



SNAPSHOT

‘Colazione sull’erba’ (1972-74) by Luigi Ghirri

When naming his assortment of 1970s images capturing the city of Modena, Italian photographer Luigi Ghirri nodded to “Le déjeuner sur l’herbe”, the famous 1863 painting by French painter Edouard Manet. He borrowed and translated the title — “breakfast on the grass” — for his depictions of cypress trees, terraces and house plants, now collected in a book 27 years after his death. Ghirri embraced colour photography when few galleries and museums would exhibit the results,

favouring Eastman Kodak’s legendary Kodachrome film to convey the muted intimacy of pastel buildings. “Colazione sull’erba” illustrates this; Ghirri’s appreciation for the strict geometry of city homes is clear, although, as shown above, he also investigates nature’s complementary role within domestic settings.

Ravi Ghosh

Luigi Ghirri’s ‘Colazione sull’erba’ is published by Mack Press

How to do jury service, fashion style

Jo Ellison
Trending



Much to my disappointment, I have never been required to sit for jury service, a phenomenon of adult life that seems to visit some with unceasing regularity and others not at all. It’s probably just as well. I would no doubt be thrown out of court because I am grossly judgmental: my process for determining a guilty verdict leans dangerously close to the “he looks like a wrong ‘un” school of prejudice. Happily, this week I joined two juries where making snap decisions based solely on appearance was near-mandatory and the verdicts far more charming. The decision-making was still painful though, a tiny snapshot of what hell it is to work by democratic process. And the challenge of trying to make one’s feelings heard.

At the British Fashion Council/Vogue British Fashion Fund, chaired by Vogue editor Edward Enninful, I joined jurors to award British-based designer Grace Wales Bonner with a £200,000 prize and a year’s worth of mentoring under the auspices of the BFC. Then, at the 34th International Festival of Fashion, Photography and Fashion Accessories in Hyères, on the Côte d’Azur, I sat on a 14-person jury gathered by designer Natacha Ramsay-Levi, artistic director of Chloé, to dish out a number of awards including the €20,000 grand prize.

Each was very different. In London, the Vogue Fashion Fund candidates were already established brands that had to articulate a clear strategy for their future growth. Following the presentations, the judging was conducted with brisk formality, with two rounds of voting, a sensible discussion and the job done within a 40-minute timeframe.

Wales Bonner, a menswear designer whose submission sought to establish her new womenswear business, has already had an exhibition at London’s Serpentine Galleries and is a former winner of the even bigger €300,000 LVMH prize. This week she unveiled a design collaboration with Dior at that label’s show in Marrakesh. Her future

success is pretty much assured, with or without the prize.

In Hyères, the candidates were younger and represented talents from a more international range of design schools. The winner, an ethereal 25-year-old student called Christoph Rumpf, presented his collection of upcycled menswear wearing his grandmother’s vintage suit. And the judging process — made up of French, Chinese, Brazilian, Dutch, British and American voices — was a mess.

“This isn’t how we do things in China,” observed Jojo Qian, fashion director at T Magazine China, in the aftermath of a three-and-a-half-hour deliberation during which flagons of

‘The British always say everything is lovely, but they never really tell you what they think’

wine had been drunk, votes endlessly cast, reconsidered and revoked, and proceedings conducted beneath a haze of stinky smoke (not mine, thanks for asking).

Deliberating over who should win was a lesson in the hell of international diplomacy. The French shouted over each other, got emotional — one juror actually wept over the cut of a baby-doll dress — and puffed away on their cigarettes. The Americans ploughed on, stalwart in their dedication to reach a clean and straight conclusion.

Qian, who was under the impression that everything would be decided sensibly via a patient show of hands, was left incredulous. I took to making weird, throat-garbling noises like John Bercow in an effort to bring order to the discussion (but with a great deal less efficacy than the speaker of the Commons) and ate big lumps of cheese.

Things reached the precipice when Monaco, represented by Princess Charlotte Casiraghi, a student of philosophy who now organises conferences on the subject, announced

that she was thinking of changing her mind. It was chaos. But out of the cacophony, there was consensus. The nominees were decided, and we all made friends again.

“That’s the thing about British people,” said French graphic artist Mathias Augustyniak, one half of design agency M/M Paris, when I compared the evening to the relative civility of the Vogue vote, where not all the jurors were British-born but all were London-based. “They always say everything is lovely. But they never really tell you what they think.”

Which might imply that the British manner is more accommodating and consensual, but that wasn’t really Augustyniak’s point. His observation recalled one of those internet memes that offer to “translate” common British idioms, pointing out how polite little retorts such as “that’s interesting” usually mean the precise opposite. Which makes British English the most passive-aggressive language in the world.

Of course, on a jury made up of people from one nation, linguistic nuances are clear. In a broader environment, meanings and manner can get confused. Are French people always so vocally passionate? Is our British lack of candour the reason we’re in this ghastly Brexit fix?

In many ways, it seems as though the Brits have never been more shouty. Or more prepared to stand on either side of the political divide. But I suspect that what passes here for passion — all those quintessentially charming British placards reading “Down with this sort of stuff” that we tout around in Whitehall — might look a little *laissez-faire* elsewhere.

I wonder if Britain’s problem might be emotional constipation, as embodied by a leader who takes such pride in remaining button-lipped. Inscrutability and perfect manners might be attractive, but sometimes you’ve got to stop pretending things are lovely and get stuck into the debate.

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In defence of hipsters

Janan Ganesh

Citizen of nowhere



In Montgomery, Alabama, a state that did not wait for federal prohibition to go dry, a parched visitor combs the downtown for the best available alcohol until Common Bond Brewers appears like a brick mirage somewhere between the Rosa Parks Museum and the Hank Williams statue. As pleasing as the India Pale Ale, which is so amber that you expect to find a scorpion preserved inside, is the view of the on-site production facility, all silver tubing and mechanical corsetry, like the exterior of a Richard Rogers building.

Common Bond is barely a year old. It is part of downtown Montgomery’s economic restoration. I would be surprised to find it here if I had not already sampled micro-brewed IPAs in as improbable a place as Wyoming.

The reason good beer has become inescapable in a country that used to specialise in the most insipid of suds is that, at some point, a small number of people were willing to be thought of as fancy and affected in order to do something new. Some of them were what we know, almost always pejoratively, as hipsters.

I am not a hipster (too old, too bourgeois) but I approximate one enough, in sensibility and appearance, to be on the business end of the prejudice against them from time to time. And to understand it well enough.

Some of it is provoked by the gap between their pretensions to originality and their underlying conformism. For such avowed mavericks, hipsters look awfully alike: the Nietzsche moustaches, the boxy

specs, the tight denim on men, not all of whom have the legs for it. Some of the resentment touches more seriously on ethics and economics. Hipsters tend to lead the process of gentrification, even as they fulminate against it.

These grumbles mount until you end up with such headlines as “10 Underrated Cities That Hipsters Are About To Ruin” and “Why Do We Hate Hipsters So F’ing Much?”. And those are from BuzzFeed and the Daily Beast respectively. Even now, I feel I should stipulate that Common Bond is not a hipster joint: my keenness to do so is itself indicative of the stigma.

Who, the hip are entitled to ask, are

Hipster design has won. Even the blandest hotel chain nods to distressed brick or industrial lighting

we kidding here? There is more than an element of denial in our loathing of them. After all, it is to them that we turn for guidance on matters of taste, even if we do not quite know it.

What happened to beer has also happened to bread, coffee, pizza, gin, ice cream, burgers, chocolate and much else. The reason why the average standard of these things is better than it was a generation ago is because, in part, a small sect of people decided to be insufferable snobs about such matters, a slightly larger number patronised their wares, a sort of critical mass was attained, and supermarkets and other mainstream producers had

to raise their game in response. It is analogous to the process by which haute couture — those gonzo designs you see on the catwalk — ends up influencing the offerings in the cheapest department stores within a matter of months. The transmission mechanism between the avant-garde and the mass market is fuzzy, yes, but it is no less real for that.

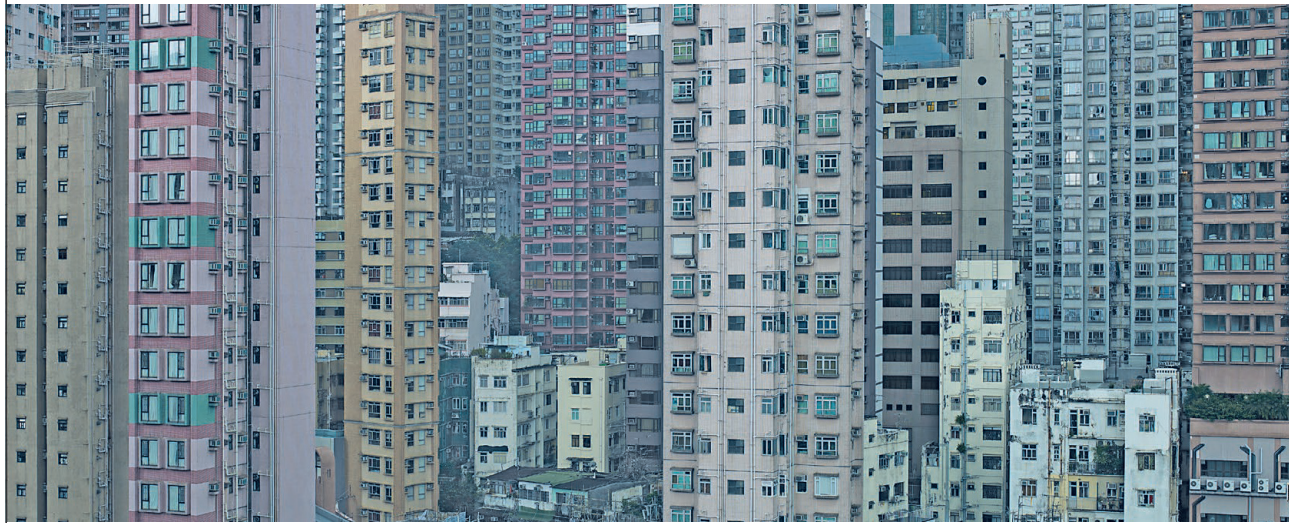
This influence goes beyond food and drink. Hipster design has won, which is why the blandest hotel chain will make some nod to distressed brick and industrial lighting. “Football hipsters”, jeered by more laddish fans for their tactical gobbledegook, their fealty to the obscurest teams (Lille are “in” this year), have transformed the way the sport is watched and analysed. The use of statistics was still esoteric a decade ago. Now no broadcaster would dare do without them. From a minority habit: mass enlightenment.

Hipster is a much more democratic culture than its enemies allow. It is an elite movement that ultimately serves the broad consumer middle-class. It just does it so gradually and indirectly that we are unaware of the process in real time. We do not recognise our debt to it.

If we seriously believed that these hirsute trendsetters “ruin” things, we would not ape them so consistently. There is some rage of Caliban in all this beating-up on them. No one wants to go back to a world in which Stella Artois was a classy beer. Yet no one wants to salute those who helped to make sure that it no longer is.

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Hope – and a tribute



Michael Wolf, *aod* #116 (detail), 2009, from the series *Architecture of Density* © Michael Wolf, Flowers Gallery, London and Prix Pictet

A notice from the Prix Pictet

On Tuesday 30 April the Prix Pictet Jury met in London under the chairmanship of Sir David King to agree a shortlist of 12 outstanding photographers for *Hope*, the eighth cycle of the award. Before meeting, the jury members had reviewed almost 500 portfolios, submitted by 382 photographers from 66 countries.

The shortlist will be revealed in the Roman Theatre at the Rencontres d’Arles on Thursday 4 July. The final award will be made at the opening of an exhibition of images from the shortlisted portfolios at the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, on Wednesday 13 November.

The jury discussion was tempered by the news that the German photographer Michael Wolf had died at the age of 64. Wolf was twice shortlisted for the Prix Pictet – first for his series *The Architecture of Density* (Growth) and then for *Tokyo Compression* (Space). The subject of numerous monographs, his work is found in many important public and private collections. In 2017 the Rencontres d’Arles staged *Michael Wolf: Life in Cities*, his first major retrospective.

In a tribute to Michael Wolf the critic and Prix Pictet Advisory Board member Francis Hodgson, wrote, “Eccentric, gifted, kind – and wise under all that. One of the great poets – in any medium – of the modern condition of humanity in cities.”

Stephen Barber, Chair of the Prix Pictet, added, “We are honoured to have had Michael’s outstanding work as part of the *Growth* and *Space* tours – a perfect balance of photography and sustainability. Our sincere condolences go to his wife Barbara, his son Jasper and friends around the world.”

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Podcast: DeRay Mckesson on racism in America



In the latest episode of the FT’s culture podcast *Everything Else*, we talk to author and activist DeRay Mckesson (left) about the development of the Black Lives Matter movement, why police

killings in the US have increased since 2014 — and the role of social media in his work (he has 1m Twitter followers, including Beyoncé, who follows 10 only people).

Plus: what can movements like Extinction Rebellion learn from Black Lives Matter? Listen and subscribe for free on Apple Podcasts, Stitcher, Acast or at: ft.com/everything-else