

No. 72 — THF MAGAZINF — OCT 18

#### **TRAVEL**

How Estonia became the front line in a new international cyber war

#### LIVING

A look inside the swanky new offices of interiors designer Tom Dixon

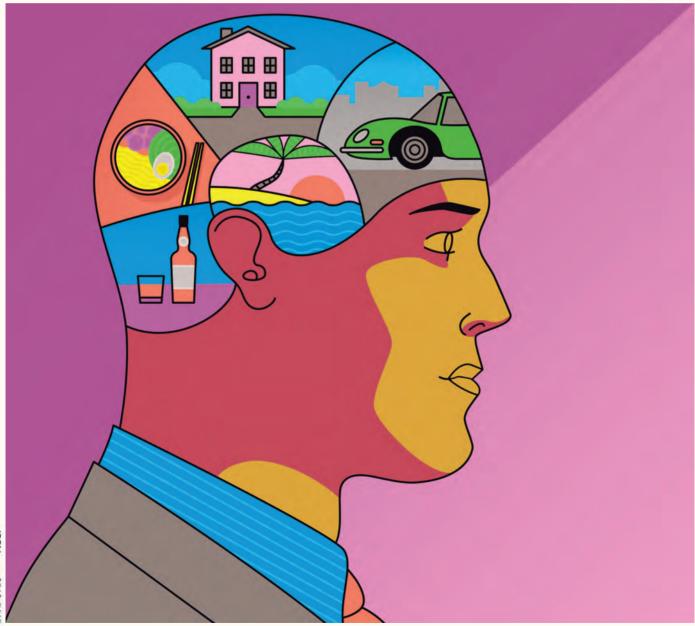
#### THE BIG INTERVIEW: ARI SHAFFIR

The rising star of shock comedy on causing offence in a post-#MeToo world

#### **FOOD & BOOZE**

Wine expert
Valentina Zampini
on how to pick
out a decent
bottle of
supermarket plonk

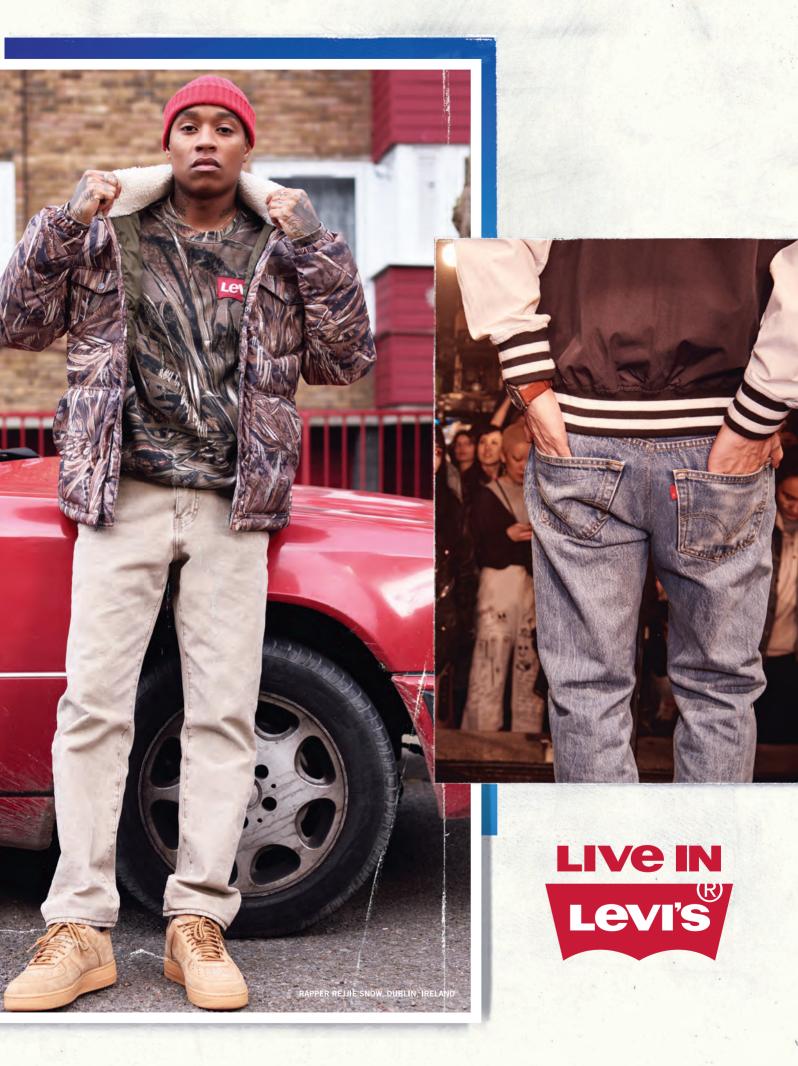






#### TERI HATCHER DINES WITH PAUL AINSWORTH





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#### EDITOR'S LETTER



hen the anti-hero of Park Chan-wook's revenge drama Oldboy bites into a live octopus, it 's not just lunch – it speaks to his mental state. As tentacled limbs flail around his face, we understand that this is a man who is desperate, determined and willing to endure anything. And when Mel Gibson chows down on a tin of Dinki-Di dog food in Mad Max 2, we know this is a man at one with his environment, adaptable, a survivor.

Now you and I, dear reader, are unlikely to stoop this low, but what we eat, and where we eat it, still says something about us, and about the city in which we live. Dine in Covent Garden, for instance, and you're unwittingly taking sides in a vicious war between residents and restaurants, both of whom believe they have an inalienable right to be there, as you'll discover on page 37.

Fever-Tree has made hundreds of millions of pounds by turning your choice of mixer into a marker of good taste, usurping Coca-Cola's Schweppes from its decades-long dominance of the tonic market, and earning its founders an extravagant amount of cash in the process. On page 40 we speak to co-founder Tim Warrillow about his plans for the rest of your drinks trolley.

What we consume even says something about geo-politics; when Japanese whisky toppled scotch as the finest in the world - as many experts now attest - it was a hardearned victory from a disruptive market, a proof that centuries-old powers no longer matter in this increasingly connected world. On page 28 we give you the lowdown on the new cocktail du jour, the whisky highball. We also have our usual recommendations on the best new places to eat and drink: pick wisely your choices say more about you than you realise.

- STEVE DINNEEN

#### INSIDE THIS ISSUE



**Above:** Paul Ainsworth chats to Teri Hatcher; **Below from left:** Inside the swanky new offices of designer Tom Dixon; Jools Holland invites us into his studio, which he's made to look like a train station

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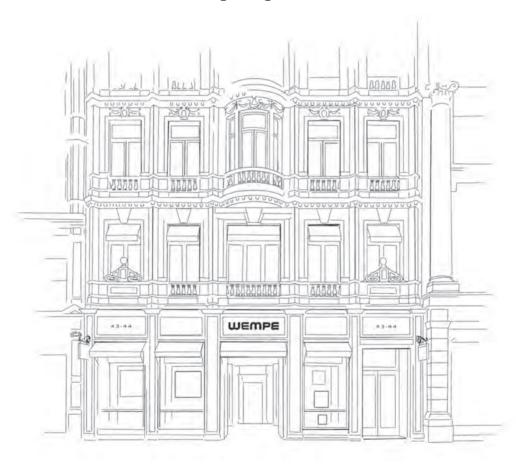
Jools Holland opens up his studio, which he designed himself, and explains why it looks like a train station





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OFFICINE PANERAI





#### CONTRIBUTORS



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 offers some simple tips on buying great supermarket wine.



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 thoughts on shooting game on P26



ADAM HAY-NICHOLLS is one of the country's leading motoring journalists, cruising around the world's most glamorous cities in cars most people only see in Park Lane showrooms. This issue he drives the new hybrid Jaguar I-Pace – P56



ASHWIN BHARDWAJ is an intrepid travel writer, reporting from cities and countries off the beaten path. This issue he takes a deep dive into the changing politics of Estonia, which, free from communist rule, has found itself on a new, virtual battleground – P60



MELISSA YORK is City A.M. The
Magazine's deputy editor and an
award-winning property journalist. She
goes behind the scenes at both the
new US embassy, and the offices of
lighting designer Tom Dixon – read
them on P84 and P90



**PAUL AINSWORTH** is one of the country's top young chefs and a winner of Great British Menu. He invites his friend Teri Hatcher, star of Desperate Housewives, to his Padstow restaurant Rojano's in the Square for a slap-up lunch – P22

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# FIRST IMPRESSIONS

Tales from the world of technology, design and luxury goods







### HOW STATIONERY KEEPS MOVING

Why the digital revolution isn't fazing the makers of pens, pencils and notepads, by **STEVE DINNEEN** 

great many industries have been left reeling by the ceaseless march of digitisation; taxi firms, fashion houses, hotels, newspapers. But while you might expect to see stationery on this list – an industry that's changed remarkably little since paper was invented more than 2,000 years ago – the business of selling pens, pencils and notepads is faring remarkably well.

Despite nobody having sent a hand-

Despite nobody having sent a handwritten letter since 1995, despite digital calendars being installed on every mobile phone, despite easy access to cloud-storage apps and voice notes, people just can't get enough of squashed trees and plastic tubes.

The US pen market is expected to see "major growth" in the coming months according to HTF Market Intelligence. Highend retailers like Cartier and Montblanc are leading the charge, while Bic – which has sold well in excess of 100bn ball-point pens

since 1950 – struggles amid "challenging" conditions. It's not just pens, either: 2016 broke records for pencil sales, thanks in part to rising literacy levels in India and China, and growing numbers of adults taking up drawing (and colouring in) as a stress-relieving hobby.

So what ties us to this archaic technology? "Obviously everybody uses mobile phones as notebooks and sends emails instead of letters," says Keiko Uchida, UK operation director for Tokyo stationery brand Stálogy. "But emails are practical and utilitarian – when someone is creating a new idea, they still use a nice pen and a notepad. It helps to stimulate ideas and creation. The pen and paper need to *feel* right."

Fine stationery also benefits from the 'mechanical watch effect' – while nobody *needs* one, it's become a status symbol, a marker of good taste, something that helps to define who you *are*.

"It's like carrying a MacBook," says Uchida. "People who travel to meetings want something that looks classy. One of our best-selling notebooks is black with very small gold writing on the cover – it's light, it uses high quality materials, the paper feels nice and smooth."

For many in the creative industries, the simple scrape of lead or ink against paper

remains the most immediate and efficient way to work.

"I sketch with a pen and I'm obsessed with making sure I have the right type with me all the time," says Lewis Taylor of design firm David Collins Studio. "You get used to the flow of the ink and the angle of the nib, it becomes part of the design process.

"There's a huge benefit to starting out with loose hand sketches rather than jumping straight into computer design. I start with expensive tracing paper and a type of pencil called the Palomino Blackwing 602, which has the slogan 'Half the pressure, twice the speed' printed on the side. Once you're in the flow, you can sketch 10 options in 10 minutes, rather than one option every 10 hours.

"When ideas are coming in and out of your head at such speed, you need to be able to get them down as quickly as possible and move onto the next one. On a computer you're restricted by your IT skills rather than your imagination."

As we sink ever deeper into the digital world, there remains a nostalgia – perhaps even a *need* – for physical, tactile objects that anchor us in the here and now. If that means spending a little extra on a nice set of pencils and a fancy note-pad, it's a sacrifice I'm willing to make.

# HEM PARTY

What the length of your skirt says about the times in which we live, by **SAM NOLAN** 

or 96 years, until it was finally broken in 2015, the hottest summer in New York's history was that of 1919. It was also around this time that the newly emerging urban middle class had begun flocking to New York's beaches to relax, swim and enjoy the sunshine. Swimming was no longer considered just a fitness activity for men, rather it was becoming a popular leisure pursuit that anyone could enjoy, especially as it meant escaping the city's record-breaking heatwave.

In 1919, in response to the increased number of beach-goers, the New York Police Department employed a crack team of swimwear police. Armed with tape measures, they carefully monitored and measured the length's of women's bathing suits, which were in the process of shrinking from the long-sleeve, full-body, skirted outfits typical of the early 1900s, to better fitting, less cumbersome and more comfortable one-piece bathing suits. There were even some arrests.

It wasn't the first time women's clothing had been policed, and ever since the censorious interest in the altitude of hemlines has continued apace. But it isn't all fainting at the sight of bare knees and moralistic hand-wringing. In 1926 the economist George Taylor proposed his nowinfamous "hemline index", which attempted to draw a correlation between skirt length and the health of the economy. When markets go up, claimed Taylor, so do skirts. In recessions, skirts go long.

Though it's one of the most regularly debunked myths in economics, some recent studies into the effect suggest the hemline index *does* describe a real phenomenon, only not the way Taylor had imagined. Average skirt length can follow the economy, but tends to lag about three to four years behind. The same is said to be true of unrelated factors like divorce rates and coupon usage.

But while the global economy is enjoying one of the longest bull runs in history, our skirts have somehow not been hoiked above the shoulders in response. In fact, the opposite is happening, and Taylor's theory has taken a dramatic U-turn, perhaps driven by wage stagnation and austerity. Hemlines have dropped and ankle-grazing midi-skirts are dominating autumn-winter lines.

The season's slow shift towards more conservative fashion is seen in Roksanda's latest range of pleated and striped silk maxiskirts, while there is hardly a shin to be spied among Dior's current collection.

"There's no doubt that the maxi-skirt is back," says fashion designer Alexis Mabille. "It's a versatile garment for both day and evening attire, and it exudes a casual



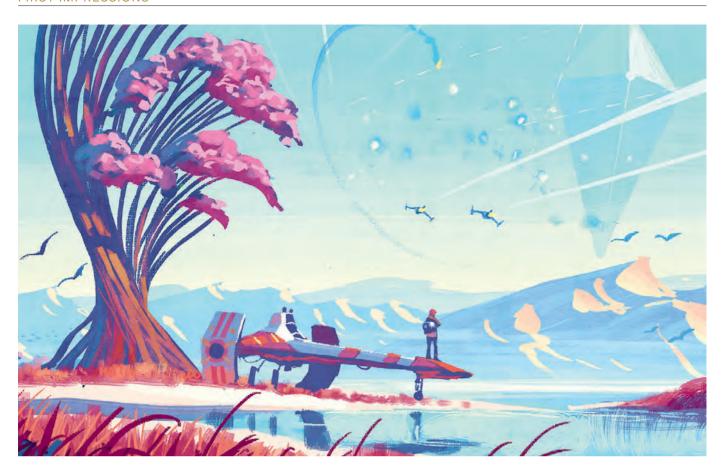


While the global economy is enjoying one of the longest bull runs in history, our skirts have not been hoiked up to above the shoulders in response. In fact, the opposite is happening.

attitude compared to a dress, which can sometimes appear more formal."

Unlike some trends, this change is not dictated by designers, but comes from the bottom up. Consumer taste is driving fashion to higher necklines and longer skirts, and while hemlines may not predict the economy, they are sensitive to basic economics. Fashion is beginning to reflect the dress codes of an increasingly powerful Middle East consumer.

"Middle Eastern consumers love fashion," says Mabille, "especially within the luxury sector. While it's hard to say what their overall impact on wider fashion culture will be, one can assume that their requirements for more demure pieces and longer hemlines may be affecting other markets."



### CAN DIGITAL ART LAST FOREVER?

Why saving photos, films and videogames may be an impossible task, by STEVE HOGARTY

hree years ago, a team of archaeologists working in northern Guatamala unearthed several stone panels dating back to the year 600AD. The hieroglyphics they contained were legible enough to provide fresh insight into Mayan culture and kingmaking traditions. By contrast, it's doubtful a photo of your dog stored on a USB stick will exist in 14 years, let alone 1,400. Paper media rots over time, but digital media loses data in other ways: electrical charges leak out, or the magnetic orientation of a single bit will be spontaneously flipped by a quirk of physics.

Cloud storage makes copies of data across multiple connected machines, but even this isn't immune to system-wide failures and software glitches. In 2011, cloud-based service Gmail lost the emails of 150,000 users; to recover them, Google used backups stored on miles of magnetic tape. Though archaic sounding, tape is still the most secure and cost-efficient way of storing enormous amounts of data. One inch of tape can hold as much as 200 gigabytes, about as much as an iPhone X.

Humans have form for misplacing things. Of the nearly 11,000 silent movies made before the advent of talkies, fully 70 per cent are lost. But our new reliance on zeroes and ones to store information has led some to believe we're sleepwalking into what will be, in millenia to come, considered a cultural dark age. Are our

movies safe on Netflix servers? Or is all digital art doomed to slowly evaporate?

"I would hope that quite a lot of today's culture survives," says Maureen Pennock, head of digital preservation at the British Library. "The cultural heritage sector has realised for years that digital preservation is a challenge that requires action very early in the lifecycle, so that our digital memory will survive for future generations."

As well as systematically archiving every item published in the UK under legal deposit, since 2013 the British Library also collects all online material such as ebooks, websites, and even tweets, under its non-print legal deposit scheme. It is one of the most advanced digital preservation efforts taking place anywhere in the world.

"We currently operate a custom-built digital repository infrastructure," says Pennock, "where we store digital content that requires long-term preservation. We then copy each file to four different locations around the UK – one in Boston Spa in Yorkshire, one in London, one in Wales and one in Scotland. Duplication is one of the best tools we have to protect data."

When Marie Foulston began curating Videogames: Design/Play/Disrupt – a V&A exhibition exploring the design and culture of contemporary videogames – she encountered not just the dilemma of how to properly exhibit interactive forms of digital media in a museum setting, but also huge

holes in the research material, where the online information had rotted away.

"As a curator you have a sense of vertigo when you look at games," says Foulston. "You understand how fleeting digital material can be. There were videos that we wanted to look at in detail, but already the forums and image sites that hosted them had vanished, or the creator's Tumblr page had been deleted. Digital history is so much more transient than the physical."

As museums square up to the challenge of adding digital objects to their permanent collections (MoMA now has 20 videogames, including Pac-Man and The Sims) the simple question of how to display them remains.

"We looked towards other disciplines like architecture," says Foulston. "Neil Bingham, one of our curators of architecture until recently, once told me that 'We don't really curate architecture, we just collect the debris'. He was talking about all of the artefacts that speak to the design process, and allow people to go beyond the object itself. That's the logic we brought to curating an exhibition on games."

While the files themselves might turn to digital ash, the physical wake they leave behind could be said to be indelible.

"Games are inherently a digital medium," says Foulston, "but they're also a part of a wider constellation of artefacts, sketches, notebooks and videos. To collect and preserve a digital object doesn't always mean collecting the digital code, it's also about collecting the physical."



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# BUSINESS LUNCH

The best places to eat in and around the City of London, from hip new openings to long-established staples



#### HELIX, THE GHERKIN

WHAT IS IT? Searcys at the Gherkin has undergone a major overhaul, revamping its restaurant – now called Helix – and converting the former member's club at the very top of the building into a bar, Iris, that's now open to the public. Searcys has been making food since 1847 (it was founded by John Searcy, pastry chef to the Duke of Northumberland) so it knows a thing or two about rustling up a decent meal. As it's in one of London's iconic buildings, booking is mandatory and you should give yourself a few minutes to get through security.

WHO WILL IT IMPRESS? It's on the 39th floor of the Gherkin – if that fails to impress then you need to take a long, hard look at yourself. Make sure you save enough time for a pre-meal glass of champagne or post-meal snifter in the bar, which shows off the spectacular glass dome at the apex of the building.

WHAT ABOUT THE FOOD? It's modern European, with an emphasis on seasonal ingredients, featuring just enough culinary flourishes to remind you that this is a serious foodie destination. The fish options are solid: we recommend the mackerel starter – perfectly cooked with the skin slightly singed – served with tiny cubes of rhubarb and a cucumber gel. Crab with asparagus comes with rich dollops of soy and sesame, while the turbot main comes with a broadbean and caviar accompaniment, charred grelot onions and shards of dried yoghurt. Every dish is fancy without feeling try-hard.



The mackerel starter with cubes of rhubarb that impressed our critics

**DESSERT?** Essential – each one is a sugary work of art, with bold swoops of burnt cream and creme fraiche and salted caramel. The lemon tart is our pick of them but they're all spectacular.

**SET MENU?** Not while we were there – it's a la carte all the way. Having said that, this isn't a place for a quick two courses, more somewhere to luxuriate for a decadent two or three hours.

PHONE: 0330 107 0816 WHERE: The Gherkin, 30 St Mary Axe WEB: searcysatthegherkin.co.uk

#### MEI UME, 10 TRINITY SQ

WHAT IS IT? A pan-Asian restaurant located in the swanky new Four Seasons near the Tower of London. The words "pan-Asian" – not to mention "hotel restaurant" – may set alarm bells ringing for some, but Mei Ume employs different chefs to cater for the Chinese and Japanese elements of its menu, the latter consisting largely of sushi and sashimi.

WHO WILL IT IMPRESS? The Four Seasons at 10 Trinity Square is a real looker. To reach the restaurant you pass



A piece of nigiri is brushed at the open kitchen-bar at Mei Ume

through a vast rotunda, at the centre of which lies a grand piano (a man was crooning away as we passed through). The restaurant itself is brighter and buzzier than La Dame De Pic (10 Trinity Square's other restaurant, located across the hallway), with a vast triptych depicting feudal-era Japan across one wall and a kitchen-bar along another.

WHAT ABOUT THE FOOD? The menu is a highlights reel of Cantonese cooking, with a liberal sprinkling of sushi and uramaki and a few Japanese favourites. The sushi is excellent and the sashimi even better. The real highlights, however, were the Cantonese dishes. Fried Hereford beef fillet in pepper sauce is a fantastic dish, deep and rich and moreish, and wasabi king prawns with fish roe is another must-order. It's easy to splurge before dessert, but save some space the pastry chef clearly puts a lot of work into his creations, especially the mango pudding, which looks like a bright yellow crop circle, topped by wispy clouds of pistachio sponge and a generous globe of calamansi sorbet.

**SET MENU?** Yes, there's a 12-course tasting menu for £75 per person, with two wine pairing options – £49 or £75 per person. This isn't great if you want to be in and out within 90 minutes, but if you're wining and dining an important client, it comes highly recommended.

PHONE: 020 3297 3799
WHERE: 10 Trinity Square, EC3N 4AJ
WEB: meiume.com

## ST LEONARDS, SHOREDITCH

WHAT IS IT? The new restaurant from Jackson Boxer and Andrew Clarke, who run the acclaimed Brunswick House in Vauxhall. Taking its name from the street it's on, you'll find St Leonards in the heart of Shoreditch, and its post-industrial aesthetic – lots of polished concrete and a gigantic, flaming hearth flanked by dangling meat hooks – certainly fits the design ethos of the area. But it's more than mere presentation; Boxer and Clarke have real pedigree and the food is adventurous, surprising and often brilliant.

WHO WILL IT IMPRESS? If you're looking for somewhere that's the antithesis of stuffy, somewhere that will mark you out as a bit of a maverick who knows a thing or two about food, this is the place. The dining room is spacious, although the open-plan layout creates a buzzy atmosphere that's better suited to informal meetings; leave the spreadsheets for another time.

WHAT ABOUT THE FOOD? The menu's tricky to pin down, with lots of British produce, a definite French influence and some strong Asian flavours. It's divided into "small", "hearth" and "sides", with two people comfortably sharing four small dishes and two big ones. Fish and seafood are prominent – there's an oyster bar in pride of place in the dining room – with highlights including raw mackerel in a rich soy butter, and raw grey mullet with a wafer-thin sliver of lardo and



An oyster with pickled rhubarb and pork fat, indicative of the seafood-heavy menu

slices of kohlrabi in a tart puddle of broth. There's a scallop, diced into shareable pieces, with tomato, beef fat, kelp and horseradish that's worth a pop even at £11. We shared plaice for our main, but other options include duck, pork chop with apricot and 70-day aged sirloin. Sides of cabbage in pork fat, and broccoli with ham knuckle are both highlights.

**SET MENU?** Nope, but the menu is updated daily so there's no lack of variety.

PHONE: 020 7739 1291
WHERE: 70 Leonard Street, EC2A 4QX
WEB: stleonards.london

#### KAIA, THE NED

WHAT IS IT? Disused for eight years and some would argue misused for many years before that - the century old Midland Bank building at 27 Poultry was snapped up in 2012 by the rapidly expanding Soho House enterprise. and transformed into its current guise. The Ned, named for the building's architect Sir Edwin Lutyen, is a 252-bedroom hotel and club surrounding a Grand Banking Hall containing no fewer than eight restaurants. It has the feel of a glossy firstclass airport lounge (albeit without the telltale waft of distant fast food cheeseburgers and ale-stained carpets) and Kaia is the Asian-Pacific-inspired option of the group. It's health-minded without tipping into the airily clinical, plant-based Cali-madness of Malibu Kitchen across the aisle, with a sharing menu attended by such stars as sticky miso cod and - all the rage in 2016, and now here to stay for good – poke bowls.

WHO WILL IT IMPRESS? The brass and black marble Bond aesthetic will impress anybody who has recently acquired the large shipments of enriched quartz needed to power their state-of-the-art orbital laser platform. Otherwise, Kaia is bordered by a long bench which, while



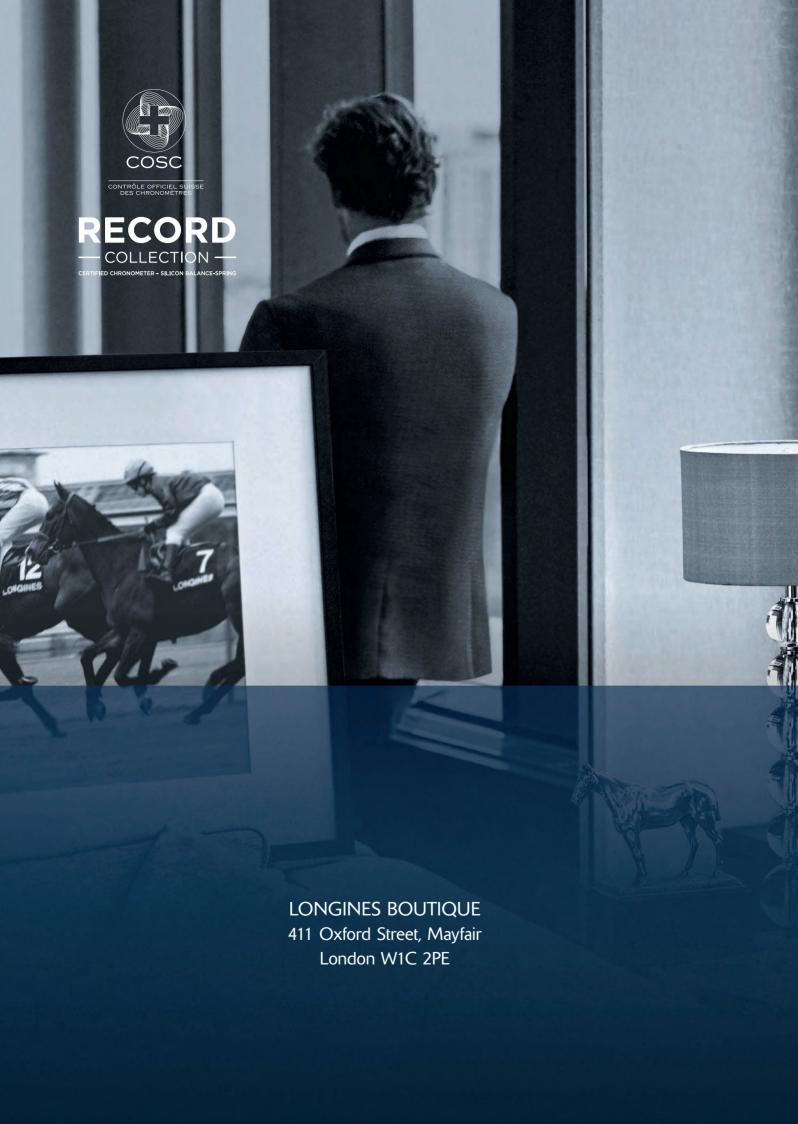
Miso-glazed cod, familiar to fans of Nobu, is a must-try dish at Kaia

almost making those seated on the far side of it feel like they're not actually in the restaurant, is perfect for one-to-ones and less intimate business meetings.

WHAT ABOUT THE FOOD? The menu unashamedly leapfrogs all over the Asian bits of the Pacific. The excellent spicy tofu karaage starter is lightly fried with jalapeños and ginger, though you've got to mention you're vegetarian if you want them to take the fish sauce out of it. The sticky black miso cod is a natural highlight and the most popular dish on the menu, a rich and melting piece of fish that you'll struggle to reconcile with the restaurant's purported health agenda.

**ANYTHING ELSE?** There's a Japanese Afternoon Tea every Saturday 2-5pm.

PHONE: 020 3828 2000 WHERE: 27 Poultry, EC2R 8AJ WEB: thened.com







# THE LAST SUPPER

Master mixologist **TONY CONIGLIARO** tells us what he'd have for his last meal on earth, from an eel starter from a top chef to a surprisingly simple cocktail

rowing up in the 70s, my mum would cook every meal – we'd hardly ever buy stuff in and we never ate out because mum was a better cook than most. She'd make fresh Italian food – my father's Italian so we adopted his ways. She'd cook lots of regional dishes and we'd go to Sicily a lot as kids. Even from an early age I realised that you could cook the same tomato sauce every day and still discuss at length all the subtle differences – for me that's real foodie culture.

I started to get to know the London food scene when I went to college and started to earn some money. Then I got my break in the drinks business and started really tasting new flavours and going for proper dining 'experiences'. Working with chefs became part of my routine, so I was learning techniques from them and finding out the places to go, the "pilgrimage" restaurants like the Fat Duck in its early days, Le Gavroche, Le Manoir, elBulli.

The funny thing is, back in the day the chefs were chefs and the bar staff were bar staff and never the twain shall meet. I was a big advocate for bridging that gap. One of my bugbears was going to a three Michelin star restaurant and the drinks being terrible, so we were always pushing for the bar staff to use some of the techniques from the kitchen, and for the chefs to learn from what we were doing.

We learned stuff from Bruno Loubet and Heston and Ferran Adria, and that would stimulate a wider dialogue. I always remember Ferran saying, "food and flavour are the acupuncture of the senses," which I

thought was quite profound.

Anyway, on to my last supper – I just got back from Turin and there's a dish they do there that's literally just a fried egg with white truffle on top and it's sublime. The simplicity of it is its genius – some things are just perfect. I didn't even get it in a fancy restaurant – it was just some old guy bashing it out.

I'd also get a starter that Richard Corrigan used to do at Bentley: smoked eel, foie gras and apple. It was bonkers good and it's always stuck in my mind. I enjoyed it so much I ordered two of them.

For a main I'm going to go back to my roots. My auntie Rina in Sicily used to make this pasta soup with Italian courgettes – not the ones we get here, the big, long, bright green ones – and I wouldn't want to pop my clogs without trying it one last time. Everyone else in the family hated it but I'd ask for it every time I was over because it's one of the best dishes of all time. I've tried to replicate it a million times but it's just impossible.

Then I'd get the fig leaf panna cotta that I got in this little cafe-restaurant called Temple in Bude. It was just a really great panna cotta with a kind of fig leaf liquid on top – it was one of those experiences when you're not expecting anything and you're blown away. And to wash it down, I'd have a gin martini. I'm really fond of a lot of wines, especially natural wines, but the simple gin martini is my favourite cocktail; five to one, with a twist.

• Tony recently opened his first restaurant, Gazelle, alongside chef Rob Roy Cameron; to book a table go to gazellemayfair.com or go to 48 Albermarle Street, W1S 4DH. He has also designed the drinks menu at St Leonards in Shoreditch



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# CHEF'S TABLE

This month, superstar chef **PAUL AINSWORTH** cooks lunch at his Padstow restaurant Rojano's in the Square for his friend, the Desperate Housewives actress **TERI HATCHER** 

#### **STARTER**

Roquito peppers, Sicilian arancini, gamberi alla griglia, gypsy eggs,

**TERI HATCHER:** Feed me, I'm starving. **PAUL AINSWORTH:** You can have anything you like! What do you want to eat?

**TH:** You know me, I love all food. I want to try everything – especially the things I can't get anywhere else. I always over-order. I've had waiters say to me, 'I think you might be ordering too much...'

**PA:** There's a good story about how you first ended up in my restaurant, right?

**TH:** Yes! I was in Cornwall to do a survival class. I used to watch this reality show called Dude You're Screwed and it was these four really bad-ass guys and one of them would get kidnapped by the other three, blindfolded and dropped off somewhere totally random with nothing but a rucksack.

The idea was they had to find another human being in a certain amount of time. So they might have to walk 100 miles through snakes and lava, while the other three guys were watching them to assess how they were doing. One of the guys was British, and I started following him on Twitter. We got talking about his survival business and I asked if I could do one. I'd never been to Cornwall before but I loved it so much I extended my trip so I could hike the coastal paths, staying in crummy little one-star guest-houses. I asked where was good for dinner and someone recommended your other Padstow restaurant Number 6.

I decided to hike from the hotel to the restaurant, which was like 15 miles. I left early in the morning and walked all day. At some point, I realised I'd walked too far and my phone was out of battery, so I used my new survival skills to work out which direction to go, and I ended up two hours late for dinner, covered in mud, and I was like: "Please let me in and give me alcohol!" **PA:** We didn't even speak that day – I remember seeing you from the office and being like, 'Oh my God, Teri Hatcher is in the restaurant!' Then you booked in a second time with your daughter...

TH: I'm a single mom and one of the things my daughter Emerson and I really connect over is our passion for food and great chefs. We'll make entire trips just for a restaurant – we've been to Tokyo and Peru and Sweden and New York, just to eat. I'd raved about Number 6 to her, so we booked to come back. I guess that makes me either really loyal or a total stalker, coming all the way from LA to eat at your restaurant. When you come to Los Angeles I'll host you.

PA: I've never been to LA. My mum's from the Seychelles so we used to go there on holiday.

**TH:** That's somewhere I've always wanted to visit but I always said I'd only go there with a lover, and I haven't had a lover for such a long time. You'll have to find me a lover to take me to the Seychelles.

PA: I know just the guy. He works for me and everybody – men and women – just fall for him. Then you can come back and work here in the kitchen.

TH: Oh, I wouldn't dare. Being a chef is a gift and a calling and I'd never dare put myself in that category. Having said that, I work hard and I have so much respect for chefs. I went to culinary school and I have that 'yes, chef' mentality. I don't fuck around. Cooking for people is one of my favourite things. I show love through food. If I cook for you it means I like you. I have a dish I call the 'I Must Love You A Lot' eight hour casserole. There's something special about food, the way you can take a bite of something and create a memory that will last forever.

**PA:** I totally get that. I remember when my dad got ill with pancreatic cancer. He couldn't really eat and he'd lost a lot of weight but every now and then he would just fancy something, and it was this little shared moment of joy. It still gets me every time customers are moved by the whole experience, too. I've had people with tears in their eyes. It's amazing.

**TH:** Food and music are cross-cultural, cross-ethnicity, cross-economic. There's a lot of division in the world just now, with people retreating into their isolated groups, more afraid of each other than ever. But food brings people together. There's this thing in Los Angeles called Smorgasburg where about 20 food trucks cook lobster and dumplings and tacos and pulled pork, and there's this amazing mix of people, all just enjoying the food. I took my Van Therapy van there and it was great. **PA:** Tell me about Van Therapy.

TH: Well, I had this old VW Camper sitting in my driveway and I'd been thinking a lot about getting older – both in Hollywood and just generally as a woman. I'm 53 now and I'm in that transition period where I still feel super-youthful and adventurous, but I'm not an ingénue anymore. When I was 40 I was on the cover of Bizarre magazine – like, what the fuck? Why? Who was that? Thirteen years later I can't even imagine that. So now I feel like I'm evolving into the woman I'm going to be until I'm 80 years old, and that's a really interesting thing, imagining your life, what you want to make of the years you have until death.

My daughter is grown up and I'm really proud of whatever influence I've had on her, but now I have to figure out what's next for me. I'm not on a TV show, I'm not in a relationship, it's all very up in the air, which is exciting and scary. You start to reflect on what's purposeful. What are you giving? What have you



learned? What have you experienced?
So to help find some answers I started this
YouTube thing where I take my VW Camper
out to a major street in Los Angeles and ask
strangers to get in and talk to me about their
lives. I like the immediacy of YouTube – you
have an idea and just do it. In Hollywood you
can work for years to get something
developed. With Van Therapy I'm telling

stories I care about.

#### MAINS

Bianca pizza, day boat burger, pig chops, mushroom pigatoni pasta, mackerel on toast

PA: How did Great British Bake Off happen? TH: They called my publicist and I don't think anyone thought I'd actually do it, but I was like, 'Oh my God, yes'. In America you're either totally obsessed with the show and it's the greatest thing you've ever seen, or you've never heard of it. Fortunately, I was obsessed. And I took it so seriously, practiced so hard.

It's really difficult to be on camera, cooking, and talking, which is not how you are in your own kitchen, where you're totally focused. But everyone was so nice to each other. I was running around helping Alan Carr and Aisling Bea with their lemon tart or pear custard or whatever. Aisling and I are still friends. Weren't you on a cookery show?

PA: Yeah, I was on Great British Menu. It was a massive part of making me realise how food brings happiness to people. I used to



Prue Leith is my spirit animal. She's stylish and colourful and vibrant. Talk about an aspirational older woman. I like to imagine her having hot sex every night.

cook to be the *best*, to *succeed*, but that show opened my eyes to what food makes people *feel*. Also, I remember walking in, 32 years old, and thinking Prue Leith is *hot*.

**TH:** Oh my God, I would like to *be* Prue. Prue is my spirit animal. She's stylish and colourful and vibrant. Talk about an aspirational older woman. I like to imagine her having hot sex every night. I bet she has men lined up out the door. Anyway... The chef industry is still very male dominated – why is that?

PA: I don't really know. A couple of chefs have got in trouble for saying it's because of the tough environment and the long hours, but we've had female chefs in Number 6 who worked just as hard as the lads. Some of the best chefs in the world are female – Angela Hartnett, Clare Smyth. I really want to go to

Dominique Crenn's place.

**TH:** I just went. I had the best time. **PA:** She reminds me of you – not only is she

though there are loads of great female chefs, we don't get many women applying to work here.

**TH:** I guess the world started with men in charge of everything, and it's slowly changing. Maybe that's one of the good things about growing up now.

PA: Yeah, but there are plenty of bad things, too. Everybody compares themselves to other people, or to this idealised version of other people. They see these perfect snapshots on social media and think everyone else is living this amazing life, but the people in the pictures have just as many problems. I find myself doing it – I look at a dish I've made and I think, 'Is that good enough to put online? It's going to be seen by all my peers....'
TH: I'm trying to not be self-conscious about

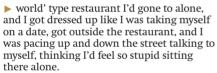
**TH:** I'm trying to not be self-conscious about how I look. I want to put out my real life. I don't want to present this flawless, perfect life, because it's not human.

PA: A lot of people in the food industry are struggling, although at least in the last couple of years a lot of chefs have come out and said they're depressed, which is really positive. Are you mates with lots of chefs? TH: Not loads, but I do tend to get on well with them. When I was in Australia I managed to get a table at Attica in Melbourne. It was the first 'best in the





Clockwise from above: Teri and Paul first met at Paul's restaurant, after Teri had hiked 15 miles through Cornwall to find it; Fiorentina pizza; and Sicilian arancini balls



But it was just an amazing experience. It would have been so easy to use my phone as a protective barrier, but I chose not to – I decided to be present, whatever the awkward feelings. The food deserves respect.

For the first hour of the meal there was no silverware so you're just eating with your hands, and I got swept up in the sensuality of it. You can either have an experience or you can photograph an experience. Anyway, by the end of the night, I got talking to chef Ben Shewry and after the place had closed we were sitting drinking and the staff were sheepishly coming over and whispering 'Is it OK if we take the tablecloths off while Hatcher's still here?'.

#### **DESSERT**

Whoopsey splunkers; affogato

**PA:** So you must like Cornwall if you keep coming back?

**TH:** I love it so much. I wanted to buy a house here four years ago, which would have been a great investment. I still might. I want an ocean view, nothing huge, not like a mansion, just a nice sized kitchen, a little bit of land so I can have vegetables and goats and bees, and I can sit in the garden and look at the ocean and drink for the rest of my life. Will you find a house for me? Then I can have you round for dinner and fail to impress you with my cooking skills.

**PA:** Of course I will – I'll make it happen. **TH:** What are your regrets and what advice would you pass on to people?

**PA:** Advice: never give up. As shitty as things get, just keep going. I believe in karma and





I didn't connect with the Desperate Housewives cast. I tried to find a semblance of friendship, but it just wasn't there. Some of the girls have said things that, well, I was just like 'wow'.

what goes around comes around. If you give off positivity, you will have a positive life. I think a lot of young people don't want to listen to people with experience. I love to surround myself with people who are better than me or can offer me things I can learn from. I love to look at people like Sir Alex Ferguson and see how he managed his team, how he got the best out of people. Regrets: I'm always looking for the next thing, the next opportunity, the next chapter, and sometimes I wish I could just enjoy the moment a bit more. What about you – what was it like doing Superman and Desperate Housewives?

TH: It was so hard. We worked 75 hours a week for 10 months, starting at 5am on a Monday and working until 10pm on Friday. When you're in it, you can't see it, you can't really appreciate it until it's passed. Desperate Housewives was much later in my life and totally different – I was a single mom with a six-year-old kid, so my primary reasoning for everything was 'How is this going to affect my daughter'?

PA: Are you still in touch with the cast?

**PA:** Are you still in touch with the cast? **TH:** We're not. I wish them all the best and have no ill will towards anyone, but there

were things – personal, contractual – that were not handled well. The three of them were close, but I had different obligations. It was a rollercoaster of a show, a lot of emotions. It ran for eight seasons but the friendship aspect was beyond repair by the first season, and I made a lot of effort – including cooking! I tried to find a semblance of friendship, but it just wasn't there.

Some of the girls have said things that, well, I was just like 'wow'. It's too complicated to really talk about, but I didn't connect with them as friends. When people look at celebrities on TV they assume we all hang out together but life's not like that. The fact we're not all knitting scarves together doesn't make us bad people.

**PA:** Kim Cattrall from Sex and the City gets a lot of stick...

**TH:** That's because of how the press plays it. Kim and I fell in this kind of 'evil-doer' category and the rest of the cast fell in the 'good-guy' category. I don't know Kim at all, or the others, but having been in that position, I can tell you Kim is not the bad guy. **PA:** It's the same in any industry. You take a bunch of people and they won't all get on, especially in a high-pressure environment.

TH: I may never eat ever again. Have you ever seen a Hollywood actress eat this much? But here's my feeling about food – everything we've eaten today is good for you. Even if I gain a pound, it's all natural, well sourced, it's sustaining me in a positive way. But for the rest of the day I won't eat any candy, and I work out five times a week, for health reasons rather than to look good, plus the endorphins from exercise are amazing. I can be feeling depressed and go for a run and turn around my whole perspective. But I never feel guilty about eating a great meal.

• To book Rojano's in the Square go to paul-ainsworth.co.uk ■

Anyway, how was the food?

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# FAIR GAME

As he prepares to judge the Eat Game Awards at Boisdale Canary Wharf, our resident chef talks about what makes a good, sustainable shoot

'm a country lad at heart, so at this time of year I look forward to a few days of shooting. There's always a lot of bad press about it – a few weeks ago Prince William got a hard time for taking his little boy George along to a shoot – and some of it's justified. For me it all comes down to one thing: are the birds going into the food chain? If you're shooting grouse, they better end up in somebody's pot. Some of the really big, fancy shoots might kill 500 birds in a day but let a lot of them go to waste. The good ones, on the other hand, will have chillers and direct access to game dealers, who in turn sell them to restaurateurs like me.

The worst offenders are often the guys who get dressed up in their full tweeds and take two guns and a loader to speed up the process. They just want to kill as many birds as possible and have no interest in taking them home to cook. What's the point of that?

Don't get me wrong, I love getting dressed up in my Italian leather hunting boots, sleeveless leather shooting gilet and tweed trousers – as well as looking the part, they also do the job they're designed for, which is protecting your legs from brambles and

keeping you dry in a light rain.
My low-key West Country
shooting party tends to do
smaller walked-up, rough
shoots, where we might bag
100 birds, sometimes a lot
less. We use every single one. I
encourage my friends to take
the birds home and I use the
ones from our last outing to
make the shoot lunch. I also
make a duck shot, which is a wild

duck version of the classic "bull shot".

In my house nothing gets wasted.

We often have a dinner party afterwards, where I'll rustle up four or five courses using the birds, making things like sweet and sour pheasant with the thighs, and breaded Holstein-style escalopes with a fried egg, anchovies and diced pickled walnuts with the breasts. People don't realise that game birds are so versatile, just like chicken.

I shot in Florence last year with my friend Oli Rampley, who's a hunting and fishing guide over there. We went on a proper rough shoot and after nine birds we called it a day. I was cooking dinner for 18, which meant we had the exact number of breasts to go around. On this occasion we cut things a little too fine: I took my eye off the ball and the next thing I knew one of the hunting dogs was eating a breaded escalope. I suppose he deserved it as much as anyone.

Another shooting buddy, fellow chef Tim Maddams, is a trustee of the Country Food Trust, which turns excess and unwanted game into interesting ready

meals, which in turn helps those who are short of food (to read more about it go to the country food trust.org).

It's this kind of great idea that I'll be looking for when I'm

judging at the Eat Game
Awards next month, an
initiative that celebrates our
great native produce and the
people doing their best to
bring it sustainably and
deliciously to our plates.

Mark is the owner of a
restaurant empire including
Tramshed and Pharmacy 2; The Eat

Game Awards are on 9 October at Boisdale of Canary Wharf – for more information or to book tickets (from £149) go to boisdale.co.uk



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# HIGH ROLLER

Japanese whisky is all the rage – but getting hold of a bottle is increasingly difficult. **SIMON THOMSON** samples the stop-gap solution that could start a whole new UK craze: the whisky highball.

he world loves Japanese whisky. In 2008 its export value was less than £10m; by 2017 it was more than £90m. This explosive growth has not been without its complications – whisky takes time to produce, and it is becoming impossible to maintain production of some of the most popular exports.

Japanese whisky giant Suntory's much missed blend Hibiki 12 was discontinued in 2015, and replaced with the no-age statement Hibiki Japanese Harmony. Then in May of this year Suntory announced the discontinuation of Hibiki 17 and the single malt Hakushu 12. Both drinks will remain available in the UK market for a while (so start stockpiling now), and they may return in the future (when the component stocks are replenished), but in the meantime other no-age statement products are being launched to satisfy demand.

This June, Suntory launched a new product in the UK; a competitively priced premium blended whisky, called Toki. Meaning "time" or "season" it combines whiskies from all three of Suntory's distilleries. It's not a replacement for Hibiki, but it's a great drink in its own right, and holds up well in a cocktail.

Suntory's global brand ambassador Mike Miyamoto explains that the typical way to make a blended whisky is with a solid base of grain whisky, "That's the dashi. It provides the sweetness." But instead of adopting a standard pyramid construction – which is mostly grain whisky, with other components layered in ever smaller quantities – Toki is made in what Miyamoto calls a "two pillar style". One pillar is a strong corn whisky from Suntory's Chita grain distillery, the other is from Hakushu, in the mountainous Yamanashi Prefecture.

Hakushu famously produces both peated and

unpeated single malts, which are respectively made using smoked or unsmoked malted barley. Traditionally, blenders have then combined the separately produced whiskies for more-or-less-smoky results. But an experimental attempt to produce a lightly-peated whisky with a mashup of both smoked and unsmoked barley resulted in distillate not smoky enough to be peated, but clearly not unpeated either. This happy accident provided Toki's second pillar.

The two pillars are capped with a smaller portion of whisky aged in Spanish oak sherry casks, from Suntory's original Yamazaki distillery. The resulting blend is a clear, golden colour. The nose is herbaceous with apple and honey, but it is more flavourful than that might suggest. It has a grassiness and a touch of citrus, but it's the white pepper and vanilla of the oak that play out on the tongue at the finish.

#### LIVING THE HAI-LIFE

Remember that summer, not too long ago, when everyone was drinking Magners on ice? Toki wants to do that to your whisky consumption. Sure you can drink it neat, or on the rocks, or even with hot water, but for the best effects, you should drink it in a highball, which isn't just a glass, it's a way of life.

The simplest highballs are just whisky and soda water. Their popularity in Japan grew out of the hardworking, hard-drinking business culture that emerged as part of the country's post-war economic renaissance. Salary-men would crowd into standing-room only bars after work, to eat kushiyaki (meat or vegetables grilled on sticks) and drink frosty glass mugs of whisky and soda. The highball unlocks the flavours of the whisky, and with additional ingredients or garnishes, certain characteristics can be played-up or complemented.

At Marugin, one of the earliest standing bars in





▶ Tokyo, the house speciality is a highball made with Kakubin – one of the best-selling blended whiskies in Asia, and produced by Suntory since 1937. Marugin's "kaku-hai" plays off the round, honeyed cereal flavours of the Kakubin by adding the sharp heat of grated ginger and the bitter punch of yuzu (a citrus fruit that hovers somewhere between grapefruit and lemon).

Toki is bringing the standing bar experience to London. In the basement of ramen chain Shoryu's Denman Street branch, on the outer limits of Chinatown, there is a bar serving Toki highballs on tap. When I visited they were turning out branded glass mugs, with a twist of grapefruit and a sliver of peel; the bitter, citrus tang provided a nice counterbalance to the sweet, smooth Toki. Crowd in with your friends for a taste of Japan.

#### **ALL TIME HAI**

Once you've developed a taste for highballs, you'll want to try more. Here are some you could try making at home. Most involve a highball glass, soda water, and ice.

#### HAKUSHU 12 YEAR OLD

Keeping it in the Suntory family, Hakushu 12 Year Old is a bracing single malt from the Japanese masters' alpine distillery. Lightly peated, with notes of basil, pine, and green tea, this winner of the Best World Whisky award at the 2015 International Whisky Competition, is Mike Miyamoto's favourite drink for relaxing after a long day at work.

Bruise some fresh mint leaves and add to

a glass with ice and two measures of Hakushu; finish with ice cold soda water, and feel the serenity wash over you.

#### JIM BEAM APPLE

This is technically a whiskey liqueur, which blends the classic caramel and vanilla flavours of fine Kentucky bourbon, with the sweet tang of apple. It really couldn't be simpler; a generous pour in a long glass with ice and soda water. Garnish with a slice of green apple, if you're feeling fancy. Crisp, cool, and refreshing; this is the naughty Appletiser your picnic deserves.

#### MACALLAN 12 YEAR OLD TRIPLE CASK

The Macallan 12 Year Old Triple Cask Matured is aged in European and American oak casks that were used in the production of sherry, as well as American oak casks seasoned with bourbon. Winner of the Whisky Bible Awards 2012 Best 11-15 year old Single Malt Scotch of the Year (multiple casks), it marries the woody spice of the oak with the raisins of the sherry and the vanilla of the bourbon.

For a sophisticated drink that builds on the subtle sherry flavour of the whisky, pour two measures of the Macallan and a splash of Manzanilla into a tall glass of ice. Top it off with soda water, and serve with a twist of lemon

#### HIGHLAND PARK 12 YEAR OLD

Embracing the cultural heritage of Orkney, this impressively bottled whisky is less robust than the sub-name might suggest;

Highland Park 12 Year Old – Viking Honour is a light, honeyed single malt, with a pleasantly smoky finish.

Fill the glass with ice, add 50ml of Viking Honour, 20ml of elderflower cordial and the juice of half a mandarin. Top up with soda water, and garnish with an orange wheel – an Orcadian taste of summer.

#### CANADIAN CLUB

The go-to drink of Mad Men's Don Draper, Canadian Club is a pleasingly retro grain whiskey which – while perfectly fine by itself – really comes alive with a mixer.

This list would not be complete without the classic combination of Canadian Club and ginger ale. To an ice-filled glass add one-part Canadian Club and three-parts ginger ale, and garnish with a wedge of lime. CC and ginger very much is your grandfather's cocktail.

#### MR BLACK

Notably not a whisky, Mr Black is a coffee-based amaro. Made in Australia, and inspired by classic Italian bitter herbal liqueurs, it tastes of strong espresso infused with a dizzying array of fruits, herbs, nuts, and spices – from traditional amaro ingredients like caraway and angelica, to unique bush tucker additions, such as Illawarra plum. The resulting liquid is black as tar and enticingly acrid.

Add a hefty slug of Mr Black to a glass full of ice. Top with soda water and garnish with a wheel of grapefruit. If you like cold brew coffee and negronis, this is for you.



Mathieu Bitton with the Leica M 10-P

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HIBIKI JAPANESE HARMONY £62.50, WAITROSECELLAR.COM A solid bottle from a master distiller, this has strong notes of orange with a sweet finish



TOGOUCHI 12 YEARS £69, MASTEROFMALT.COM A 12-year aged Japanese whisky you can still readily buy! It's peaty with spicy notes



CHIVAS REGAL MIZUNARA £46.95, THEWHISKYEXCHANGE.COM A scotch in Japanese clothing, this is a malt and grain blend aged in Mizunara oak



**YAMAZAKI 50-YEAR-OLD**For anyone seeking proof of the insanely hyped nature of the Japanese whisky market, allow us to present exhibit A: the bottle of 50-year old Yamazaki, which this year fetched £230,000 at auction in Tokyo. While still lagging behind a 60-year-old Macallan that sold for over \$1m, it cements Japanese whisky as a solid investment product as well as a fine drink.

Many top-end Japanese whiskys are also objet d'art in themselves - each of the 41 bottles of 1960

Karuizawa single cask malt, one of which sold at auction for £100,100, is individually named after the unique "netsuke" miniature sculpture that hangs around its neck. The label was designed by third generation Japanese paper-maker Norito Hasegawa and it was embellished by a master calligrapher. The wooden display box was designed by a British cabinet-maker and is inspired by traditional puzzle boxes.

Probably not one to crack open with your mates after an evening at the Groucho.



# HOW TO MIX: BREAKFAST AT EMILY'S

Breakfast is the most important meal of the day and this cocktail is the wake up call you deserve, says **MELISSA YORK** 

t's fine to drink a cocktail at breakfast.
Every culture does it. We Brits love a
Bloody Mary, while the Italians prefer a
Bellini and the Spanish sip a Mimosa. But
over at The Library Bar, the newest watering hole to open at City-based behemoth
The Ned, they're creating their own
brunch beverages. The cosy nook, with its plush sofas
and armchairs seating only 18 drinkers, opened up in
the hotel, restaurant and private members club this
summer. As it specialises in champagne and martinis, The Library Bar is an ideal spot for an aperitif before dinner in one of the eight restaurants on offer
on The Ned's ground floor.

Bubbly enthusiasts can choose from 30 Champagnes available to try by the bottle or the glass, while a Martini trolley moves from table to table mixing up bespoke concoctions for patrons. There's also a rare collection of cognac, the most expensive of which is a £250 bottle of Remy Martin Louis XIII.

Less demanding boozers can find ready-made creations on the House menu, including Breakfast at

Emily's. Before you start investigating what happened to Tiffany, Emily was the wife of legendary architect Edwin (Ned) Lutyens, who designed the Grade I Listed splendour in which the bar resides.

The cocktail's base is a buttery version of house gin Bombay Sapphire with Cointreau. A dash of lemon juice and orange bitters highlight the citrus notes before a very special ingredient is added: a homemade marmalade and toast syrup. Distilled to an essence, it adds a sticky, smokey quality that evokes long mornings scattering crumbs from burnt toast over the Sunday supplements. "People are amazed how accurate it tastes," says bar manager Anthony Callegari, who has been at The Ned since it opened last year.

All the ingredients are shaken up before being poured into one of the bar's signature vintage-style glasses and finished off with a squirt of orange zest for aromatic purposes. "Generally the rule is, if it looks good, people will want it to taste good too, but we decided to leave the garnish in this case and let the drink speak for itself."

• The Library Bar is open from 5pm–1am, Tues–Sat











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### **NATIVE**

Neal's Yard's loss is Southwark's gain as this zero-waste restaurant moves across London.

**by Steve Dinneen** 

ast issue I wrote about how Covent Garden is changing from a bunch of fancy shops to an all-singing, all-dancing billionaire's paradise, complete with luxury flats and restaurants like

Petersham Nurseries, where you can drop £200 before you've even glanced at a wine list. In a fortuitous segue, this month I'm writing about Native, a restaurant where the prices are almost unreasonably reasonable, and which was unceremoniously evicted from Neal's Yard earlier this year.

I ate there when it first opened back in 2016. It was a rickety white box with a postage stamp-sized kitchen upstairs and a dinky dining room downstairs and funny little dots li•ke th•is in its name. I loved it. It was the evolution of a successful supperclub, with a focus on foraged ingredients and zero waste, and the result was so sincere, so earnest, so puppy-eyed that it would have approached self-parody had it not been so damned good.

So when I saw it had opened in Southwark, I thought, 'Good on you, chaps, you deserve a second restaurant'. Only it *isn't* a second restaurant – they got kicked out of Neal's Yard because the poor residents thought there were

too many restaurants in the vicinity. The vicinity, to be clear, being *right in the middle of central London*.

Appropriately for a place that always felt slightly cobbled together, Native's planning permission was temporary, and their attempt to make it permanent was blocked. This astonishes me because I would murder a relative to have a place like Native near my flat. So I did a little digging and got hold of the public records to find out what was up.

"Neal's Yard is like a coral reef," wrote one resident. "It's a very delicate ecosystem and to preserve it, it needs to be kept in balance. If the reef dies then it can't be recreated – it's gone forever." Nothing, as we know from David Attenborough documentaries, kills a coral reef like fallow deer, caramelised cauliflower and carrots.

Another resident vowed not to "sit back and do nothing while restaurants take over like an invading army of ants." Please join me in crying a collective river for these poor people with their flats in Neal's Yard being invaded by nice little restaurants, although I *suppose* if they don't like it they could always sell-up and buy, say, a small African nation with the proceeds. You know, if they wanted to.

All of which brings me to Native's new venue in Southwark, which I'm pleased to report is just as ramshackle, just as held together by hopes and dreams and sellotape, as the last one, albeit about five times the size. The tables are homemade. The waiting staff were drafted in to do the paint job. A weird corridor leading to the toilets is made out of MDF.

And the food? It's still great. Three courses plus snacks will set you back a measly £42, or it's £65 for the tasting menu. It starts with a selection of "wasting snacks" made from offcuts of other dishes, because of *course it does*.

There's confit pigeon leg on crispy slivers of potato skin; a kind of mushroom ragu with cured egg yolk; a salt cod brandade on a little cracker. All very nice.

There's a ridiculously tasty bowl of fermented tomatoes, salsa verde, soft cheese and "yesterday's bread", which is a strong argument for just sticking excellent ingredients in a bowl and not messing about with them. There's a little rectangle of cod in a puddle of brown butter that's exactly as delicious as that sounds, served with a quenelle of parsnip puree so soft and velvety I want to make it into a pillow.

Mackerel, an obligatory inclusion on every menu right now, comes with fish-bone caramel – fish-bone caramel for god's sake – and whey foam and feels like a polite reminder from the kitchen that they can do proper haute cuisine, although the skin could have done with being a little more crisped.

Grouse – a staple here – comes in three mini portions: a buttermilk-fried leg complete with withered, blackened claw, more morsel than dish; diced, smoked heart in a dashi broth, which was an unexpected highlight; and a precise sliver of breast with a strange, chewy and not entirely successful spin on black pudding.

This is followed by some completely off the wall desserts, one mashing together white chocolate and bone marrow, and another sticking some wood ants in a pineapple weed granita. I'm not sure the ants add a great deal, but I'd certainly return for the meadowsweet and sunflower seed cake, which is about a million times better than it sounds.

Native is a cracking little restaurant, a labour of love that's mad enough to be interesting but sane enough to be good. And now, thanks to the residents of Neal's Yard, it's only a 10 minute walk from my office.

• To book, go to eatnative.co.uk



## HOW TO PICK A GOOD BOTTLE

Forget everything you thought you knew about choosing a decent wine: here are my counter-intuitive rules for oenological success

eople have all kinds of ways of trying to pick a "good" bottle of wine. For years the advice was to go for the second most expensive thing on a wine list to create the illusion that you know what you're talking about. Don't: restaurateurs all know this trick and this bottle often has the highest mark-up. Some people look for bottles with a "punt" - the dip in the bottom – as a sure sign of quality. Don't: the bottle might be more expensive, but that says little about what's inside. Others go for corks over screw-tops. The jury's still out on this one, but the difference isn't big enough that it should be on your mind when you're in the supermarket. So for all the keen amateurs out there, here are my simple, often counter-intuitive rules for picking out a decent bottle.

First, don't be swayed by the best-known regions. If the vineyard nestles in Bordeaux, the resulting bottle is bound to be more expensive than an equivalent from Romania, but this doesn't necessarily mean it will be better. Well-known winemaking areas are regulated by strict laws, which pushes up prices without a guaranteed bump in quality, especially at the entry level.

Similarly, don't just go for famous producers: winemakers are a big deal and their knowledge can transform a neglected chateau into a moneymaking factory. Great news – but their expertise doesn't come cheap. Unless you're spending big, you'll probably be getting that vineyard's third, fourth or fifth tier wine, rather than the amazing stuff you read about on wine blogs.

So my advice is to go for unknown grapes and lesser-

known wine regions, with one caveat: you still have to spend what you would have done on that bottle of Bordeaux. Here's why: duty is set to £2.16 for still wine and £2.77 for sparkling. The cost of moving a case of wine to the UK costs from £1 to £2.50 (the further away from its origin, the more expensive). Then there's labelling, bottling and the supermarket's cut. So, conservatively speaking, you're deducting at least £3.50 from the sale price for the cost of the liquid itself, and if you're only paying £6 a bottle, that doesn't leave much room for quality viticulture (the care of the vines), which plays a major part in how good the stuff tastes.

which plays a major part in how good the stuff tastes.

The so-called "golden rule" is "drink well for £25". I'd say you can drink well for much less – for a week-night, you can drink perfectly adequately for £10, then you can push the boat out come the weekend. The European supermarkets are well known for their quality wine, so a sale on their more expensive bottles can yield some great bargains – if there's a bin end reduced to £7 in Lidl, it's going in my basket.

Also feel free to judge a book by its cover. Again, there are oenophiles who would string me up for this, but – on average, remember – a nicely designed, artistic label suggests a vineyard with an eye for detail. And if it ends up being a stinker, at least it will

look good on the table.

These rules won't work every time, but unless you're super-rich or super-unadventurous, wine is always a gamble – that's part of the joy. I know plenty of sommeliers who have had massive wine fails at dinner parties. But stick to them and I guarantee you'll stumble across some absolute beauties.

 Valentina Zampini is head wine buyer at Carluccio's



### New wonders can come out of the blue







**Left:** Co-founder and CEO of Fever-Tree Tim Warrillow pouring himself a G&T at the company's head office

## JUST THE TONIC

Fever-Tree's audacious success has taken the drinks industry by storm, but where do they go from here?
Words by MELISSA YORK; photos by GREG SIGSTON

few weeks ago, Jake Meyer became only the 10th Briton in history to reach the summit of Pakistan's K2 mountain. How did he celebrate this towering achievement? He cracked open a tiny bottle of Bombay Sapphire gin then poured it into a Fever-Tree branded glass, topped up with its signature Indian tonic water. Apparently, it was the highest gin and tonic ever enjoyed and a nice bit of free PR for both brands, neither of whom were aware he was planning the stunt.

The following month, The Guardian's columnist Ellie O'Hagan described Fever-Tree as the embodiment of 'the absurdities of late capitalism', under the sub-heading 'Britain's best-performing business makes a mixer slightly fancier than other mixers. We are sipping cocktails as the world burns.'

As with much of modern life, Fever-Tree is a polarising ingredient in our national conversation, dividing people into two camps; those who see it as a much-needed disruptor of the drinks market, and those who think it's a marketing con to convince us all to pay more for a staple we all got along perfectly well with for hundreds of years.

No prizes for guessing which camp cofounder and CEO Tim Warrillow is in. When I visited their offices, an unassuming warehouse in Hammersmith, I was shown into a waiting room packed with awards. Nestled among a Queen's Award for Enterprise in International Trade and a coveted City A.M. Award was a framed letter from 10 Downing Street, when David Cameron was the incumbent, thanking the founders for samples "which I will enjoy during the festive season."

Soon afterwards, I was shown into a bright boardroom where Warrillow sat behind a parade of soft drinks. On one side was Schweppes' Premium range, with the Fever-Tree equivalent lined up alongside. "We've even chilled them for you," says Warrillow, a tall, well-spoken gentleman whose voice has a similar timbre to Boris Johnson's. He urges me to take a sip of Schweppes' ginger ale, then Fever-Tree's,

then back to Schweppes. He's right, it's not as gingery. Fizzier, too. "I did this with a guy called Dave Broom [a whisky writer], charismatic guy... he said, 'that's not ginger ale, that's brown Sprite! They should be done for trade descriptions!"

For the record, it's not unusual for a CEO to have confidence in their own product, but it is unusual for them to directly criticise the competition, especially in front of a journalist. But Warrillow clearly sees Fever-Tree as an underdog here and one that's been under sustained attack. "They've been competing with us very aggressively, frankly, over the last couple of years; they've been throwing sponsorship at it, new products, new flavours, and fortunately our market share is growing ahead of them so we're not going to change plans, we're going to just keep doing what we're doing. We're definitely the cooler brand."

But what is it they're doing exactly? When Warrillow met his business partner Charles Rolls in a Chelsea pub, he was a luxury food marketeer and Rolls was a salesman for Plymouth Gin. They had this







• "fortuitous meeting of minds", as Warrillow puts it, at just the same time as the craft gin movement was kicking off.

'Independent craft spirits were coming out and consumers were starting to understand the language of them. Yet, in very stark contrast, the mixer category was the preserve of one big brand and, in truth, they'd revelled in the fact people weren't concentrating on them and were quietly cutting their cloth in every way they could."

Coca-Cola-owned Schweppes still has the largest market share in tonic water in the world and a Royal Warrant to boot, but Fever-Tree overtook them in off-trade sales in the UK back in January, accounting for 50 per cent of all mixer sales in its results published last month. Fever-Tree's profit before tax in 2017 was £56.4m, and it looks set to smash that record this year, with a pre-tax profit of £32.7m in the first six months of 2018. Not bad for a company that makes 'a mixer slightly fancier than other mixers'.

It attributes its success to the 'ginnaissance' and the fact that people wanted to actually taste their mother's ruin for the first time, rather than douse it in sugar water. Rather than go Fair Trade or organic, Tim went in search of the best

tasting ingredients, until he found himself in "the deepest, darkest parts of the Democratic Republic of Congo hunting down this quinine." Fever-Tree is named after the African specimen whose distinctive yellow bark was said to produce quinine, a botanical used throughout the British Empire to ward off malaria.

After Fever-Tree's initial tonic water came the pairing wheel - now used in all of its advertising - that matches the flavours in your gin to its four main tonic variants; Mediterranean; lemon; elderflower; and aromatic. "The amount of requests we get from customers asking if we can make that into fridge magnets and aprons is unbelievable," Warrillow says. Now there are six tonic flavours in a growing family of mixers, he'll have to invent a new wheel.

The brand recently drew criticism for the amount of sugar in a single serving - 20g which is only 6g less than a Cadbury's Creme Egg. This led to Fever-Tree's 'Refreshingly Light' range across most of its variants, which is a mid-calorie range that uses fructose rather than cane sugar. It's more intensely sweet than its counterpart so you don't have to put as much in.

Why don't they just make a no-calorie diet version, you ask? That would be

crossing one of Fever-Tree's red lines: the company is committed to only natural ingredients, which is also what makes it more expensive than other brands. A quick check on the Tesco website will bring up a 500ml bottle of Fever-Tree Original Indian Tonic Water for £1.45, a 1 litre bottle of Schweppes for £1.19, and a litre of Tesco's own brand for just 40p.

"Of course there's a margin in our product, but we use the best ingredients we can," says Warrillow. "If you take sugar, saccharin has found its way across the whole of the tonic category for one simple reason; to use saccharin to sweeten your product costs you nothing, relatively speaking. To use real natural cane sugar, as we are using, costs seven times as much."

This obsession with natural ingredients is how I found myself on a farm in the middle of a National Park about an hour's drive from Marseille airport talking to a farmer called Laurent Tessier. He's known locally in the village of Apt as Monsieur Lavande because he carries a pungent whiff of the stuff with him everywhere he goes. This is where he produces lavender and lavandin essential oils for a number of overseas





businesses under the name Apt Aromatiques. Laurent takes me to see his bobbly lilac acres, carpeting the breezy mountains that play host to the Tour de France. "I don't take holiday, I am on holiday," he says, as his neighbours appear around the side of his 16th century distillery for an impromptu glass of rose.

It's a far cry from the rooftop bars in Shoreditch where Laurent's produce ends up. Specifically, he grows lemon thyme for Fever-Tree, the main ingredient in its Mediterranean tonic. It's just been cut when I arrive; I rub some sprigs between my fingers and the smell lasts for days. It's oddly intoxicating and I feel like I want to lie down in it, like Dorothy in the Wizard of Oz.

He asks me why I'm interested in Fever-Tree and I explain it's a very popular mixer in the UK with big international growth potential. Is it popular in France, I ask? "Ah," he shrugs in a non-committal, Gallic way, "we drink wine." But what about spritzers, wouldn't you dilute it if you had a hard day of ploughing ahead? "Dilute?," he says, clearly disgusted. "No, we have very good wine." The French are, after all, not known for moderation.

Still, I was suitably impressed by the lengths Fever-Tree went to to find its



The mixer category was the preserve of one big brand and they'd revelled in the fact people weren't concentrating on them

ingredient and the fact they had chosen such a small, local operation to produce it.

And though the French remain relatively unmoved, the company is finding success in Spain, Italy, the Netherlands and Germany, where gin is almost as popular as it is here. Brands like Aperol and Campari have only popularised mixing, and one in four Fever-Tree sales are now made in Continental Europe, taking its global reach to 74 countries and counting (the most surprising, says Warrillow being Angola, "because we didn't know we were sold there – someone reported back and took a picture of it").

The next market is the big one, however: the USA and they're going all in, setting up

a 32-employee operation Stateside. While white spirits aren't as well-loved, the premium craft market in bourbon, rum and tequila is enormous. That's why Fever-Tree has recently brought out three ginger ales, one ginger beer and a cola to complement peaty, smokey spirits, with one eye on

Japan's well-established whisky market, too.
"There's plenty to go after," Warrillow
says. "In America, spirits are growing, beer
is in decline and even wine consumption is
suffering now because – look at these
flavours!" He says, shaking his hands at the
bottles laid before us. "Where do you get
that variety of flavour in the beer market?"

Ten years ago, if someone had said that one of Britain's most successful, exportable companies was going to make tonic water costing twice the price of the stuff we'd been sipping for decades, they'd have been laughed out of town. Warrillow proved otherwise, and the he'll remain immune to any notes of dissent so long as his business remains as audaciously profitable as it currently is.

"I learnt is not to listen to the doubters," he says, "because there are a lot of those and you could be easily put off. Make sure you've researched your opportunity as hard as you can, then go for it."

# ARISHAFFIR: ONTHE OFFENCE

The rising star of caustic comedy on how boundaries must be crossed and why politics should never trump the punchline. By **DOUGIE GERRARD** 

here's a special kind of laughter you hear at Ari Shaffir shows. He'll tell a joke about which race makes the best slaves, or Noah having a gay son, or Jews pushing in while queuing for the gas chamber at Auschwitz. First there's a lone cackle. This acts as a signal to the rest of the room, as if to say 'It's okay, you're allowed to laugh'. Then it ripples out across the room, a kind of shock mingled with relief. There are a lot of these laughs in his current show, Jew, an apostate's take on the religion he was raised in. Shaffir is what some people call 'problematic', but this hasn't dented his ascendency. His last Edinburgh Fringe show, Double Negative, became a Netflix special. Two years prior to that his web series This Is Not Happening, which features comics telling real life stories, was picked up by Comedy Central, where he hosted it for four seasons.

Shaffir represents a particular comedic culture, one that you might call American club comedy – or more unsympathetically, bro-comedy. It's a style associated with the phrase 'too soon', with dim, cramped basement clubs, with roast battles and hecklers being mercilessly bullied. In this crowd you don't punch up at the rich and powerful; you punch everywhere, at everyone, and you judge your success in part by your body count. "If I don't get at least one audience member walking out, I've not done my job", he says frankly.

This kind of comedy has caught a lot of flak over the past few years, with stand up emerging as the frontline of an increasingly internecine culture war. On one side, there's an old guard of predominantly (but not exclusively) male comics, determined to defend stand up as a place of unencumbered free expression. On the other, as Shaffir sees it, there is an internet culture seething with pettiness and mistrust, eager to drag anyone that steps out of line. By way of illustration he mentions Amy Schumer, now the poster child for politically correct comfort comedy, who a few years ago faced criticism over a joke she'd told before she'd found mainstream fame. The joke – "I used to date Hispanic

guys, but now I prefer consensual" – is positively subdued compared to some of the stuff in Shaffir's set, but her initial justification for it – that she was playing a character – didn't allay her critics. Eventually, Schumer disowned the joke entirely, writing in her apology that "I am evolving as an artist and... hope I haven't hurt anyone". For Shaffir, Schumer's mistake was giving any justification at all. "You don't apologise for jokes," he scoffs. "You say, 'you guys don't get it, you have no idea what comedy is, I'm not answering to you"".

Shaffir's 'cede no ground' attitude is motivated in part by personal experience: someone tried to get him banned from The Stand, a New York comedy club, for "some dumb tweet" he'd made. Twitter, of course, is where a lot of this intra-comedic bickering plays out. One of Shaffir's favourite bits is to tweet something incredibly distasteful whenever a celebrity dies (sample - 'Hey [John] McCain, you shoulda run 8 years earlier before everybody started liking black people'). This may sound like he's shooting for shock and offence over humour, but he regards the two as inextricable. His comedy relies on tracing the boundaries of acceptability, finding the line, and then going beyond it. "We don't do rape jokes because we're not sensitive to rape", he says. "We do them because we are sensitive, because we know that rape is the worst thing that can happen to a person."

The motor for much of the current conflict within comedy has been the #MeToo movement, which has found its most coherent artistic expression in Nanette, the Netflix special by the Australian comic Hannah Gadsby, which has become an unexpected sensation. Gadsby's set begins with jokes about growing up gay in Tasmania, but soon transforms into a deconstruction of stand up itself. The rhythm of stand up relies on tension – a setup creates it and a punch line defuses it. But in Nanette, Gadsby argues that joke structure forces comics to falsify the truth of their stories, omitting their most troubling aspects. The show's most powerful moment arrives when she calls back to a joke she





Ari Shaffir mid routine for a Comedy Central show; picture by Jesse Grant

▶ tells early on about a man threatening her for flirting with his girlfriend, only to retreat upon realizing that she's a woman. In her retelling, however, she reveals that the man later returned and beat her up. There's no punch line, no release: the audience is forced to fester in the tension. Gadsby is on the verge of tears as she tells this story, and you realise that playing your trauma for laughs on stage every night is itself a kind of trauma.

For her and comics like her, stand-up might provide catharsis for bros, but it further excludes and humiliates those already in the margins. Shaffir shrugs when I bring this up, going quiet for the first time during our interview. "A lot of comedians thought she missed out the main part, the funny part", he says obliquely. "Funny is the baseline. If you're not funny, from start to finish, you have failed as a stand up." Nanette is assuredly not funny from start to finish; a New Yorker article described it as "[bending] the bounds of stand up", but how far can these bounds be bent before you have something that isn't comedy at all? I expect that Gadsby, who apparently plans to quit comedy, wouldn't especially care whether Nanette could accurately be categorised as stand up. But what concerns Shaffir is a wider trend towards messages and away from jokes. "People are dropping funny for principles. They're dropping funny to make their points.

Shaffir's route into comedy was unconventional. He grew up in an Orthodox Jewish family, with a father who survived the Holocaust. To give a sense of their religiosity, he relays a story about his dad forcing him to



Comedy is back in dark rooms. It's dangerous again because at any moment you can have your career threatened. It's back to what it's supposed to be.

observe Kapparot, an obscure Jewish practice that involves killing a chicken by swinging it around your head. Between high school and moving to LA for the stand up circuit, he spent two and a half years studying at a Yeshiva – a kind of rabbinical seminary – in Jerusalem. What's even more remarkable is that he doesn't bear any of the scars of an intensely religious upbringing. He has, of course, a deep understanding of Judaism and Biblical history, but apparently no guilt, none of the existential shame or anxiety often associated with the lapsed. Instead of selfdoubt, he is possessed by a supreme self-confidence, which animates much of his stand up.

He's also, at heart, a purist. He sees stand up as an art form, with a unique set of rules and responsibilities. Chief among these is a responsibility to be funny, but also measured by how you win over an audience. If they cheer your politics rather than laugh at your jokes, you're "weak". For this reason, he maintains that Bill Hicks was a hack – "Watch his clips, there's no laughter there".

There's not much laughter in Nanette either, I note. "No, there's applause", he replies.

Talking to Shaffir, I'm reminded of an old

Talking to Shaffir, I'm reminded of an old Stewart Lee bit about the notion of 'sad' comedy, prompted by his wife crying over a Russell Kane show about his father's death. "You were crying at the end of a stand up show?" Lee replies. "It can't be any good then, can it?"

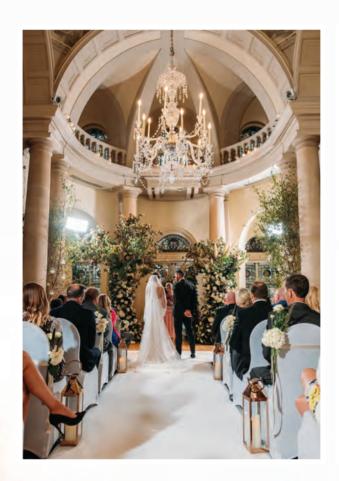
It might seem odd in light of so much cynicism, but Shaffir is incorrigibly optimistic about the future of comedy. "We live in the best time for stand up there's ever been", he proclaims. The sermonizing of a censorious internet culture might cost some their sitcom jobs, but it has put risk back into stand up. "We're back to Lenny Bruce times", he says, in reference to the venerated old comedian's infamous obscenity trial.

"Comedy is back in dark rooms, in basements", he says. "It's dangerous again because at any moment you can have your career threatened. It's back to what it's supposed to be, a counter-cultural commentary on society. Sure it's a little tenser with #MeToo, but you can still do whatever bits you want; you've just gotta go into the subject with a little more feeling. Be a bit more sensitive about it"

And if it comes at the cost of mainstream success? "Get the fuck over it. You're a comedian", he yells, exasperated, and the implication is that mainstream success was never really the point. "Keep telling jokes, you'll be fine. Just be funny." And then, as if finally hitting upon a principle he approves of: "Be funny, be funny,"



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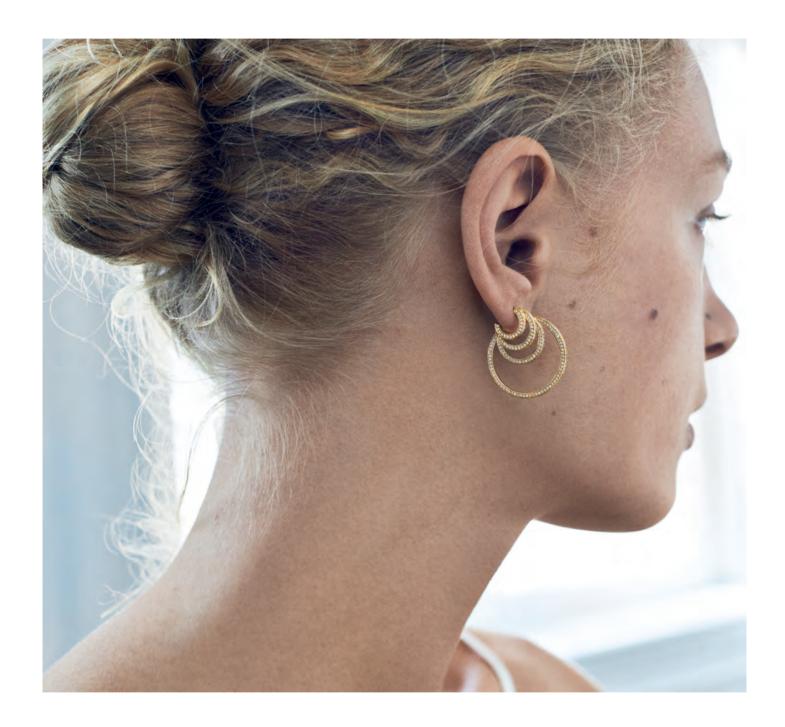
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## WHAT'S TICKING?

Goings-on in the restless world of haute horlogerie, from the 10th SalonQP to the new Leica wristwatch





#### SALONQP TO CELEBRATE ITS 10TH YEAR

SalonQP returns to London's Saatchi Gallery this November celebrating its 10th year as Europe's finest watch and luxury lifestyle experience. As well as a host of spectacular watches from illustrious international brands and exclusive independent ateliers, SalonQP will bring visitors face-to-face with the horological wonders through a series of curated exhibitions focusing on both Adventure and, in light of the Royal Air Force's centenary celebrations in 2018, Vintage Aviation. The SalonQP live stage will play host to a cast of world-renowned experts, who will delve into the history of military Panerai, the famed Dirty Dozen watches and the modern phenomenon of vintage Heuer, while a panel of esteemed watch enthusiasts will pick apart the watch-related highs and lows of 2018. A new addition to SalonQP will be the Bazaar Salon, which will bring a new, feminine voice to the show. Tickets for SalonQP's programme of talks, discussions and seminars with our VIP line-up soon to be announced will be available at salonap.com/exhibition

#### **NIGHT AT THE MUSEUM**

Puritans, purists and plain old watchbores look away now: to celebrate Omega's first chronograph in wristwatch form, dating back to 1913, the Biel watchmaker has placed the movement behind that original chronograph at the heart of an incredibly limited edition by completely rebuilding and modernising 18 105-year-old movements, sourced from watches held within Omega's own museum. This means they are not a still-packaged new-oldstock discovery from the dustiest reaches of a subterranean storeroom, but vintage pieces that have already run for decades. Once removed from their original cases - we told you to look away, didn't we? the movements were exquisitely refurbished by the master watchmakers of Omega's 'Atelier Tourbillon' high watchmaking department. Questions of 'good vintage practice' aside however, the enamel-dialled result is gorgeous. All 18, at £105,000 each, are doubtless spoken-for already. omegawatches.com



The new Leica wristwatch, the first in the company's illustrious 104-year history

#### **DUTCH COURAGE**

A Netherlands businessman giving up a successful career in management with Philips Electronics in Hong Kong to go and make watches in Geneva sounds crazy. Yet, 30 years on, that Dutchman, Peter C Stas and his wife Aletta are still to be found in Geneva and their self-conceived brand, Frédérique Constant continues to be crazily successful. A hobby at first, their initial prototypes sold well and soon gained admirers worldwide, selling 23,000 watches in 2001 and more than 40,000 by 2002 - Aletta and Peter's "secret" being optimised production and low overheads to guarantee an extraordinarily good-value product that's 100 per cent Swiss-made. Now wholly owned by Japan's titanic Citizen group, with every watch completely crafted in-house at a cutting-edge 'manufacture' in Geneva's Plans-Les-Ouates industrial estate (next-door neighbours being Patek Philippe, Vacheron Constantin and Rolex, no less) the next 30 years chez FC are looking even rosier. frederiqueconstant.com

#### **PHOTO FINISH**

Cult camera-maker Leica was a pioneer of precision optics combined with compact micro-mechanics, singlehandedly inspiring a new style of candid, handheld photoreportage in the early 20th century. So it almost seems a surprise that it's taken them 104 years to launch a fine-watch division. It's taken six years since the initiative began to see the first crop: a handsome brace of timepieces rendered in the company's signature contrast of leather-textured black and bare metal surfaces. What's especially impressive are the mechanics ticking within. Conceived with former A Lange & Söhne watchmaker Reinhard Meis and Black Forest micro-engineering firm Lehmann Präzision GmbH, the manually-would movements of the L1 and L2 (L2 being fitted with a second-time-zone function) have the kind of complex, open architecture one might associate with a fine German 'uhrmacher' but with a unique finish that's simultaneously industrial and luxe. The only missing detail is Leica's iconic red-dot logo. uk.leica-camera.com



### KNOWN TO SCIENCE

How watch brands are turning to new technologies to create their latest designs

or me, the word "science" invokes the scent of old Bunsen burner flames and vague memories of trying to remember what you multiply acceleration with to get force, or exactly what the precise properties are for osmosis to occur. Those of us who did

not go on to become scientists are generally glad to have left all that firmly in the past. But in the annals of horology, 2018 looks set to be remembered as the year science, with a raft of cutting edge new techniques and processes, invaded the watch world.

To be fair, it actually started a couple of years ago in the most unlikely of places – Graff. Amid the usual mix of sparkly high-jewellery and mind-bending haute horlogerie – all presented in surroundings even Louis XIV would consider a bit much – was something altogether more technical. While marvelling over a million-Swiss Franc diamond encrusted timepiece, I was also being treated to a masterclass in 3D printing because to achieve this fluidity of movement with a 300-joint lattice design is only possi-

ble through computer design.
Then Chanel launched its Calibre 3.
When designing the watch, Nicholas Beau,
CEO of Chanel watches, wanted wheels
that were completely without spokes,
which in the watch world are used for
weight and to keep the flatness of the circle

- things that are useful when constructing a movement. The only solution - but of course! - was to have them galvanically grown. This process, which is rather like chemical 3D printing, has been used by other brands for elements such as dials but it had never before been used for move-

ment components because their construction is so complicated.

To add to that you have Patek Philippe's recent experiments with compliant technology and silicon (its new Spiromax balance spring is a groundbreaking innovation that gives a watch an accuracy mean rate of -1 to +2 seconds per 24 hours which is the equivalent of in-

stalling a tourbillon) and Richard Mille finding ways to mix its proprietary North Thin Ply Technology (NTPT) carbon with gold or set it with diamonds, and suddenly the watch world looks less like Geppetto's workshop and more like a science fiction film.

Despite looking to more clinical ways of creating things, this move into more scientific methods is helping watch brands in their pursuit of aesthetic perfection. You only have to spend five minutes being mesmerised by Chanel's

Boy.Friend Skeleton or feeling the sinewy malleability of Graff's Snowfall to understand that without technology these things would not have been possible. And not a Bunsen burner in sight.

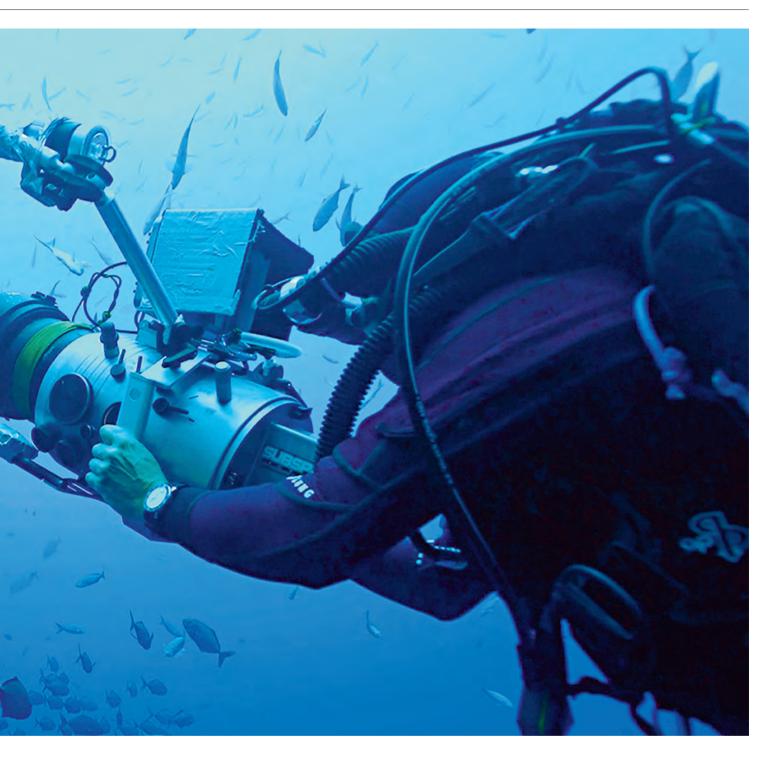
• Laura McCreddie-Doak is one of the country's foremost experts on women's watches and jewellery





# AND TIDE

They wait for no man, so the proverb goes – but what if they worked together? How a wave of philanthropic diving watches is helping our beleaguered oceans, by **ALEX DOAK** 



hotos of seahorses clinging to ear-buds, Attenborough-narrated footage of plastic archipelagos polluting the North Pacific, turtles tangled in beach-loads of carrier bags... It's all incredibly powerful stuff that's rapidly switched the middle classes to the joys of jute bags and motivated Iceland to ditch plastic packaging within five years (and that's just the budget supermarket chain, not the country).

But short of being a little more responsible when it comes to sorting the Wednesdaynight recycling, or opting for stripy paper straws at Friday-night cocktails, what more can be done? If the bleak closing scenes of Blue Planet 2 are to be believed, then it seems the seahorse has well and truly bolted.

But as the ozone layer is proving, three decades on from the ban of CFC gases, Earth is a living organism – it can repair itself, given ample opportunity and time. And indeed, time is precisely what you can give the ocean, or a loved one, or yourself, courtesy of Switzerland's world-class horlogers.

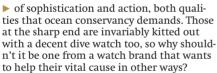
As an industry, it can already be rightly proud of its ethical and eco-friendly credentials. Most modern watch factories conform to strict 'Minergie' standards of environmental friendliness, drawing on the Jura mountains' subterranean geothermic resources and solar power. Even 19th-century Swiss workshops had their lathes driven by hydro-electric power from neighbouring rivers – like IWC, for example, perched on the mighty Rhine, a company that now claims to be totally carbon neutral.

And of course, mechanical watchmakers make products that are designed to last a lifetime – the ultimate in anti-disposability, never obsolete, always repairable, inherently treasurable. But of all the additional corporate social responsibilities (CSR) that stem from the conscience of today's luxury players, watch brands have shown a particular penchant for supporting oceangoing charitable endeavours. Cynics might put it down to the photogenic PR opportunities it affords; others (rightly) ascribe the affinity to horology's most vivid and storied genre, the diving watch.

There's a reason James Bond has always worn a Rolex Submariner or Omega Seamaster – as well as being historical military issues, they're proven gentlemanly accoutrements that speak simultaneously



**Left:** Award-winning spear fisherman, big-wave surfer and Bremont brand ambassador Mark Healey; **Right:** The Bremont Waterman he's wearing, which is limited to just 300 pieces



Either way, if you're in the market for something that keeps perfect time 300 metres below the waves, with burning legibility and a hardwearing strap that fits over your wetsuit, you'd be a callous sort to look over the extraordinary choice of limited-edition watches in boutique windows right now, which directly benefit so many crucial projects around the globe.

One of the first was 007's aforementioned choice. Back in 2012, Omega supported the production of a feature length documentary, Planet Ocean, in 2012. The film, still available to view on YouTube, was created as part of the brand's partnership with the GoodPlanet Foundation and photographer and environmentalist Yann Arthus-Bertrand. Since its premiere, the collaboration has also spawned a commemorative Seamaster Planet Ocean 600M watch and, more importantly, two three-year initiatives to restore and conserve the Indonesian coastline called 'Time for the Planet', which involved replanting mangrove swamps, establishing community-managed marine protection areas and encouraging eco-tourism.

Meanwhile, Bond's very first diving-watch proprietor, from Dr No through to Timothy Dalton, has plunged the depths aboard all manner of good ships before anyone else. Aside from reaching the bottom of the Mari-



The four other principal players in watchmaking's ocean drive all alliterate accordingly: Blancpain, Breguet, Breitling and Bremont



ana Trench on two separate occasions, Rolex and National Geographic alone have supported joint expeditionary endeavours for more than 60 years, giving rise to a wonderful relationship with National Geographic Explorer-in-Residence, Sylvia Earle – ongoing since 1970, when she led an all-female crew of aquanauts, living and working underwater on the Tektite II mission.

A true pioneer, the unflagging octogenarian has spent almost six decades studying vast stretches of ocean and made it her life's mission to defend a world that has held her fascination since childhood. Earle has logged more than 7,500 hours underwater, discovered countless new species, and galvanised her 'Mission Blue' project for protecting a growing global network of vulnerable marine areas – all while wearing her trusty yellow-gold Oyster Perpetual Lady-Datejust, which she bought in the Eighties.

Given we're talking of the Big Blue, it's appropriate that the four other principal players in watchmaking's ocean drive all alliterate accordingly: Blancpain, Breguet, Breitling and Bremont.

The former and latter of those took the opportunity to unveil their latest initiatives on the now-annual World Oceans Day. In 2014, Blancpain gathered all of its varying efforts in ocean exploration and preservation under the Ocean Commitment banner. The brand was a major supporter of the National Geographic Society's Pristine Sea initiative and, between 2011 and 2016 supported 14 dives to record and preserve the last truly unfettered ocean spots, such as







**Left:** Blancpain's third series Blancpain Ocean Commitment limited edition diving watch; **Top:** Sylvia Earle wears her Rolex Oyster Perpetual Lady-Datejust; **Above:** Breguet and Race for Water announced their partnership at Baselworld 2018

the Galapagos, Seychelles an Rapa in French Polynesia, taking in more than three million square kilometres.

But what gives Blancpain the right to wade in? For all the finicky haute horlogerie and gold dressiness to be found at Omega's highfalutin Swatch-Group cousin, Blancpain in fact pioneered the modern diving watch as we know it, all the way back in 1953, inventing the unidirectional rotating bezel and equipping the French Navy's elite frogmen in the process. Hence, on the occasion of 2018's World Oceans Day back in June, Blancpain unveiled the third series of Blancpain Ocean Commitment (BOC) limited edition diving watches, in the form of its highly modernized Fifty Fathoms. By purchasing one of these 250 timepieces, each client contributes a healthy €1,000 to the cause of ocean conservancy, adding up to €250,000 per year on top of Blancpain's broader support.

Britain's plucky Bremont meanwhile, in its usual spirit of individual endeavour and derring-do, chose World Oceans Day to launch one of its most distinctive limited editions ever – no mean feat for a brand that, in its mere decade of production, has chalked up special runs featuring chunks of HMS Victory, the Wright Brothers' Flyer and an RAF 100th anniversary chronograph with bits from four legendary aircraft.

Bremont's so-called 'Waterman', limited to just 300 pieces, is a supremely technical diving watch in refreshingly breezy colourways, already tested in the most extreme ocean environments by the brand's ambas-

sador Mark Healey. He is a world-renowned free-diver, adventurer, big-wave surfer and ocean environmentalist and is joining Bremont in supporting 'Sustainable Coastlines Hawaii', a charity helping to protect our ocean's legacy. Part of the proceeds of the sales of the Bremont Waterman will go towards this charity and aims to add to the increasing awareness of the issues that our oceans are facing across the globe.

Wherein lies the rub: awareness. Watch brands do marketing very well (rather too well, some might say) and aside from the obvious remunerative rewards, every ocean



The Certina DS Action Diver wears its Sea Turtle Conservancy colours with maritime pride

conservationist is undoubtedly just as grateful for the exposure and consumer engagement afforded by any partnership, especially within such an elite sphere of influence.

None more so than Breitling especially, whose thrusting new CEO Georges Kern has hit the ground sprinting this year, revamping the iconic aviator brand throughout and placing ocean conservation front and centre of the brand's CSR strategy. Breitling is just as accomplished in professional-spec diving watches as pilot's chronographs, and it's not as if we're running out of litterfree atmosphere to fly freely through at 10,000 feet, is it?

"Our ocean is at risk," said Kern at the launch of Breitling's hook-up with Ocean Conservancy, which has motivated more than 12 million people to pick up nearly 230 million pounds of litter from coastlines since 1986. "Everyone knows it, but the problem sometimes seems so overwhelming that we feel powerless to do anything.

"Breitling, together with Ocean Conservancy, wants to make it clear that each one of us can play a part – not only for ourselves but for future generations."

And if that means treating oneself to a shiny new Superocean Héritage II, then so be it. Guilt-free luxury consumerism with proven, impassioned benefit to the environment is still a murky notion when it comes to fashion and accessories (you can certainly forget about supercars and property), but Switzerland's watchmakers are making things seem almost embarrassingly straightforward.

## ELECTRIC ANIMAL

Jaguar takes Tesla's chutzpah and wraps it in the kind of package that could help send hybrid motors mainstream. But is it any fun, asks **ADAM HAY-NICHOLLS** 

esla deserves plaudits for changing the way we think about electric vehicles, but it's the Jaguar I-Pace that's really taking the EV revolution mainstream. With it, Jaguar's image is shifting from a pipe-smoking cad's wheels to those of the tech-savvy, ecominded millennial. The question is, can Jaguar maintain its brand's prestige in a battery-powered world? To find out, I headed to the Algarve where the company had rented a race track on which I could judge the car's dynamics. After that I'd hare it north to Porto for lashings of fortified wine.

Since the Tesla Model S arrived in 2012 and pulled the rug out from under the luxury car market, the traditional manufacturers - all of them - have been beavering away in secret to introduce a new generation of automobiles and turn their petrolpumping past into a hybrid or all-electric present. Ahead of its competitors, Jaguar is first out of the blocks with the I-Pace. My Photon-red version was waiting for me at Faro Airport, with the Autodromo de Portimao already selected in the sat-nav. Drawn by long-time Jaguar design director Ian Callum, it has the familiar signatures we know from the marque's internal combustion SUVs, but the shape is new and futuristic. The 'cab-forward' shape is possible because it no longer needs a thumping block of cylinders in its nose. Instead, there are two electric motors - one on each axle - and the floor is filled with 432 lithium ion battery cells, meaning the centre of gravity is low. There's tonnes of space inside, even though it's footprint is only about the same as the E-Pace. The batteries produce a combined 90kW, equating to just shy of 400bhp. Inside are shapes and materials familiar to Range Rover Velar drivers; it has the most attractive facia of any current Jag.

Its range is said to be up to 292 miles, though you'd need to be ginger on the throttle to achieve that. The Portimao circuit is 40 motorway miles from the airport and by the time I reached my destination I'd downed a third of my juice. What can I say, I was enthusiastic. Still, it's almost as economical on the electric as a Tesla Model X and its 0-60mph time of 4.5 seconds compares well with other EVs. Like the Tesla, you'll be able to smoke an entry-level Porsche 911 off the lights.

Around corners, the story is a little different. Fast and flowing, Portimao is thrilling in a performance car but the track exposes weaknesses in machines that lack balance. The I-Pace understeered more than any car I've ever taken on a circuit. It delivers 512lb per ft of torque instantly with a twitch of your right foot, so you need to be easy on the (not so) loud pedal as you cut across the apex of a corner. Floor it and you'll go in a straight line no matter how much you turn the wheel. It takes a bit of getting used to, and although it's piranha-quick coming out of roundabouts and going for traffic gaps in the real world, I wouldn't describe this as being a satisfyingly sporty drive.

Where it really impressed me was off-road. On the steep and dusty paths that pinstripe the Algarve's hills, dug to accommodate emergency crews in the event of wildfires, the I-Pace gripped and rumbled effortlessly – you can tell Land Rover's fingerprints are all over its chassis.

Testing extremes taken care of, it was time to make the 350 miles cruise north to Porto via the Douro Valley, where grapes are grown on quintas in its freckled hills. This jaunt to Port country may sound like a return to the pursuits of Jaguar owners of yore, but it is in fact entirely in line with its new, dynamic audience. While sales of fortified wines fell 50 per cent in the UK between 2005 and 2015, they have risen ▶







**Above, from left:** The I-Pace is more than a match for coastal roads; The interior is as high-spec as you'd imagine from Jaguar; **Below:** Details like the roaring Jag on the alloys mark this out as a handsome motor

▶ sharply in the last couple of years, with 20- and 30-somethings coming around to its charms.

But while the Jaguar has a youthful spirit, there's a maturity to the driving experience that hints at its heritage. It feels more grown up than a Tesla and, with it, more sober. I happen to like the childish features Tesla offers – the Ludicrous Mode and gullwing doors that flap on command. While the Jag's build quality is well ahead of its Californian rival, it feels short on gravitas given the £63,000 starting price it commands. The Tesla is similarly expensive but has more personality.

The valley follows the route of the Douro River which flows through Porto and splits the city in two. Up until the mid-20th century, the grapes were delivered to the wine lodges on the Vila Nova de Gaia – the centre of the world's port industry – by special boats, known as 'barcos rabelos'.

On the north bank sits the main town; a maze of steep and narrow cobbled streets and colourfully tiled facades. The south bank has been home to wine-aging stores for over 300 years, the architecture barely changing in that time apart from the addition of the classically-styled Yeatman, built into the hillside across six staggered floors in the style of a vineyard. Owned by one of Porto's oldest booze syndicates, the hotel boasts a decanter-shaped infinity pool and a 29,000-bottle cellar.

Nicknamed 'Smiler' thanks to his benevolent expression, Frank Yeatman became a partner in Taylor's port in 1897 and holds the record for being the only port shipper to attend 50 consecutive vintages. The names of the families advertised on the terracotta roofs spilling onto the riverbank are mostly English – Taylor, Graham, Cockburn, Offley, Sandeman – the Brits having done a low duty import deal with the Portuguese back in 1703, when Blighty was denied French wine due to war. As a result, Britain became the world's biggest consumer of port. Names of other independent wine



Jaguar has gone all-in on the contemporary verve of this car, but it feels of the moment. It lacks the timeless luxury one expects from a car with a growler on the badge



growers can be found beside each of the Yeatman's bedroom doors, with the vigneron responsible for that suite's décor. Each guest's terrace has a panoramic view of the river and the metal arched Dom Luis bridge that crosses it.

While the Jaguar eats electricity (public chargers can do the job in an hour, while a normal plug-in-the-wall is a 13 hour marathon), I dine on crayfish with black pudding and granny smiths, serra cheese ravioli, and roasted veal tenderloin with bone marrow, washed down with Quinta do Passadouro and Quinta do Vallado at the hotel's two Michelin starred restaurant, the most celebrated in the city.

The Yeatman is located right next to owner Taylor Fladgate's lodge, its vaults filled with barrels the size of buses. Taylor's also have a boat which is handy for crossing the river and exploring the main town. Here I discover links to another British institution: Harry Potter. JK Rowling taught English in Porto before she wrote the series and was inspired by one bookshop in particular, the 112 year-old Livraria Lello. Its forked neo-gothic and art nouveau wooden staircase is straight out of Dumbledore's study at Hogwarts. She would also sketch out her characters on napkins at the nearby Majestic Café.

Wizardry is a word that just about applies to the I-Pace, with its cutting edge tech and its elegant sci-fl styling. But soon all cars will be like this. Lacking in the quirks and eccentricities of Elon Musk's range, it feels down to earth – or at least from this planet.

Jaguar has gone all-in on the contemporary verve of this car, but it feels of the moment. It lacks the timeless luxury one expects from a car with a growler on the badge. Timeless luxury is what I came to Portugal in search of, and I found it. The port houses and the Yeatman are attracting a new fan-base unwilling to leave the last couple of centuries behind. I fear that a few years from now, the I-Pace may not fare so well. ■

## TRAVEL

#### **ESTONIA**

How a Baltic state rose to become a technological superpower – P60

#### CHILE

Our travel writer loves alpacas, but finds he couldn't eat a whole one – P76

#### **AUSTRIA**

A new James Bond museum in the Alps pays tribute to Fleming's spy – P68







This year marks Estonia's 100th anniversary of independence. It's been a long road, with occupations by the Soviets and Nazi Germany, but it's become a leader in free market economics.

#### By **ASHWIN BHARDWAJ**

n an unremarkable street corner, in the Estonian city of Tartu, is a block of flats. Its late classical architecture is dulled by grey paint, and office workers on the ground floor look ready for lunch. But this banality hides past horrors. "Welcome to the former KGB cells of Tartu," says Silver Kadma, the museum curator, "In 1940, Estonia was occupied by our eastern neighbor, the Soviet Union. And they nationalised everything, including this building. They evicted the former residents, sent the owner to a Siberian labour camp, and handed the building over to the state security police, better known as the KGB. "From here," he says, 'The KGB planned and executed their operations, investigations and interrogations, to get confessions from political prisoners."

The cells in the basement are old store rooms, converted to hold people by the addition of metal doors. Today they hold artefacts, case notes rather than prisoners; one tells the story of two Estonian schoolgirls, Aili Jürgenson and Ageeda Paavel. In 1946, they blew up a Red Army memorial in the Estonian capital, Tallinn, because they saw it as a symbol of Soviet oppression. The monument was rebuilt and the schoolgirls were sent to Siberia. They were 14 and 15 years old.

As well as the KGB, the Soviet Union brought industry and employment to Estonia, and many migrant workers moved here from the rest of the Union for the high wages and good living conditions. Today, a quarter of Estonia's population are ethnic Russian, the descendants of those migrants, and in the eastern industrial towns of Sillamaë and Narva, that figure rises to over 90 per cent.

After Aili and Ageeda had been sent to Siberia, the monument was replaced by a sculpture of a Soviet soldier. In 2007, the Estonian government moved it to a nearby cemetery, citing concerns about celebrating Soviet rule. But to Russian-Estonians, whose parents and grandparents had fought the Nazis, this was an insult.

Following the statue's relocation, there were









Clockwise from top left: Artefacts and evidence of Estonia's military past and present litter the countryside; the controversial Bronze Solider of Tallinn; Estonia's railway system dates back to the early 1870s; and a repuporsed watchtower overlooks the quiet suburbs of Tallinn

two nights of rioting in Tallinn. At the same time, a series of cyber-attacks were launched on Estonia's parliament, banks and media, and Russia was blamed. I wanted to see this controversial monument for myself, and when the taxi driver, Yuri, realised where we were going, he was excited. "It is good that you are going to see The Bronze Soldier," he said, "I moved here from Russia during my national service, and chose to stay. This statue has always been a symbol of the defeat of fascism, which brought 73 years of peace to Europe. By moving it, Estonian nationalists are trying to wipe out that memory, and to ignore the concerns of Russians in Estonia."

Following the cyber-attacks, NATO established the 'Cooperative Cyber Defence' Centre of Excellence in Tallinn, but tensions with Russia remained high. Then, in 2014, Russian annexed Crimea, causing the Estonians, worried they might be next, to lobby alongside the Baltics and Poland for a NATO presence on its eastern flank.

NATO's solution was the "Enhanced Forward Presence", a brigade of troops from nearly every country in the alliance; the British Army heads up the Estonian mission. In just 23 years, Estonia had gone from being a member of the Soviet Union to a central partner in NATO.

"After 2007," says Kaspar Korjus, the head of Estonia's e-residency programme, "We realised that we had to defend against cyberwarfare. The Centre of Excellence was built here because of our expertise in network defence. Unlike other post-Soviet states, Estonia didn't put the old Communists back



We realised we had to defend against cyber-warfare. NATO's Cyber Defence Centre was built here because of our expertise in network defence

into power when we got independence. We had a young prime minister who made free market reforms and implemented 'Tiger Leap', which put internet into schools, and made students computer-literate and aware of networks. That's why we lead in tech, and created companies like Skype.

Estonia was also a pioneer of the identity card, with its version including a chip and photo. "It was a travelling document but, once the banks and telecomms sector came on-board, you could use it to access state services like tax systems or healthcare," says Korjus. "Now, if you go to hospital in Estonia and get a scan, you can log into our system and see it from home. You don't need to wait around for results, so it saves money, too.

Estonia has now taken this system to its logical conclusion extent with the "e-Residency" programme. "It's the same platform," says Korjus, "So you can access Estonian digital services, like tax systems, but without residency or citizenship. It's

mostly used for company creation because you can set up an EU company in minutes – very useful for the British after Brexit! Because everything is recorded with the digital trace, we are completely transparent, and it discourages bad activities."

The island of Saaremaa sits off the northwest coast of Estonia and can only be reached by ferry. This remoteness has preserved traditional culture, and tourists visit to get a sense of 'Old Estonia.' Some like it so much they choose to move here, creating that rare thing – a rural population that's growing in size.

In the far west of the island, I visited Tarmo Virki, his wife Maarit Pöör, and their daughter Milly. "We moved here from the city," Tarmo said, "I was born on the mainland, but my grandmother's family had been on Saaremaa for at least 400 years."

But it was gin that cemented their move. "I was walking along the coast one night with a local lady," says Maarit. "She took me to some ruins and told me about the old distillery from the 19th century, when Estonia had lots of vodka production. Well, I thought, with all the natural produce here, we could do better than just vodka."

The distillery is a ten-minute walk from Tarmo and Maarit's house. The sun was setting in the west, where Sweden lay 250km over the horizon, and crumbling remains of bunkers in the waterline told the tale of old Cold War defences. This was part of the Soviet Union's border zone, and the KGB



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Minarets pepper the skyline of Tallinn's historic old town, which is split across two levels, the Toompea and the Lower Town. The historic centre has been granted UNESCO World Heritage status

▶ were stationed here, too, to stop spies from landing, and stop dissidents from escaping.

Maarit walked over to a spiky, squat bush, some ten feet tall, and showed me young, green berries and ripe, blue ones. "Its juniper," she says, "These aren't actually berries, but tiny pine cones. It takes them three years to mature." Meanwhile, Tarmo was digging away with a trowel, until he pulled up what looked like a skinny mandrake root. Breaking it open he encouraged me to smell it, and I detected hints of ginger, carrot and celery. "Nordic ginger," Maarit said, "The taste is extremely peppery. And we forage every bit by hand. The climate here is quite rough, so the fruits, berries and plants have much more taste. Every herb and botanical is from near here - the juniper berries and Nordic ginger, but also cowslip flowers, lilac flowers, wild thyme and birch leaves.

Back at their house, I tried a batch of their gin, Lahhentagge. Maarit had experimented with recipes, until a prizewinning gin was produced – now it's delicate flavours have been winning awards across Europe.

Ardon Kaerma of drinks company Ösel Birch grew up on the island and spent every spring tapping birch trees with his grandmother. As the winter snows melt and the sun comes out, the birch trees start to draw water up their roots and through the trunks. By drilling a small hole in the trunk and inserting a tube, the sap can be collected at a rapid rate.

This sap, which is a very light turquoise,



Every weekend we have a sauna and invite our neighbours for a beer. Maybe because we've all seen each other without our clothes on, it helps with an open society

can be drunk straight from the tree. It has a subtle, sweet, piney flavour and its health benefits are lauded for everything from hangovers to stomach upsets. Ösel Birch (whose name comes from the Danish word for Saaremaa) has released a series of flavours, and their success in markets including Germany means it now employs seasonal workers to tap enough birch trees to meet demand.

"I guess capitalism is saving the countryside," said Ardon, and he's not wrong. He has reinvested the money from his birch sap business to rebuild a local mill, and his Airbnb rental is full all summer. People come from as far as the Russian border to enjoy Saaremaa, and the insatiable demand for boutique products is a lifeline for the rural communities that have been here for centuries.

Leedri is a picture postcard Saaremaa village. The town hall lies on the green, where there is a huge pile of logs, drying out ready for the midsummer solstice. "We have a huge party," says Jaanika Tiitson, whose husband is the mayor, "People can just turn up and join in, and the villagers invite their friends from all around, even the mainland. Sometimes there are hundreds of people here. The village is run as a sort of cooperative and the same families have been living here for centuries. We don't have house numbers, we just have the names of the families who live there."

Unusually for Estonia, the houses are close together, with low stone walls and trees separating gardens. "Every weekend we have a sauna, and invite our neighbours for a beer and a chat. Maybe because we've all seen each other without our clothes on, it helps with an open society!"

Jaanika and her family has been making juniper syrups for decades, and have just invested in industrial scale manufacturing facilities, with huge vats and a bottling facility. But in Jaanika's home kitchen, on a wood-fired stove, her mother still experiments with new flavours. Chilli sauce is proving particularly popular.

As I left Leedri, smoke was rising from the chimneys as fires were lit for the evening sauna. This thriving community is a far cry from its equivalents in England, with their shrinking, ageing demographics. Handicrafts still thrive, and people are proud of the village they come from. It's strange to think that the saving grace of tradition and heritage was modern technology. As people in England look for a better quality of life, maybe we can learn from Estonia's countryside innovations.

• For more information about Estonia, go to visitestonia.com





Above: Venture out and explore the food markets; Below: Beautiful bulidings and scenery of Taiwan; Left: The most liveable city in Taiwan



## TAIWAN IN BIOOM

The World Flora Exposition is a blooming triumph for Taichung

rom 3 November this year to 24 April 2019, Taiwan's Taichung plays host to the World Flora Exposition, a remarkable event designed to celebrate all that is beautiful in nature. Once described as "the most liveable city in Taiwan" by CNN, it's hardly surprising that Taichung has been chosen as host, showcasing three sites designed around the expo mantra of "Discover GNP: Green, Nature and People"

A philosophy for living rather than a traditional theme, the World Flora Expo explores how our busy 21st-century lives can be unfulfilled, how to find peace and happiness in the natural world and how to reflect on the intimate relationship between humanity and Mother Nature. Green buildings, renewable energies, local flora, and, more importantly, the preservation of the natural habitat of native Taiwan leopard cats are all highlighted

throughout the show. In keeping with these concepts, the World Flora Exposition is a lowcarbon and sustainable event that truly contributes to the protection of the environment.

There's masses to explore, from live exhibits to nature walks and food markets. The Waipu Expo site acts as an introduction to agriculture and farming, teaching visitors about the processes and work that goes into producing natural foods that we all enjoy, from creation to packaging and distribution. Waipu is blessed with a unique climate ideal for cultivating a variety of fruits and crops, with bountiful 2018 TAICHUNG WORLD FLORA EXPOSITION harvests across all seasons. Fruits

ponkan, honey tangerine, lychee, sand pear, dragon fruit, grapes - and flowers such as dancing-doll orchid, flamingo flower and lily are renowned for their quality and exported all around the world. Drink in the journey of this local produce and more, at the recreational agricultural experience and two permanent exhibition halls: The Nature House and Green Pavilion.

Over in the Houli Horse Ranch & Forest Park Area, guests can marvel at a traditional ranch planted with a blaze of violet and red flowers, all indigenous to the region or explore the maze of cycle paths and pedestrianised walkways that snake through the forest. Designed to emphasise the importance of man and nature acting in harmony with one another, this is a site not to be missed. Inspired by Kyoto's Kamo river

and Seoul's Cheonggyecheon I Fengyuan Huludun Park, a recreational area that encompasses the longest floral gallery in Taiwan alongside crafts, food, sport and cultural activities. A place to celebrate life in all its glory, the park is a feast for the senses that lights up into a glowing paradise by night, transformed by hundreds of lanterns.

O Tickets cost \$350. To buy visit 2018floraexpo.tw/en or purchase locally at ibon or in 7-ELEVEN stores For more information visit https://2018floraexpo.tw

or www.taiwan.net.tw

THE HEART OF ASIA



Pullman Hotels: Designed For Your World

# FOR WORK, FOR PLAY, FOR LIFE

ullman Hotels & Resorts believe a new kind of traveller needs a new kind of hotel. A place right in the heart of the city in the world's most exciting destinations. Where intrepid adventurers, global nomads and seasoned travellers can get to work... and relax and play. Where they can be inspired by a new location, but feel right at home. And where they can stay connected 24/7 to

new ideas, places and people.

With more than 120 properties worldwide including Hong Kong, Shanghai, Paris and Berlin, Pullman put their guests where they need to be, allowing them to be at their very best in business and at leisure. In the UK, that means hotels in unrivalled locations in both London and Liverpool; cool, cosmopolitan 24/7 cities where every moment offers an opportunity.

Pullman Liverpool presides over the Kings Dock on Liverpool's world famous waterfront, just a five minute walk from the vibrant Albert Dock. Close to all major transport links and cultural attractions, it is connected to both the ACC Liverpool and the Exhibition Centre.

Deluxe rooms at Pullman Liverpool include a Nespresso machine for the perfect wake-up call, a Bose docking station and an in-room iPad, and every bedroom features Sky and BT Sports. Complimentary movies on demand and free, high-speed 5G Wi-Fi is available from their spacious up-to-date





Clockwise from top: Catch up in the stylish lobby in Pullman Liverpool; enjoy a glass of wine in the atmospheric bar at Pullman London St Pancras; relax in the signature Pullman bed



gym to the flexible meeting rooms because Pullman Hotels know staying connected is a way of life.

A healthy, balanced Active Breakfast by Pullman can merge seamlessly into a power lunch over modern seafood classics, and an early evening cocktail with colleagues can become a dinner for two of lobster macaroni and chateaubriand. Rare vintages and fine wines can be sampled by the glass with its innovative wine dispenser, Vinoteca By Pullman, so guests can sit back and enjoy those moments when work stops and leisure begins.

In Pullman London St. Pancras, that means putting busy travellers within easy reach of wherever they need to be in the capital. Moments from the international train station at St. Pancras and the national train station at Euston, guests can access meetings in Canary Wharf as easily as a shopping trip on Oxford Street or a culture fix at the British Museum to make the most of every minute.

Pullman London St Pancras is far more than a place to eat and sleep. Boasting

spectacular views over London, it's a place to feel connected to the world's most exciting capital city, but also to relax while staying switched-on. Guests are stimulated during downtime, but inspired during working hours and never need to define where one ends and the other starts.

The boundaries blur from the moment guests enter the hotel. Art from local artists, photographers and designers creates a welcome with a difference courtesy of Artist Playground by Pullman. The Pullman lobby is not simply a place to check in, it's a destination to network and socialise, to meet and think. An award-winning all-day restaurant serves the food guests want to eat, when they want to eat it. The stylish but relaxed bar boasts extensive gin, wine and whiskey menus, but for those who want to explore, Pullman staff are on hand all day to share local information, insider secrets and recommendations. Quirky office spaces are available and ready to use whenever is required, all with fast, free and secure Wi-Fi because being out of the office doesn't have to mean being out of touch.

For clued-in travellers and global nomads, Pullman understands that productivity is everything, but that wellbeing is just as vital. One doesn't happen without the other, so Pullman takes guests' health as seriously as they do. Both their UK hotels offer nourishing wellness choices at breakfast including dairy, sugar and gluten free selections, and delicious balanced options all day in their restaurants. Thoughtful touches to maximise comfort and recovery in every bedroom including a signature Pullman bed, blackout curtains and memory foam pillows and a spacious 24/7 Fitness Lounge featuring the latest cardio and resistance machines. A great day can get even better. It's the Pullman promise.

• For more information visit pullmanhotels.com



## NO, MISTER BOND, I EXPECT YOU TO SKI

High atop the Austrian Alps is a shrine to everyone's favourite and fictional spy. On a mission to infiltrate the world's first permanent James Bond museum. **SIMON THOMSON** is in double-oh-heaven

fter Ian Fleming left Sandhurst with only a case of gonorrhoea to show for it, his mother hoped to find him a position in the Foreign Office. So she arranged for him to attend a language school, run by a former British spy, at Kitzbühel in the Tyrolean Alps. While there Fleming was able to indulge a passion for skiing which he passed on to his most famous literary creation. The films – particularly those of Roger Moore – made skiing an essential part

of the Bond franchise, and it's thought that one of the real-world inspirations for Bond may have been Conrad O'Brien-ffrench, another spy that Fleming met on a subsequent Austrian ski trip. Given these origins, a peak overlooking a Tyrolean ski resort is an appropriate place for the world's first permanent James Bond exhibition.

From the teeming Zócalo of Mexico City, to the Colosseum in Rome, and the back streets of Tangier; 2015's Spectre – like all the Bond films before it – is a luxury travelogue. But of all the locations in this





#### BOND'S HISTORY ON THE SLOPES

#### ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE

George Lazenby's Bond made a daring downhill escape from Blofeld's mountaintop lair, much of it on a single ski. As with the Hoffler Klinik in Spectre, the real-world location here was a restaurant, Piz Gloria, on the Schilthorn in the Bernese Oberland of Switzerland.

#### THE SPY WHO LOVED ME

One of the franchise's most memorable opening scenes sees Roger Moore's Bond, clad in a glorious yellow ski-suit, getting chased over a cliff in the Austrian Alps (although the stunt, performed by Rick Sylvester, was filmed on Baffin Island, in Canada). The audience is held in suspense until a Union Jack parachute blossoms from Bond's backpack, a gesture to celebrate the Queen's Silver Jubilee, in 1977.

#### FOR YOUR EYES ONLY

The chase begins with Bond on a ski jump and culminates with him being pursued by motorcycles down the bobsleigh track of Cortina d'Ampezzo, in Italy. Bond gets away when East German biathlete Eric Kriegler crashes through a barn (as Bond himself would later do, during the plane crash in Spectre). A 23-year-old stuntman, Paolo Rigon, was crushed to death under a bobsled during the filming of this chase.

#### A VIEW TO A KILL

This featured a better-camouflaged Roger
Moore evading Soviet troops, some of
whom were mounted on snowmobiles.
When the snowmobile he has
commandeered is blown up, Bond picks
up a skid and uses it as a snowboard –
before it was cool.

#### THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS

Bond (now played by Timothy Dalton) is once again being pursued by the Soviets; first in a car, then on a toboggan improvised from a cello case, on which he slides safely from Czechoslovakia into Austria.

#### THE WORLD IS NOT ENOUGH

Pierce Brosnan's Bond is heliskiing in the Caucasus with Sophie Marceau's Elektra King when they are attacked by grenadelobbing henchmen in hybrid paragliderskidoos. The sequence was actually shot near Chamonix, in France; filming was delayed by an avalanche and the crew helped with the rescue.

#### **DIE ANOTHER DAY**

There wasn't any skiing in Die Another Day, although it overcompensated with a duel outside an ice palace, on a frozen lake, between two heavily armed sports cars – one of which was invisible.

#### **SPECTRE**

The latest ski adventure took place on the Austrian slopes of Sölden.







#### Where to stay

Das Central Hotel, Sölden, Austria has double rooms available from €153 per person per night (summer) and from €200 per person per night (winter), based on two people sharing on a half board basis. Innsbruck airport is a 1hr 30min transfer. Munich airport is a 3hr 30min transfer. For further information and bookings, please visit central-soelden.com

Main: An exploded plane at the exhibition pays homage to a recent downhill chase; Top right: Sir Roger Moore in For Your Eyes Only; Bottom right: An exhibition room serving Bond-villain realness

▶ most recent instalment, none is as exhilarating the Austrian Alps. Whether it is Mr White's lakeside bolthole in Altaussee, the chocolate box village of Obertilliach, or the Spartan modernist architecture of the mountaintop Hoffler Klinik, Austria's precipitous snowclad paradise is the peak of travel-porn. And it was here, above the resort town of Sölden, that Naomie Harris − the current incarnation of Miss Moneypenny − opened 007 Elements.

The exhibition evolved organically from the filming of Spectre – the movie's scouts had identified the Ice Q restaurant as a location for the Hoffler Klinik. Sitting just below the summit of the 3,056m Gaislachkogl, it's a unique high-dining experience with an angular glass design perfectly suited to the Bond aesthetic. To accommodate filming, the entire mountain – one of Europe's top ski destinations – was closed to the public for weeks in the middle of winter so that it could be used in a thrilling chase.

From the balcony of the Ice Q restaurant, the Elements building is visible only as pale concrete projection, built flush with the ridge. Designed by the same architect, Johann Obermoser, most of the structure was carved into the mountaintop, and is stabilised at 1°C so as not to affect the

permafrost. The utilitarian concrete floors are a concession to visitors in ski boots.

The most obvious influence on the building is the legendary production designer Sir Ken Adam, who worked on seven Bond films in the 60s and 70s, as well as the video game sequel Golden Eye: Rogue Agent, and – that other essential Ian Fleming property – Chitty Chitty Bang Bang. He lived to 95, was one of only three German-born pilots in the RAF during the Second World War, and won Oscars for Barry Lyndon and The Madness of King George. But the visual language he established with sets including the interior of Fort Knox in Goldfinger, and the



This grandiose real-world location is filled with tonne upon tonne of poured concrete, as if indulging the whims of a real-life Bond villain

enormous volcano base in You Only Live Twice, cemented a design aesthetic that would inform all subsequent instalments of the franchise

His most iconic "Bond set" was not even in a Bond movie; it was the war room in Stanley Kubrick's Doctor Strangelove, and the same simple dialogue between closed curves and straight lines is repeated as you move through Elements' structure.

"To me, designing the villains' bases was a combination of tongue-in-cheek and showing the power of these megalomaniacs," he wrote in 2002. The most successful and exciting part of the Elements experience is how well the building has captured Adam's vision, filling this grandiose real-world location with tonne upon tonne of poured concrete, as if indulging the whims of a real-life Bond villain.

Since his early days on the slopes, Bond has taken on an almost messianic status in British culture, and a devoted international following has made it (depending on how you demarcate such things) the fourth highest grossing film series of all time, behind only Star Wars, Harry Potter, and the Marvel Cinematic Universe. Now fans can take a pilgrimage to this snowy Bond Mecca to pay homage to this most distinctive and adaptable of characters.



# THE SKY'S THE LIMIT FOR AIRLINE FOOD

You no longer have to settle for unidentifiable beige sludge, especially if you've splashed some air miles on an upgrade

nyone who travels often for work should be able to spend some air miles on an upgrade a couple of times a year. When you do, it's something to really savour, and that includes the meal. While at the back of the plane the trolley can be a source of dread, up front it's a different story. I've learned the hard way not to fill up in the lounge before take-off, and to set my alarm in time for the in-air dinner service. Forget jetlag, I want champagne, the little amuse bouche of salmon and caviar tartare, the roast lobster, the pan-seared veal ribs, the chef's salad, the cheese plate and the tarte tatin. Then there's afternoon tea, the hot snack menu, the wine list...

Expressing my love of business-class dining gets me little sympathy, but I've sat through more than my fair share of miserable economy flights, hunched over a tray of indistinguishable beige sludge, knowing that it's the only thing I'll be eating for the next six hours. When in a generous frame of mind, I try to remind myself that airlines are under no legal obligation to provide food for flyers. And they are,

after all, trying to cater for hundreds of people from a "kitchen" only a few square metres, with no way of frying, boiling or grilling.

But then I start getting riled up again because, in one way or another, I have paid for it through the price of my ticket, and is it really all

that difficult to make a

vaguely edible vegetable wrap?

Things are – tentatively – getting better. Some airlines have turned to catering partners for their shorthaul flights; BA is working with M&S, which can be relied upon to deliver a tasty sandwich.

And other airlines have been innovating in food prep at both ends of the plane, recognising that, in an ever-competitive market, a successful menu can win more customers.

If you're travelling on Air France's new millennial-focused carrier Joon, for example, any passenger can preorder a fine-dining meal for £28 or less. In business class, aperitifs have been designed by the Experimental Cocktail Club, and main courses are conceived by Michelin-star chefs.

Meanwhile, premium airlines such as Qatar Airways have been tapping into on-the-ground trends, unveiling region-specific signature dishes such as porcini and truffle risotto on flights out of Italy, and employing a new seasonal, "farm-to-table" approach when it comes to provenance. Airlines are also serving health-

ier fare such as "warm breakfast oatmeal with woodland berries" and cold-pressed juices. But don't worry, you can still get caviar and Balik-style salmon in first class, served on a "bespoke crystal plate" no less.

• Scarlet Winterberg is a seasoned business traveller. There is nothing she likes more than

sipping champagne while staring at clouds through an aeroplane window.

## BARBADOS: THE JEWEL OF THE CARIBBEAN

Where the holiday of a lifetime awaits

ne of the most luxurious destinations in the Caribbean, Barbados really does have it all. With vivid turquoise water and powder-soft sand, its spectacular beaches are renowned as some of the best in the world, but the island also offers a seductive mix of thrilling watersports, fascinating cultural attractions, fine dining and adventures on land. Modern yet steeped in tradition, Barbados blends indulgence with a simpler way of life, a taste of the exotic with quirky English customs. It's a place to do as much – or as little – as you want. A place to explore, relax and enjoy.

With just a five hour time difference between the UK and Barbados, there's no need to waste a moment in paradise once you're there either. Easy direct flights between London and Barbados take around eight hours meaning more time on the beach and none wasted waiting for connecting flights. It's the trip of a lifetime, without the journey from hell.

Renowned as one of the friendliest places on earth, you're guaranteed the warmest of welcomes from the Barbadian people when you arrive. Fiercely proud of their beautiful island, they're always keen to show it off, share advice on the best places to go and make sure you

know exactly where to find the finest rum cocktail. With near-certain year round sunshine, a constant salubrious breeze and an easy-going pace of life that proves impossible to resist, it's no surprise everyone in Barbados seems to smile all the time.

Once you've sampled the mouth-watering Barbadian cuisine, you'll understand why. From the freshest seafood imaginable to outstanding gastronomic experiences, Barbados boasts some of the finest cuisine in the Caribbean, with 2018 declared its Year of Culinary Experiences. It was the first and remains the only island to be Zagat rated and is widely considered to be the culinary capital of the Caribbean, with over 100 restaurants on offer including elegant 5 star establishments and laid-back beachside cafes. All offer their delicious take on distinctive Bajan cooking, a unique mix of American, European and Asian influences which reflects the island's rich culture and heritage. Fresh seafood is the star of every menu, with local delicacies including swordfish, tuna, lobster and shrimp. Other favourites include the spicy Pepperpot stew, a moreish mix of guinea corn and green peas known as Jug-Jug and the island's national dish of flying fish and cou-cou (made with cornmeal and okra) which must be tried at least once by every visitor for a truly authentic taste of the Caribbean.







Above: Take part and party Bajan style; Below: Venture beneath the earth in Harrison's cave Right: Explore the beautiful scenery by horse back





▶ Touring some of the island's best-loved culinary destinations on a Tropical Foodie Adventure is certainly the perfect introduction to Barbados, taking in sophisticated waterside restaurants, worldclass hotel dining rooms and even bijou cafes tucked away in shaded shopping malls. Whether you prefer a banquet of fresh seafood with the locals at the famous Oistins Fish Fry or a romantic meal for two on a deserted beach under the stars, Barbados offers every possibility to tempt your tastebuds, with unforgettable food served island-wide 24 hours a day. It's as easy to drop by a beachfront rum shop like Bombas, Bo's Plaice or JuJus in just a swimsuit and bare feet as it is to book the meal of a lifetime in a breathtakingly beautiful clifftop restaurant such as The Cliff, Cin Cin or The Animal Flower Cave Restaurant. You can even indulge at one of the island's many outdoor pop-up eateries for a spontaneous treat – just copy the locals and head to the one with the longest queue to find the chef worth waiting for.

Whatever you choose to eat, the best accompaniment is always a refreshing cocktail using the island's indigenous rum

and prepared by one of Barbados' many world-class mixologists. These showcase their finest creations every year at the legendary Barbados Food and Rum Festival, a series of food and drink experiences to treat the tastebuds. Now in its ninth year, the 2018 festival will be held between October 18 and 21 and includes a colourful festival opening on Thursday with the Oistins Bay Gardens Cook Off, the Signature Rum Event with food and rum pairings on Friday and Polo Rum Spirits on Saturday afternoon. Fine dining events will be held on Saturday evening, matching international chefs with top local chefs, while Sunday brings the festival to an end with a vibrant beach party at the Hilton Resort Barbados and a final fine dining dinner at a signature local restaurant. It's a gourmet lover's dream and the ideal way to sample a flavour of the island's party-loving

Luckily, Oistins on the South Coast remains the ultimate destination for discerning locals and visiting foodies yearround. Once the island's major seaport, it's also the spot where Royalist Barbadians grudgingly pledged their allegiance to Oliver Cromwell and his government in 1652. These days, it is still the principal fishing port in Barbados and the location of a major fish festival, making it a must-visit for seafood lovers wanting a meal to remember. Weekends are the best time to go to mingle with Barbadians and enjoy music performances, craft stalls and grilled and fried fish fresh from the sea at Oistins' fish market

Another attraction not to be missed is the fascinating Harrison's Cave, a unique crystallised limestone cave at the heart of Barbados and one of the island's greatest wonders. Boasting flowing streams, deep pools of crystal clear water and towering columns, visitors can venture deep beneath the earth's surface to explore the living cave with a guide and travel by tram to the entrance used by early explorers, who repeatedly attempted to enter the caves during the 18th and 19th centuries. The caves were finally conquered in the 1970s and have been open to the public since 1981, now offering more than two kilometres of cave system that have become one of Barbados' most popular places to visit.





**Above:** Barbados offers a mix of thrilling water sports; **Below:** Enjoy the mouth-watering Barbadian cuisine



Just nearby is the equally tranquil Welchman Hall gully, still geologically connected to Harrison's Cave and formed by the collapsed roof of caves. A tropical hideaway that reveals Barbados exactly as it was 300 years ago, it's home to wild monkeys, exotic plants and a towering rainforest. With a cafe, free guided tours and a new children's adventure park, it's a blissfully peaceful spot to get back to nature, cool off in the shade of the forest and take in the jaw-dropping views of the east coast.

To enjoy even more of Barbados' natural beauty, join an action-packed island safari tour. Whether you choose an excursion on sea or even a rum safari to meet the drink's producers and sample some of their finest vintages, this is the best way to see the real Barbados away from the tourist hotspots. Try the 4x4 jeep safari to see as much as possible, travelling off-road in the eastern and northeastern parts of the island and discovering the most idyllic corners of Barbados, exploring forests, gullies and secluded bays and glimpsing the most dramatic views of the coastline. From January 2019, visitors will also be able to soak up the sights from the

historical St Nicholas Abbey Heritage Railway on its line from the Abbey up the picturesque Cherry Tree Hill, following a million-dollar restoration of the German locomotive.

Of course, no visit to Barbados would be complete without taking to the water. Take an easy dip from the beach to enjoy the warm, crystal-clear sea or visit in early November to join hundreds of swimmers from all over the world taking part in the Barbados Open Water Festival in Carlisle Bay. Formerly a bustling seaport where Lord Nelson once docked and now a protected Marine Park, the magnificent Bay offers ideal open water swimming conditions and is now in the heart of a designated UNESCO World Heritage Site. It's also the location of the acclaimed Run Barbados Marathon in early December, comprising one of the oldest 10k races in the Caribbean.

For those who prefer to take things a little easier, a catamaran cruise offers the chance to discover the Caribbean Sea in true luxury, swim with endangered sea turtles, snorkel with tropical fish and of course enjoy a well-deserved glass of rum punch on board in the sun afterwards. To get even closer to the

island's exotic under-water kingdom, try the award-winning Atlantis submarine tour where a real air-conditioned submarine transports you on a fascinating undersea voyage to depths of 150 feet to marvel at shipwrecks, colourful coral formations and the serene sea floor itself.

Finally, spoil yourself before heading home by enjoying the sea in the most glamorous way of all at Nikki Beach Barbados. Set on 1.4 acres of exquisite beachfront, the island's first beach club features a stylish restaurant, over-sized luxury pool beds, resident DJs, inhouse musicians and a swim-up octagon bar to watch the sunset with one of the club's trademark Mojitos.

An intoxicating blend of luxury and adventure, Barbados is where the holiday of your dreams becomes the place you never want to leave.

To find out more visit www.visitbarbados.org



## NORTE GRANDE

**SIMON THOMSON** travels to the far north of Chile for stunning vistas, free-range llamas, alpine flamingos, altitude sickness, minor drug abuse, and the world's oldest manmade mummies



#### **SANTIAGO**

Flying over – or rather, between – the Andes into Santiago is somewhat unnerving, but the city itself is a delight. There are wide boulevards, green parks, and beautiful Belle Epoque buildings. The markets are full of fresh vibrant produce, the museums are full of fascinating historical artefacts, and having visited several Latin American mega-cities, this was easily the least crowded and least frenetic. Santiago has a louche, Mediterranean air, some excessively topped hotdogs, and some profoundly satisfying ice cream parlours. I would have loved to stay longer, but the following day I was back on a plane for the two-and-a-half-hour flight to the Norte Grande, Chile's Great North.

#### ARICA

The northernmost city in Chile, and the regional capital, Arica is further from Santiago than London is from Budapest, and more than 300km from the next most northerly city. But it is less than 20km from the border with Peru, from which it was captured during the War of the Pacific, in 1880, and with which it still shares strong cultural ties. Arica has cloudless skies, powdery soil, year-round temperatures in the comfortable mid-20 degrees, and a lower annual rainfall than pretty much any other significant urban centre on earth.

Isolated even within its own country, there will not be many international travellers who have visited the Norte Grande, and we all know the kudos that comes with visiting somewhere new and interesting; it's the competitive middle-class travelling equivalent of that "really obscure band that you wouldn't have heard of." The only obvious foreigners you are likely to encounter are groups of half-a-dozen or so khaki-clad American seniors, there on birdwatching tours.

Away from its busy port, the town centre is bright and peaceful, with three Gustav Eiffel-designed buildings, shipped flat-pack from his workshop in France in the late 19th century. People and dogs alike lounge in the sun, and where London has pigeons, Arica has large, black, turkey vultures, which swarm around the Morro, a rocky

promontory that stands over the city, and hosts a military museum and a flagpole flying the country's second largest flag.

The city is a popular destination for surfers, attracted by its famous El Gringo wave, and I glamped at the Hotel Apacheta – a triumph of modernist architecture in plywood and driftwood – located directly on the beach.

A 15-minute drive south of the city, stretching along the coast in an area packed with pelicans and other seabirds, are the Anzota caves. These were inhabited millennia ago by early human settlers, who left cave paintings, and much later by Chinese slave labour, when it became an important site for the mining of guano; the accreted bird crap that was the major source of agricultural nitrogen and phosphate prior to the development of artificial fertilizers. Fascinating in its own right, Anzota is currently being developed with stairs, cycle paths and natural climbing walls; just part of a broader initiative to rebrand Arica as a "sports city".

Arica has a lively municipal theatre, with a programme that provides funds to the inhabitants of surrounding villages, each of which has its own distinct traditions, to put on cultural performances. I attended on a night when the people of Socoroma enacted a series of songs and dances inspired by their annual cycle of festivals.

#### MUMMIFS

The local experts from Vicuna Tours have more than 20 years' experience and contacts with local guides who will tailor tours to visitors' specific interests, and what I wanted to see was mummies. Almost 300 mummies have been found in the area surrounding modern-day Arica. The arid environment, and nitraterich sands provide ideal conditions for the creation of mummies, and the oldest yet found, the so-called Acha Man, is more than 9,000 years old. Almost a third of Arica's mummies desiccated naturally in the desert, but the Chinchorro, a preceramic culture that thrived in the region from around 7,000 to 1,500 BC, took active steps to ensure that remains were preserved, and in so doing they created the world's









About 15km outside of Arica is the Museo Arqueologico San Miguel de Azapa, a research institute displaying tools from the Chinchorro culture as well as dozens of mummies. It evidences an evolution in mummification techniques, with the earliest deliberately created "black mummies" dating from about 7,000 to 5,000 years ago. Bodies were butchered, their heads, limbs, and flesh removed with stone tools, and the bones were then treated with hot ashes, before being reassembled and padded-out with grass, soil and other materials.

An ash paste was used to fill in gaps and reconstruct facial features, then the mummy would be finished with a coat of black manganese paint, the facial skin would be reattached, and it would be topped with a wig made from human hair. "Red mummies" made between 4,500 and 4,000 years ago, used similar techniques, although rather than removing limbs, incisions were made in the bodies to remove internal organs, heads were still separated from the bodies in order to extract the brains.

The bodies were packed with various materials and straightened out with sticks. They were stitched back together with string made from reeds, given longer wigs, and painted with red ochre. Finally, from about 5,000 to about 2,700 years ago, the "clay coat mummies" emerged and came to predominate. Bodies were no-longer

dismembered, and organs remained in place. Instead they were in effect coated with "concrete", produced by mixing clay, sand, gypsum and glues made from eggs or fish.

The museum presents the mummies in a way which is informative, but inescapably gruesome. The mummified children – some of which were initially assumed to be clay dolls – are unsettling, but it is a room out the back where visitors can peer through a window into a dimly lit lab that is most distinctly uncomfortable.

The sight of mummies laid out on rows of stainless steel cadaver tables like murder victims in a modern cop show is a jolting reminder that the objects that you have been viewing with detached fascination as historical artefacts, or more fancifully as the undead of horror fiction, were indeed once real people.

#### THE ROAD TO PUTRE

Socoroma, an Aymaran village in the altiplano is famous for its ancient church (recently refurbished) and its oregano, and it was once an important site for food production under the Incan empire. The abandoned terraces on the surrounding hills bear silent witness to the shocking extent of population decline in the intervening centuries.

I visited it on my way to Putre, having observed a series of geoglyphs that filled whole hillsides (crude pictures of llama trains carrying goods between the coast and the Andes), and a truck stop selling some of the best comfort food in the world; hearty Andean soups, full of meat, potatoes and corn on the cob.

The presence of so many layers of history, observable side-by-side was humbling, and like the increasingly extreme landscape, it encourages contemplation. Travelling inland from Arica to Putre, you go along the Bolivian highway (punctuated by all too many shrines to the people who failed to negotiate its twists and turns), up through the parched expanse of the Atacama Desert, and into the altiplano; the high plane. The road is the main land-route from the coast to landlocked Bolivia, and so most of the other vehicles are large trucks, ferrying goods and materials back and forth to the port in Arica.

#### **PUTRE**

Going from sea-level to 3,500m in a couple of hours has an impressive effect. I felt a little drunk all the time, breathless too, and I developed the loping gait of a 1930s cartoon character. Purchasing a bag of coca leaves from a woman in the village square, I chewed the bitter foliage and it seemed to counteract the worst effects of low oxygen and low pressure.

The following morning, I had a good demonstration of what the altitude must have been doing to my insides, when I opened a tube of sunscreen – sealed at sealevel – and an arc of white liquid spurted, copiously, over the bathroom mirror.







Main: Laguna Tebenquiche at dusk; Top right: Peasants of Putre community play the panpipe during the dance 'Chito Putre' of Chileg; Bottom right: A yawning vizcacha

Established in 1580, Putre is a lovely town, where hummingbirds hover insistently, and life moves at a different pace.

With an historic church, children playing in the streets, and a statue of a man with a dog and a donkey – one of the most joyfully silly pieces of public art I have ever seen – it is a popular destination for visitors wanting to acclimate before climbing the nearby mountains, and it has restaurants, including the excellent Canta-Verdi, stores, and small hotels, specifically catering to tourists.

The effective gateway to Bolivia, Putre is also a garrison town, but the groups of young men in military fatigues are unfailingly friendly.

#### **LAUCA BIOSPHERE RESERVE**

Within an hour or two of Putre are the Vicunas National Reserve, the Surire Salt Flats, and Lauca National Park, three neighbouring conservation areas that collectively make up the Lauca Biosphere Reserve. I was collected early in the morning by Justino, a guide based in Putre, and driven in his 4x4 van, up through the Vicunas National Reserve, to the Surire Salt Flats. A vast plateau at around 4,200m, surrounded by mountains and volcanoes that stretch up over 6,000m, the Vicunas National Reserve is a scrubby moonscape, covered with tufty grasses, prickly bushes, and yareta, a bright green flowering plant that sprawls over rocks like giant moss.

Alien life is everywhere. There are



I actually ate an alpaca that evening, back in Putre. It was a lean, tasty meat, and I enjoyed it with a glass of local red. I felt pretty guilty

vicunas, obviously; svelte beige camelids, that stand aloof in elegant herds alongside their shaggier domesticated cousins, the sturdy llamas, and endearingly goofy alpacas. I actually ate an alpaca that evening, back in Putre. It was a lean, tasty meat – two-parts beef, one-part mutton – slow cooked with tomato and garlic and served with a quinoa risotto, and a glass of the local red; I felt pretty guilty.

Other fantastical creatures included vizcachas, a rabbit-kangaroo hybrid, related to the chinchilla; emu-like rheas, which operate a nursery system, so at one point I saw a single adult running down the road with almost 20 chicks in tow; and the awe-inspiring Andean condors. The world's largest raptors, these bald-headed, white-ruffed vultures have wingspans of more than 10 feet, and feature on the

Chilean coat of arms.

When we reached the salt flat we stopped for a boxed lunch, and I agreed that Justino would drive ahead, and I would walk around the edge of the dry lakebed to meet him. At that altitude, under the blazing midday sun, and perhaps with fumes from the lake (one end of which is mined for borax), I was soon stumbling and disorientated, but chewing fistfuls of coca leaf I eventually made it to the rendezvous point, where I marveled at the hundreds of flamingos out feeding on the salt flat. There were three different varieties, of which the James's flamingo, with its bright flash of pink was probably the most charming. Being that spaced-out and suddenly surrounded by flamingos, it felt as if I'd stumbled into a Dali painting. Visitors can bathe in a natural hot spring on the edge of the lake bed, which could only heighten the sense of unreality.

The next day I ventured into Lauca National Park, up to 4,600m to see Chungara, the highest lake in Chile, which is towered over by the dormant Parinacota volcano. It's unreasonably picturesque, and almost entirely devoid of people.

Later I stopped at the tiny Aymaran village of Parinacota, the improbably beautiful setting for a 17th century church and a market selling locally produced handicrafts, where I purchased a snug and ugly, brown, alpaca wool hat.

o For more information or to plan your trip to Chile go to chile.travel/en ■

#### **OFFICE SPACE**

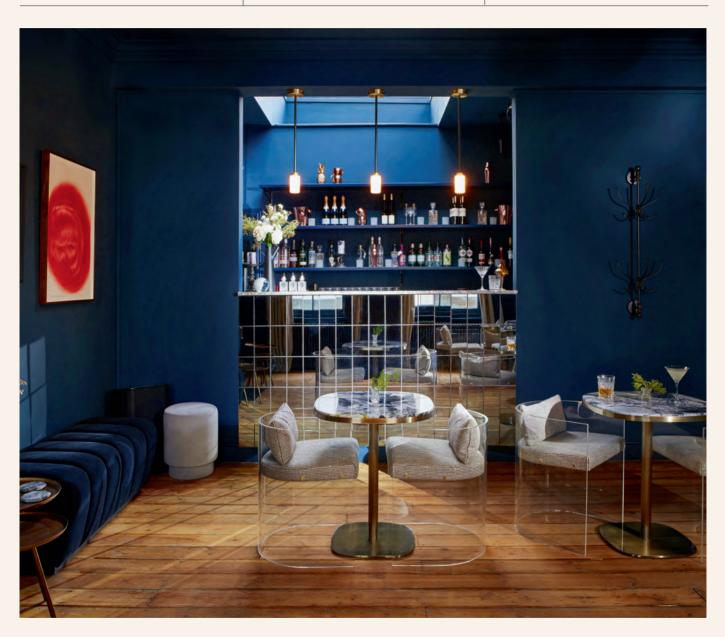
Behind the scenes at Tom Dixon's London headquarters - P84

#### **EMBASSY NO. 1**

A sneak peek inside the controversial new US Embassy - P90

#### **MY HOUSE**

Jools Holland takes us on a tour of his train station inspired studio - P94



#### THE ALLBRIGHT RATHBONE PLACE, BLOOMSBURY

Women-only members clubs have already taken New York and Los Angeles by storm now it's London's turn. The AllBright claims to be the very first of its kind to join the capital's members' club revival, creating a network for women to develop skills, connections and confidence.
The versatile club has private meeting

rooms, regular networking events, spa treatments, a gym, prosecco bar and

breakout spaces to work, making it a challenging space to design. The AllBright chose No. 12, a female-led, east Londonbased design and architecture practice set up by Katie Earl and Emma Rayner in 2015. "It's deeply rewarding designing a space in which people feel empowered, inspired and comfortable," says Earl.

The location was chosen deliberately to evoke the spirit of the Bloomsbury set, with each floor of the Georgian terrace named after a different member and the meeting

rooms named after Virginia Woolf's novels. After restoring period details, No. 12 designed the entire building with women in mind, from extra coat hooks on the back of bathroom doors, to a choice of rain head or hand showers depending on whether the member is washing their hair, to hand cream in every bathroom.

"We deliberately didn't include any pink, as we felt this is such an obvious and outdated presumption of women's tastes," adds Rayner. It will open in early 2019.





















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A new brand based in Hampshire, &Bespoke aims to bring an innovative, collaborative approach to furniture design, creating limited collections alongside a range of craftsmen and producers. This classic, Scandinavian-style seat, available in two colours, is indicative of the modern, chic style of the nascent company. "Simplicity is key," says co-founder Steven Owens. "I love using beautiful timbers, pared back and displayed in their most natural form possible, complete with knots and defects. That's what it is – it's not a highly polished perfect thing. I always try to be honest in the design process." These pieces would improve even the chicest of apartments.

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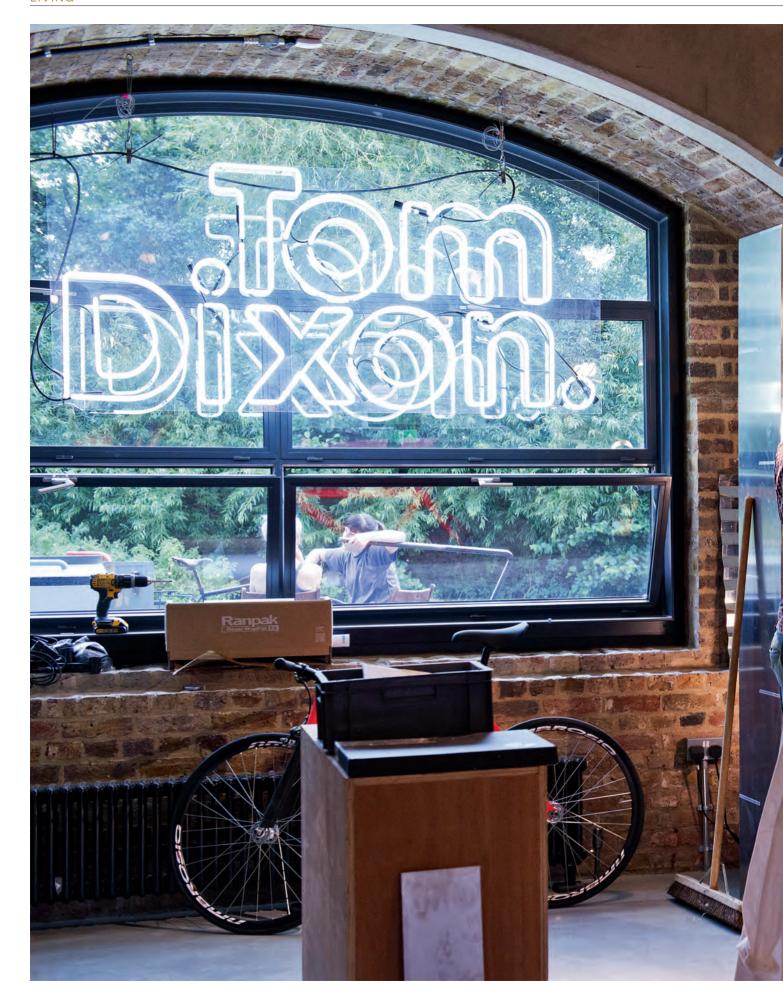




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### OFFICE SPACE

We visit designer Tom Dixon's new HQ in a rapidly changing King's Cross. By **MELISSA YORK**; Photos by **GREG SIGSTON** 

or some companies, an office is simply a place for their employees to sit, or a meeting space for clients. For Tom Dixon, it's a showroom, a business hub, a hip hangout, a restaurant, an arts and crafts school and a community outreach facility. There are also employees, of course, sitting behind desks and computers, but that's the least interesting part.

The London-born but now global interior design studio switched its canal-side office at Portobello Dock in Ladbroke Grove for a canal-side office at Coal Drop's Yard in King's Cross. The new retail destination officially opens next month as part of the extensive regeneration of the area that will see Samsung, Google and Facebook join Central St Martin's College of Art and Design in N1.

"For us, it was imperative not just to find a new office or shop. It was vital to find a new home. London isn't just another city. It is where it all started," Tom Dixon said when the move was announced a year ago.

The building he chose is a 17,500sqft heritage gem. Constructed in 1851, The Coal Office is a perfectly preserved piece of Victorian industrial architecture that follows the curve of the Regent's Canal. From here, merchants would trade coal and fish and load up barges with goods. During the 1990s, it was a club, providing the backdrop to many hazy garage nights. "We get a lot of people come into the shop and say 'Whoa, I used to come here all the time'!" says Ian Slover, studio managing director, who worked as a design consultant in London and New York before joining Tom Dixon.

Needless to say, he's very much looking forward to the increased footfall to Coal Drop's Yard when it opens on 26 October. For now, they have to rely on a canalside placard and directions painted on the windows in Tipp-Ex to get the punters in. Dixon did them himself, apparently, including the 'Tom Dixon OFFICE'

▶ legend scrawled onto the front door. Once inside, Dixon's signature hexagonal light installations hang from the high ceilings so typical of these now-trendy warehouses. Where possible, furniture from the Dixon range is used. In fact, everything in the presentation room adjacent to the reception is Dixon's apart from the coffee machine and taps.

The ground floor is the public-facing part of the operation, inviting people in with aromas of coffee – and curry, on the day I visited. The Coal Office is also the name of the restaurant that opened this month on the ground floor, the latest venture from Asaf Granit, the chef behind the wildy popular Palomar and The Barbary. In keeping with the ethos of openness, high energy tunes pump through the space while chefs prep in an open kitchen. There's also a bar, a pizza oven, bakery and two private dining rooms spread over three floors and a rooftop terace with panoramic views over the new retail quarter. Dixon likes to do most of his meetings over coffee, lunch or dinner, so having a happening dining spot in his HQ simply saves time. The last office had one, too.

"The restaurant has some chairs that haven't launched yet from a new line out next year," says Slover. "Tom really likes to test things so the restaurant, for us, is a place to try things out."

Marble slabs, off-cuts from Italy, form jagged countertops while brick, steel and ash-coloured surfaces dominate (inspired by a fire on the site in the 1970s), which



Dixon likes to do most of his meetings over coffee, lunch or dinner, so having a happening dining spot in his offices simply saves time







**Above:** The Coal Office building from the outside; **Left:** Design spaces on the upper floors

fits perfectly with Dixon's 'rough around the edges' aesthetic.

Many of the architectural features weren't actually chosen by Dixon but by Jamie Oliver, who was going to take the spot before Dixon signed up. DRS Architects and David Morley Architects restored the rest, with Dixon handling interiors himself.

Stomp up the concrete steps, and a series of design studios lay themselves out, with hot-desking stations on the upper floors, organised by department. Most staffers arrive at 9am and leave by 6pm, though "Tom is the first one to arrive and the last to leave," says Slover.

Dogs are encouraged – one eyes up a sheepskin-covered armchair – and the finance department have an ice-cream rota on the whiteboard (no brands are off-limits, but everyone has to take it in turns to buy tubs for the team). Fortnightly 'town hall' meetings take place in one of two large meeting rooms, but departments swap ideas on Facebook-owned digital platform







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<sup>1</sup> Plans are currently in place for residents' gym.
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**Above:** Concrete off-cuts; **Right:** The Coal Office's restaurant; **Below:** Tom Dixon staff use the main staircase, complemented by Tom Dixon lighting







## Dogs are actively encouraged and the finance department have an ice-cream rota on the whiteboard

▶ Workplace the rest of the time. Professionals weave their way around paintings and inspirational tidbits stacked haphazardly against walls. "The funny thing is, Tom would find all these paintings in boot sales, just things he liked, so we were using them in the retail spaces and people were, like, buying them. So now Tom's constantly having to find more paintings for the shops," says Slover.

Another pet passion of Dixon's can be found in a dark corner in the basement where a single workbench is surrounded by off-cuts and works in progress. "Tom's a bit disillusioned because it's really hard to make things in central London now because of the cost. All of our manufacturing has ended up in Eastern Europe and India, but Tom has this dream of making things in central London again. He wanted this workshop to be much bigger, but we ended up doing The Factory instead."

That community project lives on the ground floor in the heart of the retail

That community project lives on the ground floor in the heart of the retail space. 'Partners' – craftsman and small businesses that Dixon wants to collaborate with – and students from nearby Central St Martin's College run workshops sharing their skills. Two students were teaching ceramics underneath the Listed brick arches and a pickle jar tutorial is next on the schedule. Many of the efforts end up back in the restaurant.

The other arches are divided into furniture, textiles, lighting, accessories and a scent shop. In the corner, a storage space is being transformed into a kitsch disco for the London Design Festival.

If Tom Dixon's head office proves anything, it's that a workplace can be almost anything you need it to be. ■

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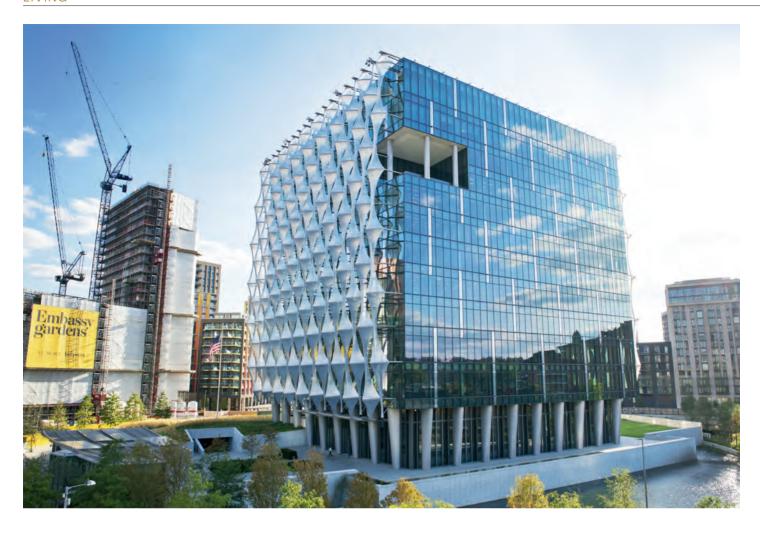


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### THE EAGLE HAS LANDED

Behind the scenes at the new US Embassy, by **MELISSA YORK**; photos by **GREG SIGSTON** 

ew Londoners can have failed to notice that there's a new United States Embassy in town. Firstly, it's hard to miss. The enormous glass cube is currently the most striking landmark in Nine Elms, a post-industrial stretch of riverbank that's still very much a work in progress. Those who don't visit Wandsworth very often may still have heard the President of the United States criticising it on the news. Branding the development a 'bad deal', he said he refused to cut the ribbon on the new embassy when it opened in January because the Obama administration had sold the old Mayfair one for 'peanuts' to move to an 'off-location' (in fact, it was George W Bush's administration that sold it).

"What are we to take seriously of what the President says at this point?", says an exasperated James Timberlake, from KieranTimberlake, the American architecture firm behind the project. "If you have any doubts about whether it's a good move or not, just ask the staffers in the building and

the ambassador; he thinks it's brilliant and he loves the building."

They're so confident in the final result that they've decided to let the public pass judgement for themselves for the Open House London event. The annual showcase sees more than 800 buildings that are either under construction or usually closed to the public throw open their doors to visitors for two days only.

"It represents what this new embassy is about," says Andrew Veveiros, a US Embassy spokesperson, who gave me a sneak preview of what's in store for the 75 ballot winners.

It's the first time the US Embassy has moved from its former Grosvenor Square home in 200 years. Unusually, the freehold of the building isn't owned by the US government, but by the Duke of Westminster, who reportedly would only sell if they returned the land confiscated from his family during the American War of Independence.

Unsurprisingly, the US government decided to lease it instead, but began to look for a new home once the last one became

overcrowded and failed to meet post-9/11 security demands.

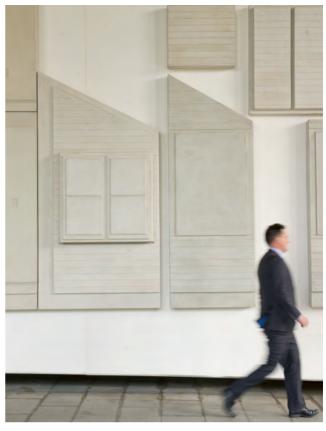
An architectural competition was launched – only the third in history for a US embassy – to find an American firm willing to design a new home for the US in London from scratch. In total, 38 firms submitted, which were whittled down to four, who were invited to spend a week in London to learn about the new location and get their heads around a very complicated brief.

"Printed out on single-sided paper, it was about 480 pages," says Timberlake. "It was detailed right down to the size of certain rooms and the furniture that would go into them." The jury convened in Washington in early 2010 and handed KieranTimberlake its first embassy project. By this point, the US government had already acquired the new site in Nine Elms, funded entirely by the sale of its other properties in London. "It's a pretty brilliant real estate move on the part of the US government, frankly," says Stephen Kieran, the other half of KieranTimberlake.

The Department of State, aware of the reputation its embassies have for ▶

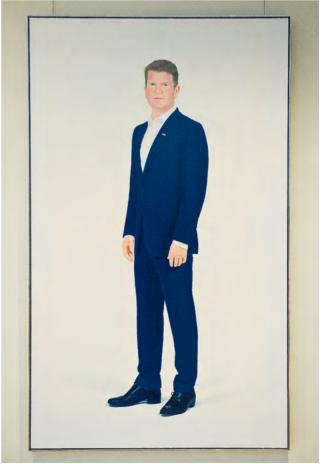






Far left: The US Embassy in London, designed by KieranTimberlake; Clockwise from top left: The lobby with the names of past Ambassadors inscribed on the walls; Rachel Whiteread's Flat Pack House; Matthew Barzun's portrait; a mural of Winfield House, the Ambassador's residence in London; We the People by Mark Bradford





▶ being fortress-like compounds, sought a modern beacon that radiated US values of transparency and openness. That's where all the glass came from, and the extensive landscaping. "The security requirements at all levels became a real impetus to creativity," says Kieran. "We implemented landscape ideas that made the building secure, but when you look at them, you wouldn't necessarily see them as security, you'd see them as part of the urban landscape."

This includes a curved wall with benches built into it on the south side of a new plaza, and the now famous pond separating the entrance from the road. Though it has been called a moat, it doesn't surround the building and you'd rob staffers of the opportunity to joke about being 'across the Pond.'

Gardens are also a vital part of the infrastructure, spiralling up the building, providing breakout spaces and social hubs for staffers and visitors alike. Many of them



If you have any doubts about whether it's a good move or not, just ask the staffers and the ambassador; he thinks it's brilliant, he loves the building

are designed to resemble famous American landscapes, with redwood sculptures and native plant species. The ambassador even has his own garden, a characteristic of many US embassies; the Potomac Garden leading to his suite is meant to be "a hint of Washington DC" in Vauxhall.

While Open House visitors won't be allowed into the ambassador's private offices, they will get to see some of the impressive artwork adorning the walls of the ground and lower floors. Specially commissioned from a mix of British and American artists, the embassy has a full-time art curator on site. Highlights include a Sean Scully mosaic on the way in and a huge flatpack concrete cast of a typical American suburban house, complete with US plug sockets and light switches, created by British artist Rachel Whiteread, which straddles a turnstile entrance. Leading down to a flexible lecture/conference space is "We the People" by Mark Bradford, a series of 32 wall panels that spell out the US Constitution with found materials, cleverly concealing outlines of American landmarks and states.

UK Ambassadors are on three year assignments and get to choose an artist to paint their portrait when their term is up. The results are lined up on the lower ground floor and each says something about the era they presided over, especially Matthew Barzun's gleaming, minimalist masterpiece.

One thing is missing though. The famous golden eagle that crowned the old embassy had to be left behind as it's part of the building's heritage listing. "We'll have to make new icons here," says Veveiros.

Open House London runs from 22-23 September 2018. Visit openhouselondon.org to find out more

#### HIGHLIGHTS OF OPEN HOUSE LONDON 2018:

From newsrooms to disused rail stations, here are the magnificent buildings worth queuing for



#### **BLOOMBERG EUROPEAN HQ** 3 VICTORIA ST. FC4N 4TQ

Foster & Partners' newest London landmark is the world's most sustainable office building and home to the company's 4,000 employees across a 3.2 acre site that's also home to a number of new restaurants and bars. Find out how the contemporary building uses 70 per cent less water and 35 per cent less energy than a typical office building its size. Tours are every 15 mins from 10am to 5pm on 22 September and 10am to 1pm on 23 September, with 25 people allowed at a time. Book at eventhrite com



#### **ROYAL OPERA HOUSE** BOW STREET, WC2E 9DD

As part of its 'Open Up' campaign to make the historic opera house more accessible, the Royal Opera House has commissioned architects Stanton Williams to refurbish Sir Edward M Barry's original Front of House and Linbury Theatre to make it a more welcoming frontage. There will also be an espresso bar and an extended retail space. There are architect-led tours and a design exhibition curated by the architect from 10am to 6pm on 22 and 23 September, but no access to backstage areas. Book at eventbrite.com



#### **OLD WAITING ROOM** RYE LANE, SE15 5DQ

Explore this little known waiting lounge, decorated in Victorian high splendour, for passengers at Peckham Rye Station in south London. Bricked up and forgotten, it was given a Grade II heritage listing after a successful campaign in 2007 and is currently being refurbished by Benedict O'Looney Architects in partnership with Network Rail and other stakeholders. There will be an architect-led restoration tour at 1pm on September 22 and 23 and a historical photography exhibition. No booking required.



#### **WEMBLEY PARK** EXHIBITION WAY, HA9 OTG

A tour by developer Quintain is kicking off from 10.30am on 22 and 23 September called A Walk Through Time. It will explore how much has changed on the 85 acre site around Wembley Stadium over the years and showcase what's to come in the future. Tour highlights will include visits to Second Floor Studios & Arts, SSE Arena, Wembley, the Alto complex, Emerald Gardens at Tipi, London Designer Outlet and an interactive masterplan model of the new Wembley Park. Book at eventbrite.com

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## MY HOUSE JOOLS HOLLAND

The musician, composer and TV presenter tells us about designing his studio to look like a railway station. Photos: TIM BODDY

y studios are in Greenwich, above a railway station. I pickeď them up 30 years ago in 1988 when I got half a dozen lock-up garages and a shed that used to be a stables in a rather tatty, run-down old mews. Essentially I needed somewhere for my recording studio - when I bought it I had half a mind to live there but I never did.

It was a tiny space, but as my orchestra evolved, so did the studio. It went from me and Gilson from Squeeze to a 22 piece big band, and the space just seemed to grow to fit everyone. I started out with a small recording studio, then bought another shed that was attached to it, demolished it and made it into a small classical building with seven arches, and there was room to fit the whole big band in there.

It's now where we do all our rehearsals, my radio shows, and make records like the ones with George

Harrison and Amy Winehouse.

All buildings are basically frame and enclosure - you have a frame and you need to dress it with something on the outside, whether that's a half timber Tudor style or gothic or classical or modernist or whatever. With this one, because it was above a railway station someone said I should make it look like a railway station.

When we finished it, a little old lady who lived down the road came up to us and said how glad she was that we'd finished the work because she remembered it when it used to be the station. I took it as a massive compliment that our bluff and lie had been accepted as truth.

The original building didn't take long to finish, but it's a bit like those ancient Buddhist temples that are 1,500 years old but also brand new at the same time, because they're always replacing bits. The bigger building with the classical facade has stayed pretty much the same. The smaller building next to it is a copy of a

building by architect Inigo Jones that was never built, but probably a quarter of the size, a kind of doll's house version.

I'm the architect for all this. I don't have any qualifications but I don't have any qualifications in music either. I don't do the building work myself – it's like with the big band, I don't play the trombones and saxophones and drums, I have the piece of music that I play on the piano and they all learn it. So I do the drawings and other people make it happen.

If someone wanted a big factory or a school or a hospital designed, I don't think there's much point ringing me, but if you want a nice little house I could probably do it for you. As long as you have an engineer to make sure the frame stands up, you'll probably be alright.

So this was the start of me designing a few little buildings and having enormous fun. I love the architect and dramatist Vanbrugh, who built his castle in Greenwich to look like a faux copy of the Bastille, where he'd been in prison as a





Clockwise from opposite: Jools Holland standing outside his studio, which he designed to look like a faux train station; Jools on his piano inside the studio; the skylight designed to look like the pyramid from the Louvre; the classical exterior; a detail from the studio; Photos by Tim Boddy





spy. He was also very funny, which is unusual for an architect.

With a recording studio, sound is obviously very important. Something I learned the hard way is not to overdo it when you're trying to deaden sound. In an old studio I put carpets up on the walls, which was a mistake in itself, but the *really* big mistake was the carpets being dark blue. A dark blue room is conducive to being depressed, gloomy and thinking negative thoughts. They didn't call it Picasso's blue period for nothing. Don't have a dark blue room.

Some of the walls are now painted a rather smart Farrow and Ball pale green. Back in the day they used to make that out of arsenic but I'm afraid we couldn't get the proper stuff.

There's loads of natural light in the buildings. In a lot of studios it's like being in a sensory deprivation chamber so I tried to avoid that. We have a big glass pyramid on the roof copied from the Louvre and we get the artists to stand under it. Since we



I'm the architect for all this. I don't have any qualifications but I don't have any qualifications in music either. If you wanted a school or a hospital designing, I don't think there's much point ringing me, but if you want a nice little house I could probably do it for you.

built it, we've sold more records than ever so it must be working.

But the most important thing about any building is the people who inhabit it. It's the artists who have come through and made records here. Ruby Turner has done things in here that have made me cry. I'm making a record with Marc Almond and that's just amazing.

It's the people who bring the building to life and make it sing. And I hope my building makes them happy. One of the things I learned from the architect Clough Williams-Ellis are the questions you have to ask of a building. Do you keep the elements out? Do you promote a feeling of wellbeing and happiness for people? Do you blend in with your neighbours? I hope that my buildings tick all those boxes.

I love coming to work, mostly because I love what I do, but also because I love the building I do it in. It cheers me up.

Jools Holland is currently working on a new record with Marc Almond and is touring from 20 October – go to joolsholland.com to book

Right: Wallpapers through the centuries and across the world often return to the same designs and colour schemes, such as green and red, and blue and yellow

## OFF THE WALL

What we put on our walls says a lot about us as a species. In this extract from a new book, 'Spectrum: Heritage, Patterns and Colours', **ROS BYAM SHAW** reflects on changing tastes in home design and what it says about us.

efore the industrial revolution, the vast majority of domestic interiors were necessarily plain and simple, with whitewashed walls, perhaps tinted with an earth pigment such as ochre or umber. Fabrics were used sparingly, and were assiduously reused and recycled. Colour schemes were largely drab; jewel-bright hues and rich patterns were delights only available to an extremely wealthy minority.

It's a far cry from the present day, with digital printing able to reproduce any image in any number of colours on fabric, paper, leather or even plastic. But there are a surprising number of links between designs of the past and the present, with motifs and colour combinations regularly reoccurring, a reminder of how ancient and pervasive are the habits of nostalgic revival and international borrowing.

Long before modern globalisation, when communication between continents took months and years instead of microseconds, patterns were being shared and copied. Travelling back through the centuries, what is striking is not so much the progress of history, but its circularity. Black backgrounds are one of the more noticeable colour tropes, occurring in medieval millefleurs tapestry, 17th-century embroidered hangings from Turkey and a Walter Crane wallpaper from 1897. Equally apparent is the enduring popularity of red and green as the dominant colour theme of a design.

Fashion does intervene, of course, as in the mid-

18th century craze for chinoiserie, or the changing collective taste for rooms that are either busy or sparse, affecting how much colour and pattern is seen as elegant and desirable. The trend towards abstraction in designs for interiors is clear in the wallpapers from the first decades of the 20th century.

Culture and religion also have their part to play, whether the Islamic tendency to exclude images of people and animals, or in the symbolism of the natural world that is integral to the aesthetic of Japan. Even tax has its role: heavy duties, such as those imposed in 18th-century Britain on wallpapers, chintzes from India and woven silks from France among other things, made these items more rather than less covetable, their expense equated with luxury and exclusivity.

Over the centuries there have been various concerted attempts to suppress pattern and colour. The Puritans finished the job of whitewashing richly decorated church interiors that had begun in the Reformation. More recently, modernism, with its disapproval of ornament – 'a needless expression of degeneracy' as Adolf Loos so tartly put it – has successfully disseminated its doctrine of white walls and straight lines. Fortunately there is something joyful and life-affirming about colour and pattern that refuses to be quashed. They keep bobbing up again, catching our eyes like twinkling lights in a dark sky, intriguing our brains.

• Spectrum: Heritage, Patterns and Colours is out now, published by Thames & Hudson in association with the V&A















### RISE OF THE ROBOTS

Have we become too reliant on smart gadgets and virtual assistants? No, says Steve Hogarty, we are not yet reliant *enough* 

ast week, while I was out for a run, my personal trainer took a moment's silence to remember the victims of 9/11. Which would have been fine and normal if it weren't for a couple of things. Firstly, sure, she speaks with an American accent, but I don't think she's ever actually been. Secondly, and more importantly, she's an artificial intelligence who lives inside my headphones and is therefore incapable of having emotions. It didn't help that she interrupted her solemn reflection to report, in even graver tones, that her battery was almost dead.

As I plugged her back into USB life support at home, I shouted across the living room to Google Home, the omniscient white cylinder that knows my darkest secrets, everywhere I've ever been, has seen my most intimate photographs and could, with one well-deployed email, ruin my life and probably send me to prison. "Today in London," she chirped, "it will be mostly cloudy, with a high of 21." A Neato BotVac D7 emerged from under the sofa and nuzzled my ankle, hungry for crumbs, dust, and the one thing that robot hoovers truly crave: human validation. I shooed it back to its cleaning duties, told the lightbulbs to switch themselves off, and asked the thermostat to heat up some water for my bath, as though it were a loyal Michael Caine, and I a mucky Bruce Wayne.

Seemingly overnight, my house has become a hive of assorted virtual assistants and connected technology vying for my approval. If the tabloid hysteria of the 90s were true, and wireless signals are indeed harmful to humans, then I should surely burn to a crisp the moment I walk through my smart-doorbell enabled front door. My skin should melt off my face like that

Nazi who opened the Ark of the Covenant, before my robot hoover smears my remains all up and down the landing, letting out a triumphant series of beeps as it ruins a skirting board with my charred insides.

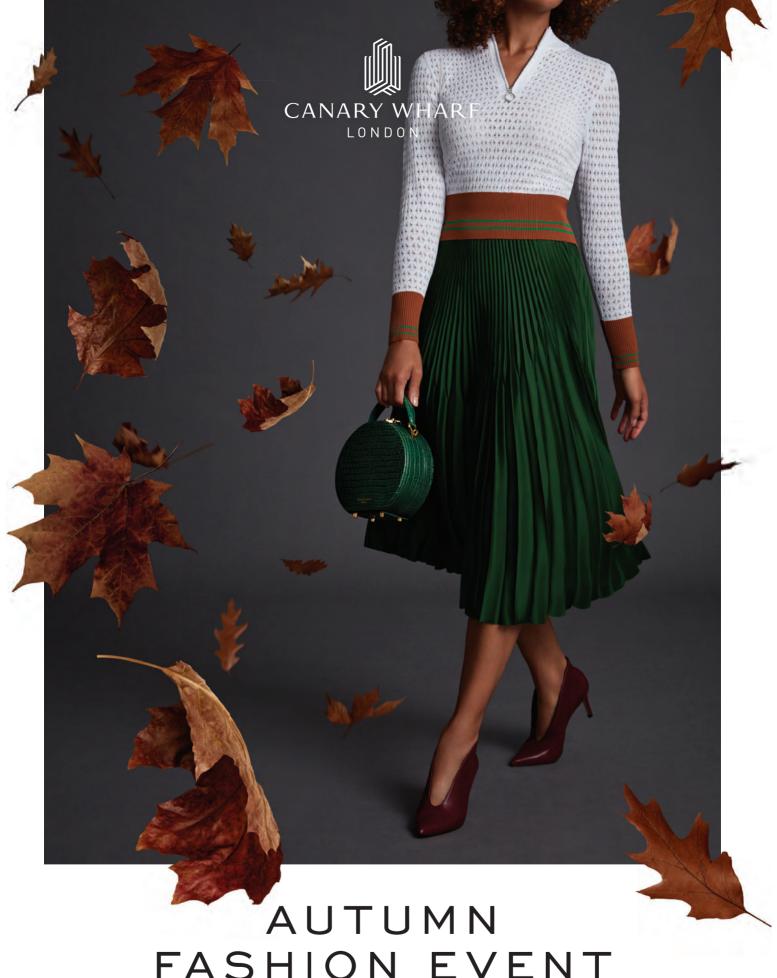
It would be easy to allow technophobia to creep in at this point. There's an impulse to be fearful of the interminable rise of the robotic helpers, especially when their designers go to great lengths to disguise their true nature, to make them seem human and relatable rather than a series of zeroes and ones attached to a microphone. It's easy to feel suspicious when Google is experimenting with adding 'umm's and 'ahh's to its assistant's synthesised voice, or when a virtual personal trainer comments on the anniversary of an historic American tragedy.

But far from ditching these smart gadgets and reverting to some imagined era of rustic simplicity, we should be embracing our new robot friends and the unaccountable international megacorps that puppeteer them from the darkness with what we can only assume are entirely benevolent motivations.

Moreover, the vague fear that we're becoming "too reliant" on technology hides within it a far more frightening concern: that at some point in the future all of this technology will disappear in an apocalyptic doomsday scenario, and that we'd all be left to fend for ourselves again, like baby birds tossed from the nest.

If that's what the future holds, I think I'll be too busy battling radioactive foxes over the last remaining falafel in north London to worry about my inability to find out Enya's age (57) or the capital of Lesotoho (Maseru) without asking the helpful robot who lives in the corner of the living room. All I'll need is determination, grit, and a printout of the WikiHow page on how to whittle a broomstick into a spear.

• Steve Hogarty is City A.M.'s technology reviews editor



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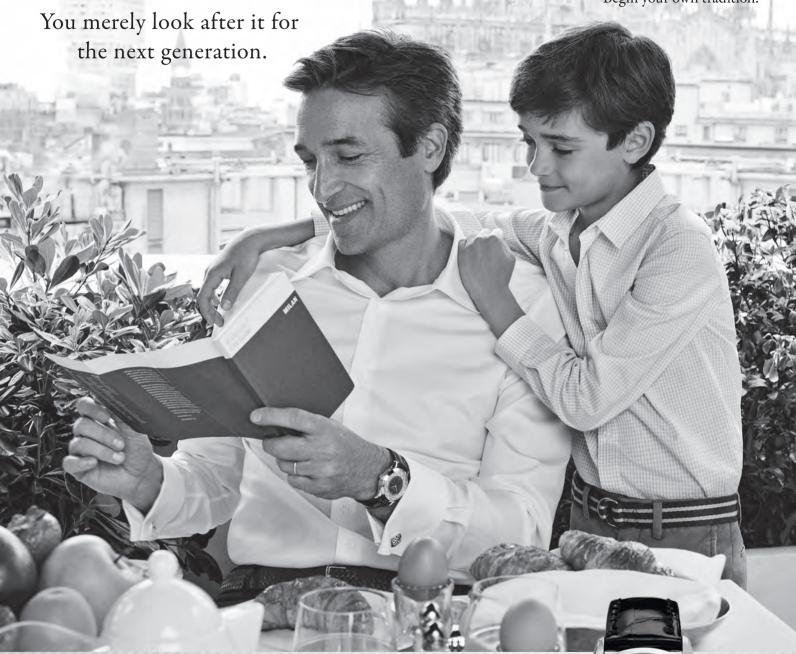
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