

MAGAZINE OF THE YEAR

FT Weekend Magazine

AUGUST 17/18 2024



After Hours

A Photography Special



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Issue number 1,087 • Online ft.com/magazine • FT Weekend Magazine is printed by the Walstead Group in the UK and published by The Financial Times Ltd, Bracken House, 1 Friday Street, London EC4M 9BT © The Financial Times Ltd 2024. No part of this magazine may be reproduced in any form without the prior express permission of the publisher.

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Marginalia by *Nadine Redlich*

ON THE COVER
Plate III by *Lia Darjes*

Letters



The fall

by Owen Walker

As a Sienese, I cannot praise enough the clarity with which the story of the Monte dei Paschi bank has been portrayed.

Giovanna Davitti via [FT.com](#)

What? Deutsche connected to yet another scandal? I'm shocked!

Tee Hee via [FT.com](#)

Rumble in the Hamptons

by Mark Vandeveld and Sujeet Indap

Marc Rowan is worth \$6.2bn, yet fights, agitates and inflames a fishing hamlet over their local lobster deck. Billionaire entitlement in America is out of control.

Robin Hood via [FT.com](#)

Nice article - a well-written, old-school longform weekend special, without the usual political lecturing beloved of modern journalists.

As for Rowan, his agenda seems a little strange here. On the one hand, he says he isn't particularly interested in turning a profit from what he is up to in this small town, and I actually believe him, given the numbers at stake in comparison to his net worth. On the other hand, why go to all this effort to make something so hideous for so little in profit, when you are already unfathomably rich?

John P via [FT.com](#)

The Stone Age diaries

by Tomas Weber

You're dead for 20 minutes.
You're dead for 20,000 years.
The world operates as though there is a difference.

John A Cogan, *Blackrock, Co Dublin*

Just occasionally I read something that makes me see the world a little bit differently and absorbs me fully - beautiful writing and a wonderful story with the memorable description of this indefatigable wood carver from Crouch End and his work. Thank you.

Harper D via [FT.com](#)

Terrific article, and hats off to Bennett Bacon. I hope he gets added to the sobering list of great, hardworking amateur scientists originally dismissed. Mistaken notions of modern sophistication are just that, and art in the caves equals any scribbling to date.

Mokedugway via [FT.com](#)

I went to Paris and all I got was this lousy gatekeeping

by Tim Hayward

Marché des Enfants Rouges is exactly like Borough Market - expensive, swamped, not great food but an experience (of sorts). What Paris has that London does not is a large number of decent neighbourhood bistros that cater for the lunchtime office crowd. I particularly like those in the covered passages that always seem to be full of local workers at midday.

RS69 via [FT.com](#)

Pasta salad with Greek chic

by Tom Jackson

I'm sorry, but as a Greek I'm going to be looking into taking legal action against this recipe.

George via [FT.com](#)

What's a Spanish lager when it's at home?

by Pete Brown

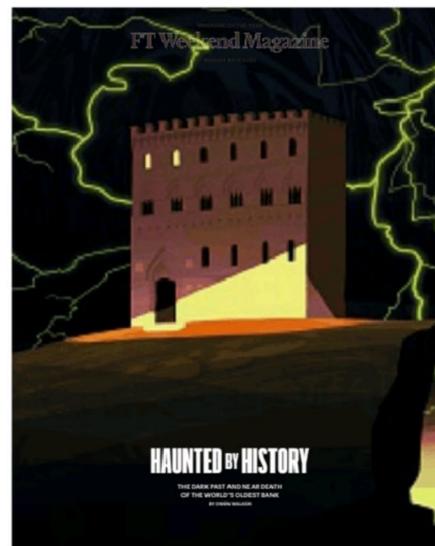
I own a pub in our village, and, on its launch, the Coors rep was virtually begging me to stock it. I said I'd rather see how it got on. Then, when it was successful, I rang them up to say I would be happy to have it on the bar. They told me my pub (working man's boozery, no food beyond pickled eggs and pork scratchings) wasn't good enough for their premium beer. In a way, I sort of like their style. We do sell Cruzcampo.

Firmino's smile via [FT.com](#)

Do restaurant critics dream of polystyrene muffins at 40,000 feet?

by Marina O'Loughlin

Book vegetarian, the meals are GREAT! Animal protein goes hard



▲ AUGUST 10/11

The dark past of an Italian bank

when being kept hot, but veggie meals are wonderful. I've had roasted veg, a couscous and a chickpea thing, all delicious.

Second Life Student via [FT.com](#)

I was transferred in Paris to an Air France flight, which yielded a new business class layout, excellent food and an impressive selection of good wines. The journey to Asia was a delight. The return flight on KLM was disappointing in comparison: elderly plane, unremarkable food and drink offering. Over the years, I came to the conclusion that all flying experience is based on the luck of the draw.

Pollymanager via [FT.com](#)

Should I bother to sing the right lyrics?

by Miranda Green

Glorious article on false lyrics, thank you. A while back, my days in a bedsit were kicked off by a fellow student lamenting to Desmond Dekker's "The Israelites", "Get up in the morning, wantin' for breakfast..." Two decades later, the admen behind Vitalite margarine completed the parody: "Wake up in the morning, wantin' some breakfast. What am I gonna spread on my bread? Ohhh, ohhh, Vitalite."

Peter Dawson, *West Yorks*

Miranda Green's joyful paean to misheard lyrics made me wonder whether there is a right way to mishear. Surely the right wrong way to hear Abba's "Chiquitita" is not "take your teeth out" but "chicken tikka". Once misheard as this, it cannot be heard any other way.

Julian Baggini, *Bristol, Avon*

As I child, I was utterly convinced that during "Bohemian Rhapsody", Freddie Mercury was encouraging his foe to "Hit me with a window, doesn't really matter to me". I would also refer anyone reading to the works of Peter Kay, who does an excellent stand-up routine based entirely on this.

Yorkie via [FT.com](#)

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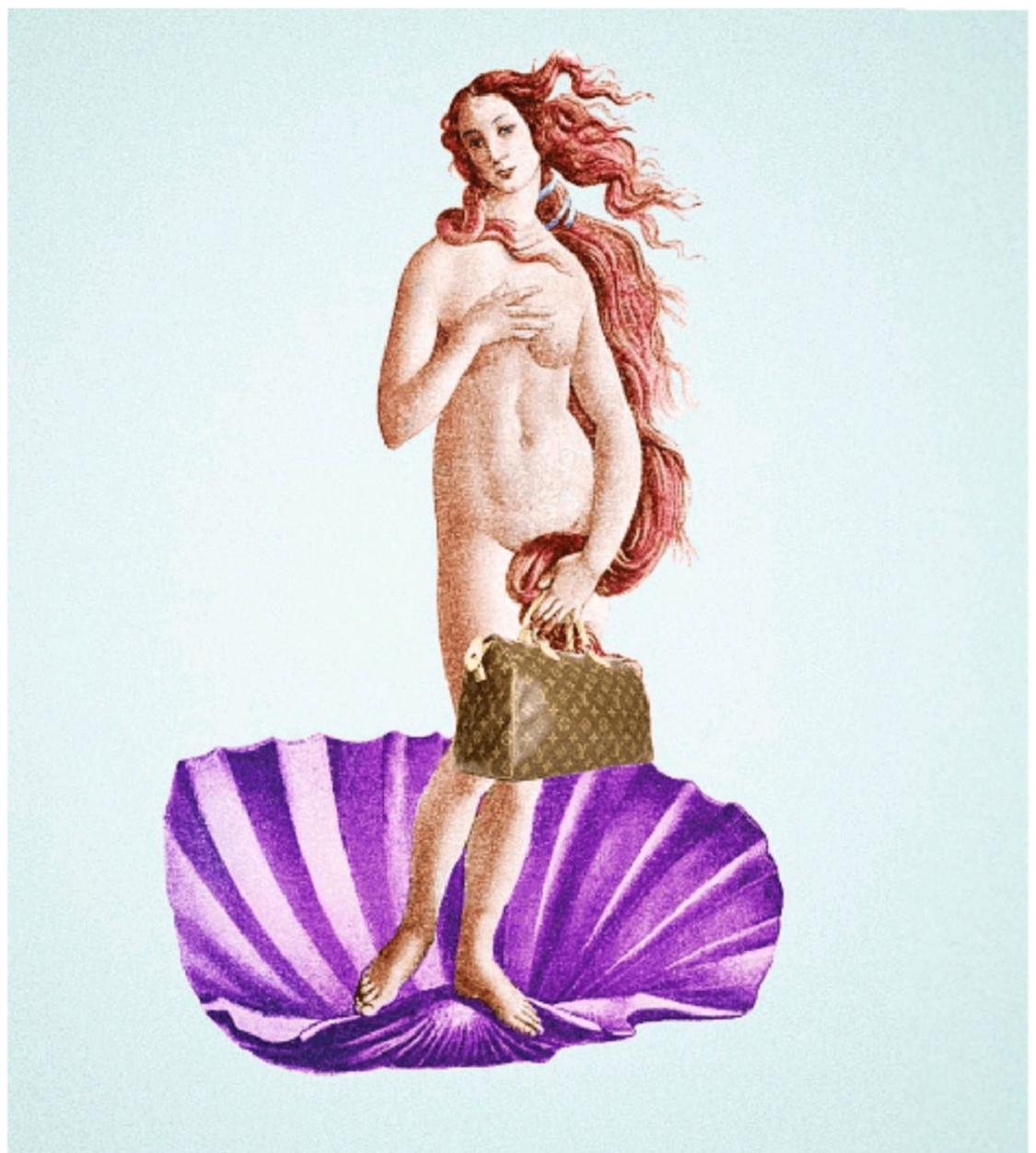
TIM HARFORD

The real questions posed
by counterfeit clobber

Travel broadens the mind, especially if the destination is the cradle of the Renaissance. However, the Florentine masterpiece on display that caught the attention of Harford Jr was not Ghiberti's bronze baptistery doors, nor Botticelli's "Birth of Venus", but some extraordinarily expensive accessories in the window of the Louis Vuitton store. Who would pay €2,000 for a bumbag? Or €500 for a baseball cap?

My son perkily explained to me that in Sicily he could get a fake Louis Vuitton cap for €12 and he thought that was a better deal. Out of the mouths of babes. The conversation raised questions. Does the existence of the €12 fake threaten the market for the real thing? Is the customer being ripped off by the fake, or by the genuine article? And who really loses when there is a flood of counterfeits?

Much depends on what luxury brands really convey. On one view, it's a guarantee of quality for the purchasers. Expensive brands promise quality materials and craftsmanship, and the promise is credible because the brand's hard-won reputation is valuable. In her book, *Authenticity* (2022), Alice Sherwood is embarrassed to realise that she nearly wore her fake Longchamp handbag to Paris's Musée de la Contrefaçon, the Museum of Counterfeiting. The risk of awkwardness didn't last long, though: "Ten days after I got home, my counterfeit Longchamp fell to pieces."



If brands certify quality, that might explain why I would pay extra for a reputable washing machine, a reputable lawyer, or a reputable condom. But it does not really seem to explain why anyone would pay €500 to ensure that a €12 baseball cap is properly stitched. Perhaps a better explanation is that buying the €500 cap demonstrates that you have money to burn.

The real trick that luxury brands have pulled off is that the two features of the brand – subtle excellence paired with conspicuous expense – reinforce each other. In its purest form, conspicuous consumption is crass and unattractive; it needs the cover story of excellence before it becomes appealing.

Both excellence and expense are part of the brand promise, then, but the difference between them matters. If the brand is mostly about excellence, the purchaser of the fake is the obvious loser: they are getting shoddy goods masquerading as something much better.

But if high-end brands are largely about expense for the sake of expense, then counterfeit brands are like counterfeit banknotes. Their ubiquity debauches the value of the once-exclusive brand and the suckers are not the people who buy the fakes, but the people who pay retail for the tarnished originals.

Should we worry? In the rich and felonious tapestry of human wrongdoing, how dastardly a crime is the counterfeiting of Prada or Armani? That depends. Counterfeits can be fatal. The most worrisome cases are not about baseball caps, but about life-or-death products such as pharmaceuticals. Or aircraft parts: in 1989, 55 people were killed when Partnair flight 394 crashed off the coast of Denmark; the accident investigators cited the failure of a component “which was of a non-standard design and of unknown origin”.

Less grave, but still vexing, are markets in which every product is junk because nobody can prove they are selling something better. The economist George Akerlof won a Nobel memorial prize for modelling such markets.

But is this inability to signal quality really a problem for luxury fashion brands? I doubt it. Those who walk into the Louis Vuitton shop down the street from Florence’s Duomo and pay €500 for a baseball cap will be confident that they are getting the real thing, and rightly so. Those who pay €12 in a Palermo street market are expecting a knock-off, and they are right too. Which brings us back to that tricky business of conspicuous consumption. If anyone can afford a knock-off, where is the snob value of the expensive original?

The economist Karen Croxson, now at the Competition and Markets Authority, once published a theory of “promotional piracy”, in which companies would tolerate the copying of some products because it created demand for the real thing. Microsoft probably benefits if tens of millions of schoolkids familiarise themselves with pirated copies of PowerPoint and Excel.

And while the possibility of counterfeit Gucci loafers seems unlikely to enhance the appeal of the real thing, maybe some brands might be happy to see influential young artists, musicians and trendsetters displaying their logos, fake or not.

Or maybe the ubiquity of the imitations builds demand for the original? Over in the Uffizi, “The Birth of Venus” is so prized because it is so recognisable, and that is down to it having been duplicated, imitated and remixed so often. Perhaps this is as true for Versace as it is for Botticelli.

Promotional piracy notwithstanding, the people most directly damaged by the existence of counterfeits are likely to be the big brands themselves. With each fake in circulation, the value of those brands ebbs away a little. The more plausible counterfeits are available, the less great fashion houses will be willing to invest in establishing themselves as the reference point for style.

That might not be a catastrophe. Does anyone think the world doesn’t spend enough money trying to make fashion brands look cool? They’ll cope. So will we. **FI**

‘The Birth of Venus’ is so prized because it is so recognisable. Perhaps this is as true for Versace as it is for Botticelli

DEPARTMENTS

Reports from lesser-known FT bureaux



Seclusion

Cutting-edge technology

The invention that most impressed Karp Lykov, patriarch of the Russian family who lived cut off from all contact from 1932 to 1978, was cellophane. In his words, “Lord, what have they thought up – it is glass, but it crumples!”

Source: Mike Dash, *Smithsonian*, 2013

Commerce

From cradle to grave

Through the convenience of mail order, the 1908 Sears Roebuck catalogue offered:

- **Celebrated Pullman Sleeper Baby Carriage - \$19.45**
- **Hemmed Purity Diapers - \$1.00**
- **Boy’s Improved Farm Wagon - \$4.73**
- **Finest Quality Solid Gold Wedding Ring - \$3.99**
- **Six-Room Cottage - \$725**
- **Mohair Conversation Tube (for relief of deafness) - \$1.30**
- **Dark Barre Granite Sarcophagus - \$110.67**

Source: Sears Roebuck Catalogue

Robotics

A roomba with a gun?

Seleno, the “electric dog” of 1915, was a box on wheels that rolled slowly towards a beam of light: “He is a queer-looking dog. He has only three legs. He doesn’t bark, bite, nor chase the neighbour’s chickens... The eyes of this melancholy-looking creature are of bulging glass, each one as large as a saucer.” Enthusiasts proposed he be kitted out with a broom to sweep the floor and a revolver to take potshots at burglars.

Source: *Technical World Magazine*, March 1915

Last week’s theme: Sense and sensibility



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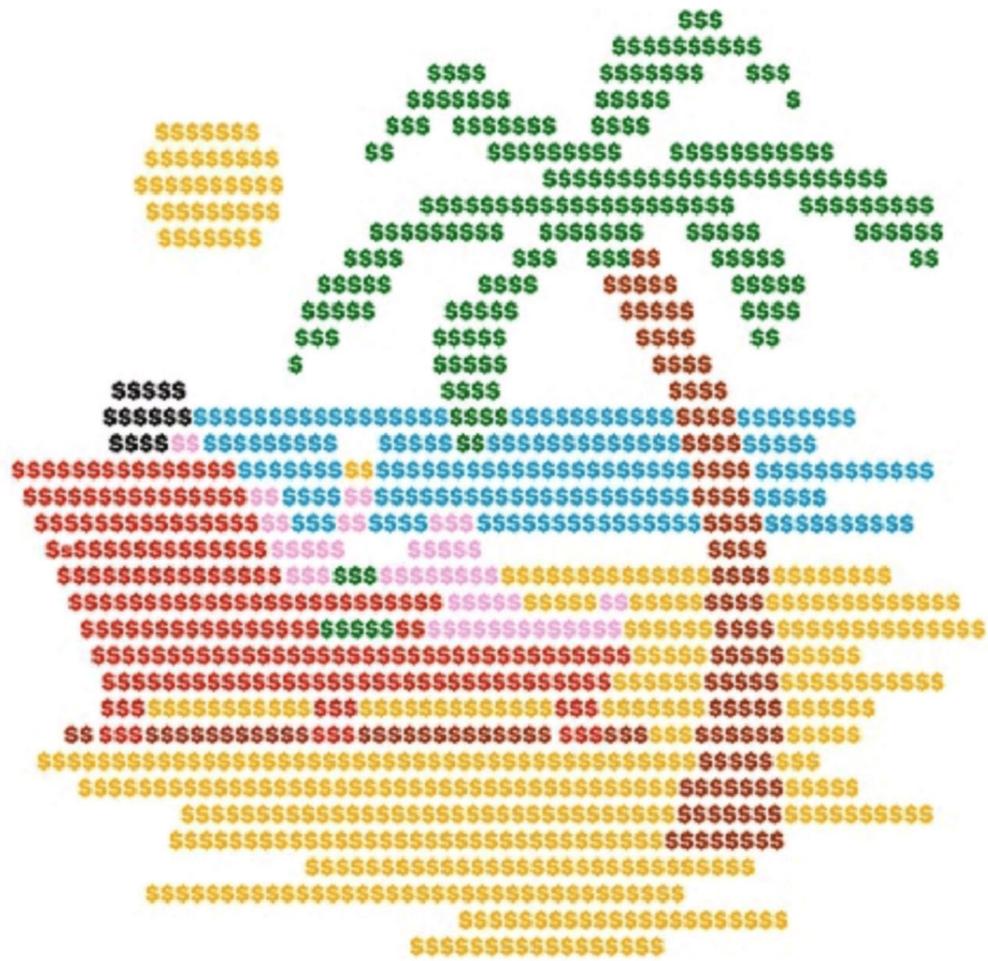


SAVOIR

World View

SIMON KUPER

Holidays for the many, not the few



One of the world's great divides is between people who can afford to go on holiday and those who can't. Asser Khattab, a Syrian refugee in France, recalls, "I grew up surrounded by people who have never experienced the joy of peaceful tranquillity, the insouciance of a summer holiday or the option of disconnecting for a few hours a day to indulge in a variety of pastimes; I thought that this was normal." And it always was normal, for most humans since history began.

That's now changing. This year is forecast to be a record year for international travel. Barring another pandemic, numbers should keep rising after that, as billions of people finally acquire disposable income and discover the life-altering experience of going on holiday.

A lucky few were already vacationing in ancient times, when rich Romans kept seaside villas on the Gulf of Naples. In Victorian Britain, millworkers went to the beach every Wakes Week. From the 1840s, the coming of the railways began democratising international travel. Suddenly, ordinary Britons could take "excursions" to Paris or to see the battlefield at Waterloo. These early travellers mostly travelled in tour groups to save money and enjoy the protection of guides who could mediate strange languages and cultures. Chinese tourists in the 2000s did likewise.

Imagine the sense of wonder of people leaving their constrained worlds for the first time. Orvar Löfgren, in his 1999 book *On Holiday: A History of Vacationing*, cites Agnes, a German immigrant maid in New York after the turn of the 20th century, who

loved taking boat trips with friends. She wrote of her favourite destination, Coney Island: "Ach, it is just like what I see when I dream of heaven."

That was the pitch of 1950s promoters selling "mystery tours" by charabanc to working-class Liverpool families. In the recent podcast series *McCartney: A Life in Lyrics*, Paul McCartney recalls that the supposed mystery destination was usually the seaside at Blackpool. Still, the journey felt so magical that he later conflated it with hallucinogenic drug trips into The Beatles' song "Magical Mystery Tour".

These holidays offered escape from life-sapping routine. There was no boss telling you when to get up or what to do. Housewives didn't have to clean all day. Everyone could celebrate their ascension to the holidaymaking class. I remember as a child in the 1970s spending an evening watching a boring slideshow of the neighbours' vacation pictures. They were so proud.

Then there's mental health. Being somewhere else helps put your own life into perspective. You may not learn much about the place you're visiting, but you learn something more valuable: about home. You grasp that the few square miles of your existence aren't the entire world. That can make your problems seem manageable.

I realised how rare this privilege was one midnight about 25 years ago, when I was making photocopies at a print shop in Chicago. The young saleswoman wandered over to chat. She confided that her life as a single mother felt unbearably hard. But she had recently been away for the

first time, to Milwaukee, and had seen that life there was hard too. Maybe, she surmised, it was like that everywhere. She was desperately seeking points of comparison for her experiences. Part of her suffering - and part of the unique cruelty of American capitalism - was that she lived in the only developed country without guaranteed paid holidays.

My first book, *Football Against the Enemy*, published in 1994, was about football fans. In Glasgow, I met an ex-player named Jim Craig, and together we bemoaned the aggression of some hardcore supporters of Celtic and Rangers. Then Craig said: "Don't forget, though: you'll get a summer holiday, I'll get a summer holiday, but they won't get a summer holiday."

More people than ever now do. Largely because of cheaper airfares and the expansion of short-term rentals such as Airbnb, "the average spend per international trip fell 17 per cent in real terms" between 2000 and 2019, according to the World Travel Market's Global Travel Report. That's bad for the climate and good for mental health. Last winter, during a work trip to India, I escaped to the seaside at Goa. From stories of western friends, I had imagined it as a playground for western backpackers. By 2023, almost all the tourists were Indians - a few of whom were probably taking their first holiday.

It's easy to mock people who film themselves in the plane. But some of them are basking in a pleasure that their parents never experienced. 

simon.kuper@ft.com

These holidays offered escape from life-sapping routine. There was no boss telling you what to do



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Night Life

After Hours

A PHOTOGRAPHY SPECIAL

This special issue starts at the point when the sun sets over the horizon and night emerges. Through the work of 11 photographers, it explores what the hours between dusk and sunrise can hold. We begin with revelry, as drag queens step out in full regalia, raccoons cause havoc among the remains of a tea party and lovers cruise through parks in search of anonymous encounters. We explore the hustle of the night market, the anxiety of the isolated mother and the terror of attempting the journey through the dark across the US-Mexico border. We end with the light of the Moon: the peace of watching it descend and the confusion of creatures led astray by city lights. One question runs through the work of many of the photographers featured here: what can the night allow us to be, and to see, that we otherwise do not?

Baya Simons



Lia Darjes



'Plate XVI', 2021



'Plate XXI', 2023

Lia Darjes

Plates I-XXXI
2020-24

There are wild animals that seek the neighbourhood of humans. You could see them as part of our society – if you wanted to. They live with and near us.

When a blackbird sings outside my window today, it's a new thing: their ancestors only arrived in cities in the 19th century; before that the blackbird was a shy forest bird. City pigeons, on the other hand, come from man-made dovecotes, and because they always return to their birthplace, they now characterise entire cityscapes. In 1945, about two dozen raccoons escaped from a fur farm in Brandenburg in north-east Germany. The region's growing raccoon population (some would say plague) is said to have

resulted from this escape. Since then, they have been making residents' gardens and front yards unsafe: raccoons are skilful predators. While biodiversity is generally declining, few species are able to escape into the human habitat and use the advantages of the settlement area for themselves. These animals, also known as "synanthrope", fascinate people and stimulate their imagination. In cultural history, they are often the animals that are humanised. In *Cinderella*, for example, it is the doves that announce there is blood in the shoe. I am interested in this relationship.

For my work "Plates I-XXXI", I invite myself to eat and drink in the gardens and on the terraces

of my friends. The place settings on the garden tables gradually become the basis of a still life through my intervention. After I have left, a camera remains behind as a passive observer for a few hours or whole days and nights. It is triggered by the presence of the animals. By doing so, I create images that are not clearly a scene or a still life. I find it fascinating to combine the staged and the random in one image. "Plates I-XXXI" is a semi-documentary still life study dedicated to the grey area between the habitats of humans and wild animals.

Text by Lia Darjes.
"Plates I-XXXI" is published by Chose Commune

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Kohei Yoshiyuki

The Park
The 1970s

Before Kohei Yoshiyuki took his Canon 7 into the parks of Tokyo in the 1970s, voyeurism had existed in Japanese art for centuries, as in the sexually charged literary works of Junichiro Tanizaki or in the seemingly straightforward erotic woodblock prints of Ukiyo-e. But when stealth photographic equipment for military surveillance became available, Yoshiyuki seized the opportunity to transform illicit

activities usually performed in the dark into poignant visual records.

In 1980 the photographs were published as a magazine, and threw open a window on to how the Japanese saw themselves. They were both shocked and intrigued. All 100,000 copies of the magazine were immediately sold.

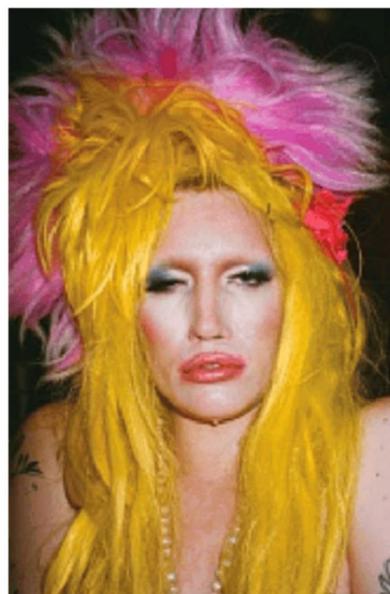
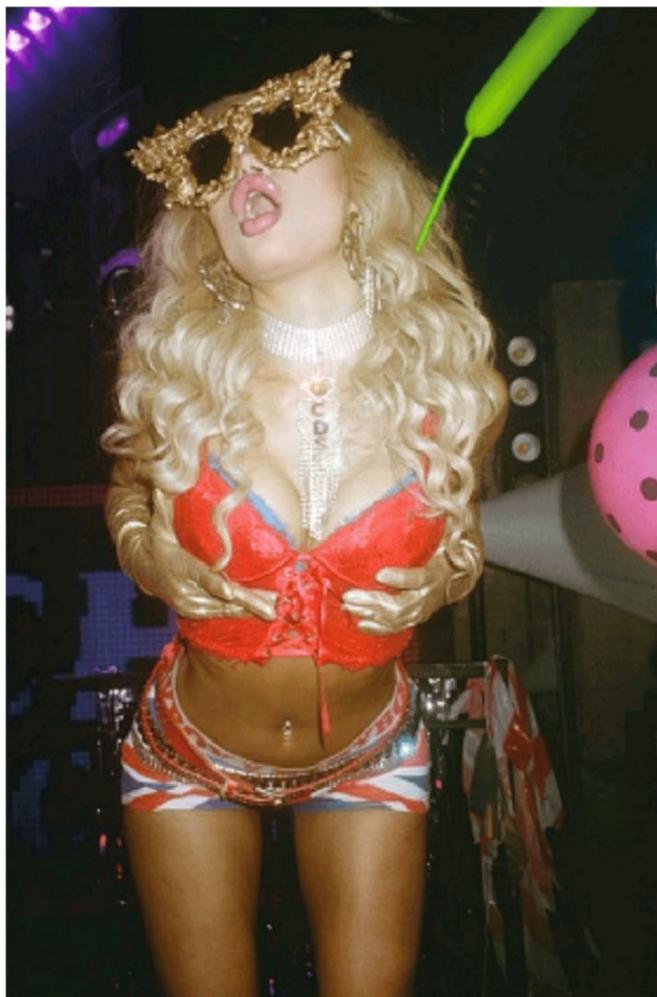
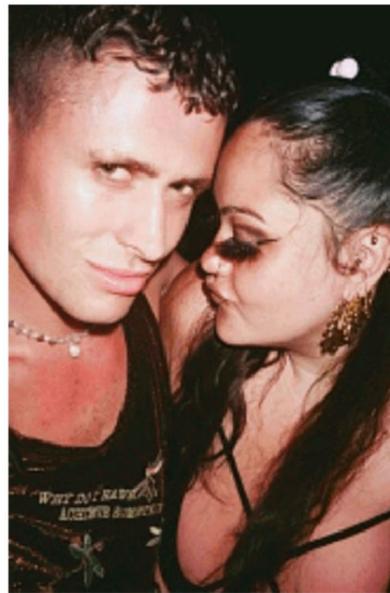
Text by Yossi Milo, excerpted from "The Park" by Kohei Yoshiyuki, published by Radius Books

Roxy Lee

2018-24

Roxy Lee began photographing the nightlife scene in London while she was working at queer pub The Glory in Hackney. "I started to be around people who presented themselves in a way that really, really excited me," she says of the party-goers, drag queens and go-go dancers who frequented the pub. "I just had this buffet of amazing people around me, visually, humorously, sexually. I didn't want to forget what that was." She started photographing them out and about, creating her own kind of "family photo album".

She always works against the backdrop of the night. "There's more permission in the darkness to look how you want to look," she says. "I find the night time, when the sun sets, so fascinating because human beings just seem to change their physical language. When you feel fab and you're around other people that feel fab, surely that's the most inspiring time of the day?"



RENE MAGRITTE ASLEEP



Duane Michals

René Magritte Asleep
1965

If I indulge myself and surrender to memory, I can still feel the knot of excitement that gripped me as I turned the corner into Rue Mimosas, looking for the house of René Magritte. It was August, 1965. I was 33 years old and about to meet the man whose profound and witty surrealist paintings had contradicted my assumption about photography.

What had so engaged me in Magritte's work was its ability to

perplex. In his world, I could not be sure of anything. Giant roses filled entire rooms, the moon lit up a starry sky at midday and nightgowns could display real woman's breasts. In his paintings he presented such amusing but serious ideas. I was freed from just looking.

I was particularly interested in seeing Magritte's studio and at first walked through it without recognising it. It was a small room off the bedroom with a green sofa,

a comfortable chair and some bookcases. Everything was in order, with the silent easel and palette being the only clues to what went on there. They looked like "smart" touches by a bad decorator. Although I never saw him paint, I suspected that he could be found at his easel dressed in the suit and tie he always wore.

.....
Excerpted from "A Visit with Magritte" by Duane Michals

TENNIS AFTER DARK

HOW LATE NIGHTS ON THE COURT OFFERED RESPITE FROM LONELINESS. BY BRANDON TAYLOR

The class had been cancelled four weeks in a row due to a lack of sign-ups. That's what the coach told us with a confused expression when eight of us showed up at the Sutton East tennis courts, on the corner of East 59th and York Avenue, as if we had interrupted his plans.

We were there for what the club calls "Drill and Play", a two-hour session of drills, point play and doubles, but with absolutely no instruction. I selected the 9pm to 11pm session because I had no friends in New York who had any interest in seeing me since I'd returned from a month abroad, and I felt lonely and desperate for human contact, but I also wanted to play tennis. The other people, whose names I did not know and whose life situations I did not even allow myself to imagine, had selected the session for reasons perhaps similar, though likely dissimilar, from mine.

We made two lines and took two shots each, one ball fed closer to us, one ball a little further out to get us moving our feet. We then set about picking up the balls with the little caddy baskets or with racquets. You might think that you would talk to one another as you picked up the balls. But we did not. We scooped them up, eight of us moving like pickers in a field, and then we got back to the baseline for more warm-ups. Over the course of the two-hour session, the only things we shouted to each other were "Mine!" or "Yours!" when we played doubles. Or "Do you prefer forehand or backhand return?" And yet I can remember vividly how each of their forehands looked, their volleys, their preferences for stroke production.

There is, I learnt that night, a certain freedom at 9pm Drill and Play that I associate with anonymous hook-ups. The intimacy is particular to the encounter and there is not an expectation that it will evolve into more. It needn't. You also needn't import into the encounter expectations from other zones of life. These are not your friends. These are not people you will see again. If you do see them again, it will be for Drill and Play, and only Drill and Play. In reality, they have selected the 9pm session probably for the same reason that you have: it's the only one with availability for the day you have time to play, and, perhaps most importantly, because they do not have people to play with otherwise. We're the reject pile. The loners.

At Sutton East, the courts are open until 11pm, at which time the lights go out in a rolling darkness starting from the very far end of the court, and come sweeping over you in the middle of your service toss. You can play later at a few places such as the indoor courts tucked away in a hard-to-reach corner of Grand Central Station. At the Vanderbilt court, so called because it is located just above Vanderbilt Avenue, the rate for lessons was half of what I used to pay in rent in the Midwest, but there were

discounts during what they call off-peak hours, from 10pm to 2am, squeezed in before the commuters show up at 6am wanting their private lessons.

I was confused at first by the idea of taking a tennis lesson at 2am. It's a strange thought that there are tennis coaches in New York who have the same on-call schedules as doctors or nurses or delivery people or custodial staff. Then I recalled that a teacher in creative writing once described my preference for writing at night as a preference for working while the world sleeps, a desire to enter a world that belonged only to me.

When the coach told us on this particular night that the class had been cancelled for the last month because no one had shown up, I was surprised. I was in one of my obsessive, fanatical phases of enthusiasm for tennis, during which it is hard to imagine that anyone could ever want to be doing anything that isn't playing tennis or getting ready to play tennis. It also had to do with the fact that I always assume that, in New York, there are hundreds of people willing to be in any particular place at any particular time. One does not associate the city with a lack of demand. But then, it was 9pm and it was summer. People had things they wanted to do, people they wanted to see.

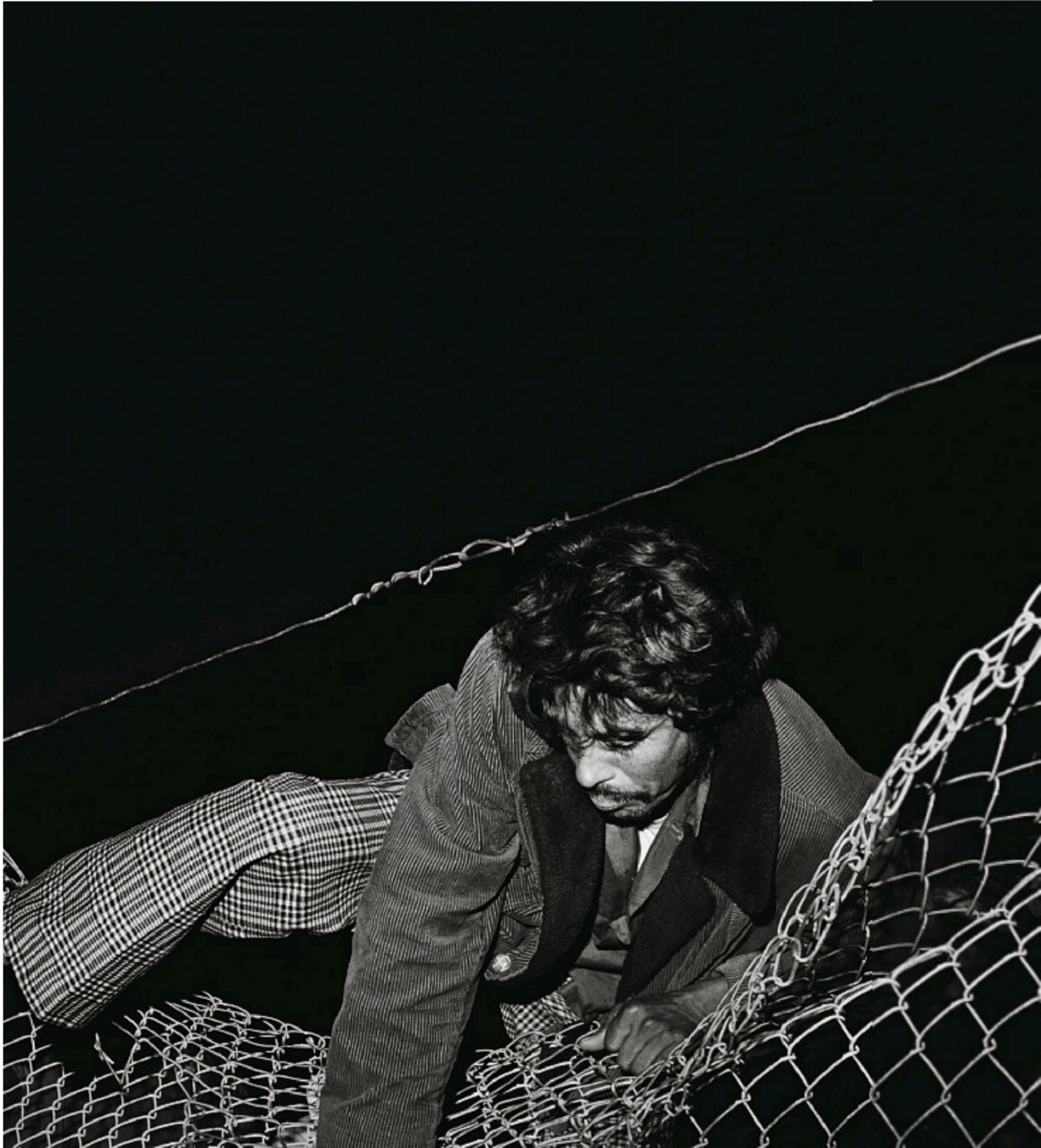
After my session at Sutton East, I grabbed my tennis bag and walked from the courts to my apartment on West 56th near the park. For company, I had the delivery guys on their bikes and scooters. Otherwise there was the sterile dark of the closed banks. The boutique furniture stores, which retain some of the eccentricity of a different era in the city. The streets were quiet in that lonely stretch from York to Eighth. I passed people on dates. When I got to Madison Avenue or Fifth or Park, the buildings got larger, grander. The city started to resemble itself again.

I shifted slightly north, closer to the park, where I could watch the horses and the carriages, and peer into the trees, or watch people buy pretzels and hotdogs from the carts.

I sometimes wish I were a different sort of person. One brave enough to order a hotdog from a cart. But I'm too shy. I'm afraid I'll mess it up. Say the wrong thing. I didn't order that night. I just watched other people and hoped someone would ask if I wanted something.

I didn't stop to wonder if I am also doing this with my friends, if my loneliness is perhaps a result of my shyness. Instead I just booked another session of Drill and Play for the following evening so that if someone asked me if I had plans, I'd have something interesting to say. **FT**

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Brandon Taylor's most recent novel is "The Late Americans", published by Vintage



Ken Light

Midnight La Frontera
1983-87

The summer air was stifling as I sat in the passenger side of the Border Patrol's Ram Charger. It was the early morning and the landscape was barely visible in the deep darkness of the Otay Mesa. As the radio crackled in the background with calls like "10-16, 'pick up aliens in custody,'" the agent responded to the call "10-60, 'a sensor hit,'" signalling there might be a group of

"illegal aliens" moving across the landscape. We drove quickly, feeling every rut and hole in the road and kicking up a storm of dust behind us. The agent at the wheel, his eyes peering into the darkness, checked out "Razor Back", "E-2", "Dillon Canyon" and the "China Inn Tube" – just some of the locations where he suspected illegal border crossers could be found hiding or



San Ysidro, California, January 1985

weaving across the barren terrain along the US-Mexico border.

Between 1983 and 1987 I took my Hasselblad camera with a flash and rode along with US Border Patrol agents as they combed “the Line”, capturing undocumented immigrants. Night after night, from four in the afternoon until seven in the morning, I photographed the drama of the border, as people

desperately tried to cross into the United States. They were looking for a safe harbour where they could be treated with civility and create a new life in the Land of the Free.

The photographs captured extreme vulnerability, fear and desperation, as hope gave way to despair. My photographs bore witness to the inhumane treatment there. It is so unsettling to see the

same emotional pain now as a new generation of photographers respond to the even harsher practices of the 21st century at the border. We, as a country, have not yet successfully faced our lack of humanity towards immigrants.

.....
Text by Ken Light, excerpted from “Midnight La Frontera”, published by TBW Books



Ken Light

Married male, 17, and female, 27,
San Ysidro, California, March 1986

The Jaguar's Path by José Ángel Navejas

My life in the shadows began some 20 years ago. It was a hot April night in Tijuana, that border siren that lures both migrant and tourist with promises of boundless prosperity and unchecked lust. That night I joined a numerous army, an anonymous army. Under the infinite depth of night and guided by a sneaky coyote, we moved, slowly descending the slopes flattened nightly by the illicit weight of millions of other shadows who preceded us. Denied a legitimate chance at the American Dream, what better way to attain it than by penetrating America by night?

The stretch between Tijuana and San Diego is long. Very long. And it is as treacherous as it is beautiful. It is unlikely that anybody who has ever crossed it will easily forget it. Its desertlike landscape is bound to carve itself equally onto body and soul. Once this turf is trodden, the tiredness, the awe, and the terror experienced along these trails become permanent memories. Some take away a cactus scratch that eventually scars. Others momentarily succumb to the sheer magnitude of the heavens, the number of stars, the depth of

night. A few are left behind to join the landscape.

We go up and down hills that never seem to end. At some point, running upward along a narrow path, I look down the cliff to my right and feel nauseated. It is a long, rocky fall. All it would take for my journey to be over would be a momentary distraction, a trip on a rock, a slip, someone accidentally bumping me from behind. How many dreams have ended like this, way down there?

.....
Excerpted from "Midnight La Frontera" by Ken Light, published by TBW Books

Amak Mahmoodian

One Hundred and Twenty Minutes
2019-23

Born one year after the Iranian revolution of 1979, Amak Mahmoodian was a child when many of her family members were imprisoned and she and her family were sent into exile in the mountains bordering the Caspian Sea. Years later, after coming to the UK to finish her PhD in photography, she too was exiled from her place of birth due to her family's history.

"I haven't been in my homeland for 14 years," she says. Being separated from her family, she began to notice that "very often they come to visit me in my dreams".

One Hundred and Twenty Minutes, named for the amount of time we tend to dream each night, is the result of years of research into the dreams of people in exile. Working with 16 exiled people who now live in the UK, Mahmoodian explored the visual and psychological spaces they went to in their dreams, creating sketchbook drawings and photography exploring what each person told her.

"Dreams don't have any borders," she says of her desire to make the project. "You can be wherever you want. As soon as you close your eyes, you create your own world. That is your private world, and nobody can come in."

"One Hundred and Twenty Minutes" by Amak Mahmoodian will be exhibited as part of Bristol Photo Festival, October 2024



I haven't seen my sister for years. Few years ago she was unwell, I was despaired at not being able to go home to help her. In my dream, I saw her sitting in an empty room, in a red dress, steam was coming out of her body. I woke up remembering my dream. I still remember the dream. **Safa**



Wandering in an abandoned building, without knowing where to go, I see a staircase in the middle of the building. I decide to walk up the stairs, it is a never-ending path and it is very bright. **Taj**



Phalonne Pierre Louis

Port-au-Prince by Night
2020-23

This series was made between 9pm and 2am in Port-au-Prince, Haiti. I started working on it in 2020, at a time when the city was plagued by violence due to political instability. Not a day went by without a case of kidnapping or murder. The kidnapers operated in the morning and the afternoon, so I didn't go out on to the streets during the day unless I had a job to do. But there were very few late-night kidnappings, and so I got into the habit of going out with friends after dark.

There I discovered the beauty of the city at night. When dark falls, lots of people go out on the streets. With my camera, I crisscrossed the city and tried to capture its movement. I photographed the merchants at the local market, people sitting in bars or restaurants, a street lamp, a burning tyre, or a fish being smoked on a barbecue. The photographs show the city from another angle. At night, you can see smiles on people's faces.

Text by Phalonne Pierre Louis



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GALLERY

Scarlett Carlos Clarke

The Smell of
Calpol on a Warm
Summer's Night
2017-20

Scarlett Carlos Clarke was walking along the seafront wheeling her newborn baby in a pushchair, looking in through people's windows as she passed, when she conceived the idea for this project. She began casting around for locations and props that would help her create the close, sticky atmosphere of a summer's evening spent at home, often with a child, in the cold blue glow of the television.

"I knew I wanted it to feel hot but the opposite of what you think when you imagine summer," says Clarke. "The characters are static but sweating, there's no sunset or natural light. It's stuffy, suffocating and airless."

The resulting tableaux, which she frames like paintings, almost force the viewer into the room with the characters. They evoke the claustrophobia of being inside a domestic space for hours, as day changes to night. "It's very direct – it's confrontational," Clarke says. "For a moment you get sucked in."

"The Smell of Calpol on a Warm Summer's Night" by Scarlett Carlos Clarke. Published by MÖREL, September 2024





Paradise



Lucid Dreaming



Scarlett Carlos Clarke

Capri-Sun

© SCARLETT CARLOS CLARKE

MOON CREATURES

LUCY PREBBLE RELIVES THE LONG, DARK NIGHTS THAT FOLLOWED HER FIRST BABY'S ARRIVAL IN DEEP MID-WINTER

Nights with a newborn I expected to be draining, chaotic, comic, romantic. I hadn't expected the genre they MOST resemble to be horror. People jovially share, "They grow up so fast!" but I didn't think that would be so BODILY, to see his skull expand after two hours of sleep in a way that feels genuinely unnerving.

My mother remembers night feeds with her first baby warmly. He was born in the summer of 1976, the hottest then on record. Nights were a respite from the sticky days, and mum and baby communed in cool moonlight together.

My first baby is born mid-January in one of the grimmest, darkest winters London's ever known. It rains constantly and night takes up most of the day. My partner and I buy wipe-warmers for the changing stations we've dutifully dotted about. It seems unfairly harrowing to bring this tiny, wriggling being into the world, then wake it many times a night to icily scrape at its crevices.

The bedroom is now a nest. I've never felt more like an animal. Sheets and pillows surround us, held together by tangle and various fluids I'm leaking. Aside from the blood and the milk and the piss, I'm waking with extreme night sweats. The doctor idly wonders if I have "oedema" post the C-section, where fluid builds up under the skin and needs to be released somehow. This would also explain the monstrous swelling of my hands, feet and neck. I find myself waking, desperately searching the soaking sheets for the baby. In a semi-conscious state of night terror, I wander the upstairs hall until my husband finds me, barefoot and bleeding and creepily asking, "Where's the baby?" This might sound terrifying, and it is, especially when I'm apparently also HOLDING THE BABY. My husband is trapped in a nightmare. I, however, AM the nightmare. We all return to the stink of the room, which he wisely never mentions. A good week in, when I finally find a moment to shower, I laugh out loud at the heat, at the heavy luxury of a new bar of soap. When I return to the bed, the baby screams. He no longer recognises the perfumed breast. He needs the stink.

The baby cries a lot. He cries when we feed him, he cries after we feed him and he cries when he is not being fed. It's reflux. It's colic. It's neither. It's wind. Reflux is a myth. Colic doesn't mean anything. The baby has acid in his throat. This is a normal baby. The baby is unusually unsettled, which is what they call it when a baby screams over and over in pain. The baby needs you to stop worrying. Is this your FIRST baby? You have to hold him upright for an hour after he feeds. You should feed him slowly, over the course of an hour. You have to feed him little and often, at least every two hours. Wait, then when do I - Sleep.

Apparently, "things turn a corner at six months". SIX MONTHS. Do you know how many nights there are in SIX MONTHS? No, neither do I. My brain is broken from getting LITERALLY NO SLEEP. I've become a creature of the Moon. I haven't thought about the Moon this much maybe ever. Bedtime books are obsessed with it, saying good night to it, having it watch over you, loving your baby to it and back. The baby's room has a spherical lamp and I say things like, "Shall we turn on the moon now?" when I need some light. I realise this will eventually confuse the baby, believing that it's the actual Moon. I don't mind him thinking that for a while. That the Moon belongs to him.

The baby smiles and spring arrives.

Sunlight streams in, waking the baby from 4am. Blackout blinds go up, as we try and extend a perpetual winter, turning the baby's room into a dark box. The blinds are covered in bears. It reminds me how in the neonatal intensive care unit, cute puppies and giraffes adorn the tapes that keep a baby's tubes in place. Who is this for exactly? The babies can't tell the difference. It's not like the adults are thinking, look, my newborn is hooked up to medical machinery but couldn't this all be a bit more emotive? The amount of animal life we surround them with, a baby might expect a life bouncing between the jungle and the farmyard. But those things will feature pitifully little. As it is, most kids will re-encounter animals on the dinner plate before they ever do in the wild. At that point, having trained them expertly in how the deceased cow "went" seems unhelpful. It's like in raising our children, humans know, instinctively, suddenly, what is so majestic about life. We want to share it with them, the colour and the wonder. We do know what is worth preserving, but then just, somehow, don't.

Summer comes. Things turn a corner at six months (I don't know if you know). The first time the baby "sleeps through the night" my partner and I are exhausted. We have been up staring at the eerie night-vision images on the monitor. Why isn't he moving? Should we go in? Did he just make a sound? Turns out we haven't been sleep-training him, he's been sleep-training us. We will never not have one ear open again.

In the morning I creep in. He is still sleeping.

There is something sacred about a sleeping baby. How can something so commonplace be so mysterious?

I sit and watch him.

His head is definitely bigger.

Eventually, I turn off the moon, and go. **FT**

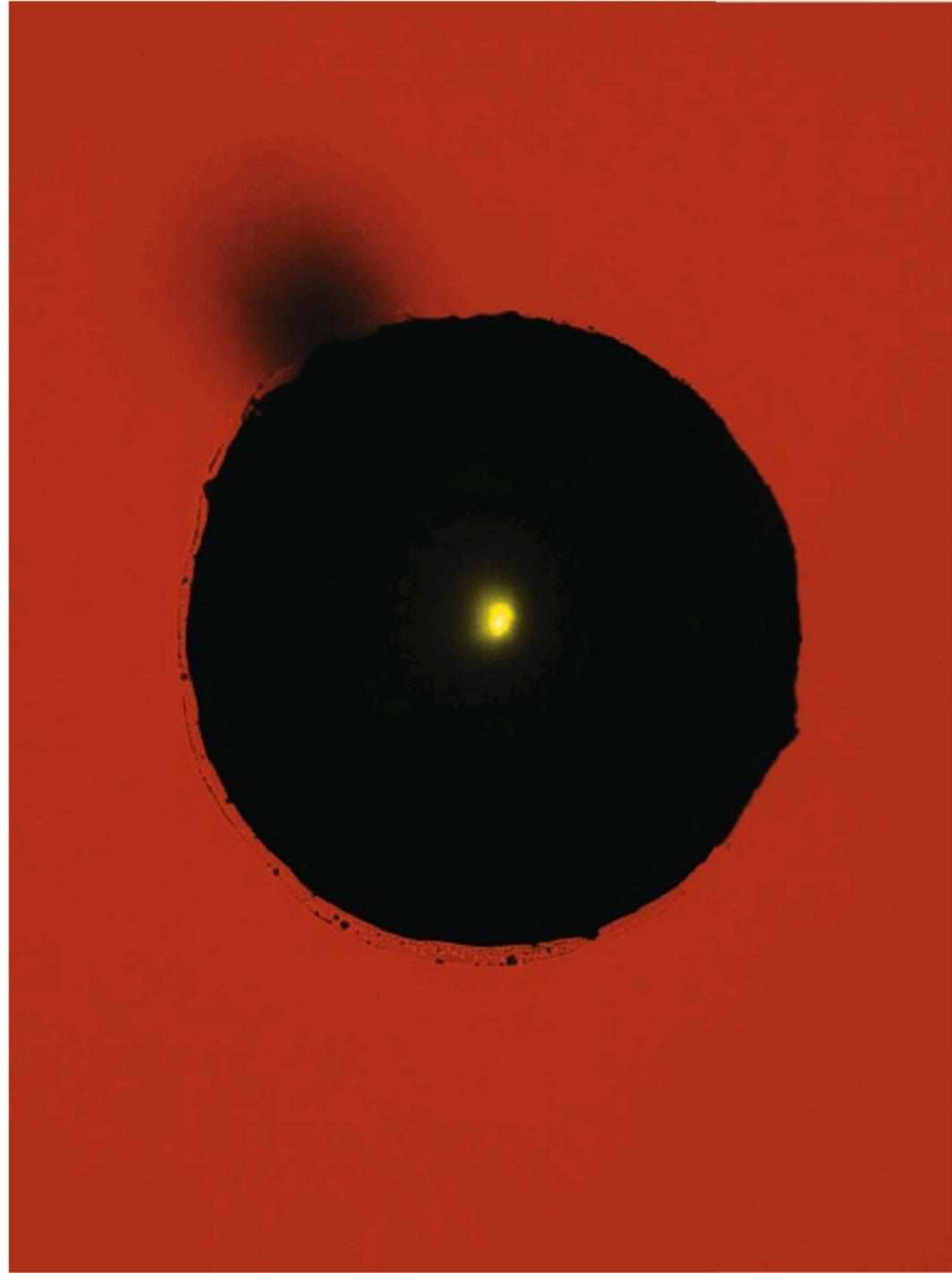
Lucy Prebble is the author of the plays "The Effect" and "Enron" and the TV show "I Hate Suzie", and was a writer on the series "Succession"

Night Light



Gersfeld, Germany

Like humans, animals can develop cancers of the breast, prostate, skin and endocrine system when exposed to excessive doses of artificial light.



Basel, Switzerland

An eye-stimulation experiment at the Center of Chronobiology. "We must be aware of just how much artificial light we absorb," says the director, Professor Dr Christian Cajochen. "Light hygiene is the new frontier of wellbeing."

Mattia Balsamini

Protege Noctem
2021-23



Hong Kong, China

The sky above here is 1,200 times brighter than the surrounding countryside. The call by environmentalists to turn off shop lights and LED billboards, at least during the night, has so far gone unheeded.



Bolzano, Italy

Design company Ewo has recently focused attention on night sky-friendly lighting. Experiments are carried out using soft lighting and full cut off lights. Precision is key. "Our system is designed to illuminate horizontal and vertical planes without casting shadows and without causing light pollution," explain Ewo's Ernst and Hannes Wohlgemuth.



Mattia Balsamini

For all of us, blinded by the shards from billions of artificial lights (or ALAN: Artificial Light At Night), the night sky has become a soiled canvas, an unknown phenomenon. Eighty-three per cent of the world's population have never seen the Milky Way. In cities like Shanghai, where the world's largest astronomy museum recently opened, 95 per cent of the stars are now invisible to the naked eye. Public lighting, windows, street lamps and even LED headlights emit blue spectrum light that dazzles the nocturnal ecosystem and damages the human circadian cycle, our rhythm of sleep and wakefulness, promoting the onset of diseases such as breast and prostate cancer, diabetes and depression. Epidemiologists are united in considering the disappearance of the night as a risk factor on a level footing with pollution, alcohol and smoking.

It's not only light on Earth but also in space: the proliferation of telecommunication satellites creates false cosmic streaks that prevent astronomers from studying the stars. Natural life appears to have been harshly affected: migratory birds veer off course, plants no longer sense the onset of winter and many insects face extinction.

This is why defending the darkness represents the vanguard in the ongoing ecological battle. This series of photographs chronicles the unofficial alliance between scientists and citizens to counter the disappearance of the night and its creatures. The project took two years of research and was photographed across Europe, the Canary Islands and Asia.

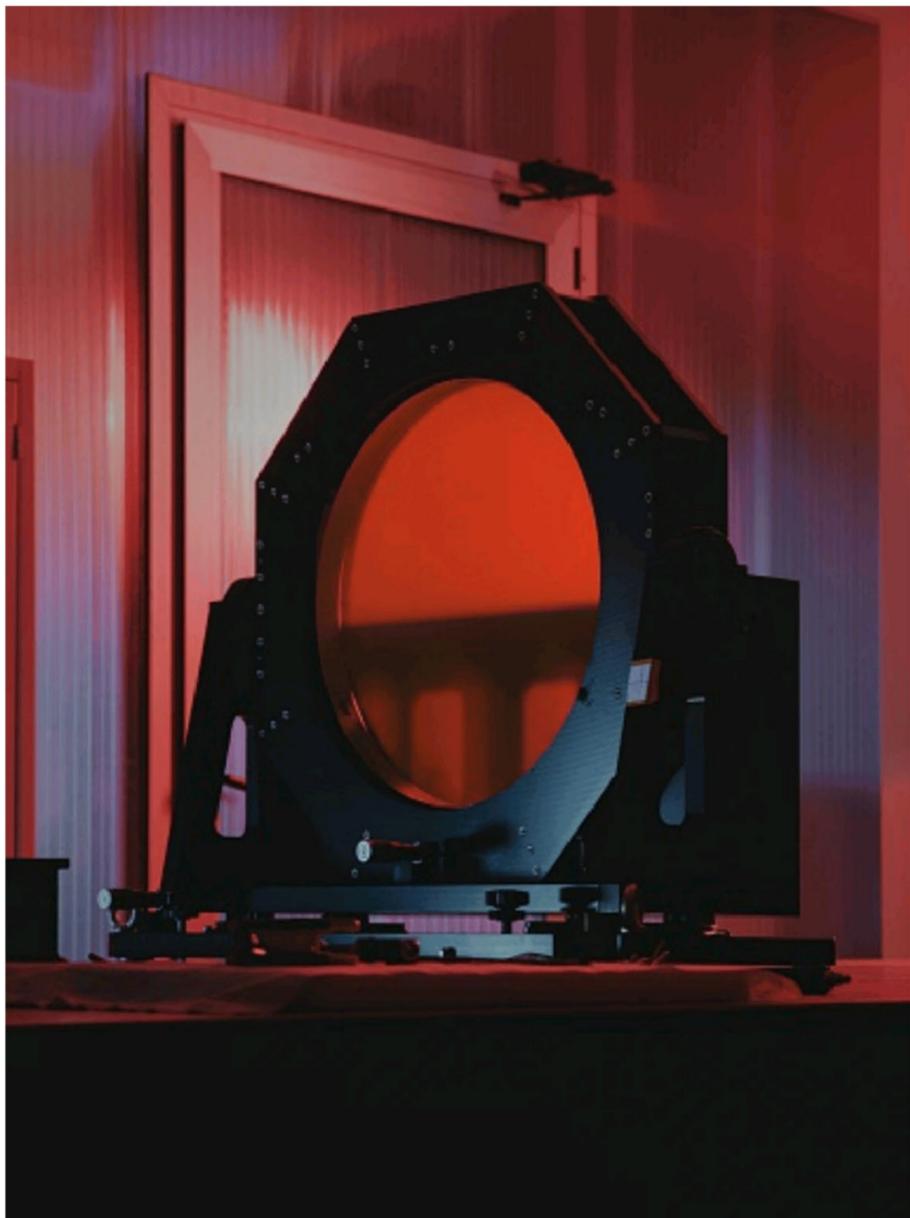
Text by Raffaele Panizza, excerpted from "Protege Noctem" by Mattia Balsamini and Raffaele Panizza, published by Witty Books

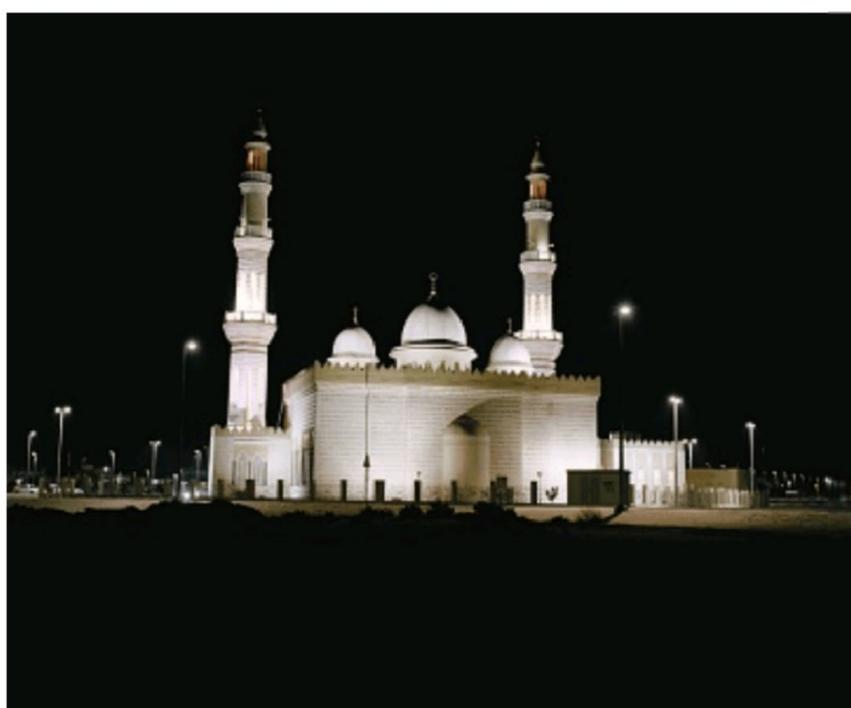
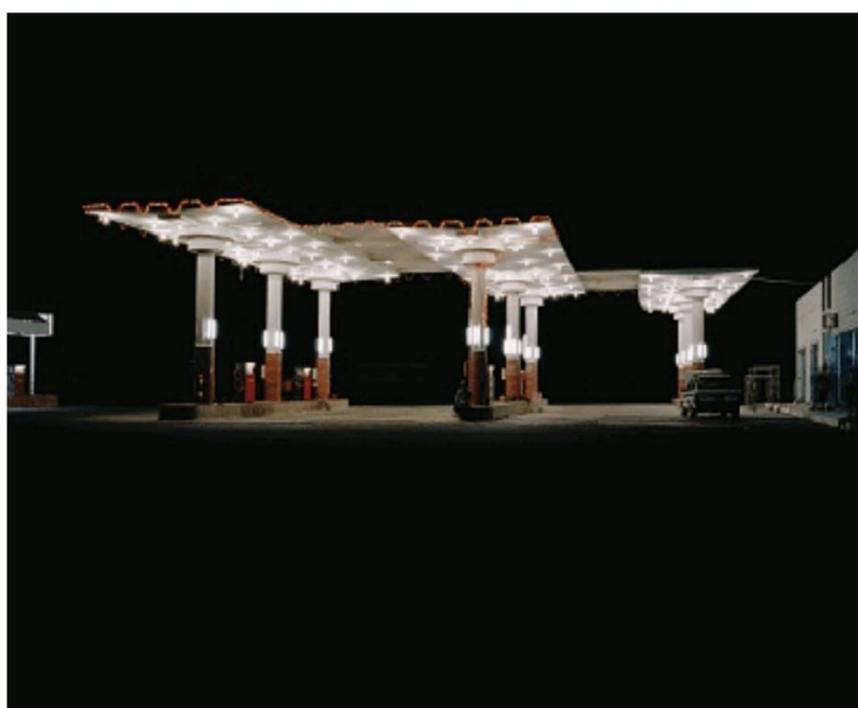
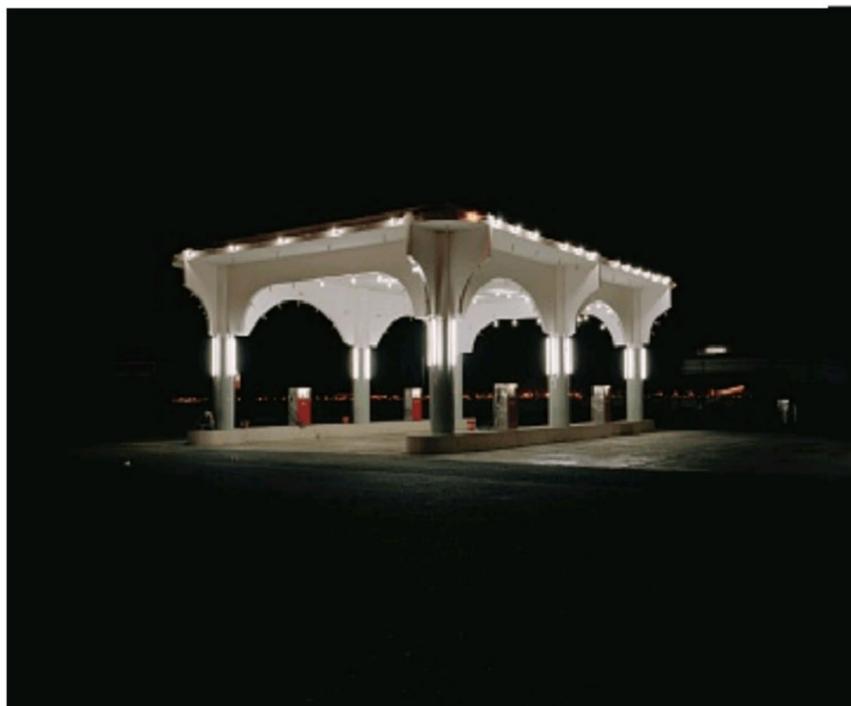
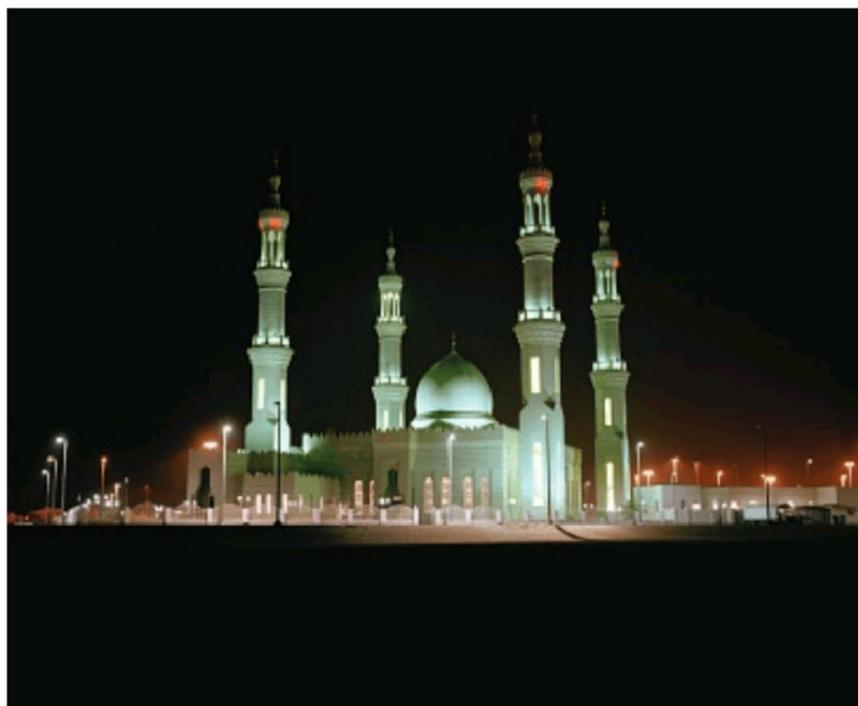
Top: Fulda, Germany

The moth, an invaluable pollinating insect, is sucked, whirling into the light. Unable to mate, it becomes worn out and dies. Nocturnal insects, photographed here during a citizen-science experiment, die by the million each night in most cities.

Bottom: Sarcedo, Italy

A lens being tested in Officina Stellare, an Italian space factory that designs and builds a new generation of "light scanners". At ground level we observe the sky made up not only of stars, but of constellations of telecommunication satellites constantly being launched into orbit. The heavens are slowly turning into a trash bin full of space debris.





Tim Hetherington

Vital Structures
2008

These images reflect my mental and physical wanderings in Yemen and the United Arab Emirates. Centred loosely on the motif of architecture, I tried to find some common ground between the two countries that might not be found in a guidebook. Normally I work on long-term projects that seek a degree of intimacy and involvement with the subject. But since I spoke no Arabic, I had to employ an alternative strategy and started thinking of Walker Evans and his vernacular approach. The result took on the form of a photographic

survey, examining the way that architecture can transform the harsh Arabian environment and harness important resources. There are stark differences between what Yemen was and what the UAE has become. Yet for all the UAE's perceived glamour or Yemen's celebrated heritage, I found myself strangely drawn to everyday structures that verged on the banal and yet were rich in those details of daily life that go some way to express a sense of indigenous national character.

.....
Text by Tim Hetherington.
© British Council Collection



Suwon Lee

Moonset
2013

To create *Moonset*, Suwon Lee defied the notion of productive time. Sitting, waiting and observing, she spent the stretch of the night's end (or the morning's beginning) photographing a gibbous Moon, one that is between half full and full, as it set into the horizon, its waning glow reflecting off the North Atlantic Ocean below.

Lee took the photographs in 2013, when she was passing

through the volcanic oceanic island of La Palma, off the coast of north-western Africa. She was returning to her native Venezuela from Iceland, where she had been experimenting with photographs of the Sun and its light, a focal point of her artistic practice since the mid-2000s. In the 18 photos that comprise *Moonset*, the sun remains a spectral presence. Both reflections appear on the

surface of the sea, puncturing the all-encompassing darkness. In capturing these phases, Lee enacts a process of measuring through the Moon's cycles.

Text adapted from "The Measure of the Moon" by Madeline Murphy Turner and originally published in "Night Fever: Film and Photography After Dark", edited by Shanay Jhaveri (Cologne: Walther Koenig, 2024)

© SUWON LEE



THOUGHT PATTERNS

In her 2024 book *Alphabetical Diaries*, the novelist *Sheila Heti* takes lines from her personal diaries, written over a decade, and rearranges them in alphabetical order. The resulting juxtapositions are often surreal, funny and illuminating. In their new form, they could be read as a restless mind at night, posing itself questions instead of falling asleep

D

Did I betray him? Did I? Did not get much writing done, obviously. Didn't sleep at all last night, and feel unable to sleep right now. Difficult evening last night. Difficult men. Disappointed a bit, but fine. Discipline like discipleship. Discretion is part of it. Do away with the idea, the romantic idea, of essence. Do I hold myself back from fear of surpassing him? Do I want to be his primary partner? Do I want to be in a sexless relationship? Do I want to grow old with this man? Do not introspect. Do nothing but accept who you are. Do that instead of escaping into fantasies of lives with other men, men who I have already made the conscious choice of rejecting. Do we have to suffer until the end of history? Does he die, drowning, trying to kiss himself? Does he stare forever at his image? Does it create distance between you and the man that you're with? Does it deserve forgiveness? Does it get you closer to any particular man? Does it get you closer to wisdom? Does it get you closer to your truest values? Don't affect this cool air, this worldly air. Don't anticipate the worst, always fearing it. Don't be afraid of not having money come. Don't be covetous. Don't be frivolous. Don't be miserable. Don't be scared. **FT**

Excerpted from "Alphabetical Diaries" by Sheila Heti, published by Fitzcarraldo Editions



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Appetites



The Gastronomer

Tim Hayward

A menu inside
a concept
inside a space

When you walk into a restaurant for the first time, there are a lot of things that make an initial impression. Restaurant designers understand this first few seconds of contact and make it work for them. Lita, a new Mediterranean-style restaurant in Marylebone, gave me two strong impressions: (a) Damn, the staff are good-looking (of which, more later) and (b) there's so much space!

Hospitality people are obsessed with space. It's usually rented, so somewhere in the back of your mind you have a number, a sum of money that each square metre is costing. You know that the space you're in is always a little tighter than you'd like, and above all, you know that any space that doesn't have a chair on it, topped by the arse of a paying customer, is simply not working hard enough. This stuff is wired into us. Which is why

it's so weird to walk into Lita and see so much of its superbly expensive floor. It seems like hectares. A broad, noble boulevard leads from the door to the open kitchen. The kind of space you could fire a cannon down in the event of a popular uprising. You could probably play volleyball in the space between the bar and the first tables... and between those tables, great liberating voids where staff and customers can move easily. How on earth can an operator afford this unimaginable luxury?

Let's talk about the menu.

The first item, with no more copy for context, reads "Australian Black Winter Truffle (supplement £30)". I don't take issue with the sum. I'd be happy to drop that sort of money if it came on some fresh pasta with loads of butter. I might even have considered taking them up on the truffle if it

was offered as an extra garnish on the forthcoming “Peak District T-Bone”. But offering it so I can apply it non-specifically – imported truffle served like HP Sauce – is jarring. It’s like having a sign in the bathroom saying, “We don’t supply toilet paper. Please help yourself from our basket of absorbent kittens.”

The rest of the menu soars like an aria after the first bum note. I’d be perfectly happy to have “smoked Basque sardines, ajo blanco, cherries” tattooed, just so I would always have it with me to read in the dark times. But even more seductive was a serried phalanx of steamed St Austell Bay mussels on a toast plinth, with a creamy underlayer of sauce gribiche. This is the stuff dreams are made of.

Lita has a “concept”. A waiter popped over and asked me if it was the first time I’d been. When I said yes, he said he’d pop back in just a minute to explain The Concept. The Concept turned out to be “Broadly Italian/British ingredients/small plates/sharing courses”, which was perhaps not the paradigm shift I was hoping for. Ninety-eight times out of 100, it’s the same concept.

The mussels were great, though. As was a plate of raw Fuentes bluefin tuna under a layer of finely minced corno peppers. I’ve never knowingly eaten a corno before and the way they’d balanced the sweetness with capers and perked it up with coriander made me profoundly happy. It was a similar story with a salad of raw Romana courgettes interspersed with chunks of braised artichoke hearts and kind of “run through”, as chefs love to tell us, with a smooth ricotta, some basil and mint leaves. The cooking here is confident and extremely competent. Above all, there’s a sense of someone with an excellent palate keeping a firm guiding hand on what’s coming over the pass.

On to the more substantial phases of The Concept: a flat iron “Prospector” pan of rice cooked in squid ink to a kind of nutty, almost crunchy consistency, then topped with near-sashimi Scottish langoustines and a dollop of emollient aioli. It’s close to something Brits might describe as a paella, but I already know that in saying so I have damned myself and will be quietly murdered by avenging Spaniards.

I was on safer ground with Cornish lamb, smoked aubergine, Italian courgettes and confit tomatoes, a comfortingly Elizabeth David dinner party set-up, rendered irresistible and a touch more contemporary by sheep milk curds turning the juices into a kind of field-expedient sauce.

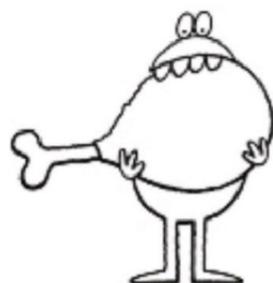
As we approach the Act Three climax of The Concept, the menu offers Whole Cornish Turbot (£120) Peak District T-Bone (£130) and Rib of Galician Beef (£160). As you know, I rarely mention money, but this is an exception. Even though these items were conceptually designed to be shared, it’s the first time I’ve looked at lunch and thought, no... there is genuinely no way I can justify that on expenses. It does, though, explain how they can afford all that lovely space.

I’m kind of at a loss about the noticeably good-looking staff. It is noticeable. You will notice it. And it’s another one of those first impressions, isn’t it?

And I’ve got to say that my first impression was unease. Surely, nobody is hiring staff on looks in 2024? Why? Am I supposed to identify with them? This is not LA. I’m fat, old and bald. They largely make me feel awkward, ugly and irrelevant. Or are they part of the carefully designed and curated ambience? For me to appreciate like decoration? Jesus, that doesn’t bear thinking about.

As parts of the London restaurant scene drive themselves relentlessly upmarket, Lita represents something very new to me. I loved the food, the service was impeccable and the prices are no more shocking than we’re going to have to get used to. What I’m less comfortable with is eating in a restaurant designed for people better than me. **FT**

@timhayward



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litamarylebone.com

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Small plates: £17-£28
Mains: £35-£160
Desserts: £5-£16



STYLING BY KITTY COLES



Recipe Club

Pork, pistachios and the perfect peach

Crumbed meat is generally a wintery dish. Schnitzels buttressed with a pile of potatoes; chicken kyiv, the butter bursting out of it. Not so this recipe, which Ravinder Bhogal was inspired to make after a summer holiday to Sicily. There, she says, pistachios appear everywhere, from puddings to pasta. Using them to crumb pork, and serving it alongside the best of the season's stone fruit, will show you how to make this satisfying combination work in the heat of summer.

— Harriet Fitch Little

RAVINDER BHOGAL'S
PISTACHIO
PORK STEAKS WITH
PEACHES

TO SERVE TWO

- 35g pistachios
- 25g panko breadcrumbs
- Zest of a small lemon
- 1 garlic clove, crushed
- Sea salt and pepper
- 1 egg, beaten
- 2 heaped tsp Dijon mustard
- 2 pork loin steaks, approximately 150g each. Trim the rind off, if there is one, but leave the fat
- 3 tbs olive oil

For the sweet and sour peaches

- 1 tbs olive oil
- 8 sage leaves
- 2 peaches sliced into 12-16 wedges
- Sea salt and pepper
- 1 tsp caster sugar
- 2 tbs balsamic vinegar

DRINK

Ravinder says she's currently enjoying Crodino, a bittersweet Italian aperitif made from botanicals.

SUBSTITUTIONS

Apricots, cherries and nectarines would all work "as a wonderful foil to the pork's voluptuous fattiness".

TIP

For a gluten-free option, Ravinder suggests swapping the breadcrumbs for a mixture of three parts almond flour to one part cornflour. Garlic powder or sweet smoked paprika is also a nice addition.

1. Begin by making the coating for the pork. In a food processor, grind the pistachios to a coarse rubble. Place in a shallow bowl and mix with the panko breadcrumbs, lemon zest and garlic, and season with sea salt and pepper.

2. In another shallow bowl whisk together the egg and mustard. Season each loin steak with a little sea salt and pepper. Dip each steak first in the egg mixture, then press into the breadcrumbs, making sure they are evenly coated all over.

3. Before you fry the steaks, make sure you have the ingredients for the peaches prepped.

4. Heat the olive oil in a pan over a medium heat and fry each steak for four minutes on each side until the coating is crisp and golden brown and the meat is cooked through. Leave to rest on a warm plate.

5. Clean out the frying pan with kitchen paper. Heat the olive oil and fry the sage briefly on a medium heat until crisp, then remove and drain on some more paper. Add the peaches to the pan and caramelize lightly for two minutes on each side. Season with sea salt and pepper, sprinkle over the caster sugar and pour over the vinegar. Bubble for a minute, then take off the heat.

6. Serve the pork with the peaches and crisp sage.

Next week: Nick Bramham's sausage pasta



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Beer

Pete Brown

The crafty revival of cask ale

For years now, “real ale” has been regarded with the same indulgent fondness you reserve for your out-of-town relative who probably drinks it. “Cask ale” (to give it its less emotive, technically correct name) is an icon of traditional Britain, the unique selling proposition of an authentic pub. Even people who never drink beer are familiar with the foot-tall wooden handpumps that stand defiantly at odds with sleek, back-lit lager taps. Those handpumps hang heavy with clichés and stereotypes, some deserved, many inaccurate.

The problem is, our fondness has stopped translating into sales. In 2024, the market has lost one-third of the volume it enjoyed in 2015. The mood around cask is gloomy and bleak.

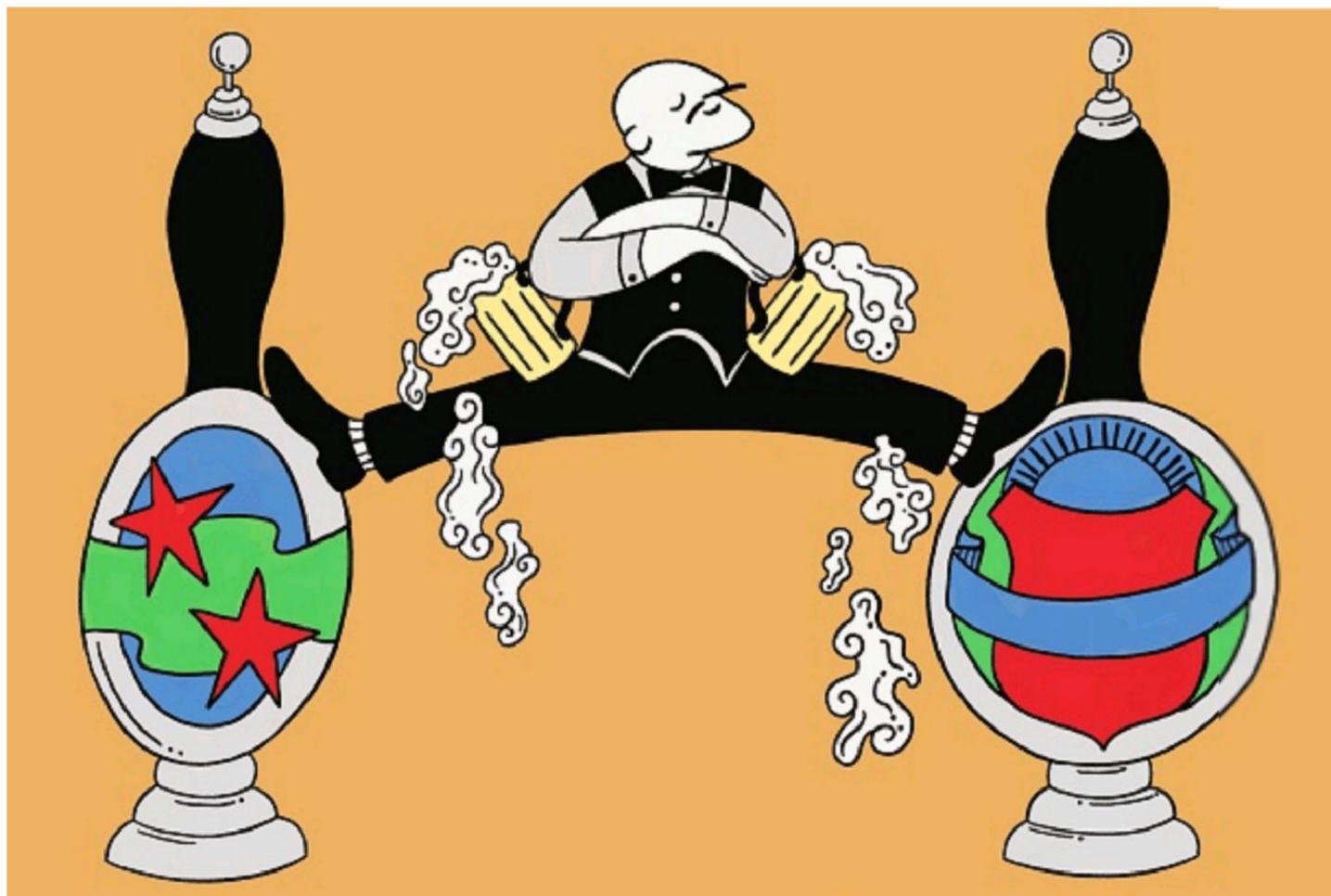
This demise has been blamed on the inexorable rise of lager, which now accounts for three-quarters of British beer sales. But since about 2011, there’s been an additional culprit: the global craft beer revolution.

If you’re not fighting the beer wars on a day-to-day basis, you could be forgiven for thinking that real ale and craft beer are the same thing. But for many, they are not just different, but foes.

Here comes the science bit.

Since the 1960s, most beer we drink in pubs is filtered and pasteurised, served from pressurised kegs with the addition of carbon dioxide (and, sometimes, nitrogen to create “smooth” pours such as Guinness). It has a long shelf life, and it’s consistent. We call this keg beer.

Meanwhile, cask ale is unfiltered and unpasteurised, and is packaged with live yeast that means the beer finishes its fermentation in the pub cellar. The skills of pub cellarmanship involve knowing how to get it into perfect condition just as it’s ready to pour. If you think real ale is warm,



Pete recommends...

10 NEW CASK ALES TO TRY

Some are keg beers that work on cask, others traditional styles reimaged.

THORNBRIDGE,
DERBYSHIRE

• **Jaipur, IPA, 5.9% ABV**

DURATION, NORFOLK

• **Another Day Done, pale ale, 4.4% ABV**

DEYA, CHELTENHAM

• **Steady Rolling Man, pale ale, 5.2% ABV**

BREW YORK, YORK

• **Bitter, 3.9% ABV**

CLOUDWATER,
MANCHESTER

• **Piccadilly Porter, 4.5% ABV**

VERDANT, CORNWALL

• **Lightbulb, 4.5% ABV**

AMPERSAND, NORFOLK,
AND ABBEYDALE,
SHEFFIELD
(COLLABORATION)

• **Wander the Waveney Line, Pale ale, 4.5%**

FIVE POINTS,
LONDON

• **Best, Bitter, 4.1% ABV**

POMONA ISLAND,
MANCHESTER

• **Scorchio, summer ale, 3.8% ABV**

UTOPIAN, EXETER

• **Extra Pale Ale, 4.1% ABV**

flat and tastes of dead badger, you have been drinking it in a pub where no one possesses these skills. Drink cask in a pub where the licensee is passionate and knowledgeable, and it has a beguiling depth and subtlety no other beer can get close to.

Towards the end of the 20th century, if you wanted ice-cold refreshment, you chose lager. If you wanted beer that had flavour and character, you went for cask ale. Then, the craft beer thing happened.

Small-scale American brewers worked out how to make good-quality, full-flavoured ales served from keg, combining the taste explosion of cask with the chilled consistency of keg. By 2016, not only were they being imported to the UK, but British brewers were mastering the style.

You could argue that they were too fruity or bitter or over-priced. But not only did many drinkers love the flavour, the branding was young, punky and American. Traditional British real ale suddenly looked older and fustier than ever. Sales plummeted.

Craft beer - produced by small, independent brewers - re-energised the beer market, drawing in younger people and women and making beer look more inclusive and relevant. Naturally, the global corporations that control the British beer market wanted in, so they promptly bought up leading craft beer brands such as Beavertown and Camden Town.

Today, drinkers of these brands still think they're drinking true craft beer. Meanwhile, the big corporations offer sweeteners and incentives for stocking them that struggling pubs can't afford to refuse.

Stock a macro-brewed "craft" beer and you'll get a big, shiny beer dispensing tower on your bar for free - but you might struggle if you want to put anyone else's beer through it. You'll get discounts if you hit volume targets - perhaps meaning you can't afford to stock that local craft beer everyone is talking about, in case it's "too good" and eats into your macro-craft sales, which it probably will.

In this way, draft beer taps are "tied" to the big brewers. But in the past few years, craft brewers have found a loophole. In a delicious twist, it's becoming evident that "craft" and "cask" might save each other, united by a common foe.

You see, the global brewers really can't be bothered with cask ale. Last month, Marston's - the UK's biggest cask ale brewer - sold its stake in a joint brewing venture with Carlsberg to its Danish partner, referring to cask as a "distraction" from its core business of running pubs. Molson Coors churns out Doom Bar, but apart from that, there's hardly a flicker of interest in cask ale from any of the global corporations.

This means the cask handpulls in pubs are not as jealously guarded as the keg taps. At first, almost as a cheeky joke, darlings of the British craft beer scene such as Cloudwater and Deya started issuing releases of their star beers in the cask format. And every time they did, the beer flew out.

"Our drinkers go crazy for the likes of Cloudwater and Duration. So when they see these beers on cask, they get really excited about it," says Mark White, owner of The Brewery Tap in Norwich. The pub began as a cask ale venue, but 10 years ago, the diversity of craft beers in keg took it in a different direction. The cask lines were reduced to make room. "Cask ale had become so staid," White said.

Young drinkers who came of age with the craft beer revolution are perfectly happy to see how these hazy, juicy pale ales translate into the smoother, less carbonated cask format. And, now people are drinking cask, the brewers at places like

Almost as a joke, darlings of the British craft beer scene started reissuing their star beers in cask format. And every time they did, the beer flew out

Deya, Cloudwater, Five Points and Brew York can openly admit that they always had a passion for traditional cask styles, and start playing with brown ales, best bitters, milds and milk stouts.

"Despite being known for our cans and kegs of juicy IPAs, everyone at Verdant absolutely loves drinking great cask ale," says Joseph Hurst, the brewery's head of on-trade. "For the most part, we brew classic cask styles, mostly best bitters and clear pales. They're not necessarily the styles of beer that we're usually known for by our regular customers. But cask ale is a classic. We don't want to reinvent the wheel."

When these styles from yesteryear are reimagined by modern craft brands, it turns out there was nothing wrong with cask beer as a format at all. It had just become old and staid, and was being served by people who couldn't be bothered to keep it well.

This cask ale revival is not being reflected in official sales figures for the overall market - partly because the brewers involved are so small, and partly because it's happening in taprooms and small venues that are under-represented in sales audits. But it is happening. Casks of beer are selling out in an hour. Gen Z are drinking milk stouts and best bitters. What was once old and irrelevant is new and vital once more. 

Pete Brown is a beer writer and author. Jancis Robinson is away

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FT Weekend



CRITIC UNCHAINED

Marina O'Loughlin

Farewell room service, we barely knew you



Consider the club sandwich. It's a strange thing - hey, extra slice of toast! - that doesn't seem to exist in real life outside the golf club in *Curb Your Enthusiasm*. But there's a place where it rules supreme: its spiritual home, the hotel room service menu.

Room service is a shapeshifting beast, sometimes sublime, sometimes a place where it's forever "chicken tikka masala curry" and soup of the day (thanks, Best Western). When I think about dining in hotels, I think about restaurants, not rooms. Joints that attract big name chefs like influencers round a free brunch. Room service is frequently a shrug of afterthought. If the likes of Tom Kerridge and Jean-Georges Vongerichten aren't in the kitchen much, you can be sure as eggs they ain't doing the graveyard shift. Even with audiences primed for room service, many hotels phone it in. Those on main travel hubs usually brandish the sort of bleak dining room only Alan Partridge could love. But lukewarm chilli in front of *Love Island* and detritus left outside rooms are even bleaker.

Sure, I've had the other end of the scale. But that comes with challenges too. I'm painfully middle-class enough to full-body cringe at pressing cash

directly into people's hands for one thing. Brace for the least relatable story ever: I once lucked into a suite at the Mandarin Oriental in Bangkok that came with a butler. Well, "lucked": it was the only upside of being trapped in the city thanks to that Icelandic volcano. I spent the entire stay trying to outrun him so he wouldn't hit the lift button for me and had to beg him not to leave vast chocolate elephants in the room every evening. Dinner in the room was unbearable, constant interruptions, overbearing solicitousness. Do the rich like this level of service? I can't cope. And I'm not even touching on him unpacking my dirty laundry.

In a highly desirable hanok hotel in Seoul I had zero sleep thanks to a pancake-thin mattress on hard tiles blessed with the planet's most ferocious underfloor heating. I longed for breakfast, something comforting, pleasurable, familiar. Instead - knowing I was writing about the trip - beaming staff delivered a series of tiny dishes on a tray: a grey-green gloop of bitter mugwort; ossified salted

corvina fish; several banchan. I adore kimchi, but right then it did not spark joy. I could have wept, especially when the beautiful central courtyard was fringed with guests sitting on their terraces tucking into bacon, eggs and - sob - toast. If they had proper beds, I might have gone nuclear.

Who orders room service without the loneliness of the long-distance traveller excuse? The terminally lazy or incurious? (I will never not leave the hotel in search of culinary adventure.) The overpaid? Couples on sexathons? I've heard some stories. The PR from an upscale hotel in rural Ireland told me about the 1990s girlband member who booked into a suite with a cleric (also female), the two of them proceeding to lash thousands on steaks and burgundy. Fair enough, if you don't want to put your clothes on long enough to go to the restaurant. This, I kind of get.

In cities there are delivery apps, which is perhaps why lesser establishments' efforts are so half-cocked. I checked out the websites of some high-profile hotels, and room service is rarely mentioned. One exception is The Savoy, grand old dame of The Strand with its clutch of Gordon Ramsay restaurants. Its menu seems designed with the brief of "nibbles for jaded oligarchs", but then I expect you don't need to worry that "caviar and condiments" or "Wagyu tartare" might degrade too profoundly en route from kitchen to penthouse (or be found on Deliveroo). Or the Berkeley, also with "to nibble" including Petrossian caviar at £475 and oysters. I'd like to see anyone nibbling an oyster. I now have a mental image of terry-towelled plutocrats gerbiling their dinners the length of the country. Of course, there are those who work hard at it. My pal Robbie Bargh, of hotel and restaurant consultants the Gorgeous Group, tells me about rooms with special amber lighting and designed-for-dining furniture. There are also the try-hards. At Soho Farmhouse, he says they delivered breakfast

"on the back of an old milk float". This fills me with dismay, in a "hold my beer, Marie Antoinette" kind of way.

I judge hotels by small generosities. Is there real milk in the minibar? Something home-made, a gloriously chewy cookie or two in a Kilner jar? You're in safe hands.

My room service rules: never get breakfast unless so driven by passion you can't sling on a pair of trackies to hit the dining room - hotel breakfasts are one of life's great joys. Forget the bendy triple toast sandwich. Order the burger. **FT**

.....
Marina O'Loughlin is a writer, editor and restaurant critic. This is the third of four summer columns

Room service is frequently a shrug of afterthought. It's lukewarm chilli in front of *Love Island*



Games

MINI CROSSWORD

No 20 Set by Xela

1		2		3		4
	■		■		■	
5						
	■		■		■	
6						
	■		■		■	
7						

8 clues – 2 straightforward clues, 2 general knowledge, 2 cryptic, 2 anagrams.

ACROSS

- 1** Isn't succinct when discussing breakfast items (7)
5 ___ Duncan, modern dance pioneer (1877-1927) (7)
6 Fretful (7)
7 Yep, redo (7)

DOWN

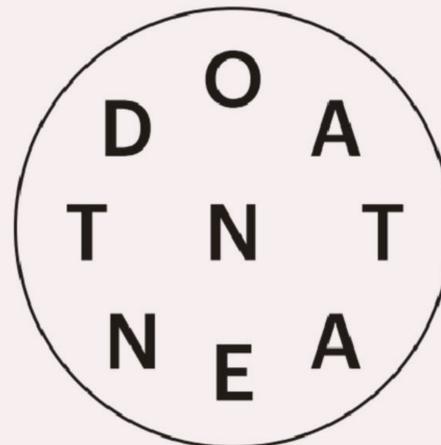
- 1** ___ *Down the Wind*, 1961 crime drama starring Hayley Mills (7)
2 Spotlight part of the face (7)
3 Pursue (4,3)
4 Overhaul (5-2)

Access FT crosswords from the past 30 days – cryptic, Polymath, Weekend and Sunday puzzles – on ft.com/crosswordapp

WORD CIRCLE

No 20

Find words that use the centre letter plus two or more of the other letters. No letter may be used more times than it appears within the circle, and proper nouns are not accepted. There is one word that uses all nine letters.



Scoring
 Good 25
 Great 30
 Amazing 35

BINARY PUZZLE

No 20

0	0		0				
0		1			0		
	1	0	0				0
			0			1	1
1	1			0			
0				1	0	1	
		0			1		0
				0		0	0

Place 0 or 1 in every empty square so there is an equal number of each digit in every row and column. In any row or column, there must be no more than two of the same digit in succession.

SOLUTIONS

For issue date August 10/11

Mini Crossword No 19

C	U	M	B	R	I	A
O	■	O	■	E	■	D
B	U	N	G	L	E	D
B	■	I	■	I	■	I
L	E	T	T	E	R	S
E	■	O	■	V	■	O
S	U	R	G	E	O	N

Binary Puzzle No 19

1	1	0	1	0	0	1	0
0	1	0	0	1	0	1	1
0	0	1	0	1	1	0	1
1	0	1	1	0	0	1	0
0	1	0	0	1	1	0	1
0	0	1	0	1	0	1	1
1	1	0	1	0	1	0	0
1	0	1	1	0	1	0	0

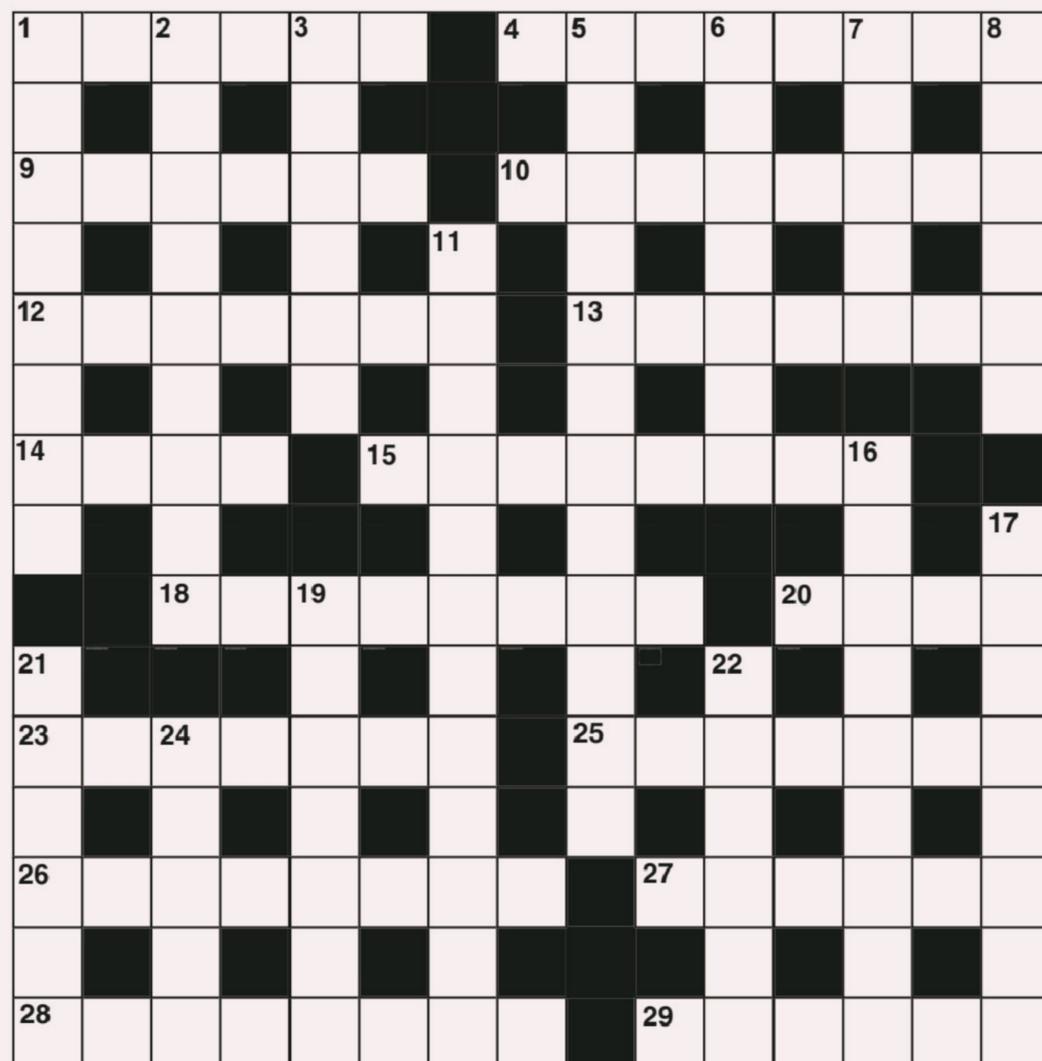
Crossword No 703

A	F	F	L	U	E	N	T	D	I	S	M	A	L
I	U	X	A	E	O	N							
S	L	I	P	U	P	N	O	B	I	L	I	T	Y
L	I	L	K	U	D	E							
S	I	G	N	P	O	S	T	G	R	I	S	L	Y
P	S	O											
	S	K	I	P	P	I	N	G	R	O	P	E	
A	C	V											
O	V	E	R	R	E	A	C	T	I	O	N		
I	I		H	L		C							
C	A	M	P	U	S	A	M	B	I	T	I	O	N
T	T	P	S	R	E	R							
B	I	B	U	L	O	U	S	U	M	P	I	R	E
O	R	R	I	S	I	A							
I	N	V	E	R	T	S	C	H	E	D	U	L	E

Word circle No 19 ail, ails, all, ally, **alma**, alum, alums, asylum, call, calls, callus, calm, calmly, calms, claim, claims, clam, clams, clay, clumsily, clumsy, cull, culls, ill, ills, lacy, lam, lams, lay, lays, lilac, lilacs, lily, limy, mail, mails, mall, malls, **maul**, mauls, mil, mill, mills, mils, miscall, **mislay**, mull, mulls, musical, **musically**, sail, saucily, scaly, scull, sill, silly, slam, **slay**, slim, slimy, slum, sly, small, sully

THE CROSSWORD

No 704 Set by Aldhelm



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

ACROSS

- 1. Nonsense, claptrap (6)
- 4. Compelling, persuasive (8)
- 9. Protective covering (6)
- 10. Unafraid, brave (8)
- 12. To do with war (7)
- 13. Continually, at great length (2, 3, 2)
- 14. Gas for illuminated signs (4)
- 15. Pest (8)
- 18. Holiness (8)
- 20. Travel document (4)
- 23. Mythical paradise (7)
- 25. Diver's outfit (7)
- 26. Angelic (8)
- 27. Inn, pub (6)
- 28. Restricting, curbing (8)
- 29. Beautiful youth (6)

DOWN

- 1. Record the same section without soldiers (8)
- 2. Bring personal debts upon oneself without interest (9)
- 3. Unusual quote put up about where to find treasure with ring (6)
- 5. Working onshore – wet, stormy, dull place (3, 5, 4)
- 6. Specific rite can be worked out (7)
- 7. Deal with discipline (5)
- 8. Behind with record hiding wrongdoing (6)
- 11. Poorly organised trains get out, for example (12)
- 16. Run with a piece cooked for gourmet (9)

- 17. Battle when surrounded by headless knights, strangely (8)
- 19. Get approval for nasty bout, I'm sure (2, 5)
- 21. Scrap metal container with endless chamber (6)
- 22. Odd bits of suture and thread (6)
- 24. The finest stuff includes ultimate in opulence (5)

A ROUND ON THE LINKS

by James Walton



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

- 1. Euclid's theorem states that there is an infinity of what?
- 2. TS Eliot's "The Waste Land" is dedicated to which other poet, who helped with its composition?
- 3. In 2003 which member of the House of Lords became the first woman of colour to serve in the British cabinet?
- 4. The models made by which UK bike manufacturer include the Equilibrium, the Longitude and the Croix de Fer?
- 5. Of which early Shakespeare play did Dr Johnson write: "The barbarity of the spectacles, and the general massacre which are here exhibited, can scarcely be conceived tolerable to any audience"?
- 6. Which actor is married to Sarah Jessica Parker?
- 7. Which British boxer became the unified heavyweight world champion in 2017?
- 8. In con artists' slang, what's the word for the intended victim?
- 9. Which studio album by Bob Marley and the Wailers includes the hit singles "Three Little Birds", "One Love", "Jamming", "Waiting in Vain" – and the title track?
- 10. In the *Spider-Man* (above) comic books, who's the villainous owner and editor of the Daily Bugle?

Answers below left

THE PICTURE ROUND

by James Walton

Who or what do these pictures add up to?



James Walton is co-host of "The Booker Prize Podcast"

What Fresh Hell

Am I a snob?

Work, life and family dilemmas
solved by *Robert Shrimley*



Honestly, what kind of person asks a thing like that? Of course you are. We all are, and what's more we all rather like being snobs because our snobberies are frequently part of our self-definition. The only difference is where your particular snobbery lies and how offensive it is. So just make sure you are the right kind because, frankly, there's a lot of riff-raff trying to muscle in.

Historically, we think of social snobs: those who looked up to people of supposedly higher social class and down on those of a lower one. This is still with us, though veneration of the posh has given way in many instances to contempt for them. While certain media still encourage their audience to look down on the poor, especially if they can be depicted as feckless scroungers, inverted snobbery is increasingly potent. Look at any movie or TV show: the villain inevitably has a cut-glass Eddie Redmayne accent, while the hero is some version of Danny Dyer.

And yet this is a pretty pathetic snobbery. You can do better. There are so many other terrific varieties to choose from. But choose wisely. Political snobbery, for example, can mark you out as a bit obsessive. Socialists looking down on conservatives, and vice versa, is pretty normal but you don't want to be caught wearing a "never kissed a Tory T-shirt". In the first place, you probably have (there's a lot of them about) and, in the second, it's a bit of a self-own if it turns out to come from a sweatshop.

Coffee snobbery is pretty benign, though I can do without the hauteur one gets in the kind of specialist coffee shops that refuse to serve skimmed milk or artificial sweetener. You could try wine snobbery. It is a little more tiresome since it often denotes a degree of class snobbery. There's nothing wrong with knowing your wines, the issue is telegraphing the fact. If you simply want to buy and enjoy good wine, bully for you. Or Bolly for you? If you wish to serve excellent wine to your guests, even better. The problem arises when you feel the need to let them know about it.

Music snobbery is still popular, though has taken a bit of a hit in recent years because it is no longer possible to sneeringly

flick through someone's vinyl or CD collections, snorting loudly and punctuating the silences with derisive exclamations like, "Simply Red! Oh my god."

This leaves intellectual snobbery, which at least is an admiration for something worth admiring. By contrast, the social snobbery that blights the US and a number of other cultures is based on money, which we in the UK naturally look down on - or at least affect to - especially if it is accompanied by ostentatious displays of wealth. While earned success is more worth celebrating than inherited status, many of the items that scream "loaded" are aesthetically pretty grim. Nothing looks better with Swarovski.

But, if I can, I would steer you away from perhaps the most intolerable and commonplace variation: parental snobbery. Parents in general divide into two camps: those who indulge in barely concealed "look what an amazing parent I am" boasting about their offspring, and the far superior (see what I did) ones who revel only in tales of their spawn's disorderliness, failings and cheek. Competitive parenting is grim and self-defeating. Unless you have given birth to the next Einstein, Mozart or Harry Kane there will always be someone who can top your - sorry, I mean your child's - achievements. No one cares that Joanna has now hit Grade 4 at piano, unless perhaps she is still 18 months old, that she slept through after eight nights or that she potty-trained herself after six months (especially if she's now 22).

This vice is a blight on all humankind. The spawn were particularly uneasy when we visited one friend whose child was always more organised, more hard-working, more driven and had far more to put on their personal statements. I watched their wary looks as we returned with tales of the wunderkind who they quite patently were not.

It is, of course, possible that this question was just a poorly framed (grammar snobbery, anyone?) dig at me. But, as we've established, everyone is a snob. So don't think it makes you special. Either way, the answer to your question is yes. I am a snob. You are a snob. They are snobs. *Condescendo, condescendis, condescunt*. But don't worry. All the best people are. **FT**

Email Robert at magazineletters@ft.com

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Enjoy an inspiring day outside with your friends, family, pets - and for the first time - your kids! This year, we have a kids club brought to you by Xplore London Holiday Club and for any students or graduates looking to network, an exclusive student rate



Have your book signed by your favourite authors including **Robert Harris, Deborah Meaden, Tim Harford**, and **Allie Esiri** at our Blackwell's festival bookshop brought to you by Gagosian



Share a glass of Canadian wine with **Jancis Robinson**, who brings her expertise to our food & drink stage



In between sessions, relax and recharge with complementary treatments including Neuro-acoustic Deep Relaxation Treatment, and consultations from world leading health and wellness Chenot experts



Book now:
ft.com/festival

Official destination partner



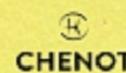
Global festival partner



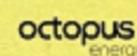
Champagne partner



Festival partner



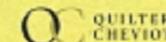
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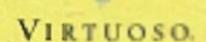
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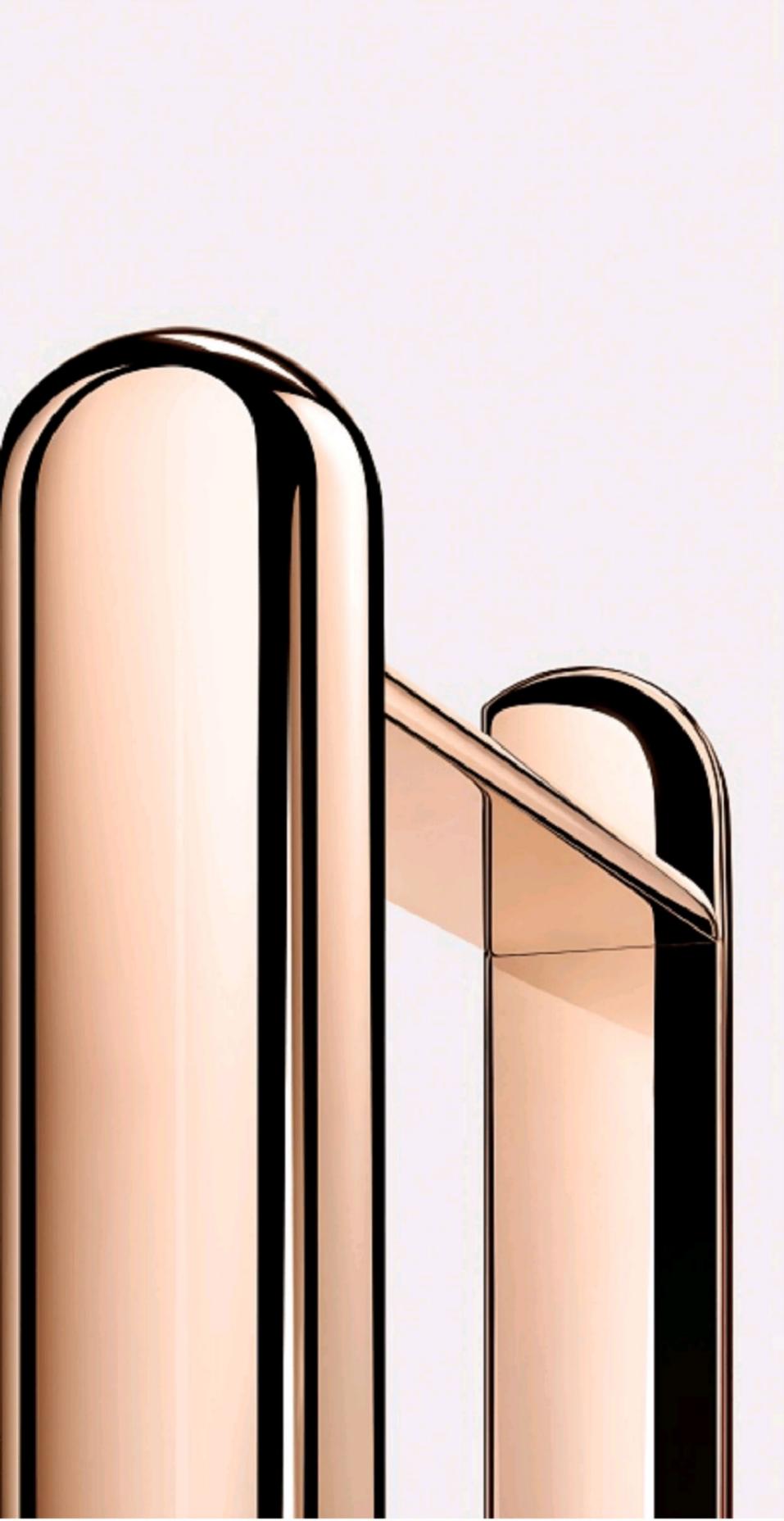


Festival partner



Festival friend





TANK
Cartier