

COUNTRY & TOWN HOUSE

THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS

NOVEMBER 2017 £3.90

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THE GOOD LIFE

Alice B-B on plucking, plumbing and pool etiquette



there's a third type when it comes to waxing... the person who lasers.

SURE I KNOW MY RENAISSANCE FROM MY ROUSSEAU, but what I really wish I'd learnt at school is accounting, how to put up shelves or deal with a dodgy stop cock. Too often I've sat shivering on a Saturday night in the country because the boiler's on the blink. And all the plumbers are in the pub. But the miraculous WPJ Heating firm (wpjheating.co.uk) has had a brilliant idea; The Live Plumber in your Pocket. Just show the WPJ guys what the issue is

via videoline – they'll either tell you how to fix it yourself or give you an estimate and make an appointment there and then. They're brilliant plumbers anyway – but this new concept has them shooting up the genius ladder. Nice one, lads.

SWIMMING POOL ETIQUETTE? A couple of stolen hours while on a work trip in Malta, where the newly revamped Phoenicia hotel pool butts up against the capital Valetta's fortified walls. Always self-conscious dashing from sunbathing to submerging but, once in, I made for the infinity-edge overlooking the port. I'm not a quick dip girl, so I motored up and down doing lengths. Soon an old boy also got in to do his laps. We stuck to our invisible lanes, but each time we passed or I overtook him, there was an awkward moment. The only people

in the pool, swapping furtive glances as we both clearly wondered what the deal was; a smile or a high-five? I needn't have worried, as later when he passed my table at lunch, he stopped, doffed his cap and said, 'Hello my swimming friend,' adding, like the perfect gentleman, 'Lovely breaststroke!'

THIS MONTH I'LL BE

1 Heading to new gym KXU in Chelsea for Power Yoga and U-Cycle. kxu.co.uk

2 Devastated that I've inhaled Narcos season three – the flip side, I have time to read *The Burning Girl* by Claire Messud

3 Getting my bike fixed just so I can wear a new Dashed cycle helmet. dashed.cc



THERE ARE TWO TYPES OF PERSON when it comes to waxing. The first is in denial about being in a position usually reserved for a lover or a gynaecologist. She gives a perfunctory smile at the beginning, delivers an icy thank you at the end, and deals with emails for the bits in between. The second type is mortified at paying someone to deal with sun-don't-shine areas, so overcompensates dramatically. She chats like she's on speed, and treats the 'nekid' situation as a reason for intimate overshare, attempting to kill the awkwardness with a machine gun of kindness.

I fall into the latter. But last month I wished I'd kept my trap shut. It was just before a holiday with a cluster of my most nubile friends, and just as the Brazilian performing a Brazilian whipped away the last, most painful strip she announced, 'You know... they would lubbbb you in Brazeeeeeelll! You with your big butt and your boobeesh'. It's then I realised

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