



**KIPLING'S INDIA**  
Shere Khan and the origins  
of *The Jungle Book*

**LOST TRIBE**  
In search of Papua New  
Guinea's Huli wigmen

**GULET CRUISING**  
Turkey's traditional  
boat builders





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# Welcome



As a child, *The Jungle Book* was my favourite story. Probably because Rudyard Kipling's vivid jungle scenes couldn't be further from my cosy life in suburban England. Which is why the parts that really got my heart racing were when young hero Mowgli came across Shere Khan, Kipling's nefarious tiger. Partly because the scenes with Khan were exciting, but also for the respect this formidable creature commanded.

Today, India's Bengal tigers are dwindling at an alarming rate due to hunting and deforestation, and these majestic animals need more respect than ever. So writer Jeremy Taylor was fortunate indeed when he stumbled across a beautiful, two-year-old female in Ranthambore National Park – the setting that inspired Kipling's most famous work – on a trip for our cover story, following in the footsteps of the literary great.

Taylor's isn't the only great tale of adventure in this issue. Photographer and writer Flash Parker travelled to Papua New Guinea to meet the Huli wigmen (so-called because of their outrageous headdresses, made from human hair, feathers, twigs and flowers), a tribe that was only discovered in the 1930s. There

are whispers that there are more tribes like the Huli still undiscovered in PNG's dense highlands – hopefully we'll get that scoop in a future issue. Further inspiration comes in the form of photographer René Koster's journey to Antarctica on a sailing boat built in 1911, and Tom Hart Dyke's mission to darkest Peru to find the world's tallest spike plant. We also have Captain Wendy Lawrence recounting her first trip into space, and the challenges of joining the *Atlantis* space shuttle to the *Mir* space station while hurtling through the void at five miles a second.

Whatever adventure, big or small, you're en route to, I hope you enjoy this issue.

Claire

CLAIRE BENNIE  
EDITOR

# Contents



Inside the spring 2016 issue of PrivatAir magazine



## 11

### Portfolio

A trip to Antarctica on a ship built in 1911; the erotic contours of Mapplethorpe flowers; a Tuscan village to call your own; tackling the world's toughest climb; a taste of André Chiang's Octophilosophy; the watch brand that came back to life; McLaren's budget supercar; and Italy's smartest shoe makers.

## 31

### Postcards

Usually postcards aren't cherished for their literary merit, but in this issue we have some missives worth keeping: the hunt for the world's tallest spike plant; a mission to the *Mir* space station; a calamitous concert at Milan's cathedral; and circling a frozen Russian lake on an ancient motorbike.

## 43

### Passport

Four reasons to pack your bags and set off on an adventure. We search for Shere Khan in the remnants of Rudyard Kipling's India; meet with lost tribes in the highlands of Papua New Guinea; go on a Transatlantic cruise with the president of Blue Note records; and learn the craft of Turkey's traditional gulet makers.

## 78

### PrivatAir News

This spring PrivatAir is set to launch its new daily, business class-only service between Jeddah and Riyadh on behalf of SAUDIA ALBAYRAQ (SAUDIA allied with Saudia Private Aviation). We look at the ins and outs of setting up a *Service d'Excellence* in new skies.

PHOTO: FLASH PARKER





David Newell, Sartorial Designer.  
See how his imagination shaped an aesthetic  
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## *The new porcelain from Germany*



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# Behind the scenes

Artist Calvin Nicholls tells us how he created the amazing Bengal tiger on the cover of this issue of PrivatAir magazine – using just paper and glue



In 1983, Canadian artist Calvin Nicholls was a young graphic artist who had just struck out on his own when he happened across a beautiful paper sculpture by artist Jonathan Milne in Toronto. 'I felt like I was seeing highlight and shadow for the first time,' Nicholls recalls. 'I've always been fascinated with the power of light in photography, sculpture and drawing. I loved what I saw so much that I decided to do a few pieces of my own.'

It was an art form Nicholls had dabbled in at art college ('It was fun but I thought, this is silly, I'll never use this again'), but not something many other artists were doing at the time. How things change. Since Nicholls started making a name for himself in the mid-80s, there are now quite a few paper artists out there – but few with his skill, patience and level of intricacy. And as soon as the *PrivatAir* magazine team saw his work, we knew he was the natural choice to create a bespoke piece of artwork for the cover of our spring issue.

Nicholls worked for over 60 hours to create the piece. He sketched out a Bengal tiger's face before

going on to select the right paper. 'I used some handmade Japanese paper – which is archival quality and really nice to work with – to do the darkest stripes. The paper is made by the same families through generations,' he says. Nicholls always uses archival-quality paper which is either 100% cotton or alkaline buffered, so it doesn't decay like most paper, which is acidic; his pieces can last for more than 100 years.

'I start off with a form underneath, which has an approximation of the muscular and skeletal structure,' he continues. 'It's low relief at this stage, so it can be framed. Then I went back to my drawings to see what the fur flow is. I always start at the edge and work my way in. There's such a rhythm to the fur when you're cutting it, and I want to create as much of that realism in the paper as I can. To get that level of detail I use a lot of leather-working tools, including scalpels and burnishers. Most paper artists become masters of scoring, folding and curving. But for me it's the possibilities of different textures.'

[calvinnicholls.com](http://calvinnicholls.com) ♦

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: Nicholls sketches out the cover; he gets to work creating a skeletal structure; adding on the beautifully, scored fur; finally Nicholls puts the tiger in a frame, to maximise the 3D effect

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# SWAROVSKI



# Portfolio



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12

A JOURNEY TO THE  
ANTARCTIC ON  
A THREE-MASTED  
SAILING BOAT

14

MAPPLETHORPE:  
THE ARTIST  
WHO MADE  
FLOWERS RUDE

16

A SWISH NEW  
DEVELOPMENT IN  
THE DOMINICAN  
REPUBLIC

18

THE FILMMAKER  
WHO TACKLED  
THE WORLD'S  
TOUGHEST CLIMB

20

SINGAPORE'S  
CHEF DU JOUR ON  
HIS FANCY FOOD  
PHILOSOPHY

23

THE GERMAN  
WATCH BRAND  
THAT CAME  
BACK TO LIFE

26

MCLAREN'S  
BUDGET  
SUPERCAR GETS  
PULSES RACING

28

WHY ITALY  
MAKES THE MOST  
ELEGANT SHOES IN  
THE WORLD



## POLES APART

It's been 100 years since Shackleton's fateful trip

*'Men wanted for hazardous journey. Low wages, bitter cold, long hours of complete darkness. Safe return doubtful. Honour and recognition in event of success.' Would you respond to an ad like this? There were those that did – this is the notice that Ernest Shackleton allegedly put in a national paper ahead of his trip to Antarctica in 1914. Twenty-eight crew members joined him on his dream to be the first to cross the most dangerous place on Earth. His hopes were dashed when Endurance was consumed by sea ice. The crew abandoned the ship and made makeshift camp on the ice. Shackleton and five others made a 1,200km trip in a tiny boat to South Georgia to raise the alarm. The crew were rescued in August 1916, after 22 months of peril.*

# The last frontier

Photographer René Koster tells Claire Bennie about his trip of a lifetime to Antarctica – on a boat built more than 100 years ago

'There are very few corners of this planet that remain untouched,' says René Koster. 'That's why I chose to travel to Antarctica. Ever since I was at school I've been fascinated by the trip that Shackleton took on the *Endurance*. So when I was offered the chance to journey to Antarctica on a vessel made in 1911, I knew it was the trip of a lifetime for me.'

Can you think of anywhere more remote, barren and unforgiving than Antarctica? Here, at the ends of the Earth, the sky turns inky black with ferocious storms 200 days a year, it's the windiest place on the planet (200kmph is considered a gentle breeze), and the temperatures get cold enough to shatter your teeth. And yet, there is something mystical and undeniably alluring about this frozen continent. One of the last places on Earth discovered by man, much of it remains uncharted territory. But these days you don't need to be a world-class explorer to visit – some 30,000 tourists now travel to Antarctica each year.

In the 18th century, things were a little different. Pioneer James Cook was one of the first to search for the southerly continent, but incredibly he spent three years circumnavigating Antarctica and didn't even get the tiniest glimpse. 'Whoever has resolution and perseverance to clear up this point by proceeding farther than I have done, I say not envy him the honour of discovery, but I will be bold to say that the world will not be benefitted from it,' he said afterwards – without a hint of bitterness, we're sure. In 1820, Russian explorer



PHOTOS: GETTY, © RENÉ KOSTER





Fabian Gottlieb von Bellingshausen claimed to be the first to spot Antarctica, and a year later, sealer Captain John Davis took the first steps on this giant, frozen mass of land. When the first survey trips commenced in the 1890s, the public feasted on daring tales of adventure. In 1910, five teams of different nationalities set off to attain the South Pole. Norwegian Roald Amundsen was the first to get there – beating doomed Robert Scott by a couple of months (a fact that was only discovered when a party of British explorers found Scott and his diary in November 1912).

Some of the most spectacular images of the time were of Ernest Shackleton's *Endurance*, a three-masted barquentine built in 1912. In 1915, the ship became trapped in sea ice, where she stayed for 10 months, until the pressure of the surrounding ice crushed the hull and she sank. Expedition photographer Frank Hurley's shots of the stranded ship among the spiky ice floes struck a chord with Koster. 'What's really surprising is that Hurley took them at night with a flash,' he says. 'It almost looks like a negative. They're incredibly interesting.'

It was these images that inspired Koster to board *Europa*, a 56m-long, three-masted ship, on a 22-day journey from Ushuaia (at the southern tip of Argentina) to Antarctica. Koster could have joined the ranks of travellers who choose smooth sailing in a plush megayacht with onboard gym and cocktail bar. So, why did he want to travel on a boat made the year before *Endurance*? 'I've done a few assignments on sailing boats similar to this – although nowhere quite as remote as Antarctica,' he says. 'You are so close to the elements. When the wind is blowing, it goes right through to your bones. When the water is crashing against the ship, it's like hitting an iron wall. But you can't beat the feeling of travelling this way. It really makes you feel alive.'

The most unnerving part of Koster's journey on the *Europa* was the Drake Passage, a notoriously volatile 900km stretch of water where the Atlantic, Pacific and Southern Oceans converge. 'We had really bad weather here,' says Koster. 'At the back of the ship a wall of water rose up behind us – it was 20m, or something terrifying like that. It makes you feel so humbled and small. But you always feel very safe on *Europa* – the captain knows what he's doing and doesn't take any risks. There was a three-hour period when it was so bad he told everyone to stay inside and shut the doors. A lot of people were seasick then.'

Koster's Antarctica images will be on show this spring at an exhibition, *ImageNation 2016: Eyes on the World* (defactory.portfoliobox.me), at Desenzano del Garda in Italy from 12 March. 'Shooting in the Antarctic was certainly a challenge,' says Koster. 'My camera can withstand a lot of the elements, but it would stop working when it got too cold. I'd have to keep spare camera batteries hidden in my clothes to keep them warm. But I'd definitely do it all again. In fact, I've just booked to go again next year.'

barkeuropa.com ♦



**IMPERFECT MOMENTS**  
A Mapplethorpe show could have put you in jail

*These days you aren't threatened with incarceration should you try to host an exhibition of Mapplethorpe's work. It wasn't always so. He shot to fame in 1985 with his suggestive photography, but it wasn't until the Corcoran Gallery in Washington DC cancelled the original The Perfect Moment retrospective in June 1989 (due to the explicit content) three months after his death that Mapplethorpe first became a household name. When the Cincinnati Arts Center showed his work a year later, the museum and its director Dennis Barrie were charged with obscenity. A jury later acquitted them.*



# Petal porn

This spring a new retrospective and book of Robert Mapplethorpe's work will arouse fresh interest in the controversial artist

Bad boy Robert Mapplethorpe might have been best known for his racy nudes and shocking S&M shots, but he was equally fascinated with flowers. Flora is nothing new in art, but Mapplethorpe's approach – what he called the search for 'perfection in form' – certainly was. Sublime, delicate, detailed, each shot was classically, tastefully simple, but also had an undeniable erotic charge – Mapplethorpe was the man who managed to make flowers rude.

This is an exciting time for his fans. Earlier in the year, Paris hosted *XYZ*, curated by designer and Mapplethorpe collector Peter Marino. Ahead of the event, Marino compared Mapplethorpe's pictures to the world's greatest works of art, telling artnet.com, 'These are startling images, and they make you play this intellectual game of flower/sex/flower/sex. There is one photo of a tulip balancing on the point of a knife – and there is so much tension and sensuality in this image, I swear it's as good as Michelangelo's Sistine Chapel.'

This spring Los Angeles will host a major retrospective of the artist's work, with concurrent shows at the Getty Center (examining his photographic work) and LACMA (highlighting his relationship with New York's sexual and artistic underground). Early drawings, collages, sculptures and Polaroid photos will all be on show. 15 March – 31 July, [mapplethorpe.la](http://mapplethorpe.la) ♦



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**ABOVE PAR**  
 Could Amanera's  
 golf course be the  
 best in the world?

*With its long vistas, cliff-side fairways and immaculately contoured greens, it's easy to see why Amanera's course is often called the Pebble Beach of the Caribbean. This 18-hole, par-72 course has 10 holes right on the seafront – that's more than anywhere else in the Western Hemisphere. The original course was designed by golf maestro Robert Trent Jones Sr in 1995, and when the Aman group took over, they asked his son Rees Jones to revive his father's legacy. It is the jewel in the resort's crown, and as such, only guests at the hotel and residents of the hotel are able to play.*



# The new Caribbean cool

The luxury specialists behind Aman resorts have just unveiled a first-class resort in the Dominican Republic, one of the Caribbean's few underdeveloped islands, writes **Claire Bennie**

'The Dominican Republic is in the Caribbean, but it's not the Caribbean as you know it,' says Katerina Katopis, director of Dolphin Capital, the investors behind Aman Resorts' new Amanera project. 'It's raw, unbelievably beautiful and has real spirit, which is why we knew it would be the perfect location. We're used to developing resorts in South-East Asia, but wanted to look somewhere different. The DR is very exciting for us. And as soon as we saw this spot along Playa Grande, we fell in love.'

Little wonder. When Christopher Columbus landed in the Dominican Republic back in 1492, he called it 'the most beautiful land eyes have ever seen', and not that much has changed in the past 500 years. With its dramatic mountain scenery, desert scrublands, idyllic stretches of beach and

tropical jungle, it's one of the most geographically diverse islands in the Caribbean – yet one of the least developed. Now, slowly, something is happening. *Condé Nast Traveller* tipped the DR as its hot destination for 2015, Jay-Z and Beyoncé saw in 2016 here, and high-end developers – Aman included – are bringing interest and prestige. For those looking to invest in the Caribbean, the DR is a refreshing alternative to the glut of luxury developments in Barbados, St Lucia and Antigua.

Dolphin Capital bought the 2,000-acre stretch of land that is now Amanera back in 2007, wooed by the golf course (see left) and its sublime cliff-top setting. At the end of last year, the first phase – the hotel made up of 25 modern *casitas*, with floor-to-ceiling windows and many





The number of native plants, including frangipani, *Cana palm* and *Calophyllum calaba* (found only here and Sri Lanka), Amanera has reintroduced to the area

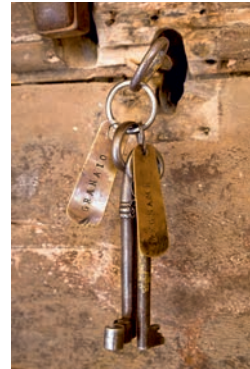
30

with private infinity pools – was unveiled. All have been designed in Aman’s signature style – cool, contemporary spaces that blend organically with the natural surroundings. ‘We wanted to create something that was unmistakably Aman, but build it in a sensitive manner,’ says Katopis. ‘For example, we’ve used stone from nearby quarries, locally made Aguayo tiles and Dominican art.’

Amanera’s biggest draw is its three- to six-bed luxury villas. There are 30 for sale, with some already snapped up by US investors. Some privacy-conscious owners have even bought two plots to maximise seclusion. But, as Katopis tells me, ‘Aman believes space is luxury. We want to make the most of the last underdeveloped island in the Caribbean.’ *Amanera’s villas start at \$4m. aman.com* ♦

## TUSCAN TREASURE

*A historic Italian hilltop village is currently for sale and could be yours for €40m, says Laura Latham*



‘This is one of the most incredible properties in Italy,’ says Francesco Carlucci, owner of Essentis Properties. ‘The chance to buy a real piece of Italian history.’

The property in question is actually an entire village: the historic, hilltop Poggio Santa Cecilia, 30 minutes from Siena. It dates back to the 1100s, although most surviving buildings are 16th century. It has been deserted since the 1960s and is now in need of extensive restoration. The price includes the entire village, with its medieval castle remains, a palatial main villa, streets of workers’ houses, piazzas, a church, stables, olive mill and former workshops, plus extensive underground cellars. Also included are 20 individual farmhouses with outbuildings that are dotted around the wider grounds. These comprise 700 hectares of agricultural land, orchards and olive groves, vineyards, forest and lakes.

The village was owned until the mid-20th century by the noble Buoninsegni family, and the estate workers lived in terraced houses in its ancient

medieval walls. One of the highlights of its history was the visit in 1867 of Giuseppe Garibaldi, the celebrated Italian general and politician. A square in Poggio Santa Cecilia is named in his honour, and there are also letters from the general to the Buoninsegni family included in the sale.

In the 1960s, the estate was sold to a group of Italian investors, who have spent the past five decades building it into a successful organic farm. ‘Though we never developed the village to its full potential, we have worked hard to maintain the property,’ says Fabio Menegoli, one of the owners. The vendors now hope to see a new buyer take over the agricultural business and restore the village. They are refusing to split the estate, which is being sold as one lot.

Carlucci, whose company specialises in historically sensitive construction and restoration work, has been engaged to advise potential buyers on the renovation and will undertake the work if required. He estimates the cost of returning the village to its former glory will be around €200m.

He believes Poggio Santa Cecilia would make a perfect private estate or boutique hotel and spa. However, he claims any buyer must be committed enough to see the restoration through. ‘A new owner needs enough heart and true passion for this project,’ he says. ♦ *Poggio Santa Cecilia is for sale through Essentis Properties for €40m. essentisproperties.com*





**PEAK PERFORMANCE**

The menacing Meru in numbers

**22,000ft**

Height of its central peak

**1,500ft**

Height of the sheer 'Shark's Fin'

**25**

Number of failed attempts to climb it

**21,850ft**

Height of the world base jump record, set from Meru in 2006

**30 days**

How long climber Conrad Anker has spent on Meru

**200lb**

The weight in pounds of the gear you'll need to tackle Meru

**3**

Number of climbers needed. If one is seriously injured, you need two to carry them down

# Re-touching the void

Matt Glasby talks to Jimmy Chin ahead of the release of his documentary about conquering the world's toughest climb after a first disastrous attempt

'They say the best alpinists have the worst memories,' says American climber/film-maker Jimmy Chin. He should know. After a failed first shot at scaling Meru, a treacherous 22,000ft Himalaya, when he had to give up 150ft from the summit, the climber returned with friends Conrad Anker and Renan Ozturk to try again.

Known as the 'anti-Everest' – because there are no Sherpas, no tourists and no real hope of reaching the top – Meru's central peak climaxes in the Shark's Fin, a 1,500ft sheer wall that follows 4,000ft of demanding climbing. 'Normally you want to go light and fast, but to climb the big wall you need a lot of gear,' says Chin. This makes it so challenging that nobody had ever managed it.

The first expedition in 2008 was beset by ruinous luck from the off – most notably a raging storm that pinned the trio in their 'portaledge' (essentially a hanging tent) to the mountainside for four days. When they emerged, running dangerously low on supplies and morale, they forged on towards the top, risking frostbite and trench foot, but were forced to turn back. 'I've always known that was the right decision,' says Chin. 'Obviously we got back down and we were alive, but that doesn't make it any less

heartbreaking.' Having escaped after 19 gruelling days, the trio could be forgiven for giving up on Meru forever, but instead, they moved on.

The years that followed were tough. Ozturk fractured his skull and several vertebrae in a horrific skiing accident, while days later Chin was swallowed by an avalanche, emerging somehow unscathed. Meanwhile it seemed that Slovenian ace Silvo Karo would beat them to the Meru summit. When Karo's attempt failed, too, the trio reconvened in 2011 for another try.

In truth, Ozturk had barely survived his skiing accident, let alone recovered from it. Halfway up, he suffered an apparent stroke. Yet, after days of painstaking progress and against all odds, they did reach the summit. 'There are very few places I've been that felt so far out there,' says Chin. 'It's just so steep and so wildly exposed, you're on this knife-edge. It's just spectacular.'

Since returning, Anker has climbed Everest without supplementary oxygen, Ozturk made a cautious recovery and Chin fashioned his Meru footage into an Oscar-shortlisted film. The result is an extraordinary – often startling – reminder of what the three men achieved. Just in case they, or the climbing world, should ever forget. [merufilm.com](http://merufilm.com) ♦





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Chiang spends a lot of time exploring the flavours of saltiness – it's one of his eight principles. He uses real seawater from the Mediterranean and Atlantic in his cooking



# The power of eight

For Singapore's chef *du jour*, there are eight elements that create the perfect meal. Louisa Johnson deconstructs André Chiang's complicated-sounding 'Octaphilosophy'

'I'm not a businessman who dreamt of having a culinary empire,' says Taiwanese chef André Chiang. 'I'm just a chef who wants to create great cuisine without the fancy descriptions.'

This is a rather simplistic way of describing Chiang's elaborate, nouvelle French-style cuisine, which has revolutionised the Singaporean dining scene since he opened Restaurant André in the city state five years ago. He's right when he says his dishes don't have frou-frou labels, but they do have a rather overblown philosophy behind them. 'Octaphilosophy' isn't just the name of his new book (out in April), it's the 'guiding principle' behind his distinctive cuisine. 'It wasn't until I opened Restaurant André that I officially found a name for it,' says Chiang. 'I went through every sketch, every recipe that I've created in the past; trying to extract the 'essence of André'. Then I realised that although my style of cooking has changed over time, there are these eight elements that are constantly there in my subconscious; they appear in every one of my creations.'

The eight elements Chiang is talking about are: salt, texture, memory, pure, terroir, 'south', artisan and uniqueness. Diners at Restaurant André will experience all in one sitting, as part of an eight-course tasting dinner. There is no menu, just a list of the eight principles. Octaphilosophy is used as a tool to explain each dish. So, 'pure' could be something delicate, fresh and unseasoned such as a raw scallop ravioli surrounded by a delicate, purple cauliflower consommé.

'For the "pure" dish, my main motivation is to make it appealing to the eye and to the palate with as little intervention as possible,' says Chiang. 'I don't use any electricity, gas, nor any seasoning.'

For Chiang, 'south' means South of France, where he spent many formative years as a young chef (he still creates his food seasonally as if he were in Montpellier or Nice), 'artisan' means – of course – an exceptionally beautiful plate of food and 'texture' means playfulness and the unexpected – maybe a black bread roll that looks exactly like hot coals, served next to hot coals. 'It creates an uncertainty. Can I touch or not? Can I eat what's in front of me?' he explains.

Chiang certainly has a strong emotional connection with the 'memory' dish (foie gras, truffle and chive, *opposite bottom right*) he still serves at Restaurant André. 'It is the first dish I created by myself; the first I could call my own,' he says. 'It was in 1997. I was a commis at Le Jardin des Sens, and the Pourcel brothers asked the team to invent new courses. I knew I needed to make something delicious that exuded the spirit of France, and what could be more alluring than truffles and foie gras? I started to play with the idea of using the reversed technique and somehow whip the foie into fluffy cream and still have the taste of foie. My dish was picked and it made the menu the very next day. But by making it every day it reminds me how I became the chef I am and where I come from.'

Octaphilosophy (£39.99, Phaidon) is out on 27 April ♦



**ANDRÉ CHIANG**  
The man behind the philosophy

*Mentored by some of the best chefs in the world, it was always a case of when, not if, André Chiang would receive global recognition. It came in 2011, 18 months after he opened Restaurant André, when it debuted at number 39 in the San Pellegrino 50 World's Best Restaurants. In the previous decade, he had worked for Jacques and Laurent Pourcel at La Jardin des Sens, Joël Robuchon, Pierre Gagnaire and Pascal Barbot. 'The very moment when I felt that I had come out from under the shadow and protection of all these incredible chefs, was the day I could identify a style of my own,' Chiang says.*

## THE WORLD'S MOST INDULGENT FOOD FESTIVAL?

Imogen Rowland selects the top events at Vegas Uncork'd, celebrating its 10th birthday this year. Expect to put on a few pounds



PHOTOS: EDMOND HO

Whoever first proclaimed that less was more had clearly never visited – or eaten in – Las Vegas. But its generous-to-a-calorific-fault portions aren't the only way in which the cuisine in Sin City is excelling. Not only is the Nevada hotspot home to countless gourmet restaurants, but this year also marks the 10th anniversary of Vegas Uncork'd, the annual dining extravaganza that sees the likes of Wolfgang Puck, Guy Savoy and Nobu Matsuhisa congregate in the desert for four days of ultra-lavish dining.

The exclusive experiences lined up to mark a decade of culinary excellence include Ultimate Omakase, a once-in-a-lifetime dining event with Nobu Matsuhisa personally hand-crafting each dish in the Japanese tasting menu (tickets for which retail at a cool \$1,000) and a mystery dinner led by American super-chef Emeril Bagasse at a special secret location. Other events include a dine-in-the-dark sensory lunch at Caesars Palace, and the annual Grand Tasting, a free-flowing dining experience where visitors can not only meet all the chefs involved but also try miniature signature dishes from all of them while sipping on the finest wines, spirits and brews the city's gastro-spots have to offer. 28 April – 1 May, [vegasuncorked.com](http://vegasuncorked.com) ♦

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**5,500** The number of watches A. Lange & Söhne creates each year (Rolex put out 900,000). Its \$2.5m Grand Complication watch takes a single expert over a year to complete



## *Second act*

Buried by the Soviets, A. Lange & Söhne was a name long forgotten in the watchmaking world. Not any more. **Josh Sims** meets the man who brought the brand back to life

History is littered with great revivals: Michael Jordan returning to basketball after a year playing professional baseball; Richard Nixon losing the presidential race to Kennedy in 1960, only to win it in 1968; Frank Sinatra coming out of retirement, again and again. But few might expect one in watchmaking, and especially one not in Swiss but German watchmaking. Yet that is the story behind A. Lange & Söhne, little known outside watch connoisseur circles but acclaimed as the maker of some of the most complicated and – with an entry price of around €15,000 – expensive watches available. And – this being a suitably austere Teutonic product – without a gemstone in sight.

How so? Because the little issue of a world war got in the way. Far from being just 25 years old – as its apparent founding in 1990 might suggest – the company was actually created by Ferdinand Lange, in a village called Glashütte just outside Dresden, in 1845. It wasn't the carpet bombing of that city that brought what had

grown to be an esteemed maker to its end, but being on the wrong side of the Iron Curtain that descended over Europe in 1945. The Soviets expropriated all his machinery, by way of unofficial reparations, and that was that. At least until Ferdinand's grandson Walter, now 92, decided to give it new life, soon after German reunification.

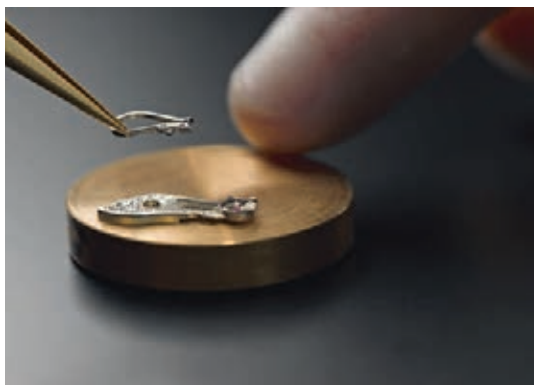
'It was a risk, but the only way for me to go,' Walter Lange explains. 'When the Berlin Wall fell, I had already retired. But I simply couldn't pass up the opportunity to revive the heritage of my ancestors. The 7th of December 1990 was among the greatest days of my life. I re-registered the brand using the borrowed address of a former classmate at our primary school in Glashütte. We had to start completely from scratch.'

But A. Lange & Söhne came back with something of a statement. Much as the current collection might be represented by the sophistication of the likes of the company's CEO Wilhelm Schmidt's favourite, >



**TIME AND TIME AGAIN**

*A. Lange & Söhne is not the only company to have made it through life under communism. Glashütte Original was another name in the German watchmaking industry that found itself on the wrong side of the Iron Curtain after WWII. However, it kept going, adapting to Soviet needs: it remade all of its tools – some from memory – and began producing affordable wristwatches to meet local demand. It made the move back upmarket after German reunification, re-establishing a reputation for innovation: its Senator Diary, for example, is a world first in having a mechanical alarm that can be set up to a month in advance. But perhaps Glashütte can't help a cheeky nod to the past: among its most successful models are upscale, updated versions of watches it made in the 1960s and 1970s.*  
[glashuette-original.com](http://glashuette-original.com)



CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: a craftsman adding a whiplash spring; the man who brought A. Lange & Söhne back from the dead, Walter Lange; 'blued' screws, which have been hardened and given colour by heating, add a decorative touch to high-end clockwork

the Datograph, so back in 1990 the company relaunched with the Lange 1. This was a bold design – when something far more classical may have been a safer move – and one with four new advances in watch mechanics. It was, as Schmidt puts it, 'a huge risk. To start out again with a watch like that was very bold. There was a solid name to build on, but what was most lucky was that nobody had messed about with the brand name during the communist times. We could start with a clean slate.'

Even if, as he notes, the name A. Lange & Söhne was well known to serious watch collectors – the kind who might buy its most expensive piece, currently priced at a hefty €1.92m – the company's appeal was, at least back then, quite leftfield. 'I think people liked the fact that all great watches were meant to come from Switzerland, yet

here was this German start-up – albeit a rather old one,' says Schmidt. 'Its revival was certainly most significant in Germany. There's no need here to explain what we do or who we are.' Indeed, A. Lange & Söhne's revival, Walter Lange argues, was something of a call to action for other sleeping, or sleepy, German watch-makers. 'The revival sent out a strong signal and encouraged others to follow suit,' he says.

The Swiss watch industry seems to have forgiven him for stealing some of its thunder. Two years ago Walter Lange was awarded the special jury prize of the Grand Prix d'Horlogerie in Geneva, which recognises a person or business fundamental to the promotion of fine watchmaking. 'I understood that as a compliment,' Lange says, with just a touch of understatement.  
[alange-soehne.com](http://alange-soehne.com) ♦

**THE JEWELLER'S JEWELLER**

*Mike Peake meets master jeweller Glenn Spiro at his gorgeous new London atelier*



Glenn Spiro's mission is to track down rare and important gems and lock them away in his vault where they rest – sometimes for years – until another stone comes along that he thinks is the ultimate match. 'I don't really follow what clients want, I design what I love,' says Spiro. This dazzling new 18k gold ring with one old-mine brilliant-cut, intense yellow 7.54ct diamond surrounded by rubies is attracting plenty of attention. See it for yourself: he's been welcoming private clients to his new atelier in the Artoderne Hartnell building in the heart of London's Mayfair since the beginning of the year. [glennspiro.com](http://glennspiro.com) ♦





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# The budget supercar

Jeremy Taylor introduces the McLaren 570S – the next generation of British-built supercars combining first-class heritage, style and power, with a surprising price

Brash, sleek, fast, expensive: these are the qualities that define a supercar. Ferrari, Jaguar, Lotus and Porsche were the first off the mark in the 1940s, but it wasn't until 1966 and the Lamborghini Miura that the world saw a *real* high-performance vehicle. With an acceleration like a fighter jet (zero to 60mph in 6.7 seconds and a top speed of 170mph), 350 horsepower and an outrageously sleek design, the Miura was more than just a car; it was a status symbol. And still is today – if you can afford the £1m price tag.

Over the past few decades, big-name marques have been trying to out-do each other with ever faster, more dashing and ludicrously costly models. But the new supercar that's got everyone excited this season costs just a fraction by comparison. McLaren Automotive's 'budget' model, the 570S, starts at just £143,250.

Its appealing price tag isn't the only reason McLaren's new supercar stands out from the competition. McLaren Automotive – the road-orientated arm of the Formula One company – may only date back five years, but it is part of a company with an impeccable motoring heritage.

When Bruce McLaren built his first sports car – the M1A – more than 50 years ago, it was powered by 4.5-litre V8 engine. The power of the 570S comes from a 3.8-litre, twin-turbocharged engine that returns staggering performance. The rear-mounted unit takes less than four seconds to power to 60mph. It is expected to be McLaren's biggest seller, claiming a top speed of 204mph. That

performance is in part due to the car's advanced body shell, cut from lightweight carbon.

There are a fair few sports cars on the market around the same price at the moment, but few boast the visual fireworks of the 570S. In profile it looks very similar to company's P1 hypercar – minus the spoiler and £866,000 cost. Yet the 570S is a McLaren that will flatter driving skills and urge you on at every turn. The exhaust note itself is wonder to behold, a symphony of metal letting off steam with a mighty rasp.

McLaren claim the 570S is the company's most usable model to date – and not just because it's their first vehicle with a glovebox and vanity mirror. Every part of the car has been designed to be user-friendly, from the seven-speed gearbox and lighter electro-hydraulic steering to the softer suspension set-up. And if you need more, there's a top-spec Bowers and Wilkins entertainment system. Storage spaces have been added in the pop-up doors and the low-slung seats are covered in soft hide.

'The 570S had to appeal to a wider audience – it had to have a broader breadth of ability,' says McLaren chief designer Rob Melville. 'You still need the visual drama of a McLaren because it's a very fast sports car. But it's perfectly practical as an everyday vehicle.'

The management team jokingly labelled the 570S coupe the 'slow McLaren' at the car's launch event. Don't be fooled – the newcomer is a masterpiece of British design that will stiffen the sinews every time you slip behind that hand-stitched steering wheel. ♦



## THE MAN WHO CAN

*The newly formed McLaren Special Operations (MSO) is based in Woking, an hour south-west of London. Here, a 570S will be more than enough to brighten the day of most drivers, but what if you want the paintwork to sparkle with real diamonds? MSO director Paul Mackenzie (above) can make it happen.*

*'Our job at MSO is to give McLaren customers what they want,' he says. 'We realise that taste varies from country to country. We are open-minded about what people ask for.'*

*So when a customer requested real diamonds be ground into the paintwork, he was happy to oblige. 'It was trial and error but we got there in the end. Family crests embossed on the seats are quite common, while the gold-plated heat shield is a £15,000 option.'*



**POLISHED POPE**  
How Moreschi helped dress the most stylish pontiff

*It's unlikely you'll ever read a story about Pope Francis's fashion sense. That's because – as you would expect for a pope – he doesn't have any. Neither did Pope John Paul II (noted for his plain brown lace-up shoes). Which is why when Pope Benedict XVI was inaugurated, his fancy for Prada shoes and fur-lined robes raised a few eyebrows. 'The Pope is dressed not by Prada but by Christ,' the Vatican archly responded. Still, in 2007, Benedict joined Richard Burton, Liam Neeson and Nelson Mandela as a Moreschi wearer when he was given a pair of red kangaroo loafers by the firm on a visit to Vigevano.*

PHOTO: GIO MARTORANA

# Art and sole

For the well heeled, a custom-made Moreschi shoe is a sign of having arrived. Louisa Johnson charts the brand's success over the past 70 years

'If you want to know if a guy is well dressed, look down,' said designer George Frazier in the 1950s. Quite right, too. All too often a gentleman will spend all their budget, time and effort getting a suit tailored to very detailed specifications, only to ruin it with a flimsy, tired pair of loafers. Not that this happens in Italy, of course. There's something about that 'Made in Italy' stamp that guarantees quality and craftsmanship – the country is even shaped like a boot.

Francesco Moreschi, who heads up his grandfather's bespoke shoemaker's, Moreschi, puts it down to passion, vision and persistence. He must be onto something – his company sits alongside Prada, Salvatore Ferragamo and Berluti as one of the world's greatest shoemakers.

This year marks Moreschi's 70th birthday. 'My grandfather Mario started the company just after World War II. He worked in a bank, but liked the finer things in life. He decided he wanted to make shoes that were beautiful and also very comfortable. At the time Italy's shoe capital, Vigevano [just outside Milan] was only making medium- to low-quality shoes. He wanted to change this.'

Initially Moreschi's shoes were handcrafted in very

small batches, just 10 at a time, and the focus was on the local market. But by the 1960s, Mario's son (Francesco's father) had taken over. When he showcased Moreschi's shoes at Vigevano's first-ever shoe exhibition, the brand was thrust into the global spotlight. Nevertheless, Moreschi stayed true to its core values.

'The shoes are still made the same way, by hand, in our factory in Vigevano,' says Francesco. 'The skills are passed down through generations. The only difference today is the addition of some modern machinery.'

Today Moreschi crafts about 250,000 pairs of shoes a year, all made on site. You can buy them in 80 different countries, and there are about 40 Moreschi shops, including a new outpost in Dubai.

A classic, buttery-soft calfskin Moreschi shoe is a real investment, says Francesco. 'Our styles are always updated, but they're never too fresh or fashionable. It's a classic contemporary look. We like to say that walking is a real pleasure in our shoes. And as most of our customers are CEOs and business executives – people who travel a lot – comfort is just as important as style.' The Art of Italian Shoemaking (\$80, *Rizzoli*) is out now. [moreschi.it](http://moreschi.it) ♦







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Over the past few years there has been a move away from the traditional hotel towards alternative accommodation such as short-term rental apartments and stays on luxury boats – people are starting to prioritise privacy and personalisation. What's lost, however, is the everything's-taken-care-of service you'd get from a hotel.

For those who want the solace of alternative accommodation but all-inclusive assistance, French company Prestigious may hold the key. It offers a range of 370 luxury rental apartments, villas and yachts across the world, combined with an extensive concierge service.

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# Postcards



Tales of intrigue and adventure from across the globe



ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID MAHONEY

**33**

IN SEARCH OF  
THE WORLD'S  
TALLEST PLANT IN  
DARKEST PERU

**34**

SPACECRAFT  
MANOEUVRES AT  
FIVE MILES PER  
SECOND

**37**

SINGING IN MILAN  
CATHEDRAL WITH  
HALF YOUR CHOIR  
STUCK IN LONDON

**38**

DRIVING A WWII  
MOTORBIKE  
ACROSS A FROZEN  
RUSSIAN LAKE





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# 'I went to Peru in search of the world's tallest flower spike'



I haven't always been fortunate with my travels. In 2000 I was kidnapped in the Darién Gap near Colombia and held captive for nine months as rebels tried to work out if I was a spy or a plant-hunting nut. The Peru trip came about because I've always wanted to see the world's tallest flower spike, the towering 13m-tall *Puya raimondii*. But given my track record in South America, no one wanted to go with me, so I went alone.

I was walking around the Colca Canyon, one of the deepest in the world, when a guy asked me if I

needed a guide. I said I was fine, thank you, but described the plant I was looking for. He then drew it for me and said he knew where to find it. I thought it was a wind-up, and even though he only wanted £60 – which included someone to carry my bags, food and some accommodation – it was a four-day walk in the middle of the Andes and risked eating up the best part of the trip. It felt like a gamble.

The place he led me to turned out to be a disused gold mine, although it still had barbed wire fences round it and guys with guns

at the entrance. I started to wonder if I'd be kidnapped again.

We were at a much lower altitude than the plant normally grows at, and I was very concerned trudging past these guards, but it turned out my guide was as good as his word. When we suddenly saw it, there wasn't just one plant but hundreds. And they were in flower, which was incredible as they only flower once before dying, and it only happens every 100 years. The whole scene took my breath away.

The *Puya raimondii* really are massive, each with up to 10,000 flowers and 10 million seeds. I had a permit to collect seeds so I bagged some up, and spent a few happy nights there under the stars. After years of wanting to see them, one would have done, but to see dozens in flower was a one-in-50-lifetimes chance.

The plant is hummingbird-pollinated so the noise surrounding these flowers is like a fleet of Apache helicopters coming in to land. They were so small and fast you could barely see them – but you could hear them, and it all added to the mystique of the place.

I brought some seeds back to The World Garden in Kent, but mimicking the conditions was hard. Just three or four germinated, but from those two grew into what are now reasonably sized plants of about 60cm each. In a century's time they'll be magnificent.

Finding the world's tallest flower spike and then being able to grow it from seed was a huge tick off my bucket list, but one more thing I'd like to cross off – and I'm sure there's one around, maybe in Borneo – is the Black Orchid. People say it's a myth, a fable, and there are none to be found, but I'm sure there's an orchid somewhere with a flower that's entirely black, and I want to be the one to find it. [lullingstonecastle.co.uk](http://lullingstonecastle.co.uk) ◆



**TOM HART DYKE**

*Tom Hart Dyke, 39, is the brains behind The World Garden at Lullingstone Castle in England, an impressive public attraction featuring plants from all corners of the globe. Some of the specimens are grown from seeds and cuttings Hart Dyke has brought back from his plant-hunting adventures, the very best of these exploits being a trip to Peru where he was blessed with some extraordinary good luck*

INTERVIEW BY MIKE PEAKE ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID MAHONEY



‘I gazed out at Earth from the window of the *Mir* space station – and it was better than anything I could have imagined’





*536 people have travelled above the 100km mark that defines the beginning of space. Of these only seven were space tourists*

When you talk to astronauts my age they can all tell you *exactly* where they were when Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin stepped onto the Moon. I was 10, growing up in Southern California, and I remember lying on the floor watching the old black-and-white television and I thought, 'That's it. That's what I want to do.'

I grew up in a military family – my mother's father and my own father were both naval aviators – and I thought about that as I pondered which path to take, because a lot of astronauts had similar backgrounds. I figured I'd follow the family tradition and go to naval academy and learn how to fly. I was a helicopter pilot in the Navy, got a master's degree and then after about 11 years I felt that I might have enough qualifications to be a competitive NASA candidate, but I really didn't feel like I would get selected. I was very pleasantly surprised when I was!

After several years of training I was excited to finally have the opportunity to climb on board the rocket. During training we'd had lots of time in the motion simulator practising both launch and landing procedures, and I thought I had an idea of what launch might feel like. The fact is, though, it's incredibly difficult to put into words what 6.5 million pounds of thrust feels like. When the two solid rocket boosters ignite it literally feels like someone's put you in the world's largest sling-shot and let go.

After eight minutes the engines shut off, your arms start to float because you're now weightless as you orbit the Earth, and that first

view out the window, even though you've seen many, many pictures of the Earth from space as part of the training, it's an emotional moment. I could have looked out that window for the whole mission, but obviously, we had work to do.

The second time I went back, in 1997, I was on board the space shuttle *Atlantis* as part of what was the seventh docking mission to the Russian space station, *Mir*. Docking is a pretty unique experience. When you first start the rendezvous process you can't even see *Mir*, then all of a sudden you start seeing this fuzzy bright light and it gets a little bit brighter as you get close. Then you start being able to make out the shape of the modules.

It's kind of a fun experience to realise that *Mir* and *Atlantis* are going around the planet at a rate of about five miles a second and we're going to do this very precise series of manoeuvres to join up the two spacecraft and then spend some time with the only other people who are also off the planet.

When I stepped onto *Mir* it was a little chaotic because we were all trying to get through the hatch at the same time. I had previously spent some time training with two cosmonauts who were on *Mir* so it was very special to see them again and give them a big hug, and then I just wanted to tour around.

There was a heck of a lot of equipment stowed on there so it was a lot more crowded than I thought it was going to be – *Mir* was much smaller than the modules they used for the International Space Station, so it was fairly cramped. One of the

problems they had was that they didn't have a way to get large pieces of equipment back home to Earth to be repaired so they tended to keep all that stuff in case they needed to scavenge parts.

We had seven members on our crew and there were three members on *Mir*. We were docked for about a week, and I was there primarily to get some NASA science experiments set up in the laboratory module. Time passed so quickly that it was suddenly time to come home again.

But you do have some down-time – you try and take an hour-and-a-half before bedtime just to look out the window and watch the world. It's a good way to relax, and I remember going over Europe and being amazed at all the airplane contrails – I had no idea that the air traffic had such a high density. Another time we had a night-time pass over Mount Etna and we could see the glow of the magma in the crater.

People often ask me what I miss about space and it's hard to put it into words. You basically start off your flight with a rocket ride, which never disappoints, the engines cut off and you get to float and fly around like Superman, and then you get to see the incredible beauty of this planet.

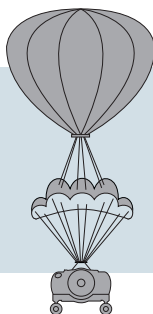
When I want to get away from everything now I like to go hiking in the mountains. I live in Washington State and I'm not far from one of the volcanoes there, Mount Baker, and that's where I go, surrounded by the trees. It's a very pretty view – but it doesn't really compare to being in space. [astronautwendylawrence.com](http://astronautwendylawrence.com) ♦



**WENDY B LAWRENCE**

*Former NASA astronaut Wendy B Lawrence, 56, dreamed of going into space after seeing the Apollo Moon landings as a girl. Many years of hard work and a dash of good fortune later, she was floating in space and looking down on a view that would never get old*

INTERVIEW BY MIKE PEAKE. ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID MAHONEY



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#### WORLD VIEW

Arizona's World View hopes to offer a two-hour space balloon flight from 2017, at \$75,000 per person. In October 2015, it completed its highest ever test, sending a scale model 100,000ft into the Earth's atmosphere.

#### VIRGIN GALACTIC

The company unveiled its new SpaceShipTwo in February, after the first one crashed in tests. Future space tourists will sit in this vehicle as it is flown to 50,000ft by a mothership, then released to rocket its way to space.

#### SPACEX

When Google invests \$1bn, something significant is going on. SpaceX received a huge cash injection last year, and shortly after announced that it will launch astronauts to the ISS by 2017.



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## ‘A comedy of errors failed to derail my choral performance at Milan Cathedral’

I’ve been interested in Renaissance music since I was about 13. I went on to study it at Oxford in the early 1970s, where I gained some experience in conducting small vocal ensembles, and in 1973 I founded The Tallis Scholars. There are 10 of us – plus myself, the conductor – at each performance. We have a pretty slick operation and most of the gigs pass without a hitch, but everything conspired against us in the run-up to a prestigious concert at Milan Cathedral celebrating the 600th anniversary of their choir school.

We were flying from London in two parties, one from Stansted, the other from Gatwick. I was in the Stansted party, and we landed in Milan to find a sea of text messages from the others telling us that their plane was delayed. By good fortune, we had a properly balanced choir of singers in my group – two sopranos, an alto, a tenor, a bass and a conductor – although we had some rethinking to do, because the music we had been asked to perform – Gesualdo’s *Responsoria* – is hellishly difficult at the best of times, and completely impossible without a second tenor.

We were scheduled to begin our performance at 9pm, and by 7pm we knew that the others would not be with us. What we needed was some four-voice music, and we didn’t have any with us. If we didn’t find something very quickly, it would be our first ever no-show.

Fortunately, Italy’s music shops close rather late, though it’s not exactly easy finding esoteric Renaissance music at the best of times. So we had a frantic dash around the city until we managed to find, tucked away in a drawer in a specialist shop, something we could read. It was a rather ancient copy of Palestrina’s *Missa Brevis*, and I was very much relieved, thinking this would save the day. At this stage, we thought the rest of the group would only miss the first half of the concert. A debate then followed about whether or not we should find a second piece to perform just in case they didn’t make it. So we also bought a copy of Byrd’s four-voice *Mass for Four Voices*. This turned out to be crucial, as we had to do the whole concert alone.

Next, we had to photocopy the music, and multiple times – something made all the more

awkward when the Cathedral authorities couldn’t give us a clear answer about whether they had a photocopier or not. We eventually found a hotel that could help, but each copy seemed to take forever and the machine repeatedly jammed. We eventually went on stage holding fists-full of paper, which could have been in any order.

And so, literally with seconds to spare and no time for rehearsal, we went out in front of a crowd of 1,500, having also just been told that we should add some chant music to the performance even though we had none to hand.

We stepped out to enthusiastic applause and began our performance, no one in the audience any the wiser to the catastrophe that had just hit our little ensemble, as we sang music that we’d had no intention of performing and no time to even practise. Luckily, most of them didn’t know of the change of proceedings – the celebratory programme was so expensively produced, no one bought it. At the end, the audience erupted into wild applause at our efforts, and – somehow – we’d got away with it. ♦



**PETER PHILLIPS**

*If you know Renaissance choral music, you’ll likely know of Peter Phillips and The Tallis Scholars, an acclaimed ensemble who have performed more than 2,000 concerts and created 62 CDs over the past 43 years. But not every concert goes exactly to plan, as Phillips discovered just before a performance in front of a 1,500-strong audience at Milan Cathedral*

INTERVIEW BY MIKE PEAKE ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID MAHONEY

# 'I circumnavigated a huge, frozen lake in Siberia on a WWII-era motorcycle'

I've had quite a few adventures now, including driving from London to Mongolia and back in a £150 car, so I'm always looking to push myself. I'd been wanting to do something pioneering in an unusual environment when a company called The Adventurists got in touch to say they were looking for people to try out something on a remote, frozen lake in Russia. It was a circumnavigation of Lake Baikal on a World War II-era motorbike, a ride that would be just short of 2,000km. No one had ever done it before. I said I'd give it a go.

I'm based in Hong Kong and was able to get a direct flight to Irkutsk at the south-west edge of the lake. There I met the local contact, had a look at the bikes, and started wondering what I'd let myself in for. There were seven teams of two people each, and I was paired up with an Australian army colonel named Dennis.

The bikes were Russian Urals, WWII-era motorcycles – the most inappropriate vehicle you can imagine. When we first started ours it caught fire; it had no brakes, no lights, it was a piece of junk. Luckily, they weren't very fast, so we mostly got a bit wet if we came off.

The first day we all stuck together because it was a bit unknown. It was definitely strange riding on the ice. I kept thinking about news footage you see of people going out on a frozen pond and it not being thick enough and they fall through... Then that first night on the ice we had an earthquake.

We'd been told it was a seismic area and susceptible to earthquakes, and just after the Sun had gone down the whole area started shaking, including the mountains that surrounded the lake. We all just looked at each other with a look of 'What do we do?'. Even if we'd wanted to get off the ice, we couldn't, because the banks were so steep. There was nothing we could do, so we just went to sleep and hoped that any aftershocks wouldn't take us under. When we woke the next morning we could see that there were cracks in the ice and that water had seeped through. We didn't hang around.

Camping on a frozen lake was something I'd never done before. We should have had something called ice-screws to secure the tents down, but we didn't and had to improvise. The winds were incredibly bad during the night, so we'd basically held the tent down

with the bike. We had some good kit, though: inflatable mattresses, -40°C sleeping bags and an arctic tent. What was strange was having a fire on the lake. We would grab wood from the forests at the edge, build a base out of it, put more wood on top, add some fuel from the bike and set it alight. Because the ice is up to metre thick, it didn't melt through.

The lake is so big it's almost like a sea, and they have what they call 'ride-ups', which are like tectonic plates on the ice that are always moving and colliding. When they hit each other it forms a ridge, and whenever we came across one of these we'd have to stop, build a little ramp out of snow and ice and then take a running jump over it with the bike at full throttle.

It took two-and-a-bit weeks to circumnavigate the lake and it was absolutely exhausting. The feedback I gave to the adventure company was that people would need proper kit but it was certainly good fun. I'd been smiling all the way round. The next thing I want to do is in Africa. I can't say more at the moment, but it'll be a big one. I've done a few countries over there, but for me it really is the untouched continent. I can't wait to explore it. [mpadventureacademy.com](http://mpadventureacademy.com) ♦



**MATT PRIOR**

*Adventurer Matt Prior, 31, is a former RAF pilot now running his own adventure academy, where he throws intrepid travellers in at the deep end to give them a taste of a real-life expedition. But when he signed up for a recent voyage to one of Russia's least hospitable corners, it was Prior's turn to play guinea pig*

INTERVIEW BY MIKE PEAKE. ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID MAHONEY

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*The longest journey by motorbike in  
a single country (India) is 38,239km.  
It took Manigandan Manjunathan 98 days*

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U'Wine is a company that is ripe with knowledge, founded in 2010 by the Hébrard family, previous owners of Chateau Cheval Blanc, Saint-Emilion Premier Grand Cru Classé A. Thomas Hébrard now manages U'Wine,

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*13 allées de Chartres, 33 000 Bordeaux, France, +33 5 35 54 61 39, [uwine.fr](http://uwine.fr), [contact@uwine.fr](mailto:contact@uwine.fr)*

*U'Wine is a company that is ripe with knowledge, founded by experienced wine merchants, the Hébrard family*





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44

SEARCHING  
FOR RUDYARD  
KIPLING'S SHERE  
KHAN IN INDIA

52

MEETING THE HULI  
WIGMEN IN PAPUA  
NEW GUINEA'S  
HIGHLANDS

62

JAZZ CROSSING: ON  
A TRANSATLANTIC  
LINER WITH BLUE  
NOTE RECORDS

68

DISCOVERING  
TURKEY'S GULET-  
MAKING INDUSTRY  
IN BODRUM









*‘Keep peace  
with the lords  
of the jungle –  
the tiger, the  
panther,  
the bear’*

RUDYARD KIPLING, LAW OF THE JUNGLE

---

On the 150th anniversary of writer Rudyard Kipling’s birth, and ahead of this spring’s new film of his most lasting creation, *The Jungle Book*, **Jeremy Taylor** searches for the tiger Shere Khan in the remnants of Kipling’s India





**T**he bronze bust resting in the shadows of the Jeejeebhoy School of Art in Mumbai has seen better days. Bird droppings cover the head and the marble plinth has started to crumble. An explanatory plaque hasn't been polished for years, but get up close and you can clearly make out the moniker: Rudyard Kipling.

It states that the writer was born here on 30 December 1865. His father, John Lockwood Kipling, had worked as an illustrator and art teacher in England before moving to India to become dean of the college. Now, 150 years on, termites have ravaged what's left of the Kipling bungalow. The formal gardens are unkempt and empty rum bottles litter the ground. It all seems a far cry from where Kipling's ashes rest in London's Westminster Abbey, beside the graves of other literary luminaries like Charles Dickens and Thomas Hardy. Kipling won the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1907, so why has his birthplace been left to decay in this bustling corner of Mumbai?

Kipling expert and tour guide Parvin Mistry was born and brought up in the city. As we shelter from the sun in the shade of an almond tree, she explains why: 'George Orwell once called Kipling "a prophet of British imperialism" and that's been his downfall in India. Kipling was a controversial figure here because of the way he portrayed the country in some of his work. He was

regarded as having a pro-imperialist attitude, one that supported the notion of an oppressed Indian people being subject to Britain's colonial domination.'

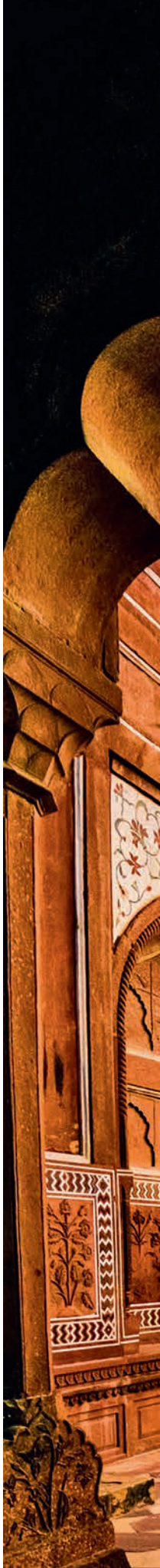
One consequence of this is that plans to transform part of the Mumbai college into a Kipling museum have met with stiff opposition. 'There are two schools of thought on the subject. He was one of the 20<sup>th</sup> century's greatest writers but he also supported imperialism. In India that can take many years to resolve,' says Mistry.

As Kipling wrote in his first book of short stories, *Plain Tales from the Hills*, the madness of urban life in India can be an eye-opener for newly arrived tourists. 'Now India is a place beyond all others where one must not take things too seriously – the midday sun always excepted,' he wrote.

More than a century on, things haven't changed that much. Tuk-tuks battle for space with meandering cows, street hawkers and vendors. It's not unusual to pass a man sleeping in his bed on the pavement, fireworks being let off randomly in a square, or a child trying to sell you a 2005 edition of the *London A-Z*. But I've travelled to India to retrace Kipling's early years and get a taste for what inspired some of his greatest works. Novels like *The Jungle Book*, *Kim*, and *The Man Who Would Be King* are all classics; timeless poems such as *Gunga Din*, *If* and *Mandalay* were also from his pen. And over the next 12 months, there will be a resurgence of interest in Kipling's work, thanks to two new film versions >



LEFT: the bust of Rudyard Kipling at his old bungalow in Mumbai. RIGHT: the Taj Mahal. Kipling famously called the building 'the embodiment of all things pure' on his first visit





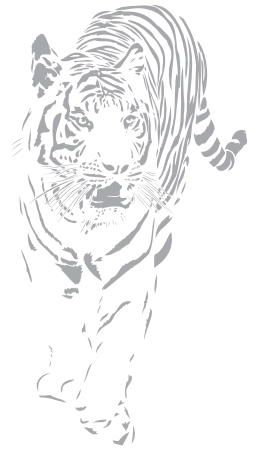


PHOTOS: INSIGHT VACATIONS









#### SAVING SHERE KHAN

Loss of habitat, illegal poaching and the growing Chinese black market for tiger skin, bones and organs mean that in the last 100 years, numbers of tigers in the wild have declined by 97%. Optimistic estimates say there are 1,400 left in India; some experts believe this number could be as little as 800. See how you can help at [www.org.uk](http://www.org.uk)

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of *The Jungle Book* using a mix of live action and motion-capture animation. *The Jungle Book*, featuring the voices of Bill Murray as Baloo, Idris Elba as Shere Khan, and Scarlett Johansson as the hissing python Kaa, opens in April. *Jungle Book: Origins* will follow in 2017; among the stellar voice-over cast of this second movie will be Benedict Cumberbatch as Shere Khan and Cate Blanchett as Kaa.

But Kipling's India is not just about the jungle. He spent the first five years of his childhood in Mumbai, before he was sent to England to study, and Mistry tells me the best place to get a taste of what the great man experienced is in nearby Crawford Market. Kipling used to play around the traders' stalls here as a young child. His father also designed a series of friezes by the entrance and a grand stone fountain inside. These friezes, which depict scenes of rural life, are easy to find. I have to dodge the crazy Mumbai traffic to enjoy a proper view because a restoration is currently under way and scaffolding makes the intricate carvings difficult to appreciate. Thousands of marketgoers pass under them every day, most unaware of their significance. Inside, the fountains are even grander but have slipped into a state of disrepair.

I wonder if the intricate fountain and Kipling's bust will perish before restoration work starts. It's ironic that both sites are within a stone's throw of Mumbai's famous Victoria Terminus Station, now renamed Chhatrapati Shivaji Terminus. Designed by British architect Frederick William Stevens, it was created in the Victorian Italianate Gothic Revival style. Millions of rupees were lavished keeping it in shape and it is now a UNESCO World Heritage Site.

Kipling's most famous work was *The Jungle Book* of short stories. Published in 1894, it immediately grasped the imagination of adults and children alike. The novel was translated into countless languages and made the author

a household name. Later, Walt Disney's 1967 animated musical version brought the story to life on the big screen. The inspiration for the book came when Kipling returned to India as a teenager to follow a career in journalism. He travelled extensively during the following decade and enjoyed a keen interest in wildlife. During his many trips into the jungle, he encountered the animals that would later become so familiar to his readers.

To experience what Kipling saw, the next day, I fly north to Ranthambore National Park. Ten of thousands of tourists trek to this remote part of eastern Rajasthan every year. It's a hot and unforgiving part of the country but they still come in search of one elusive animal – Kipling's king of the jungle, Shere Khan. Fewer than 60 Bengal tigers roam the park, fenced in and protected from poachers by a small army of guards. They have free range around 250 square miles of jungle and use their camouflaged coats to blend into the forest. Encounters are so rare that even the most optimistic tour operators only offer a 20% chance of a sighting.

Daybreak the next day and I'm staring at the outline of a perfectly shaped paw. The footprint measures four inches across and is pressed into the dirt of a forest trail. A handful of other travellers have made it here too, tired but excited and all hoping to see the same thing. In my leather holdall is a copy of *The Jungle Book* I was given more than 40 years ago. It's marked with comical drawings of characters Mowgli, Baloo the bear and Bagheera the panther, scribbled in haste when I was a seven year old. I'm also equipped with a long-lense camera and binoculars. As it turns out, neither will be required.

Ranthambore is divided into zones that loosely mirror the home ground of individual tigers. They are fiercely territorial animals, so the safari trails are cleverly routed to give >

LEFT: more than a century since Kipling lived here and not much has changed, with tuk-tuks jostling for space on the road, traditional dress and colourful religious rituals

PHOTO: GETTY

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THE GREAT SOCIALIST WRITER GEORGE ORWELL ON KIPLING:

*'For my own part I worshipped Kipling at 13, loathed him at 17, enjoyed him at 20, despised him at 25 and now again rather admire him'*

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LEFT: the Essence of India tour stops off at the vivid Red Fort in Delhi. RIGHT: a two-year-old female Bengal tiger stalks through the jungle

#### THE LIFE AND TIMES OF RUDYARD KIPLING

1865	Born in Mumbai, India
1870	Moved back to England to go to boarding school in Devon
1882	Returned to India as a journalist
1888	Published his first prose collection, <i>Plain Tales from the Hills</i>
1889	Left India and returned to live in London
1890	Wrote his first novel, <i>The Light that Failed</i>
1892	Married Caroline Balestier and moved to Vermont, USA
1894	Wrote <i>The Jungle Book</i>
1896	Moved back to London after a quarrel with his wife's family
1902	Moved to Sussex where he wrote the <i>Just So Stories</i>
1915	Death of his son John at the Battle of Loos
1936	Died and was buried alongside literary greats at Westminster Abbey

tourists the best chance of spotting a big cat. My open-top truck also offers a commanding view of the jungle as it pushes through low-hanging branches and undergrowth. Although deer, wild boar and baboon are plentiful, it soon becomes clear that Bengal tigers prefer to keep a low profile.

Kipling marvelled over tigers, but widespread hunting during the 20<sup>th</sup> century all but destroyed the population, forcing the Indian government to act. There are now 48 tiger reserves in India and the country can claim 70% of the world's tiger population, with around 2,200 specimens. However, the animal remains on the endangered list and poachers are a constant threat.

I'm beginning to think that tigers might remain a part of Kipling's imagination when my guide suddenly pushes a finger to his lips and demands quiet. High in trees, the birds are chattering loudly and a congress of baboons is in a frenzy of excitement. A message is being sent through the jungle – there's a tiger on the prowl.

Our truck halts and, as the noise reaches a crescendo, I get my first glimpse of a wild tiger, lazily walking through a clearing in the grass. It's a two-year-old female and even at 400 yards I can clearly make out the beautifully patterned coat, a brush of white whiskers and those menacing eyes. I watch as the animal walks slowly on, carefully marking its territory. Then tensions soar as it veers off course, cutting a path through the grass directly towards us. For a moment the tiger disappears behind a ridge and nobody is sure where it's gone. Then a gasp of excitement fills the truck. There's no need for binoculars now because the tiger is less than 30ft away.

I can see saliva hanging from those fearsome teeth as it pants for breath, tail swishing from side to side, and hear the crack of twigs as it swaggers nonchalantly through the undergrowth. Did Kipling experience these same feelings when he first came face-to-face with a tiger? Was this the defining moment that inspired *The Jungle Book*? ♦

*Jeremy travelled with luxury tour operator Insight Vacations on the new Essence of India Ranthambore itinerary with a Fascinating Mumbai extension. [insightvacations.com](http://insightvacations.com)*







# HEAD FOR THE HILLS

The highlands of Papua New Guinea are one of our planet's few remaining wild frontiers. **Flash Parker** meets with the Asaro mudmen and the Huli wigmen, both tribes only discovered in the 1930s, for whom life has remained unchanged for thousands of years





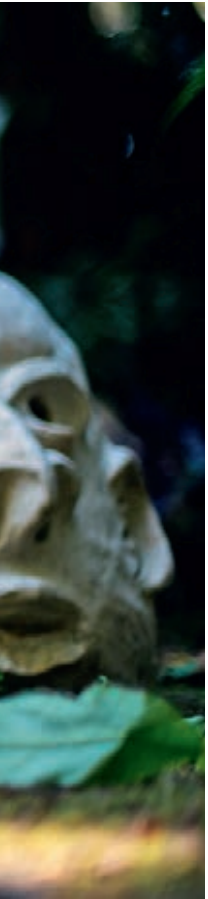
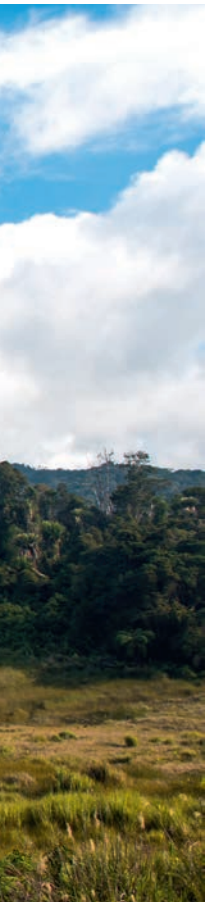
PHOTOS: FLASH PARKER



**PREVIOUS PAGES:**  
Huli wigmen  
perform a tradi-  
tional *sing-sing*.  
**HERE:** rugged  
views over the  
Tari highlands.  
**BELOW:** the fear-  
some war helmets  
of Papua New  
Guinea's mudmen







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**A** question weighed heavy on my mind as my plane circled the landing strip at Mount Hagen, somewhere over the rugged heart of Papua New Guinea, a spellbinding place where the verdant Wahgi Valley is buttressed by the towering spires of the imposing Central Cordillera: how do you live like a local out *here*?

PNG has a reputation for being one of the wildest places on Earth: millions of people in the vast interior and out along the coast continue to practise subsistence farming and fishing as they have done for tens of thousands of years; more than 800 languages and dialects flit through the air from the Bismarck to the Coral Sea; while rumours abound of highland people whom have never had contact with the outside world. The people of Mount Hagen were only introduced – not by choice, mind you – to the West in 1933. So how would I, as a traveller, reconcile this PNG with the way I live my own life back home? Turns out, all I had to do was smile.

After landing at Mount Hagen, my companions and I were carted over to the Mount Hagen Market, a buzzing hive of human (and not-quite-human) activity. I made fast friends with a betel nut vendor's tree kangaroo, zipped between rows of colourful fruits with names I couldn't pronounce, skipped over scurrying chickens, and shook hands with just about every man and woman in attendance. There was an electric undercurrent to our visit – our group made up the entire foreign presence at the market that day. Wide-eyed children fell over one another in an effort to get in front of my camera, ladies carved up fruit and veg and doled out generous samples, and men with steel in their eyes and machetes on their shoulders broke into enormous smiles when a casual grin was sent in their direction. In this place of vast differences, the one constant was the smile.

Mount Hagen's reputation as a lawless frontier keeps some visitors at bay, but nothing during our visit set off alarms. In fact, the local folk we did meet couldn't have been warmer or more welcoming. Until, that is, we encountered the Asaro mudmen.

We followed a winding dirt road into the highlands, out past quaint villages, perfectly manicured fields and children playing in small mountain streams. We came to a stop opposite what seemed to be impenetrable bush, but our guide led us to find the path to the gate of the Pogla Cultural Centre. Upon crossing the threshold, I was struck by an elderly woman in full highland regalia tending to a small fire. As if on cue, the sky clouded over and the Asaro mudmen came stalking out of the green. Looking like ghostly apparitions with white mud on every inch of their bodies, they wore skirts of grass and leaves, long talons of bamboo on their fingertips and imposing helmets of mud, each decorated with human teeth and animal horns. The mudmen cut a striking figure against their surroundings; I could only imagine what their enemies must have thought when the mudmen set upon them in battle.

According to legend, they were originally a band of peaceful villagers from the village of Goroka in the Eastern Highlands, terrorised by another tribe and forced to flee their traditional homelands. They were chased into the Asaro River where they waited for the cover of night to escape. But as they rose from the water covered in mud, their enemies thought them evil spirits and retreated in terror. The mudmen then began crafting their incredible helmets to use as a deterrent against any would-be invaders.

Our group managed to hang in for the entire performance put on by the mudmen, and were granted an opportunity to peek behind the masks. Our mudmen ranged in age from >

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*In Papua New Guinea, rumours abound of highland people who have never had any contact with the outside world*

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LEFT: the mudmen still perform centuries-old war dances. HERE: the opening ritual of the wigmen's traditional sing-sing





LEFT: Huli tribal leaders wear head-dresses of human hair, bone and feathers. RIGHT: the wig-school teacher makes a traditional headpiece. FAR RIGHT: ceremonial dress is passed down through the generations

nine to 16, and are part of a family dedicated to preserving the old way of life and scores of highland traditions. The family's patriarch shared with us the tale of the mudmen, and why it is important that native highlanders protect their ancient traditions in the face of a quickly modernising Papua New Guinea.

Though I didn't think it possible at the time, from Mount Hagen we journeyed even deeper into the wild heart of the jungle. A jump over a range of towering mountain hurdles and we arrived in a small village in the Southern Highlands near Tari, where we encountered the legendary Huli. The Huli people, one of the largest indigenous cultural groups in Papua New Guinea, have lived in this region for more than 1,000 years, and continue to practise many of their ancestral cultural traditions. Folklore holds that all Huli descend from a single male, though this shared ancestry has not kept the Huli from warring ferociously with one another; in fact, the entire floor of the Tari Basin is scarred by massive trenches, some 5m deep, channels hand-dug with sticks and shovels to define territorial borders. Huli culture has long been based on 'land, pigs and women', prizes men have fought over for centuries. During combat, they cover their bodies in colourful clay pigment and extravagant headdresses made from human hair, bird of paradise feathers and flowers. Huli leaders come to power through prowess in battle, negotiation skill (there's the land, pigs and women again) and mediating presence. >









# 1933

After the gold rushes in Wau and Bulolo, Australian gold prospector Mick Leahy went to the Eastern Highlands of Papua New Guinea in search of precious metal. Although he didn't find what he was looking for, he uncovered the lost world of the Huli tribe



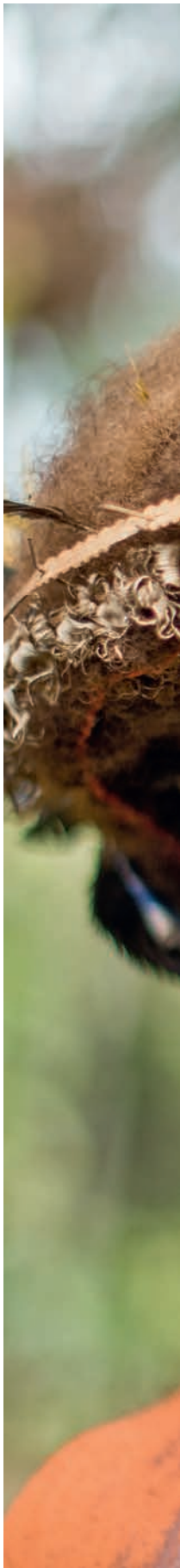
To this day, the Tari Valley of the Southern Highlands is known as a wild frontier; confrontations often escalate quickly, and a leader able to offer peace in lieu of vengeance is a powerful one. Fortunately, we were guests at a special ceremonial event known as a *sing-sing*, and not a skirmish. Still, the ceremony was one-part intimidating and two dashes of awe-inspiring – until the show ended, and the wigmen decided it was selfie time. We broke down language barriers by laughing as we swapped headgear, each ‘chief’ taking their turn in front of our cameras. No pigs, no land, no problem – we had no beef with the wigmen, so were welcomed into their community with open arms.

Wigmen get their headgear from wig schools, run by ‘wig masters’, which are open only to young males who have never had a sexual encounter of any kind. Over the course of an 18-month programme, students will grow their hair with the end goal of crafting the elaborate wigs used by Huli men during tribal battles and ceremonial sing-sings. Students ritualistically wash their hair and cleanse themselves in small

mountain streams, tend to their locks as one might tending a precious garden, and protect them as they might a priceless jewel – the best wigs can fetch thousands of dollars and come with waiting lists that can last years. Traditionally, outsiders have been forbidden from visiting wig schools; recently, however, the Huli have opened their doors in order to generate funds for their villages, as more and more locals embrace contemporary economics or are forced into new ways of living their old lives.

Our highland experience culminated with a spirit dance at Tigibi village on the Makara River, where local tribal elders engaged in song and dance dressed in rattan skirts, colourful clay paint (yellow clay, called *ambua*, and ochre clay are sacred to the Huli people, and used to define Huli warriors from their counterparts), and those massive human hair headdresses. The men carried a haunting beat on their drums as they danced and sang, seemingly unaware of our group’s presence – until, once again, the dance came to an end on the edge of a smile. ♦

ABOVE: getting up-close-and-personal with the tribe has become possible as Papua New Guinea modernises. RIGHT: don't let the intimidating face-paint fool you, the wigmen are quick to smile















# *The Don* *Blue of Note*

The new president of jazz's coolest label has made a radical move in the face of declining record sales: if the music business is all at sea, what better way to survive than playing on a ship? **Andrew Humphreys** meets Don Was

**I**n 2013, devotees of Cunard were up in arms about the company's controversial decision to relax the dress code on its ships. They took to online forums to debate the news that the most exclusive of passenger lines was changing its eveningwear options from 'formal', 'semi-formal' and 'elegant casual' to simply 'formal' and 'informal'. Cunarders who valued the old-world charm of the ships accused the company of 'dumbing down'.

It is fair to say, then, that the passenger in Jesus sandals, wide-brimmed hat, dreadlocks, mirror shades and sweat pants hoisted at half-mast cuts a divisive figure on the *Queen Mary 2* this cool November day. There are complaints from fellow passengers – I know this for a fact as I stood in line behind one huffy lady as she threatened a purser with a boycott of the company – but the starched white-suited crew affect not to pay any attention; after all, this man is arguably the ship's guest of honour. This particular New York to Southampton sailing marks the first joint venture between the blue-blood shipping line and the equally venerable jazz label, Blue Note, and the man who looks like an escapee from a Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers comic happens to be Blue Note's president.

It may be that the last time you heard of Don Was (*pictured opposite*) – born Donald Fagenson in 1952 – was as the funk bassist in eighties pop group Was (Not Was), which had a sizeable international hit with *Walk the Dinosaur*. Since then he has become one of the most in-demand of music producers, working with a Rock and Roll Hall of Fame >





### THE QUEEN MARYS

When the original *Queen Mary* first set sail in 1936, she was the pride of the Cunard fleet. She was transformed into a troopship during WWII, refitted as a passenger liner once more and then retired in 1967. She's currently moored in Long Beach, California. Her successor, the *Queen Mary 2*, is Cunard's current flagship. At 345m, the *QM2* is one of the longest passenger ships in the world, and also one of the most peaceful – there's only one announcement a day, at noon, by the Captain



roster of artists including Bonnie Raitt, Iggy Pop, Bob Dylan, Elton John, Willie Nelson, Ringo Starr and Van Morrison. He's also been the Rolling Stones' producer of choice on every studio album since 1994's *Voodoo Lounge* and has received three Grammy awards for his work. But there is nothing on his CV to suggest Was is the obvious pair of hands in which to entrust the best-known label in jazz, particularly at a time when the whole industry is in crisis as sales of recorded music step off a cliff.

Was would tend to agree. He was surprised as anybody when back in 2012 he was offered the gig by an old friend, who happened to be the president of Capitol, parent label to Blue Note. Was has a clear recollection of his first encounter with the jazz label: 'One Sunday in 1966, I was driving around with my mom and playing with the radio in our car.

The dial landed on 1440 AM just as Joe Henderson's sax solo from *Mode for Joe* was kicking off... It totally blew my mind. When it ended, I felt like the coolest, most empowered 15-year-old in Detroit.'

As a teenager he and his friends used to scour the record stores for Blue Note releases, drawn by the label's distinctive hard bop sound and the label-defining album-sleeve graphics by Reid Miles, with their urban-cool noir photography of sharp suits, saxophones and cigarette smoke. He retained an appreciation, but come the seventies and an explosion of a raw new kind of music in his hometown, his ambitions changed. 'I wanted to be in Iggy and the Stooges.'

In other ways, too, the job is an odd fit. 'I always considered the record company the enemy,' says Was, seated down in the lower decks with the Atlantic sliding icily by outside the window. 'In my experience, they were the guys who stole all the band's money.' That whole model, he says, of how the labels used to do business, has now been blown to smithereens. 'I didn't know that old way, which was probably an advantage. So you come in fresh and you go, "Well, why don't we do it this way?"'

The appointment came following years of virtual inactivity at Blue Note caused by the tectonic shifts of corporate buy-outs. 'They were going to close Blue Note and turn it into a website selling T-shirts,' says Was. One of the first things he did was bring in new talent. After seeing vocalist Gregory Porter perform in a New York nightclub – 'There's a warm creaminess to his voice. It just gets me, man' – he signed him and oversaw the recording of the Grammy award-winning album *Liquid Spirit*. He soon added another of jazz's hottest up-and-coming vocalists, Minneapolis-born José James, who brings hip-hop swagger to songs rooted in the influences of artists like John Coltrane and Billie Holiday.

'We're not strictly a jazz label,' says Was. 'We've got Norah Jones, Ryan Adams and Annie Lennox. Elvis Costello did his last album with Blue Note... Rosanne Cash. But for the most part jazz, being a niche market, has fallen off sooner than pop. It's getting to the point where you almost can't pay for the records just based on sales. You can try to fight that or just accept it, the same way you get this tremendous freedom when you say, "I'm a drug addict and I need help."'

Part of that acceptance in the new Was world is a raft of awareness-raising sponsorship deals. There are now Blue Note-branded Vans sneakers aimed at skaters and Blue Note Sonos speakers for hi-fi junkies. There is a deal with >



LEFT: Billie Holiday performing in 1943. HERE: some of the greatest names in jazz, including Dexter Gordon on sax, Milt Hinton on bass and John Coltrane on soprano sax

PHOTOS: GJON MILI/THE LIFE PICTURE COLLECTION/GETTY IMAGES; RAY WHITTEN PHOTOGRAPHY/MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES/GETTY IMAGES; DAVID RED/FERN/RED/FERNS; METRONOME/GETTY IMAGES; ECHOES/RED/FERNS; VAL WILMER/RED/FERNS/GETTY IMAGES; EBET ROBERTS/RED/FERNS







Panasonic to develop Blue Note in-car audio systems and another in the pipeline with an unspecified watchmaker. 'Don't think evil of us,' says Was. 'This is how we keep the music going. Every day we keep the doors open is a victory.'

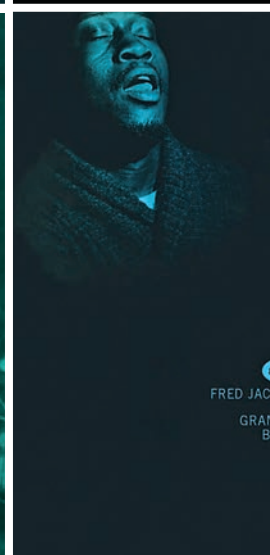
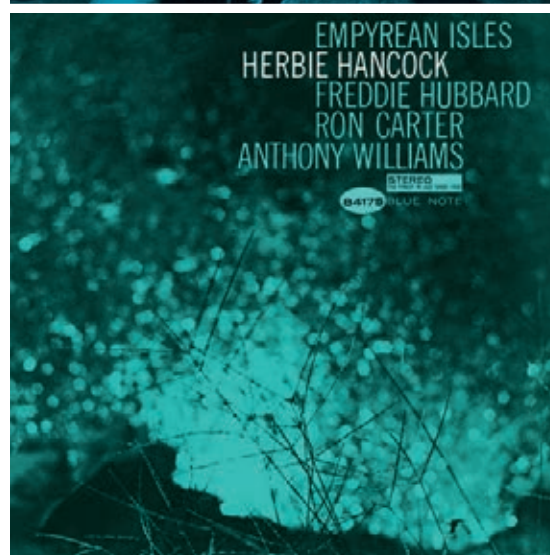
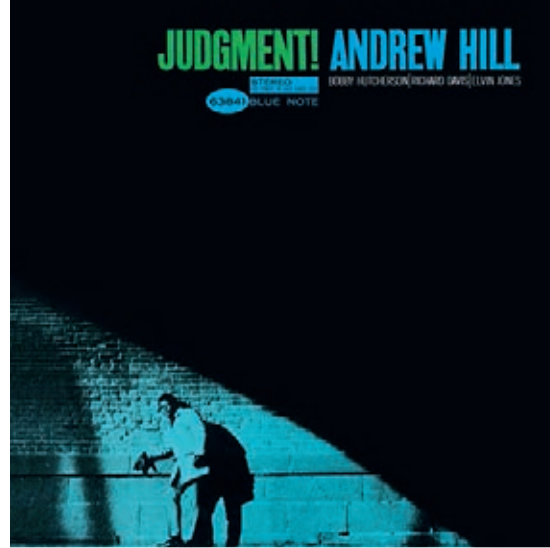
Which is how Don Was found himself alarming the retirees on the *Queen Mary 2* last November. A year in the planning, the cruise was part of the recent 75th anniversary celebrations of Blue Note – the label was founded by two jazz-loving German émigrés in new York in 1939. Accompanying Was were 14 mostly Blue Note artists, performing in a variety of configurations over the seven nights at sea. Headlining was Gregory Porter.

'It's part of taking the music to people,' says Was. 'If you look back at history, [bluesman] Robert Johnson used to stand in front of the barbershop and play for free just to get people to pay to see him at the roadhouse that night.' It is, he explains, a branding venture. 'The words that come back when we've done market research on the two companies are "excellence", "integrity" and "coolness".' Do people honestly perceive Cunard as 'cool', I wonder? 'Well no,' says Was. 'Which is why they teamed up with Blue Note!'

Of the two-and-a-half thousand passengers booked on this first Cunard link-up with Blue Note, perhaps no more than a quarter are there specifically for the jazz. You could view that as disappointing or you could see it as a huge conversion opportunity. Was is definitely in the latter camp. He's right to be optimistic, because although the first night's progressive

*'The first time I heard  
Mode for Joe it totally  
blew my mind.  
When it ended, I felt  
like the coolest, most  
empowered 15-year-old  
in Detroit'*

RIGHT: the combination of Francis Wolff's photography and Reid Miles' distinctive blue-tint design made Blue Note's album covers almost as popular as its music







BLUE MITCHELL JUNIOR COOK  
E TAYLOR/ALOYSIUS FOSTER



STEREO  
8419 BLUE NOTE  
FREDDIE HUBBARD SAM RIVERS ANDREW HILL RICHARD DAVIS JOE CHAMBERS

DIALOGUE

BOBBY HUTCHERSON



BLP 4042

OPEN  
SESAME

sam jones clifford jarvis



STEREO  
8483 BLUE NOTE

SOUL STATION HANK MOBLEY  
WITH ART BLAKEY  
WYNTON KELLY, PAUL CHAMBERS



ALONG  
CAME  
JOHN  
JOHN  
PATTON  
ORGAN

STEREO  
84130 BLUE NOTE

D JACKSON/TENOR SAX  
HAROLD VICK/TENOR SAX  
GRANT GREEN/GUITAR  
BEN DIXON/DRUMS

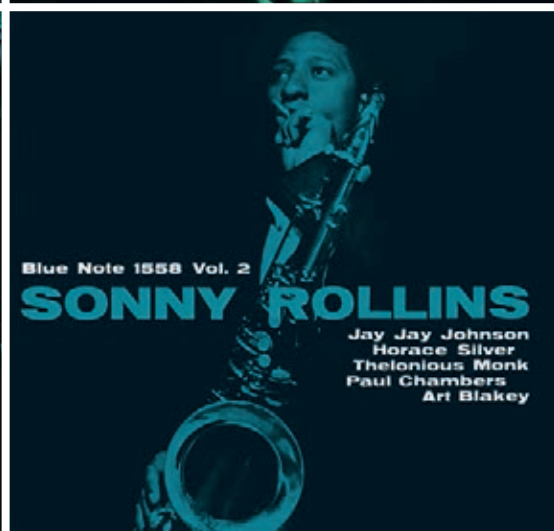


Lee Morgan indeed!  
Blue note 92781



'ROUND  
ABOUT  
MIDNIGHT  
AT THE  
CAFE BOHEMIA

KENNY DORHAM



Blue Note 1558 Vol. 2

SONNY ROLLINS

Jay Jay Johnson  
Horace Silver  
Thelonious Monk  
Paul Chambers  
Art Blakey

# 256

The *Queen Mary 2* has completed 256 Atlantic crossings and sailed some 477 voyages, covering two million nautical miles and calling at 215 ports in 80 countries

jazz freak-out had regular Cunarders stampeding for the exits, by the end of the week people couldn't get through the door, so many were wanting to listen.

As well as wielding the baton at Blue Note, Was keeps his hand in at the old day job. On docking at Southampton he's connecting to a flight for Bologna where he is due to start work on producing the next album for Italian superstar Zucchero. Then it's back to Washington to music direct a Library of Congress tribute to Willie Nelson, followed by Los Angeles to do likewise on a CBS TV special honouring the centenary of Frank Sinatra.

'My fear, taking the Blue Note gig, is that the human brain only has so much capacity. If you stop doing something and start doing something else, you lose the old stuff. I was concerned that I was going to learn to read a profit-and-loss statement but forget how to play bass.'

He recently got some solid reassurance on that front from no less a fellow musician than Paul McCartney. As the musical director of *The Night That Changed America: A Grammy Salute to The Beatles*, Was played bass in one of the starriest Beatles tribute bands ever, performing with the likes of Dave Grohl, Stevie Wonder, Alicia Keys and Pharrell Williams. McCartney was in the front row watching, and Was met him afterwards: 'He was very complimentary about my playing, which is one of the greatest things that ever happened to me.'

During 2016, Was will be receiving a lot more direct feedback – and it's unlikely to all be complimentary – from those other tottery members of the rock and pop pantheon, The Rolling Stones. He is producing the band's new album, their first since 2005's *A Bigger Bang*. 'I'm not allowed to talk about it but I can tell you definitely they are not done making records.'

Tasked with, on the one hand, ensuring the continued wellbeing of Blue Note records while, as he puts it, 'playing the meat in a Mick and Keith sandwich', is there anything that daunts Was? 'This stuff,' he says, pointing at the auditorium where some of the Blue Note musicians had just performed. 'If I had to play with these guys I wouldn't last 10 seconds. The other day I'm sitting in there, watching the soundcheck and I'm, like, in awe. I'm thinking, "This is so cool, I hope they don't throw me out of here."'

*Cunard has two Blue Note transatlantic sailings on its schedule for late 2016, including an eight-night crossing from Southampton to New York on 1-9 August headlined by Herbie Hancock.*  
[cunardqueens.com](http://cunardqueens.com) ♦

PHOTOS: COURTESY OF BLUE NOTE RECORDS



# Old craft, new beginnings

Care and craftsmanship is still at the heart of Bodrum's traditional boat-building tradition – and that's what makes a Turkish gulet such a great investment, says **Tristan Rutherford**

PHOTOGRAPHY RIVER THOMPSON

**I**t takes master craftsman Mustafa Kıvırcık 18 months to create a single *gulet* – a traditional Turkish boat – from scratch. 'But, of course, in the old days it would take even longer,' he laughs, as he guides me through his boatyard in the gentle, early morning light. He tells me of the painstaking preparation of his predecessors, selecting pine trees decades in advance, slowly bending them over the years into the curved shape needed for the keel, the backbone of the boat. 'The tree would be harvested on a moonless night,' Kıvırcık says, 'to make sure the wood had the right amount of resin to make it strong.'

These days things are a little different. Kıvırcık and his team use heavy duty machinery to steam the wood into shape, and power tools to sand and shape it quickly and efficiently. But Bodrum is still the hub of all the action, just as it was when Turkish gulets were first built here around 100 years ago. The first master boatmaker was a man

called Naminin Mehmet, Kıvırcık tells me. His first design was inspired by the classic *tirhandil*, a nimble, swallow-sterned draft boat used to transport olive oil on the nearby island of Kalymnos.

'A sponge merchant in Bodrum gave Mehmet of Nani his first commission in 1933,' says Kıvırcık. 'It was a 10m *tirhandil* gulet with two masts. He called her *Atilla*. But it was Mehmet's apprentice, Ziya Güvendiren, who set the standard for workmanship we know today.' In the 1950s, Güvendiren crafted bigger gulets in his boatyard in front of the Tepecik Mosque, whence ferries now shuttle passenger to the Greek islands. 'Ziya became an *usta*, or master builder, and it was he who taught all the other Bodrum boat builders,' says Kıvırcık. Ziya's apprentices expanded the industry in the 1970s and 1980s, and many, including Kıvırcık's mentor Ugur Susam, set up their own yards. 'Ziya was a hard master to his apprentices. But without him we would not be on the map.' >



LEFT:  
inside Mustafa  
Kıvırcık's  
Bodrum  
boatyard.  
RIGHT: master  
builder Kıvırcık













## 8,400km

Surrounded by three different bodies of water – the Mediterranean, the Aegean and Black Seas – Turkey has more coastline than any other Mediterranean country

Kıvrıkcık shows me three gulets in varying stages of construction. One is very near completion, and there is great excitement in the boatyard. I watch as two men prepare the final plank of the 20m-long vessel. ‘We call this the baklava piece,’ Kıvrıkcık says, explaining that the Turkish sweet pastry is usually handed out at this point to celebrate the completion of the hull.

Kıvrıkcık’s gulets can cost in excess of €1m – not that you’d buy them direct from him. You would go to Dina Street of Bodrum Yacht Services, the town’s leading gulet broker, and the woman who introduced me to Kıvrıkcık. Half American, half Turkish, Californian Dina came to live in Turkey in 1990. She quickly became interested in the gulets moored alongside St Peter’s Castle, the Crusader fortification that crowns the city, and bought her own. She also started a website documenting the history and craftsmanship of these beautiful boats, which has also been commissioned as a book. ‘I set out to interview all the old gulet ustas,’ she recalls. ‘With computer-aided design, these boatbuilding masters were being consigned to history. These were guys who laid out each gulet from blueprints in their brains.’

Street’s linguistic ability (she’s a graduate of Near Eastern Studies from Berkeley) put her into a position to market gulets to an increasingly global audience. ‘In the late 1990s, dozens of Croatians came to buy the cheapest gulets they could to start blue cruises in the Adriatic.’ Big money came with the global dotcom boom, but it didn’t make for smooth sailing. ‘We suddenly had to talk a lot of rich people out of buying a product unsuitable for their vision.’ With her knowledge, passion and language skills, Street was the perfect candidate to open up her own gulet brokerage, which she did with business partner, Australian boat builder Dave Stanley just over five years ago. Since launching, Bodrum Yacht Services ([bodrumyachtservices.com](http://bodrumyachtservices.com)) has had plenty of luxurious commissions, including one for MTV. The production team wanted to sail one of the gulets to the South Pacific to be used as a celebrity getaway. That was one Street had to turn down. ‘The high humidity in the Pacific would have ruined the gulet’s hull, which would reflect badly on us as brokers.’

Bodrum Yacht Services’ typical buyer is a physically fit retiree – someone in their fifties or sixties, Street tells me. Sailing purists prefer to putter around the Aegean in a second-hand *tirhandil*, whereas commercial buyers opt for an *ayna kic*, a flat-transom stern that translates as >

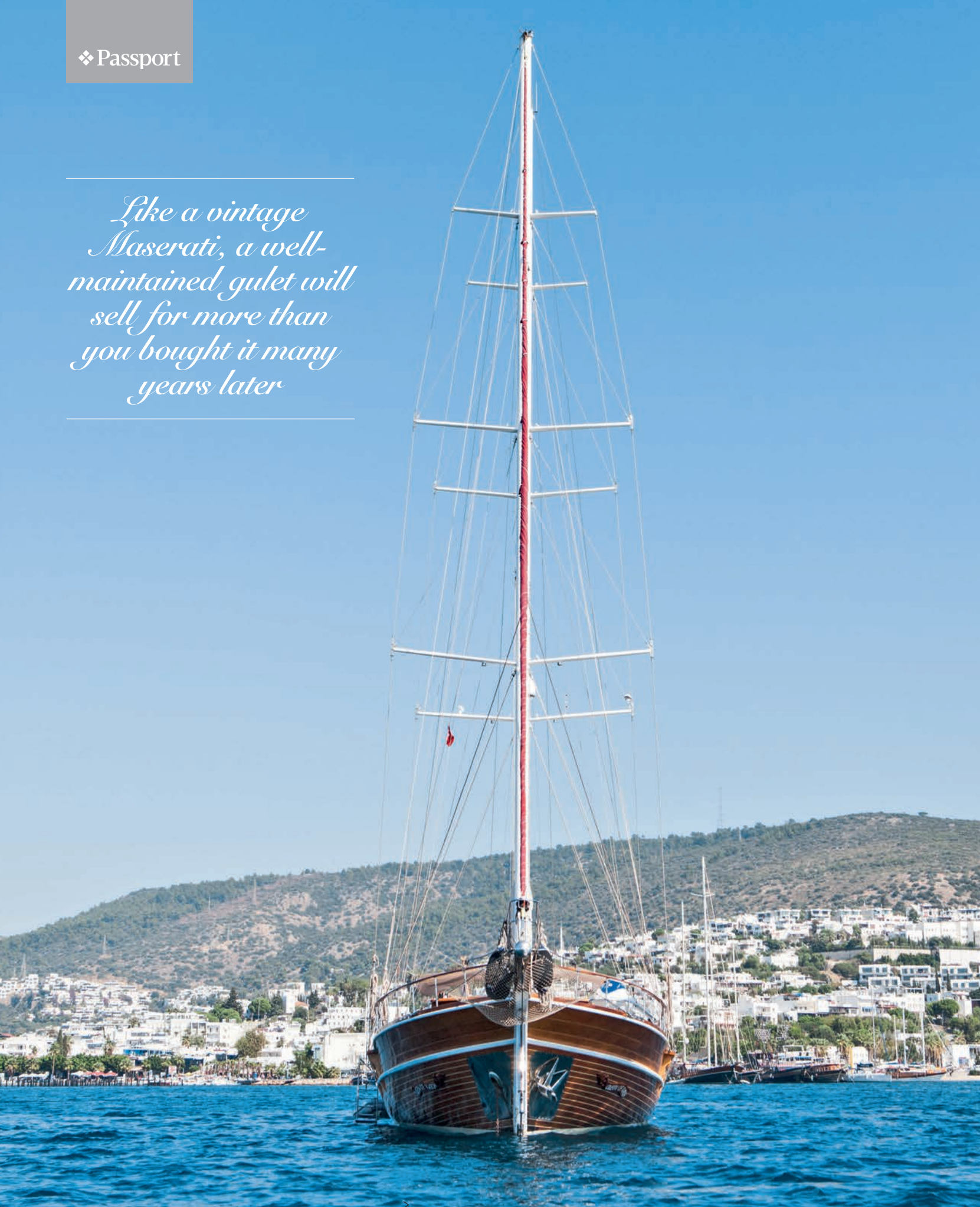
TOP LEFT:  
two almost-  
completed  
gulets.  
FAR LEFT  
AND LEFT:  
30m-long  
Blue Heaven



---

*Like a vintage  
Maserati, a well-  
maintained gulet will  
sell for more than  
you bought it many  
years later*

---





## LEARN THE ROPES: THREE CLASSIC SAILING KNOTS



### Sheet bend

This simple knot used to tie together two ropes is a fast (pros can do it in three seconds), secure tie which works best under load



### Reef knot

Sometimes also known as a square knot, this is a very traditional and simple knot, used to secure a rope or line around an object



### Bowline

Often referred to as the 'king of knots', the bowline is brilliant for fastening the halyard to the sail on small boats

'mirror-bottomed'. This enables charterers to pack more staterooms under the aft. 'We have a 24m, 1982 build named *Why Not?* for sale at €650,000,' says Street.

Street and Stanley, routinely pick up interested parties from Bodrum Airport for a 'gulet education'. This involves endless glasses of *çay* (Turkish tea) at two or three boatyards to watch masters like Mustafa Kivırcık in action. Street and Stanley's guests also spend a few mornings aboard their fleet of charter vessels, managed under their Southern Cross Blue Cruising brand. 'Our job is to hone down their brief, which can switch in minutes from a vintage *tirhandil* to a steel-hull, go-anywhere gulet,' says Stanley. The latter are increasingly common in local waters, but this year's trend is for smaller, more traditional-looking gulets with all the mod cons like automatic steering and undersea lighting. Street and Stanley have one for sale called *Southern Cross Junior* for €350,000, plus another as-yet-unnamed vessel being built in Mustafa Kivırcık's yard. All Bodrum-built gulets are an ultra-long-term investment. With the EU workplace rules Turkey has implemented, from wearing hard hats to recycling directives, a basic gulet that cost €500,000 to build in 2005 now costs €1m. But it's

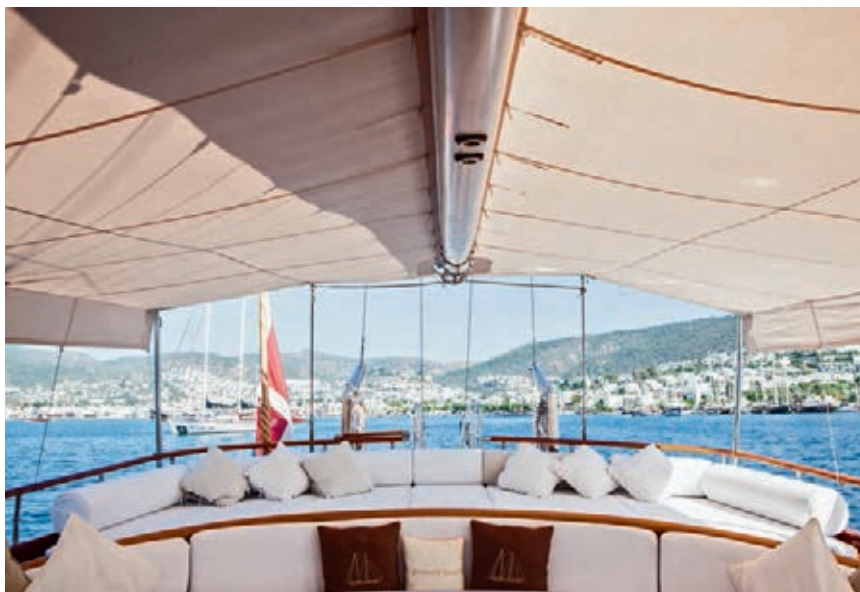
an investment well worth making: like a vintage Maserati, a well-maintained gulet will sell for much more years later.

'Some clients buy with charter in mind,' says Street. 'But if you're not here to oversee your purchase or don't employ a multilingual manager, it can prove a tricky investment.' Ten commercial charter weeks is the magic number for breaking even, she tells me. After that owners can turn a profit – but a gulet, like any yacht, will always be a labour of love.

The man who lays claim to knowing the future of Bodrum's gulet business is Eyüp Bayraktaroglu, director of TurkYacht ([turkyacht.com](http://turkyacht.com)), the country's top charter operator. He says two key changes are afoot. 'Until six or seven years ago gulets were generally 22m boats for up to 10 guests served by a three-man crew. Nowadays we commission longer boats from 25m to 40m from the Bodrum yards. These have six en-suite cabins sleeping 12 with crews of up to seven.' As Bayraktaroglu explains, it's all about privacy and personalisation: 'fewer cabins; greater luxury'. His priciest gulet is the 51m *Palma Life* at €100,000 per week. Accoutrements include a Bose sound system, jet skis and teak lounging decks. 'It's a floating five-star hotel,' says Bayraktaroglu. 'And we offer the full service. If you want >



LEFT: the 35m-long *Queen of Karia*.  
RIGHT: aft deck of the *Queen of Karia*.  
FAR RIGHT: Bodrum Yacht Services' Dina Street







**REGINA**

This 56m gulet was immortalised on screen in 2012 when Daniel Craig's James Bond sailed her through a fictional Macao in *Skyfall*. *Regina* is owned by 31-year-old vice chairman of Pruva Yachting Dogukan Boyaci, and has a build price upwards of €5m. She costs from €70,000 per week to charter. 'The aim was to build a classic yacht using only natural materials, ultra-comfortable for the charter guest, but really strong in sailing, which would make her look completely different from the normal gulet,' says Boyaci. 'It's a real pleasure to watch her leaving the port under full sail, when her bow inaudibly cuts the waves like a sharp knife.' *pruva.com.tr*

us to hunt down Bodrum's best seafood chef, or source extra tonic water at 2am, we'll do that.'

Like the gulets of old, Bayraktaroglu's fleet now travels to ports across the Aegean. Think bespoke two-week tours to the sunken Roman city of Kekova, party island Mykonos and the tiny Greek gem of Tilos. 'It's not just about hanging out in a small, quiet bay and jumping in the sea,' he says. 'Some of our guests want wi-fi, gourmet meals and Jacuzzis on deck.'

It's little wonder that the end of a successful charter season each October brings a cheer to the entire industry. But before adding a protective coat of winter varnish there's time for one last blowout. The Bodrum Cup gulet race assembles up to 80 of Bodrum's finest traditional gulets in a sea of sails. It's more a raucous tour of the Aegean than a cutthroat competition. Seen from the top of St Peter's Castle it's a monumental – not to mention multimillion-euro – sight.

Dave Stanley is a regular participant. 'This year we're taking our own 18m *Southern Cross Timer*. When she was launched in 1979 she was Bodrum's most luxurious gulet.' With four cabins she charters via Southern Cross Blue Cruising from €5,400 per week. Stanley keeps schtum on previous guests, but they include royalty, presidents and heads of state in search of a timeless voyage. As she's from the era of trade as well as tourism, she's also fast. 'Up to 12 knots in an Aegean *meltemi* wind,' claims Stanley. 'We've won one leg in the Bodrum Cup a few years running.'

This year's race swings around eucalyptus- and thyme-scented Leros, where Julius Caesar was once exiled. Little Levitha island just over the water is home to just three lonely locals. 'We have one place left aboard for crew, it's yours if you want it,' says Stanley. I can think of no better offer. ♦



*Seven years ago gulets were 22m boats for up to 10 guests. Nowadays 40m boats have six en-suite cabins – fewer cabins means greater luxury'*

TOP: master cabin of the *Blue Heaven*. ABOVE: Turkeyacht owner Eyüp Bayraktaroglu. RIGHT: *Blue Heaven*









A close-up portrait of Jacques Pierrejean, a middle-aged man with a balding head and light brown eyes, smiling slightly. He is wearing a dark blue sweater over a blue collared shirt. The background is solid black.

# LUXURY BY DESIGN

*With a career built on designing the interiors of  
business jets and expensive yachts, Jacques Pierrejean  
is an expert in the finer things in life*



CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: Jacques Pierrejean; the interior of a private Boeing 787; inside a plush private jet; the 141m YAS motor yacht



Jacques Pierrejean founded the Pierrejean Design Studio, based in Paris and Nice, 35 years ago. He has been fitting out luxury crafts since he began, with his first job as the interior design consultant for Dassault Falcon Aviation. He soon made the move to Airbus to develop the Airbus Corporate Jet Centre for VVIP customers and heads of state, and has recently delivered the new Boeing Business Jet 747-8 for His Highness the Emir of Qatar. If there's someone you want designing your vessel, it's probably the man who works for royalty.

In his downtime, Pierrejean has also been involved in racing and sailing yacht design – naturally – and has worked on many Giga Yacht projects. YAS, a motor yacht of 141m, was his most recent project and certainly the most prestigious realisation.

Now he has turned his hand to creating his own private collection, which is inspired by nature and landscapes. This is a common theme in his work, owing to his Corsica-based office. 'When I'm there, I have the habit of

unwinding by walking along the seashore,' he says. 'I get the impression of a seat designing itself around the rocks; a carpet appears to me through the seaweed in the depths of the water; and the vegetation creates a certain mood through the light and shadow it makes.'

And it's not just nature – physical activity and culture serve as sources of inspiration for Pierrejean.

Jogging and bike rides allow him to relax and let go of his thoughts. Then, 'like a puzzle, ideas organise, assemble and structure themselves,' he says. 'A concept is born, imagined and developed, free from all constraints and spurred on by the physical effort.'

As for culture, for Pierrejean, it is the emotion of a performance that galvanises the senses and gives way to sensations that will later bring maturity to an idea.

Wherever he finds his vision, the result is always the same – a

beautiful design that doesn't just look luxurious, but feels it too. It's little wonder that his services are sought after time and time again.

[pierrejean-design.com](http://pierrejean-design.com)

*If there's someone  
you want  
designing your  
vessel, it's probably  
the man who  
works for royalty*





# Serving new skies

As PrivatAir prepares to launch its new business-class-only airline service between Jeddah and Riyadh on behalf of SAUDIA ALBAYRAQ (SAUDIA Affiliated with Saudia Private Aviation), **Charlotte Pénet** explores the ins and outs of setting up a *Service d'Excellence* in new skies







FAR LEFT:  
the Riyadh  
skyline.  
LEFT: Victor  
Grove, Senior  
VP Selection,  
Training and  
Customer  
Service

Private aviation is booming in the Middle East, and the skies between Jeddah and Riyadh are proof of it – this flight route is one of the most densely populated in the world. The distance is just over 1,000km and flight time is only 80 minutes – ideal for hopping on a flight, attending a meeting and returning the same day. For business trips that rely heavily on timing, the efficiency and ease of service afforded by travelling on a private jet is highly desirable. Which is why SPA (Saudia Private Aviation) and PrivatAir immediately saw the potential of a full business class service between Saudi Arabia's two largest cities. It's taken 18 months of planning, commitment and preparation, but now the joint venture is ready to take flight.

PrivatAir has a solid reputation for running scheduled services on behalf of airlines. It is known internationally as the airline that launched and mastered the full business class service concept, thanks to the pioneering route between Dusseldorf and Newark with Lufthansa in 2002. Building on this, PrivatAir brought its experience in running business class-only services for partner airlines to the table, while SPA was committed to using its brand and local knowledge to make the venture a success.

The outline of the route and service came together with input from both sides. As demand for connections between Riyadh and Jeddah is so high, it was decided it should be served seven days per week, departing six times a day from both directions. An ACMI 'wet-lease' agreement was signed, which means that PrivatAir will provide the aircraft, crew, maintenance and insurance. Two Airbus A319-100s, destined to be fully dedicated to the route, were decked out in SPA livery and configured with 48 business class seats, equipped with the latest inflight entertainment systems and internet access.

Organising the crew for two such aircraft required extensive forward planning. PrivatAir calculated that they needed 40 European cabin crew, and a further 20 Arabic speakers. The recruitment process spanned several European cities, and over 400 candidates were interviewed. Once the team was selected, all new staff attended a seven-week course at PrivatAir's Frankfurt training school to ensure that every member of staff works to the absolute highest standards of safety – a requirement that is a founding pillar of PrivatAir's distinguished reputation. For the more personal aspect of the service, the crew were given much training by SPA on the specific >

PHOTO: FAISAL BIN ZARAH / EYEEM / GETTY IMAGES





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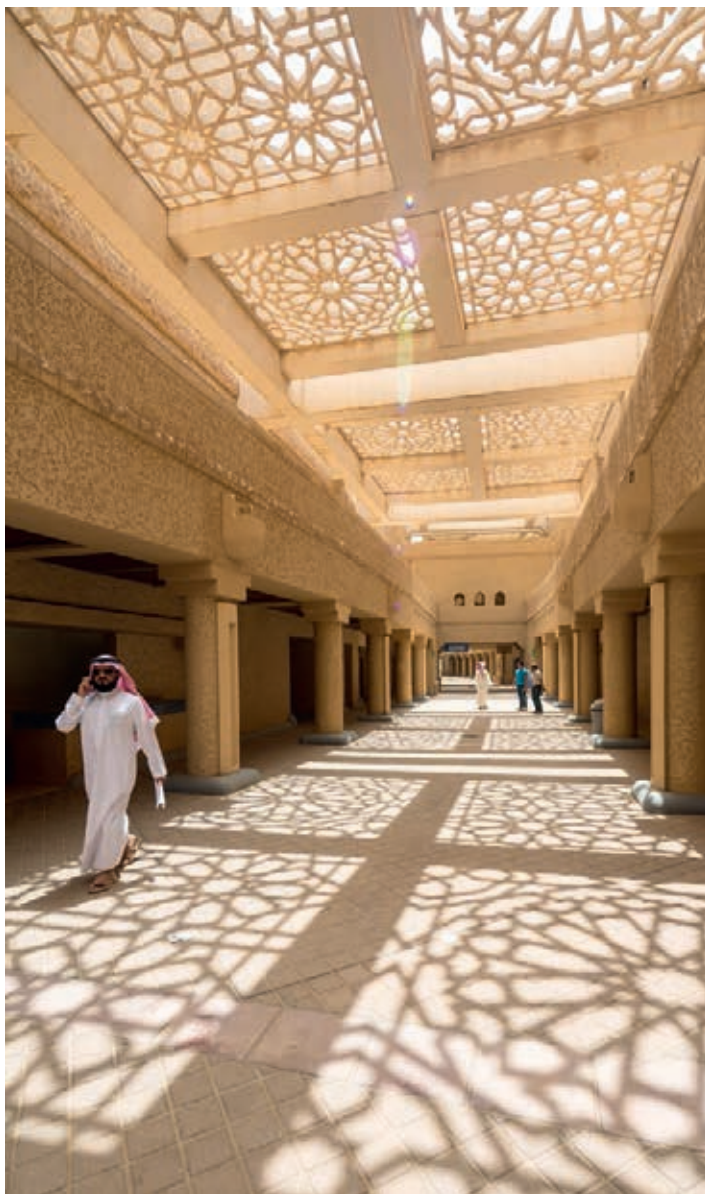


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ABOVE:  
Musmak  
Castle,  
Riyadh.  
LEFT: a shady  
lane in the  
Diplomatic  
Quarter near  
Al-Kindi Plaza,  
Riyadh

expectations and preferences of business travellers in the Middle East. One particularly important aspect is the quality and presentation of meals. In order to provide a memorable experience, a chef will be present on board, raising catering standards to new heights.

The next stage was to arrange a comfortable move for every staff member, finding homes and helping everyone settle in to a new life in a foreign country. The change to their lifestyle is not just geographical, it is also cultural, and everyone received guidance and advice by local consultants on the do's and don'ts of how to dress and behave – advice that will also enhance the *Service d'Excellence* the crew provide to local business clientele. 'It takes a very long time to build a reputation, but it can be lost in a flash; we want to rule out all errors,' says Victor Grove, Senior VP Selection, Training and Customer Service. He explains that the service will be closely monitored over time, ensuring ongoing improvement. He puts efficiency and reliability first, as this is primarily what clients are looking for. However, there is also a strong personal dimension to the vision that PrivatAir have of customer service. Grove likes to quote Maya Angelou when training staff, to ensure they realise how much importance should be attached to the relationship with the client: 'People will forget what you said, people will forget what you did, but people will never forget how you made them feel.'

For such a close partnership between two companies to work, there needs to be more than a shared objective. It is first and foremost a question of shared values, as Greg Thomas, Executive Chairman and President of PrivatAir, points out. 'PrivatAir is delighted to be working with Saudia Private Aviation,' he says. 'Beyond the common goal of making this route a success, our two companies share a vision of excellence – we both aim to be swift and agile, while striving to deliver the most reliable service.'

The Riyadh–Jeddah full business class service is about to launch. All those involved are ready and motivated to make the route a huge success. Beyond delivering smooth travel, there is the pride that comes from playing a part in creating more opportunities for business between the two major cities of Saudi Arabia. The sky is definitely not the limit.

For more information visit [privatair.com](http://privatair.com) ♦



# We've earned our Wings

*PrivatAir has been at the forefront of private aviation for almost four decades, providing the world's most demanding travellers with a broad range of capabilities, delivered to the very highest standards of safety as well as personal service.*

Since its creation in 1977, the company has grown from being the corporate aircraft fleet of the Latsis Group, a global conglomerate, to a world-renowned full-service commercial aviation operator.

PrivatAir is made up of three key divisions, delivering excellence both on the ground and in the air: Business Aviation, Scheduled Services and Training.

## **BUSINESS AVIATION**

PrivatAir offers you access to any jet, any time, anywhere, for a superior travel experience in comfort and privacy. We have set the standard in operating VIP airliners from the Boeing B737, B757, B767 and BBJ to the Airbus A319, as well as large cabin aircraft from the Bombardier, Gulfstream and Falcon families. In addition to our own fleet, we are your

secure gateway to hundreds more aircraft types through our carefully selected partners worldwide.

PrivatAir is proud to be a member of AirClub, the world's leading corporate jet alliance, established in October 2012 and offering one of the largest international fleets of corporate jets.

Our aircraft management, sales and acquisitions teams are here to assist and guide customers through the complexities of the aviation industry. To current or future aircraft owners, we offer a comprehensive range of highly professional services that are reliable, turnkey and worry-free.

## **SCHEDULED SERVICES**

After pioneering the all-business-class concept in 2002, PrivatAir now operates flights on behalf of a select number of commercial airlines who wish to offer their customers an exclusive service on key routes. PrivatAir also provides

regularly scheduled corporate shuttle flights for companies that frequently need to send their employees or clients to specific destinations.

## **TRAINING**

PrivatAir is renowned for training crews to meet and exceed the highest standards of safety, security and service in the industry, using our specialist in-house training department and external experts.

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