

CITY A.M.

No. 71 — THE MAGAZINE — AUG 18

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The flamboyant racing driver opens up about his new career as a fashion designer



PLUS: JORDAN B PETERSON

The world's most controversial academic tells us how fame – and infamy – has affected his life

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EDITOR'S LETTER



This issue centres around two controversial figures. While operating in very different spheres, both would rather speak their mind and alienate people than live in humble silence, and both have amassed supporters and critics in almost equal measure.

The first is Jordan B Peterson, the world's leading conservative thinker, who's won the adulation of millions for his no-nonsense applied psychology, as laid out in the best-selling *12 Rules For Life*. He denies the very tenets of progressive thought – that there's a patriarchy keeping women from the top jobs; that there's white privilege that curtails the chances of people of colour. His words are anathema to liberals who despair of his unashamedly backward-looking ideology, but catnip for conservatives, long starved of intellectual backing for their ideas.

The second is Lewis Hamilton, the most successful British racing driver of all time, who's controversial for entirely different reasons. To some he's a role model for young black men, a breath of fresh air in a stuffy, elitist sport. To others he's an arrogant brat who takes his talent for granted, a dandyish Mozart for the 21st century.

They've become cultural marker-stones – being a fan *says something* about you, it marks you out as a *certain type of person*. These interviews won't change your mind about either of them. Peterson and Hamilton have no interest in making new friends, and that's part of what makes them so fascinating. But, while they are often painted as pantomime villains, the reality is, of course, more complex.

I think we give them both a fair hearing without glossing over their respective controversies (I look forward to finding out if I've angered Peterson's infamous troll army). Whichever side of the fence you're on, I hope you find something worthwhile.

– STEVE DINNEEN

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MARK HIX is *City A.M. The Magazine's* regular food columnist. His restaurants include HIX Oyster & Chop House, HIX Mayfair, HIX Soho, Tramshed, Hixter Bankside and Pharmacy 2. Read his tribute to Anthony Bourdain on P37.



ALEX DOAK is *City A.M. The Magazine's* watch editor and one of the country's leading watch journalists. Alongside his wife, Laura McCreddie-Doak, he takes a look at the people who changed the face of the watch business. Read about it on P52.



ADEEL AKHTAR is a BAFTA-winning actor who has starred in TV series including *The Night Manager*, *Apple Tree Yard* and *Utopia*. He writes this month's Last Supper column on P23, in which he dreams of leaving this world to the scent of his mother's curry.



VALENTINA ZAMPINI is head wine buyer at Carluccio's. She spends her time exploring the vineyards of Italy looking for special bottles to bring back home. In her column on P38 she talks about the joy of Italian Aperitivo – perfect for the summer months.



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FIRST IMPRESSIONS

Interesting stories from around the world, from Kanye's new architecture business to dead robots



Left: A design from the Instagram account of Jalil Peraza, a fashion designer supposedly working on the first Yeezy Home project

CAN KANYE MAKE ARCHITECTURE LOOK YEEZY?

Rap's most enigmatic star has dreams of making affordable, brutalist homes, says **MELISSA YORK**

The students were a combination of shocked and awed when their lecturer jumped on top of a desk and cried, "The world can be saved through design!" It could have been a scene from 1989's *Dead Poets Society*, but in fact it was an overexcited Kanye West taking a class at Harvard Graduate School of Design back in 2013. What can West – probably the most famous rapper in the world but, as far as we know, not a qualified architect – teach Harvard graduates about design? We're about to find out. West recently announced he's expanding his Yeezy fashion label to include a division called

Yeezy Home. Though there are armies of hip hop entrepreneurs, he is the first one to branch out into architecture. But West has always been desperate to be taken seriously as a multi-disciplinary artist. Twenty-one Grammys and 21m album sales later, he's got nothing to prove as a musician, but he's been trying to conquer the world of design for over 10 years. West has been threatening to unleash a clothing line since 2006, but it didn't hit the Paris runway until 2013, where it got mixed reviews.

More successful was West's collaborations with Nike and Adidas. The latter partnership recently yielded his sixth collection of trainers, which continue to sell out in record time, but Yeezy himself is still creatively frustrated. In an interview with BBC Radio 1's DJ Zane Lowe around Yeezus' release in 2013, West said, "I want to do product, I am a product person. Not just clothing but water bottle design, architecture... I make music, but I shouldn't be limited to one place of creativity."

West's love affair with architecture was first revealed when pictures of his enigmatic Manhattan apartment, designed by minimalist architect Claudio Silvestrin, came to light. Using natural materials such as limestone and pear wood, there are no wall divisions, just a free-flowing space with a rigorous geometry, interrupted by the odd stone island. It's beyond serene, almost monastic in its stark simplicity. West has also shared images on social media of his home in the Hidden Hills, an exclusive gated enclave of Los Angeles. Designed by Belgian Axel Vervoordt, it is also strikingly mausoleum-like, with metre-upon-metre of polished concrete.

But is this a fair assessment of what's to come from Yeezy Home? West seems to suggest it is. He once told *Vanity Fair* he was "a minimalist in a rapper's body". He became obsessed with a furniture exhibit at Le Louvre in Paris during the making of Yeezus, calling a lamp by Le Corbusier his "greatest inspiration". The godfather of Brutalism during the 1960s, the Swiss-French architect moulded modern architecture to improve the lives of the impoverished in urban cities. Also a big fan of concrete, Corbusier's work is said to be the inspiration behind the Barbican Estate and the cultural renaissance on the South Bank.

West took this highly-functional, pared down approach to form to his set designers, notably radical Romanian architect Oana Stanescu who created the "travelling mountain and LED sun" for his Yeezus tour. Before even the Yeezy clothing line, he was creating elaborate, technology-driven sets with legendary set designer Es Devlin, including a pyramid-shaped cinema with architects OMA in which he screened his first short film at Cannes in 2012. He also set up design company DONDA, with the intention of assembling a team of architects to collaborate with.

In an echo of Corbusian ideals, it's rumoured that Yeezy Home's first foray into the architectural world is an affordable housing development. Renderings appeared on the Instagram account of fashion designer Jalil Peraza, who had previously been part of DONDA and credited West as a designer on the project, describing it as "a low income housing scheme, made of prefabricated concrete". Two shots reveal a bare courtyard with a fireplace in the centre, and a stripped back kitchen with large, black window frames, while Peraza's company Face Modules specialises in providing prefab spaces that can be built quickly and cheaply.

"I hang around architects mostly," West told Lowe in the same BBC interview. "People that wanna make things as dope as possible." I'm sure they'd be pretty pleased with that definition.



DO ALL DOGS GO TO HEAVEN?

As people mourn their broken Aibo robots with religious ceremonies, **STEVE DINNEEN** asks what the future holds for machines that are ready for the scrap-heap

Earlier this year, Sony announced the first new edition of its Aibo robot dog for 13 years. As well as a sleek new set of curves, it boasts vastly more powerful AI, sensors that allow it to respond to touch and the ability to learn from data downloaded from the cloud.

The news was followed by an altogether sadder story; people were saying tearful goodbyes to their previous generation Aibos, donating spare parts to fix other users' broken units and, in extreme cases, having the deceased 'bots blessed in Buddhist ceremonies. The outpouring of grief was reminiscent of the Tamagotchi craze from the late 1990s. Then, there were stories of people paying baby-sitters to look after their keyring-based pets, with children left inconsolable after losing one down the back of the sofa, only to later discover a tiny pixilated corpse.

According to Tokyo-based culture writer Patrick St Michel, ceremonialising non-living things has some historical precedent in Japan, with occasional reports of people holding doll funerals called "ningyo kuyo" for dearly loved childhood toys, which typically end with them being set on fire.

While not limited to Japan, he says the Japanese are perhaps more likely to form close bonds with robotic pets, not least because people tend to live in relatively small apartments where animals are not allowed. "These products serve the same role that pets do for others," says St Michel, "They develop the same bonds with them as a regular pet owner would with their cat or dog."

While presently a small-scale phenomenon with a seam of knowing absurdity, the idea that we will one day mourn robots is far from ridiculous. "Losing a robotic friend will be just like losing a human friend," says Dr David Hanson of Hanson Robotics, the company behind the

Sophia robot which was last year granted citizenship in Saudi Arabia.

Dr Hanson recently worked with the makers of sci-fi video game *Detroit: Become Human*, which depicts a near-future where androids attempt to gain the same rights as humans. He helped to lay out a timeline for the emotional development of AI, predicting that it will gain a "basic, childlike, human-level intelligence" by 2029, and achieve full civil rights – including the right to own land and marry humans – as soon as 2045.

His own creation, Sofia, who's appeared on GMB, is not yet a great conversationalist (although pointing out to a sleazy Piers Morgan that she is, in fact, less than a year old, was a solid zinger). But with each generation of new machines able to more accurately mimic human behaviour, a world in which obsolete robots are mourned in the same way as deceased relatives is only a matter of time.



SPHERE AND LOATHING

This year's official World Cup ball pays homage to a design classic. By **STEVE HOGARTY**

At the first ever World Cup final, between Uruguay and Argentina in 1930, a disagreement arose over which team would supply the match football. Eventually FIFA was forced to intervene with a teacherly solution. Argentina could use their preferred ball for the first half, while Uruguay could use their own, larger and heavier ball for the second. At half-time the Argentines were 2-1 up, but when the final whistle blew they were 4-2 down. Argentina weren't pleased.

The upset prompted FIFA to update its rules, and since then almost every World Cup has used just one type of ball throughout all of its games. But unlike most sports, in which the design of the official ball is uniform and strictly regulated, the World Cup match ball is tweaked and updated at least every four years, forcing players to adapt to small differences in how it handles.

New designs are not always an improvement on what's come before. The notorious match ball of the 2010 World Cup, called the Jabulani, was resoundingly criticised for being too light and unpredictable, and was humourously likened to the cheap plastic footballs that hang in nets outside shops by the

seafloor. It was so controversial that NASA scientists were drafted in to study its wonky aerodynamics, and determined that the ball's surface was too smooth.

"I think the problems were overstated," says football journalist and broadcaster Sheridan Bird. "Diego Forlan of Uruguay scored so many incredible free kicks at that World Cup, which leads me to believe the problem was with the players, not the ball.

"There's the old adage, a bad workman blames his tools, and if you're a really good player you just don't make excuses. Messi could play with a cabbage."

The official ball of the 2018 World Cup has so far avoided much criticism. Called the Telstar 18, it's a callback to the very first Adidas-designed ball from the 1970 World Cup in Mexico. The original is the most recognisable football design in history, comprising 32 panels of black and white hexagons and pentagons. You'll see it if you open your phone and search for the football emoji, or close your eyes and imagine a football.

The 1970 World Cup was the first to be televised around the world, and the contrasting panels of the Telstar helped it stand out on black and white television sets. The name comes from the Telstar communications satellite, which broadcast the first television

pictures through space, and was itself spherical and dotted with distinctive black solar panels. Though it's long stopped functioning, that small, football-shaped satellite is still silently orbiting the Earth today, presumably alongside some of the Jabulanis that went over the crossbar.

The Telstar paved the way for the iconic and long-lived Tango in 1978, and although improvements such as polyurethane coatings, foam layers and rubberised seams were introduced over subsequent tournaments, the basic aesthetic of the ball remained unchanged for two decades. In 1998 the final iteration of the Tango appeared in red, white and blue to honour the host nation France, and (as well as being, ahem, the last Tango in Paris) it was the first multi-coloured ball to be used at a World Cup final.

The introduction of an NFC chip to the 2018 ball (for brand integration with Adidas, of course) suggests we've hit a design ceiling, but Bird thinks otherwise. "There'll always be new designs," says Bird. "as long as there are balls to be sold. They're always finding stronger and more durable materials, and ways to make them fly more predictably."

And is there any one design element that will endure for another half a century?

"Well, it will always be round."



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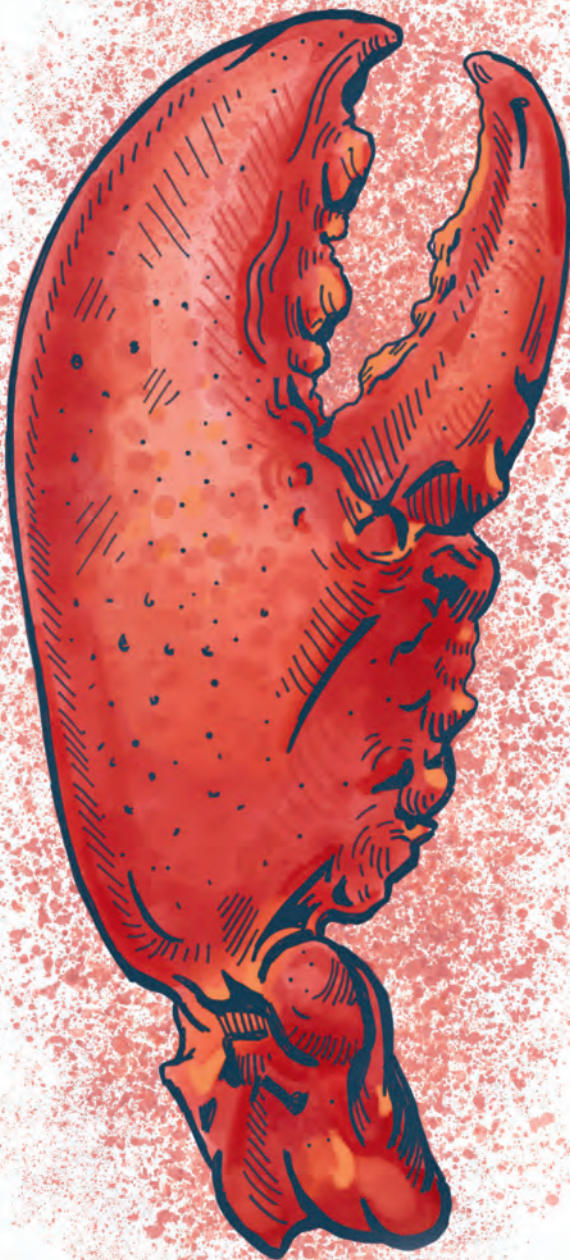
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BUSINESS LUNCH

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LA DAME DE PIC

WHAT IS IT? The sister restaurant to the famous Parisian venue of the same name. Both are overseen by French chef Anne-Sophie Pic, who also operates the two Michelin starred Anne-Sophie Pic in Switzerland and three Michelin starred Maison Pic in Valence. She hails from a dynasty of restaurateurs, with her grandfather being among the first chefs to win three Michelin stars in 1933. This one is located in the newly reopened 10 Trinity Square opposite the Tower of London.

WHO WILL IT IMPRESS? Absolutely everybody. Four Seasons rarely put a foot wrong, and the refurbishment job at the hotel is dazzling. You enter under the vast statue of Father Thames – the personification of the river itself, although he's also analogous to Neptune – and pass through a rotunda so impressively ornate it looks like a David Lynch vision of the afterlife. After all that the restaurant itself is relatively sparse, with triple-height ceilings, white tiled walls and brown leather banquettes.

SET MENU? Yes, there's a "three course" menu for £85 per person (before drinks), which sounds astronomical, but when you factor in the palate-cleansers and amuse bouches and pre-desserts, you actually end up with nine dishes of varying sizes.

WHAT ABOUT THE FOOD? As you would expect from Anne-Sophie Pic (although the head chef here is Luca Piscazzi), it's French fine dining. And in an age in where fiddly food is on the wane, the chefs aren't afraid to push the envelope:



The White Millefeuille at La Dame de Pic, flanked by a "cloud"

lope: there are delicate "strawberry bon bons" filled with liquid sorbet, "clouds" of foam surrounding a white monolith of millefeuille, and bright green dill-infused waffles. It's all a little mad but delicious nonetheless. It also gets it right where it really counts. Pic's signature berlingot pasta parcels with smoked cheese and morel foam is exceptional, while the coffee-roasted Hereford beef is one of the best slices of meat in this great city of ours.

WHERE: 10 Trinity Square, EC3N 4AJ
PHONE: 020 3297 3799
WEB: ladamedepiclondon.co.uk

OBLIX

WHAT IS IT? It's one of three restaurants halfway up The Shard, everyone's favourite spikey skyscraper. As it's a roisserie and charcoal grill, meat is the star attraction, but the food is a multinational affair, veering from baba ganoush to Cornish lamb to New York cheese-cake. An open kitchen adds theatre, with bowls of datterini tomatoes, pancetta and breadcrumb crumbs dotted around, making it feel like you've stumbled across a fancy Italian deli 500ft in the air.



A starter of burrata with datterini tomatoes and olives

WHO WILL IT IMPRESS? Given it's way up Renzo Piano's glassy masterpiece, it's sure to impress anyone who enjoys a view. Carry your postcode prejudices up to Level 32, where you can choose which part of London to look out over in either Oblix East or Oblix West.

SET MENU? Yes, it's called the Elevator Menu and it's read from the bottom to the top (geddit?) Choose a starter, main and a side with mineral water for £40, then add a dessert for £7 or unlimited wine for another £20. Unlike other "sharing concepts", you don't pick a series of small dishes, you pick one from each section, with the dishes put in the middle for everyone to share.

WHAT ABOUT THE FOOD? Burrata – the creamy mozzarella variant – is virtually obligatory on menus these days, but this one is a standout, accompanied by blitzed olives, juicy tomatoes and crispy grains of puffed rice. The flatbread is surprisingly delicate, served in a dainty strip, with a sliver of pancetta, a dollop of ricotta and a single truffle shaving on each inch. Sea bass with pickled fennel is heartier than it sounds, gorgeously charred and served with tiny brown shrimp packed with flavour. Skip the mac 'n' cheese – no burnt cheese topping? – and go for white asparagus, a seasonal delicacy tossed with crispy new potatoes. Finish it all off with a finger of pistachio and raspberry cake. It may not be the most exciting restaurant in the Shard, but it's a guaranteed crowd-pleaser.

PHONE: 020 7268 6700

WHERE: The Shard, 31 St Thomas St

WEB: oblixrestaurant.com

EKTE

WHAT IS IT? Danish restaurateur Soren Jessen's contribution to the new foodie mecca of the Bloomberg Arcade, Ekte Nordic Kitchen serves a wide selection of all-day Nordic cuisine with a special focus on Norway's homegrown sandwich format, the smørrebrød. Served on rye bread, these small and shareable open-faced sandwiches feature such toppings as the national favourite of curried herring with caramelised apple, smoked salmon and capers, grilled celery with toasted hazelnuts, and rare roast beef with a horseradish remoulade. Soren Jessen's better known establishment, 1 Lombard Street, is only a stone's throw away, but the vibe here couldn't be more different. Ekte is relaxed, casual, airy and open.

WHO WILL IT IMPRESS? Opened last year, the arcade is the result of a collaboration between Bloomberg and star architects Foster + Partners, and bisects the media empire's European headquarters like the Death Star trench. It's an impressive space, along which no fewer than 10 independent restaurants are simultaneously jostling for your custom. The glass-fronted Ekte stands out from the crowd by way of its offbeat, Scandi-influenced menu, as well as a carefully curated selection of Nordic boozes.

WHAT ABOUT THE FOOD? As well as the dozen or so varieties of snackable smørrebrød sandwiches (which can be ordered to go at the café counter), Ekte's menu includes the Swedish classic of beef rydberg: a dish of cubed aged sirloin and crispy roast potatoes, served



Fancy mushrooms on toast are a speciality at this great little restaurant

with a raw egg yolk that's poured over and lightly cooked by the residual heat of the mustard-marinated meat. For vegetarians there's salsify in a rich mushroom cream, which is prepared like a linguine, seasoned with lemon and cooked with Västerbotten cheese – a Swedish hard cheese similar to parmesan.

HOW'S DESSERT? Order the rullrån, a crispy tuile filled with cloudberry cream, which grows only in arctic tundra.

PHONE: 020 3814 8330

WHERE: 2-8 Bloomberg Arcade

WEB: ektelondon.co.uk

BRIGADIERS

WHAT IS IT? Part of the Sethi brothers' all-conquering Indian restaurant empire, which also includes Gymkhana (the country's finest Indian restaurant), Trishna and Hoppers. Brigadiers, located in the swanky new Bloomberg Arcade, is an altogether more ambitious venture, combining Indian cuisine with a bar, pool table and TV screens for an all-round entertainment experience. You can eat at the bar, which is the livelier option, or in the more intimate dining room, which is decked out with oxblood banquettes and taxidermy. The food is less formal than Gymkhana or Trishna, with a focus on Indian-style barbecue.

WHO WILL IT IMPRESS? Anyone who knows the London food scene or enjoys good Indian food will have heard of Gymkhana and Trishna (both have Michelin stars). It's a great mix of serious food and relaxed atmosphere. Also, let's face it, everyone who works in the City is keen to check out the new restaurants in Bloomberg Arcade. If you're going for an important meeting, just make sure you're in the dining room.



The exceptional tawa masala lobster and shrimp kati rolls

SET MENU? You'll get two courses for £20 or three for £25 between 12-3 Monday-Friday, although none of our favourite dishes are currently on it.

WHAT ABOUT THE FOOD? While not quite in the same league as Gymkhana, there are some real treats. The tawa masala lobster and shrimp roll is a highlight – substantial and robustly spiced. On the "chops" menu, the chicken tandoori is a winner, with three sizable chunks of meat cooked at such high temperatures the bone is singed to charcoal, yet the meat is tender and full of flavour. Best of all, however, is the kid goat shoulder served with red onions on a flat-bread; we're big fans of goat at *City A.M. The Magazine*, and this is exceptional – rich and tasty and masterfully spiced. Brigadiers has the kind of menu that leaves you craving a second visit, full of far too many interesting dishes to try in one or even two trips.

PHONE: 020 3319 8140

WHERE: 1-5 Bloomberg Arcade

WEB: brigadierslondon.com



MY LIFE IN
RESTAURANTS

MARK HIX

A SAD FAREWELL TO ANTHONY BOURDAIN

And why his death should raise awareness of depression in the food business

Our business recently lost a great representative, character and bon viveur in Anthony Bourdain, who took his own life at just 61. I met him a few times and it inevitably involved a glass or two of bourbon. The last time was in a scruffy bar in Baltimore that served its drinks in filthy glasses. We kept drinking anyway, and the night descended into a happy blur of booze and conversation. Anthony was the kind of guy who filled a room, one of those rare personalities that was both infectious and imperious. He was one of the good ones.

He also did as much as anyone to change the perception of the food business over the last 20 years, making it seem cool and sexy and wild at a time when it was often seen as stuffy and pretentious and elitist. His book *Kitchen Confidential* made being a chef sound like being a rockstar, albeit one with loads of third degree burns. He's been an incredible ambassador for the industry, championing food from across the world and bringing it to audiences who might never have come across it otherwise.

My hope is that his death shines a light on something that's long been an issue in the food industry – depression, anxiety and addiction. Last year I wrote about my friend Jeremy Strobe, who sadly took his life in Sydney at the beginning of 2017. Ironically, he was hosting a charity dinner in aid of suicide prevention charity RUOK, at which I was cooking. Australia is one of the few places that's seriously addressing the issue, but sadly it came too late for Jeremy, who had clearly been suffering in silence. Thankfully, more and

more people are opening up and talking about their mental health issues when, in the past, they might have felt the need to bottle things up.

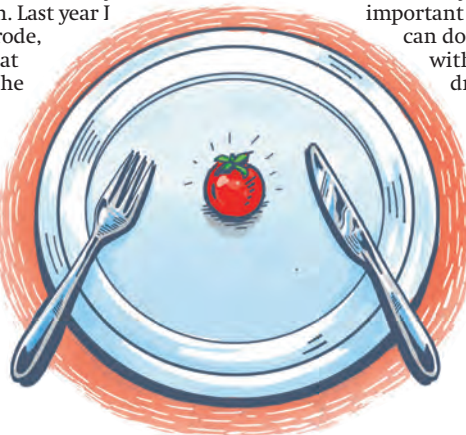
The food industry is a particular flashpoint for mental health issues – it's got that work-hard, play-hard mentality that Anthony described so well in his books and his journalism, it's a high-pressure environment with long, unforgiving hours that can isolate people from their friends and family. It's easy to turn to drink or drugs as an escape, a momentary respite that ends up costing a heavy price.

I find myself talking about this stuff a lot since Jeremy died and people almost always seem relieved. Last weekend someone well known confided in me that they had mental health issues that were being exacerbated by financial problems (another big issue in this business).

I get stressed, too: I have work commitments, staff I don't want to let down, restaurants with balance sheets to keep in the black. I find acupuncture helps, as does fishing, which is my means of escape; there's something about being out at sea, or in a river with my waders, thinking about nothing but the gentle tug of the line. It makes my worries disappear, if only for a while. I'm not saying fishing is the answer, but it's

important that people find something they can do to switch off that doesn't come with the negative effects of drink and drugs. Sometimes it might be as simple as having a frank, honest conversation with a friend, or even just sharing a few stories with them. I'm proud to have a few about Anthony; like I said, he was one of the good ones.

● Mark Hix is owner of a restaurant empire including *Tramshed* and *Pharmacy 2*




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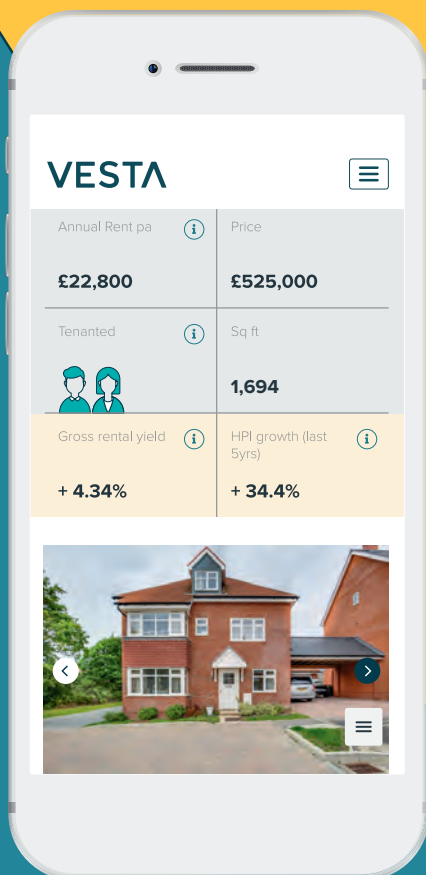
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Actor Adeel Akhtar has starred in series including *Utopia* and *Apple Tree Yard*

THE LAST SUPPER

For his last meal on earth, BAFTA award-winning actor **ADEEL AKHTAR** would wash down his mum's curry and a Viennetta with a cold pint of Doom Bar

As an actor, you sometimes end up eating loads and loads because it's quite stressful, so you just eat your way through it. Then you go through periods of trying to be a bit healthier. I cook at home a lot. I just bought myself a sous-vide and a pressure cooker, and I'll often have stuff in those all day. I'm hanging out with my mum at the moment and the first thing I can remember eating was her chicken curry, which always came in this massive casserole dish. Nothing really compares to it, there's something about it that just stands apart from everything else I've tried. She's east African so I think there's a bit of that influencing it.

I certainly wouldn't say I was at the bleeding edge of haute cuisine – I'm whatever the opposite of that is. The dull, boring edge, perhaps. But occasionally I do push the boat out a bit and chuck a lot of money at a good restaurant. I love a place in LA called Botanical, which serves all locally sourced stuff – they make their own porridge and press their own almond milk. It's not exactly fine dining but it's unfussy, good flavours.

For my last supper, I'd start with something that I'd love to try from a chef called Massimo Bottura, the best chef in the world, who was on *Masterchef*. Compared to everyone else on the show he was really nice and really encouraging. He made a buffalo tomato steak, which sounds like it's just a slice of tomato but it was really

well thought through, part of that haute cuisine world and made with real care and love.

For my main course I'm going to have to go for my mum's chicken curry. And it would have to be made by her, because it takes all day, and if I'm strapped into an electric chair then it would give me some extra time, and I'd be surrounded by some really nice fragrances. I could just close my eyes and just pretend I was somewhere else. I'd ask to have use of my arms so I could waft the smells into my nose.

For my dessert I'm going to go for something really boring – I actually can't believe I'm saying this – but do you remember Viennetta? I'm going to have one of those. I just love it. I love how when you smash it up you get those shards of chocolate that crunch. I eat the whole thing. I told you I'm a bit of a stress eater and there's nothing more stressful than being in the electric chair. I mean, I've never been in one, but it's got to be up there, right?

And if I'm allowed a drink, I want to wash it down with a pint of Doom Bar, served in a proper pint glass.

I'd be happy with that. It's a meal that runs the gamut from haute cuisine to just totally normal but delicious stuff. We've travelled the breadth of where food can go, from the best restaurant in the world to the freezer cabinet of the supermarket.

● Adeel Akhtar is a BAFTA-winning actor who has starred in shows including *The Night Manager* and *Utopia*. His new film, *Swimming With Men*, is out in cinemas from 6 July

CHEF'S TABLE

This month, M Restaurant chef **MIKE REID** cooks lunch for former Manchester United and England striker **ANDREW COLE**, as they discuss the pressure on footballers, recovering from a kidney transplant, and why Australia is terrifying

STARTERS

Cured Sicilian red prawns with potato sauce, peas and almonds; Burrata with baby tomatoes, spiced bread and red pepper; Smoked wagyu tartare with apples, horseradish, egg and foie gras

MIKE REID: Andrew, good to have you back. Are you in London doing stuff for the World Cup?

ANDREW COLE: Yeah, I've been doing a bit of punditry, which is fun. It keeps me active.

MR: Does it make you miss your playing days?

AC: The only thing I miss is the dressing room. You spend so much of your life with these guys, they become your family. It didn't matter what happened when you went home, you got into the dressing room and it was always the same. It's something really special. We still see each other quite a lot and nothing ever changes – whoever used to get it, still gets it now. Ronny Johnsen always used to have an ice-pack on, so we called him the Ice Man. Now, every time we see him someone starts holding their leg and saying 'Ronnie mate, have you got an ice pack, my leg's killing me'.

MR: Who were your sporting inspirations?

AC: My footballing hero was probably Cyrille Regis, who passed away recently. He was the first black player to really break through. The best I ever played with was Paul Scholes. He was just unbelievable, such a quality player. One of the best all-round midfielders in the world. When I first moved to United he used to play up front and you could see the quality even then.

MR: He didn't mind sticking the boot in, either. That's what I think's missing from the Mourinho team now. That passion. I'm a Liverpool fan and I used to love playing those teams.

AC: Liverpool is always the big one. It doesn't matter where you are in the league or where they are in the league. Of course Man City is a big game, and Arsenal is a big game. But Liverpool is *the* big one. That game will always matter. I don't think I fully got that when I first started playing for United. Then we played them and I got it, and the boys were like: 'You're one of us now'. Liverpool played well last season. I hated it but I loved it too – the way they express themselves reminds me of how we played when we had me and Ole and Teddy.

MR: Has the game changed much since you retired?

AC: The tactical approach has changed. It's become very Americanised, with this focus on stats and heat-maps and stuff. People talk about how far a player has run in a match, and I think 'why do I care?' The game

is about scoring goals. If you come in the bottom 10 per cent for kilometres run but score 30 goals a season, you'll be happy. Diet wasn't that such a big thing when I was playing, either. When you got to the training ground, the food was set up for you, but then you'd go home and eat whatever you wanted. Nowadays, players have a totally managed diet. Imagine if we were doing that back then. Everyone is an elite athlete today. Players all look like boxers, they're perfect specimens. Everyone is in the gym every day – back in the day nobody went to the gym. Now they all want to look good when they take their top off.

MR: Yeah, come to think of it, I can't remember Paul Merson ever taking his top off when he scored. How was your time at Newcastle?

AC: I enjoyed it but if I had my time again I'd do it all differently. Those guys love a number 9. They'll give you everything you want, but they also want to control your life, they want to own you. I was a young man and all I wanted to do was to play football and go home, I didn't want all the rest of it. I'm a quiet and private person. Today I'd know how to handle it, but it was hard when I was that young. My childhood stopped at 14 when I left home. By 16 I was right into my career, you have to be so focussed.

MR: The amount you must have to sacrifice from such a young age is hard to get your head around.

AC: It's not easy. Just look at Raheem Sterling – he gets loads of stick and it's totally unfair. His dad died when he was two, he came to England when he was five, and people give him a hard time because he bought his mum a house with a gold toilet in it. She used to scrub them! It's his prerogative to buy his mum whatever he wants. People call him blingy and arrogant, but why? He's worked his tits off, he can spend his money however he wants. I'm not a big fan of America but they have the right attitude about people who work hard and make their own money. Here we just want to bring them down.

MR: I read an interview with Sterling the other day and he was talking about his daughter running around with a Liverpool top on, and it brought home that he's a real guy with a life. The same happened with my nephew – we tried to bring him up as a Liverpool fan but he's decided he's Arsenal.

AC: My son watched me playing for United. You know who he supports? Arsenal. My daughter supports Man City. I said "You have to support United" – but no. You have to let people live their lives.

MR: Do you still have a kick about sometimes?

AC: I'd love to but after having the kidney transplant



Above: Andrew Cole and Mike Reid in M Restaurant Right: The Himalayan salt locker in M, where its award-winning meat is aged

that's not a very good idea

MR: Yeah, how are you feeling after that? You're in great shape!

AC: The past couple of months have been the best I've been. It's been a long road, though. I was on dialysis, getting worse every day. My kidney just failed, basically. I couldn't do anything, my body was killing itself, all I could do was sleep. In the end my nephew didn't want to see me like that anymore and we did the transplant. I'm probably back up to 80 per cent now. I feel like I'm moving forward, but with this illness you never know what's coming next so I'm not trying to run before I can walk.

Having been a sportsman all my life, you're used to pushing through the pain barrier, and when it first happened I tried to think of it as a bad injury. That was the worst thing to do, because your body isn't repairing, and every time you push through the pain you're making things worse. It was crazy – I'd been well all my life and all of a sudden, boom, I was flat on my back. But I'm bouncing back. I'm going to get back to the gym next week. The weird thing was, I was most annoyed about putting on weight. Then one day I thought 'why do I care about this' My weight was the least important thing.

MR: I guess it's the perception, when you've been in the public eye your whole life, you get judged by people. I had an illness recently – I had to have an operation and I said to Martin 'I'll be back in the kitchen in a couple of days' but I couldn't physically do it. I was out for two months. It made me realise I can't sleep a couple of hours a night and eat one meal a day at midnight. You have to look after your health.

AC: I used to enjoy going out all night then going straight into training after an hour's sleep. You don't think about what you're doing to your body. When you're a professional sportsman you do to your body in 20 years what most people do in a lifetime.

MR: And there's the mental strain as well as the ►





Clockwise from top: Burrata with baby tomatoes, spiced bread and red pepper; Cured Sicilian red prawns with potato sauce, peas and almonds; Braised short-rib with anchovy emulsion and shiitake mushrooms



► physical. It's great to see players like Danny Rose talking about depression. There must be so many players affected but it doesn't get spoken about.

AC: When I started in the game, if Danny had said that he wouldn't have lasted two minutes. It was this really macho environment where you couldn't show any sign of weakness. We still have a way to go, but that was a good step. The game's still very macho but now everyone has access to sports psychologists, which is a big help. They get to talk about what's on their minds. You still have to be strong but now you can ask for help.

MR: It's the same in kitchens. It's a high pressure environment where nobody wants to show weakness. It's so nice to be in a position where I can try to run a kitchen where people can talk to me and to each other if something's bothering them.

MAIN COURSE

Braised short-rib with anchovy emulsion and shiitake mushrooms; Halibut with green sauce and fermented roots; Blackmore wagyu sirloin

AC: This steak is amazing. My parents couldn't stomach even a little bit of pink in their steak...

MR: What's your family heritage?

AC: Jamaican.

MR: Me too. My parents want their steak cremated. It took me 10 years to get my dad to have his steak medium. Slowly, slowly, slowly convincing him. My mum still won't touch it. She's a great Caribbean cook, but if she's making a roast I won't go - I'll arrive after dinner. She once asked me to carve for her and I was like 'How? With a chainsaw?' The first time my wife, who's Australian, came around for dinner my mum wanted to cook a roast - I was like no, no, no, no, no, no - do jerk chicken, mum! Do goat curry!



I was staying in this beautiful luxury hotel in Australia and I still couldn't sleep. I was worried about something crawling out of the toilet.

Do some rice and peas!

AC: That's the Caribbean way. Do you cook much Caribbean stuff at the restaurant?

MR: Not really, although I think it shows through in some of the spices I use and some of the preparation. I would love to one day do a Caribbean restaurant as a side project, just a small place to showcase the food, because it's amazing. So many chefs have tried but none very successfully.

AC: Why do places like Argentina have such a good reputation for meat?

MR: Well, it's the same meat but they have better conditions. Their terrain is completely flat, so the cattle is always just walking. Here we have loads of hills, so you don't know what the muscle density of each individual cow is going to be. They can control every aspect of the cattle. We might get a cow with massive hind legs or whatever, depending on whether it walks up hills all day. We also have really unpredictable weather, which has an impact on the beef. We have some incredible British meat but it's not as consistent as other places. One of the things M really pride itself on is knowing everything about its beef. I can phone our supplier and he's be able to tell me exactly which cow I'm eating, and who its parents were.

I want to know where all of our produce comes from. I buy iki-jime fish, which is a Japanese way of killing them as soon as it's

caught, instead of leaving them to slowly suffocate, which releases lactic acid into the flesh. It's more humane, more sustainable and it tastes better. For years I was curing fish to firm it up, but this stuff you don't need to, it's such good quality. It used to be hard to get it in the UK but people are coming around to the idea.

DESSERT

"Snickers" made from chocolate, milk biscuit, nougat, caramelised peanuts and dulce ice cream

AC: This dessert is legendary. We were talking about fish, right? Do you do any fishing?

MR: Yeah, and I'm terrible. I never catch anything, except when I'm in Australia and we go to my father in law's place, who owns a bit of land, and we can just sit out there all day.

AC: If I was in Australia I wouldn't be getting on no boat. I know the sort of stuff they have in the water.

MR: It's the stuff out of the water you want to worry about.

AC: Oh, I'm worried about that too. I was over there staying in this beautiful hotel and I still couldn't sleep. I was worried about something crawling out of the toilet. I would have to get some kind of therapy if I was over there again. I would see a tiny little spider and just freak out.

MR: When I lived over there people would say - you need to research all the different spiders and stuff, but for me ignorance is bliss. So yeah, it is dangerous, but it's also amazingly beautiful. It's like the best of the Caribbean and the best of England. The work/life balance is great, you have the best produce on your doorstep.

● Andrew Cole is an ambassador for Manchester United and remains the third-highest Premier League scorer of all time; To book a table at M Threadneedle Street, go to mrestaurants.co.uk ■

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IT'S A KIND OF MAGIC

Half-science, half-mysticism, the world of biodynamic wine is weird and, perhaps, wonderful. By **STEVE HOGARTY**

Crates filled with horns sit in a corner of a wine cellar in Tuscany. Outside, the summer air is stifling, but underground a chill draught snakes around the dozen or so giant barrels that line the corridor like great oaken sentinels. Amid all the winemaking paraphernalia, the piles of cow horns look incongruous, like an Amazon delivery gone wrong.

Our guide picks up a lone horn resting atop a casket and begins to explain one of the most peculiar aspects of the biodynamic winemaking process. This hollow horn is packed with cow manure and crushed quartz crystals, she says, and then buried in the earth for six months. After it is exhumed, the dirt is scooped from inside the horn and carefully mixed in a vat of rainwater, before the diluted potion is spread across the 200 acre vineyard. "Wow," remarked the most credulous members of our tour group.

At Avignonesi in Montepulciano, and every other biodynamic vineyard around the world, the established science of viticulture and the strange world of spiritualism go hand in hand. A cynic might roll their eyes out of their skull, but a storeroom holding hundreds of barrels of aging wine worth around £4m lays to rest any notion that the process isn't at least profitable. A tasting session (and my subsequent checked luggage clanking with bottles) also proves that their methods, however much they seem like medieval sorcery, produce high quality wine.

Organic, biodynamic and natural wines are increasingly apparent on menus across London's restaurants and wine bars, though most customers are unaware of the distinctions between them. Organics are grown without synthetic pesticides or fertilisers, and with far fewer chemicals, colourings and preservatives than conventional wines. On organic vineyards farmers will avoid intervention, opting instead to plant a diverse se-



Above: Tending to the vines at Avignonesi in Tuscany, one of Italy's leading biodynamic vineyards. **Below:** Inspecting the crops at Avignonesi. **Left:** The wine flows at Emiliana in Chile, where classical music is played in the cellars around the clock.



lection of plants and vegetables to attract wildlife that naturally help keep the vines disease and pest-free. At Château Smith Haut Lafite in Bordeaux, they lace the soil with butterfly-attracting pheromones.

Biodynamic farming kicks things up a gear, and utilises agricultural principles laid out in 1924 by the controversial Austrian philosopher Rudolf Steiner, which includes treating the earth as a living organism, planting and harvesting according to the motions of the planets and stars, and the aforementioned horns and crystals business. As well as promoting a self-sustaining ecosystem, the mission of biodynamic vineyards is to work *with* nature and the cosmos at large, rather than bending the natural world to their will. Only the naturally occurring yeasts of the vineyard may be used in fermentation, and so biodynamic wines are often described as “super organic”.

Natural wines are a separate beast entirely. A rejection of every technological innovation made in wine

making since the fall of the Roman empire, they defy certification, producing maddeningly inconsistent flavour profiles that the most generous of critics describe as “interesting”. Biodynamic wines, on the other hand, *are* certified and must follow certain rules and preparations in order to be labelled as such.

“We use a number of biodynamic preparations,” says Nick Wenman, founder of Albury Organic Vineyard in Surrey, with a tone that suggests it’s not the first time he’s been asked about his methods. His is one of just a handful of biodynamic vineyards in the UK, producing around 25,000 bottles a year. “In November we bury horns filled with manure from cows that have recently given birth, and then dig them up again in the spring. We make a tea from them and spray that on the vineyard. It helps with vitality.

“And look,” he says, pre-empting the follow up question. “Before you think I’m *completely* crazy, many of the top vineyards in the world are biodynamic.” ▶



Top: Cow horns packed with dung, part of the biodynamic process. **Bottom:** Château Smith Haut Lafitte in Bordeaux, where the soil is laced with special pheromones to attract butterflies and promote biodiversity

“

I've been to a vineyard in Chile where they play classical music to the wine as it ages in the cellar

► It's true that biodynamic wines are big business, especially with consumers increasingly shying away from the ill-defined bogeyman of “chemicals”. Sales of organic wines increased 22 per cent in the UK last year (compared to less than three per cent for conventional wines), and since first appearing in the 1970s, biodynamic wines are now produced by most of the top estates in France and Germany. While it has yet to be proven that the preparations are at all effective, long-term studies find that organic practices do improve the quality of a vineyard's grapes, and consumer scores for biodynamic bottles are higher.

The more mystical aspects of biodynamic agriculture are usually complemented by a degree of empiricism too. In one corner of Avignonesi is a radial vineyard, with rows of vines emanating from a central point, like the spokes of a bicycle wheel. Here they experiment with different crop densities. Near the centre there are 10,000 plants per hectare, while around the circumference there are just 3,333. The results reveal that vines planted too far apart spend too much of their energy spreading out, while in the densest section the competition for nutrients and light is too great. A sweet spot at around 5,000 plants per hectare produced the best grapes in this particular terroir.

This marriage of evidence-based agricultural techniques and the additional care and attention biodynamic vines generally receive, is perhaps the reason why these vineyards are producing critically acclaimed and award-winning wines.

“If you are attuned to what's going on in your vineyard and what's happening with your plants, chances are you're going to be pre-emptive in the way you farm, and stop problems happening before they take hold,” says Neil Palmer, director and co-founder of organic wine merchant Vintage Roots. He describes the biodynamic preparations as “like witchcraft, a bit bonkers, but that's all part of the attraction for some.

“I don't think people would be going to these lengths if it didn't have a positive effect,” he adds. “I mean, it's quite onerous some of the stuff they're doing – burying horns, digging them up, mixing up preparations – but ultimately it doesn't do anybody any harm. The belief is there, and you know, the placebo effect is a real thing.”

Whatever the mechanism enhancing biodynamic wines – “I've been to Emiliana in Chile where they play classical music to the wine in the cellar,” says Palmer – the consensus seems to be that if something works, it works, and it's probably best not to think too hard about the reasons why.

“I don't have proof that biodynamic practices on the vineyard produce very different or more exciting wines,” says Wenman of Albury. “The only evidence is that people seem to love our wines.”



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RUM'S RETURN

The world may presently be obsessed with gin, but as we discovered in our deep dive into the nation's favourite spirit in our last issue, industry insiders are starting to make contingency plans for when the bubble finally bursts. Waiting in the wings are rum distillers, who hope to capture some of the make-your-own ethos of the gin-makers and give it a Caribbean twist. While generally a less subtle spirit, with a much higher sugar content (it's typically made from sugarcane byproducts, such as molasses or honeys) rum is an excellent base for cocktails, its natural sweetness pairing well with spice. And unlike whisky cocktails, which often require sugar or syrup to sweeten them, rum is sugary enough to offset any bitterness. Here we take a look at some of the best rums available today.

MOUNT GAY EXTRA OLD

£41.15, UVINUM.CO.UK

The world's oldest rum – currently owned by drinks behemoth Rémy Cointreau – is not, as its name suggests, named after a mountain. It actually gets its famous name from Sir John Gay Alleyne, 1st Baronet of Four Hill, a close friend of the ironically monickered John Sober, who bought the distillery in 1747. At over 300-years-old, the fellas at Mount Gay know a thing or two about distilling – their amber-coloured spirit has a deep, spicy flavour, with hints of banana and creme brulee. The Extra Old version is aged for eight to 15 years. It's a versatile drink, perfect for summer cocktails yet hearty and warming during the colder months. While it's too heavy to drink all night, your mini-bar is not complete without a bottle of this to dust off at a moment's notice.

**Ingredients:**

- 75ml Gordon's gin circa 1950
- 25ml Smirnoff vodka circa 1950
- 10ml Kina Lillet 1949

Glassware:

- Martini glass

Garnish

- A large, thin slice of lemon peel

HOW TO MIX VESPER

This James Bond inspired cocktail may be the most expensive in London. By **MELISSA YORK**

Who better to take your cocktail inspiration from than James Bond, the most pedantic boozier in literature? It's a humble mixologist that accommodates 007's demands for shaken spirits and delicate garnishes.

In Fleming's first novel, *Casino Royale*, Bond approaches the bar with a hankering for a very particular take on a martini. After specifying that it should be served in a deep champagne goblet, Bond barks, "Three measures of Gordon's, one of vodka, half a measure of Kina Lillet. Shake it very well until it's ice-cold, then add a large thin slice of lemon peel. Got it?" He then explains that he only ever has one strong aperitif before dinner.

In the next chapter, he meets Vesper Lynd and names the cocktail after her. Strangely, the Vesper only became popular 40 years later, when classic cocktails made a comeback in the 1990s. It re-emerged following Daniel Craig's first turn as Bond in 2003.

Legendary mixologist Salvatore Calabrese, who has held the presidency of the UK Bartenders Guild for the last six years, has brought a very special £125 Vesper back on the vintage cocktail menu he's created for the Donovan Bar at Brown's Hotel in

Mayfair. "Bond was a style pioneer and a Martini like this had never been made before," says Calabrese. "We make the true, authentic Vesper with a rare Kina Lillet from 1949, Gordons gin from 1950 and Smirnoff vodka from 1950, just like Bond would have had it. We are the only bar in the world to serve a Vesper like this."

The vintage spirits are from Calabrese's personal collection, acquired on his travels over many years. Though Bond doesn't say which brand of vodka he prefers, he does ask for a "grain-based" rather than a potato-based one, and Calabrese has filled in the gap with his historical expertise.

"At the time *Casino Royale* was written, Russia was at the forefront of the world stage when Fleming would have been thinking about the concept of his novel *From Russia With Love*," Calabrese says. "Smirnoff was the first commercially popular vodka at the time and it was a powerhouse in publicity. For Fleming, Smirnoff was the most stylish of vodkas, and the only choice for James Bond."

For those unacquainted with French aperitif wine, Kina Lillet is an aromatic choice with quinine added for extra bitterness. Once it's poured, the whole thing is shaken, not stirred. Bond then abandons his usual martini garnish – an olive – for a twist of lemon. This Vesper may be the most expensive cocktail in London, but time travel is priceless.



Clockwise from left: The three vintage bottles of spirits from Salvatore Calabrese's private collection; Bar Manager Maurizio Palermo making the Vesper; Photos by Greg Sigston



Four bottles of Harrogate Spring Water are arranged in a diagonal line on a highly reflective surface. The bottles are made of clear, textured glass and have black caps with the Harrogate Spring Water logo. The lighting creates bright, shimmering reflections on the surface, giving the impression of sparkling water.

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TIDY.**

Covent Garden has reinvented itself more times than Madonna, had more facelifts than Mickey Rourke, seen more costume changes than Matthew Kelly. Once a Monk's vegetable patch, it's been home to prostitutes and drunks, clowns and mimes, apples and Apples. Before Capital & Counties (Capco) bought the market and the surrounding seven acres in 2006, its stalls were manned by bedraggled tradesmen hawking Union Jack-themed tat to tourists, the scene virtually indistinguishable from nearby Leicester Square.

Capco ruthlessly curated the businesses it leased space to, opting for high-end cosmetics stores and cool designers and a certain retailer of shiny phones. Restaurants were key. It convinced heavy-hitters including The Ivy and Balthazar to set up shop, which in turn convinced hip new ventures like Frenchie and Cricket to brave the sky-high rents and move in nearby.

Now Covent Garden is entering a new phase in its evolution, emerging from the chrysalis of luxury retail to spread its wings as a residential district, although not one for you and I, dear reader, but for the Super Rich, the yacht-owning one per cent of the one per cent. A marketing campaign is already underway, attempting to cement Covent Garden in people's minds as the kind of place an oligarch might want to call home. Last week I was invited on a press trip there – to a place 25 minutes from my doorstep – as if it were some obscure Indonesian island waiting to be discovered. And what does every fancy neighbourhood need more than anything else on god's green earth? A garden centre and somewhere nice to take your mum for lunch, of course! Enter Petersham Nurseries.

Food nerds and west-Londoners will recognise the name. The original Petersham Nurseries Cafe, which opened in 2004, is a bijou celeb-magnet in Richmond, a favourite haunt of Mick Jagger and Hugh Grant, who would hang out there after buying shrubs. The food was overseen by Skye Gyngell, who led it to a Michelin star in 2011 only to quit the following year, calling the accolade a "curse".

It's owned by the Boglione family – Petersham House is their family pile – whose vast wealth is derived from sportswear brands including Kappa and Superga. Now they've created an interlinking sprawl of businesses on King Street, including a homeware store, florist, delicatessen, wine cellar and two restaurants, La Goccia and The Petersham, all converging on a "floral courtyard". The main event is The Petersham, which sticks closely to the formula of the original, serving no-nonsense, Italian-style cooking that adheres to the "slow food" philosophy and costs a lot of money. Like, a lot.

Seated indoors with a view out to the courtyard – everything perfectly manicured, natch – I marvelled at how perfectly it captures the 'ladies who lunch' vibe. It's not so much a place to be seen, as a place to casually lurk behind a giant fern and secretly hope someone spots you on their way to the loo. That's not to say it isn't perfectly lovely. If I asked my mother to describe her dream restaurant, to sketch out its every microscopic detail, it would look like *exactly* like this, right down to the

RESTAURANT REVIEW PETERSHAM NURSERIES

The Richmond restaurant gets a move to Covent Garden – but can it keep its charm, asks **STEVE DINNEEN**



Clockwise from top: The view into the restaurant from the courtyard; one of the more elaborate starters; the chandeliered dining room

bright and breezy art on the walls and the hand-hewn salt ramekins.

At first I assumed the menu was deceptively simple, but it's a double bluff – it's *actually* simple, and, for the most part, very good. Take the melon and ham, a dish that sits in my mind alongside prawn cocktail and fondu as the epitome of naff 1970s cuisine; the twist is there's no twist. It's two slices of melon topped with ham, albeit Culatello di Zibello, which is admittedly a fine ham. Veal chop with sage, capers and lemon is a *veal chop with sage, capers and lemon* and it's delicious in the way a virtually unadorned veal chop is delicious. Crunchy heritage radishes – an £8 appetiser – arrive on the stalk as if they've just been plucked from the soil. Cucumber soup ekes every drop of flavour from its humble progenitor.

The almost outrageously straight-forward manner in which everything is prepared and presented reminds me of Alain Ducasse's cooking, although this is simpler still. The exception is an involved fish stew, lively and flavoursome, involving squid and lobster and mullet, similar to Bouillabaisse but without all the faffing about serving it

in two goes.

Dessert was a highlight; after protracted deliberations, I rejected strawberries with sweet peas and basil, and apricot and almond tart, in favour of a thoroughly excellent chocolate number with olive oil ice cream and honeycomb. My guest got the cheesecake with fresh raspberries, which is shoved on its side and blow-torched to give it the crunchy shell of a *creme brulee*; good, but lacking the all-important buttery biscuit base.

We played the bill game afterwards. "£100" guessed the guest. "£130" guessed I. "£180" said the bill – and that was *without booze*. I don't doubt the provenance of the ingredients, nor the steepness of the rent, but prices like that will put all but the most extravagant of meals in the shade, and The Petersham is willfully un-extravagant.

Presumably this is already factored into the equation. Someone has worked out exactly what the new wave of unfathomably rich Covent Gardeners will drop on a bite to eat after admiring some shrubbery, and this is it. Fair dos. It's too rich for my blood, but then so is the rest of Covent Garden.

● To book, go to petershamnurseries.com



THE
WINE CONNOISSEUR
VALENTINA ZAMPINI

HOW TO SPRITZ LIKE AN ITALIAN

There's more to this ancient tradition than Aperol, so stock up on ingredients and go wild like I do

The origin of spritz, like most things, dates back to the Roman Empire, where wine was infused with herbs and drunk by adding water. In the nineteenth century, when the North East of Italy was under Austrian rule, the Austrian soldiers who found the local wine too strong would spritzen (spray) water to dilute their glassful.

And so a legend was born.

Aperitivo (the Italian Happy Hour) and spritz cannot be separated. Taken from the Latin word *aperire* meaning to open – your stomach – to a meal, it is an innate Italian way of life. Italian dining culture is governed by a myriad of repeating patterns: morning espresso, long lunch (pasta is always the first choice) followed by aperitivo after work. The time given to every break is religious and makes one's lifestyle more convivial. At its heart is the all-encompassing notion of relaxing and enjoying your drink without constantly checking your watch. It is about pacing yourself and forgetting your worries. It's what I call "la Dolce Vita".

When I moved to London, spritz was served in few Italian places, but nibbles (as Italians know them) were nowhere to be seen. The average Italian aperitivo has overfilled wooden boards with pizza, bread, focaccia, cured meats, olives and all sorts of fried snacks – from vegetable fritto misto to arancini – and it's all complimentary. It can evolve to aperitivo

(a joint aperitivo and dinner) where, for a slightly overpriced drink, you get access to a huge buffet with pasta, risotto, cured meats and cheese. I've been in some posh bars where apericena offered prime cuts of meat and fish cooked in front of you.

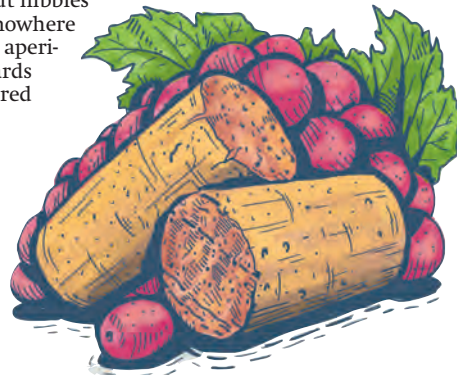
The spritz list in Italy is a serious affair, and Aperol is just the beginning. Other options include classics such as Campari, Select (the Venetian Aperol), Cynar (a herb-based liquor for bitter-taste lover), and countless iterations involving gin and all sorts of other spirits.

I always encourage friends to have aperitivo. It's a great excuse to practise an Italian spread at home and improve your spritz skills. The spritz recipe is easy: three parts prosecco, two parts aperitif liqueur of your choice, one part soda water. But I always tell people to let their inner bartender shine through. I like to lay a whole variety of ingredients on the table so people can experiment and create weird and wonderful spritz concoctions.

Some leave a lot to be desired, but there are occasional strokes of genius. One of my friends drizzled some balsamic vinegar – intended to accompany the focaccia – along with pink grapefruit juice and sparkling rosé and it became my spritz of the summer.

Next time you're in the supermarket, put some classic Italian bits and pieces into your basket. Charcuterie, parmesan and pancetta, fluffy focaccia, a few bottles of Italian classic bitters and prosecco, and you'll have all you need for the perfect Italian happy hour.

● *Valentina Zampini is head wine buyer at Carluccio's*



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JORDAN PETERSON, UNLIKELY SUPERSTAR

He's enlivened the right, enraged the left, and sold more than a million books in the process. But he says fame has come at a high price. By **STEVE DINNEEN**

Professor Jordan B Peterson's apartment smells of meat. It's 8am and his wife, Tammy, is fastidiously slicing a pile of steaks, frying them, and shovelling the unadorned results into a stack of Tupperware containers. It was Tammy, his childhood sweetheart who now works full-time for Peterson PLC, who greeted me when I arrived at his serviced apartment near Holborn, leading me into an unremarkable, open-plan room with laminate floors and a depressing view. It seems almost laughably austere for a man who makes \$80,000 a month from online donation site Patreon, plus royalties for his million-selling book *12 Rules For Life*.

Peterson, for the uninitiated, is probably the most influential conservative thinker in the world today – although, as he's keen to point out, he doesn't have a great deal of competition. An academic and clinical psychologist by trade (he ran a full-time practice until last year), his YouTube lectures offering interpretations of bible stories and no-nonsense advice for young men are routinely watched by millions, and he sells out auditoriums across North America.

Two years ago things were very different. A professor at the University of Toronto, he had a moderate profile on Canadian television, and had written an academic book that sold as well as academic books tend to. Everything changed when he spoke out against a law that could – in theory if not in practice – compel Cana-

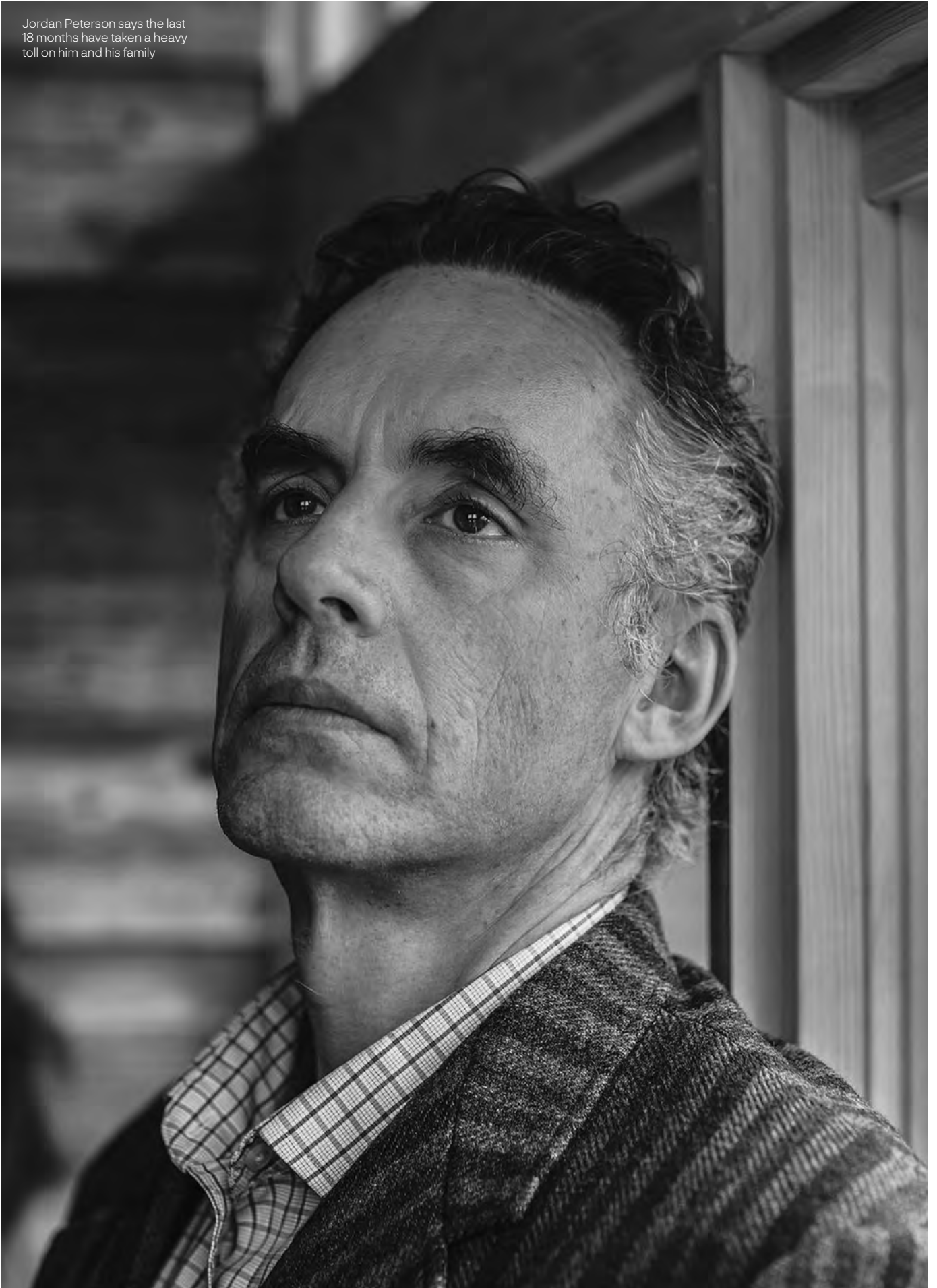
dians to use trans people's preferred gender pronouns. He made a video decrying the "attack on free speech" and was briefly suspended by the university.

He had struck a nerve. Suddenly someone was articulating what millions of conservatives had always felt in their gut – that political correctness had gone mad; that leftie, snowflake, Social Justice Warriors were dictating what good honest people could and couldn't say; that traditional values were under attack from a permissive minority.

He soon gained a cult following, predominantly among young white men, and he says he's received thousands of letters from people whose lives he's turned around. One particularly tragic post on Reddit is entitled "I'm 40, can Jordan Peterson still help me or is it too late?". He chalks his demographic down to YouTube's largely male user-base, and says it's changing as his celebrity shifts from the internet to the wider media landscape. But it's probably not a coincidence that someone who denies the existence of the patriarchy (simply a symptom of male competence) and white privilege (merely "majority privilege"), tends to appeal to white men. Having said that, it was a female friend who insisted I read *12 Rules*, calling Peterson "the world's dad".

The crux of his philosophy is that society is largely a result of biology. The structures in place – traditional gender roles, for instance – existed long before we were conscious of them; before humanity – before even *flowers*, apparently. Attempting to mess with things ►

Jordan Peterson says the last 18 months have taken a heavy toll on him and his family





Jordan Peterson in his home in Canada, which is decorated with Soviet propaganda

– by, say, encouraging more women to be engineers – isn’t only futile, it’s *damaging*. If you look closely, he says, you can see this natural order reflected in the stories, myths and symbols we use to define ourselves as a species, from Adam and Eve to Yin and Yang.

All of this has made him a target for those on the left, who see him as the acceptable face of – or at least the gateway drug to – misogyny and white nationalism. “Leftists make out that there’s something wrong with me,” he sighs. “I’m not part of the radical left, [so] I must be part of the far-right, which is absurd.”

His detractors mock his trademark combination of folksy advice – “stand up straight”, “tidy your room” – and Jungian psychology, once summed up as “Jung mixed with stuff your da’ might say”. Any such criticism usually receives a swift and vitriolic response from his legion of fans. “Anyone who has gone after me has paid a very heavy price,” he tells me, stressing the last three words in what strikes me as 80 per cent boast and 20 per cent threat.

An ill-tempered clash with Channel 4 News presenter Cathy Newman, during which Peterson batted away a barrage of accusations, leaving the reporter momentarily speechless, ended with security experts being hired over fears for her safety. The clip has been watched more than 10m times. “She was trying to win an argument with some hypothetical person who wasn’t even there,” he says, shaking his head.

Whether you’re on the left, the right, or somewhere in-between, there’s a magnetism to Peterson. When people first discover him, they often describe falling down a “rabbit hole”, staying up all night watching his videos, poring over newspaper coverage, admiring (perhaps grudgingly) his calm,

“

I work 16 hours a day. It’s a minority taste. I operate best when I’m working flat out but not everyone is temperamentally inclined to that.

unflinching debating style, delivered in a voice that’s been likened to that of Kermit the Frog.

...

The scene of domesticity in the Holborn apartment – wife silently tending the hob, the low crackle of frying meat – is incongruous with the lion’s den I’d expected. Peterson, 56, is slight and foppish, dressed in forest green chinos and a slim-fitting blazer, grey hair pushed back into a quiff. He spreads his arms over the back of the sofa, making himself bigger like a pigeon ruffling its feathers. He crosses his legs extravagantly and taps his foot when he dislikes a question. It’s hard not to analyse a psychologist.

I’m interested in how fame has changed him. Have the last 18 months made the man who wrote the rules for life happier with his own? “Oh no. Definitely not,” he says without a pause. “There are a lot of complex reasons for that [but] I’m in contact with millions of people and a large number of them have had their lives turned around by listening to my lectures and reading my

book...” Okay, but what about *your* happiness? His foot taps. “Well, my job was in danger and my clinical practice could have gone... I’m difficult to take out as I have multiple income sources. But it’s been very hard on my family, although they’re resilient and have been through much worse. This was a big storm compared to a hurricane. And I’ve been ill quite a lot, so that’s also complicated things.”

An autoimmune disorder runs through Peterson’s family, with his daughter Mikhaïla particularly badly affected. At 17 she had both a hip and ankle replacement because of aggressive arthritis. There were fears she might die. She went on a strict, ketogenic-style diet (mostly meat and greens) and her symptoms disappeared. Peterson’s own symptoms, including chronic insomnia, psoriasis and gum-disease, were similarly alleviated when he started the same diet – hence the tubs of meat.

“I’m insanely busy,” he continues. “I was busy before but it’s a whole new level now. I’ve always had three jobs, essentially, but now... I’m travelling all the time. And I have to watch everything I say. I’ve had a lot of people come after me in the last year and a half – journalists, academics, mobs. I find it stressful... because I’m actually not a particularly combative person.”

He says he works 16 hours a day, seven days a week, and sleeps only six hours a night. “It’s a minority taste. I operate best when I’m working flat out but not everyone is temperamentally inclined to that.”

The hardest part isn’t the travelling, or the long hours, however. The hardest part is speaking to journalists. “Many of them are combative, and I’m not really interested in that. It takes a lot of psychological effort to defend myself. It’s not a pleasant position to

JORDAN B. PETERSON

12 RULES FOR LIFE

AN ANTIDOTE TO CHAOS

‘One of the most important thinkers to emerge on the world stage for many years’ THE SPECTATOR



Left: The cover for 12 Rules For Life, which has sold more than 1m copies; Top: Cathy Newman during her infamous interview with Jordan Peterson; Above: Peterson during one of his university lectures

be in. But people are more polite than they used to be; when I went to Australia, the publicist said the Cathy Newman interview had been circulated as an object lesson in what *not* to do.”

For someone who hates talking to journalists, however, he spends an awful lot of time doing it. He recently invited a New York Times reporter into his home for two days to watch him work. The result was a car-crash by any standards; he was painted as a kook, and caused a stir when he suggested the solution to violence by so-called “incels” (involuntarily celibate young men) was “enforced monogamy”. He later clarified that he meant “enforced” by societal proclivities towards institutions like marriage, rather than by physical force, but a man who espouses choosing your words carefully (Rule Number 10: Be Precise in Your Speech) should have known better. He still tweeted a link to the article. Twice.



It strikes me that there are two sides to Peterson. One the one hand, he’s the quintessential academic. He speaks incessantly about “neo-Marxist post-modernists” invading university campuses (he’s even thinking of starting his own online university). He fills his house in Toronto with Soviet propaganda; a reminder, he says, of the evils of extremism (apparently Mikhaila is named after Mikhail Gorbachev, which is a bit like Jeremy Corbyn calling his daughter Blair). His lectures on mythology and religious allegories are lively and fascinating and a bit mad, in the way the best academia often is. You can easily imagine him stalking the wood-panelled corridors of an Ivy League university. It makes you ponder the strange alchemy of time, place and situation that made such an eccen-

tric, bookish man a superstar.

But there’s another, more cynical side, one that’s keenly aware of what will keep him on the news agenda. He complains about being lumped together with the alt-right – “the only people who think I’m part of that is the left, the alt-right doesn’t” – yet he often sings from a suspiciously similar hymn sheet.

After our interview, for instance, he tweeted support for thuggish EDL founder



Encroachment on free speech is always done in the name of compassion for the oppressed. The Nazis couched their euthanasia programme in compassion.

Tommy Robinson, who had just been jailed for contempt of court after almost derailing a long-running trial. Another time he instinctively sided with the American baker who refused to make a wedding cake for a gay couple, until the person interviewing him pointed out that restaurant owners once used the same argument for refusing to serve black people. For a self-proclaimed radical thinker, these are pretty tawdry waters to be swimming in.

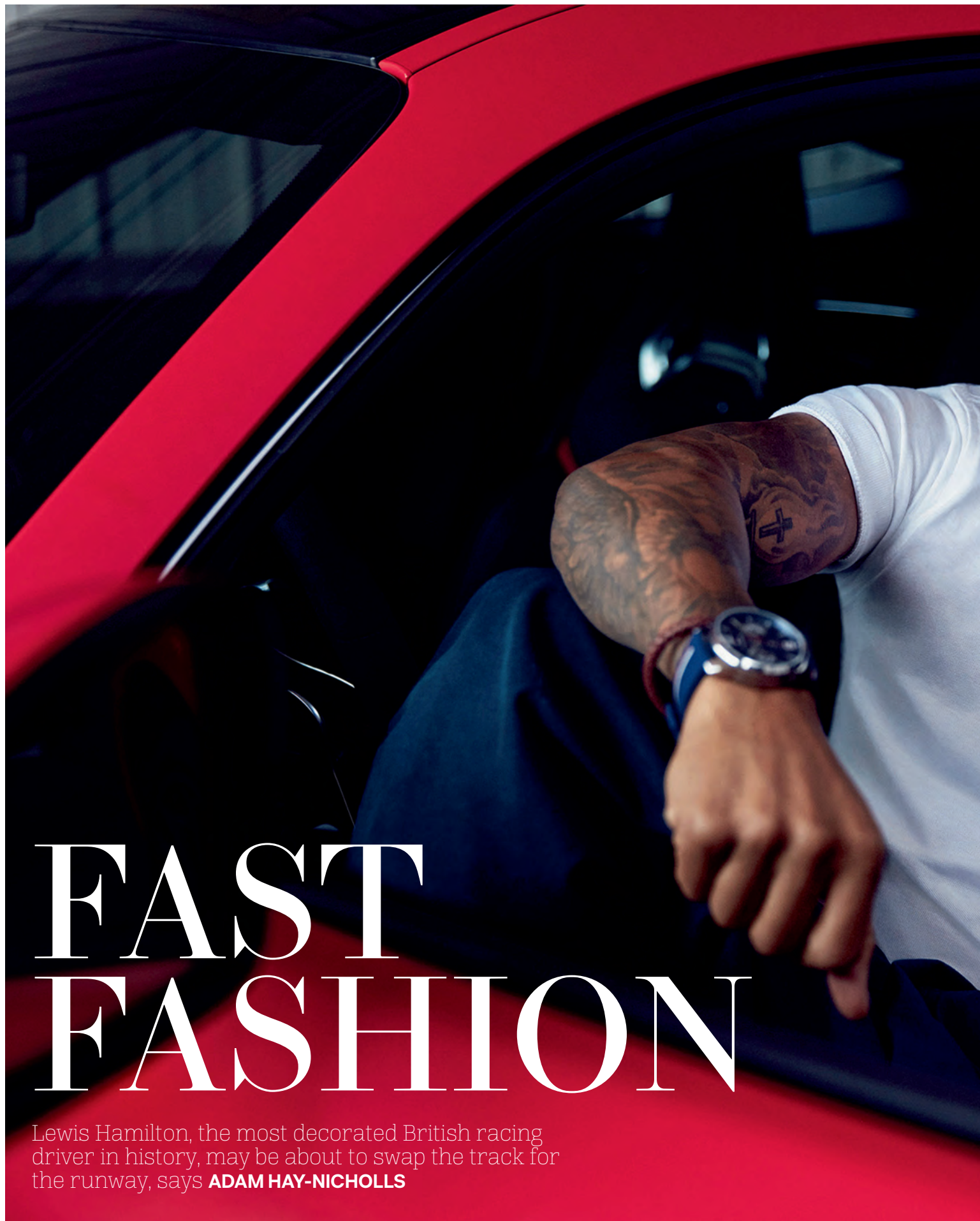
I ask if he has any regrets about rising to fame by opposing a law designed to make life easier for trans people – would he have

preferred a different hill to die on? “Yeah, but it’s not a reasonable hope,” he says, foot tapping. “Encroachment on free speech is always done in the name of compassion for the oppressed. If it hadn’t been the trans people it would have been some other oppressed group and I’d have been in the same situation. The Nazis couched their euthanasia programme in compassion – the old ads said you were doing these people a favour, because they were suffering bitterly.

“One of the things we should always be on the guard against is assuming that your benevolent intervention is going to have the desired effect. Systems are too complex to predict. So was it unfortunate? Well, it caused a scandal. Whether it’s unfortunate is hard to say. It was stressful.” This very much fits the Peterson narrative, him bearing the cross of common-sense conservatism in the face of outrageous slights from the radical leftists and the neo-Marxists and the postmodernists.

I look up and Tammy is gesturing towards the door. The meat is all neatly packaged away. Another dreaded journalist is waiting in the wings, ready to test Peterson’s patience. My lasting impression is of a deadly serious man, rather cold, unwaveringly committed to his ideas, perhaps not entirely comfortable in his newfound role as the global face of conservative thought.

As I’m being ushered out, one of our company execs, who had tagged along for the interview, pulls out a copy of 12 Rules for Peterson to sign. “You’ve made me a better parent,” he says, requesting a selfie. Peterson cracks a smile for the first time all morning, happy to be in the presence of a true believer. I guess that’s Rule Number 7: Make Friends With People Who Want The Best For You. ■



FAST FASHION

Lewis Hamilton, the most decorated British racing driver in history, may be about to swap the track for the runway, says **ADAM HAY-NICHOLLS**



Hamilton is known – and occasionally mocked – for his outlandish fashion sense

I find Lewis Hamilton quietly thumbing through a sheaf of technical sketches. But he's not in a pit garage or race car factory perusing the work of aerodynamicists – he's in Tommy Hilfiger's Knightsbridge studio, studying pictures of sneakers. Just as he gives his Mercedes crew feedback, demanding different damper settings or more wing, he's now requesting changes from Team Hilfiger. Make these stripes pink. Move the logo to the left. He's creating a capsule collection, undertaking what he calls "an internship" in what will become his next big challenge after he hangs up his helmet.

I sat down with the reigning world champion to talk about the next chapter of his life. I've known Hamilton for over a decade, watched from the sidelines of the F1 circuit as his personality has grown, been consistently impressed by his seemingly indefatigable lust for life. Lewis felt unable to express himself in motor racing until he joined Mercedes-AMG in 2013, when he began managing his own career. He still feels like an outsider in his own sport, however, one that's traditionally white and privileged. His dad, Anthony, re-mortgaged their flat and worked four jobs to pay for pre-teen Hamilton's karting hobby. The feeling that they didn't belong made the pair all the more determined to win.

No one underestimates Lewis now. At 33, he's already the most successful British driver of all time and, with four titles, is a member of a very exclusive club. Only Juan-Manuel Fangio and Michael Schumacher have won more crowns.

"My goal for 2018 is to continue on my journey of expression and supporting diversity, and to continue to grow as a driver," he tells me. "I think I'm at my peak in performance, but how do I take the DNA I have as a driver and do something unexpected, take it further? Title number five is inherently the goal, but having my own fashion line accepted..." He trails off as he spots a moody poster of himself modelling Hilfiger apparel. "Whoa, I hadn't seen that one yet!" he beams.

His daring dress sense has garnered plenty of attention and a fair amount of criticism, but Hamilton wasn't always such a bold clotheshorse. He was a shy child who used to change in the alley before going home to his father, because Anthony didn't care for clothes that were too 'street'. Lewis raced for McLaren until he was 27 and describes how the team made him dress in a very straight-laced way. His boss and mentor, Ron Dennis, disapproved of tattoos, hip-hop-inspired chains and trendy haircuts. It made Hamilton self-conscious, unsure of who he really was.

Now he views fashion as key to his self-expression. "As a kid, I wanted to blend in. It's taken a long time to find my own direction, which you can see in what I wear. I've made lots of mistakes, but that's how you find your own style. I like to go to the shows because you see the craziest, wackiest stuff. It's how it makes you feel that's important. Fashion is a very personal thing. I don't care what anyone else thinks." In F1 terms, if you don't have a couple of spins in practice you're not trying hard enough; perhaps the same goes for fashion. Now he's found his style, Hamilton appears more content.

He already signed-off his first capsule collection at



Mercedes has dominated F1 since Hamilton joined the team – it is desperate to renew his contract

► the start of the year and is working on his second. Obsession with detail is a familiar trait with F1 drivers, who are constantly looking for faults, opportunities and improvements. Growing up, his friends called him “eagle-eye” because he never missed a trick. He says he loves to learn and wants to soak up as much information as possible, which is why his meetings with Hilfiger’s designers are exhausting affairs. He’s hands-on because he’s passionate, but also for the same reason he ended up being a great driver; the perception that people want to see him fail.

“Before a race I always sleep fine because I know what I do. When it comes time for people to see this collection I’m not going to sleep at all. This is an extension of who I am, an expression of my character. I’ve put so much effort into it, so I’m super tied to it and conscious of how people are going to react. It means a lot to me because this is potentially the beginning of a future beyond F1. I couldn’t sleep before my first F1 test, and then I got the call and got the job and my career began. I’m in that same period right now, clothes-wise. If it works, my goal is to continue. In this, I’ve found something that could equal my passion for racing.”

Tommy Hilfiger himself is in the studio when I visit. The 67-year-old has long followed grand prix racing and first met Hamilton on the fashion week circuit. It was through their friendship that the collaboration was born, leading to his brand sponsoring Mercedes this season. Lewis takes over from supermodel Gigi Hadid as the label’s primary global ambassador, a lucrative

“

The first time I met Tommy, he comes up to me, this icon I’ve always looked up to, and he says ‘You look great! I love what you’re wearing! You look like a rock star!’

arrangement no doubt, but it was the chance to design his own collection that was most alluring.

“I’m an energy person,” he says. “I’m all about positive energy. The first time I met Tommy, he comes up to me, this icon I’ve always looked up to, and he says ‘You look great! I love what you’re wearing. You look like a rock star!’ I was just so happy he recognised me.”

Normally, professional drivers are taught to be practical in their outlook rather than imaginative. Lewis describes his relationship with Tommy Hilfiger as not dissimilar to the one he has with Mercedes-AMG. “I love to observe people who burst the bubble and find new ways of doing things. Seeing the engineers at work at the [Mercedes] factory is one of the most rewarding parts of my job. These people went to Harvard and Cambridge. I topped out at John Henry Newman School, Stevenage. So when I came into F1, I had to learn a new language in order to ex-

plain what I was experiencing on the track. What I bring is practicality to people who specialise in numbers. Which is why creativity feels like freedom to me.”

Hamilton describes himself as a “late bloomer” creatively, and feels he’s playing catch-up with his peers on the catwalk and in music (another of his extra-curricular escapes). “I was so focused on racing as a kid that other stuff I wanted to do went by the wayside. As a result, I now meet 15, 16-year-old kids who are so much further along with their art and their creative passions than I was at their age. The interests I had at their age have now come back, which is a bit of a surprise but it’s great, I love it. In some ways you grow up, but in others you don’t. I like to find that balance.”

He has a home recording studio and has laid down hundreds of tracks, sometimes working with Drake’s producers. He plays guitar, piano and has taken up the harmonica because it’s easy to travel with.

Hamilton has often vented about how stifling F1 can feel, with most drivers put in a box, restricted from doing anything but drive cars and rep sponsors. Fashion and music are, to Hamilton, like a hammer to a window. “You should never feel restricted, that you have to stay in one medium; that’s why I have so much respect for Kanye and Pharrell and how they’ve blurred the lines between music, fashion and art. At the moment, with the ►

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► work I'm doing with producers and designers, I feel like an intern. They're able to pull out of me skills and ideas I never knew I had. If I apply myself creatively, like I have my racing career, I think I can do pretty well. I'll never stop coming up with fresh ideas."

There's a sense that Hamilton is making up for lost time, filling in the holes of an upbringing that was dominated by racing and the ambition he shared with his dad. "My teenage years weren't normal. I was surrounded by adults and racing all over Europe. I wasn't at school much, so I had a private tutor. I missed out on normal things like hanging out with friends. These are the years that usually define your interests. I had to stop my music lessons and everything to concentrate on racing. Ultimately it was worth it, though there were times I wished I could just kick a ball around like the kids on my street, instead of doing school work at home because I had to fly to a race in Italy at the crack of dawn. I had a dream to pursue, although once I achieved that dream I was in a position to loosen up and let life come to me a little bit."

Hamilton's approach to life has changed since then, and not only because of the fame and wealth he's accrued. Having prioritised racing over schooling, he's now a voracious



Nelson Mandela told me that, at the age of 90, he was still learning. That stuck with me. We don't stop learning when we leave school

reader, constantly learning new skills and gaining fresh insight. "Nelson Mandela told me that, at the age of 90, he was still learning. That really stuck with me. We don't just stop learning when we leave school, life is about learning from start to finish."

Losing is a lesson he's begun to learn from, too, having previously tried to filter out any suggestion of it. Now it's something he accepts and failure makes winning even sweeter. "I used to beat myself up an insane amount if I had a bad race, it was unhealthy. I'd get the worst headache, like I was under a dark cloud. I'd hardly eat, I'd just sit in silence trying to find my way out of the negative space. I used to be so stubborn I couldn't get past it. One time, I didn't leave my hotel room for four days, I was so stuck in my head. But now, with age, I've realised that winning isn't everything and losing is part of the journey. Positivity is essential to moving forward and achieving your goals. You learn to manage disappointment so you're stronger next time and even more powerful. It drives me to push harder."

If fashion or music don't bear fruit, there's always the motivational speaking circuit. Another new aspect of his lifestyle is, he says, his diet. "A few years ago, I stopped eating meat. I'm now full-on vegan and I can't imagine going back. I feel incredibly clean and healthy. Most people I know say they could never be on a plant-based diet, and that's fine. I'm not out to convince other people to change their ways, but this is what works for me. And it's not easy, it



Hamilton celebrates his fourth F1 title

THE LIFE & TIMES OF LEWIS HAMILTON

1985: WAS BORN

He was born in Stevenage to Anthony and Carmen. They split when he was two and he went to live with his dad.

1991: GETS A GO-KART

It was a Christmas present. To pay for it, Anthony worked four jobs, not including being Lewis' mechanic.

1995: MEETS RON DENNIS

Lewis, 10, introduced himself to the McLaren F1 boss. Dennis signed Hamilton's autograph book, and wrote "phone me in nine years".

2007: ENTERS FORMULA ONE

The year after winning the GP2 Championship he made his F1 debut alongside Fernando Alonso at McLaren.

2008: WINS FIRST OF FOUR F1 TITLES

It went down to the wire but Lewis clinched the championship in Brazil from Felipe Massa by a single point.

2013: SWITCH TO MERCEDES

Hamilton ditched his dad as manager and made a shock move from McLaren to Mercedes, which has dominated ever since.

2015: NO MORE NICOLE

Having dated on and off for five years, Lewis and former Pussycat Doll Nicole Scherzinger finally called it a day.

2017: PARADISE PAPERS

Hamilton's name – and specifically his Challenger 605 jet – were named in the tax document leak. He is said to be worth £160m.

takes real dedication. But I've studied nutrition and I understand the science, and I can't go back to eating crap. In fact, the thought of eating meat makes me feel sick."

Lewis' current contract with Mercedes comes to an end in December and, while the three-pointed-star is gagging to sign him for another three years there are, evidently, hold-ups; Hamilton's reported nine-figure demands are doubtless one, and his wish for flexibility perhaps another. He has another three seasons worth of world title-fighting ability, but will he still have the motivation and commitment necessary once he draws level with Fangio in the history books – especially when there are other challenges far away from the cockpit? He isn't only in planning mode, I sense, he has actively started to turn a page. I'd be surprised if he's not on the grid next year, but the chequered flag seems destined to fall on his F1 career sooner rather than later.

He will leave a bigger legacy than any driver since Ayrton Senna. "Being the first F1 driver of colour feels like an achievement in itself," he says. "It's pretty cool to join the likes of Tiger and Serena and knock down barriers. Now we're seeing black and Asian drivers coming into the sport and that makes me so proud, knowing I helped break the mould. Promoting diversity is one of the most important jobs I have, and it's a job for life."

Having F1 as a platform, with its 300m global viewers, plus the combined 16m followers he has across his social media accounts is a strong place to start, but this summer's Tommy Hilfiger campaign and his future fashion endeavours could take him to a whole other level. "Fashion is like racing," he says, "it never sleeps. It's always evolving, reinventing, innovating, moving forward fast." Just like Hamilton himself, in fact. ■

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WATCHES

Why wait for your phone to wake up from flight mode? The Glashütte Senator Cosmopolite – now in life-proof stainless steel – always knows the local time, whichever of the world's 36 timezones you're in.

By **ALEX DOAK**

GLASHÜTTE SENATOR COSMOPOLITE

£28,526, GLASHUETTE-ORIGINAL.COM

With the notable exception of IWC and a few other of Switzerland's more pragmatic watchmakers, the term 'GMT' is still used to describe watches that display a second time zone. But Greenwich Mean Time hasn't existed since we stopped looking to the stars in the Sixties, turning instead to the digital readouts of a global network of atomic clocks – aka 'UTC', or Universal Time Co-ordinated. The 'zero' hours reference point on the globe is still Greenwich, but even London is UTC +1 from March to September, aka British Summer Time. And the number of time zones circling the Earth is no longer 24, in helpful increments of 1 hour; no, it's 36.

Confused? You will be, unless you stop worrying and simply invest in a Glashütte Original Senator Cosmopolite, now priced at a wholly tempting £16,100 thanks to a new case in steel rather than gold. At the dial's 8 o'clock position, two narrow windows fit snugly into the curve of the dial and present your global destination as an IATA international airport code for both Daylight Saving and Standard Time periods of the year. Those with full-hour deviation from 00:00 in Greenwich are indicated in black ink; a further nine time zones with half-hour offsets are shown in blue; then three in red that remain proudly, if awkwardly 45 minutes off-kilter: Chatham Islands/New Zealand at 12:45, Western Australia at +8:45 and Nepal at +5:45.



WHAT'S TICKING?

Goings-on in the restless world of haute horlogerie, from a portable atomic clock to the best wrist attire at the Royal wedding



BUT ONCE A YEAR

No one quite knows how they've done it, but that purveyor of all things proudly Swiss has out-done even its own reputation for great-value watchmaking with the latest addition to Longines' Master Collection: an annual calendar that costs just £1,540. To give you some idea, the next up the scale is Omega's Globemaster at £6,240 (albeit kitted out with some top-flight base mechanics). Readers may already be aware of the vaunted 'perpetual calendar' watch, which keeps the perfect date, every day, without adjustment, even on leap years – invented 222 years ago by Breguet. The 'annual calendar' just takes into account the four 30-day months, so only needs adjusting once a year at the end of February. Extraordinarily, this far simpler and far more cost-effective calendar complication was invented just 21 years ago, by Patek Philippe. It might not be perpetual, but it's proved just as alluring, and fine watchmaking's other players, including Montblanc, A Lange & Söhne even the mighty Rolex have wasted no time in catching up. Just not quite as cost-effectively or unfussily as Longines. longines.com

GREAT SCOTT!

It may resemble the dashboard of Emmett Brown's DeLorean time machine, but this particular device goes far further back than 1955 – 1795 in fact. Urwerk's otherwise futuristic 'AMC' is the direct descendant of Breguet's famed 'Sympathiques' symbiotic master/slave, clock/watch device. Once a day, the watch was placed into a recess at the top of the clock, thereby setting it to correct time, winding and regulating it. Urwerk's still-conceptual Atomic Master Clock aims to do those three things using a portable (albeit 25kg) ytterbium atomic clock that mechanically engages and adjusts the watch movement. urwerk.com



Clockwise from top left: Urwerk's still-conceptual Atomic Master Clock; The Longines annual calendar, which costs just £1,540; Zenith's black-coated 'Ton Up' bikers' watch; Parmigiani's Toric Chronographe, spotted on the wrist of HRH Prince Charles

UP HRH'S SLEEVE

Royal-wedding fever may have long calmed down, but horological fanatics are still revelling in one of the few decent watch spots that Harry and Meghan's nuptials afforded, beyond Archbishop Justin Welby's quartz Seiko and Wills' ever-present Omega Seamaster: the formidably connoisseur, devastatingly rakish choice of Parmigiani and its Toric Chronographe, peeking from who else's Anderson & Sheppard cuff than that of HRH The Prince of Wales. The traditional-with-a-twist styling of the watch's fluted caseband was perfectly suited to the father of the groom (though the actual model is long out of production) but, crucially, it finally proved to stuck-in-the-muds one important sartorial argument: you really can wear a sporty stopwatch function to a formal occasion. Well played, your Highness. parmigiani.com

CAFÉ OLÉ!

Zenith's recent adventures with the oil-stained dapper dans of the Distinguished Gentleman's Ride have clearly had an effect on the Swiss watchmaker, now driven to adapting its vintage-inspired Type 20 Pilot chronograph to the needs of two-wheeling biker boys, rather than equally leather-clad flyboys. The black-coated 'Ton Up' is a tribute to the café racer culture, where motorcycles stripped of all unnecessary weight and parts gather at a remote café to race beyond the titular 100mph. Despite the freewheelin' overtones however, it remains – by design – a true pilot's watch. Highly legible thanks to a 45mm diameter, with a massive onion-type crown designed for easy handling with gloved hands and prominent pushpieces for definitive activation of the El Primero stopwatch function, it is – come to think of it – all rather handy for motorcyclists as well as aviators. zenith-watches.com

HEROES OF THE HOURS

History is made of people and the world of watches is no different; from saving the Swiss watch industry, to putting women on the horological map, here are six characters, past and present who have shaped the way watches are made and how we tell the time itself. Words by **ALEX DOAK** and **LAURA MCCREDDIE-DOAK**



JACK HEUER FORMER CHAIRMAN, TAG HEUER

Watches and cars. They go together like gin and tonic, chips and mayonnaise, Trump and trollop. But this wouldn't be the case were it not for one Jack Heuer.

Back in the 1960s and 1970s, he steered his family firm towards the now-lucrative partnership of horology and motorsport, as well as leveraging the newfangled trend for celebrities doing your hard work and getting the word out about your brand. The original 'influencers', if you like.

Initially, Jack was renowned for his engineering and design skills. Under his auspices the company launched the now-legendary Carrera, Autavia and Monaco chronographs – early drivers' watches, steeped in exhaust fumes and boosted by Heuer's sponsorship of Ferrari's F1 team throughout the 1970s.

Legendary names like Jacky Ickx, Niki Lauda, Mario Andretti, Gilles Villeneuve and Emerson Fittipaldi were all proud Heuer ambassadors, but it was Jack's relationship with Jo Siffert that proved most potent. Heuer paid CHF 25,000 a year in return for a logo on his racing suit, and 'Seppi' even became an ersatz Heuer salesman, buying watches at wholesale and selling them to colleagues in the pits.

Siffert was also the driver who fanboy Steve McQueen turned to, in preparation for his role in *Le Mans* (1971). In the name of authenticity, the Holly-



Above right: Jack Heuer (right) enjoys a day at the races with Swedish racing driver Bengt Ronnie Peterson; **Above:** The 1969 Tag Heuer Autavia

wood heart-throb naturally chose Heuer as his wristwear, and that iconic shot of McQueen in his white racesuit, square-cased Monaco with blue dial to match his cobalt eyes has become properly iconic for the modern-day brand.

At the time, the Monaco was actually Heuer's worst-selling design – so much so that when filming wrapped Heuer told the property master Don Nunley to keep the watches and hand them out to the crew. McQueen got wind of this and was furious he didn't get one, which soured their relationship for a while. However, McQueen's patronage had an indelible effect. In 1970 Heuer was trying to sell his Monacos for \$220. In 2012, McQueen's Monaco fetched \$799,500 at auction.

Speaking to the *Financial Times* last year, Heuer said: "I don't think I ever even considered the fact that some of these watches would become collectable. The idea of collecting wristwatches didn't really exist then – I just aimed to make things that people wanted and that the company could sell."

HANS WILSDORF ROLEX FOUNDER

In a rare video interview from 1959, a man called Hans Wilsdorf took credit for inventing and popularising the bracelet watch. From anyone else, that would be pure hyperbole. But coming from none other than the founder of Rolex, you can't help but agree.

"[When I entered the watch business in 1900] wristwatches didn't exist. Men wore pocket watches, which went from father to son and son to grandson. The opportunity for the watch industry to grow was extremely limited as sales were very slow," he said.

The interviewer then asks Wilsdorf if he's proud that a wristwatch had just won the coveted Geneva Grand Prix award, to which he replies: "It's the peak of my career, as I foresaw the total development of the wristwatch for the Swiss watch industry. Of course, we still produce some pocket watches but the biggest business is wristwatches and here I can say I was one of the initiators in the whole industry."

He was right, you know. From a brand started by a German in London in 1905 with the intention of importing Hermann Aegler's Swiss movements and placing them in high-quality cases from the likes of England's Dennison, it soon came to dominate the Swiss industry. This is a company that made its name mass-producing luxury. It may be namechecked more than any other brand in hip-hop lyrics, but unlike Courvoisier or the Cadillac Escalade, for very good reason. Rolex has a bulletproof reputation built on innovation with firsts including the waterproof wristwatch – 1926's Oyster – the date function in 1945's Datejust ref.4467 and the dual time-zone in its GMT-Master from 1954. And, despite producing an estimated 1m watches a year, the quality is unsurpassed, let alone the precision of its constantly honed mechanical movements.

No wonder a Rolex can be used as currency anywhere in the world.



Top right: Rolex founder Hans Wilsdorf

Right: The new Rolex GMT-Master II

Below: The Jaeger-LeCoultre Reverso Fagliano

Inset below: Elie LeCoultre, who helped modernise watchmaking



ELIE LECOULTRE JAEGER-LECOULTRE SCION

Of all the vaunted names of haute horlogerie dotting the Vallée de Joux, only the very oldest designs and crafts 100 per cent of its movements, cases and dials beneath one (albeit sprawling, 25,000sqm) roof in Le Sentier. All 180 skills required to make a watch from the raw metal have been thoroughly mastered by Jaeger-LeCoultre.

This extraordinary ability wouldn't be the case were it not for Elie LeCoultre, eldest son of founder Charles-Antoine LeCoultre. It was Charles-Antoine who, in 1833, transformed the family's former blacksmithing business into a shop cutting pinions and grinding pivots for the burgeoning local scene of dairy farmers-cum-watchmakers.

This shop later became a workshop, making entire watch movements – some of the finest available at the time, thanks to Charles-Antoine's invention of the millionième, aiding precision manufacture to a tolerance of a micron. As the business grew, Elie saw the benefits of reorganising their way of working so that, rather than relying on the Swiss industry's scattered network of suppliers throughout the Jura mountains, everything was done in one place.

By the end of the 19th century, the building, where the manufacture still resides, housed 500 staff.

Without Elie LeCoultre and his intellectual shift there wouldn't be today's prestige of vertical integration or the constant, obsessive dissection of what the phrase 'in-house' actually means and which brands get to use it. There's nothing wrong with outsourcing – sometimes it's for the best – but for Jaeger-LeCoultre, like the brands it influenced, it's certainly all the better for keeping it in the family. ►



JEAN-CLAUDE BIVER
PRESIDENT, LVMH WATCH DIVISION

You may not know his name but you are familiar with his work. Without Biver, there would be no Hublot – a brand that in four years he transformed from moribund to something LVMH was willing to pay £250m for. Without Biver, James Bond certainly wouldn't have corrected Vesper Lynd in Casino Royale that he was wearing an Omega rather than a Rolex.

And there's a fair chance that without his resurrection of Blancpain in 1981 – controversial tagline: 'Since 1735 there has never been a Blancpain quartz watch and there will never be one' – the reacceptance of fine Swiss mechanical watches would have been quashed by the march of Japanese quartz for at least another decade. Now, in his position as lord-on-high of watchmaking at the ti-

tanic LVMH luxury goods group, he has been busy re-energising Zenith, and more recently TAG Heuer.

Zenith already has plenty of pedigree – its El Primero movement was the first-ever self-winding chronograph to market back in 1969, let alone one that kept time to a tenth of a second rather than eighth, snapped up by Rolex, even, for its early Daytona models; while Zenith's Elite was the first calibre to be designed by computer. However, since the departure of former CEO Jean-Frédéric Dufour for Rolex, it has floundered. That is until Biver took things in hand. Under his, and the new CEO Julien Tornare's leadership, Zenith has become proud of its history and reputation for innovation once again, with the tagline 'Future of Tradition' and a high-frequency, future-forward take on the El Primero,



Above right: Jean-Claude Biver, President of LVMH's watch division
Above: The Zenith Defy El Primero 21

dubbed Defy 21.

"Zenith is the future of tradition. Not just new technology," said Biver to Watches-bySJX. "Tradition has the right to develop itself into the future. Why should you just repeat tradition? I want to go a step further with Zenith. So if Zenith makes a connected watch – is that the future of tradition? No! It is just the future. But if Zenith makes a 1/100th of a second chronograph – that is the future of tradition."



Above: Montblanc Watches managing director Davide Cerrato; Above right: The Montblanc 1858 Automatic Chronograph

DAVIDE CERRATO
MD, MONTBLANC WATCHES

Davide Cerrato has been described as a 'watch archaeologist' – a very apt way to interpret his near-method approach to the brands he has navigated to success in recent years. Whenever he starts a role he spends time digging around in the archives, trying to get into the mindset of the people or person who made those first watches.

It's a strategy that's proved vital to his career, which, after a stint in advertising, started at Panerai, followed by Tudor, where he has garnered the most column inches. When he took over, Tudor was Rolex's neglected little brother; by the time he left, it was a powerhouse, driven initially by 1970s chronograph throwbacks, followed by a reimagining of its legendary diving watches from the 1950s and 60s (the Black Bay collection), then afforded additional horological kudos by Tudor's first foray into in-house mechanics.

Now, Cerrato has been poached by Montblanc CEO Jérôme Lambert and is already working the same magic there, taking his cues, once again, from the past.

His first move has been using Minerva – the legendary, now-Montblanc-owned chronograph manufacture – as the backbone to a watchmaking concern that has always struggled to convince collectors, despite its highly capable factory in Le Locle. Not surprising given the German maestro of fountain pens only started out in watches in 1997.



Minerva's previously unappreciated past as a supplier of watches for military and mountain environments has informed the new '1858' collection but, as with Tudor, all this history is being refracted through a more youthful lens, appealing to a more 'lifestyle' crowd, rather than the 'business' customer that Montblanc's monochrome writing instruments and leather goods tend to attract.

As Cerrato said in an interview with Esquire last year, "What we are doing now is really a key step, creating a space for the brand and for the maison in sport professional watches... I take that spirit and reshape it with contemporary elements in such a way that you keep the iconic power that the brand has."

SANDRINE STERN

HEAD OF CREATION, PATEK PHILIPPE

It's hard to imagine anyone whose essence is more entwined with a company than Sandrine Stern and Patek Philippe. You could almost believe her platelets have become shaped into microscopic fleur-de-lys crosses after a lifetime under the sign of Switzerland's grandest of grand maisons.

As she herself said in an interview with Hodinkee in 2017: "I have been completely integrated [into the company] because it was my first job. I don't have any other brands in my head, so I completely understand this brand." Sandrine, who is the wife of Patek's president Thierry Stern, started out on the commercial team 22 years ago. She joined the creative team in 1998 and was already making her mark by 1999 with the launch of the ladies' wildly successful Twenty~4, which also happened to be a total departure for Patek Philippe. Based on the art-deco-styled Gondolo, exclusive to Patek's Brazilian retailer Gondolo & Labouriau from 1902-1930, it was young, versatile and designed to be worn 24 hours a day; in other words a world away from the reverentially luxurious pieces often associated with Patek.

It was an instant hit and heralded the awakening of previously stuffy brands to the modern, self-sufficient woman. However, Sandrine's biggest coup, both for Patek and for women's watches in general, was the Ladies' First Chronograph. Launched in 2009, it was the first outing for Patek's new CH 29-535 PS calibre at a time when new calibres were always premiered in men's watches. It was a move that changed the way the industry as a whole thought about women's watches.

Sandrine has since taken over the entire creative output at Patek Philippe, but still remains a pioneer in the world of female timepieces, as evidenced by last year's 7130G Ladies World Time - £37,040 of complex mechanics that, unlike any men's horological masterpiece, most certainly can't be pinched from the dresser by the other half. ■



Above: The Patek 7130G; Right: Patek Philippe head of creation Sandrine Stern





WOMEN'S HOUR

LAURA MCCREDDIE-DOAK

STEEL YOURSELF

How I overcame my phobia of steel to fall in love with the metallic look of the summer

Despite once falling in love with Audemars Piguet's Royal Oak Frosted, I've never felt bracelet watches, particularly those in steel, were for me. The Frosted, an incredibly successful collaboration with jewellery designer Carolina Bucci, was simply the exception that proved the rule, the sole outlier in my disdain for a style that I believe stemmed from my mother's habit of wearing a Cartier Santos throughout the 1980s.

Not that there's anything wrong with the Santos – it's a design classic and this year's iteration is seriously desirable – but its association with the older generation has made me suspicious of the entire style; despite a wedding ring and a child, I still cling to the feeling that I'm too young for it. That's until I found myself wearing Montblanc's new women's Star Legacy. Maybe it was the clean, almost gender-neutral design of the dial, the welcome cool of the steel or the acid-floral print dress I had on brushing up against it, but it didn't seem too grown up anymore.

As is often the case, once my perception had shifted, it was as though every watch I saw had a steel bracelet option I would have happily taken off their hands. For those occasions when you want something with a little pizzazz, there's Jaeger-LeCoultre's Rendez-Vous,

with its opulent take on steel. The blued Arabic numeral and moonphase indicator give a feminine feel, and there's the small matter of a diamond-set bezel, both of which are emphasised by an almost Milanese-style bracelet, which contributes to its "make mine a Martini" feel.

Then there's the perennial classic Zenith Eilte Moonphase. I will always have a soft spot for this watch – the blue-dial version is my engagement ring – but this full-steel iteration exudes ice-queen levels of cool. It's a sleek expanse of silvery perfection, with only the blued hand of the seconds and the night sky of the moonphase offering flashes of colour. A diamond-set bezel, coming in at just under a carat, adds to its glittering brilliance. It's all so shiny and polished you almost don't want to wear it for fear of marring its flawlessness with fingerprints or scratches.

Aside from their uncomplicated allure, steel watches are also great for summer. You don't get clammy as you can with leather or rubber straps and its pristine silvery sheen looks great with a tan. A lot has been made of the return of steel for men, but brands are increasingly reworking their pieces to suit more feminine wrists. Whether you accessorise it with acid florals or crisp white linen, of course, is entirely up to you.

● *Laura McCreddie-Doak is one of the country's foremost experts on women's watches and jewellery*





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www.zenith-watches.com

TESTING TESLA

The premium EV company is becoming as famous for the unpredictable behaviour of its boss as it is for its fleet of silent motors; but what are they like to drive?



If the scent of lavender and the feel of Lycra on clammy flesh are your kind of thing, you won't find anywhere better than cycling mecca La Coquillade. Set in the hills of the Petit Luberon, a rosé-growing idyll between Avignon and Aix-en-Provence, this hotel has been created by a Tour de France team owner and attracts moneyed MAMILs with its scenic bicycle routes and experienced coaches.

Correctly sizing up my level of fitness, I was invited to ride around the surrounding villages on an e-bike, meaning I could avoid my twin allergies of Lycra and physical exertion. The electric power was in keeping with my other mode of transportation for the week: A Tesla Model S 100D.

I chose Provence as my destination to size-up the Model S's charge range. The £90,000 100D has the longest range of any Tesla – up to 393 miles. Would a blast to the south of



BY **ADAM HAY-NICHOLLS**
MOTORING EDITOR

France induce range anxiety? Could it match the cross-country pace of gas-guzzling rivals from Mercedes-AMG and Porsche?

First impressions: the Model S is serene. There are no gears, there is never-ending torque, it is silent, and the ride is perfectly suited to motorways. Stick it in semi-autonomous mode and cue up the in-car entertainment. This trip was going to breeze by. I boarded the Eurotunnel at Folkestone, where there's a Tesla supercharging station that topped me up in minutes as I waited for Le Shuttle to arrive.

But then a slight hitch: I should have requested one of the wider carriages, as the metal kerbs on the regular ones are rather narrow and high. The Model S is wider than any car in its class; squeezing it into the petit carriage risks scuffed alloys.

At Calais, I set the enormous sat-nav screen – 17 inches and with cinematic resolution – for La Coquillade. It's 640 miles away, sticks to

The Tesla Model S 100D is an absolute dream on long, straight roads



the autoroute till Avignon and, all being well, should take just over nine hours. I jumped onto the A26 and headed south-east in the direction of Reims. The car works out the recharging spots I'll need to take along the route to reach my destination. If you drive less economically than the speed limits dictate it will recalculate.

Then a bigger hitch: an hour into France I had a run-in with a nail. A flat tyre icon illuminated on the dash. I got out and put my ear to the rubber – it hissed like a snake.

I rang the bilingual Tesla people, who were able to summon a recovery truck. It arrived with the wrong sized tyre. High performance 100Ds take wider tyres than the base models most frequently found in France. My mission was re-routed to Paris, me in the cab of the recovery truck and my Model S loaded on the back. A chum in the 15th arrondissement was kind enough to put me up in his guest bedroom while the Tesla was sent to a garage on

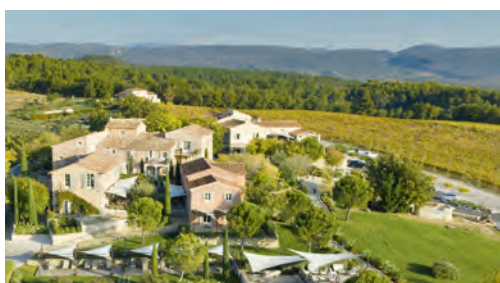
the outskirts of the city. This is the price of being an automotive outlier. By 10am the next day the car was returned with a shiny new 245/45 Goodyear. Time to reset the stop-watch. La Coquillade was now 550 miles away. Factoring in luncheon in Lyon, I should be there in time for aperos.

The thing you need to get your head around when driving a Tesla is that it's not like a regular car. It's more like an iPhone. For starters, everything apart from the steering and indicators is controlled through the dashboard-mounted computer screen. All the features are apps, from the climate control to Spotify. And you charge it just like you would your smartphone. Charging takes much longer than it does to fill a regular car with petrol, but you don't need to do it all in one go. I would therefore pit three times between Paris and Avignon, when I could probably have gotten away with one long stop, giving it a 25-minute squirt each time rather than a full 70 minutes.

Tesla superchargers can be found at most major motorway services, giving you time for a coffee every couple of hundred kilometres. It's actually a very civilized way of motoring through France. It'll take an hour or two longer to get from the tip of the country to the bottom than it would in an internal combustion car, but that's only about a 15 per cent delay, and you'll arrive on the Riviera bright-eyed thanks to all the espressos.

Having said that, Tesla's quoted range is rather dependent on a cruising speed of around 55-60mph. If – and I'm not saying I did, Your Honour – you attempt to drive from Paris to Avignon in five hours, the Tesla will hurriedly recalculate that you require twice as many stops as it first suggested. And if you keep pushing, you'll get a warning that if you don't slow down, you will not make your destination and your corpse will be pecked at by vultures on the hard shoulder.

The P100D is the top-of-the-range Model S, ►



Top left: Squeezing the extra-wide Tesla into a Eurotunnel carriage is tight; Bottom left: The luxury Coquillade Village; Above: Adam aboard his electric bicycle

► with its notorious Ludicrous Mode enabling 0-60mph in a Lamborghini-crushing 2.5 seconds. My 100D, which has the equivalent of 417bhp to the P100D's 605, is a tad slower but it's still supercar quick. Zero to 60 takes 4.1 secs and the instant surge out of roundabouts is thrilling. The advantages over the P100D are that it costs a whopping £40,000 less (ludicrous in more ways than one, clearly) and has greater range – further than pretty much any other production EV, in fact. But if you keep flooring the throttle to give yourself what might be termed a 'Silicon Valley facelift' your battery will drain itself like a drunk in a bus shelter. As it was, I made Avignon in six hours and it felt pretty effortless. No more flat tyres, at any rate.

I exited the A7 after Châteauneuf-du-Pape and took the D900 deep into the Luberon. Here, I was able to get a feel of the Model S's dynamic driving abilities. Conclusion: perfectly decent, but it's less at home on B-roads than As and a Maserati Ghibli would be far more satisfying. Given the motor's characteristic of constant torque, it is inherently point and squirt and therefore less fluid than its rivals. It feels like you're driving in a video game. But the steering is good and the chassis's not bad, albeit a little heavy.

The car was revamped just over a year ago and the 100D packs the company's newest tech. Nevertheless, the Model S is six years old. It's a testament to its design that it still looks fresh and the driving experience remains futuristic.

Tesla boss Elon Musk is basically Hugo Drax from Moonraker. He wants to colonise Mars, and says the people he sends there should be "prepared to die". But for all his madness he is a genius, and quite an amusing one. He started selling flamethrowers just for a lark. His tunnel boring company is called The Boring Company.

My Model S comes with 'Bio-Weapon Defense Mode'. Yet Musk's Trumpian opposition to the press in response to criticism of his new Model 3 compact car's production and delivery issues, plus the ongoing safety setbacks with fully autonomous cars, seems to

be leading to a meltdown, both personal and corporate. For the last few years Tesla has been the coolest car company in the world, yet the mainstream motor manufacturers appear to be winning the war of the EVs and self-driving cars.

It is achingly picturesque in Provence. Atop a hillock, gazing onto the grapevines, cherry orchards, cypress trees and olive groves, La Coquillade stands out. This is a spa hotel you just know is owned by a very Swiss multi-millionaire. It comprises a restored and reconstructed 11th century hamlet, originally established by Cistercian

“

If you drive too fast, the Tesla will tell you to slow down or you'll fall short of your destination and your corpse will be pecked at by vultures on the hard shoulder

monks, with cream stone and grey-blue shutters. The rooms are a minimalist expanse of plain white walls and cloudlike sheets. It's the sort of place you can imagine Daniel Craig's 007 checking into while recovering from a groin injury.

It attracts Tour de France lovers with its postcard-pretty cycling routes around the Vaucluse and proximity to the challenging Mont Ventoux.

There's an electric charger for the Tesla, which should see its battery brimming in about six hours. The car park is also stuffed with Porsche Macans, all with bicycle boxes, and if you come without you can always rent. The on-site bike shop has wheels worth up to £12,000. I'd be sticking with the theme and benefiting from some electric assistance via a Stromer e-bike. Chris Froome wheezes and sweats around these tracks, while I would be

as fresh as a daisy.

The hotel and surrounding Aureto vineyard is owned by Andy Rihs, the aforementioned Swiss who first made his money in hearing aids and now indulges in his passions for wine and cycling. He owns the BMC bike brand and racing team, which competes in the Tour.

The hotel is a leisurely ride from the cobblestoned artistic haven of Lacoste. Pierre Cardin owns the chateau that crowns it, which was once home to the Marquis de Sade. Closer still is the handsome ochre outcrop of Roussillon. Previous residents include Samuel Beckett and the author of *A Year in Provence*, Peter Mayle. Indeed, there are several notable ex-pats within a 30-minute circuit; John Malkovich lives in Ménerbes, Ridley Scott has a place in Bonnieux. Progress isn't really a thing here, which is key to its charm. The locals still drive 2CVs. Most detest President Macron. Introduce them to the Tesla and they don't know what to make of it.

After a few days touring the Luberon with renewable energy, my own was restored. It was time to take the 100D the 750 miles back to London. It's a car unlike any I've driven before and, as a long-distance cruiser, I loved it.

Tesla has a lot riding on the next 12 months if it's to keep improving. Musk's meltdowns, both on Twitter and in the boardroom won't help the faith of customers and shareholders. Critics say it's time for Tesla to enter a new chapter, appointing an executive from Volkswagen, Toyota or Ford to run it. But then it would lose its individuality. Crazy is part of the brand's DNA.

I took a picture of the car in front of the Marquis de Sade's castle, in Lacoste. He spent 32 years living in an insane asylum. If they'd lived in the same era, I bet he and Elon would have seen eye-to-eye. Personally, I want a bit of eccentricity in my automobiles. I also like being able to drive to the south of France without spending a penny on fuel. Free supercharging sounds nuts, right? But it's real. And we have Elon Musk to thank for it. I'd borrow his wheels and drive to France anytime, though I'm not sure I'd follow him to Mars. ■

TRAVEL

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The birthplace of wine is Europe's hottest new destination – P70

USA

We travel border to border in search of America's common ground – P78



BOND'S CARIBBEAN RETREAT

James Bond's lucky escape from an evil genius in *Dr No* may not have been the best advert for a relaxing retreat in Jamaica, but its author was a firm ambassador for the Caribbean isle. Ian Fleming's villa and beach cove, where he wrote all 13 Bond novels, is available to hire from \$5,000 a night – \$9,000 during high season. If that's slightly out of range, you can hire a villa at GoldenEye, the boutique resort that surrounds it. Privately-owned, these properties are leased out for 200 nights a year to holiday makers seeking a taste of rum and relaxation.

Nowadays, the resort in Oracabessa is owned by Chris Blackwell, the founder of Island Records, the music label that brought reggae to the attention of the

wider world, and there are beach huts and lagoon cottages to choose from, each with its own kayak for guests to paddle around the waterways at their leisure.

Aside from Fleming, former Prime Minister Anthony Eden convalesced here during the Suez Crisis and started a tree-planting tradition among its famous guests. Hillary and Bill Clinton also visited during his presidency, and Sting wrote *Every Breath You Take* here. Bob Marley himself nearly bought the Fleming villa, but eventually decided it was "too quiet".

But if it's serenity and exclusivity you're looking for, this really is the golden ticket.

● *Caribtours* (caribtours.co.uk / 0203 553 7543) offers 7 nights at GoldenEye from £2,029 per person including breakfast, flights, lounge access and private transfers.

Now a hotel, the Taj Falaknuma Palace, was once the residence of the Prime Minister of Hyderabad



THE PEARL OF INDIA

The city of Hyderabad was once the centre of the pearl industry. Today it's India's technology capital. By **DAMIEN GABET**





Clockwise from top left: Taj Falaknuma Palace, Hyderabad; the Jade Room at Falaknuma, which features Victorian chandeliers; the ancient medieval site of Golconda Fort; a qawali band performing

Hey! You're not supposed to be in here!" The last time someone spoke to me like this I was 13. My school friends and I had crowbarred open the back door of a dilapidated Victorian hotel in the name of adventure. The security guard was angry. I was frog-marched home and grounded for a month. But age makes a man brazen. 'Why not?' I replied. The person addressing me was a young woman in jeans and bright blue running shoes – a little casual for security. 'Because we're working in here,' she replied. Apoorva, a precocious architect from Delhi, was in charge of the ongoing restoration of the crumbling mansion around us. Our exchange gave me time to look around. I guess this was once a ballroom. Heavily rusted scaffolding towers run up the double-height space, preventing the collapse of its painted stucco ceiling and several vast chandeliers. Sooted giant mirrors flanked us on every wall; the parquet underfoot creaked enough to make nervy pigeons fly to the next room.

The British Residency in Hyderabad – once a symbol of colonial might, now the disused part of a women's college – does not feature on TripAdvisor's list of the city's hotspots. This is because access, as Apoorva was keen to impress, is limited to arranged

visits, organised through the Deccan Heritage Foundation. But if you *do* organise to go – which you must – you'll be smug in the knowledge that you were the only wayfarer through the doors that week.

When her team's work is complete, in "three to four years at least", the crowds will come. Until then it remains a fine, but little known, example of Raj architecture. And a place for colourfully dressed students to chill out. Desperate to see more, and confident a few crumpled rupees wasn't going to sway my admonisher, I pleaded for a tour. She obliged. Neoclassical good looks make you feel small at the front door; the Corinthian edifice is said to be the spit of Mr Trump's White House. Its innards are a ready-made mise-en-scène for a Bollywood Beauty & the Beast. At least, that's what I thought when Apoorva and I descended either side of a grand staircase with accidental synchronicity. Nearby, a team of professionals were poring over damaged artefacts in a room lit only by the setting sun.

The building was once home to a succession of East India Company top brass. At first, their aim was to gain imperial ground over the French in what was then the richest of India's princely states. Besides adroit military manoeuvring, that meant currying favour with Hyderabad's monarch, the Nizam. Their efforts bore fruit: the French were sent packing and the Nizam came

'under the protection' of us Brits.

Hyderabad, today, remains a colourful canvas for the enduring story of India's economic jockeying with the West. Its HITEC City quarter – or 'Cyberabad' – is the country's undisputed IT hub, employing some 300,000 people. New imperialists Facebook and Amazon are already established here and Google will open a 'campus' next year. Big pharma calls it a home from home, too.

And yet, of what I saw, prosperity's trickle is yet to properly permeate. Public infrastructure projects are few and far between, with a long-promised metro-line extension only recently restarted following a hefty hiatus. India's mammoth garbage problem is also laid bare in Hyderabad, as evidenced by two roadside cows I passed, knee deep in rubbish and chewing on plastic bags. If there is a silver lining, it's that the region's slow progress has stymied modernity's consumption of a destination with a rich past. To the history-hungry traveller, this remains an under-the-radar, if occasionally rather filthy, eden.

An appreciation of this city's architecture begins with a look into the Nizam dynasty properties. This includes erstwhile royal seat Chowmahalla Palace and the 15th-century Golconda Fort ruins. The latter is the highest – and most evocative – viewing platform in town and the location of a magnificent set of recently restored royal tombs. ►

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An aerial photograph of a sleek, silver private jet flying over a large body of water. The water is filled with numerous sailboats of various sizes. The jet is positioned diagonally across the frame, with its wings spread wide. The background shows a coastline with green trees and a sandy beach. The overall scene is bright and clear, suggesting a sunny day.

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Tours offers sightseeing, ground handling and guiding as part of a week's tour to Mumbai and Hyderabad with prices starting from £410 per person. To book, visit jetairtoursindia.com or call +9111 4323 4406

● **Rates at Taj Falaknuma Palace,** Hyderabad start from INR 24,000 (approx. £280) per night on a B&B basis and at **Taj Mahal Palace,** Mumbai (Palace Wing) they start from INR 17,000 (approx. £198) per night. For more visit tajhotels.com



Clockwise from top left: The luxury poolside amenities at the recently opened Taj Falaknuma Palace hotel.; the elegant Gole terrace overlooking the city; the Charminar monument and mosque in Hyderabad; and the British Residency under restoration

► For time-travelling immersion though, there's Falaknuma Palace. Restored and run as a hotel-cum-museum, this 'Mirror in the Sky' sits improbably at the apex of a 2,000ft, 32-acre hill in the middle of the city.

The arrival ceremony is choreographed to make you feel on par with dignitaries of yore: a horse and carriage carried me over cobbles, weaving through manicured gardens strewn with peacocks taking shade under fruit trees. Departure anxiety took its grip before I'd even body-splashed the bed. Unlike the mildew patina of the British Residence, this Palladian beauty looks boxfresh with a Farrow & Ball-esque French-grey paint job. The extravagance continued as I walked in: rose petals fell from above, showering the entrance steps ahead. No crowbars necessary.

Ebullient in-house historian Prabhakar gave us a champagne tour that evening. Once you acclimatise to its weapons-grade opulence, there is enjoyment to be taken from the palace's east-greets-west style. In the Jade Room, for instance, you could be mistaken for thinking the heating had been cranked up thanks to the thick British-style carpets. But walk down a neo-classical colonnade or two and you'll be confronted with turrets and arches that flex Islamic muscle.

Dinner revolved around a posh biryani (for which Hyderabad is famous) on the palace's ornately fringed terrace. A fine

“

Hyderabad's tech quarter – or 'Cyberabad' – is the country's undisputed IT hub. Facebook and Amazon are already established here, and Google is opening a campus next year

spot to take in the endless cityscape, it doubled that night as the stage for a group of sufi singers performing hypnotising qawwali music. After dessert, I danced to their percussive sounds like a charmed snake. Eventually, I was invited to sit in and sing along – the fifth Indian Beatle.

A hefty tranche of the Nizams' wealth was comprised of their jewel collection, a result of owning a series of now defunct diamond mines to the east of the city. The seventh (and final) Nizam would use the Jacob Diamond – still the fifth largest in the world – as a paper weight. Pearls too were a favourite gem, and as Prabhakar pointed out, "they had enough to pave Piccadilly". This predilection saw Hyderabad

become the centre of India's pearl industry. To this day, traders hawk their wares in Pathargatti, the city's centuries-old bazaar.

On my last outing I was dropped off on its edge, outside the famous Charminar mosque, which sits on a roundabout beset by fruiterers, silversmiths and agents of tat. As with any Indian city, the people are many, but somehow the aggro associated with crowds is absent. Amid this benign mayhem, a teenager wearing black eye kohl quietly offered me paan. It's a preparation of betel-leaf, areca nut and tobacco that gets you high. I had chewed one such parcel a few days earlier on a dawn visit to the Sassoon Docks in Mumbai, but found it foul, so politely declined.

His friend was quick to present me with a string of iridescent beads, holding a lighter flame under them to persuade me they weren't plastic. Not convinced, I turned him down too, but was now committed to the idea of buying something shiny. Maybe a bangle or two; the other commodity these teeming streets are known for.

At nearby jeweller Shaandar, I settled on a pair of pearl earrings that came with a certificate of authenticity. That was enough for me to feel I'd got my money's worth. Perhaps these could be a present to my mother, I thought. A long overdue 'sorry' from her vandal son. ■

Nightfall in Macao brings a neon-lit wonderland



MACAO: THE JEWEL OF ASIA

There is nowhere quite like it in the world.
Magnificent Macao never disappoints.

One of the most exciting and distinctive destinations in Asia, Macao may be only 11 square miles but is packed with fascinating culture, world-class nightlife, luxurious hotels and a thriving food scene with 2018 named the official Macao Year of Gastronomy.

Just one hour's fast ferry from Hong Kong yet a world away from its neighbour, Macao owes its Southern European feel to its unique Portuguese- Chinese heritage. Now a Special Administrative Region of China, Macao's compelling history is still reflected in its spectacular architecture, delicious fusion cuisine and vibrant atmosphere.

The Historic Centre of Macao is the heart of the desti-

nation, a UNESCO World Heritage listed site where east meets west. The charming area features 30 buildings and monuments of Chinese and Portuguese origin linked by bustling streets and colourful piazzas including the delightful monochrome cobbles of Senado Square.

A great way to explore Macao's many highlights is on foot using the 'Step Out, Macao' app to follow one of the eight designated walking routes. These allow visitors to easily explore the significant cultural sites, unmissable attractions and even lesser known neighbourhoods such as the St. Lazarus District for an authentic glimpse of Macao life. For a truly unforgettable introduction, head to the 338m Macao Tower which boasts a 360 degree revolving restaurant and breathtaking views across the Pearl River Delta. Thrill seekers can choose to try



Clockwise from top: New hotel openings include Morpheus; venture out into the historic quarter; food lovers won't be disappointed with a staggering 18 Michelin-starred restaurants



one of the world's highest commercial bungy jumps, a SkyWalk around the Tower's perimeter or even a 100 metre climb up the communication mast to the very pinnacle for the best views of all. Afterwards, adrenalin junkies should head to Studio City to sample the multi-sensory, action-packed 4D adventure Batman Dark Flight or the 130 metre high Golden Reel, the world's highest figure of eight ferris wheel for more unforgettable views.

Once firmly back on the ground, visitors are still spoilt for choice. Shoppers can hunt for bargains with the locals in one of the many quirky markets or splurge in chic designer boutiques and majestic malls. Beyond the city, the picturesque hills and beaches of the South are the perfect place to try windsurfing, golf, hiking and cycling or just enjoy some well-deserved relaxation.

When night falls, Macao transforms into a neon-lit wonderland. The hard part is deciding which of the stylish bars, glamorous casinos and opulent nightclubs to try first. No visitor should miss The House of Dancing Water, Macao's spectacular multimillion dollar resident show, featuring high dive acrobatics, fountain effects and somersaulting motorcycles. Food lovers won't be disappointed either, with a staggering 18 Michelin-starred restaurants alongside some of the best Portuguese food outside Portugal, local dim sum to die for and the mouth-watering Macanese fusion cuisine, which blends flavours from South America, Africa, India and Malaysia as well as Portugal and China. Taipa Village is a great place to start the gastronomic adventure, including a stroll along the pedestrianised Rua do Cunha, fondly known as 'Food Street'. Forbes Travel Guide 2018 even awarded its restaurants and hotels more five stars

than any other city in the world, putting Macao at the very forefront of luxury travel. This year alone new hotel openings include the MGM Cotai, featuring Asia's first adaptive and dynamic theatre, and Morpheus, designed with the world's first free-form high-rise exoskeleton and boasting a sky pool 130 metres above ground.

Macao is a popular festival and event destination, signature events include the International Film Festival & Awards in December, the breathtaking Macao International Fireworks Display Contest in September/October and the renowned Macao Grand Prix in November, where Formula 3, motorcycle and WTCC racers compete in one of the most challenging street circuits in the world.

Whether travelling on business, en route Down Under or as part of a longer trip to Asia, Macao never disappoints. Its dizzying array of attractions, rich heritage, glitzy nightlife and mouth-watering cuisine means there is nowhere quite like it in the Far East, if not the world. A place where the traditional blends with the modern, where east merges with west and where an experience to remember awaits.

● For more information: visitmacao.co.uk
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EXPERIENCE **MACAO**

CURIOUS GEORGIA

A land of conquest, casinos and copious wine, Georgia is perhaps Europe's most surprising destination

By **NOO SARO-WIWA**



It has been said that Georgians 'think with European minds and feel with Asian hearts'. Their nation, clamped between Russia and Turkey, is neither fully European nor Asian but rather in a category all of its own. If one symbol encapsulates the Georgian psyche it is the Kartlis Deda "Mother of Georgia" statue, which towers above the hills of Tbilisi. Holding a sword in one hand and a bottle of wine in the other, she symbolises the Georgian readiness to fight for liberty while welcoming friends with a stiff drink.

Such a defiant spirit and love of life has ensured that this beautiful country - which invented viticulture, converted to Christianity earlier than most, and speaks a language unlike any other - has maintained its distinctive identity despite conquests by Persians, Ottomans and Russians. After decades



BY **NOO SARO-WIWA**

of Soviet rule followed by civil war, Georgia is finally settling into democracy and is a perfect destination for visitors wanting to beat the eastward march of European mass tourism, especially now that it is now reachable via low-cost flights from London.

I began my road trip in Kutaisi, Georgia's second largest city, in the western Imereti region. Founded more than 3,000 years ago, Kutaisi is thought to be the setting of the Greek legend of the Golden Fleece and is home to some fine medieval monasteries. Gelati is the most fabulous example. Constructed in 1106 on a hill overlooking Kutaisi, this UNESCO World Heritage site was one of the first Christian orthodox monasteries in Georgia. The interior is gorgeous: high vaulted ceilings, murals and frescoes influenced by Byzantine gold aestheticism. King David IV (who is buried here) built this masterpiece of the Georgian Golden Age and



transformed it into a magnet for celebrated scientists, theologians and philosophers whose manuscripts still survive here.

Gelati's hilltop setting is sublime, too: as you sit in the meadows scattered with yellow daisies, the view of the snow-capped Caucasus Mountains and the feel of the breeze against your skin makes for a spiritual experience in itself.

Lunch was at Sormoni, a homely, rustic restaurant whose talented chef was quietly determined to feed us to death. Among other Georgian classics, she laid down khachapuri, a cheese bread, and chvishtari cornbread accompanied by slabs of delicious sulguni cheese (similar to mozzarella). We chowed down pieces of duckling in a tangy sauce, and jonjoli, pickled sprouts, not to mention trout, potatoes and tomato-cucumber salad with crushed walnuts. Just as I had finished my chicken

soup, a plate of pork was plonked down in front of me. I thought it was all over when we transferred to the sunshine and flowers to sip tea sourced from local fruits, only for the chef to emerge with a gut-busting encore of mushroom-stuffed cheese.

The next day we drove eastwards, through countryside that was impossibly green. Unmanicured grass carpets the sweeping valleys, cows graze on the roadside, and sparkling rivers cut a swathe through abundant foliage.

We reached Gori, a small town that looms large in Georgian history on account of it being the birthplace of Josef Stalin, the former Soviet dictator. Few Georgians have anything good to say about the man, but here in Gori he is revered by some, if perhaps only for commercial reasons. A photo of his face decorates a window next to a For Rent sign. An old man sells memorabilia close to

the modest house where Stalin was born and lived until age four. Access to the house's interior is forbidden but visitors can step inside the train wagon Stalin once used as personal transport. More of the ex-leader's personal effects are displayed in the nearby Stalin Museum.

Not far from Gori is Uplistsikhe, an impressive ancient cave town reminiscent of Capadocia in Turkey. Inhabited from the early Iron Age until the Mongol invasion of the 14th century, Uplistsikhe was built by pagans fleeing invaders. Like all Georgian heritage sites, the location is beautiful, high up on a hill overlooking the Mtkvari River. Uplistsikhe's inhabitants carved out dwellings from the limestone and evidently made themselves comfortable: remnants of a royal reception area, a pharmacy and even an antique theatre are visible. Foreign aesthetic and religious influences are visi- ▶



Clockwise from left: The ceiling of Gelati Monastery in Kutaisi; a building in the ancient rock-hewn town of Uplistsikhe; and a statue of Stalin looms over his home town of Gori

● **Wizz Air** (wizzair.com) flies direct from London Luton to Kutaisi twice a week (Thu and Sun), with tickets from £48 return

● UK tour operator **Travel the Unknown** (traveltheunknown.com) has a 12-day Georgia Explorer tour from £1,875 pp (ground only)

► ble in features such as the bas-relief arch.

Back on the road, we followed one of the ubiquitous “wine route” signs that direct you to Georgia’s countless wineries. The country has been making the stuff for 8,000 years, using their 525 endemic grape varieties which grow under distinct microclimates that can vary by the kilometre. An increasing number of wineries now offer tasting sessions and excellent food. Khareba Winery in Khveli is one fine example. We stopped by to learn about Georgia’s unique khvevke wine production, which is completely organic, using no sulphur or yeast: grapes are placed in a hole lined with beeswax and left to ferment – skins, vines and all. The grape juice separates naturally from the skin and vines before sinking to the bottom. For white grapes the result is an amber coloured wine, low on tannins. The grape skins and vines are later distilled into chacha, an eye-wateringly strong spirit, which I sipped after lunch on a veranda overlooking the surrounding gardens.

Wine occupies a huge role in the spiritual and social life of Georgians. It accompanies traditional feasts that can go on all night, the hours punctuated by a toast to family, friendship and love. This toast, known as a tamada, is an art form reserved for the most charismatic man, someone full of guli (warmth) who can wax philosophical and – importantly – hold his drink because he is required to glug a two-litre horn of wine (“He must finish it for love”). The festivities are often accompanied by folk singing that sounds like a hybrid of Gregorian chant and Mongolian throat singing, rich with pathos.

After days in the countryside, our arrival in the capital, Tbilisi, was a sensory jolt of the best kind. Tbilisi has come into its own since the Rose revolution’s pro-democracy protests in 2003. From the cable cars rising above the city you can take in the dramatic topography where Armenian churches,



The toast, known as a tamada, is reserved for the most charismatic man who can also hold his drink. He is required to glug a two-litre horn of wine

mosques and bathhouses sprout from the hillside, and other buildings cling to rocks that rise steeply from the Mtkvari River. There’s an emerging buzz and glitz here, judging by the sinuous steel and glass Bridge of Peace spanning the river, or the \$50m futuristic hillside home of billionaire Bidzina Ivanishvili. But the Old Town and its waterfall have retained their peaceful, atmospheric magic, a clutter of chromatic wooden balconies that descend from the 4th century Narikala Fortress.

Dinner was at Barbaestan Restaurant, located in an atmospheric 19th century wine cellar. Its unique selling point is its menu, based on an 800-recipe cookbook by an 18th-century aristocrat. Six courses later I returned to my hotel The Rooms, a hipster chic outfit in the central Vera district. An exuberant floor-tiled library dominates its reception, and each room exudes retro glamour in the form of patterned wallpaper, old-school telephones and Bluetooth Marshall speakers.

Across the river, Fabrika Hostel offers a cheaper but equally intriguing accommodation alternative. This converted Soviet sewing factory has deep sofas, a bar, restaurant, plus stacks of fliers for cultural events in Tbilisi’s emerging rock, EMO and LGBTQ

scene. You can hang out in the central courtyard which is ringed by more bars and shops selling vinyl records, ceramics and other art. A motorcycle rental company even has drivers who can take you on a high speed tour of the city centre.

Our final stop was Batumi, a subtropical playground by the Black Sea, and holiday-home favourite among Georgians. This port city is a magnet for visitors from neighbouring Turkey and Israel, wanting to enjoy the pebbled beaches, casinos or a stroll along palm tree-lined avenues. You can still see the now-defunct chacha fountain, which once spewed genuine Georgian vodka free of charge.

Soon after we arrived a wedding cavalcade screamed down Rustaveli Avenue, horns beeping. In Batumi, anything goes, and that includes the architecture, which is reason alone to come here.

Its toy-town mash-up of experimental styles is unlike anything you’ve seen: multi-coloured sixties blocks are foregrounded by gold statues a stone’s throw away from art nouveau beauties and 18th century Russian classicism in central squares planted with orange and magnolia trees.

Government efforts to spruce up Batumi’s architecture can be seen in the Soviet monolith now draped in a modern swirly facade; or the Gaudi-esque modern edifice next to it; or the Alphabet Tower, a DNA helix-style skyscraper with a spherical restaurant at its summit. The central piazza contains a mosaic floor that bears no stylistic relation to the adjacent kitsch clock tower hotel, but that’s all part of the charm.

Alternatively, you can hire a bike and ride along the dedicated cycling lanes and stop for lunch at the beachside Gold Fish restaurant. Its glass frontage gives magnificent views of the Black Sea and surrounding hills, and reminds you once again of Georgia’s persistent natural beauty. ■



FREQUENT FLYER

SCARLET WINTERBERG

REAP THE REWARDS OF THE STOPOVER

Airlines and tourist boards are offering insane incentives to get you to pin a mini-break to your trans-continental trip

I am obsessed with getting non-stop flights. I hate changing planes and hanging around in airports, even if I have lounge access, not least because of the time it inevitably adds to my journey. My mindset has changed recently, however, at least when it comes to business trips, onto which I've been known to tag a few days' holiday.

I am not talking about taking indirect flights between cities to save money; rather, the merits of the oft-overlooked stopover. When referring to international travel, stopovers are breaks in your journey of longer than 24 hours (as opposed to layovers which are shorter connections). Instead of being focused solely on my destination as an end point, I keep an eye out for the places I can visit en route, seeing it as an opportunity – rather than an inconvenience – to touch down there.

The king of stopovers, Icelandair, has encouraged people to break up their journey between the UK and North American cities such as Anchorage, Chicago and Seattle since the 1960s. It turns a competitive disadvantage (having to transfer in the Icelandic capital) into a bonus, offering customers a mini-break in Reykjavik for no extra charge. In 2016 it even ran a “buddy service”, which paired travellers with a member of Icelandair crew, who would take them to the Blue Lagoon or on a glacier trek (or just to the pub).

Airlines and airports frequently partner with tourist boards to encourage people to make a stopover. This year Australian carrier Qantas ditched Dubai as its stopover city of choice for its Europe-Oz services, plumping instead for Singapore as

part of a £2.8m deal. Singapore Airlines, Changi Airport Group and the Singapore Tourism Board also offer stopover holidays. So if you're flying from London to Sydney (an arduous journey made far more bearable by a Raffles' Singapore Sling) you can buy a package from just £23 that includes a one-night hotel stay at partner properties such as the four-star M Social.

The Middle East, of course, remains a popular hub for airline connections. After booking a trip with Emirates, you can arrange a stopover in Dubai with one of the airline's agents, who will organise transfers, visas, tours and a hotel, including 24-hour check-in. Fly Etihad through Abu Dhabi and those in business class will receive a *free* night's hotel stay (now I am tempted). If you're travelling with Qatar Airways through Doha, you can get a complimentary transit visa for stopovers of up to 96 hours. And, until the end of the year, all passengers get a free night in a hotel, with business class customers eligible for luxury properties.

For those not wedded to flying the same airline to build up status and miles, you can reap the reward of more interesting itineraries. Fly Air Canada from Europe to Asia and you can stopover in Toronto for a Blue Jays game; choose Finnair for a similar routing and you can break the outbound or return leg with a break in Helsinki (or even take a quick detour up to Lapland); while going with Air Mauritius from London to Perth could give you time on the

beach in, yes, Mauritius. And best of all, if you time it right, no one in the office will be any the wiser.

● *Scarlet Winterberg is a businesswoman who spends months a year travelling*





THE MAGICAL ISLAND OF CORSICA

Few islands can rival Corsica for its magical mix of culture and natural beauty. Like a tiny continent, the island is both elegant and rugged at the same time, with a challenging interior of mountains and forests, and a glorious Mediterranean coastline fringed with white sand beaches.

This distinct terrain supports a huge variety of things to do, making Corsica a perfect choice for a holiday that delivers above and beyond, while the succession of rulers from the Greeks to the Genovese has ensured that local culture is unique. Neither typically French or assertively Italian, the Corsican way of life is laid-back and utterly charming, with food and drink at the heart of everyday life. Gourmet travelers will be blown away by the variety of artisanal products and the volume of excellent restaurants, from high-end

“

With wonderful weather guaranteed, this is a fabulous destination at any time of the year

dining to rustic country inns. Oysters and charcuterie are particularly recommended, as is anything made from chestnuts or chestnut flour, the island's favourite ingredient.

Fiercely proud of their land and people, a movement to preserve Corsican identity and foster a cultural reawakening – the “Riacquistu” – is on the rise. Today 70 per cent of the population speak the Corsican language, derived from Italian roots, and the island's singing tradition, rich in ancient lullabies, harvest and love songs is still going strong, from villages to the bigger towns.

Friendly capital Ajaccio is a great showcase of Corsican warmth and hospitality, set around a 16th century citadel and lined with picturesque pastel painted houses and an extensive choice of chic cafes and shops. Lazy alfresco lunches the norm so don't be surprised if day quickly turns into night over bottles of local rosé. Ajaccio's old town is set



Main: The picturesque pastel painted houses of Corsica; **Clockwise from top:** A climber exploring the landscape; food and drink is at the heart of Corsican culture; cycling is a great way to enjoy the panoramic views of the coastline over to neighbouring Sardinia



around Place Marechal Foch, where visitors can scope out the birthplace of Napoleon, France's most famous patriot. History buffs will want to check out the National Bonaparte Museum and the caves where he played as a child too, as well as some impressive statues, streets and places named in his honour, such as the monument found in the Jardins de Casone.

No visit to Corsica is complete without a tour of Bonifacio. Teetering atop a limestone promontory, the town is an architectural marvel that appears to rise majestically from the sea, enjoying 360° panoramic views over the coastline over to neighbouring Sardinia. It's an extraordinary place however you choose to explore but to truly appreciate the extraordinary beauty of Bonifacio it's always recommended to arrive by boat and watch as it looms out of the blue.

Other ways to explore the island include cycling, hiking the famous GR20, driving the Corsica Coast Road that circumnavigates the island or hopping on the charming Corsican Train – U Trinichellu – a service that links Ajaccio with Calvi via Bastia. The train will take you as far as Calvi's citadel, which bursts into life during the famous Jazz Festival and autumn's Festival of Wind. Fancy escaping the hustle and bustle? Venture into the undulating hills above Calvi and make for the picturesque villages of La Balagne, perched on cobbled streets with views that will leave you breathless.

Other notable events for your calendar include the Imperial Regattas, magnificent yacht races that stalk the Mediterranean, and Sartène and Ajaccio's family-friendly Carnival of Corsica. With every month comes a new harvest to celebrate, from figs and honey, to hazelnuts and olives – you certainly won't go hungry.

The shoulder seasons of spring and autumn are both beautiful times to explore the island, but with wonderful weather guaranteed, this is a fabulous destination at any time of year. Renowned for endless sunshine and long, dry summers, it's not uncommon to be bathing well into October – not bad considering flying time is just a couple of hours from the UK. Unsurprisingly, this means much of the action is outdoors, offering a

wealth of experiences to keep both nature lovers and extreme enthusiasts enthralled from the majesty of the island's cliffs, mountains and gorges. The Natural Regional Park of Corse includes some of the highest mountain peaks on the island, while the Scandola Nature Reserve (the western part of the Natural park) is equally stunning and famous for its beachy beauty spots, accessible by boat from towns on the west coast.

With adventure, joy and passion in spades here, perhaps Ernest Hemingway described the island best when he got stuck into its famous vino: "It was a very Corsican wine – you could dilute it by half with water and still receive its message."

Go to www.visit-corsica.com to find out more about trips to Corsica

CORSICA – IT'S CLOSER THAN YOU THINK

Air Corsica launched its first flight routes from the UK in May 2018, with direct services from London Stansted to Ajaccio, Bastia and Figari

Scheduled services run from May to November, rising to nine flights per week in peak summer season

The flight timetable allows for three-night stays as well as a week or 10

days, with Friday and Saturday departures to Ajaccio and Bastia

Air Corsica fares from London Stansted start from £49 one-way, including a hold luggage allowance of up to 23kg, cabin baggage up to 12kg and free seat selection

**FOR RESERVATIONS VISIT
WWW.AIRCORSICA.COM**



VISIT-CORSICA.COM
IMAGINE YOU ARE ALREADY THERE

THIS IS AMERICA

Day by day, Donald Trump is reshaping America. We travel the west coast from Canada to Mexico speaking to people about their hopes and fears, and how their lives are changing

The Seattle skyline, with the iconic Space Needle against the backdrop of Mt Rainier, may be familiar from TV series including *Frasier* and *Grey's Anatomy*, but it's the city's music scene that sent ripples across the world, through Pearl Jam, Nirvana and Jimi Hendrix.

"The music scene helped build Seattle's liberal values," says Nick, a guide for the Savour Seattle food tour of Pike's Place Market. Today, Washington state allows same-sex marriage and recreational marijuana use. So long as you leave other people alone, you can pretty much choose to live how you like here. The multi-level Pike's Place Market has been here since 1907. Most of the produce – cherries, blueberries, jams, wine, cheese – is made less than an hour from Seattle, on the other side of the mountains. The politics of the producers, however, couldn't be more different from their metropolitan consumers.

The Cascade Mountain range runs north-south through Washington. To the west are urbanised, coastal regions like Seattle. To the east are the rural farmlands that supply Pike's Place Market with its fruit and veg. But as well as being a geographical marker, the mountains are a political divide.

"Politically, I'm a libertarian, not a liberal," says Jon, who is from the renowned wine-producing region of Walla-Walla, east of the mountains, where you can walk to 30 different wine-tasting rooms from Main Street. "I don't want the government interfering in my life; we need fewer laws and less regulation, not more laws against offending people or redistribution of wealth."

You can see the same rural-urban split in Oregon, the next state south of Washington. In the 19th century, pioneers from the Midwest staked out land claims across the state. Far from government protection and support, they developed a sense of self-sufficiency,



BY ASH BHARDWAJ

which their descendants have inherited.

In the town of Elkton (population 204), fishermen and hunters are the bedrock of the community, so environmental protection and sustainability are paramount.

"We want to keep this place clean and beautiful," says the waitress in the town's only restaurant. "Our livelihood depends on it, so we have to look after it. But people here choose to protect the environment. They don't need to be told what to do by the government."

In the cafe car park, a group of lads were loading up a car with hunting gear. I say car, but it was one of those oversized flat-beds that make Land Rovers look small; on the bumper was a large Trump-Pence sticker. I got chatting to the driver, a polite young man who offered me some beef jerky. They were students from Salem, Oregon's state capital.

"Salem's full of hippies smoking dope," he said with a laugh. "So it's good to get outside on the weekends. Sure, I disagree with them on politics, but we don't need to argue. And I don't agree with everything Trump says, but I preferred him to Clinton."



PORTLAND

Salem may be the capital, but Portland is the largest city in Oregon. It was built with small city blocks to give it more corner stores to attract merchants. This makes Portland "human-sized" and fun to explore, full of boutique coffee roasters, restaurants and microbreweries. Portland was one of the cities that opposed Trump's travel ban, and it's become a byword for progressive ideology, with initiatives like the Refugees Welcome Farm Supper raising money for refugees, who also come to the dinner as a way of integrating into the community.

"We use ingredients from the farm to make dishes native to the refugees' countries," says Stacey Givens, the chef behind the initiative. "It builds a human link between new arrivals and locals, helping them whilst introducing Portlanders to new cuisine."

The family being supported this evening had escaped from Iraq with their young children, and 10 per cent of the event's proceeds



were being used to help them settle in. In the warm evening air, I sat at a long table next to strangers who quickly became friends, and tucked into lamb kebab, baba ganoush, hummus and fresh salads.

My dining neighbour, Paula, was a designer in nearby Beaverton. “Immigrants built America,” she says, “And Trump is constantly attacking them. Even if no actual policy appears, what he says is poisonous. There was an attack by a neo-Nazi on a Muslim woman in Portland last year. In Portland! One way to oppose him is to support initiatives like this supper club. Making refugees welcome is as important as financial help.”

SAN FRANCISCO

A further nine hours south, San Francisco is the historic heart of the hippy movement, known for gay rights, student protests and radical thinking. In the 2016 Presidential election, Hillary Clinton won nearly 10 times as many votes here as Trump. But his policies are

popular with two very different groups.

“Many people in tech lean towards Trump,” says Ben, a software engineer from Nottingham, now working in Silicon Valley. “Sure, they start out as young and disruptive, but once they have money, they quickly start to dislike taxes. And they hate regulation that reigns in their actions.

“Then there’s those who’ve been left behind, the locals who saw outsiders move to San Francisco and make fortunes in tech. They’ve seen rent and house prices skyrocket, but their opportunities and wages stagnate. Trump has pitched directly to those people with his ‘Make America Great Again’ thing.

“Don’t get me wrong,” Ben says. “San Francisco isn’t about to become a bastion of Trump-dom. But seeing those people moving towards Trump makes me understand how he appeals to people all across America.”

South of San Francisco is Big Sur, a stretch of coast described by landscape painter Francis McComas as “the greatest meeting of

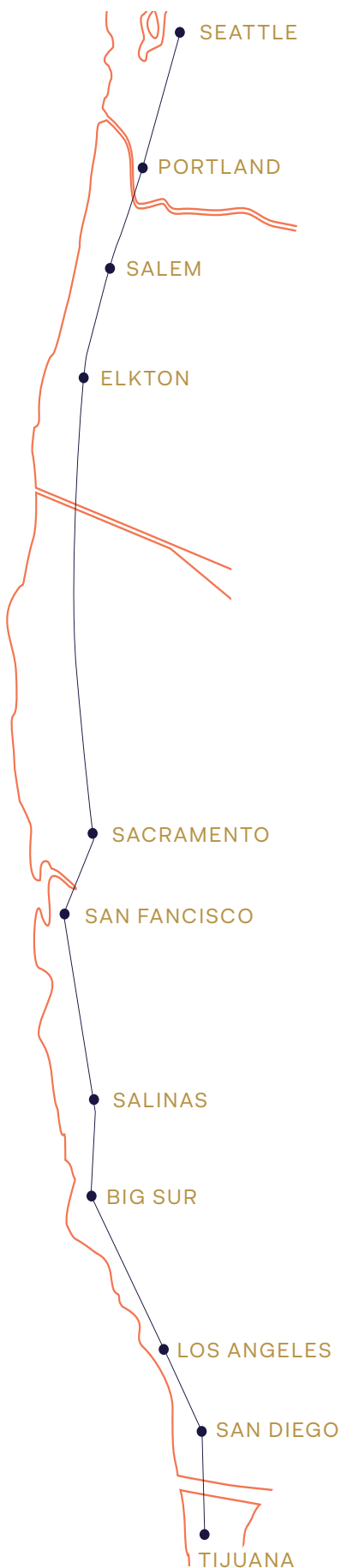
land and water anywhere on Earth.” In the 1960s, two Stanford graduates bought land here next to natural hot springs and set up the Esalen Institute, so people could come to share ideas on human potential and Eastern philosophy.

Esalen became the centre of the new age movement, with the philosopher Aldous Huxley and LSD pioneer Timothy Leary both teaching there. In 1979, it started the “Cold War, Hot Tub” exchanges, bringing Soviet diplomats, including Boris Yeltsin, to meet American leaders, including President Bush. A recent exchange involved Israel and Syria.

“People round here don’t tend to talk politics,” says Jacob, who moved from New York to be a masseuse at Esalen. “It’s both anarchic and progressive. People want to get away from the duality of the outside world. Politics is only welcome if it’s peace talks in hot tubs.”

In 2017, huge landslides either side of Big Sur made it a proper bubble from the outside world. The landslides cut the highway, ►

FROM BORDER TO BORDER



Above: The Jet Propulsion Laboratory, NASA's research and development division in Pasadena

► leaving a mountain road through a military firing range as the only route in or out. An estimated 75 per cent of the population left, but it created a new sense of positive localism.

"We went from 13,000 cars passing through a day to none!" says Jacob. "People set up basketball hoops on Highway 1 and rode horses to work. Others just couldn't hack it and left."

For a while, Big Sur returned to the 1950s enclave that appealed to Beat generation authors like Henry Miller and Jack Kerouac. "People get to Big Sur and it's paradise," said Miller. "Nothing needs to be changed externally, so it's got to be changed internally."

Sarah Bofenkamp is the guardian of the Big Sur Henry Miller library. "The distractions and politics of the outside world disappear here," she says, "That can be hard because you have to face yourself, so people either leave, go mad or become a good neighbour. That's the closest you get to politics in Big Sur."

SALINAS VALLEY

The highway landslide meant I had to drive inland to continue my journey South, via Highway 101 through the fertile Salinas Valley. It's home to lettuce farms, vineyards and thousands of Mexican labourers who come to pick crops. Salinas was also the home of author John Steinbeck, who wrote movingly about the plight of economic migrants.

"Men of property were terrified [for] their property," he wrote in his 1939 classic *The Grapes of Wrath*. "And the men of the towns and of the soft suburban country gathered to defend themselves: they reassured themselves that they were good and the intruders bad, as a man must do before he fights. In the souls of the people, the grapes of wrath are filling and growing heavy."

Steinbeck was writing about the attitude towards "Okies", migrants from the Oklahoma Dust Bowl, who fled west for work, but Candidate Trump echoed those sentiments on the campaign trail, talking instead about Mexican labourers. In the Starbucks opposite the John Steinbeck Library, built in memory of the author, a Latina barista spoke to me with an

American accent.

"Trump doesn't know his history," she said, "The Spanish built missions in Southern California in the 18th century, when it was part of Mexico. Latin people, including my family, were living here long before the US took it in 1848." She gestured to the fruit stalls in the street, and the Mexican labourers buying their lunch from taco trucks. "Everything depends on them. Farms need them to pick fruit. Developers need them to build houses. Shops need them to spend their wages. If you stop the Mexicans coming here, everything stops."

LOS ANGELES

My next stop was Los Angeles, which might be best known for its movie industry but is also home to a different type of star-hunter. The hills of nearby Pasadena are home to the Jet Propulsion Laboratories (JPL), NASA's research and development division.

JPL actually precedes NASA by some 22 years, and has done more for space exploration than any organisation on Earth: since launching America's first satellite in 1958, JPL spacecraft have made the Moon landings possible, visited every planet in the Solar System, and even found conditions suitable for life on Saturn's moons.

A third of all of JPL probes actually look at Earth, monitoring carbon dioxide, sea level and ocean currents on our own planet. This data allows us to see the effects of human behaviour. But since Trump's election, several climate science missions have been put on the chopping block.

"The President loves manned space exploration," says one engineer, during our tour. He made it a national policy to return America to the Moon and put humans on Mars. But he has reduced funding for unmanned probes and Earth observation. "Men on Mars might be exciting, but climate change will destroy our cities and agriculture. We need to know what's going on, and unmanned probes monitoring our planet are the way to do it. It's not exciting, but it's important."

I ask if cutting the climate-monitoring mis-

sions has anything to do with Trump's well-known denial of climate change. "A cynic might say that," she replies, with a wry smile.

Heading back into LA, I drove through South Central and Compton. These districts became infamous in the 1980s and 90s for social unrest and gang violence. But as the home of rappers including Dr Dre, Ice T, The Game and Kendrick Lamar, they were also the crucible for West Coast hip-hop.

The Game's stepfather, Hodari Sababu was a member of the infamous Bloods gang, and he now runs Hip Hop Hood Tours with his friend Steve, a member of the rival Crips gang. "I don't do gang-banging these days," Steve says, referring to the gang violence. "But that don't mean I ain't a Crip no more. The gang gave me belonging. I was 11 or 12 years old, hanging out with 40-year olds, drinking, smoking, selling drugs."

So were the gangs... a good thing?

"Hell, no. Kids don't have any opportunities now. Not for work, not for hobbies. We messed all that up. See, the public pools and the parks was where we did all the gang-banging. So the police had to shut them down."

I ask Steve whether he thinks the new President will change things. "Trump?!" he says, followed by a very Compton expletive. "He's undoing all of Obama's good work. Now that was a President. He came here when he was a candidate, and thousands of people were out on the streets to see him."

America's first black president is such a hero here that a street in Crenshaw is being named "Obama Boulevard" in his honour. As well as providing black Americans with their first presidential role model, his Affordable Care Act (better known as Obamacare) gave healthcare to many residents for the first time. At the corner of Florence and Normandy, Steve tells us about a notorious incident during the 1992 LA riots, when a white truck driver was dragged from his cab and nearly beaten to death.

"The city was at war," says Steve. "Black people were angry with racism from the police and society, but they destroyed their own damn neighbourhoods and it was just black businesses that got burned down. The city didn't give us any help in recovering."

Trump's attempts to repeal Obamacare are seen by locals as an attack on poor black Americans, but his stance on immigration has more support. Many locals resent Mexicans and Koreans for buying-up black businesses after the 1992 riots, and immigration has caused a significant demographic shift: the historically black Compton now has a Hispanic majority.

SAN DIEGO

My final stop was San Diego (or at least it was supposed to be). Like the rest of Southern California, it was once part of Mexico. "Let's head to Barrio Logan," says Angel Mirron, founder of food tour company Let's Go Clandestino. "In that part of the city, it's still Mexico!" Angel was born in San Diego and has American citizenship, but he grew up in Tijuana, Mexico. "My mother never got American citizenship," he says, "So we lived there, and I got the bus to San Diego every day to go to school."

"I'm glad I grew up in Mexico," he says, "because I have a different mind-set. In America, you have to 'make it' to have a good life. Over there, people care about family, quality of life, and food!"

Barrio Logan is the Mexican district of San Diego, and many Mexicans stay here with friends or relatives whilst looking for work.

The bars and restaurants that serve them have become famous across the country.

At 11:30 in the morning, Salud! is already busy. I tucked into Birria (shredded pork in a flash-fried taco) and a michelada (a kind of Bloody Mary with beer). It's the tastiest food I've eaten in America.

"That's because so much of the produce here comes from Mexico," says Angelo. "It's even better over there. You wanna go?"

TIJUANA

I check that I'm carrying my passport and 20 minutes later, I'm sat at the bar of Verde de Crema restaurant, across the border into Tijuana. I'm greeted by a giant Mexican flag, but none of the city's reputation for stag dos and tequila slammers. The restaurant makes the most of fresh ingredients from Baja California (the Mexican side of the Californian peninsula), and nearby Telefonica food hall serves cuisine from across Mexico alongside beer from local breweries.

Two blocks further south I found street tacos dipped in beef consommé. It has more of a kick than the tacos in San Diego, and each meal has fewer ingredients, but every flavour is more intense. It's like the difference between a meal in an Italian village and a meal in an Italian restaurant in London.

San Diego chefs bring elements of this cuisine back with them, creating bright, fusion food in restaurants such as Galaxy Taco. Head chef Trey Foshee came up with the idea after doing taco crawls in Tijuana on his days off.

"We're not trying to be rock stars," he says "Just making good food that you want to eat."

After a lunch of guacamole, crickets (much better than you'd think), octopus and burned habanero, I kayaked across La Jolla Cove, amongst sea-lions and leopard sharks.

Cramming this much of the west coast into a single trip gives you just the faintest hint of how varied and multi-faceted this country really is. Political consensus seems laughable in the face of such diversity. But what struck me most was that where I'd expected anger, there was mostly hope, with a little resignation. There's a limit to what Trump can dismantle (or achieve, depending on your point of view); the communities here, from the hunters of Oregon to the taco-chefs of San Diego have legacies that will outlive any administration. ■

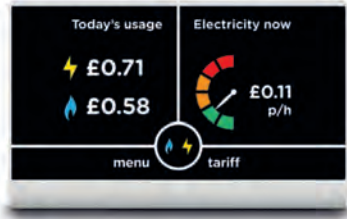


Above: Angel Mirron, founder of food tour company Let's Go Clandestino; and Steve, a Crip, in front of the Compton sign Below: The Mexican border separating San Diego and Tijuana



● **Hertz USA Road Trip Planner** (hertz.co.uk) The Hertz USA Road Trip Planner allows you to browse 25 routes; giving you insider guides, downloadable maps, iconic landmarks and historical locations.

● **Hertz car rental** (hertz.co.uk) Three weeks rental of a Nissan Versa (or similar) from Seattle Tacoma Airport to San Diego-Lindbergh Airport costs from £1033.



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LIVING

INTERIORS

Jump into the future with robot vacuums and smart doorbells – P82

MAKING A SPLASH

The water cities tackling climate change across the globe – P92

MY HOUSE

At home with legendary spiritualist Shelley Von Strunckel – P84



FOSTERING GREATNESS

We all admire what they create for their clients, but what do architects build for themselves? Well, here's what Norman Foster goes home to at the end of a long day. His home in Cap Ferrat, France is called La Voile, where he lives with his wife Elena.

Strict French planning controls meant they could only convert, not build anew, so they transformed a five-storey 1950s tower into a seven floor, five bedroom house. The facade of glass panels weighs 18 tonnes and slides apart to allow a sea breeze to waft through the house.

“It was the most extreme exercise in ingenuity to create what we did. Any sane person looking at the house would have said ‘you are absolutely mad!’” says Foster. The story behind his house and 29 other leading architects including Thom Mayne, Tod Williams and Billie Tsien are told in a new book, *Architects' Houses*. Featuring 350 pictures of contemporary homes built over the last decade, there are also texts, images, sketches and plans woven throughout the book, making this a great coffee table piece and an engrossing read for anyone who wants to discover the personal style of the

most famous architects in the world.

Author Michael Webb is a Los Angeles based writer with more than 20 books on architecture and design under his belt. Here, he traces over 200 years of influential architects' houses, from Thomas Jefferson's Monticello ranch in Virginia to the homes of Charles and Ray Eames, and Frank Gehry. It's a rare glimpse into the psyche of the men and women behind some of the most iconic buildings in the world.

● *Architects' Houses* by Michael Webb is published by Thames & Hudson, £36. Photo: Neil Young, courtesy Foster + Partners



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ODA FLOOR LAMP
 £1,678, CONRANSHOP.CO.UK

Designed by Sebastian Herkner, the Oda floor lamp is a striking, retro creation featuring an incredible hand-blown, smoked glass shade. Coupled with an Edison-style bulb, it will make a striking addition to your lounge.



MADE.COM TENBY BIKE
£449, [MADE.COM](https://www.made.com)

Made.com has shaken up the furniture business more than any company since Ikea, with its affordable, design-led pieces and sustainable business model that allows it to only manufacture what it's already sold. It has since branched out into areas as diverse as kitchen-

ware, fine art prints and even fragrance. Now it has created its first range of bicycles aimed at trendy young urban types. You can opt for a single-speed version – for those based in Shoreditch – or a more traditional seven-speed. Striking design choices include the tres chic copper mud guards, leather seat, and a variety of colour options including copper, white and mustard.



STUDIO PASTOE SIDEBOARD
£1,996, [VIADUCT.COM](https://www.viaduct.com)

Few items of furniture reflect the discreet charm of the bourgeoisie quite like a quality sideboard. You could have anything stashed in there, hiding in plain sight, right there in your living room. You could have the Panama

Papers nestled in those generous drawers, which look so innocuous to passers by. Beneath your ostentatiously hip coffee table book on the Bauhaus movement could be Colonel Gaddafi's golden gun, or the preserved head of Lord Lucan. Nobody would ever know. That's the joy of a sideboard. This one by Studio Pastoe is nice.



MY HOUSE SHELLEY VON STRUNCKEL

We take a tour inside the home of the Sunday Times astrologer who teaches spirituality to CEOs

I used to live in a mews house in Marylebone and before that in a Victorian gothic mansion block. Now I live in a loft in King's Cross that's surrounded by water, which is one of the reasons I bought it – I find it soothing, but it's also very good feng shui. I've lived here for 11 years, which is a long time for me.

I bought it when King's Cross was still decidedly dodgy. Oh my goodness gracious, it's had such a facelift. It's now full of cool people. The neighbours between [DJ and singer] Jeremy Healy and me have only changed once because it's such a fabulous place.

My home is a combination of feng shui and artefacts I've picked up along the way. The artefacts are there as a reminder of spiritual energy, but many of them are art, too. I've had a couple of boyfriends who are artists so I also have art by them. I've got books on all sorts of things

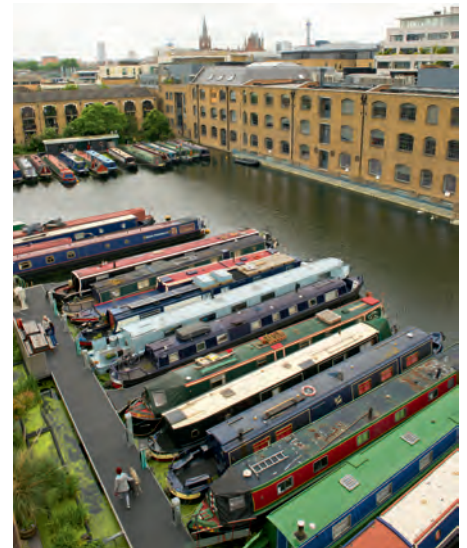
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In Paris I spoke about Uranus, which I call the 'Uber' of planets. It's a disruptor and it moves into a new sign once every seven years, taking 84 years to move around the zodiac

from travel to broader spirituality. It breaks my heart to get rid of books, so my designer David Benthem built this place with lots of cupboards. He's an old friend and knows how I live, write and entertain. So we gutted it and he created this space that was very workable. I love to cook and entertain and I'm incredibly sociable, so it was very important that the space was right.

I have a massive desk with all my papers and books. I'm incredibly tidy, but I have no idea what happens when it comes to papers on my desk. There's a short circuit somewhere. I've noticed this when travelling; give me 15 minutes and I will make a mess on the desk.

People know me as an astrologist but I'm really a spiritual teacher. Astrology is a cover story because when I started doing horoscopes 27 years ago, there wasn't space for someone to be a spiritual teacher. Astrology became my public profile. Also, I think, for many people, it's



Left: Shelley inside her apartment Clockwise from left: Theodoric of Prague painting; view overlooking King's Place; the Zodiac on a Hermes scarf



their entry point to spirituality. I regard it as a tool. So I do the columns for the Evening Standard, Sunday Times, French and Chinese Vogue, the South China Morning Herald, the Gulf News in Dubai and my own website.

Then there's my consulting and spiritual teaching. I taught meditation to the chief exec of a new bank this week. Last year I was speaking at a Home Office event in Paris about the changes going on in the financial world. Last week I spoke to someone who was an international designer who wanted to talk through her plans for the next year.

In Paris I spoke about Uranus, which I call the 'Uber' of planets. It's a disruptor and it moves into a new sign once every seven years, taking 84 years to move around the zodiac. On the day I was speaking it had moved into Taurus, which is the sign to do with finances and banking. And I don't know whether you've tried to transfer money to a different account re-

“

My boyfriend came to see me regularly for about six months after he died and it really helped. There was a certain point when he said, 'You're OK now, I won't be coming back,' and I said 'Fine, thank you so much.'

cently, but they've had trouble with security because of cyberterrorism.

I was quite spiritual as a kid and in LA, where I grew up, there were a couple of really good places to study and some real intellectual rigour. I did a piece for the Sunday Times last summer on the back of reports that no one had spoken to the royal princes about their mother's death, and how they had struggled with that.

I had the reverse experience because I'm actually clairvoyant. My brother and boyfriend died on the same day, and although I understood they 'went on', I was very broken up about it. But my boyfriend came to see me regularly for about six months after he died and it really helped. There was a certain point when he said, 'You're OK now, I won't be coming back,' and I said 'Fine, thank you so much, bye.'

● Shelley's three bedroom apartment in Albert Dock, is on sale for £2.5m. Contact Currell on 020 7226 4200 or visit currell.com



HOMEGWARE WITH HEART

Fast fashion is a much-known scourge, but should we now look at the ethics of our furnishings? **MELISSA YORK** looks at the brands leading the way

Did you know that the global fashion industry is on track to consume over a quarter of the world's annual carbon allowance by 2050? Stella McCartney does and she's been travelling the world with sailing wonderwoman Dame Ellen MacArthur shouting about it for the last couple of years now. Perhaps that's why so many more people are starting to wake up to the consequences of their online shopping habit from "fast fashion" websites, where delivery is free but the environmental impact costs the earth, and underpaid workers in the developing world working inhumane hours to produce T-shirts for pennies.

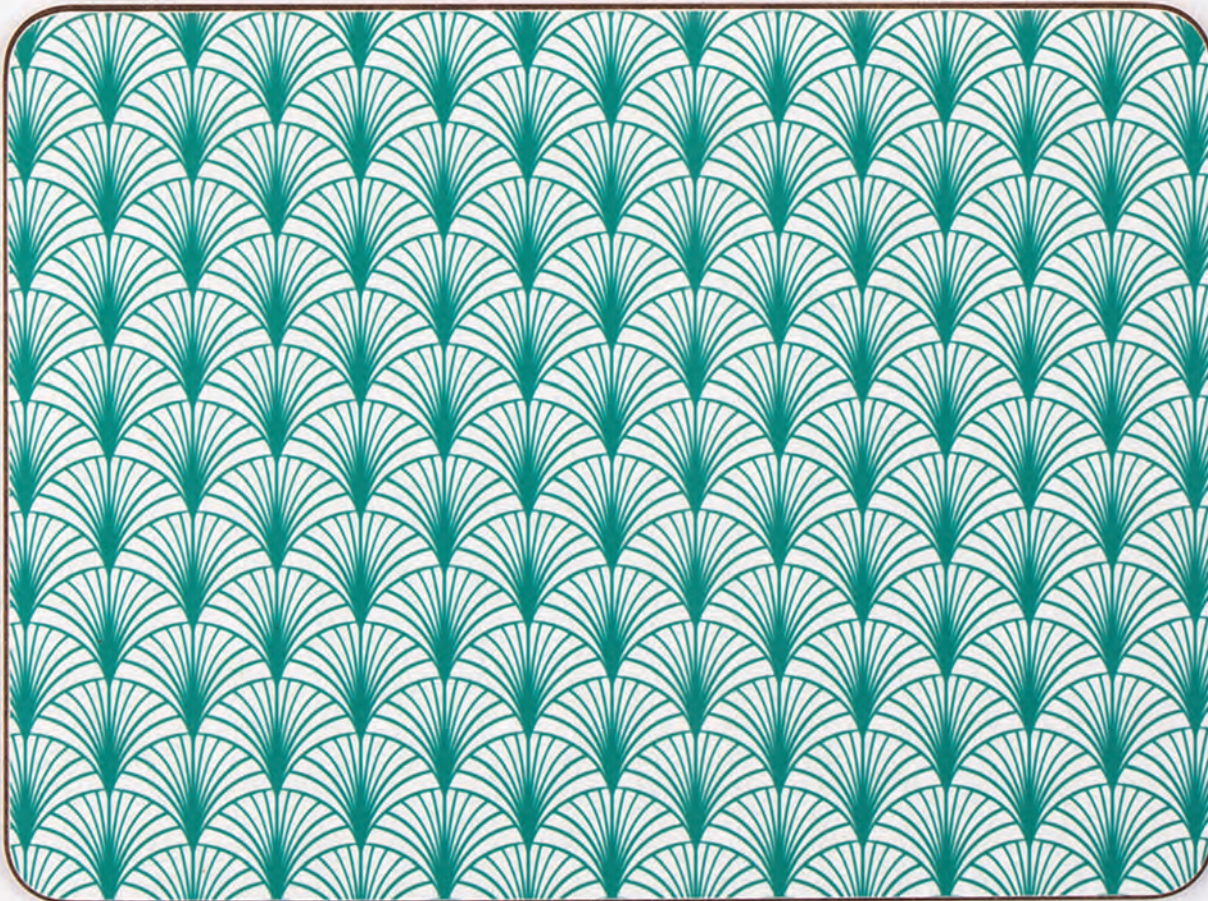
Yet we don't think about these issues when we buy a cushion from the high street and the implications can be just as harmful to people and planet. The simple fact is, there isn't a Stella McCartney figure willing to shout about eco-lamps and we buy a lot more clothes than we do cushions, so it's not a consumer choice we're confronted with very often.

"Your whole mindset when you're buying something

for your home is completely different to fashion," says Eleanor Nadimi, the founder of ethical homeware company One Nine Eight Five. Nadimi used to work for H&M in Stockholm before returning to the UK to set up the business – named after the year she was born – selling cushions, throws, furniture and wall art. "H&M itself, for the high street, is great at being mindful of what they're doing, but you can't escape the volume that those things are being produced at. There's nothing they can do to make that smaller because they're a high street brand. For me, I wanted to make things that lasted, that people cherished, not something you wear once or buy on a whim."

Nadimi is part of a niche, but growing, movement within homeware that is turning its back on unethical labour practices and unsustainable manufacturing. Most of her designs are handdrawn, altered digitally, then made by small suppliers in the UK. She's particularly passionate about supporting the British manufacturing industry, using velvet from the one of the last homegrown velvet suppliers in the country and working with recycled fabrics wherever she can – which ►

Pictured: Geo Leaf placemats,
set of 4 for £34, set of four
coasters for £18, all from Maik





Left: Hexagon wall mirror/terrarium by House of Kind, £40. **Below:** Ara Living Malabar pillow case set, £30-35

► sometimes means picking up the fashion industry's cast offs. "I work with a mill in Lancashire and they have a really good relationship with a fashion factory who share any leftover or end of run fabrics and they use that yarn to weave our blankets," Nadimi says. "The implication of not using these manufacturers is massive. I'm only a small business, but it's the small guys that are going to be the ones that grow and sustain everyone else eventually."

Another fashion-to-homeware refugee is Cat Thorogood, who became disillusioned while running a ski and snowboarding menswear brand. "We wanted to go into shops and say 'our t-shirts will cost you £12 to buy wholesale' and they were like 'we're not going to pay that because we can buy a T-shirt wholesale for £2', so we ended up making a lot of stuff in China, which never really sat comfortably with me," she says. "If you make something in the UK, you can visit suppliers and know that it's genuine. But with China, unless you've got a lot of money to go and visit, you have to take people's word that it's all OK. Then I watched *The True Cost* [a 2015 documentary about the global garment industry] and I came out of that thinking I can't do this anymore. I don't want to be part of that world."

Instead, she founded Maik – an old Scottish word meaning 'equal' – an online platform selling socks from France, trays from Sweden, alongside tea towels, cushions, placemats and coasters from the UK. They all have impeccable credentials and the company never uses plastic or unrecyclable packaging – even the tape they use to seal boxes is made from paper. Before you run away thinking fashion is evil and homeware is heavenly, Thorogood explains that the reason her portfolio of products is so eclectic is because it's

“

We saw firsthand the abhorrent practices, like child labour and modern slavery, that are rampant. If you grow up in that part of the world, you take it in your stride

so difficult to find decent companies to work with. "I have a whole list of products I'd like to make, and I can't find manufacturers that tick all the boxes," she says. "For me, it starts with a lot of research on the internet, a lot of emails and phone calls and then asking for certificates. I've been trying to find people to make bed linen and every time I ask to see certificates for organic cotton, the conversation completely stops."

Perhaps she needs to speak to Himanshi Rastogi, co-founder of Ara Living, an ethical bed linen company. The name is an amalgamation of her sons' names, Arjun and Aryan, the youngest of which has been besieged with allergies and skin conditions since birth. Ironically, her husband Dhruv is a paediatric consultant specialising in allergens and thought natural bed linen could help their son sleep. "We couldn't find anything. I mean, we must have spent a good six months looking for anything at all," Rastogi says. Two and a half years of research later, they set up their company selling 100 per cent organic cotton bed sheets and found out some shocking facts along the way.

Rastogi tells me that cotton is the most water-hungry plant on earth, using up seven times more water than any other crop. It's also responsible for 25 per cent of the world's insecticides and more than 10 per cent of the world's pesticides, again, more than any other crop. "These toxins seep into the eco-system and they severely harm our waterways, our wildlife, our farm animals and farm produce so it has a very long term impact." Quite apart from ethics, organic cotton also lasts three times longer than its non-organic alternative, meaning your bed linen will stay fresh for nearly 10 years rather than three.

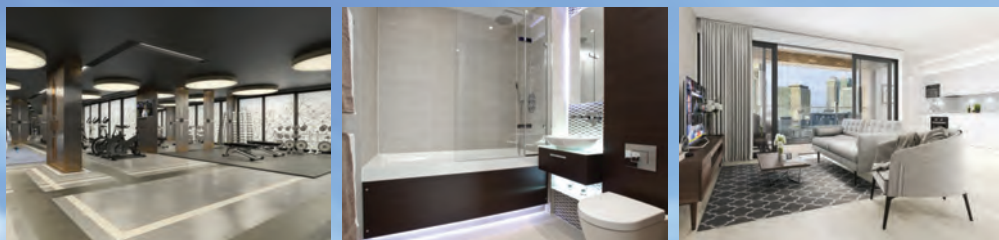
But it wasn't just the environment or even her son's allergies that motivated Rastogi to start an ethical business; it was her upbringing in India close to the textile factories we hear about yet never really remember when shopping on the high street. ►



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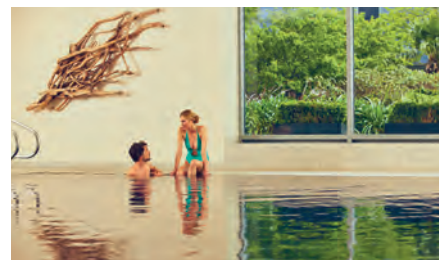
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Computer generated images of typical interior style and gymnasium at The Liberty Building. Aerial photograph of The City and Canary Wharf with The Liberty Building in the foreground. *Price correct at time of going to press.



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Right: Woman cushion, with a percentage of sales going to eating disorder charity Beat, £90

► “We saw firsthand the abhorrent practices, like child labour and modern slavery, that are rampant,” she says. “If you grow up in that part of the world, you kind of take it in your stride, you don’t really question it because that’s how things operate. Having moved to the UK 10 years ago, I knew that whatever I did in life, it would have to be something that made a difference to those people further down the chain.”

Like Thorogood, Rastogi felt that taking the word of remote factories was not the way forward, so she set up her own supply chain from scratch. She travelled to India, found small family-run organic cotton farms and has ensured that every link in the chain – from the pickers to the weavers to the sewers – are Fair Trade certified, paid higher than the Government’s minimum wage, get community benefits, pensions and scholarships for their children. “All of these things we take in our stride in the developed world, but none of this is present in developing countries so I purposefully went and vetted each and every part of our supply chain.”

Rastogi also signed a charter committing 10 per cent of Ara Living’s net profit to Hope for Justice, a UK-based charity that aims to eradicate modern slavery and human trafficking, which is the second largest form of illegal income worldwide, second only to drug trafficking.

“Homeware tends to lag behind because it’s not as much of an impulse buy as fashion,” says Rastogi. “But we need more brands to start thinking about this. The US and Australia are leading the way when it comes to more sustainable and ethical homeware, I think the UK is slightly behind, but we’re going in the right direction, so I’m filled with hope.”

And she isn’t the only one sacrificing profits for a charitable cause. Nadimi from One Nine Eight Five has created a collection for Beat, the UK’s eating disorder charity, donating 15 per cent of sales to the cause in memory of her aunt who died from anorexia nervosa in her late 40s. The loose sketch of a woman, available on a cushion, as a print and as a throw, was hand-drawn by Nadimi’s mother. “Seeing how that affected my family and the mental health impact it had on my aunt and, indirectly, on the people around her, it was such a powerful disease and you feel so powerless to help the person... It’s a really complex thing and, when I started One Nine Eight Five, I wanted to do something to spread awareness.”

Another homeware brand giving back is House of Kind, founded by former retail buyers Catalina Martin and Raina Marwaha, who were exhausted by the fast turnover of collections and forward planning for Christmas 2025. The friends became vegan around the same time and decided to set up an eco and animal friendly homeware brand to make it easier for busy people to make ethical purchases. What’s meaty about a candle, I hear you ask? Well, lots of them use beeswax and are filled with all sorts of chemical nasties. Similarly, conventional cushions are stuffed with bird feathers and there are certain dyes used in furnishings



“

I think you have to communicate where you're putting your efforts and your budget because things cost more if you want to make it in a sustainable way

that are tested on animals. That’s why House of Kind merchandise only sells products made with natural dyes, stuffs its pillows with non-plastic synthetics and sells candles made from vegetable wax and recyclable candle wicks. On the side, it donates a percentage of its profits to Hugletts, a sanctuary that rescues animals from the dairy industry, breast cancer charity Cop A Feel, domestic violence charity Women’s Aid and homelessness charity Under One Sky. It pairs charities up with suitable products – the latter charity receives 20 per cent of the sales from a Phases of the Moon print – to remind customers where their donations are going.

But the real challenge, explains Marwaha,

is convincing mainstream consumers that ethical homeware isn’t all friendship bracelets and hessian bags. “I think a lot of it is still associated with being very hippy,” she says. “And I don’t think there’s anything wrong with that, but it doesn’t suit everybody. We’re for the eco-conscious customer who’s looking to make that change, but we don’t believe you have to sacrifice style or trend to make a kind purchase.”

Cost can also be a deterrent in this financially delicate climate. A survey for Ethical Consumer found that an ethically-made plain white T-shirt was likely to cost you 149 per cent more than one made in less desirable conditions.

“Having an ethical brand is harder work than having a non-ethical brand,” Nadimi says. “I think you have to communicate where you’re putting your efforts and your budget because things cost more if you want to make it in a sustainable way. It’s important people feel they are getting what they pay for.”

While there are many barriers to change, there are still homegrown homeware brands willing to go the extra mile to brighten up the often bleak textile industry. They just need customers willing to support them.

● Visit houseofkind.co.uk, araliving.com, maiklondon.com and onenineeightfive.co.uk to find out more ■



WATER WORLD

They're already a way of life for tens of thousands of people, but are water cities the answer to climate change, rising sea levels and the housing crisis? By **MELISSA YORK**



How do you solve a problem like the Houses of Parliament? The neo-Gothic palace, parts of which are nearly a thousand years old, is crumbling and MPs voted recently to decant to another building for around six years – most likely to nearby Whitehall – while refurbishment works are carried out. So far, so pedestrian. But one of the world’s largest architecture firms, Gensler, has a far more eye-catching solution. The MPs wouldn’t have to travel far, as Gensler’s proposed modular structure would sit adjacent to Parliament on the River Thames alongside the existing Member’s terrace.

Taking cues from the hammer-beam roof of Westminster Hall, the largest medieval timber roof in northern Europe, the 250-metre long temporary building would be supported by a series of steel platforms, with direct access to the existing central lobby, and it would be a high-tech wooden-framed structure that could house both the Commons, the Lords and all their requisite offices.

The river, they argue, is a natural defence mechanism – though the design does incorporate a number of additional security measures – and it could be built in less than three years across various UK shipyards, then assembled on the river, saving the British taxpayer, Gensler claims, more than £1.8bn, based on the House Committee’s own estimates. “Once the refurbishment of the Palace is complete, the modular structure could be relocated and adapted to provide a permanent legacy as a Museum of Democracy or, alternatively, a new parliament for an emerging overseas democracy.” This radical proposal was first put forward in 2016 and it hasn’t been taken into serious consideration as yet, but then neither has the refurbishment as a whole. If commissioned, it would be the first large-scale, high profile example of ‘aquitecture’ in Britain, a concept that’s already firmly established in many other parts of the world – especially in flood-prone regions like The Netherlands.



Unsurprisingly, fishing is both business and a means of survival in remote, water-logged parts of the world, where entire water cities have bobbed into existence. Ganvie in Benin is the largest lake village in Africa. Established around the 17th century, it comprises 3,000 buildings on stilts in the middle of Lake Nuokoué, with a population of around 30,000. With little tourism due to its remote location, the people survive by fishing and use canoes called pirogues to get around.

Misingo, another water-based village in Africa of about 130 people, is on Lake Victoria but is claimed by both Kenya and Uganda who want access to the area’s potentially lucrative fishing rights. Ko Panyi in Thailand is also built on stilts and it’s populated by 2,000 people, descended from just two families. Impressively, the children have even built a football pitch on the water from wood scraps and fishing rafts.

Other similarly impressive water amenities include floating gardens in Kar Lar Ywa in Myanmar, where 100,000 residents live and work from wooden houses on bamboo stilts, and even a floating school for the water community of Makoko in Nigeria, built by design practice NLE, although that collapsed in 2016 “due to deterioration resulting from a lack of proper maintenance and collective management.”

NLE also worked on the Lagos Water Communities project in 2012, a concept from Nigerian-born architect Kunlé Adeyemi, who wanted to transform an existing slum in Makoko that stretched out underneath a busy bridge. The family units were conceived as floating A frames that would work in a similar way to earth-



Above: A rendering of the A frame floating homes by NLE in Lagos
Left: A prototype up close and a platform prototype with locals testing it out



Above: Gensler's render of the temporary Houses of Parliament on the River Thames; **Below:** The floating pavilion at Arlington Business Park in Berkshire

► quake proof buildings; in this case, their shape would absorb the shocks arising from flooding and rising water levels. The idea was that people would be able to keep their floating community, but with better living conditions in a structure that was built to combat the effects of climate change.

Aquatecture isn't all wooden houses on stilts, however. Some of these communities are built from naturally occurring materials found in the area, such as Fadiouth in Senegal, where an island is made from thousands of clam shells. Upon this are granaries producing millet for export. There's even a separate clam shell island for the village's cemetery. In Uros Floating Village in Peru people craft their island homes from dried totora reeds that grow in Lake Titicaca; they have to rebuild every 30 years because the reeds decompose.

Back in the UK, Baca Architects has been trying to solve London's housing crisis with a series of concepts involving floating communities on the docks and canals. The Bermondsey-based firm won a competition by think tank New London Architecture to come up with a way of dealing with the shortage of development sites in the capital,

“

The Uros people craft their island homes from dried totora reeds that grow in Lake Titicaca; they have to rebuild every 30 years because the reeds eventually decompose

with a prototype of a floating home it created in Chichester Canal with another British firm, Floating Homes. It was a prefabricated, split level house with a flat roof that could be replicated along London's disused docklands, marinas and basins. Previously, Baca has toyed with the idea of a floating, solar and wind-powered Grand Prix circuit and a new floating town, with shops and community amenities, in the Royal Docks. It also built an 'amphibious' house on the River Lea in east London, which rises up to

2.8m when buoyed by floodwater.

We won't just be living amphibiously in the future, we'll also be hopping onto the water for work. Arlington Business Park in Theale, Berkshire, was developed around a series of man-made lakes created as flood defence. One of them is home to a one-of-a-kind floating meeting room designed by architecture firm TP Bennett in 2015. A challenging engineering and technical feat, the pavilion finally opens for functions this year.

"We wanted to work out how to get activity onto the lake and into the heart of the park," says Neil Sterling, director at TP Bennett. "We looked at lots of technical considerations until we arrived at a structure that actually floats, so it's in no way connected to the lake bed. It's a truly floating structure, although it does connect via a pontoon – a bridge, ostensibly – back to the land."

Energy is run along this to the pavilion, so it can host PowerPoint presentations and charge as many smartphones as needed out on the lake. The weight of the structure had to be perfectly balanced on top of a custom-made base, so the main timber frame was constructed in three parts off site, then delivered via lorries and craned on top before it was overlaid with metal.

"The main design challenge was that the client wanted the structure to be as open as possible," says Sterling. "Ordinarily on a floating structure you'd expect there to be a degree of solidity on the sides because that's what you'd see on a boat. On this, we don't have that, we have four relatively small corner posts, but they have been carefully designed to provide the correct stability to be able to get those 360 degree views."

Similar to Baca's amphibious house, the pavilion can rise and fall with the water levels, meaning the lake still serves its intended ecological purpose. "I know lots of people are thinking about having office accommodation on water and they can be very stable given the right engineering," says Sterling. With land values on the rise and modular construction touted as the answer to unaffordable housing, is our future all at sea? ■



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CALIFORNIA DREAMING

From giant toads to magicians' hats, we explore the bizarre world of vernacular architecture in this extract from new book *California Crazy* by **JIM HEIMANN**

California has never lacked superlatives. The Golden State's claim as host to the largest concentration of bizarre buildings is just another feather in the cap of a state whose reputation was built on towns that called themselves the "artichoke capital of the world" or "home to the world's largest chinchilla farm." While Southern California contained a large number of the most impressive structures, the rest of the state enjoyed a healthy number of architectural anomalies, too.

Given the freewheeling nature of California, its perceived lack of history, wealth of affordable land, and anything-goes attitude, it is easy to see why the state and climate were perfect for embracing these buildings. Reinforced by Chamber of Commerce boosters, railroad companies, and real estate promoters, California was quickly transformed by a series of land booms in the latter part of the 19th century that continued through to the first part of the 20th. These booms brought the state a tremendous influx of new arrivals, who brought their architectural heritages with them. The lack of an architectural tradition and the motivation by transplants to the Golden State to start fresh and experiment brought an eclectic vision to the area.

The heyday of this vision coincided with two developments, one local, one national: the rise of filmmaking in Hollywood and the affordable automobile. These two forces would combine to make California, and particularly Southern California, a hotbed of unusual architecture in the 1920s and 30s. Hollywood's influence on California's architecture was direct. A tone of fantasy was encouraged, with the architecture and sets associated with movie-making rubbing off on the local environment.

In the 90s, a certain legitimacy descended on architectural aberrations when established designers began to adopt their own versions of roadside architecture. The

Disney Company stepped up to the plate when it hired Michael Graves to design a new Team Disney headquarters on its Burbank lot. A postmodern tour de force, the building features a pediment held up by massive statues of the Seven Dwarfs.

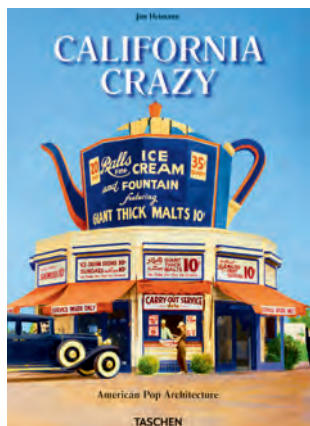
Across the street, a new animation building visible from the adjacent freeway is rimmed by a stylized filmstrip and capped with the alchemist's hat worn by Mickey Mouse in the Disney film *Fantasia*. The hat alone is several storeys high.

Universal Studios also contributed to this themed architecture in its CityWalk (1993) expansion by Jon Jerde. A giant jukebox and an oversized surfboard were part of the neon-decorated street mall.

In Venice, California, the Chiat/Day advertising agency commissioned Frank Gehry to design its building (1991), which includes a giant pair of binoculars by Claes Oldenburg and Coosje van Bruggen. An immediate landmark, and later to become Google's Southern Californian outpost, the binoculars serve as the portal to an underground parking structure. The stem of the binoculars contains several conference rooms lit by skylights in the lenses. Meanwhile, the highly visible projects produced in Las Vegas did not deter others from producing their own versions of unusual buildings. Although not as ambitious as the deep-pocket ventures of the casinos and hotels, these eye-popping projects remain true to the basic premise of advertising: amuse viewers and attract attention.

This spirit is still very much alive, evidenced by everything from the molded figures that have proven so popular in the upper Midwest to the latest giant inflatables, and from modest roadside stands to sprawling corporate headquarters. The increasing international presence of such buildings seems to indicate that the world is now the stage for the California Crazy phenomenon.

● *California Crazy* by Jim Heimann is available for pre-order through Taschen at taschen.com, priced £40





Clockwise: Toed Inn, Santa Monica, 1931; La Salsa man, Malibu, 1988; Big Red Piano, Los Angeles, 1977; Deschwanden's Shoe Repair, Bakersfield, 1985; All images courtesy of Taschen





THE BACK PAGE

STEVE HOGARTY

THE LOST ART OF LYING

It's a national pastime, and one of the only things you can do through your teeth. So why are politicians doing it so badly?

A recent survey placed politicians near the very bottom of the league table of trustworthiness, between Victorian men who cackle as they twiddle their moustaches and the robot who calls you every day to say you were in an accident that wasn't your fault.

This news stunned the nation, who until then had believed our elected representatives to be unimpeachable bastions of truth. But lately – between Brexit dividends, meaningful votes, and the entire sides of some buses – you'd have to violently unhinge your jaw to swallow the ever larger whoppers that slip like bowling balls from the greasy cloaca of government.

Lying has reached national fever pitch, and it's not just politicians who are getting stuck in. Trains are pretending they'll be here in two minutes, football is acting as though Russia is actually alright, and that dancing border collie on Britain's Got Talent turned out to be a very hairy (but admittedly very entertaining) young boy. All of this has done irreparable damage to lying's good reputation. Lying is a noble pastime that's served our species well, but one that has been tarnished by its association with politics. It's something we must reclaim.

Philosophers have debated for centuries what exactly constitutes a lie, but in its simplest definition, it's a dirty trick we play with our deceitful mouths. A lie is a discrete packet of condensed falsehood, that is either launched from a wet gob into the naive ears of others to interfere with their opinions and beliefs, or silently deployed at a self-service checkout to pay the croissant price for a pain au chocolat.

Lying is beautiful and powerful, like a strongman pulling a tractor with his teeth. But it's also delicate and precise, like a strongman doing a jigsaw puzzle with his teeth. It's what separates us from the animals, apart from that one gorilla who knew sign language and was a bit of a bastard. It is the loose rawl plug in

the crumbling inch of dessicated polyfilla that holds our society together.

We lie for many reasons. Sometimes we lie to flatter. You tell a colleague that their dress is nice, not because you've taken the time to form an opinion about a dress – which is always a waste of time – but because it is a dress and you've nothing else to say.

Often you lie to appease the tiny narcissist who lives inside your skull and makes hypothetical wagers with the universe. You know the guy, he says things like, "I would push a button that killed my friend's cat if it meant I could drive a blimp for half an hour." Or "text your partner to say you're just leaving the pub now, even though your pint is two-thirds full and somebody's just ordered a tray of shots." Or "eat all six of your housemate's gluten-free scotch eggs in a drunken stupor, throw the empty packet into the neighbour's bin and claim you've never seen a scotch egg in your life, because you're the only living human in a world of replicants and nobody matters besides you."

But no matter the type of lie being told, the art of weaving fiction requires a light touch and a degree of restraint. A lie well deployed is like wind passed in an elevator: nobody knows who did it, and by the time anyone notices it's far too late.

This new breed of clumsy political fibbing is more akin to a turd in a cafetiere. Time was, a minister would put real effort into making things up, burying lies deep inside dossiers that it would take dozens of journalists and decades of enquiries to uncover, by which time the culprit was far away on the speaking circuit. Today's politicians can be debunked by a cursory Google search and a sarcastic tweet.

And if we can't trust our own politicians to lie to us in a manner that doesn't insult our intelligence, then whom can we trust?

● Steve Hogarty is a Pulitzer-prize winning author, director and playwright, whose works include the musical *Hamilton* and the original idea for *Jurassic Park*.



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