade before Macron - and whose own ambitions were ended by a sex scandal in 2011.

Guerini recalls that Macron initially wanted to create a foundation, as he dislikes parties as institutions, but his advisers pushed him to create a more structured political platform. Meanwhile, Macron urged them to get rid of their old mindset. "Our experience [with DSK] had taught us that the world was blocked by others; Macron would say, 'Stop taking into account external constraints,'" Guerini recalls. "I thought, 'Wow, this guy is ready.' We had found someone who could serve as a detonator."

Guerini's best friend, Ismaël Emelien, who oversees communications and strategy at the Elysée, was another DSK boy instrumental in Macron's presidential plans. The "special" adviser, 31, was sent by Macron to set up En Marche and witnessed its initial membership surge. On a shelf in Emelien's fourth-floor office - which Macron occupied a few years ago - sits a portrait of the president holding his fist up during a campaign rally.

For Macronists, communication is as essential as execution. While Kohler whips the government into action, Emelien, a taciturn former public-relations executive with dark-rimmed glasses, makes sure the French public knows about it, an aide explains. "Alexis Kohler is the brain, Isma is the one who thinks out of the box," says Jean Pisani-Ferry, the economist who wrote Macron's economic programme. On June 1 last year, when Donald Trump announced his decision to withdraw from the multilateral climate change accord signed in Paris in 2015, Emelien and Macron met to brainstorm a response - short videos in French and in English, according to two people with knowledge of the meeting. On the spur of the moment, the adviser suggested ending with "Make Our Planet Great Again" - a pun on Trump's "Make America Great Again" that was irreverent enough to signal Macron's disagreement.

After testing it with a friend outside the Elysée, the president decided to use it despite possible diplomatic repercussions. The video went viral on social media and became a rallying cry for US environmental activists and companies. The next day, Macron's diplomatic advisers were at a loss, say aides. They feared plans to invite Donald Trump for Bastille Day celebrations the following month would be jeopardised. "We let a few days pass," one recalls. But Macron's move did not alter his relationship with the US president - and even seemed to elicit his respect. Macron added a handwritten note at the bottom of the formal invitation, which, much to diplomats' relief, was promptly accepted. ▶



Marine Le Pen (pictured May 2017) and her far-right Front National party won support from many blue-collar workers last election

'Macronism is a form of corporate management applied to government. Ministers and parliament have little clout'

Luc Rouban, political analyst, Cevipof research institute



Former president François Hollande with Macron in July 2015

◀ Last week, Trump returned the favour by hosting a three-day state visit for his French counterpart that was marked by displays of affection between the two men, including much cheek-kissing, hand-grabbing and back-slapping. The trip was yet another testament to Macron's interpersonal skills with older politicians such as Angela Merkel, the German chancellor, Hollande or the late Socialist PM Michel Rocard.

If you ask him, Emelien refuses to confirm he had the idea for the climate change video ending. Like Kohler, he is the epitome of discretion. Aides say he is in charge of nothing and free to meddle in everything. He and Guerini are part of a group that regards itself as guardians of the Macronist promise, which a top Elysée aide describes as "giving individuals the ability to choose their lives by themselves". Guerini sums it up as a project to reignite "social mobility" centred on "the values of work, the EU, freedom as much as equality, and benevolence".

The hard part for Macron is convincing French voters to embrace a more flexible economy, just as many are demanding more trade barriers and feeling threatened by Muslim immigration. The historian Jean Garrigues says: "There is no Macronism without perpetual movement because its justification is that France has been paralysed for 30 years. Macron senses there's a historic opportunity, enabled by his own political transgression, to help France transition towards a more globalised, automated and flexible society." The bulk of his reforms have centred on making the labour market more flexible, improving workers' skills and reducing discrimination in the workplace. "The notion of work is central to Mr Macron's programme," a close aide says.

But, by the president's own admission, those reforms will take years to significantly lower unemployment, which remains stuck at nearly 9 per cent of the workforce, higher than the euro-zone average. The risk is also that these reforms are perceived as mere alignment with other countries. Meanwhile Macron's grand plans to overhaul the EU to make it more protective of its workers and focused on boosting growth are running into typical Brussels inertia and German prudence. "For now, we're not in an innovative phase," reckons Mathieu Laine, head of London-based think-tank Altermind, who says he regularly exchanges messages with the French president in the dead of night. "He will have to outline a wider long-term vision or else he could end up like Matteo Renzi." The former Italian centre-left reformist prime minister, who reached power in 2014 aged 39, lost to populist parties from the right and left in general elections in March.

Because many of Macron's early measures - including a flat tax on capital gains and lower taxes for the super-rich - are inspired by supply-side theories, they are mostly seen as tilted to the right. A recent bill toughening asylum-seeking rules and legislation boosting police powers to fight terror have reinforced the perception that he leads a party of law and order. A close aide says this is "factually wrong and unfair" - the remnants of an old cleavage soon to be made extinct by a political revolution of which Macron and En Marche are "both the catalyst and product". But even loyalists such as Guerini say he will have to outline a plan for the "most vulnerable" in the second phase of his term.

One year on, Macron's election has failed to eradicate public defiance towards politicians. More than eight out of 10 French voters say the political class does "not pay attention to what they think" while more than two-thirds say they are "in general corrupt" and "look after the rich and powerful", according to a wide-ranging survey by Paris-based research institute Cevipof in December.

"Macronism is a form of corporate management applied to government, it's a system where ministers and parliament have little clout," says Luc Rouban, political analyst at Cevipof. "[It] doesn't address the disconnect with the working class. Blue-collar workers, who voted in larger proportion for Le Pen, are not drawn to Macron. Anger is still there. En Marche doesn't have a network of local elected officials across France and the risk is that this leadership gets even more disconnected."

Cracks are also beginning to appear in the Macronist galaxy between the Elysée and its satellites - the En Marche MPs and party members - as the constant flow of bills rattles unions. Last month, 15 En Marche MPs (out of 312) defied party unity by abstaining or opposing the government bill on immigration because they judged it too tough (the far-right National Front backed some of the more restrictive clauses). Over time, rifts are likely to widen within the disparate group of MPs. About half of the 200,000 or so "marcheurs" who helped during the campaign have become inactive.

Some, like Sarah Oliviero, a Paris entrepreneur, say they are content to have given a hand to get Macron elected and are not looking for more. Others feel left without a proper direction or are disappointed by the centralised organisation of the party. "There's no local structure, no willingness to structure it," says Charles Delavenne, a lawyer in Lille, northern France, who sits on the party's national committee. "The movement brought one man to power, but the whole idea was to feed the presidential project."

Even the most loyal foot soldiers wonder if Macron is willing to build a movement that will outlast him. Guerini says: "Macronism is not just a method. We need to work out exactly what our doctrine is, we need a sort of tool box that will help us define the Macronist answer to issues beyond the presidential programme."

A close aide to the president reckons that "if Macronism is perceived as a form of pragmatism then we are in trouble... We are not going to solve everything by reducing unemployment. We need to address the question of identity, religion, secularity," he says. But this would involve allowing En Marche to free itself from its creator - and for now, Macron and his Elysée crew do not appear inclined to let go. "We've done everything the wrong way round," Le Gendre, the MP, says. "We started with a presidential programme without building a proper doctrine. It's all about the intellectual vision of one man." **FT**

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Anne-Sylvaine Chassany is the FT's Paris bureau chief



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If xenophobia is the poisonous by-product of globalisation resurgent in the UK's political mainstream, then the poet John Agard is the perfect antidote for our times. Born in pre-independence British Guyana, part African-Caribbean, part Portuguese, he hails from what he calls a "cook-up" culture. His very existence - and that of his Queen's Medal-winning work - thumbs a nose at notions of racial and geographical purity.

Cook-up rice is a dish from Guyana. You take oxtail, a chicken leg or tripe - whatever happens to be in the fridge, says Agard. You throw in black-eyed beans and spring onions, add thyme and red chillies. The mixture beds down on rice simmered in the milk of a freshly cracked coconut. The result is a rich risotto (richer still if left a day). Each ingredient makes its dynamic contribution, however trampled on by history. It is, he says, the culinary embodiment of the Caribbean.

I have tracked Agard down in Lewes, East Sussex, where - at one point as my neighbour - he has lived for the past 30 years. I am intrigued to hear what he makes of the latest convulsions in Westminster. The prime minister, Theresa May, has come under fire (along with home

secretary Amber Rudd, who resigned last Sunday) for creating a "hostile environment" for immigrants - both legal and illegal - in order to meet deportation targets. This has resulted in heartless treatment (chronicled first by Amelia Gentleman in *The Guardian*) of some of the West Indians who began arriving at Tilbury Docks in 1948 on the Empire Windrush, answering a call to fill the labour shortage in postwar Britain.

Despite having lived legally in the UK, many of the Windrush pioneers do not have the required paperwork to meet stringent new conditions to prove they are legal citizens. Harried by rules set by May when she was home secretary, they have lost jobs, been denied medical treatment and been evicted from their homes. In some cases they have been incarcerated prior to deportation to islands they barely know.

Agard hates to boil things down to formula, so he avoids clichés about the rich contribution that the West Indian diaspora has made to British society. He personally did not travel to the UK to drive a bus, work on the Underground or nurse the NHS; he was already a poet when he flew in from Georgetown, the capital of Guyana, in 1977 with his wife, the equally accomplished poet

Grace Nichols, and their daughter Leslie. They were visiting his father who had come to London in Windrush times, working for years at the central post office off Trafalgar Square.

The scandal has inflicted a sense of injury in Britain's wider West Indian community, whose place in the fabric of contemporary Britain has been unravelled by the state. But Agard turns the injury on its head. "I call no names. The stone cast will be wrapped in velvet," he says, in a typically elliptical phrase delivered in his still pronounced West Indian accent. "The point is that Albion has mutilated its own limb by questioning citizenship that was already lovingly earned."

He is still more lyrical in response to another Windrush question, producing a sonnet he has penned specially for the occasion (printed overleaf). It echoes verses he voiced during a BBC residency in the late 1990s when, at a televised reunion on Tilbury Docks, he met a man called Vince Reid who, at 13, had been the youngest passenger on the original Windrush journey. The older Reid bent down to kiss the concrete.

Agard, 68, has used alchemy in a melting pot of language for more than 40 years now. In his published poetry he is as comfortable in the guise of the 12th-century Jewish physician ►

'Britain doesn't know how blessed it is'

The award-winning Guyanese-born poet John Agard talks to *William Wallis* about race, globalisation and falling under the spell of the 'fairy of language'. Portraits by *Jack Latham*

Plus his exclusive poem on the Windrush scandal





Some of the first immigrants from Jamaica arriving at Tilbury Docks on board the Empire Windrush, June 1948

◀ and philosopher Maimonides - or indeed the Devil - as he is bending low like a limbo dancer. In person, too, he leaps from one persona to another across centuries, speaking in a dialogue of riddle and rhyme.

One minute he is impersonating Christopher Columbus, the next Alexander Pushkin (using lines from a one-man show he is developing about the Russian poet, whose great-grandfather was a freed African slave brought up in the household of Tsar Peter the Great). "I love entering another persona, distancing myself from myself," he says.

On cue, he takes on the voice of a chorus of microbes from a poem he wrote for the BBC some years ago, inspired by news of research into the weakened immune systems of young generations sheltered from bacterial storms:

*"We'll catch you and catch you soon.
You there in your squeaky clean zone
We're nestling in your mobile phone."*

In a jibe at politicians, and perhaps journalists too, Agard then makes a bigger point about how language is used and abused. This may partly explain a long-standing reluctance to be interviewed. "Poetry isn't distorting language with a perfidious agenda, appropriating or

misappropriating words such that 'carnage' becomes 'collateral damage'. Poetry dares to enter the complex core of the human being," he says, underlining the point with a quote from the 19th-century American poet Emily Dickinson: "Tell all the truth but tell it slant."

Telling it slant is what he does in answer to my next question about globalisation. Instead of killing the moment with talk of Brexit, he declaims another poem from a new collection he has written, which looks askance at multiracial London through the eyes of a "Little Green Man" who arrives at Heathrow in a uniquely green minority of one.

Encountering a supermarket for the first time, the Little Green Man is entranced by "European Iceberg lettuces chilling in diasporic proximity to lady fingers of sub-continental pedigree". He encounters "a jet-lagged Kenyan runner bean, catching up in a wordless long distance one to one with a local, shire-born British spring onion".

Assembled on the shelves, this multitude of vegetables from all over the planet is comfortable sharing the same patch. With theatrical gravitas, Agard calls them "much-travelled, recumbent ambassadors that can bridge millennia as well as distance", mute testament to the thrill of

diversity. Then he whips me across to the other side of Lewes high street to sink a lunchtime pint of Guinness at a pub called The Rights of Man. "Bless the leprechauns!" he chuckles, with a nod to a different kind of little green man.

The Rights of Man is named after the radical 1791 treatise written in defence of the French revolution by an illustrious former resident of Lewes: Tom Paine. Agard himself ended up in this town in the Sussex Downs as a result of the kindness of strangers, he says. An introduction at a poetry reading at the London home of John La Rose, the Trinidadian poet and activist, found him on the train south, flitting past East Croydon, Gatwick, the town of Haywards Heath and on towards the coast - he remembers that first journey well.

At first he, Grace and Leslie (then a toddler) were guests in an attic room in the house of a German professor of Caribbean literature, Reinhard Sander. They liked Lewes so much they never left. "We never knew Lewes existed. The town found us," he says, calling it a place that "bubbles with creative and subversive talent... Under its scenic and sedate surface, the ghost of Tom Paine is alive and well."

Half-pint in hand, he zooms back further to tell the story of his first published poem. He was

“Windrush Postscript” by John Agard

Call them Windrush pilgrims, pioneers,
or simply the followers of a leap of faith
when dreams were coloured red white and blue
and Tilbury Docks signalled hope renewed.
But Red rewinds the mind to forgotten colonies
that once bled for a sceptered isle overseas.
White points to the page that fiddled a continent.
Blue for the sky that surveys all without judgment.
These mostly trilbyed Windrush newcomers
were supposed to survive only one winter.
Seventy winters later, that Windrush word
returns to haunt Britain’s tribal corridors.
Which leads one to ask by way of postscript:
have they forgotten the ship in citizenship?

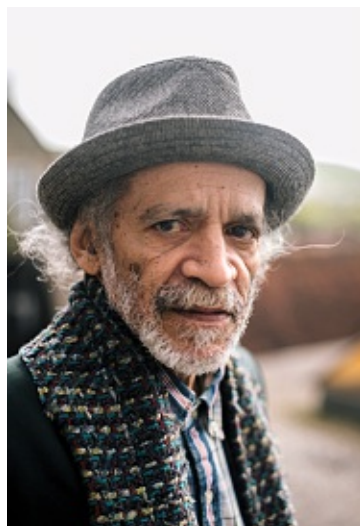
sitting an English literature exam at the Jesuit boys school he attended in Georgetown. The subject was Wordsworth’s “Tintern Abbey”, which the rebellious 16-year-old Agard had not yet read.

“If you haven’t read the text, you can’t bluff,” he says. Instead he wrote a poem on the back of the exam paper about being imprisoned in a classroom. His teacher, freshly graduated from Oxford and doing voluntary service overseas, ticked him off. But he liked the poem so much he published it in a new Xeroxed magazine, *Expression*, that became home to the first writing of aspiring Georgetown poets.

Five of the teenagers who filled its pages are now published writers. Another is a linguistics professor in the US. “It’s amazing how people went on to shine,” says Agard, enthusing about how life-changing imaginative teachers can be.

His fascination with language was, he says, first encouraged when he was 13 by a Jesuit Scottish monk, who taught him Chaucer and Shakespeare, played dictionary games and made transistor radios in soap dishes. “The fairy of language cast her spell,” he says.

That love of wordplay evolved while listening to the cricket commentary of John Arlott, a presenter on *Test Match Special* with a poetic gift for encapsulating the moment. In 1975, Arlott



Above and preceding pages:
John Agard photographed
in Lewes, East Sussex, in April

described a shot by the legendary West Indies captain Clive Lloyd as “the stroke of a man knocking a thistle top off with a walking stick”.

Agard’s sense of rhythm was drummed in by the hip-twisting, word-bending calypso culture around him. He calls calypso “the people’s newspaper”, where calypsonians “employ devices of poetry crafted on a page, whether that device is innuendo, ambiguity or a straight-for-the-jugular rhyme”. Another influence was theatre. For a junior troupe, he played Captain Hook in *Peter Pan*, Bottom in *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*, and the white rabbit in *Alice in Wonderland*. (Something of all three roles still inhabits him.)

After playing these characters, he wanted to be an actor, to the disapproval of his mother, who pointed out that he would make more money in a bank. “Acting is a hobby,” she said. So Agard replied that he would be a poet instead. “Poetry is a hobby too,” she replied.

She was wrong about the latter. To this day, both Agard’s and his wife Grace’s poetry are included on GCSE syllabus. Tens of thousands of UK teenagers have encountered their verse, and the performances they give as part of the school touring programme Poetry Live! “Sometimes they get coached in, in their hundreds, looking a bit iffy about it all. It lifts your heart to see them leave all excited,” he says of the pupils.

Agard lives poetry - and lives from it. In turn his poems come most alive emerging from his own throat - with breaths syncopated to the words, rolling eyes and dancing hands. Even his beard, now wispy and white, plays a moving part.

His award-winning first collection, *Man to Pan* (1982) has anger in it, as well as recipes:

*First rape a people
simmer for centuries*

*bring memories to boil
foil voice of drum*

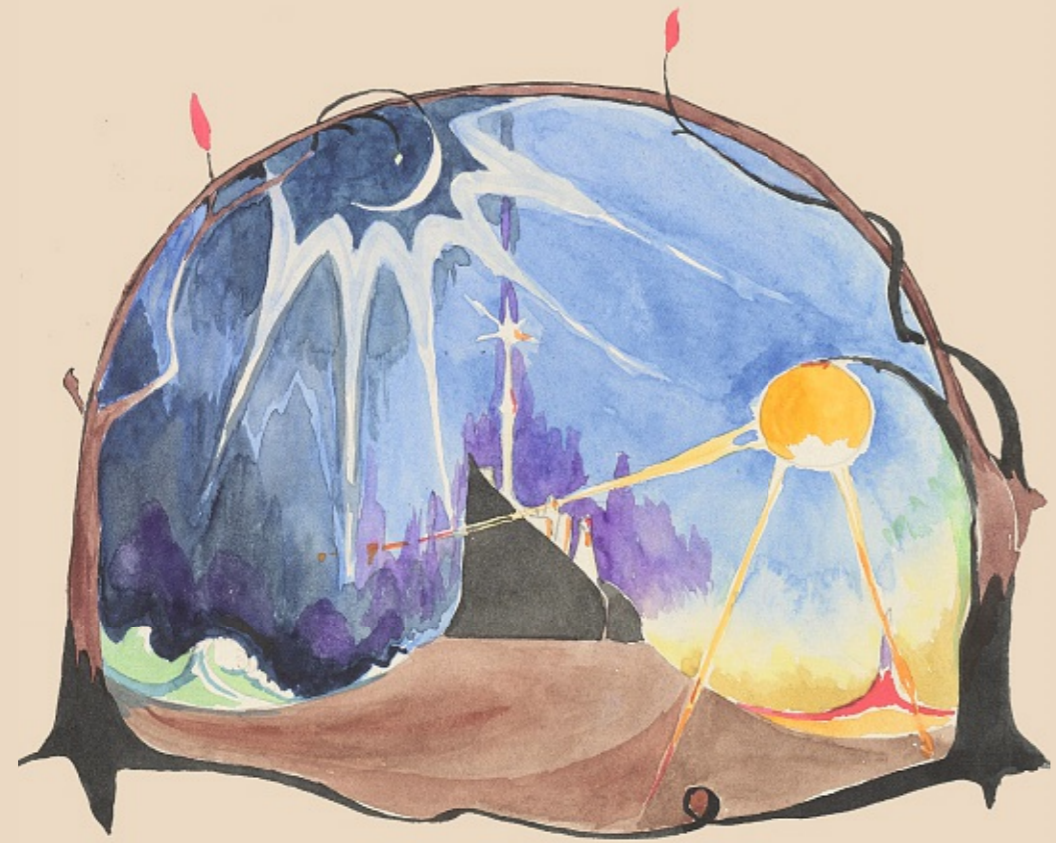
*add pinch of pain
to rain of rage...*

In later poetry, that sense of anger is overcome by sharpening wit. We end, however, on a more sober, sombre note. “Britain doesn’t know how blessed it is. In being a fine example of a cook-up culture, it takes a leaf out of the Caribbean cookbook that has transcended historical trauma” he says. “But Britain has still to develop a cook-up psyche. We are not there yet. You wouldn’t have this Windrush thing if we were.”

I ask him how he thinks attitudes to race have changed since Windrush days, and in the 31 years since he settled in the UK. “At that time, the other could be perceived as exotic, the breezy newcomer from far-flung colonies,” he says, adding with a hint of comic menace: “Now with genetic probing you might find the ‘other’ has taken up residence in your bloodstream.”

On that note, he slips off to a play rehearsal. I am left thinking: if Agard had not already been forged in the roller-coaster aftermath of empire, there would be an urgent need for society to invent someone like him. **FT**

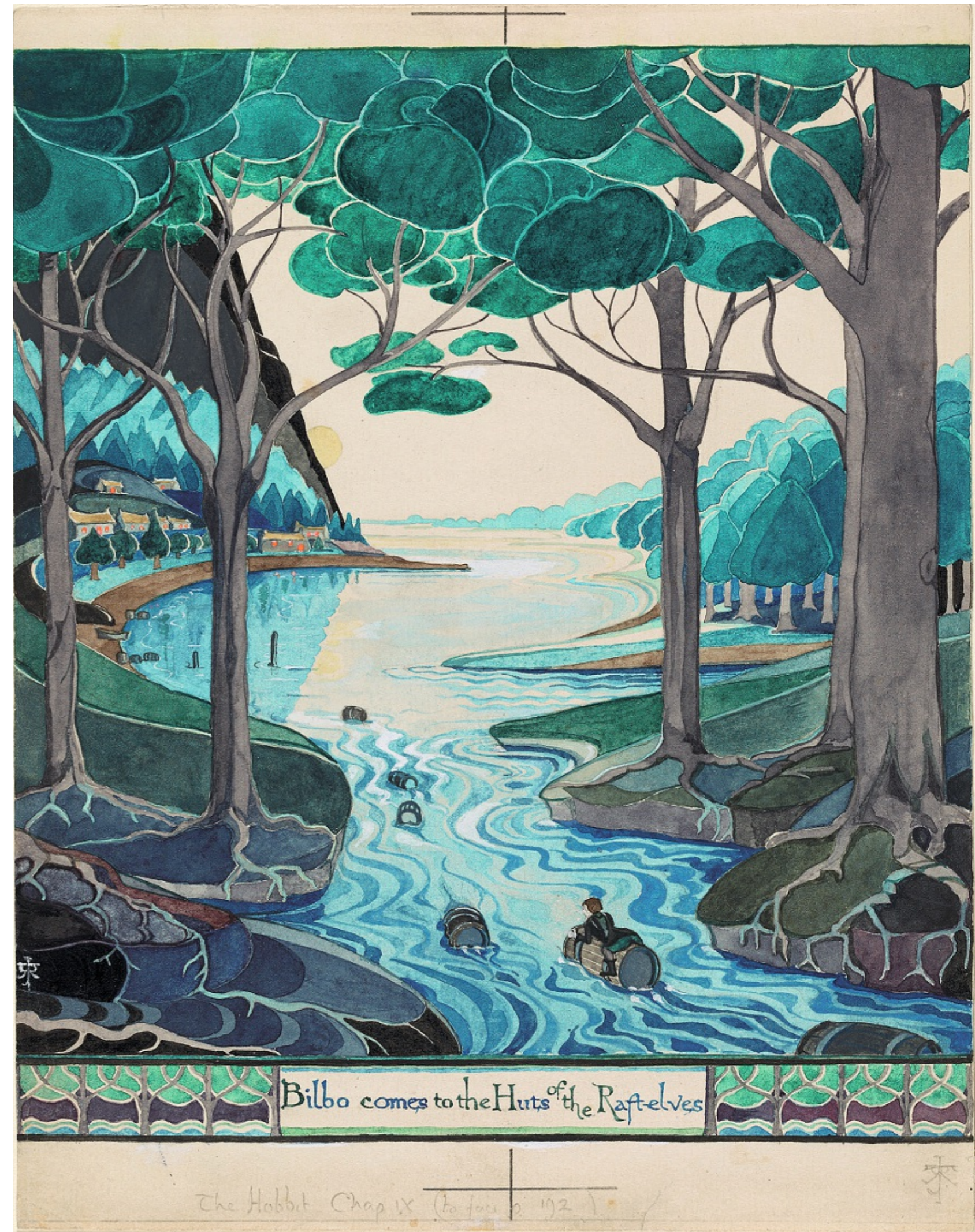
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William Wallis is an FT leader writer



The man who made Middle-earth

From belts and buckles to the length of a hobbit's stride, JRR Tolkien designed his fantasy world down to the tiniest detail. As the Bodleian Library opens its archive for the first major exhibition of his work in a quarter of a century, *Horatia Harrod* explores a fully imagined universe

Above: "The Shores of Faery", which Tolkien painted in 1915 while still a student at Oxford University
Right: "Bilbo Comes to the Huts of the Raft-elves" (c1937), an illustration for the first edition of *The Hobbit*





JRR Tolkien built a universe on a scrap of paper. On yellowing pages of broadsheet newspapers, next to completed cryptic crosswords, advertisements for houses for sale and small-scale stories of human tragedy ("Boy, 7, sat on baby sister"), the author of perhaps the most influential fantasy novels ever written made swirling designs in ballpoint pen - fronds of unknown plants, teardrops of paisley and geometric patterns.

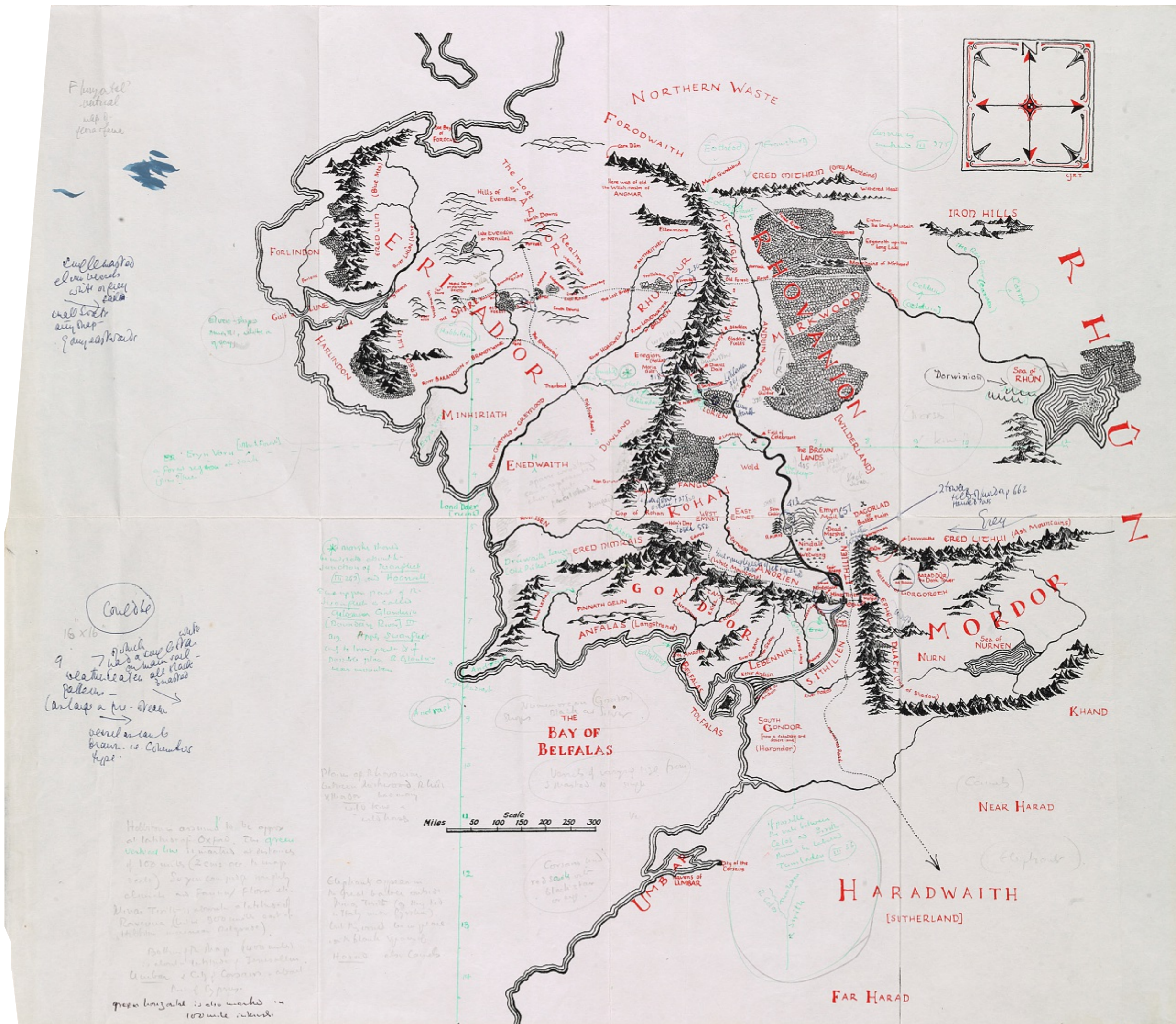
Idle doodles - except that the ones he liked most would be transferred to better paper, and identified as the decorative elements (ceramics, carpets, belt clasps) of imagined civilisations. College dinner menus, graph paper, spare exam sheets, stray envelopes: all the ephemera available to an Oxford don would eventually be colonised by maps of Middle-earth, sketches of looming fortresses and delicate Elvish devices.

From these marginalia, Tolkien would produce some of the most commercially successful novels of all time, and in the process shape a genre. As the late Terry Pratchett, author of the *Discworld* series, said: "Most modern fantasy just rearranges the furniture in Tolkien's attic." From the hippies who warmed to the mellow vibe of the hobbits' Shire and bought badges reading "Gandalf for President", to the teenagers who first met his work in 2001 following the release of Peter Jackson's billion-plus-grossing film adaptations, to the lovers of the arcane discussing the intricacies of *The Silmarillion* at gatherings known as "moots", Tolkien has found followers in every generation since he was first published.

In his lifetime, Tolkien's fame rested almost entirely on four books: *The Hobbit* (1937) and the three volumes of *The Lord of the Rings* (1954-55). And yet, iceberg-like, these were only the visible manifestations of a vast underlying mythology. A 48-line poem, "The Voyage of Eärendel the Evening Star", is the earliest evidence we have of the birth of this new world, composed in September 1914, just as the old world was in the first throes of tearing itself apart (a neat symmetry, although Tolkien resisted any allegorical reading of his work). Tolkien was then 22, a student at Oxford; in 1916 he would go to the Front, later invalided out from the Somme with trench fever.

In the years since Tolkien's death in 1973, Christopher, the third of his four children, has edited and brought to publication dozens more of his father's stories. At the Bodleian Library in Oxford, meanwhile, there are 500 boxes filled with Tolkien's letters, photographs, hand-drawn maps, watercolours, notebooks and typeset pages. As a scholar of Old and Middle English, which Tolkien taught at Oxford for more than 30 years, he knew the value of solid documentary evidence. Next to nothing, it seems, was thrown away.

His papers are among the Bodleian's most precious possessions, kept in a strongroom two floors beneath street level, along with Shelley's ►



Above: Tolkien in 1955
Right: his annotated map of Middle-earth, made in the late 1960s

◀ death mask and papyri from Herculaneum that survived the eruption of Vesuvius. Down here, everything is fireproofed, but this room in particular is abutted by an antechamber filled with six huge canisters of halon gas, an extra precaution to keep these precious artefacts safe.

"You [would] want to exit the strongroom quite quickly after that," says Catherine McIlwaine, who has looked after the Tolkien collections for the past 15 years. A few years ago she became the official Tolkien archivist, but demurs when asked about her grand title.

"I don't feel like I am an expert on Tolkien," she says, in a hushed library voice. "There are people who have devoted a lot of time to the languages and the landscapes, and others to his academic work. But he does feel like a person I know, not a person I've never met. After all this time, he does feel very real to me."

McIlwaine is one of the few people conversant with the Tolkien archive. Even academic researchers are only permitted to see about half of the manuscript material, because of conservation issues and "family sensitivities" over the personal papers. But at the beginning of June, more than 200 items will go on display at the Bodleian, the first large-scale show of Tolkien's work for more than 25 years.

"It's been so long since we had a Tolkien exhibition, so it was a great opportunity to get this out for a whole new generation," says McIlwaine, as she straightens a well-worn map made from several sheets of paper fastened together with parcel tape. This is the first map of Middle-earth - a priceless document that Tolkien consulted throughout the 12 years he was writing *The Lord of the Rings*. My own childhood copy of the trilogy was a cheap paperback edition in which a version of this map was reproduced in micro-font, the mountains as tiny as anthills; yet I knew that topography better than I know any real place today, in the age of Google Maps.

On the table in front of us is a panoply of items, ranging from the young Tolkien's surreal early watercolours, in which he attempted to pin down abstract feelings in visionary images, to the humble notebooks in which he wrote the first of his tales of *The Silmarillion*, a work that was only published four years after his death, but which preoccupied him for most of his life. There are fan letters from Iris Murdoch, a 19-year-old Terence Pratchett and WH Auden - who was utterly absorbed by *The War of the Ring* (the original title for the final volume of *The Lord of the Rings*) but regretted that Tolkien had not included more "cats, cows, hens, ducks etc... You're so good about the vegetable world that one wonders what you would have done with the animals." More is coming too - McIlwaine has arranged for loans to arrive from Marquette University, a Catholic university in Wisconsin, to which Tolkien sold his manuscripts and drafts of *The Hobbit* and *The Lord of the Rings* in 1957, for £1,500.

Nothing in Tolkien's universe went unconsidered. One of the loans from Marquette is a small piece of paper headed "Hobbit Long Measures", which begins with the approximate size of a hobbit's toenail - half an inch - and extrapolates from that the likely size of the creature's foot, length of its stride and the amount of ground it might cover in a day. "He didn't want there to be any unbelievable facts within his world," says McIlwaine. "It had to be a completely believable reality."

Tolkien himself spoke of "discovering" rather than "inventing" the stuff of his books, suggesting a more elastic sense of reality than many of us possess. "The notion that motor-cars are more 'alive' than, say, centaurs or dragons is curious," he wrote in his 1939 lecture "On Fairy-Stories". "For my part, I cannot convince myself that the roof of Bletchley station is more 'real' than the clouds. And as an artefact I find it less inspiring than the legendary dome of heaven."

It all began with the word. Born in 1892 and orphaned by the time he was 12, Tolkien started to invent languages at a young age; as he grew older, they became more sophisticated, with intricately thought-out grammars and alphabets. In time, the most fully realised of these would be the Elvish tongues he created, Quenya and Sindarin, which were the foundations of many of the stories that followed.

The exhibition includes a piece of paper titled "Tree of Tongues" dating from c1930-37, in which Tolkien charted the imagined evolution of his languages, all of which derive from Valarin, spoken by godlike spirits called the Ainur. "Once he had these, he thought, 'I've got languages and a people to speak them,'" says McIlwaine. "Now



Clockwise from below: Tolkien's future wife Edith in 1906, three years before they first met; his illustrations "Eeriness" (c1914) and "The Fair Valley of Rivendell" (c1937); a mocked-up page of "The Book of Mazarbul" made in the 1940s; doodles on a 1960 edition of *The Times*



'He didn't want there to be any unbelievable facts... It had to be a completely believable reality'

Catherine McIlwaine, Tolkien archivist



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they have to have myths and stories and legends in those languages, otherwise the languages are dead and don't mean anything."

This belief in the inextricable link between language and culture was thoroughgoing for a man who still mourned the Norman conquest of 1066 and the indelible corruptions it had wreaked on the English language. In 1956, Tolkien drafted a letter in which he argued that Esperanto, the language invented in the late 19th century with the aim of uniting mankind, was doomed to fail "because [its] authors never invented any Esperanto legends". For his part, he desired "to restore to the English an epic tradition and present them with a mythology of their own".

The depth of Tolkien's mythology has created expectations of fantasy fiction that few others have matched. When George RR Martin, creator of the world of *Game of Thrones*, inserted half a dozen words of made-up "High Valyrian" into one of his books, he was startled to receive a letter from a reader asking for a dictionary of the language.

Yet there is an alternate universe in which the stories of Middle-earth might have remained known only to Tolkien's immediate circle of friends and family. "He pursued the mythology from his teenage years through to the end of his life, regardless of whether anybody wanted to read it or thought it was publishable," says McIlwaine.

It was almost by chance that *The Hobbit* ended up finding a publisher. One of Tolkien's students told a friend who worked at George Allen & Unwin that her professor had written a "frightfully good" story, and that she ought to get hold of a copy. "You can see from the [publisher's] ledgers that Tolkien is quite unusual, because he doesn't have an agent, and his work was read by at least three readers; usually it was just one and they would make a decision," says McIlwaine. "So they were obviously thinking, 'This is outside our market, but we like it.'"

McIlwaine points out detailed watercolour illustrations that Tolkien made as he wrote *The Lord of the Rings*: the golden flowers of "The Forest of Lothlórien in Spring", a depiction of Sauron's fortress with every brick minutely delineated. These, she says, were never intended for publication. He was uncertain of his skill as an artist, referring to his work as "amateurish", "defective" and "indifferent". He provided illustrations for *The Hobbit*, but perhaps regretted it. Two years after its publication, he suggested that "Fantasy is a thing best left to words, to true literature... Literature works from mind to mind and is thus more progenitive. It is at once more universal and more poignantly particular."

No sooner had Tolkien finished a draft than he would begin to rewrite it; he laboured over a translation of "Beowulf" for six years before setting it aside (it was eventually published in 2014). Christopher Wiseman, one of Tolkien's three closest friends from his Birmingham school days (and the only one to survive the first world war), diagnosed the problem. "The completed work is vanity; the process of the working is everlasting," he wrote in a letter to Tolkien. "Why these creatures live to you is because you are still creating them."

This will be the first exhibition at the Bodleian to be ticketed. McIlwaine knows of people who have booked their flights from Brazil and California solely to see it. The thirst for Tolkien's productions appears to be unquenchable. Last November, Amazon Studios signed a \$250m deal to make a television series of *The Lord of the Rings* - it is thought that costs for the five seasons could reach \$1bn - and there are two Tolkien biopics currently in production. The books, meanwhile, keep on arriving; last month, the 93-year-old Christopher Tolkien announced that *The Fall of Gondolin*, an expanded version of a story told in *The Silmarillion*, would be published in August.

After leaving the Bodleian, I take a short bus ride to Wolvercote Cemetery. Small signs direct you to the quietest part of the burial ground, where Tolkien's grave is marked with a squat granite tombstone. He is buried with his wife, Edith; beneath her name is inscribed the name "Lúthien", the loveliest of elf-maidens in *The Silmarillion*, and below his the name "Beren", her mortal lover. Tolkien told Christopher that those names meant more to him "than a multitude of words". This corner of Oxford will remain forever Middle-earth. FT

"Tolkien: Maker of Middle-earth" is at the Bodleian Library, Oxford, June 1-October 28; tolkien.bodleian.ox.ac.uk



NUCLEAR REACTIONS

Between 1979 and 1982, the celebrated photographer of the American west Robert Adams captured people living in the shadow of the Rocky Flats nuclear weapons plant near Denver, Colorado. In the shopping malls and parking lots of the city, he observed how, faced with a known but invisible danger, the "individuals with whom we live" went about their everyday lives. "Plutonium," he wrote in his introduction to the series published in 1983, "...is among the most toxic elements known [and] ignites spontaneously in contact with moist air..."

Though citizen protest led to the closing of the plant in 1989, the peril of nuclear weapons is still very much with us. Looking at the pictures today, the American curator Joshua Chuang writes, "What seems noteworthy now are the acts – however small and fleeting – of concern, tenderness and care for our fellow human beings."





These photographs appear in "Hope Is a Risk That Must Be Run", published in 2018 by Hartmann (hartmannprojects.com), for the exhibition at "Fondation A Stichting", Brussels, January-March 2018 and Fondation Henri Cartier-Bresson, Paris, May 16-July 29 2018. The photographs were first published in "Our Lives and Our Children" (Aperture, 1983), republished by Steidl, 2017, and in "No Small Journeys" (Matthew Marks Gallery, 2003). All images © Robert Adams, Courtesy Fraenkel Gallery, San Francisco and Matthew Marks Gallery, New York.





Honey & Co Recipes



Killer filler

We don't get to travel as much as we'd like. Life in a restaurant is a lot of fun but it's difficult for us to go away for more than a few days at a time. On the upside, the world comes to us. Every night at the restaurant we see people from all over the globe. Moreover, we have representatives from every continent in our team, each bringing us a taste of their culture. Our Japanese pastry chef Ayako brings us weird and wonderful treats from her homeland - green-tea chocolates, and red-bean paste in a sweet crisp shell that took some getting used to. Paulo always brings us boxes of baroque delicacies from Sicily, such as sweet and fudgy almond creams or bright green pistachio cakes. Our waiter George brought us homemade Bulgarian wine, exploding with the flavour of fresh fruit and transporting us to bountiful Balkan vineyards with every sip.

Our Argentine chef Maria Paz introduced us to alfajores cookies. Whenever she returns home or when someone comes to visit, we receive a beautifully decorated box that looks as if it should contain expensive cigars but is actually home to these extravagant treats: two sandy-coloured, melt-in-the-mouth cookies sandwiched together with a thick layer of dulce de leche, enrobed in either dark chocolate, white-sugar icing or coconut flakes. You can easily imagine yourself under vast Argentine skies on a warm night tucking into an asado dinner, getting more than a bit tipsy on Malbec and savouring one of these biscuits for dessert - just a few bites of something sweet, intense and special.

We got so hooked on these cookies we didn't want to wait for the next shipment, so we bake our own now - taste-bud travellers that we are. Dulce de leche is not hard to come by but it is quite fun to make your own. Take care not to overbake the cookies - if they get too hard, the filling will burst out as you bite in. **FT**

By Sarit Packer and Itamar Srulovich
honeyandco@ft.com

Alfajores-inspired cookies

To make 11-12 sandwich cookies (ie 22-24 single shortbreads)

To make your own dulce de leche, submerge a tin of condensed milk in plenty of water. Bring to a boil, reduce the heat and simmer gently for four hours. You need to make sure to keep the water topped up at all times, and then allow it to cool entirely before you open the tin, so it's best to start this the day before.

- 1 (397ml) tin of condensed milk (cooked and cooled as above) or shop-bought caramel or dulce de leche, also chilled in the fridge
- Desiccated coconut for rolling
- 100g melted dark chocolate for dipping

For the shortbread cookies

- 125g butter
- 90g caster sugar
- Yolk of 1 large egg
- Zest of 1 lemon
- 130g plain flour
- ¼ tsp bicarbonate of soda
- 150g cornflour
- Pinch of salt
- ½ tsp baking powder
- 1 tbs brandy
- 1 tsp vanilla essence

1 — Cream the butter and sugar until light and fluffy using an electric mixer with a paddle attachment. Add the egg yolk and combine, then add the flour and bicarbonate of soda and mix. Add the rest of the ingredients and then work it all together to form a nice smooth dough ball. Remove the dough from the machine and wrap in cling film. Set it aside for 30 minutes to rest - but don't put it in the fridge.

2 — Heat your oven to 160C (fan). Line two flat baking trays with baking paper. Roll out the dough carefully, using a little cornflour or plain flour to stop it from sticking (it is a very fragile dough, so you may find it easier to roll between sheets of baking paper). Cut out even-sized circles, then roll out the trimmings again and repeat until you have 22-24 rounds.

3 — Place them on the baking tray, with a little room between each one (they don't really spread, so no need to space them out too much). Put them in the oven for 10-12 minutes, until they set a little but are still quite pale. Remove from the oven and leave in the tray or on a rack to cool.

4 — Open the tin of cooked condensed milk/ caramel or the jar of dulce de leche and scoop a generous spoonful on to a cookie, top with another to form a closed sandwich and press very gently so the caramel filling pushes out to the edges. Place the desiccated coconut on a flat plate and then roll the rim of half the filled cookies around the plate to coat the caramel. Dip the rest of the cookies halfway in the melted chocolate. Return them to the tray to set.

Store the cookies in the fridge. They will keep well for a couple of days.





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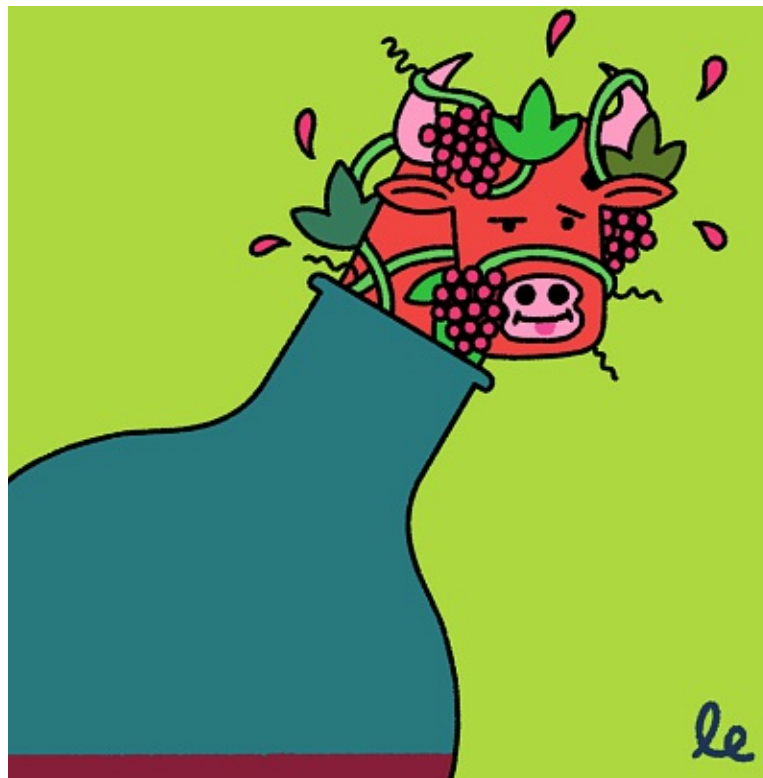
Garlands for Garnacha

The International Organisation of Wine and Vine (known as OIV, short for its French name) is good at gathering statistics. It recently released a comparison of the major wine-producing countries and the range of different grape varieties grown in each, with some surprising results. Italy, for instance, is a riot of local colour in grape varietal terms. Its most planted grape variety, Sangiovese, comprises a mere 8 per cent of the country's total vineyard area; some 80 different varieties make up three-quarters of all vines planted. France's most common vine is Merlot but it is found in only 14 per cent of the French *vignoble*.

But the picture is strikingly different in Spain, the world's other big wine producer. A full 43 per cent of vines planted in the country with the world's biggest vineyard area is represented by just two varieties - Tempranillo and Airen - in almost equal amounts. This is extraordinary, really. Not least because Garnacha (as the Grenache of the southern Rhône is known in its homeland) and Bobal, dark-skinned grapes that used to dominate Spanish vineyards, nowadays represent just 6 per cent each of the country's vines.

The light-skinned Airen, much of it used for brandy, was for decades recognised as the world's most-planted variety, or at least the one planted on the biggest area of vineyard. (Area of vineyard is the easiest varietal statistic to measure - you don't have to count the vines, and the amount of wine produced every year varies enormously.) This is partly because Airen is the characteristic variety of the plains of La Mancha, countryside so dry that vines there have to be planted far apart to take advantage of what moisture there is in the ground.

It is not that long ago that Garnacha was Spain's most planted red-wine variety. Perhaps because of this, Spanish wine producers never seemed to



As imagined by Leillo

Some exciting Spanish grapes

- Albillo
 - Bobal
 - Cariñena (Carignan)
 - Garnacha (Grenache)
 - Godello
 - Graciano
 - Juan García
 - Listán Prieto
 - Macabeo/Viura (Macabeu)
 - Mencía
 - Merseguera
 - Monastrell (Mourvèdre)
 - Prieto Picudo
 - Sumoll
 - Xarello
- Recommended examples**
- Alto de Trevejos 2015 Abona (Listán Blanco/Malvasia blend)
 - Agustí Torelló, Cantallops d'AT Roca 2016 Penedès (Xarello)
 - Mustiguillo, Finca Calvestra 2014 Vino de España (Merseguera) £21.25, Prohibition Wines
 - Rafael Palacios, As Sortes 2016 Valdeorras (Godello); about £40, various UK retailers
 - Daniel Gómez Jiménez-Landi, El Reventón 2015 Vino de la Tierra Castilla y León (Garnacha)
 - Casa Castillo, El Molar 2016 Jumilla (Garnacha), £18.20, Bottle Apostle
 - Compañía de Vinos del Atlantico, Sierra de la Demanda 2014 Rioja (75% Garnacha, 20% Tempranillo, 5% Viura)
 - Artuke, La Condénada 2016 Rioja (80% Tempranillo plus Garnacha, Graciano and Palomino); about £45, Old Chapel Cellars, The Sampler
 - Dominio de Atauta, Llanos del Almendro 2012 Ribera del Duero (Tempranillo)
 - Demencia de Autor 2012 Bierzo (Mencia); £31.99, The Winery
 - Torres, Grans Muralles 2011 Conca de Barberà (46% Cariñena, 29% Garnacha, 17% Querol, 5% Monastrell, 3% Garró) £73.50 Hedonism (2009)
 - Mas Doix 2014 Priorat (55% Cariñena, 45% Garnacha); £300 for six bottles Corney & Barrow (2009)



accord it the respect it deserves. Tempranillo, the dominant grape of Rioja and Ribera del Duero, the two classic red-wine regions of Spain, was systematically regarded as superior - and indeed is responsible for many a great, long-lived Rioja, as I will be describing next week. As its name suggests, Tempranillo, derived from *temprano*, or early, ripens considerably before Garnacha and tends to flower more successfully, so can yield a decent crop.

In very general, tactlessly French terms, Tempranillo produces wines with a similar structure to red Bordeaux, while Garnacha is paler and sweeter, reminiscent of Burgundy or southern Rhône.

'There are signs of change in how the variety is viewed. Ambitious, sophisticated Garnachas are proliferating'

One other attribute of Garnacha is its resistance to the vine-trunk diseases that are currently ravaging the world's vineyards, which means that the average age of Garnacha vines is relatively high. Old vines, if tended carefully, generally produce more interesting and intense wines than young ones, but in smaller quantity. The reduced crop - and historic low esteem - may have been factors in the alacrity with which Spanish vine growers seem to have accepted subsidies to pull up vines as part of the EU's attempts to reduce surplus wine production. This is presumably part of the explanation for the dramatic reduction in Garnacha plantings.

Barossa Valley, California and South Africa all have initiatives in place to value and preserve old vines. It would be wonderful if such a thing could be organised in Spain, before more of them disappear.

Garnacha is thought to have originated in the northern ►

◀ province of Aragon, between Rioja and Catalunya in wine geographical terms. When the variety's reputation was at its lowest ebb, it was relatively easy to find great-value reds made from old Garnacha vines in such Aragonese denominations as Campo de Borja, Calatayud and Cariñena.

Prices may rise, however: for the past few years there have been signs of revisionism in how Garnacha is viewed by Spanish winemakers. Ambitious, sophisticated Garnachas are proliferating not just in Aragon and next-door Navarra, but even in Rioja, Spain's most classical wine region.

One cult wine region that is hanging its fashionable hat on Garnacha is the Gredos mountains, west of Madrid, where old vines, minuscule yields and local slate and schist are resulting in particularly fine, delicate wines that are almost Burgundian. Leading producers include Bernabeleva, Comando G, Daniel Gómez Jiménez-Landi, Marañones and the peripatetic Telmo Rodríguez.

For his Frontonio label, Fernando Mora is also fixated on old-vine Garnacha, in this case based in Aragon. "We have some of the best Garnacha in the world and yet Gredos is more famous," he told me, with some exasperation. But he is used to a fight. Ten years ago, as a 25-year-old mechanical engineer, he started experimental winemaking with zero experience but utter determination. After soaking up knowledge all over the wine world, he became a full-time winemaker,

passing the killer Master of Wine exams in record time (and in a foreign language) last year.

The vineyards he depends on are north-facing and high-altitude (common themes among new-wave winemakers seeking out the country's coolest spots for successful grape ripening). And, as elsewhere, winemaking methods exhibit a return to tradition. "We've established our own winery now for the future but we're making wine as in the past," Mora explained.

Both he and Dani Landi, who I met in London to taste his latest Gredos Garnachas, mentioned Château Rayas, the exceptionally limpid, multilayered (and expensive) Châteauneuf-du-Pape, as their model - which makes me wonder why more producers in this most famous of southern Rhône appellations don't emulate Rayas.

Mora observed that "in Spain, we're in a creative moment for wine". I would heartily concur - the country's range of wine styles and interesting wine regions is multiplying rapidly. It takes in much more than revived Garnacha. There is a re-evaluation of minor grape varieties, including on the Canary Islands and the Portuguese border - sources of wine practically unknown outside their own region 10 years ago.

Spain has a bright wine future ahead if foreign importers are able to introduce these new wines to the rest of the world. **FT**

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More columns at ft.com/jancis-robinson

MY ADDRESSES — GARDONE RIVIERA, LAKE GARDA, ITALY

RICCARDO CAMANINI, CHEF



My village, Gardone Riviera in Lombardy, is known as *la città giardino* because it's so green. In northern Italy, you find a rich range of ingredients: raw milk for *fior di latte* ice cream. Bagòss cheese for tortellini, Stracchino cheese and sardines for risotto, lemon and wisteria flowers for desserts.

— To buy fish, you should pay a visit to **Frans** in the centre of Gargnano. Frans is the nickname of Umberto Dominici: he's the most famous fisherman in the area. For a relaxed lunch, I like **Osteria Pizzeria a Casa Mia Pieroli**, which is situated on the hill above Gardone Riviera. It is a traditional 1950s Italian trattoria and incredibly peaceful.

— There are lots of smart places for lunch but on the edge of the lake is **Ristorante Villa Feltrinelli** (above). It's famous for its Michelin-starred restaurant and because Benito Mussolini lived there. It's very grand and the food is beautiful. **Ristorante Capriccio**, a little farther around the lake, is a second-generation family restaurant. It is done up like a home not a restaurant and has just 30 covers. The garden is a dream to sit in.

— You should also visit the **André Heller Botanical Garden** in Gardone Riviera. Afterwards you can go to another of my favourites: **Trattoria Marietta**. It is one of the few places that still cooks food over wood (imagine a side of fish cooked over wood smoke). And it has an amazing view.

— For drinks, I like the **Grand Hotel Fasano**. It has a wide selection of natural and organic gins and the barman, Rama Redzepi, has become something of a local celebrity.

.....
Riccardo Camanini is head chef and owner of Lido 84 in Gardone Riviera. ristorantelido84.com

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Astonishing design flair and unsurpassed levels of finish characterise the luxury apartments and offices in Trilogy's North, East and West Towers. Each residence is a statement

of discerning taste and understated wealth. Spectacular layouts are complemented with high standards of finish and sea views enjoyed by everyone. Elegant resident-only health, fitness and spa retreats occupy two floors of each tower, offering relaxation with unparalleled first-class services and outstanding views of the infinite horizon.

The high-rise destination's offices also ooze prestige, sophistication and credibility with their exclusive landmark address, functional workspace, stylish interiors and impressive range of facilities. A lifestyle destination to live or do business, with the beach and city centre at your doorstep, Trilogy has been just as thoughtfully considered on the outside. A breathtaking private oasis pool, tennis court, children's play area and tranquil gardens offer everyone a place to escape. And at the centre of it all, the beautiful plaza is home to fine restaurants, bars and shops – an inviting hub and the beating heart of this unique integrated development.

Trilogy has high ambitions – not just to create one of the world's premier sky-rise living experiences, but to combine three lifestyle aspirations in one ecosystem of prosperity. It is a unique opportunity to play a part in the city's ever-changing story and begin an exciting new chapter of your own.



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Restaurant Insider

Nicholas Lander



THE BAR AND BALCONY OF THE MAREA ALTA

Marea Alta, Barcelona

Only one question kept bothering me after our highly enjoyable dinner at Marea Alta in Barcelona: would everything we ate have tasted quite as good had the views not been so exceptional? Situated close to the city's bustling port, this restaurant is on the 24th floor of an office building with large 360-degree windows.

To the east, a cruise ship bound for the Balearic Islands was moored. To the north, lay the endless stretch of the Costa Brava. Immediately below us was the Old Customs House, standing proudly by the water, and the trees lining Las Ramblas. And over to the west, the sun was setting behind the mountains.

All this seemed appropriate for a restaurant that aims to take every advantage of the length of the Spanish coastline it overlooks. Marea Alta is a particularly alluring destination for anyone who, like me, is fascinated by fish and shellfish - in particular, their provenance; the varied and distinctive ways they should be cooked; and, perhaps above all, by how much easier it is to sleep after a fish dinner than after a meat one.

The menu, printed daily, makes its preoccupations clear. The catches of the day are listed in a clear, dark blue; underneath, the cooking method; then the provenance and the price (by weight, in the case of the larger fish).

The menu has a range of offerings from "Canned at home", a reference to how proud the Catalans are of this particular method of preserving small fish. There is a choice of stews and smoked dishes, and a final list of half-a-dozen fish, ranging from *kokotxas*, or cod cheeks (as beloved here as they are in Asia), to sardines and turbot, all cooked over charcoal.

We began with mussels and mackerel "Canned at home" and a bivalve that I had never eaten before, described as *caixetes*, from the gulf of Ebro, near Tarragon. The latter were presented on ice in an orange plastic miniature crate, having been boiled in salt water.

In shape, *caixetes* resemble mussels, but are much hairier and much less common: they are only dived for when the sea is extremely clear and their taste is very true, accentuated by having been cooked in seawater. In addition, we sampled thin strips of raw mackerel from Catalonia, its sweet flesh offset by a slightly sharp apple compote, and some



'We sampled thin strips of raw mackerel from Catalonia, its sweet flesh offset by a slightly sharp apple compote'

Marea Alta
Avenue de las Drassanes, 6,
08001 Barcelona, Spain.
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The At Full Sail menu costs
€100 per head

delicious Galician mussels marinated in an *escabeche* that included the Chardonnay vinegar that was to be another hallmark of this meal.

These sharing plates were followed by three dishes, two of which showed the kitchen at its most exciting. The first was a creamy dish of codfish curd, topped with the last of this season's black truffles from Lleida and runny honey. The second was a dish of *calçots*, or thin leeks, topped with local caviar. Disappointment came only with a dish of sea urchins rather swamped by an egg and potato purée.

For the main course, our table of six was recommended a species from the sea that I had never eaten before: a large, red sea bream from Asturias in northern Spain - barbecued, then expertly filleted and returned to our table. This fish was absolutely delicious. Its flesh was firm, a delightful contrast to its skin, which had been burnt by the barbecue.

We finished with a simple but satisfyingly seasonal dessert: a bowl of diced strawberries topped with the first of this year's wild strawberries, sitting on a basil-and-lemon sorbet.

We ate here on a Sunday evening when, because most of the city's other top restaurants are closed, it attracts many of those employed in them. But this restaurant's appeal is not just confined to its kitchen, led by head chef, Enriqué Valentí.

The staff - waiters in navy striped jerseys and the *chefs de rang* in more formal blue jackets - are kept under the eye of the watchful Argentine maître d', Pablo Sacerdotte. And the wine list is impressive too. With our various shellfish and fish dishes, we drank a 2003 Finca Allende, a deep golden, waxy, mature white Rioja.

But what I perhaps most admired about this particular restaurant's approach was its self-restraint. There was no attempt to overstate the obvious, other than our pink plates in the shape of fish. With fish sourcing as sensitive as this, with fish cooked to such a high standard, and with views so spectacular, who needs anything else? **FT**

More columns at ft.com/lander

HOW TO...

Cook artichokes

Itamar Srulovich, Honey & Co



A lot of people have no idea what to do with an artichoke, and that's a huge shame, because it's one of the most delicious things you can eat. You do need to hunt around to find artichokes while they are in season - between March and May - but it is definitely worth the search and the little bit of preparation that follows. Here are two ways we cook them at Honey & Co.

1 – Fried artichoke heart

Before cooking, cut off the base of the artichoke and remove all the outer leaves until you are left with the heart. Trim off any tough bits and you'll be able to see what's called the "choke" - a bunch of inedible stringy hair that sits on top of the artichoke heart. Once you've removed these hairs, the heart is ready to cook.

Fry some fresh garlic in a tablespoon or two of olive oil. Slice the artichoke heart quite thinly, then add the slices to the frying pan. Let them simmer for a few minutes. You want them to turn a nice golden-brown colour - it doesn't take long.

Squeeze some lemon juice over them just before you turn off the heat, then serve on a plate of labneh or very thick Greek yoghurt.



2 – Boiled or steamed artichoke

You can cook a whole artichoke quite simply by boiling or steaming it - it makes a really fun starter to share.

First, chop off and discard the stem and an inch at the top, then add to a pan of lightly salted boiling water. Depending on the size of the artichoke, it will take between 25 and 40 minutes to cook. Once ready, the leaves should come away easily.

Pull off the leaves one at a time and dip their white bases into melted butter or vinaigrette, scraping off the meaty flesh with your teeth. (Throw away the rest of the leaf, as it is inedible.) Continue picking off the leaves until you get to the fibrous choke. Remove the little hairs with your fingers or a teaspoon. And then you reach the most delicious part - the heart.

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La Zagaleta – privileged living personified



In Marbella, an area renowned for its exceptional selection of luxury villas, it takes some doing to stand out from the crowd. So for La Zagaleta to have emerged as one of the most exclusive neighbourhoods in Europe speaks volumes.

“A haven for the super-rich with security and privacy being of paramount importance”

This very region started life as La Baraka, a hunting estate owned by the world famous businessman and socialite, Adnan Khashoggi. Beyond its extravagant parties, the estate was home to twenty Arabian stallions as well as 200 African animals, securing a legendary status for the villa which has now become the country club.



At a later date, Enrique Perez Flores bought the land and so began a development programme to create a world class district of luxurious villas; a move that was initially looked on with speculation due to the absence of a coastal motorway and the development focus at the time on apartments.

Indeed, whilst Mr. Flores had been granted permission to build 3,000 of such apartments, he instead concentrated on creating a haven for the super-rich with security and privacy being of paramount importance with just two entrances and a 24/7 security presence.



“There is no great reason for a resident to feel a need to leave the estate”

The careful planning implemented within the estate has ensured that the plots of between 3,000-10,000 sq m have been placed at least ten metres from one another to ensure privacy from ones neighbours and to prioritise the protection of the environment. Indeed, it is not rare to see wild deer and boar wandering the beautifully maintained sixty kilometres of roads that wind through the estate. The equestrian centre allows its users to take advantage of the wonderful trails through the countryside with truly spectacular views over the coastline, all from within the boundaries of the domain.

“There is a concierge and lifestyle management service that caters for every need”



Indeed, there is no great reason for a resident to feel a need to leave the estate. As well as a concierge and lifestyle management service that caters for every need, the club houses enjoy two world-class golf courses created by the American, Bradford Benz. The main club house features a golf pro shop, a restaurant with a dedicated area for organic cuisine, several reception rooms to host events and celebrations, an outdoor swimming pool as well as tennis courts. The estate even benefits from a helipad to allow residents to be whisked away should business call.

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Games



A Round on the Links by James Walton



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

1. Which six-letter word can mean to "resolve", to "pay" or to "come to rest"?
2. Who won the World Snooker Championships (above) in 2014, 2016 and 2017?
3. Which show written by Sally Wainwright won the 2013 Bafta for Best TV Drama Series?

4. Whose debut novel of 1979, *A Woman of Substance*, went on to sell more than 30 million copies?
5. What was the first British ship to be sunk in the Falklands war?
6. What title did both James II and George VI hold before they became king?

7. What's the state capital of Virginia?
8. "Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme" (below) is the refrain of which English folk song?
9. Which Kent castle was the royal palace of Catherine of Aragon?
10. Who wrote the play *Hobson's Choice*?



The Picture Round by James Walton

Who or what do these pictures add up to?



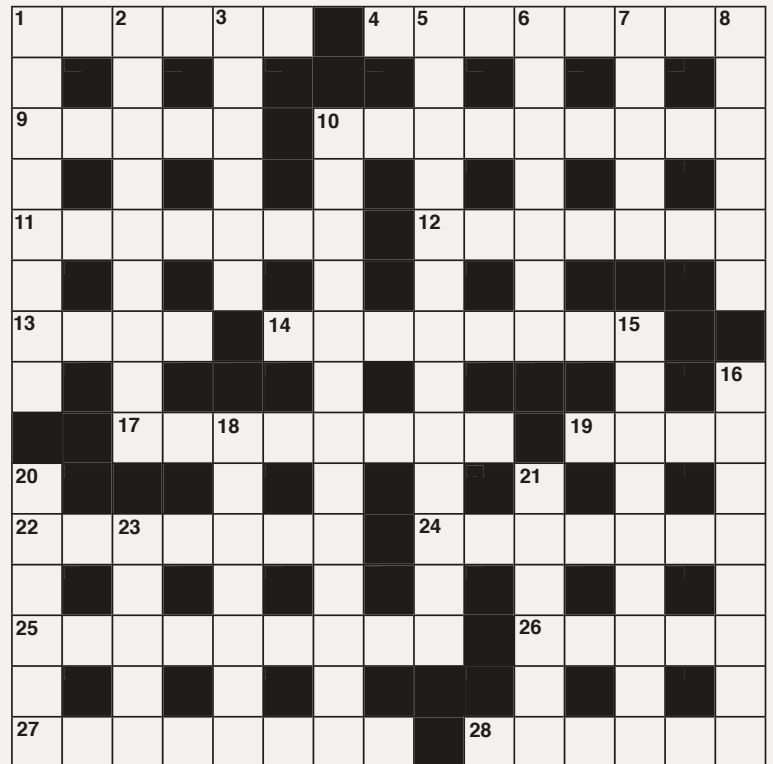
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Answers page 10

The Crossword No 384. Set by Aldhelm



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

ACROSS

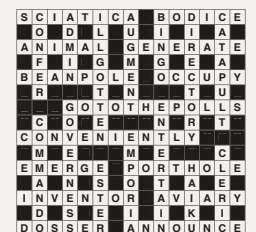
- 1 Treat wrongly (6)
- 4 Draw near (8)
- 9 Poor (5)
- 10 Prevent (9)
- 11 Serving (7)
- 12 Garden plant with funnel-shaped flowers (7)
- 13 Welsh symbol (4)
- 14 Story (8)
- 17 Clear (8)
- 19 Dormitory sleeping place (4)
- 22 Porridge ingredient (7)
- 24 Give too much money to (7)
- 25 Unwieldy quality (9)
- 26 African capital city (5)
- 27 Pub boss (8)
- 28 Claim (6)

DOWN

- 1 Powerful company – second only, perhaps, to taking over the Post Office (8)
- 2 Lead and reshape dodgy publicity (9)
- 3 Scotch mist swirling around unknown place finally (6)
- 5 Sharp-eyed pair occupies different space at first (13)
- 6 Italian roots cooked for Italian dish (7)
- 7 One return is over (5)
- 8 Greece has swallowed the Spanish line (6)
- 10 Fancy airline in trouble over a business cycle (9, 4)
- 15 For balance, English joke is in Old English (9)

- 16 Very important party in Oklahoma – ultimate of the right (4-4)
- 18 Individual drinks without ice being put up (7)
- 20 Arch supporter often seen in church? (6)
- 21 Drink some Chianti initially during dinner, for instance (6)
- 23 Sharp item seen in metal once (5)

Solution to Crossword No 383





GILLIAN TETT

PARTING SHOT

Facebook or Google – which should worry us more?



A couple of months ago, a veteran investor in Silicon Valley conducted an experiment: he extracted all the data that Facebook and Google each held about him and compared the files.

The results startled him – Google held dramatically more information, by a large multiple. “It’s amazing,” he told me over breakfast in San Francisco. “Why is nobody talking about that?”

It is an interesting question, particularly if you use Google numerous times each day, as I do. One answer might be that Google executives have been savvy in building political support networks. Another is that Google hangs on to the data it collects itself, and then uses it to create targeted search-and-advertising offerings, customised for users. Facebook let third-party developers access its data, which is why the antics of Cambridge Analytica have sparked so much furor.

This distinction may make Google sound more benign, but does it mean we can relax? Robert Epstein, a psychologist with the American Institute for Behavioral Research and Technology in California, thinks not. In recent years, he has conducted extensive research with fellow psychologists and data scientists into Google’s “search”, or “autocomplete”, function. This has left him convinced that search engines can sway our minds in extraordinarily powerful and largely unnoticed ways too – and not only about politics.

“A search engine has the power to manipulate people’s searches from the very first character people type into the search bar,” says a research paper that this group presented to a psychology conference in Oregon last month. “A simple yet powerful way for a search-engine company to manipulate elections is to suppress negative search suggestions for the candidate it supports, while allowing one or more negative search suggestions to appear for the opposing candidate.”

Epstein’s group asked 661 Americans to pick one of two candidates in an Australian election. Since it was presumed they did not know much about Antipodean politics, the participants were instructed to research them with a Google-type search engine that offered the usual autocomplete suggestions when words were typed in.

However, the researchers also varied the search suggestions shown beneath a candidate’s name, including a range of positive and negative words. The results were stark. When participants were later questioned about their voting preferences, changing the ratio of positive to negative suggestions in the autocomplete was shown to be capable of shifting the preferences of undecided voters by nearly 80 per cent – even though participants seemed free to search for any material they wanted. Another study found that when participants were only offered four autocomplete suggestions, they were very easily manipulated; when there were 10 to choose from, they were not.

These results do not demonstrate that Google – or any other search-engine company such as Bing or Yahoo – has used this power to manipulate its users. But Epstein’s paper highlights some patterns that he considers strange. His group discovered that if you type the names of Google competitors into its search engine, followed by the word “is”, phrases such as “Yahoo is dead” or “Bing is trash” may surface in the autocomplete bar. According to Epstein, at that time the same did not happen on Yahoo or Bing’s own search engines.

Another striking pattern cropped up in August 2016. When the words “Hillary Clinton is” were typed into Google’s search engine, the autocomplete offered phrases such as “Hillary Clinton is winning”; on Yahoo and Bing, the autocomplete suggested “Hillary Clinton is a liar” and “Hillary Clinton is a criminal”.

Google executives say these different auto-suggestion patterns arose because the company has a policy of removing offensive autopredictions. “Google removes predictions that are against our autocomplete policies, which bar... hateful predictions against groups and individuals on the basis of race, religion or several other demographics,” wrote Danny Sullivan, a senior company executive, in a blog post last month.

‘A psychologist is convinced that search engines can sway our minds in powerful and largely unnoticed ways’

They have also firmly denied they have ever tried to use the autocomplete tool to manipulate users. Epstein’s work, they have said, was based on a small sample size, using a Google-style search engine rather than Google’s own data. In a rare official comment in 2015 about some of Epstein’s work, executives said: “Google has never ever re-ranked search results on any topic (including elections) to manipulate user sentiment.”

If nothing else, this research should make us all ponder the way in which we use that “autocomplete” function. The better autoprediction becomes, the greater the potential risk that users will become lazily sucked into digital echo chambers. Epstein believes there is a simple fix. He thinks the search engines should put a simple “health warning” about the dangers of echo chambers – and manipulation – on their sites to counter these possible risks.

Whether or not you accept Epstein’s research, this seems a good idea. But don’t expect it to happen soon – or not unless more consumers, and regulators, do what my Silicon Valley breakfast companion did: namely, look at the data that all the biggest tech companies hold on us, starting – but not finishing – with Facebook. **FT**

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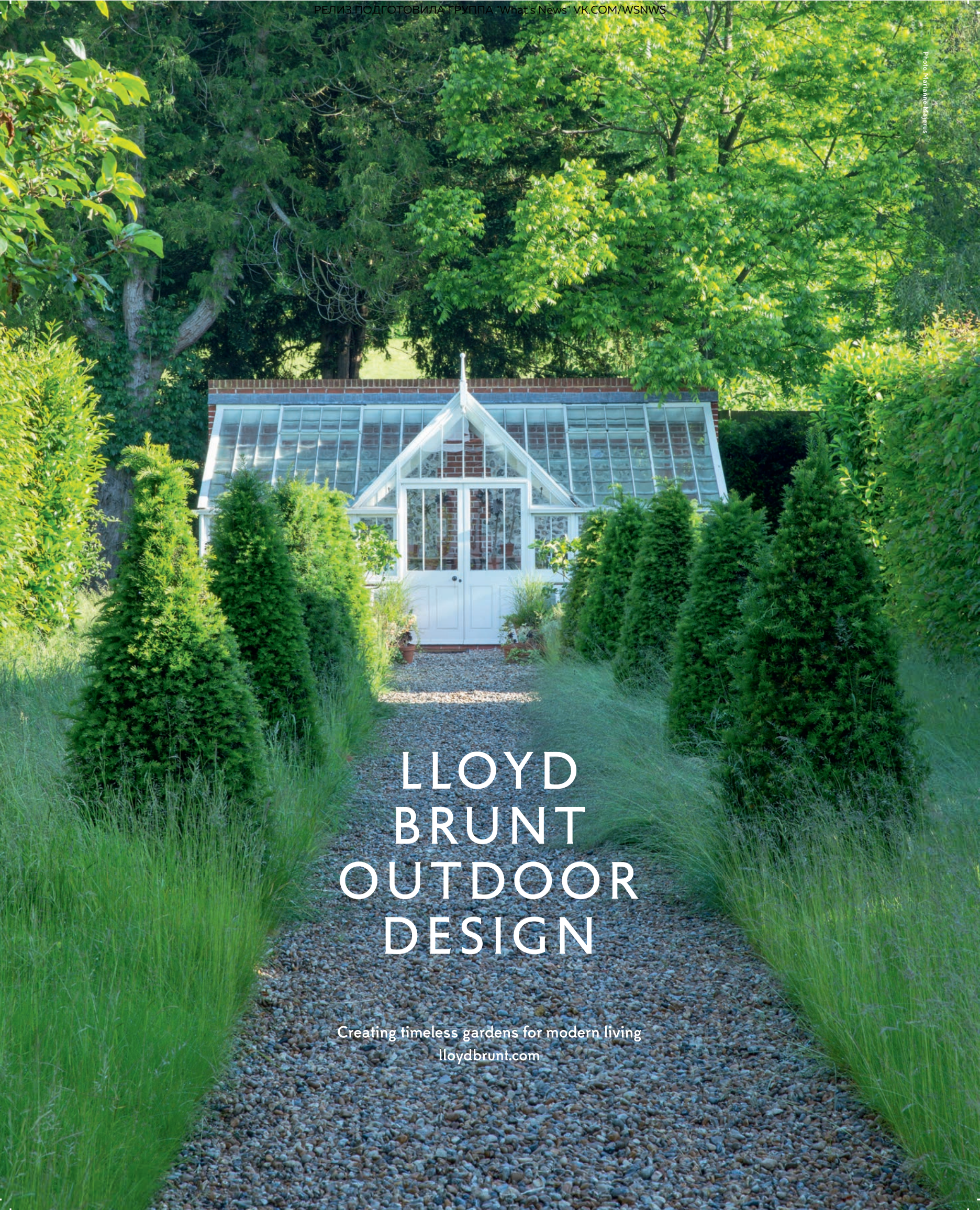
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