



LOCKING HORNS
On safari with the
South African rhino

OUT OF THE WOODS?
The fight for Cambodia's
sacred forests

ROCKING THE BOAT
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Welcome



Some 50 million years ago, the rhinoceros was one of the largest creatures on the planet. Just after the dinosaurs – and long before humans arrived (around 200,000 years ago) – the rhino roamed the plains stretching from eastern Europe to China. They’ve battled against prehistoric hyenas and colossal crocodiles. They evolved to grow woolly coats to deal with an ice age that lasted almost two million years.

But today these ancient beasts face their toughest challenge yet, as they’re killed in vast numbers for their horns. At the beginning of the 20th century there were around 500,000 rhinos in the wild; now that figure is more like 35,000. I travelled to Singita Sweni, a safari lodge in South Africa’s Kruger National Park, where I was fortunate enough to see a lone rhino in its natural habitat, and talk to some of the people trying to stem the flow of poaching in the region.

I say stem, rather than stop, because it isn’t a problem that can be solved by one company, one country or even one continent. It will take a global effort, plus education in nations that believe the rhino horn has magical properties. I hope we find a solution.

Conservation is also a hot topic in our cover story. In a remote part of Cambodia, we spoke to Buddhist monks, local villagers and political activists trying to halt the construction of a hydroelectric dam in one of the country’s most cherished forests. Thankfully, for the moment, this story has a happy ending – plans for the dam have been put on hold until 2018 at least.

And, for something a little lighter, we sent a writer to Sri Lanka to uncover the flavours and food that are transforming this beautiful nation into one of the most hotly tipped culinary destinations of 2017.

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



CLAIRE BENNIE
EDITOR

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Uncovering sketches by the world's greatest explorers; the voluptuous curves of Georgia O'Keeffe's flowers; Savile Row's first women's tailor; how poke put Hawaiian food on the map; the challenges of buying a ski chalet in Switzerland; and tips for drinking wine by the world's greatest wine glass brand.

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Usually postcards aren't cherished for their literary merit, but in this issue we have some missives worth keeping: amusing misunderstandings while filming in Syria; 46 days of isolation to reach the South Pole; training for Mars in remotest Utah; and the perils of counting grey seal pups in Wales.

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Four reasons to pack your bags and set off on an adventure. We meet the Buddhist monks and activists fighting to save a Cambodian forest; have a close encounter with an endangered rhino; take a gastronomic tour of Sri Lanka; and uncover the life of Jon Bannenberg, the man who reinvented yacht design.

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David Abrahamovitch, Co-founder of Grind & Co.
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Behind the scenes

Artist Calvin Nicholls tells us how he created the Cambodian rainforest 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, but not something many other artists were doing at the time. 'It was fun but I thought, this is silly, I'll never use this again,' he says. 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. 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 autumn issue.

Nicholls worked for over 60 hours to create the paper sculpture. He sketched out a tree, palm leaves and foliage before going on to select the right paper. 'I often use some handmade Japanese paper, which is archival quality and made by the same families through generations,' he says. Nicholls always uses paper which is either 100% cotton or alkaline buff-

ered, so it doesn't decay. This means his pieces can last for more than 100 years. For this sculpture he used two different weights of 100% cotton paper.

'A tree towering above the canopy of the Cambodian rainforest posed a challenge in terms of layout,' says Nicholls. 'I decided that viewing the tree as seen from the ground worked best, and allowed for a view of the roots as well as the spreading structure of the crown. The second challenge was to reflect how the opportunistic ground cover and undergrowth plant species utilise every bit of available soil.'

Nicholls created a larger-than-usual sculpture so he could cut multiple layers of foliage for the treetop – to create depth while cutting a reasonable level of detail in the middle ground and foreground pieces. 'Each component was cut from archival paper which was mounted in a double thickness museum mat,' he says. 'When the piece was finished, I spent plenty of time in the studio lighting the low relief artwork for definition and depth.' The final image was then manipulated to establish the desired lush green colour. 'I have to say I enjoyed being lost in the jungle for a couple of weeks,' says Nicholls. 'It certainly provided a new appreciation not only for the complexities of layout and sculpting in paper but also for the rainforests of Cambodia.'

calvinnicholls.com ♦

LEFT: Nicholls cuts out countless leaves to achieve a high level of detail. RIGHT: carefully placing a palm frond to complete our Cambodian rainforest

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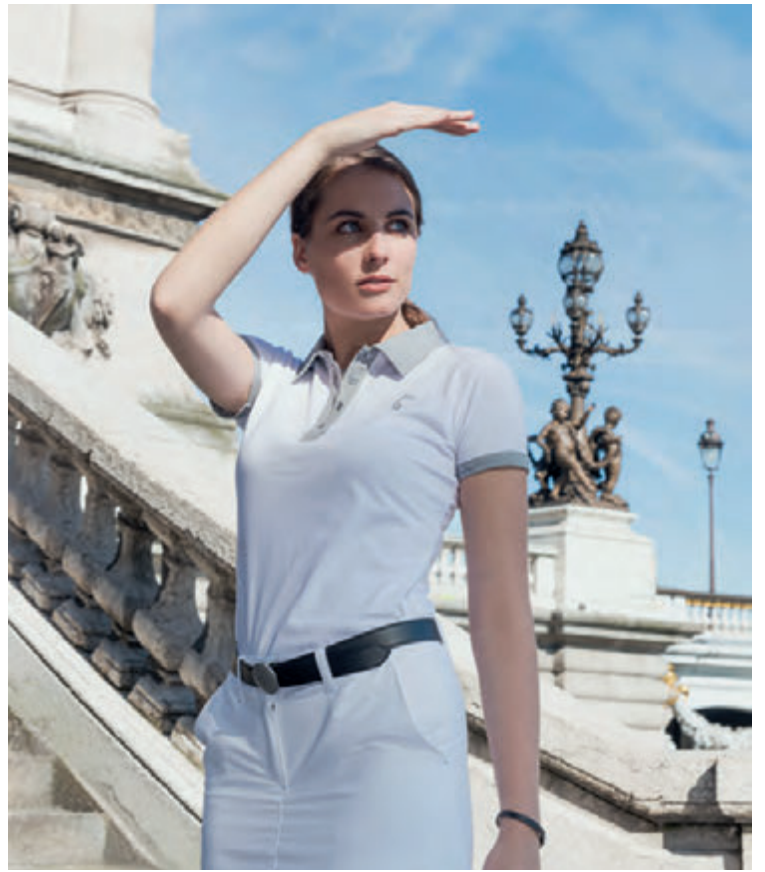
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Portfolio



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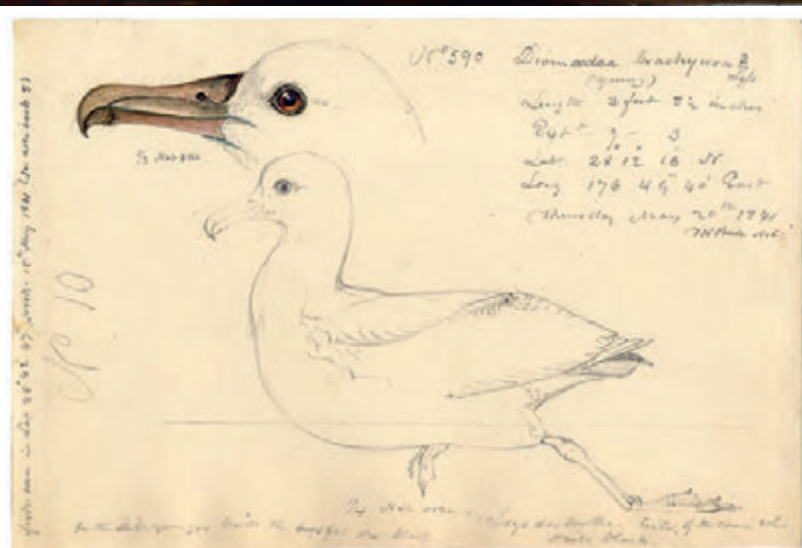
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The art of adventure

In times gone by, the sketchbook was an essential piece of kit for explorers. As a new book celebrates its humble origins, **Matt Glasby** uncovers some extraordinary travellers' tales

Back when photographs seemed, at best, impractical and, at worst, like magic, explorers relied on an altogether more genteel method of mapping their discoveries: the sketchbook. Whether detailed watercolour, spidery pencil drawing or something improvised on the spot – as in the case of David Livingstone, who used crushed berries and a copy of the *Evening Standard* to record a Congolese massacre in 1871 – their jottings, collected here by authors Huw Lewis-Jones and Kari Herbert, are a testament to the 'eerie durability of paper and ink: its ability to survive across centuries, and to preserve not just data but also textures of feeling and imagination'.

'From the banks of the Amazon to the heart of Africa, from Mayan ruins to great mountain ranges, from the Mongolian plateau to the sublime icescapes of the far north – all these lie between the pages of the small notebooks, field diaries and cloth-bound sketchbooks here,' explain the authors. You'll also find entries by legendary figures such as Charles Darwin, Ernest Shackleton and Captain Scott, and lesser-known ones such as broken-hearted, brandy-swalling lepidopterist Margaret Fountaine (1862-1940) or oceanographer William Beebe (1877-1962). The former died, aged 78, on a dusty Trinidadian highway, butterfly net in hand. The latter braved the Caribbean sea by bathysphere in the early 1930s, diving to 923 metres. Beebe dictated details of the creatures he saw down in the spotlight depths to the surface by telephone. 'I can only think of one experience which exceeds in interest a few hours spent under water,' he said later, 'and that would be a journey to Mars.'

Collated here, in alphabetical order, are the works of John White (d 1593), the watercolourist who gave Elizabethans their first glimpse of America, a 'peculiar and bountiful new Eden'. During a 1585 voyage to Virginia under Sir Walter Raleigh, he crafted one of the earliest charts of the New World, complete with Raleigh's coat of arms, dolphins, whales and other sea beasts. His sensitive drawings of the Algonquian Indians conferred a humanity they would not experience firsthand from the newcomers for years.

'The greatest pathfinder our country ever had,' Meriwether Lewis (1774-1809) was the first to

map a route across North America with William Clark from 1804-1806. Included are the extensive journals he kept – and treasured – arguing that, in the event of robbery, he preferred 'death to that of being deprived of my papers, instruments and gun'. Lewis got his wish in 1809, dying of (possibly self-inflicted) gunshot wounds while delivering the volumes to his publisher.

Not long after, taxidermist/painter Titian Ramsay Peale (1799-1885) followed in Lewis and Clark's footsteps, mapping the species he saw rather than the land. Peale spent months with the indigenous people of the Great Plains and The Rockies, and later joined the last fully sail-powered circumnavigation of the globe (1838-1942), keeping written and actual mementoes of his time in the field to inspire future artworks. To this day, his vivid representations of birds and insects look they might jump – or flutter – from the page.

In Europe, meanwhile, mountaineer/painter Edward Norton (1884-1954) became one of the first men to climb without bottled oxygen to the so-called 'death zone' – the area above 8,000 metres where staying alive is a climber's only goal. He joined the 2nd British Mount Everest expedition in 1922, and made delicate recordings of the pretty flora and perilous terrain. 'I sketched feverishly,' he recalled, 'my water freezing as fast as I put it on paper, as also my fingers.'

In our own era, you'll find the notebooks of Wally Herbert (1934-2007) – author Kari Herbert's father – who made the first surface crossing of the Arctic Ocean in 1968, and is pictured, fondly, with his trusty pipe clenched between his teeth. The wonderful workspace in the main picture belongs to Wade Davis (b 1953), author and National Geographic Society explorer-in-residence, whose assertion that, 'If we travel with open eyes and minds, exploration will never end,' could be the tagline to this fascinating book that traverses time and space.

It is the latter that represents the next blank canvas. On 14 July 2015, a robotic spacecraft conducted the first flyby of Pluto, sending back photographs of its immense mountains. The parallels with the work of White, Lewis, Norton and co is striking. After all, the authors remind us, new worlds, however far away, are always first revealed in images. ♦



OFF THE GRID

Who says the age of discovery is dead? Here are three intrepid trips

The Sudd, Sudan

This swampy lowland region in the Nile basin is one of the world's largest wetlands. Impassable in parts, it's only inhabited by the Nilotic Nuer people.

Krubera Cave, Georgia

The deepest known cave on the planet is in a remote mountain region in Georgia. As close to Jules Verne's Journey to the Centre of the Earth as you'll ever get.

Tibetan mountains

An incredible 159 of the 164 peaks over 6,000 metres are still unclaimed in this politically unstable country. Experienced mountaineers take note – and take care.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: John White's chart; Titian Ramsay Peale's drawings; Wally Herbert's diaries; Edward Norton's watercolours; the journals of Meriwether Lewis; more Peale; Wade Davis's workspace

When her 1932 painting *Jimson Weed* (*directly below*) sold in 2014 for \$44.4m, O’Keeffe became the world’s most expensive female painter



REDRESSING THE BALANCE
Three more female artists as icons

Frida Kahlo
Burdened by a crippling childhood accident, faithless husband and enflamed sense of victimhood, Kahlo (1907-1954) examined her self-image in endless self-portraits. Misery loves company apparently – she was received ‘like a movie star’ when she arrived in NYC for her first solo exhibition in 1938.

Louise Bourgeois
The creator of the wonderful giant spiders invading art galleries around the world, Bourgeois (1911-2010) was depicted in 1982 by Robert Mapplethorpe as a beaming, mildly deprived old lady in black Mongolian sheepskin clutching a giant, rotten phallus.

Tamara de Lempicka
The original artist as celebrity, Lempicka (1898-1980) was the 1920s’ favourite portraitist, as famous for her metallic Cubism-lite style as her bisexual affairs and glittering social circle, which included Picasso and Cocteau.



Erotic flora

Can flowers really be sexy? The voluptuous lines of Georgia O’Keeffe’s painted petals are still causing a stir today, says **Steve Handley**

A century after her gallerist husband suggested a Freudian interpretation of Georgia O’Keeffe’s work, we still see female genitals in her paintings of flowers. Brilliant PR it may have been, but was this the artist’s intention? O’Keeffe (1887-1986) scorned the idea: ‘When people read erotic symbols in my paintings, they are really talking about their own affairs.’

Whatever the truth, her work is far more than a series of Freudian slips. Tate Modern’s retrospective in London – the largest ever held outside the USA – shows a pioneering Modernist. The giant close-ups of *Jimson weed* and *poppies* are not only beautiful, they owe their arresting viewpoint to the art photography of the time, with its use of magnification and cropping. The striking images of mountains, lakes and flowers are not just achingly gorgeous, they show a rigorous interest in colour and form that veers into abstraction.

O’Keeffe was not just a New York intellectual – she was an outdoorswoman who converted the back seat of her Ford into a painting studio to capture the ‘beautiful, untouched, lonely feeling’ landscape of New Mexico, in the 1930s and 1940s. The paintings of sere canyons and endless sierra that came from these trips captured America in a way that appealed to urban elites hungry for colour, wilderness and drama. Her images of skulls bleached by the desert sun gave 1930s Americans an iconography of their vast and ancient land.

Thanks to her husband, Alfred Stieglitz, and those who photographed her, O’Keeffe would become an icon herself: a tough, self-made woman. In the 1970s, feminists embraced her work as a celebration of female sexuality.

Her work has two key qualities for modern fame: it’s both iconic and accessible. Detractors call her a poster artist – true, she did work as a commercial artist – and yet simplicity can be as demanding a goal for a painter as photographic realism. Sparse and voluptuous, highly coloured yet minimal, her work blazes with a gnarly love of the American wild. ◆

Until 30 October, tate.org.uk



PHOTOS: © 2016 GEORGIA O’KEEFFE MUSEUM/ DACS, LONDON; REX



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Henry Poole, the first tailor on Savile Row, opened at number 32 in 1846. It was on this street that the term 'bespoke' originated, from when cloth was said to 'be spoken for' by individual customers

1846

Sewing up Savile Row

Having learned the trade as a teenager, 22-year-old Phoebe Gormley established the first women's tailoring service on this legendary street. **Toby Skinner** gets her measure

It's 10am, and Phoebe Gormley is looking at a rail of her elegant, newly tailored jackets, dresses and skirts. 'That one's for Claire, a big City lawyer; that's Anna, an executive at KPMG; this jacket is for Mary, a professional harpist. It has magnetic buttons because, when she plays the harp, her buttons often rip.'

Gormley is remarkable for a few reasons. For starters, she's the first and only Savile Row tailor to cater solely for women. Moreover, on the day we meet at her studio, behind modish men's tailor Cad & The Dandy, she's just turned 22. Despite feeling a little worse for wear, she's chatty and girly, but also self-possessed and steely.

'I suppose I was always a little precocious,' she says, having finally sat down after fussing over tea and where to talk. 'I was the 12-year-old inviting the whole school to my charity fete, and loving being able to tell the adults what to do. By the time I was 14, we were making £20,000.'

Gormley's entrepreneurial flair was encouraged by her father, Rowan, a serial businessman who co-founded Virgin Money and Virgin Wines, and now runs the highly successful Majestic Wines distribution company. Lunch at their Suffolk home would often be spent talking business plans or marketing strategies.

'He was encouraging but he was also fairly strict,' recalls Gormley Jr. 'When I was a teenager, he told me: "If you want more clothes, you'll have to make them yourself." That's how I started tailoring. I became the 14-year-old girl wearing power suits, and making tweed jackets and pencil skirts.'

From the age of 15 onwards, she was spending every summer doing work experience on Savile Row. 'All these menswear tailors didn't really know what to make of this teenage girl wanting to learn the ropes,' she recalls. 'It was usually a shrug and then, "OK, I'll teach you."' She first interned under tailor Gary Kingham, who would become her mentor.

A few years later, Gormley was studying textile design at Nottingham University. 'I just kept thinking, "What am I doing here?" I had this itch: why weren't there tailors making beautiful, perfectly fitting clothes for women, especially businesswomen? If high street and designer clothes don't fit your shape – and they don't for me – there really aren't many options. I just knew there was a market there that wasn't being met.'

So she went to her father with a proposition: instead of paying £9,000 tuition fees, would he put the money towards a business idea? 'Dad's not averse to a risk, so he said yes. But I knew it was a risk.' Hence the name, Gormley & Gamble, which came into being in 2014.

She started in a tiny serviced office in the City, going out to fit every client, before fulfilling her dream of opening on Savile Row last summer. 'I almost think it would be harder to set up here if I were another menswear tailor. I choose not to be intimidated by all the history of this street, and the menswear teams don't feel threatened.'

Things are going well, with projected profits of £250,000, though she's aiming for half a million. 'So many women I go to fit say, "My god, I've been waiting for this for so long."' It helps that Gormley has the personal touch – she does an hour's consultation with each and every client, right down to the bespoke linings. 'I've done sunsets and Instagram feeds. One woman wanted all the mountains she's climbed.'

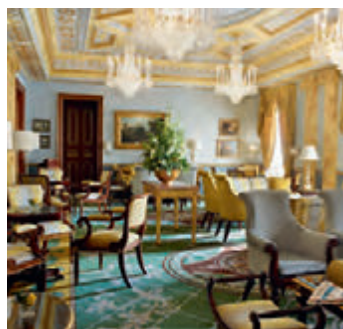
She's also mixing with the great and the good, from law, finance and the government. 'It's the right time to do this, because more and more women are in senior positions,' she says. 'Personally, it's great, because they become my friends and mentors.'

If all this would be strange for most 22-year-olds, for Gormley – who was a power-dresser at 14 – it seems to fit as snugly as one of her outfits. ♦ gormleyandgamble.com



A VERY BRIEF HISTORY OF THE TUXEDO

The word 'tuxedo' dates back to 1886, when millionaire James Potter of Tuxedo Park, New York, visited the Prince of Wales at Sandringham. Potter was so taken by Prince Edward's smoking jacket, the prince (later to become King Edward VII) pointed him to his tailor, Henry Poole, considered the godfather of Savile Row. Back in New York, Mr Potter proudly wore his new jacket at the Tuxedo Club's autumn ball. Members began copying the jacket, which they adopted as their club uniform. The tuxedo, or tux, was born.



A STAY AT LONDON'S MOST EXPENSIVE HOTEL

'Make sure you use your butler,' I'm told as the door to my sumptuous first floor suite at The Lanesborough shuts behind me. Apparently we Brits are too shy to put ours to work, not that I need ask Natalia to do anything. She unpacks my bag, pours me a glass of champagne and enquires whether I'd like her to draw me a bath (yes please). The butler comes as standard in The Lanesborough's £1,050 suites, as does luxurious Regency-style decor, a marble bathroom and exquisite chandelier. But London's grandest hotel had a state-of-the-art makeover last year, and thanks to the new Sony tablets in every room, you can order breakfast, close the curtains and switch on the nightlights at the press of a button. This progressive touch extends into the hotel's main areas, such as the majestic St George's room, with its intricate handcarved panels and outlandish leopard-print carpet. For dinner, Céleste offers a riot of contemporary flavours executed with impeccable subtlety in a formal – but not stuffy – setting. You can tell the skill of a chef when a simple gazpacho is elevated to an art form, just like everything else here. *Claire Bennie* ♦ lanesborough.com



WELL READ

Three libraries so beautiful they'll bring out the bookworm in you

1. Liyuan Library, Beijing

The façade of this unusual building in China, completed in 2012, has been crafted with flexed twigs wedged between steel rails. It won the inaugural Moriymama Prize architecture award in 2014.

2. Bibliotheque Sainte-Genevieve, Paris

Library or train station? This glorious 19th-century building has an impressive iron roof that echoes railways of the time.

3. George Peabody Library, Baltimore

With its wrought iron balconies and elegant columns (pictured above), this magnificent structure – often referred to as 'a cathedral of books' – is actually a university research space, and one of the most beautiful libraries in North America.



CLOCKWISE FROM ABOVE: Real Gabinete Portugues de Leitura, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil; Rangoon, Burma; Bentota, Sri Lanka

A real page turner

One of the world's most accomplished photographers takes a moment to appreciate the quiet contemplation of reading in his latest book, writes **Claire Bennie**

Is there any substitute for getting lost in a good book? Novels provide a world of escape, a world out of reach, and, sometimes, a world all too familiar. Reading might seem effortless, but it requires dedication, patience and thought – disciplines that are hard to stick to in the modern world. And although it's all too easy to shelve a good book in favour of catching up on the latest news – or what's going on with friends and family – on your smartphone, today more than ever we need to disconnect from our surroundings and reconnect with ourselves. And it is the quiet contemplation that comes with reading that is the subject of a new book by travel photographer Steve McCurry.

McCurry first became interested in photographing readers when he was in his early thirties, after seeing images taken by André Kertész. 'We lived in the same building in New York,' writes McCurry, on the first pages of *Steve McCurry: On Reading*. 'Some of his most intriguing pictures were photographs of people reading. They were taken over a 50-year period, and were collected in his book *On Reading*, published in 1971. This collection is my homage to Kertész's talent, his influence, and his genius.'

Over the years, McCurry subsequently collected his own images of bookworms. 'The wonderful photographs here, taken over decades and in many countries by Steve McCurry, are visual proof of... the self-possession of the reader, the luminous gaze, the notion of solitude, the relaxed posture, the singularity of effort, the sense of discovery and a suggestion of joy,' writes American writer and novelist Paul Theroux, in the foreword to the book. Theroux continues to talk of the wisdom of the subjects ('knowing more about the inner life of the characters than the characters' family or friends'); how captivated they are ('reading requires mental effort, an ability to concentrate, a lively curiosity and intelligence'); and how reading gives 'relief and hope, no matter how badly the day went'. These observations are clear in the images above – the carefree young boy in Rangoon, lying on the pavement engrossed in a book; the artist in Rome passing the time in his car, waiting for trade; and the young woman in Rio for whom reading is so urgent that she can't wait to step off the ladder in the library. Just a few of our favourites from McCurry's inquisitive book. ♦ Steve McCurry: *On Reading* (£39.95) is published by Phaidon and out in October

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DON'T COUNT YOUR CHICKENS

This no-frills hawker stall in Singapore has a Michelin star



There are 22 Singapore eateries with one Michelin star, but – as the name suggests – the latest recipient, Hong Kong Soya Sauce Chicken Sauce and Noodles, is unlikely to serve up an inhalable teriyaki glaze or foam of English apples. This summer, Michelin’s esteemed foodies deemed Malaysian-born chef Chan Hon Meng’s hawker joint, one of the city-state’s 6,000 street food stalls, worthy to join ranks with some of the world’s culinary greats.

Noma, El Celler de Can Roca, Central – these establishments set the benchmark for star-quality restaurants. And if you dine somewhere like this, at the end of your meal, alongside that delicate plate of picture-perfect petit fours, you’ll be presented with a bill as lofty as the cuisine. But airs and graces are nowhere to be found at Hong Kong Soya Sauce Chicken Sauce and Noodles, so-called because Hon Meng learnt his trade from a chef who came from Hong Kong. From the outside his stall looks fairly unremarkable, with its simple neon sign and crisp, golden chicken hanging from hooks, just like all the other stalls. But the impeccable quality and astoundingly low prices will amaze you. Chef Hon Meng’s signature chicken dish will set you back just S\$2 – less than the cost of a Big Mac. That is, if you’re lucky enough to sample it, of course. Since news got out of the stall’s starry status, people often queue for hours, sometimes discovering that they’ve been unlucky and the food has run out. ♦

335 Smith Street, Chinatown Complex



Hawaii consumes more Spam than anywhere else in the world – 7 million cans a year. There's even a festival devoted to this cheap, salty luncheon meat



Hawaii 2.0

Forget ceviche, Hawaiian poke is coming to Europe. **Toby Skinner** meets Kurt Zdesar and Jordan Sclare, the brains behind this new taste sensation

'There was no doubt in our mind. We just knew that poke would be a huge trend.' Jordan Sclare, the executive chef of Black Roe, is explaining the origins of his new restaurant in Mayfair, London, which revolves around a spectacular raw-fish counter and counts poke (pronounced 'poh-kay') as the star attraction on a menu inspired by Pacific Rim cuisine.

The marinated raw-fish dish, usually tuna seasoned with soy and sesame then served on a bed of rice, is ubiquitous in Hawaii – but now it's going global, fast. There are scores of poke restaurants in Los Angeles, and the trend has spread to Europe, appearing in a handful of London restaurants, and one in Stockholm, simply called Hawaii Poké.

It should mean something that Sclare and London restaurateur Kurt Zdesar have backed this Hawaiian cuisine. Zdesar is the brains behind Asian-fusion success stories such as Nobu and Chotto Matte, where Sclare was head chef. Clearly, the pair are onto something.

'I tried it ten years ago in Hawaii,' says Zdesar. 'I'd enjoyed it, but I wasn't blown away by the traditional version. Then, when we were thinking about a concept for Black Roe, my sister had just visited Hawaii and was talking about the poke. It just suddenly made sense to do this now. After the ceviche trend, there's a big appetite for raw fish. I thought, "Oh my god, this will be huge."'

Black Roe's eight poke dishes include a take on the traditional ahi tuna with roasted sesame soy, along with more adventurous evolutions. There's a sea bass poke

with wasabi salsa, a scallop poke with a sriracha citrus salsa, and a signature ahi and yellowtail version with spicy yuzu. All are a riot of textures and fresh flavours.

'Poke is this wonderful base to build flavours and textures around,' Zdesar says. 'We want to be experimental, but the main criteria is the taste. You shouldn't have to try, try again to like our food; when you put it in your mouth, it should be immediate. We want the proverbial party in your mouth.'

Zdesar puts his success down to travel and a nerdish obsession with food. He worked his way round kitchens in Europe before winding up managing an Italian restaurant at Canary Wharf's Britannia Hotel. After that, Nobu came calling, soon to be the UK's first Michelin-starred Asian restaurant.

'I've always travelled for work, and I've always sought out new food experiences when I've travelled,' says Zdesar, who also brings a new organic Italian restaurant to Marylebone this autumn, based on his extensive travels to 'those magical, home-run Italian places'.

But, still, poke is the main focus – and he's going big on it. 'I remember thinking the same with sushi in the mid-1990s. Back then, you'd never have dreamed that one day you'd get raw fish in supermarkets. Poke's a less complicated dish, but with so much potential. There's so much interest around it already. I just want to be at the front of the pack when it explodes.' Watch this space – or if you're in London, about ten of them. ♦ blackroe.com, kurtzdesar.com



JUST WHO IS KURT ZDESAR?

When Kurt Zdesar decides that a food concept is going to be big, he's usually right. Quite a feat for someone who kicked off his culinary career with a stint in McDonald's – although things have only looked up since. Zdesar helped bring Nobu to London in 1996 and played a part in a host of Asian fusion success stories in the city since, from Hakkasan to Ping Pong and Chotto Matte. His latest offering in the British capital is Fucina, a new Italian restaurant and panetteria in Marylebone.



PALAZZO TORNABUONI
FIRENZE

MANAGED BY FOUR SEASONS HOTELS AND RESORTS



This room, originally used in 1574 for State visits by Alessandro dei Medici (the future Pope Leo XI), is now the living room of one of the Clubs one bedroom residences.

AT HOME IN FLORENCE, WHERE PAST AND PRESENT LIVE SIDE BY SIDE

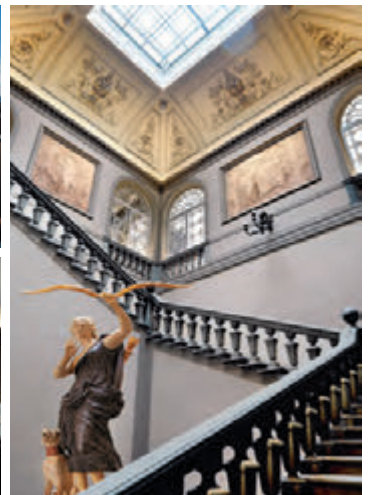
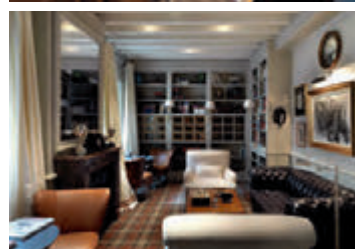
In the heart of aristocratic Florence, Palazzo Tornabuoni was built for one of the city's most influential families at the height of the Tuscan Renaissance. Once home to the Medici, the recently-restored Palazzo is now a magnificent Private Residence Club adorned with museum-quality frescoes, friezes and statuary. Managed by Four Seasons Hotels and Resorts, Palazzo Tornabuoni features a range of beautiful residences, each exquisitely furnished with the finest comforts and conveniences providing members a carefree home away from home.

Reviving its sixteenth-century role as a civic fulcrum, Palazzo Tornabuoni is once again an integral part of the city's vibrant cultural life, and a dynamic forum for

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The uphill process of buying in Switzerland

Swiss resorts are running out of space to build holiday residences, so anyone looking to secure their perfect Alpine bolthole should act fast, warns **Laura Latham**



It's never been particularly easy for foreigners to buy in Switzerland. In 2012, however, a new law was passed restricting second homes in resorts where they make up 20% of the properties. In many locations this number is already above the maximum, effectively calling a halt to future new-builds.

A lack of suitable land has also limited how much property is available for purchase. If demand among Swiss and international buyers stays high, not only will Switzerland remain a secure investment, but prices are likely to rise as available stock decreases.

Whether you want a managed apartment or individual chalet, the key is to find agents with good local knowledge. They can advise on finding resales

and often know of developments with approval for foreign purchase and second-home use.

Simon Malster, of Swiss specialist Investors in Property, says that there are ways developers can get around the new law. Firms can sell units in refurbished or converted buildings, such as former hotels. There is also the option to buy into new projects providing they form part of a rental programme and include managed hotel-style services.'

Choices currently available include 7 Heavens in popular Zermatt. Of the seven luxury chalets, two remain, priced around CHF17m. A second Zermatt scheme by the same developer is in the pipeline, with units expected to cost around CHF11m. >

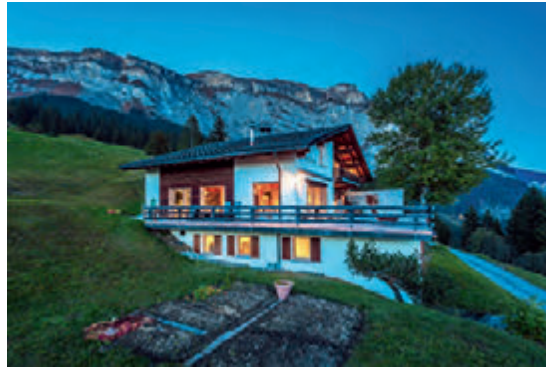
ABOVE: Grace St Moritz is a former hotel that has been adapted into luxury apartments





WORLD'S MOST EXPENSIVE SKIS
Why you need these handcrafted planks in your life

If you're a committed skier, you may have already heard of Zai. This Swiss brand is based in a factory/workshop in the picture-perfect Alpine village of Disentis. Its skis are made from granite and wrapped in carbon fibre, so that they feel lighter than a feather when you're turning through heavy snow, but still have the strength to keep you balanced on steep inclines. Zai makes only five pairs of skis each day, and the creative director checks each pair to ensure they're as close to perfection as possible before they're sold. Prices start at CHF3,300 for the entry-level Scadin. zai.ch



BELOW: Sought-after ski chalets in Flims (on the left) and Zermatt (on the right)



One firm taking advantage of the rules on serviced property is the international Grace brand, which is redeveloping a former hotel in St Moritz. This lakeside resort is favoured by celebrities but new property is hard to find. Apartments in Grace St Moritz are available for purchase, and the finished project, for sale through Savills International, will offer 17 luxury units, from studios to penthouses, starting at CHF960,000.

Wider choice can be found in Andermatt, where a large-scale development programme is increasing the size of the existing town. All residences are available to non-Swiss buyers as second homes, and there is a variety of property, from studios to bespoke chalets, priced from CHF309,000 to more than CHF2.5m.

In the low-key resort of Flims, the largest ski area in Switzerland, you might find something like Berghaus Spalegna. This recently renovated chalet is on the market with Knight Frank for CHF5.75m. This traditional-style chalet is sophisticated yet cosy, with six bedrooms and six bathrooms, plus a garden outside. The stone-flagged terrace and large windows provide spectacular views of the local valley and mountains.

'Switzerland is a good future investment,' says Roddy Aris of Knight Frank's Alpine office. 'A limit on what can be bought will have a huge effect on prices.' He suggests trying less well-known resorts, such as Villars and Crans-Montana. 'Someone willing to take a punt could get 30 per cent off the price of a chalet.' ♦



ROOM WITH A VIEW

The most eccentric hotel in the Swiss Alps boasts sensational views, but no walls or doors

Would you stay in a hotel run by a company called Null Stern (zero stars)? What if it didn't have a roof? Or walls? Or even a door? Conceived by brothers Frank and Patrik Riklin along with hospitality expert Daniel Charbonnier, who previously opened a pop-up in a former nuclear bunker, this 'hotel' is no more than a double bed with nightstands and lamps perched 2,000 metres up in the Swiss mountains, near Graubünden. Although the nearest toilet is a 10-minute walk away (at least you're surrounded by nature if the call of nature comes), the views are mesmerising, you can sleep under the stars, and there's a butler on hand to serve drinks and breakfast. 'Our aim is to put the guest at the centre of the experience and to focus on the intangible by reducing everything else to the minimum,' says Charbonnier. ♦

Prices start at CHF250 a night, null-stern-hotel.ch



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ABOVE:
Managing director
Maximilian Riedel.
RIGHT: some of
the 60m artisanal
glasses Riedel
produce each year

Can a glass change how wine tastes?

The Riedel family seem to think so. **Josh Sims** meets the makers of the world's greatest glasses

Maximilian Riedel is digging about in the dirt. Standing amid what remains of the foundations of the glass-making factory established by his family 11 generations ago – now woodland – he doesn't have to look hard to find glass buttons, bottle stoppers or beads, some of which have been laying there for centuries.

For the managing director of Riedel – the Austrian wine glass company turning 260 years old this year – this is a kind of pilgrimage. It's also a reminder of how tough it is to keep going. This is one reason why the company has recently invested millions in new factory automation, to compete with the lower production costs available in Eastern Europe and China.

'Nowadays most people care more about what's under the table – the Louboutin shoes or the Chanel handbag

– than what's on it,' he says. 'And yet our sales suggest there are enough people with a different mindset who want to make educated choices, who want to buy things that offer experience rather than status.'

Indeed, Riedel might be said to be in the experience business. Following an idea introduced by his grandfather, and developed by his father, Riedel claims – boldly perhaps – that he doesn't much care what his wine glasses look like. Instead it's all about function: using the shape and thickness of the glass to maximise aroma and deliver liquid to the most active part of the palette.

Sceptics may question the credibility of this idea – Riedel says he has repeatedly tried to get scientific institutions to conduct double blind, independent tests,





but has yet to find any interested – but the proof of the pudding is in the drinking. ‘You have to try the same wine from different glasses to really appreciate it,’ he says. ‘But it works. We run countless focus groups to demonstrate it, that’s the only way to get people to understand. Wine tastes better out of our glasses. But our glasses are no more expensive than generic products. We offer the functionality for free, sadly.’

It is however, an idea with legs. Much of the top-flight restaurant trade now uses Riedel wine glasses – which is why the company’s plants produce some 60m pieces a year – while the domestic market leans towards its finer, artisanal, mouth-blown pieces (yours for up to €120 a pop). Latterly, Riedel has extended the idea to include glasses for beer, coffee, even cola, all (cola aside, perhaps) drinks with a growing interest from connoisseurs.

‘The same philosophy can be applied to a glass for water,’ Riedel argues. ‘It has no smell but it still has taste and mouthfeel. If works for water then it will work for any other drink. We think there’s more of a demand for that, too. Look at the explosion in micro-brewing over recent years, or the interest in farm-to-table food. We’re mindful of such things now. We want the products we use to provide maximise enjoyment.’ Cheers to that! ♦ riedel.com



THE BEGINNINGS OF GLASS-MAKING

The Egyptians were the first to start blowing glass in around 1,500BC, using it to make decorative items, such as beads. The first glass vessels were probably the work of potters, who understood how to combine quartz sand, potash, soda and lime to produce glazes. These vessels were formed by dipping clay into molten material, then carving out the required shapes once it had cooled. Opaque and full of bubbles, the results would have been unlike modern glass – not to mention phenomenally expensive. Indeed, it wasn’t until 200AD that glass vessels would become everyday items.



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Postcards



Tales of intrigue and adventure from across the globe



ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID MAHONEY

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MARS IN UTAH'S
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Pine Lodge Dolomites in Selva - Luxury catered chalet in Val Gardena

Full service chalet in the Dolomites for those looking for a top class chalet on the Sella Ronda

The first luxury chalet of its kind in Selva Gardena, Pine Lodge Dolomites enjoys a prime position on the south facing side of Val Gardena set amidst the Sassolungo, Puez and the Sella Massif mountains. The ski-lifts are within just 300 metres of the chalet as are a myriad of spectacular hiking trails. The village centre is a five minute walk away.

The beautiful Val Gardena in South Tyrol is part of the alliance of Leading Mountain Resorts of the World and offers a wide range of outdoor activities (fabulous winter sports, biking, hiking and climbing), as well as a rich calendar of cultural, musical and sporting events year-round. The village of Selva Gardena (altitude 1563m) with just 2600 inhabitants, is famed for its great hospitality tradition and its exceptional location: the most beautiful slopes of the Dolomiti Superski ski carousel is easily accessible and the famous Sella Ronda runs through the village.



‘I spent three weeks on “Mars” with a team from Japan’



I'm a huge sci-fi fan and grew up in Canada watching *Star Trek* and *Dr Who*. But my passion for visiting Mars was given a shot in the arm thanks to the Mars One project four years ago. It's the brainchild of an enterprise based in the Netherlands, where I've lived for the past decade, and it was looking for people to live on Mars. Thousands applied, and I got through to the third round, but not the final 100 candidates.

The Mars Society, however, has been running simulated missions in Utah for more than a decade. The idea is that crews spend time there in a Mars-like environment, so that any potential problems that may be encountered on a real space mission can be anticipated. As part of my Mars One application process, I went for two weeks in 2014.

As junior engineer I liked overseeing the EVA (extravehicular activity) equipment, making sure everything was working, and so on. But I also wanted to be in charge, so the next year I was put forward to command a Japanese crew.

It's strange being at the research station. You're in a harsh climate in the middle of nowhere, in a red, Mars-like setting. You're working on new technologies for food production and sustainability, and perfecting elements of teamwork – you live the astronaut's life.

One of the biggest challenges was to live in a confined space with people you don't know. Besides a few Skype calls in advance, you have no idea what these people are like, and to throw yourself into total isolation with them for a long period plays on your mind a little.

It's a two-storey facility, like a water tower in size. There are six dorm rooms and a communal area that doubles as your eating area, plus science labs and work stations, hygiene facilities and a greenhouse. There's also an observatory with an impressive telescope. The other thing I really loved was leaving the station to go outside, putting on the pack, helmet, gloves and radio and sitting in the airlock: the moment you open the door it's like, bang, you're there. They have a rover vehicle, too, which you control remotely from inside, and I loved traversing the terrain just like the Curiosity Rover that's currently on Mars.

They do an exceptional job of mimicking life on Mars. The facilities are pretty raw and definitely put you back to basics, but the location really does feel like it's been picked up from Earth and dropped on Mars. If you put yourself in the right frame of mind, you can fully immerse yourself.

The whole experience really changes you. You realise that the pursuit of material things like cars and houses aren't that important – sometimes going back to basics provides a better quality of life.

My visits to the research station have really ignited my passion for space and for Mars in particular. I'm pretty committed: I do a lot of online courses in astronomy and astrobiology, and I'm always looking at other projects around the globe – anything that gives me the slightest chance of fulfilling my dream and getting to space.

While it's not Mars, there's something being planned right now which involves 80 days at the Utah facility followed by 80 days at the Mars Society's Arctic outpost. If I can score 160 days away from my family and know they'd be OK without me, then that would be something I'd love to do. ◆



PAMELA NICOLETATOS

Adventurous mother of two Pamela Nicoletatos has been dreaming about going to space since she was little, and jumped at the chance of a one-way trip to Mars when a Dutch venture called Mars One announced that it was looking for candidates. With the reality of space travel still some years in the future, however, she volunteered for the next best thing: a stay at a remote research station in the wilds of Utah where people lock themselves up for weeks on end and pretend that they really are on the red planet...

INTERVIEW BY MIKE PEAKE ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID MAHONEY

KEEP IT COOL
Five of the coldest places on Earth

-63°C: SNAG, YUKON

This Canadian village near the Alaska Highway holds the record for the coldest settlement in North America. It gets so cold here that alcohol freezes.

-69.8°C: VERKHOYANSK, RUSSIA

Around 1,434 (fool) hardy residents (mainly exiles and Yakut hunters) live in this icebox, where frostbite can hit you in seconds and spit freezes as soon as it hits the floor.

-73.8°C: MOUNT MCKINLEY, ALASKA

North America's highest peak is the world's coldest mountain. Last year President Obama agreed for it to go back to its original Native American name, Denali.

-82°C: SOUTH POLE STATION

The scientific research station – the most southerly place on Earth – that offered Jinman a cuppa after 46 days of icy isolation is considered to be the fourth coldest place in the world.

-93.2°C: DOME FUJI RIDGE, ANTARCTICA

This lofty spot on the East Antarctic Plateau saw the lowest temperature ever recorded in 2010, according to NASA and the US Geological Survey.



‘My childhood hero inspired me to walk to the South Pole’

It costs about £70,000 for a solo walk to the South Pole and it's a minefield of fundraising and logistics, but I'd been planning it my whole life. Coming from Plymouth, I'd always been fascinated by local hero Captain Robert Falcon Scott, who died on the way back from the South Pole in 1912. When I was at school I struggled because I was dyslexic. The careers advisor said I might be a good fit for the military, but I wasn't, and I left with a medical discharge suffering from depression.

I knew that I had to change my life around and what I wanted to do more than anything was something adventurous that challenged me. I also loved the idea of doing something that inspired kids – something that stopped school being as difficult and dull as it had been for me. Slowly and steadily, I set up a company that

worked with schools to bring polar science into the classroom, and over the last decade my team and I have talked to more than 100,000 children about polar science.

I guess you could say I'm trying to do for the poles what Major Tim Peake has done for space.

On the eve of departing for my South Pole attempt in 2013, I vacated the flat I'd lived in for years ready to move in with my girlfriend Natalie, with whom I was going to rent a small barn conversion in the countryside when I got back. It was huge period of change for me. If I survived the crevasses and 100mph winds, I'd be opening the door on a new life when I got home. I was excited and apprehensive about the expedition, but I felt ready for it. I'd been working hard on my fitness levels for a year, and I knew that everything was in place for thousands of schoolkids to 'be

there' with me. I had a laptop, and a drone to take pictures of me – I really wanted to make the trip more interactive than anything I'd ever done before.

When I landed on the ice, there were a couple of other people ready to attempt solo trips as well, so we came to an agreement about who would go when and how long a gap to leave so as not to spoil the 'solo' aspect of it. I needn't have worried. It's such a vast place that within no time you're totally alone.

I was on skis pulling a 120kg sledge, but after a few hours I knew I'd be able to make it. I had the stamina and fitness I needed, but what I hadn't banked on that first day is that I would be putting such a strain on my ankles as I hauled the sledge uphill. When I got into my tent that night they were red raw. I just bandaged them up with tape, went to bed, and carried on the next day.

'I may not have proved a great explorer, but we have done the greatest march ever made and come very near to great success'

CAPTAIN ROBERT FALCON SCOTT, THE FIRST BRIT TO REACH THE SOUTH POLE



It's strange being down there at the bottom of the world. The sun never sets – it just moves around you and, at night, your tent. After a while it starts to feel like one never-ending day. I would get up, pack my gear, trudge off, maybe listen to an audiobook or two, and stop again after about 16 miles. It's actually quite bearable if you're prepared for it, and in some ways it's easier than the North Pole, which is more like an assault course and requires constant attention.

One thing that really kept me going were the emails I was getting from kids. They would put questions to me and each night I would answer them on the laptop. I'd spend hours as I walked thinking up good answers for them.

I thought it would take me about 55 days, but on the 46th day I saw the pole in the distance. I'd made it – although that speck on the horizon just didn't seem to get

any nearer. It was hours and hours before I finally got there.

At the pole itself there's a metallic sphere mounted on bamboo, and surrounded by flags, as well as the United States' Amundsen-Scott South Pole Station, where a few scientists are based. They were friendly and invited me in for a chat and a drink. It was nice to see someone after so long on my own being in my own head, although I did kind of enjoy the solitude.

The company who had helped me get there had a camp less than a mile away, so I trudged over there ready for the plane that would fly in to take me back. When we took off, I sat in my seat looking out of the window at the route I'd just walked. In just a few hours, we'd covered the entire 730 miles. I had a momentary feeling of, 'Well, what was the point of that, then?' But it quickly dissipated when I got back

to Chile with its high-speed internet connection and saw just how much involvement there had been with the schools and what a success the trip had been.

One thing that was on my mind was seeing Natalie again. I'd scrawled, 'Will you marry me?' on a whiteboard at the pole and we'd had a quick video chat. Her response was very much along the lines of 'yes', but sadly things didn't work out.

I often feel like life's an ever-changing adventure, and I have definitely learned to take the rough with the smooth. But I do love a good challenge; they're what keep me going through everything. My next stop is Mount Everest. The goal is to climb it in 2020, without oxygen, and once again the plan is to 'take' thousands of kids up with me to inspire them about another amazing and fragile environment. ♦ etelivlearning.org



ANTONY JINMAN

British adventurer Antony Jinman has been to the North Pole among other places, taking thousands of schoolchildren with him – virtually, at least. He also runs an education company bringing polar science to the classroom. The South Pole, however, had eluded him, until one day in 2013, when he set off on the lonely path once trudged by his childhood hero...

INTERVIEW BY MIKE PEAKE ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID MAHONEY



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‘A linguistic faux pas saw me camping it up in Syria’

I'd wanted to get into stunts since I was at school but only really had the chance after I'd left the army. I'd always been around horses, and that turned out to be my way into the business. As a stuntman I've jumped off buildings, been knocked over by cars, and had a million fight scenes but I keep coming back to horses as I have a way of getting them to do what a director wants.

I first went to work in Syria in about 2007. The acting was wooden and the stunts worse – but that's what I was there to help with. There was a bit of conflict from day one because one of the bodyguards on the set was also a martial artist and had brought in some stuntmen of his own from Damascus. We were filming in a place called Latakia – a coastal town – and besides the Damascus guys there was a group of men being run by a guy called Jamal who lived in a Bedouin tent on set.

I didn't know what to expect when I got the teams together and kitted them all out with swords. It was for an Arabian adventure-type movie, and what became apparent was that the martial arts guys didn't have a clue, whereas the other guys could hold the swords

properly. I got rid of the Damascus guys, but the local guys are still there, based in Jordan, and are now the biggest stunt team in the area.

For one of my jobs in Syria I was based in an apartment in Damascus that the film crew rented for me. It was another historical piece, a TV production of *Cleopatra*, and after work one night I walked to the shop and as I was paying, the shopkeeper said, 'Hello sailor!' I was a bit taken aback, but I smiled and paid and as I was walking back to the apartment I figured it must be some strange English phrase he'd picked up off TV.

I reckoned that if Benny Hill could be massive after all these years in China and France and wherever, then maybe Dick Emery and his TV characters from the 1970s were still big in Syria. The only thing I could think of was that, 'Hello sailor!' must be an old British TV catchphrase and it was something the locals said for a laugh on those rare occasions when someone from England showed up.

I went into the shop again a few days later, late at night this time, and the shopkeeper said it again – only this time I got into the spirit of it a bit and in my most camp

voice I said, 'Ooh, hello sailor!' Now it was his turn to look confused, but I stuck with it and this routine went on for about four weeks during which time my flatmate said he'd started hearing it in shops, too.

When we were on set with a translator I asked him, 'What is it with Dick Emery here in Syria?' and he replied, 'Who?' I explained he was an English comedian who used to do a lot of drag on TV and that one of his catchphrases was, 'Hello sailor!' He had no idea what I was talking about.

I told him the story about the shopkeeper and after a few blank looks the penny suddenly dropped. He turned to me and said: 'They're actually saying, "*Ahlan wasahlan*," which is basically the Christian way of saying, "*Salam wa Aleikum*," a traditional greeting.' So they'd been giving me a nice Christian welcome which was pronounced something like 'aloo-sal-or' and I'd heard it as, 'Hello sailor!'

This was just one of my many great – albeit silliest – memories of Syria. I never had a single problem there, and I'm still in touch with a lot of the people I worked with. It was such a surprise when all the hostilities started – I never once felt threatened. I was asked to go to Damascus to do a film this year, but it doesn't seem like a great idea. I really hope things change so I can visit again soon. ♦
stuntsrvt.com



IAN VAN TEMPERLEY

British stunt co-ordinator Ian Van Temperley has doubled for Tom Hanks, John Malkovich and Robbie Williams. Before Syria's current troubles hit the headlines, he spent much of the last decade working on film productions there. Though he loved every minute of it, things weren't always easy – especially when it came to dealing with friendly local shopkeepers...

INTERVIEW BY MIKE PEAKE ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID MAHONEY

‘I met my match with a week-old seal cub’

Counting grey seal pups on inaccessible, boulder-strewn breeding beaches or – even worse – in their dank, dark, musty sea caves, is a hazardous business. Phil Newman, who is in charge of the Skomer Marine Nature Reserve near Marloes in Pembrokeshire, is an old hand at it. He and his team spend much of each autumn locating pups on the rocky coast nearby as part of a Pembrokeshire-wide project monitoring their numbers and breeding success.

I’d arranged to spend a day with them in order to write a feature about their work and this growing population of grey seals. All drysuited up, we set off in an inflatable boat from the cove at Martin’s Haven and out around the stunning west Pembrokeshire coast adjacent to Skomer.

Wading through tangles of brown kelp at our first stop, we edged along the rock at the side of a gloomy cave lit only by our helmet lamps, the growling from inside becoming louder as the roar of the sea behind us subsided. ‘Keep to this side in case there’s a cow in here,’ advised Phil. ‘If she comes out, you need to get on to those rocks at the side out of the way. You’ll need to move quickly.’

As it happens, I’m not much of a swimmer. While most people relate their prowess in terms of lengths, I speak – in hushed tones – about widths. So I needed that drysuit to keep me afloat. But with the excess air trapped in the suit to keep me buoyant, I moved like the Michelin Man.

And that’s how I found myself half swimming, half scrambling over coarse sandpaper-surfaced rocks into the cave. We eventually approached its furthest reaches and, with our helmet lights shining ahead, made out two white-furred seal pups lying motionless on a bed of steeply shelving pebbles. One lay

on either side of the growling cow, her black eyes fixed on us.

‘The pup on the left we’ve marked before,’ explained Phil, whispering to minimise any disturbance to the trio. ‘You can just make out the yellow patch we sprayed on it: harmless paint so that we know which pups we’ve already counted. It must be about three weeks old because it has patches of grey fur replacing its moulting white baby fur. We try to record numbers of live and dead pups from each breeding beach and cave so that we can track their breeding success year to year. The pup on the right is a new one, perhaps a week or so old, all white. We haven’t seen this one before. It’s not marked.’

The wellbeing of the seals, and our safety, comes before scientific rigour. So rather than risk more disturbance by trying to approach the unmarked pup and 150kg cow, we retreat to our inflatable boat moored out in the daylight.

With the southwesterlies blowing shoals of drizzle over the slimy boulders, the first grey seal pup we spot is lying high up the pebble beach and appears almost surreal in its white baby fur, casually glancing up at us with its black eyes. Newborn, they weigh about 14kg. Altogether we count six, scattered around the cove. They are surprisingly difficult to spot, lying motionless among the rocks or hidden behind larger boulders. Each one gets a blast of spraypaint somewhere along its back; a yellow splotch on otherwise pristine white fur.

The mothers are in the sea just off the edge of the cove, lying in the shallow water and keeping an eye on what we’re up to. Having given birth, they leave their newborn pups onshore and come in to feed them four to six times a day. Once they’re a few days old, they’re



perfectly safe left lying there for hours on end.

On the far side of the cove, on a bed of kelp, is a grey-and-white cow seal suckling a week-old pup. We walk – more correctly stumble – that way. ‘We won’t go too close; the cows can be very aggressive if they get cornered,’ says Phil. Mostly, if they’re disturbed, a cow will waddle surprisingly fast down the beach and into the sea to keep watch. But this one was different; she stayed put, snarling loudly when we came too close. I noted that her teeth, which can snap a large fish in half, could easily take off human fingers.



DR MALCOLM SMITH

Dr Malcolm Smith is a biologist and former chief scientist and deputy chief executive at the Countryside Council for Wales. He has travelled the world in search of some of the rarest animals, but it was an encounter near home in Pembrokeshire that gave rise to the following face-off...

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID MAHONEY, PHOTO GETTY

The UK contains 40% of the world's grey seals. The total number in west Wales is estimated at around 5,000, with 1,400 pups – only one per adult female – born each year



On a sunny day with a calm sea, these coves look deceptively peaceful. The rhythmic thuds of the surf mix with the haunting, human-like wail of young seal pups. But stand here and witness a storm smashing boulders into the cliffs and you might wonder how a podgy seal pup can survive at all. 'Every year,' says Phil, 'one in five pups die before they're weaned. Some of that's natural mortality and some due to predators and storms. Once they're old enough to go to sea and fend for themselves, we don't know how many more die; it depends on the weather and food availability.'

Getting close to a week-old white pup with its doe eyes, it's all too easy to assume that they are as cuddly as they look. But as soon as Phil and I draw near, the cuteness proves illusory. The docile pup in front of us transforms as it lurches forward, growling and gurgling aggressively, its jaw wide open, and globules of saliva dripping between its needle-sharp teeth. No predator would have an easy time of it with one of these maritime Rottweilers. We decide it would be wise to step back.

It has always seemed to me that the grey seals of west Wales are arguably some of the most

vulnerable anywhere in the world. They breed near Milford Haven, one of the busiest oil ports in Europe. The 1996 Sea Empress oil leak only missed them because the tanker grounded near the shore in February when the seals were well away from their breeding beaches out at sea. Had it run aground in September or October, the impact on these magnificent and endearing mammals would have been too awful to contemplate. ♦

This is an excerpt from Dr Malcolm Smith's latest book, Gone Wild (£9.99, Whittles Publishing), whittlespublishing.com

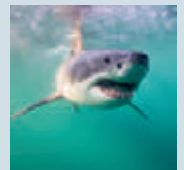
JUST ADD WATER

Three magnificent marine life encounters



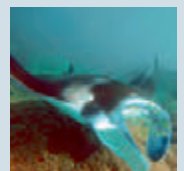
SWIM WITH HUMPBACKS

These gentle giants fill Tonga's tropical waters to mate. Get in among them to hear the male's extraordinary courting song, which can carry for up to 100km underwater.



DIVE WITH GREAT WHITE SHARKS

Head to Cape Town to submerge yourself in *Jaws*-infested waters – in a cage, of course – and see these prehistoric predators up close and very personal.



FLOAT WITH MANTA RAYS

Swim among these streamlined speed demons in laidback Fiji. Their wingspans stretch up to five metres, and their shape was supposedly the inspiration for the stealth bomber.

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Top to bottom: A bed fit for a king; The Vinoteca, the perfect place for a drink; The Fitlounge's 20.5m by 7.5m swimming pool

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE

The Pullman Paris Roissy CDG Airport Hotel's stylish decor and excellent restaurant make it an oasis for travelling professionals

It's hard to think of a hotel better placed for business travellers than the Pullman Paris Roissy CDG Airport Hotel. The Roissy is located around the corner from Charles de Gaulle Airport, and a mere 7.5km from Paris Le Bourget, the terminal dedicated to private jets.

Designed by famous architect Christophe Pillet, the Roissy hotel is a sophisticated haven that makes all its guests feel welcome – while also providing something a bit different from the traditional hotel experience. Guests can choose to stay in Suite Exclusive, a room designed to resemble a private apartment, complete with king-size bed, two dressing rooms and a bathroom with an Italian rain shower.

You'll even have your own private wine cellar and exclusive access to a peaceful terrace where you can enjoy a unique view of the airport's runways.



Guests can also make use of the Fitlounge, a 500m² gym area that contains a spectacular swimming pool, with two bubble benches and three swan neck fountains. On the same floor there's also the relaxation zone, where visitors can unwind on plush loungers, or try out the Turkish bath and sauna.

The fitness centre is open 24 hours a day, seven days a week, and is equipped with the latest Technogym machines.

And you won't have to travel far for a top-class meal or relaxing drink. The on-site Culinaire Bazaar Restaurant serves a menu of authentic local products, while Vinoteca is stocked full of French and international wines. Here you can taste rare vintages, unique cocktails and more than 30 different craft beers produced in Paris. With so much to do in the hotel, your only worry will be remembering your flight the next day.

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40

HOW AN ACTIVIST
ENLISTED MONKS
TO SAVE A FOREST
IN CAMBODIA

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THE LUXURY
SAFARI COMPANY
TRYING TO STOP
RHINO POACHING

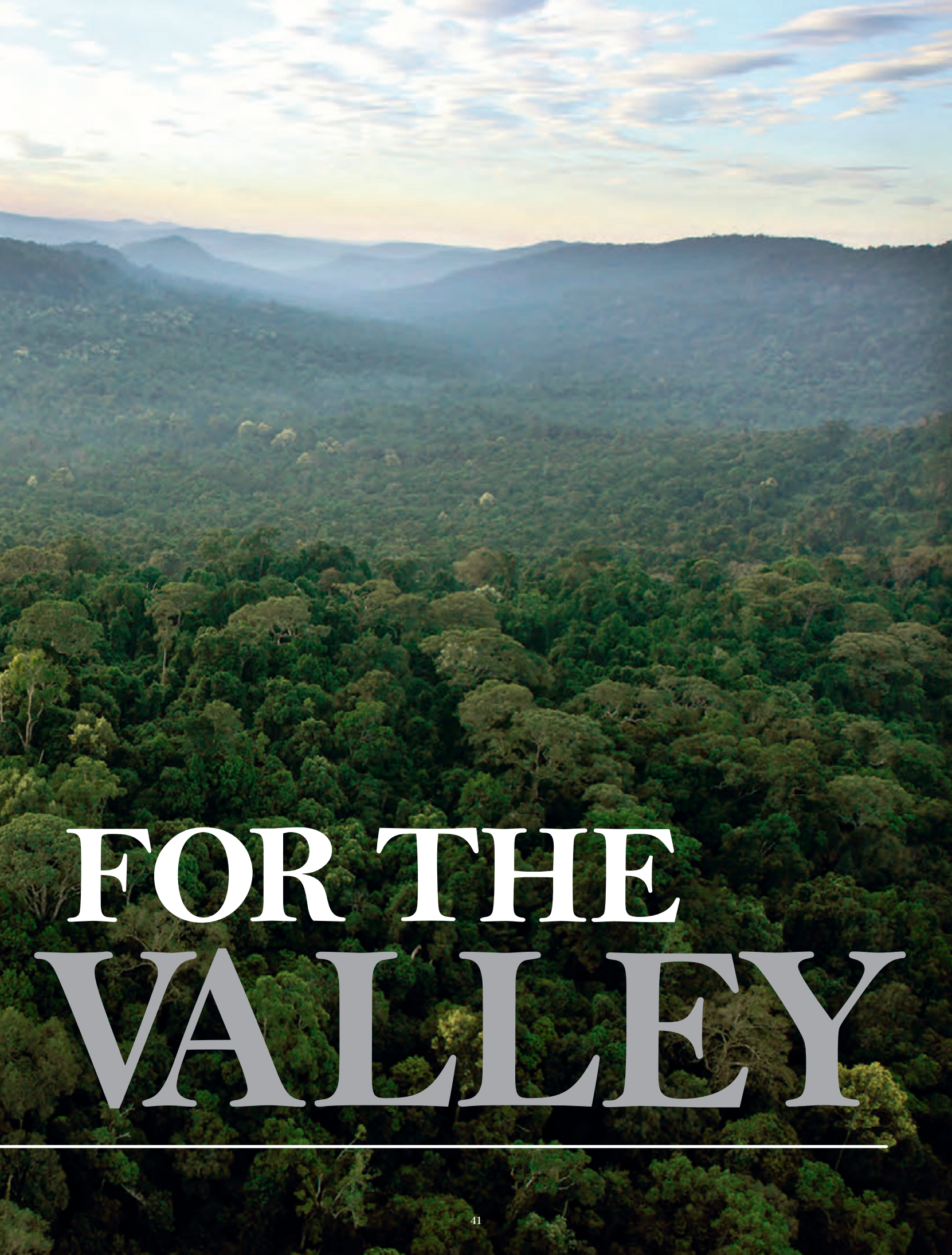
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A CULINARY TOUR
OF THE NEWEST
FOODIE HOTSPOT:
SRI LANKA

66

JON BANNENBERG,
THE MAN WHO
REINVENTED
YACHT DESIGN

THE FIGHT ARENG



FOR THE VALLEY





In a bid to save a cherished Cambodian forest, a foreign activist and some Buddhist monks are protesting the construction of a hydroelectric dam. Photographer/writer **Luke Duggelby** met the team helping the locals protect the trees, their livelihoods and an endangered species

The 200-metre-long orange cloth snaked its way through the village of Ta Tay Leu and into the forest. Guided by Buddhist monks and villagers of all different ages, it followed the path until it reached a clearing. Emerging from the contrasting green of the forest, this religious procession was met by a scene that might have seemed more at home in a war zone than on the periphery of a quiet rural community. Trees smouldered, in the process of being logged to make way for a banana plantation, with only the largest saved from destruction, their enormous buttresses too big for the loggers. The monks paused, momentarily, and then made their way towards the remaining trees to wrap their trunks in the orange cloth – a way to offer their blessings and, hopefully, to prevent them from being felled.

This is not the only bit of forest in the valley that’s in need of the monks’ blessing right now. In the adjacent Cardamom Mountain Forest, a different type of danger is looming, threatening not only to destroy the forest, but also to flood the entire valley. For it is here the Cheay Areng hydroelectric dam is set to be built.

If construction of the dam goes ahead as feared, its reservoir will flood almost 2,000 hectares of land belonging to the local people, and 500 hectares of sacred land in the Cardamom Forest. Habitats for the wild fish that are vital to the local economy will be lost; 600 hectares of rice paddies washed away; and breeding grounds for endangered local species such as gibbons, black bears and Asian elephants all submerged.

Another major worry is that the building of the dam may mean the end of the Siamese crocodile: a reptile that was previously thought to be extinct in the wild until a precious few were discovered in the Areng Valley. Once common all over Asia, the Siamese crocodile became critically endangered due to hunting and habitat destruction. In 2012, for example, neighbouring Laos recorded its first sighting in 30 years. The same year, the last wild Siamese crocodile in Vietnam, a 100-year-old female, was found strangled to death by hunters’ wire. Nowadays, NGOs working in Cambodia estimate that fewer than 250 Siamese crocodiles are left in the wild, in less than 99 per cent of their traditional living space. It’s only this small corner of the Cardamom Mountain Forest that they can still call home. But for how much longer, no one knows.

And yet, Cambodia is a country that needs to progress. During the devastating civil war in the 1970s, the energy sector was seriously damaged, and once the Khmer Rouge took control in 1975 it destroyed virtually all the country’s electricity-related facilities. As Cambodia moved into a state of peace during the late 1990s, the government tried to rehabilitate the energy sector, but internal fighting, a lack of funds and many other issues relating to a country that had been reduced to year-zero just a few decades before, meant this was a near-impossible task.

To this day Cambodia lacks a national grid, and the vast majority of the population live with no regular access to electricity. Rural households account for around 90% of the five-million strong population, and only 15% of these have >

PREVIOUS: the vast expanse of the Central Cardamom Protected Forest (CCPF). **THIS PAGE:** in the CCPF, a group of Buddhist monks and local people bless the large trees

If construction of the dam goes ahead as feared, the reservoir will flood almost 2,000 hectares of land belonging to the local people

\$100,000

This is the fee per cubic metre paid for luxury timber logged in Laos, Vietnam and Cambodia. Illegal logging is a huge problem here, and in 2014 it's estimated that 81,000 trees, or 243,000 cubic metres of timber, were taken out of the Cambodian provinces of Ratanakkiri and Stung Treng.

access to electricity. The demand increases every year, yet the government has insufficient capacity to meet such levels. Even the capital, Phnom Penh, sees regular blackouts.

According to Mark Grimdsitch, a British researcher hired by the World Resources Institute to produce a report on China's investment in hydropower in the Mekong Region, 'Cambodia is seriously short of electricity, and the recent power cuts show that the available supplies cannot meet demand. The government has prioritised developing hydroelectric power as a way to remedy this problem. Chinese power companies are eager to invest abroad, and have strong backing from the Chinese government.'

Reporting precise funding figures from donor countries to Cambodia is difficult. Ultimately, much of what is approved is never realised, but in the last 10 years China's investment in the country has increased substantially, especially in the energy sector. China is now the world's largest developer of dam projects, having surpassed The World Bank several years ago. Its wealthy state enterprises and banks have more than 300 dam projects either in the planning stage or currently being constructed in 49 countries around the world. In Cambodia alone there are 10 Chinese-backed projects, including the one threatening the Areng Valley.

The Cardamom Mountain Forest complex is vast. Covering more than 20,000 square kilometres, it is the largest unbroken tract of woodland in all of Southeast Asia and, for now at least, remains by far the most pristine. Broken up into different national parks, the Areng Valley lies within the 402,000 hectares of the Central Cardamom Protected Forest (CCPF). Three other major dam projects are already underway or have been completed inside and around the boundaries of the CCPF. The Cheay Areng dam would be the fourth construction in this region – and by far the most controversial.

If the dam goes ahead, as many as 1,500 villagers, most of whom are indigenous families whose ancestors have lived in this region for centuries, would be forced to relocate. Their six villages run in a fragile line along the fertile valley floor, and for generations they have lived in a sustainable balance with the surrounding environment.

In Cambodia, forced evictions by a government growing ever-more totalitarian are rampant, with tens of thousands of people having been moved from their land in the last decade to make way for this kind of development project. In return for often meagre compensation, these people



THIS PAGE: the tree ordination ceremony in the CCPF. RIGHT: the pioneering monk Bun Saluth in the forest he saved in northwest Cambodia



‘The Areng Valley is like stepping back in time. And it’s not only the magical beauty of the valley, it’s the people as well’

have been forced to leave their large ancestral lands where they had everything they needed for subsistence living, and are left with no choice but to move to their designated two- to three-hectare plots, located in the forest, usually on an elephant corridor, and on steep land with no space for rice plantations.

The sacrifices that have been made by the local people are only compounded by the reality that the dam itself makes almost no economic sense and its construction has been fraught with problems from the off. According to a report issued by International Rivers, an NGO which has been fighting since 1985 to protect rivers around the world from destructive dam projects, the first Chinese company involved in the dam was the state-owned China Southern Power Grid, which signed a memorandum of understanding with the Cambodian government in 2006. It was then reported, in November 2010, that the China Guodian Corporation had just signed another memorandum of understanding with the Cambodian government after the first company withdrew from the project.

This withdrawal was not surprising considering that this dam, with a price-tag of hundreds of millions of dollars, is predicted to produce only 108 megawatts of power at best, and yet will have to flood over 20,000 hectares of land to make a reservoir large enough to produce this quantity of electricity. Over half of this reservoir would be located in the CCPF, and the Areng Valley would be totally submerged. It would be the largest single encroachment to date in the Cardamom Mountain Forest.

‘The Stung Cheay Areng dam’s environmental and social costs are likely to outweigh the project’s US \$327m price tag,’ says Ame Trandem, the former Southeast Asia programme director of International Rivers. ‘While it’s a large investment, the Chinese often benefit from the payment warranties granted to them by the Cambodian government. Cambodia’s poor governance also serves as an advantage for Chinese companies, as the true environmental and social costs associated with these projects fall on the hands of the Cambodian government to remedy.’

When environmental activist Alejandro Gonzalez-Davidson first arrived here, he couldn’t believe what he was seeing – the forest seemed to never end. Every now >





and again he would stop his bike, ask a villager where the track led and continue. It was love at first sight. 'You have mountains surrounding you on both sides,' he says. 'There's no telephone coverage and no electricity. The first time I went there I felt like I was stepping back in time somehow. And it's not only the magical beauty of the valley itself, in terms of its nature, it's the people as well.'

Born to a Spanish father and a British mother, Gonzalez-Davidson first arrived in Cambodia in 2002, and has remained there ever since. Learning the Khmer language to a fluency that very few foreigners ever manage to achieve, he has made hundreds of trips to the Areng Valley and surrounding forests in the last few years, forming a close relationship with the local people. Even getting to the valley is a feat in itself, with a mud track not wide enough for a car, and surfaces so bad that it can take up to three hours to cover 16km on a motorbike.

Whenever Gonzalez-Davidson had time off from his job in Phnom Penh, he would visit the villages and spend days, often weeks, living there, talking to the locals and trying to understand the region. When rumours of the dam began to re-surface in 2010 he realised that the valley could be lost forever. 'In any other country in the world this dam would simply not go ahead, the valley would be declared a world heritage site,' he says. 'Why destroy an area that size for just 100 megawatts of power?'

However, one thing Gonzalez-Davidson has learnt from his time in rural Cambodia is the power and strength of Buddhism, and the deep respect the locals have for the monks. He believed that he could build on this trust, creating a Buddhist movement led by the monks – one that could become a powerful tool to help save the valley and surrounding forests.

Environmental activism led by monks had already proved very successful in another forest located in northwest Cambodia. In 2002 a monk named Bun Saluth prevented the destruction of his local forest by teaching people about the importance of the natural resources their livelihoods depended on. The result was the legal protection of 18,261 hectares of evergreen forest now called the Monks' Community Forest. Bun Saluth was honoured by the United Nations Development Programme's Equator Initiative.

Inspired by such projects, and along with some Cambodian activists, Gonzalez-Davidson co-founded

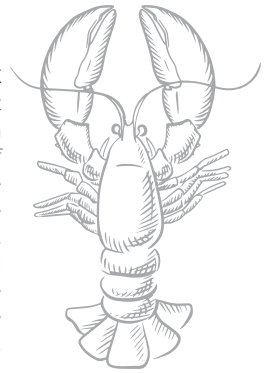


PREVIOUS: locals protect some rare baby Siamese crocodiles. THIS SPREAD: the residents who depend on the Areng river, where the proposed dam is to be built



SHELL SHOCK

In July 2016, a group of Buddhist monks on Prince Edward Island in eastern Canada bought 600lbs of lobster to release them back into the sea. Their mission was to ‘cultivate compassion’, not just for the lobsters, but for all human beings. Local fishermen helped the monks take the lobsters to an area where they were unlikely to be caught again.



a local NGO called Mother Nature, which was responsible for organising several tree-ordaining ceremonies in the Areng Valley and other protest activities such as road-blocks and marches in the capital to halt the construction of the dam. So effective was Mother Nature’s activism, and so popular were the Khmer language YouTube videos that detailed the plight of the valley, attracting hundreds of thousands of followers around the country, in early 2015 Gonzalez-Davidson was eventually arrested and forcibly deported from Cambodia.

The authorities had simply had enough. But the movement Gonzalez-Davidson helped to start lit a fire in the Cambodian youth who had already seen too much stolen from them by the powerful and wealthy. Today, his colleagues and followers continue the fight, and are lobbying the government to allow Gonzalez-Davidson back.

In a bid to curtail this massive outpouring of criticism against his government’s tactics, Prime Minister Hun Sen announced last spring that the construction of the Cheay Areng Dam would not go ahead on his mandate, which will last until 2018. ‘I would like to say do not talk about the Areng Valley anymore,’ he said. ‘Study it more clearly; and I think even if we study it clearly until 2018, we cannot develop it. And in my opinion, I want to leave it for the next generation.’

Just a few months later, three of Mother Nature’s most passionate activists were arrested in Koh Kong Province for confronting illegal sand mining on various rivers, carried out by powerful companies in liaison with corrupt local officials. Earlier this year, the three activists were fined and given suspended sentences due to the amount of time they had already served. In addition, despite the fact that Gonzalez-Davidson wasn’t in the country at the time, he was charged in absentia by the Koh Kong provincial court for ‘being an accomplice to the same crime his subordinates committed’, as ruled by the court director Huon Many.

Appalled by this, Gonzalez-Davidson is now in the process of trying to apply for another Cambodian visa so that he can return to the country, stand trial, and defend himself. He has directly appealed to the prime minister through a Khmer-language video posted on Facebook to help him secure a visa. The fight against the Cheay Areng Dam may be over for now, but the fight to clear Gonzalez-Davidson’s name has only just begun. ♦

mothernature.pm, lokeduggleby.com

THERE ARE ONLY 8,000 RHINOS LEFT IN SOUTH AFRICA'S KRUGER NATIONAL PARK

This spring **Claire Bennie** was lucky enough to see one of them, and meet the people at Singita Sweni, an enterprising safari lodge doing everything in its power to save this extraordinary – and increasingly endangered – species



South Africa



Yesterday we drove 100km in search of a rhino, our guide Jonathan McCormick nudging our open 4x4 jeep across the parched African bush towards the muddy watering holes where the rhinos come to escape the sweltering sun.

We saw nothing. Well, no rhinos at least.

I arrived at Singita Sweni, in Kruger National Park, three days ago and already I've seen too many animals to list. Just this morning Jonathan tested my nerve by driving us into the middle of a large pride of lions – some 30 of them fighting over the scraps of a buffalo carcass, killed last night. A small family of zebras, spooked by the jeep, pranced off into the shade of a baobab tree as we approached, and we watched a mother elephant wash down her calf at the fog-shrouded N'wanetsi river. It's not even 7am and a small herd of impalas are thirstily gulping down water. Four weeks ago it was totally dry, but heavy rainfall has brought greenery and life to this corner of South Africa.

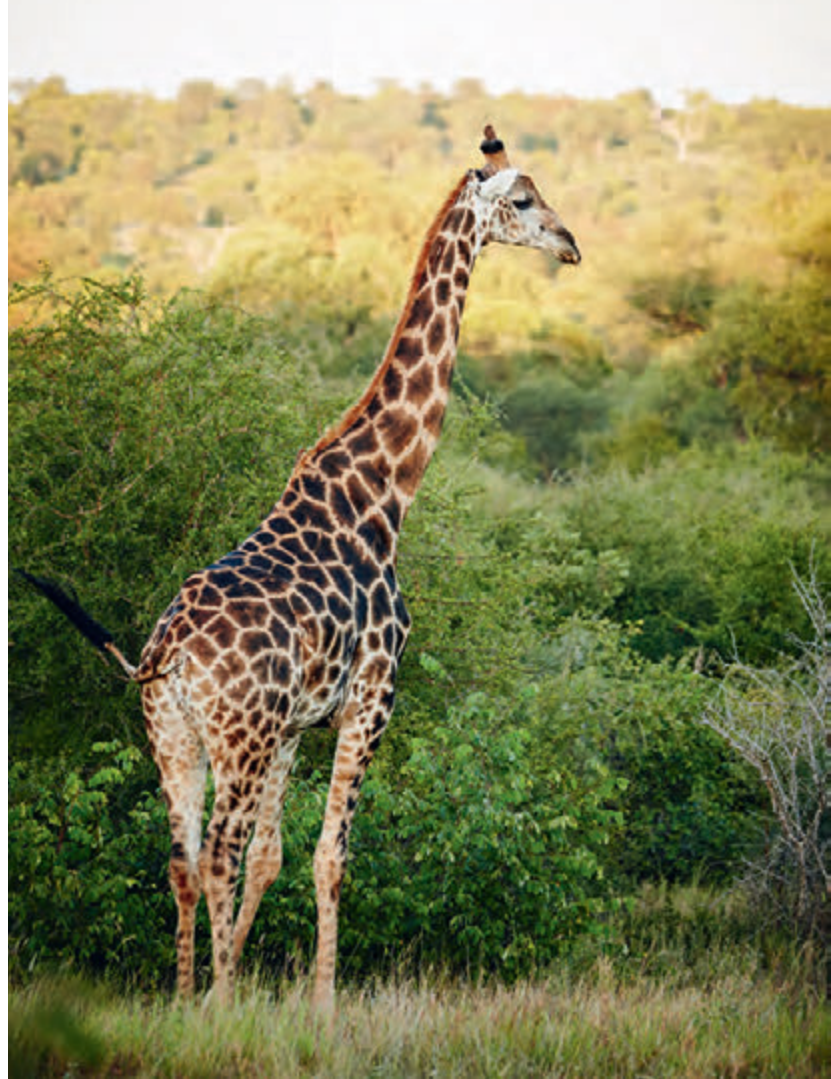
It's the perfect conditions for the rhinos, who love to graze in the northern part of Singita's 15,000 hectares. This is one of the most impressive private concessions in Kruger. A safari with Singita, as we quickly discover, is not like visiting a game reserve where animals are fenced in and you're guaranteed to see one of everything. Here they come and go as they please, which makes spotting one of the park's 8,000 remaining rhinos incredibly difficult. Kruger stretches across almost 2 million hectares (that's the size of Wales), so it doesn't take a mathematician to work out that spotting a rhino is going to be like finding a needle in a very large haystack. Poaching figures here are dropping, but still around 1,000 rhinos are killed in South Africa each year. With only 29,000 left in the country – approximately 85% of the world's rhino population – these figures are terrifying. 'A few years ago you'd easily come across 40 rhinos,' says Jonathan. 'These days you're lucky to find one at all.'

Glass, our eagle-eyed spotter, signals casually, just a flick of his hand, and Jonathan brings the jeep to a halt. He's picked up fresh *ingwe* (meaning 'leopard' in Shangaan, the local dialect) tracks. We climb out of the car to look at the imprint on the dusty, red path. 'In the city you get a newspaper; in the bush you have tracks,' laughs Jonathan. 'They tell you everything you need to know about the day's activities – who's been where, who's been chasing who.' The pad is split into three with four neat toes. This tells us it's a male, says Glass – female footprints are much smaller. The prints are >

RIGHT: safari guide Jonathan McCormick surveying Singita's vast concession. FAR RIGHT: a lioness from eastern Kruger's mountain pride







‘In the city you get a newspaper; in the bush you have tracks. They tell you everything you need to know about the day’s activities’

close together, meaning he was travelling at speed. ‘It’s very fresh,’ says Jonathan. ‘This leopard is very near.’

We put our search for rhinos on hold and follow the leopard tracks. We’ve already seen lions, elephants and (live) buffalo, so three of the Big Five. It’s just the leopard and rhino we’re still yet to spot. Glass starts tracking on foot, heading up into a ridge where he says our leopard is likely staking out somewhere to sleep. A francolin, an African game bird, starts shrieking a frenetic, purring warning call. Glass reappears and jumps back into the car, urging Jonathan to drive slowly over the dense scrubland. Then we see him – majestically slinking along the road parallel to the ridge. We pull up closer. He just keeps on walking, either oblivious to our presence, or simply ignoring us. At one point he crosses our path and looks over at us, panting, before moving on.

We watch the leopard for about 10 minutes as he strolls rhythmically up into the ridge. It’s after 9am; the light is harsh and most of the animals have found shade for the day, save a few kudu with their elongated horns. We head back to

Sweni Lodge for a delicious third breakfast (you don’t stop eating here, and the food is excellent). When we excitedly tell Trust, our waiter, about our leopard sighting, he shakes his head and laughs: he saw one last night, on the wooden walkway right outside the front door to our suite.

Singita has 12 lodges across Africa. When it opened the first in 1993, it redefined luxury safari. You can stay in tented palaces in Tanzania; a sumptuous farmhouse in Sabi Sands; or one of the glass pavilions at Sweni or Lebombo in Kruger National Park. These are the only two properties on Singita’s private concession – one of the most remote parts of the park – so you truly feel you’re in the middle of nowhere. Lebombo’s 15 airy suites are perched like birds’ nests on a rocky red cliff, and Sweni, our home for the next few days, has just six glass treehouses overlooking the Sweni river. One morning I catch two waterbucks grazing beneath my balcony; on another I watch a crocodile swim lazily upstream.

Singita’s ethos is to ‘touch the earth lightly’, the company’s COO Mark Witney tells me. ‘When we opened our first



venue, Ebony Lodge, in 1993, what made us stand apart was the luxury of our accommodation. But today this is not unique in the safari business. Singita now has custodianship over a million acres in Africa and we are committed to conserving large wilderness areas for future generations.'

The moment Singita's CEO Luke Bailes flew over this concession in Kruger, he fell in love with it. 'The unspoiled wildness of the area, the incredible landscapes of the Lebombo ridges, the diversity of the flora and fauna, and the highest game concentrations in Kruger. It was perfect,' says Witney. 'As it's a concession in an iconic national park, we've really had to think carefully about sustainable operations and minimal impact. The architecture is steel and wood, so it's light in construction, and we recently commissioned a solar-polar system to reduce our diesel consumption.'

Singita is a trailblazer in terms of its commitment to the community (one day I visit the cookery school, which aims to develop culinary skills among the local youth), sustainability and conservation, but one of its most significant investment is the Kruger anti-poaching unit. 'South Africa is the last real refuge for the African rhino, and we can offer guests a true Big Five experience unlike most other countries here,' says Witney. 'Apart from the sheer tragedy of a species being threatened with extinction for the sake of unscientific and false medicinal claims, the effect on tourism to the region and the negative impact on the neighbouring communities make this a crisis situation.'

By 1896, white rhinos were completely extinct from this part of South Africa, but in 1960s they were reintroduced, and today Kruger National Park safeguards the world's

largest population. At Singita, located right along the Mozambique border, protecting the rhino is no easy task. 'We have a lot of poachers coming across from Mozambique because there's such good grazing area for the rhinos here,' says Mark Montgomery, the concession manager, over afternoon tea in Sweni's river-facing lounge area. 'It took the government five years to approve R35m to put up a fence between us and Mozambique – you can't even imagine how difficult it was here before the fence.'

Montgomery's day – and night – is spent driving round the concession, keeping his eyes out for suspicious tracks, liaising with the guides, section rangers, local military and >



ABOVE, LEFT TO RIGHT: a lone elephant walking through the bush; a graceful giraffe; the leopard we spent all morning searching for. LEFT: getting close to the action in one of Singita's state-of-the-art jeeps



FOUR SEASONS HOTEL THE WESTCLIFF, JOHANNESBURG

Four Seasons took over The Westcliff, a colonial complex of terracotta buildings spread across eight acres in glamorous Rosebank, last year. The perfect stop-off before or after a trip to Kruger, it offers the best views in Joburg, with a carpet of treetops beneath (the world's largest man-made forest), Constitution Hill to the right, and Hillbrow Tower peeking out from behind. The rooms are still stately, with opulent marble bathrooms, stylish decor and vast balconies, but the standout elements are the View and Flames restaurants, with expert cuisine by Michelin-starred Dirk Gieselmann. fourseasons.com



Kruger's own rangers – the latter are the ones who have the authority to deal with poachers should Montgomery stumble across any. 'I have a non-combatant role so I don't get involved in any conflict and don't carry a weapon. But I still see plenty of interesting things and I have to be very careful.'

Last night was a full moon – ideal for poachers – so Montgomery and his team were out from 7pm to 10am. 'We had some guys that came across the fence at 7pm. We have cameras up to catch them and we spent all night tracking them. They crossed again at 5.30am. We just missed them, but thankfully they didn't find any rhinos.'

The only complete victory over rhino poaching will come when China, Vietnam and other countries where the rhino horn is sought-after are educated to change their beliefs in its medicinal benefits. Worryingly, it has gained a reputation as a party drug, and is sprinkled into champagne in Vietnam. 'You ask most of these guys and they don't even know what a rhino horn looks like,' Montgomery says, sadly.

Still, there are some positive changes. Private concessions like Singita are leading the way by collaborating more closely with one another and Kruger. 'But for things to get better we need governments to work together and have a shoot-on-sight policy,' Montgomery says – something that has worked well in Zimbabwe. 'The problem is legislation.'

Incredibly, some believe that legalisation is the best way forward. 'A few years ago we sold 42,000 tonnes of ivory to Japan and China, and still 100,000 elephants were killed,' says Montgomery. 'If we did this with the rhinos, would

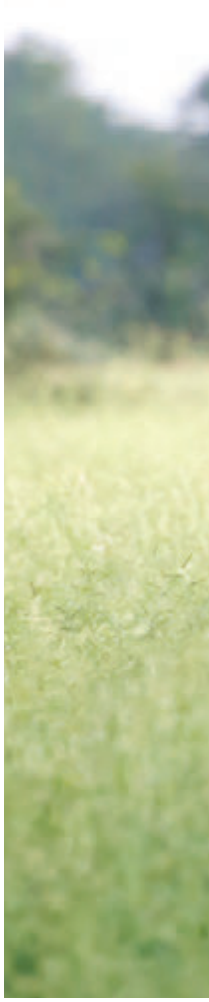
that change anything? You can legalise it but the demand will still always be higher.' In May 2016 there was outrage when a South African judge effectively overturned a 2009 ban on domestic trade. This was dismissed a few weeks later, but it highlights the government's confused position.

On our last day at Singita, we set out just before sunset, the hazy, orange-hued sky giving the bush an ethereal glow. Surely the perfect moment to spot a rhino? As if on cue, Glass whispers for us to stop. He's spotted something shining in the distance. After wallowing in the mud to cool down, a lone rhino is stomping amid the shrubs. Glass passes me his binoculars and, sure enough, about 200 metres away is something that looks like a slowly moving rock.

'Do you want to get out and walk over to him?' asks Jonathan. We follow in single file. I felt exposed enough in the 4x4 with the lions – but now I'm even more terrified. Jonathan carries a rifle which relaxes me slightly. I feel even better when he swears he's never had to use it. We walk cautiously, in silence. He signals for us to stop. We're about 100 metres away, as close as we dare. 'He knows we're here,' says Jonathan, 'but stay still and he won't mind us.' The rhino turns and looks right at us. For a split second it's just us, the buzz of the bush and one of the world's most endangered creatures, and nothing else seems to matter. ♦

cazenove+loyd offers five nights at Singita Sweni Lodge in South Africa on a full-board basis, including flights, transfers, shared game drives, guided safari walks, activities and park fees, from £5,580pp based on two sharing. cazloyd.com

ABOVE LEFT: the river Sweni and inside one of Sweni lodge's slick glass suites. ABOVE RIGHT: three lionesses; at Lebombo's stylish pool area. RIGHT: at last we spot a rhino





*‘South Africa is the last real refuge for the African rhino
—and Singita one of the few places that can offer guests
the true Big Five experience’*



A FAMILY YOU CAN BANK ON

Massimiliano Zanon di Valgiurata of Banque Morval says the best service needs a personal touch

When it comes to something as important as your finances, you need to know your money is with people you can trust. Impeccable service means a personal touch, and that is at the heart of Banque Morval's core values. Dedicated to personal wealth

and risk management, this Swiss private bank is family-owned and run by chairman Massimiliano Zanon di Valgiurata, with various members of the Zanon di Valgiurata family at an executive level. It operates with no external shareholders, which allows the bank to offer its clients independent, trustworthy and unbiased advice. Speaking at the Hôtel Particulier in Geneva's old town, the elegant building that serves as Banque Morval's head office, Mr Zanon di Valgiurata emphasised the importance of a traditional approach, which prioritises the personal touch.

'Meaningful contact allows us to understand the long-term objectives of a client,' he says. 'Also, this gives us the chance to explain our view of market dynamics and opportunities.'

Massimiliano Zanon di Valgiurata, chairman of Banque Morval and of Morval Vonwiller Holding

Banque Morval has very close ties to the prestigious Morval Vonwiller Group, an independent financial advisor specialising in structuring and managing investment portfolios for private clients in countries such as the Cayman Islands, Luxembourg, Italy, Monaco and Uruguay. This means customers of Banque Morval can benefit from a wider than usual range of services.

When questioned on how the Swiss banking scene has changed in the past decade, Mr Zanon di Valgiurata talked of the increase in regulatory demands, which has made private banking more complex. 'The industry's challenges are widely acknowledged, but not all has been bad,' he says. 'We Swiss bankers must continue to work and obtain recognition for the quality of services we provide, from both international competitors and clientele.'

Looking at the year ahead, Mr Zanon di Valgiurata is looking to increase the services the bank offers, in order to further satisfy the various requirements of its discerning clientele. More and more customers, it seems, will be looking for that personal touch.

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‘Sri Lankan
cuisine is like
South India
meets East Asia:
it’s an incredible
combination that
will make your
head spin’

Elizabeth Winding takes a gastronomic tour of this teardrop-shaped nation, which is fast becoming the next foodie hotspot





Sri Lanka



Curry night at the Kandy House hotel is an epic feast. Out on the candlelit veranda, a dizzying variety of dishes cover the table, from a tangle of fried banana flowers to cardamom-spiked black pork. There are crunchy poppadoms, two types of rice, and lime-laced coconut sambal; curried beetroot, fiery pineapple and spicy cuttlefish. Lanterns flicker around the lawn, and fairy lights are strung from the trees. Somewhere in the velvet darkness beyond, bullfrogs serenade the pool. ‘Welcome to Sri Lanka!’ says hotelier Tim Jacobson, raising his arrack sour.

A teardrop-shaped island off India’s southern tip, Sri Lanka has seen some troubled times, from 26 years of brutal civil war to the devastation of the tsunami. Now, seven years since the end of the war, visitors come here for all kinds of reasons, from leopard safaris in Yala National Park to surfing the east coast breaks. But the real hook for me is here on our plates: Sri Lanka’s heady cuisine. Half a world away in London, it’s emerging as a hot trend, thanks to buzzing street-food stall Weligama and Soho newcomer Hoppers, whose Bombay-born co-founder Karan Gokani is obsessed with the island’s food. ‘You’ll find familiar Indian flavours like curry leaf, mustard seeds and fenugreek, but also lemongrass and pandan,’ he tells me when I visit for dinner. ‘For me, it’s like South India meets East Asia: an incredible combination that will make your head spin.’ He leaves me with a lengthy list of dishes to try, and a final word of warning. ‘Watch out for the arrack,’ he says. ‘The hangovers can be pretty lethal.’

A week later, armed with his recommendations, I’ve landed in Sri Lanka, on a whistlestop tour kicking off at the Kandy House. Remembering Gokani’s advice – ‘You’ll find vegetables and herbs you’ve never seen in your life!’ – I head to Kandy’s Central Market. He’s right. Even familiar

produce proves disconcertingly different, from knobbly cucumbers to tiny white aubergines. Amused, the stallholders offer us curiosities to try: slippery-sweet granadilla seeds and delicate mangosteen; scarlet-fronded rambutan and a scoop of ripened jackfruit pulp. Weaving through the stalls, Kandy House’s chef Harshi points out local staples, from the pungent dried fish that adds a salty tang to curries to baskets of avocados – eaten as a sweet here, laced with treacly *kithul*. Medicinal properties are key, he says: so-called snake gourd is good for the stomach, while soursop is said to slow cancer.

From Kandy, our road lies south, through the hill country, where Sri Lanka’s black tea is produced. The air is colder, the clouds a bruised blue-grey above the rolling hills, contoured with endless terraces of tea. Next year marks 150 years since tea was first grown here, cultivated by a quick-thinking Scotsman after the coffee crops failed. It was a masterstroke, staving off ruin for the then-British colony of Ceylon. ‘The tea fields of Ceylon are as true a monument to courage as is the lion at Waterloo,’ trumpeted Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

Today, the area has a curious time-warp feel, with its colonial bungalows, neat cottage gardens and British-named plantations. Tamil women in bright saris still hand-pick the tea, baskets braced on their backs, pinching the bud and top two leaves with a practised flick of the wrist. It’s arduous, poorly paid work, despite the incredible backdrop.

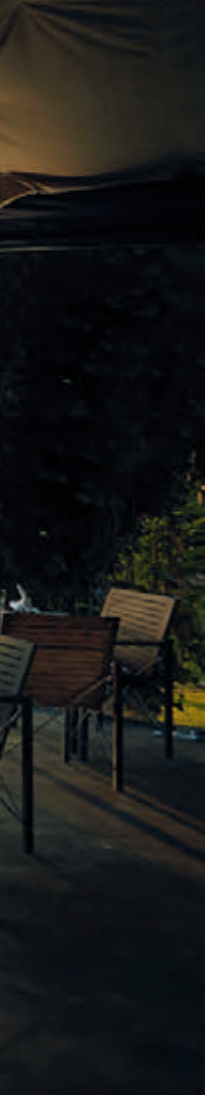
Along the way, our guide describes the grades of tea, from top-quality orange pekoe down to everyday broken-leaf, then the leftover fannings and dust, often used in teabags – everyone’s least favourite in the tasting that follows. Quality also depends on plantation height, with the most prized leaves grown at altitude. Here in the highlands, the ‘mid-grown’ tea is citrusy and aromatic; we leave with a fragrant parcel, and a new appreciation for its subtleties. >

PREVIOUS SPREAD: the curry feast at Kandy House. THIS PAGE, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: Kandy Market; the Sri Lankan spread at London’s Hoppers; a tea plantation worker; the windswept beach at the Last House

‘The tea fields of Ceylon are as true a monument to courage as is the lion at Waterloo’

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE





FROM TOP: luxury dining at Kahanda Kanda; the fishermen along the coast. INSET: an egg-filled hopper at Koslanda

ANYONE FOR A CUPPA?

Sri Lanka's tea industry started with a single plant, a *camellia sinensis*, brought from China by the British in 1824. The humidity, rainfall and temperature helped it thrive, paving the way for today's \$1.5bn industry. Harvested between eight to 12 days old, year-round, it makes the strong, malty Ceylon black tea Sri Lanka is famous for. Variations of the plant also produce oolong and pu'erh.



Over the days that follow, we settle into Sri Lanka's lazy rhythms. It is, as author Sebastian Faulks wrote, a place 'to talk and dream and eat'. Nowhere does this seem more apt than Living Heritage Koslanda, a four-suite hideaway in the remote Beragala Hills. Set in a serene valley, it centres on a traditional *ambalama* (pavilion), its terracotta roof supported by handmade wooden pillars. 'Everything's been done the old way,' says owner Lucy Adams, who built Koslanda with her late husband, filmmaker Manik Sandrasagra.

Life here proceeds at a gentler pace, in tune with the surrounds. Elephants pass through on their annual migrations, and monkeys steal the mangos, while squirrels have been shredding the cushions for their nests. 'We're trying to catch them with toast,' Lucy sighs. 'We're very Buddhist here.' In the kitchen, spices are ground between stones or with a pestle and mortar, while curries simmer on a clay hearth over a wood fire. Outside the big cities, Lucy explains, this is how most households still cook.

Instead of metal pans are handsome, pot-bellied *walang* (clay pots). The difference in taste is amazing, says Lucy, and the older the pot, the better the flavours will be. Sure enough, that night's meal is charged with spices and slow heat, from juicy mango curry and tempered potato to aromatic black pepper chicken. There are leafy, shredded greens (*mallingu*) and coconut-based sambals – the latter served alongside almost every Sri Lankan meal, often including breakfast.

We spend the last few days exploring the island's south coast, with its wild, palm-edged beaches and fishing villages. Seafood is king here, and at Tangalle's quayside market are fish of every shape and size, from toothy barracuda to enormous yellowfin tuna. Staying at the Last House, just outside town, we feast on black tuna tartare and lime-spiked grilled red snapper. Both are in season this full moon, explains chef Ananda, taught to cook by his grandmother.

He's one of a new generation of chefs, respectful of the old recipes, but keen to add his own twist. 'As much as I love updating things, I still appreciate the old ways,' he says. 'But I'd never change my grandmother's recipes – for me, they're still the best.' Since he started cooking, local attitudes have changed, he says. 'Before, it was something for the home, not really respected. Now you can be proud to be a cook.'

Come breakfast-time, the kitchen sticks to tradition with *hoppers*: fermented rice-flour pancakes, shaped like little bowls. Back in London, Gokani had firm ideas on the hopper; his restaurant's namesake dish. It should, he insisted, have



crisp edges, a soft, spongy base, and a sunny side-up egg at its centre. I'm pretty certain he'd approve of this particular rendition, with its thin, lacy edges and perfectly runny egg, accompanied by a side of chilli-flecked onion relish.

The trip almost at an end, we follow the coast west, past fishermen perched on traditional stilts. There's one brief night at Koggala lake, at the beautiful Kahanda Kanda, with its lily ponds, sculptural, orange-painted walls and exquisite, antique-dotted suites. After a cookery lesson with the chef and glorious bicycle ride through the dappled paddy fields, it's onwards to Galle and the final night of the trip.

Our last day is spent wandering Galle Fort, a perfectly preserved colonial town, sheltered by the old fort walls, which is being gentrified apace. In the early evening, though, boys still play cricket on the green, and families fly brightly coloured kites, while a throng of street-food stalls do a roaring trade in 'short eats'. There are prawn-topped lentil *vadai* and tongue-searing pickles; salty cassava chips and cones of candyfloss. Best – and noisiest – of all is the *kothu roti*, a moreish hotchpotch of curry and roti, chopped and mixed at fearsome speed on a clanging metal hotplate.

Afterwards, in a backstreet grocery shop, I find what I'm looking for: a small, bowl-shaped pan with a green lid, and a bag of rice-flour batter. I'm not sure they'll meet Gokani's standards, but my plan is to make *hoppers*. ♦

Scott Dunn offers a seven-night tailor-made trip to Sri Lanka from £2,495pp including flights, accommodation, experiences, private driver and guide, scottdunn.com





Sail of the **CENTURY**

Jon Bannenberg almost single-handedly invented yacht design. But he wasn't just a visionary, he was a theatrical bon vivant with some colourful friends in high places, says **Peter Watts**

MAKING WAVES

This autumn the Monaco Yacht Show is back (28 September – 1 October), and set to be bigger and better than ever. See below for some impressive numbers from last year's event. Our hot tip for this year? Look out for Icon, a 67.5-metre yacht with a five-metre swimming pool, gym, sauna – and a cool €62.5m price tag.

<p>1991 First show held</p>	<p>41 Countries represented</p>	<p>121 Number of yachts</p>	<p>32,000 Estimated number of visitors</p>	<p>€25m Average value of a yacht</p>
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Preserved in a frame on the wall of the main meeting room at Bannenberg & Rowell's office in Chelsea is a tablecloth. It's aged brown paper, covered with drawings and punctuated by a semicircular stain that looks suspiciously like the sort made by a wine bottle. Dickie Bannenberg looks at it and grins. 'This was rescued from an Italian cafe where, over several bottles of wine, a yacht was sketched out on the tablecloth between my father and his client.'

Dickie's father was Jon Bannenberg, the man widely credited with creating modern yacht design 50 years ago, and the tablecloth offers colourful evidence of his unique working style, including his ability to sketch plans in almost any circumstances – upside down, in front of clients, knocking back a few glasses, eating pasta.

When Jon Bannenberg died in 2002, aged 72, Dickie inherited the company and wanted to place his father's remarkable life on record. The result is *Jon Bannenberg: A Life of Design*, a book crammed with 800 photographs, paintings and illustrations that explore Bannenberg's role in yacht design while presenting a picture of a fascinating man.

'He took yacht design by the scruff of its neck and was the undisputed pioneer of modern yacht design,' says Dickie Bannenberg. 'What was so revolutionary was that he was the first man to combine what had been three old-fashioned and separate disciplines: naval architecture, exterior and

interior yacht design. He oversaw the fusion of those disciplines and saw himself as a conductor: he couldn't play all the instruments but he knew the sound he wanted to make and how to pull it all together. It was a very conservative, parochial profession, and he blew into it like a tornado.'

What was more remarkable was that Bannenberg had no technical education in art, design or engineering. Born in 1929, in Sydney, Australia, he trained as a pianist before arriving in London in the 1950s. He took a variety of jobs then he gradually moved into the art world.

'He drifted – there's no other word for it – into setting up a shop in Knightsbridge that sold decorative antiques,' explains Dickie. It was called Marble & Lemon, and its window displays and imports of silk wallpaper attracted the attention of Partridge, a major Bond Street antiques firm. A partnership began: Bannenberg would decorate homes with the fine furniture and art supplied by Partridge. He began designing interiors, and then moved to yachts, getting his first commission, the 80ft Tiawana, from a Partridge client in 1965. Bannenberg was offered the job after he was shown the original plans and declared them to be 'terrible'.

'My dad was amazing and he could design pretty much anything,' says Dickie. 'He designed cars and airplanes, jewellery, hotels – he even redesigned my school shorts. >



PREVIOUS: Bannenberg's very first commission, the Tiawana. LEFT: its modest main saloon. FAR LEFT: Bannenberg in his element. RIGHT: the Carinthia VI, launched in 1971







‘He was amazingly versatile. But for the exterior – well, everybody recognised a Bannenberg boat’





42 METRE C.R.N.



23 METRE JACK POWLES BANNENBERG/OLESINSKI



44 METRE DE VRIES BANNENBERG/DE VOOGT



60 METRE VAN LENT BANNENBERG/DE VOOGT



53 METRE C.R.N. BANNENBERG



42 METRE ESTEREL MAURIC/BANNENBERG



42 METRE C.R.N. BANNENBERG



44 METRE C.R.N. BANNENBERG

As he began his first yacht, he was chosen as one of several up-and-coming designers to work on the QE2. He was given several spaces to design including the Double Room, a huge double-level public space and the largest room on any vessel at that time. It was the 1960s, so it was all raspberry-coloured crushed velvet, orange, chrome and zigzags.'

From the start, Bannenberg's yachts were extraordinary. For Tiawana, he articulated a key principle of his thinking – that boats were beautiful, but traditionally their best features were hidden beneath the water. Bannenberg believed that there should be more imagination applied to the shape above water, and chose to follow the elegant dynamic flow of the hull. He did away with boxy cabins and introduced sleeker, bolder, modern shapes, studded with larger windows to draw light into dark interiors. These factors remained a constant through the next three decades of yacht design.

'He's best known for his exteriors and did some truly groundbreaking, brave things with window shapes, angles and geometry,' says Dickie. 'Inside, he could do a 1920s thing or a contemporary, minimal, stripped-down box. He was amazingly versatile. But for the exterior – well, everybody recognised a Bannenberg boat.'

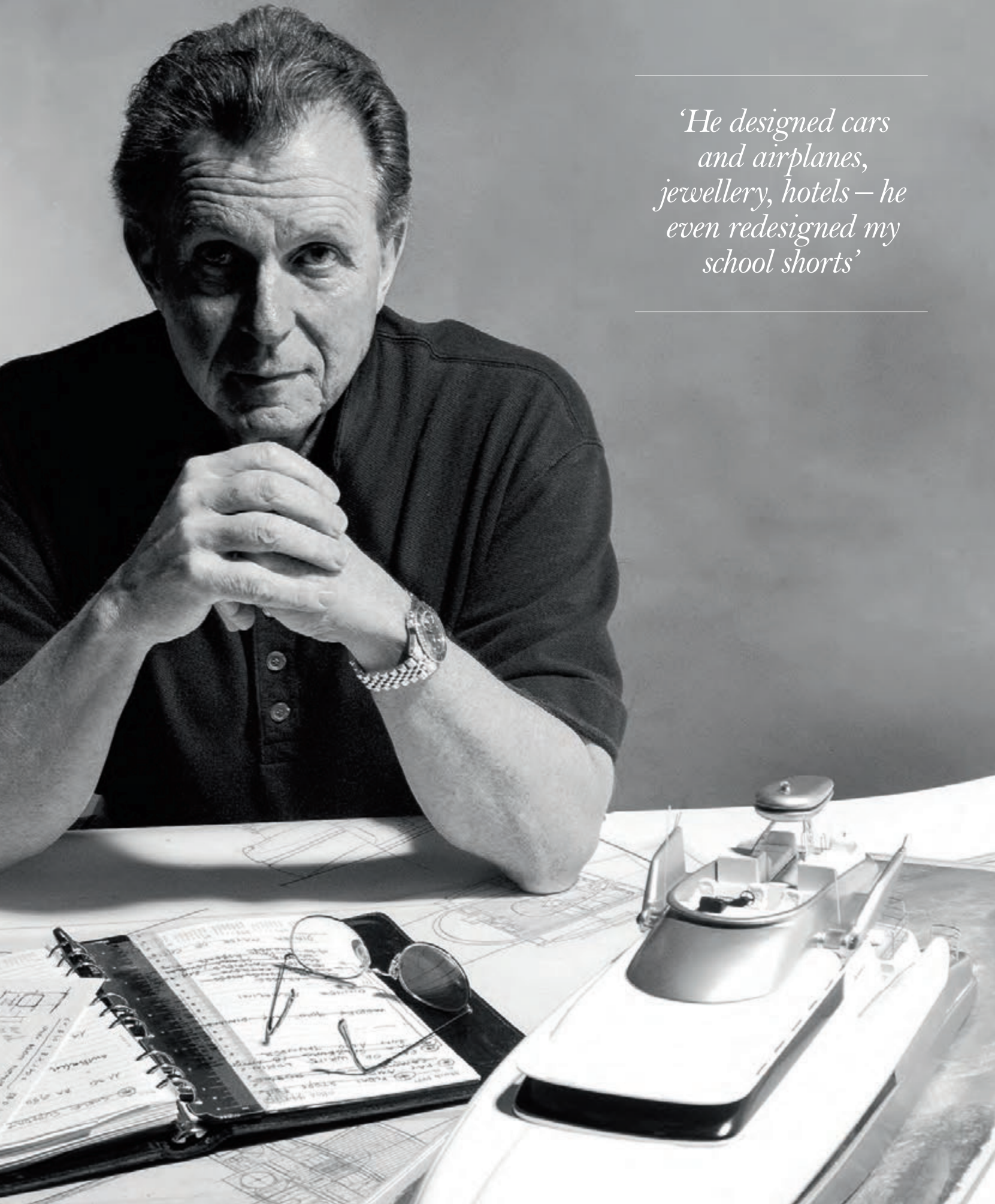
Famous commissions included Carinthia VI, launched in 1971 and now called The One; Talitha G, a 1927 boat Bannenberg remodelled in 1993 for John Paul Getty; and Nabila, built in 1980 and now renamed Kingdom 5KR. The colourful history of the Nabila is illustrative of the world he inhabited. It was built for the arms dealer Adnan Khashoggi, used in the Bond film *Never Say Never Again*, later owned by Donald Trump and now belongs to a Saudi prince.

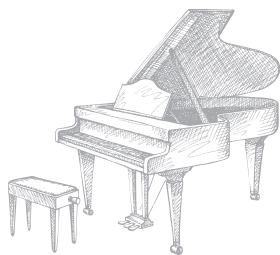
Other clients included Malcolm Forbes, Robert Maxwell and the Shah of Iran, though discussions with Fidel Castro to build a state yacht for Cuba led nowhere. In the store room at the Bannenberg office, hundreds of carefully labelled cardboard tubes contain the drawings and blueprints for these boats, alongside paintings – many by Bannenberg himself – and models of boats and planes, including one for Forbes' Boeing 727, with livery by Bannenberg highlighting the unapologetic legend 'Capitalist Tool'.

Bannenberg was perfectly at home in this company. 'A huge part of what he did was entertain,' recalls Dickie. 'My parents had a house on King's Road and he regularly had clients round; many became lifelong friends. In those days, the British and Greek clients were more connected but you had to be like my dad: fearless and extroverted.' >

PREVIOUS: the Nabila featured in a 1983 Bond film, and was once owned by Donald Trump. RIGHT: Bannenberg with planner and model

*'He designed cars
and airplanes,
jewellery, hotels – he
even redesigned my
school shorts'*





PIANO MAN

He might have been the world's greatest yacht designer, but Jon Bannenberg's first dream was to become a concert pianist. As a young man he studied at the Sydney Conservatorium of Music, and when he first moved to London he travelled the city's pubs playing the piano to earn a living. He was even briefly Noël Coward's rehearsal pianist, before realising his true talent lay in design.



Bannenberg had an Australian assertiveness and came from the world of 1960s King's Road characters such as Mary Quant, not noted for their reticence. Dickie describes him as an 'artistic alpha male' and 'a great incubator of curiosity and enthusiasm,' which fed into his work.

'He was very enthusiastic, so on top of the professionalism was a charm and theatricality,' says Dickie. 'The yacht design process takes three years and he would make it an amazing experience. He tried to keep clients away during the build and then, when it was completed, have the boat fully dressed – fresh flowers, table set, music playing – for the handover.'

Bannenberg's success spawned an entire industry, with several of his former designers setting up their own studios, including Terence Disdale, Donald Starkey,

Andrew Winch, Tim Heywood and Lally Poulas. Dickie also joined the family firm, albeit as a project manager rather than a designer. 'I worked with him for around 15 years, and it was a very happy co-existence,' he says.

Jon Bannenberg was still innovating right up to his death, but he missed out on the present era of Russian billionaires and the move towards ever grander, larger yachts. Would he have been comfortable in their company? 'My dad would have gotten on with anyone,' says Dickie. 'He never had any contact with the Russians, but I can't see any reason why he wouldn't have been in a sauna knocking back vodka with them, too.' ♦

Jon Bannenberg: A Life in Design (£110) by Dickie Bannenberg is available now at bannenbergandrowell.com

'He took yacht design by the scruff of its neck and became the industry's undisputed pioneer'

ABOVE: Bannenberg's design flourishes aboard the Aetos

"I lost over 29cms!"
- Maria

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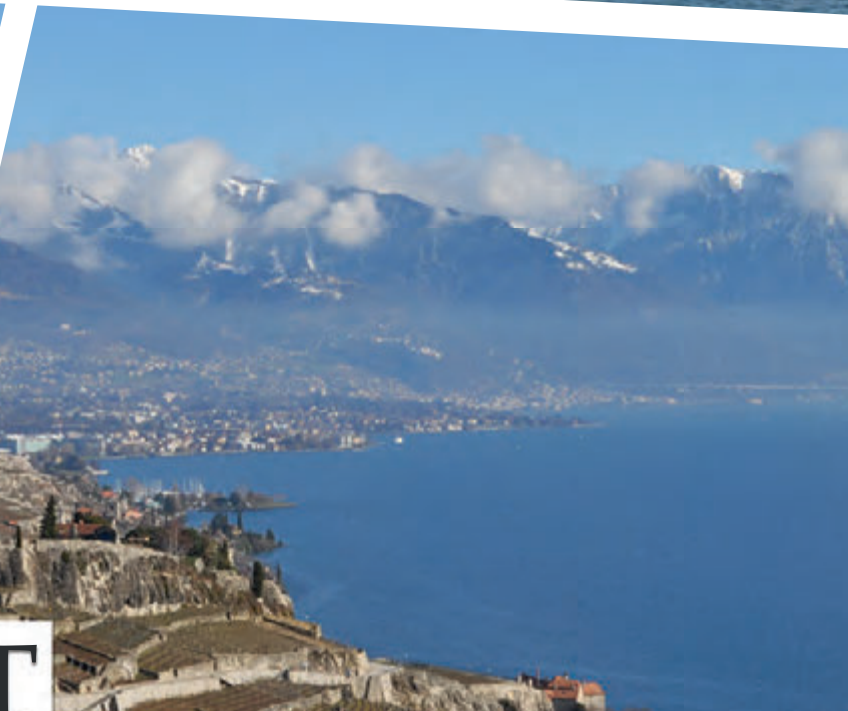
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Beneath an Arctic sun

PrivatAir and Hapag-Lloyd Cruises open up a world of raw, icy nature and national celebration on a summer sojourn to Iceland and Greenland, writes **Philip Murphy**

If there are worlds within a world, nowhere on our planet is this phrase more apt than in the Arctic Circle. It is a place of unique wonders, and one of the few landscapes left where nature remains at its purest and most powerful – in a realm of ice beneath a midnight sun.

In June 2016, PrivatAir and Hapag-Lloyd Cruises ventured north to the Arctic from the German city of Düsseldorf on a five-day luxury air cruise, taking in the sights, and celebrations, of Iceland and Greenland.

Aboard the Albert Ballin private jet, an Airbus A319-CJ, guests were treated to the customary ‘preparation for perfection’ service. ‘Every element was planned as much as possible to deliver “perfection”,’ says flight attendant Mietje Schoemans. ‘First impressions set the tone, so we put a flower in each seat, plus a welcome gift, and a poster on the wall indicating each destination of the tour.’

‘Our special guests were always addressed by their names and the atmosphere was easygoing,’ adds the tour’s inflight director Elisabeth Roux. ‘Our approach to each individual is warm, respectful and discreet. It is very pleasant for us to recognise passengers who have already travelled with us. The connection comes back right away. As in life, seeing and being seen brings out a beautiful exchange between people.’

NATIONAL DAY CELEBRATIONS

Following a relatively short flight of just over three hours, the first destination was Reykjavik. The guests were accompanied by representatives of Hapag-Lloyd Cruises and a dedicated team assembled for the tour, which included two regional experts, Wolfgang Peters and Arne Kertelheim.

The dates of the air cruise were specially chosen to coincide with Iceland’s annual national holiday, held on 17 June. During



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RIGHT: The PrivatAir crew ensure their guests travel in comfort

WINTER IN THE ARCTIC
Savour magical moments in Lapland, Svalbard and Tromsø on our upcoming winter air cruise from 20-25 February 2017: Hamburg – Kiruna/Sweden – Spitsbergen/Norway – Tromsø – Hamburg.

Highlights include a night at ICEHOTEL, dog sledding and snow mobile tour in Spitsbergen and a private concert at the Arctic Cathedral of Tromsø. All tours are in German. See hl-cruises.de/privatjet/reisen/eiswelt

the day, Icelanders celebrate formally, with church services, parades and speeches, often wearing ornate national costume. The evenings are set aside for more informal gatherings, with friends and family coming together to wine, dine and toast their national pride.

The guests of Hapag-Lloyd Cruises travelled from Reykjavik to the scenic town of Borganes and continued to Husafell, a new four-star hotel surrounded by magnificent glaciers. The volcanic landscape is a treat for walkers and photographers, and after enjoying the dramatic scenery during the afternoon, the evening was set aside for a private dinner at the hotel, with a National Day theme.

On day two, guests set out for the expansive Langjökull glacier, travelling on super Jeeps and monster trucks. The glacier covers approximately 900 square kilometres, and offers spectacular views all around. Activities included trips to the lava caves and hot springs, as well as a buffet dinner in an extraordinary glacial ice cave.

SHINING DAY AND NIGHT

Having returned to Reykjavik the following morning, Hapag-Lloyd Cruise's guests enjoyed a brief city tour of the fascinating Icelandic capital, before flying with PrivatAir to

Kangerlussuaq, and from there on two local aircraft to Ilulissat. In summer the sun never sets here, and the nearby Ilulissat Icefjord, a Unesco World Heritage site, is the most popular tourist destination in Greenland. The highlight of the day was undoubtedly the midnight cruise, during which the guests were lucky enough to see whales basking in the low light of the nocturnal sun.

After stationing themselves at the renowned Hotel Arctic in Disko Bay, our party took to the skies again the next morning for some resplendent aerial views of the glacier. This panoramic flight on a small local plane was followed by a hike to the ruins of Sermermiut, formerly an Inuit settlement, which archaeologists believe dates back as far as 600BC.

The final day was spent travelling, returning to Kangerlussuaq to be put back into the care of the attentive PrivatAir crew for the return trip to Germany on board the Albert Ballin.

With wonderful weather prevailing throughout the cruise, this summer sojourn to the most northerly regions of the planet lived up to the high expectations of the guests – another unforgettable journey created by PrivatAir and Hapag-Lloyd Cruises. ♦

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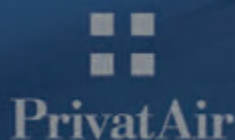
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