Happiness
Wisdom from across the globe
gathered by expert Helen Russell

New Defender
The legend returns...
and goes surfing in the Arctic

Anthony Joshua
How the former World Champion plans to bounce back

Beasts from the Ice Age
The ancient bison hiding in the sand dunes by the North Sea
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“Comfort is coming home”
Welcome to the new edition of the Land Rover Magazine, the journal exclusive to Land Rover owners. This issue is packed with things we know you have a passion for – personal achievement, life balance, innovative design, adventure. The stories reach across the world from the sun-bleached vineyards of California to the fierce coastal waters of Iceland. But as well as travelling in the physical world, we explore emotional spaces, too. We speak to inspiring figures about what drives them and how they keep a sense of wellbeing. Global happiness guru Helen Russell investigates what it means to be happy, and I’m delighted to bring you our frank and revealing interview with (former) world-champion boxer Anthony Joshua. He suffered his first professional loss in June 2019, but losing that fight made him even more fascinating as an interviewee.

As Land Rover moves further into the world of electrification and sustainability we’ve kept an eco-eye on many of the stories we’ve covered. For instance, you can read about how the new Range Rover Evoque fits into the recycled material revolution happening around Silicon Valley. The big car news this issue is that the long-awaited new Land Rover Defender (pictured above) makes its debut, and we took it Arctic surfing with aquatic photographer Megan Hemsworth. Expect a lot more from the Defender gang of models over the coming months.

Finally, I hope you enjoy the exclusive short story from author Jean McNeil. She’s a writer who’s spent a year in Antarctica but is also qualified as an African walking safari guide – a creative adventurer to inspire us all.

This is your magazine and we want it to be something you look forward to. To make sure we’re getting it right, we’d love to hear from you. Please do send an email with your thoughts to hello@landrovermagazine.co.uk.

In the meantime, I hope you enjoy spending time with your new Land Rover Magazine.
F.P. JOURNE
Invenit et Fecit
“"I invented and made it”"

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EUROPE’S LAST BISON
BY THE SEA
We drive the dunes of the Dutch coast in search of a relic of the Ice Age
Sean Thomas
Sean is an award-winning journalist but most well-known as a *Sunday Times* bestselling writer, publishing novels including *The Ice Twins* under the pseudonym S K Tremayne. “I feel most alive when in the far north such as Greenland, Iceland or the Solovetsky Islands. I love how challenging and beautiful the landscape is.” Sean felt right at home in the wilderness of the Netherlands tracking European bison (p30).

Tanveer Badal
A Los Angeles-based travel and hotel photographer who has explored more than 50 countries, Badal’s photographs have appeared in *The New York Times*, Condé Nast Traveler and BBC Travel. “There’s nothing like going on a sunrise safari in Africa, driving through Kruger National Park and watching wild animals take their first drink of the day.” Tanveer shot the stunning landscape of California’s Napa Valley (p58).

Helen Russell
Internationally bestselling author of *The Atlas of Happiness*, Russell lives in Denmark and writes for publications including *The Observer*, *Stylist* and *Grazia*. “I feel most free when on my paddleboard in the Vejle Fjord. It’s where I learned to love the water, and I’m often joined by a seal or porpoise.” Read about Helen’s insightful study of happiness (p52).

James Brown
Most recently Editor-in-Chief at *FourFourTwo*, Brown has edited magazines including *Loaded*, *GQ* and *Quintessentially*. “I’m in my element when walking on Winchelsea Beach at dawn when not a soul is around.” James interviewed boxing legend Anthony Joshua (p38).

We asked our

**CONTRIBUTORS**

– where do they feel most alive?
Where the beautiful curves of Vietnam’s terraced rice fields meet the exquisite onboard spirals of Master Designer, Adam Tihany.

Intimate ships  |  Award-winning cuisine  |  Open bars & fine wines  |  All suite

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Tanzania, Africa

The elephant population of Mkomazi National Park had fallen to just 11 by 1989. Tusk (a Land Rover partner charity) has worked closely with the Park, contributing to ranger salaries, aircraft patrols, vehicles and an education centre. The Park now has 500 elephants, and work to protect them from poachers continues.
The best of global aerial, drone and satellite photography
Inokashira Park, Tokyo, Japan

Each spring, cherry-blossom season captures Japan’s imagination, showering the land with clouds of soft, swirling pink. Even the sprawling megalopolis of Tokyo makes blushing concession to nature’s charms, with its many parks hosting cheerful crowds for sakura picnics.
Glastonbury, Somerset, UK

Britain’s Glastonbury music festival basked in sizzling June temperatures. Emerging on Worthy Farm in Somerset each year, the festival attracts 150,000 visitors and temporarily becomes the county’s biggest city. For 2019, the festival’s push to go plastic-free helped save a million plastic bottles from landfill.
Lake Michigan, Chicago, USA

Orbiting at an altitude of 490 miles, the Sentinel-2 satellite monitors the health of the world’s forests. But as a polar vortex dropped over Chicago earlier this year, sending temperatures below -30°C, it captured this image of huge ice sheets forming and splitting on Lake Michigan.
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English shoes

church-footwear.com
"A COLLECTION OF GEODESIC PODS ANCHORED TO A WOODEN PLATFORM PERCHED DELICATELY ON THE SIDE OF THE VALLEY"
CIRCLES IN THE SKY

This unique resort in the Swiss Alps offers an inspiring blend of nature and luxury.

If you seek a snowbound destination with a difference this winter, the Whitepod Hotel should be high on your list. Set 1,400 metres above sea level in the village of Les Cerniers, at the foot of the Swiss Alps’ Dents-du-Midi mountain range, this luxury alpine resort is wonderfully unusual. You won’t find traditional, pitched-roof chalets here, rather a collection of geodesic pods anchored to a wooden platform perched delicately on the side of the valley. Several types of pod are on offer, including deluxe, cozy and family, as well as Zen, Forest and even James Bond-themed versions, each featuring a wood-burning stove, an en-suite bathroom and a jaw-dropping view through a floor-to-ceiling window. Facing the ski resort of Villars, where two ski-lifts and 4.4 miles of ski slopes are exclusively reserved for guests, Whitepod also offers an array of winter activities such as dogsledding, snowshoeing and, new for 2020, an avalanche safety programme led by local mountain guides. The hotel’s commitment to the local environment only adds to its singular appeal. Energy and water is strictly monitored, all waste is recycled, motorised transport is limited – guests have to walk the 150 metres from reception to the pods – and all ingredients served in Whitepod’s adjoining village restaurant are sourced locally. Even the staff are encouraged to live nearby and walk to work. Playing an active part in the hotel’s ecological mission is all part of the Whitepod experience.

whitepod.com
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WATCHING THE TRAILER

The lightweight Bambi is the new baby of the Airstream range. For generations of travellers, explorers and those seeking a life far away from the norm, the classic Airstream ‘silver bullet’ travel trailer has been synonymous with the freedom of the open road. But if the traditional multi-axle Airstream seems daunting, help has been towed into view. The company has relaunched its Bambi model as a separate ‘diffusion line’ of compact, easy-to-tow trailers for the modern adventurer. The Bambi earned its cute name while on the celebrated 1959 Cape Town to Cairo caravan trip led by Airstream founder Wally Byam. While it may lack the larger dimensions of its super-siblings, it packs just as much ‘cool’ factor. Considerably more manageable – especially for those new to towing – than the ten-metre-long Classic Airstream trailer, the delightfully retro single-axle Bambi models are light, nimble and available in a choice of four layouts ranging from five to nearly seven metres. Each one sleeps four and comes with a dedicated sleeping space, a fully equipped kitchen and a bathroom. The Bambi may be small, but it’s perfect for big adventures.

The Bambi: micro luxury on the move.

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The Bambi: micro luxury on the move.
A NATURAL HIGH

Wooden structures are taking root across the world in an effort to reduce energy consumption.

A drive for sustainability has given wood, once seen as a building material of the past, a new lease of life. Architects, engineers and developers are exploring the benefits of building with high-tech natural materials that lessen the carbon footprint of built-up environments while setting new standards for safety and performance. This has meant a surge in ever taller, more technologically advanced wooden structures springing up across the globe. Currently, the world’s tallest timber building is the 85-metre Mjøstårnet in Brumunddal, Norway. Constructed from cross-laminated timber - an ultra-lightweight yet incredibly strong material made from glued layers of solid-sawn lumber - Mjøstårnet was built entirely from locally sourced materials. And it may not be the tallest for long. Now under construction, Vancouver’s Canada Earth Tower is employing the latest in wood technology. Using state-of-the-art engineered timbers, this 35-40 storey block will also boast triple glazing, photovoltaic systems and a garden at every third floor. While we can marvel at the scale and technology behind these ever-expanding wooden skyscrapers, some new wooden structures captivate purely through their beauty. Above the treetops of Denmark’s Gisselfeld Klosters Forest is a new 45-metre hourglass-shaped helical viewing tower. Designed by architecture studio EFFEKT, its organically curved spiralling ramp and oak walkways integrate seamlessly into the natural landscape.

HYBRID CRUISING

Brand-new eco-cruise ships offer an environmentally savvy way to experience the world’s polar regions.

Two new cruise ships powered by hybrid battery technology are leading the way towards ethical ocean tourism. Hurtigruten Expedition Cruises’ MS Roald Amundsen and MS Fridtjof Nansen are capable of 30 minutes of pure electric operation. Touring the coasts of Norway and the Antarctic, they offer comfortable Scandi-styled cabins, locally sourced food and an outdoor infinity pool and hot tub. Experts on every voyage provide passengers with unique insights into the surrounding landscape. Hurtigruten also offers a Northern Lights guarantee: if Mother Nature’s spectacular light show fails to appear on any voyage, the company will provide another six- or seven-day voyage free of charge. hurtigruten.co.uk
ANGELIKA RAINER

The world champion drytool climber explains how conquering peaks changed her life

Angelika Rainer was just ten when she conquered her first peak in the South Tyrol, her home in Northern Italy. She is now one of the world’s leading ice climbers using dry tooling - climbing with ice axes and crampons. Winner of three Ice Climbing World Championships and two Ice Climbing World Cups, she is the first woman to have successfully ascended the ‘A Line Above The Sky’ route in the Italian Dolomites, one of the most challenging climbs in the world.

When did you realise that ice-climbing was in your blood?
My first climb didn’t get me really hooked; but a few months later a dry-tooling competition was organised in my home town. I decided to participate for fun and won. From that point on I became fascinated by using ice axes and crampons.

How do rock climbing and ice climbing differ?
If you rock-climb you can feel the ‘holds’ with your hands and immediately understand if you can hold on to them or not. When you swing your tools into the ice you don’t get this direct feeling. That’s why a lot of technique and experience are needed. Ice climbing and dry tooling rely more on upper body muscles than rock climbing does, so specific exercises are used for this in training.

What pushes you to succeed?
Probably me. I’ve always been very ambitious. I always want to improve. I like to practise different climbing disciplines - rock climbing in summer, ice climbing and dry tooling in winter - and try to evolve in all of them.

The first big mountain you climbed?
My mum took me on hikes in South Tyrol every weekend. I did my first ‘via ferrata’ [a protected climbing route of embedded metal rails and rungs] when I was ten. This was when I realised that climbing and going into the mountains was what I wanted to do.

How does climbing make you feel?
I am a complete, happy person when I’m climbing. It changed me from a little girl with a lack of self-confidence to the independent woman I am today.

What do you have other ambitions?
At the moment my life is quite concentrated on climbing. I have a degree in agricultural economics and worked in this area for some years before I turned professional.

What’s your greatest climbing achievement so far?
Climbing has given me some amazing moments. I’m very proud of being a three-time world champion and becoming the first woman to climb a D15 graded dry-tooling route.

What’s next?
I want to improve in the different disciplines I practise and try out other varieties of climbing. I’ve decided to stop competition climbing for a year in order to dedicate all my time to outdoor climbing on rock and ice.

And twenty years from now?
I hope that I’ll be climbing for many more years and going into the mountains for even more years. Ice climbing is fascinating. It feels a privilege to climb on a surface that is liquid for most of the year.

How do you train?
I do exercises in the climbing gym, both for ice and rock climbing. I don’t stick to a specific diet but I try to eat in a healthy, balanced way with fresh, homemade food.
Smart objects to help you get the most out of life

1. Wacaco Nanopresso
Whether you’re camping or can’t face hotel-room instant coffee, hand-pump a brew with this portable espresso maker: bearandbear.com

2. Land Rover Above & Beyond flask
Robust, double-walled steel flask with easy-grip design for when you’re wearing gloves. Keeps liquids hot for 15 hours. shop.landrover.com

3. Seedball
Great for guerrilla gardening. Each compost ball contains 30 wildflower seeds that create a natural habitat for fauna. seedball.co.uk

4. Qwerkywriter
Connect to your tablet via Bluetooth and pretend you’re writing your novel on a vintage typewriter. smartech.buzz

5. Ride skincare
SPF25 sun protection and moisturiser made from organic, vegan ingredients that won’t damage the ecosystem. rideskincare.co.uk

6. Land Rover MUSTO gloves
Breathable gloves with silicone for enhanced grip and touchscreen conductive fingers. shop.landrover.com

7. Salomon Speedcross 5
Train anywhere with the mega cushioning and grip on this lightweight trail-running shoe with Quicklace. salomon.com

8. GoPro HERO7 Black
With the image stabilisation of a steadicam, this action cam features voice control, GPS, HDR and time lapse. Works with Bluetooth and Wi-Fi. gopro.com

9. Exotac ripSPOOL
A survival kit the size of a film canister with repair tape, 60ft of braided line, a sail needle and even a lanyard you can use as tinder. edcgear.co.uk

10. Ooni thermometer
Aim the laser pointer at any surface and an infrared sensor measures its temperature. Good for barbecues and campfire cooking. ooni.com

11. Stryyk booze-free spirits
Bunchy natural ingredients for a flavoursome alcohol-free drink. Zero proof, zero carbs, zero hangover. stryk.com

12. Field Notes Expedition
A classic edition in Antarctic Survey orange or black. Dot grid pages are printed on Yupo, a waterproof, recyclable synthetic paper. fredaldous.co.uk

13. Garmin smartwatches
MARQ Expedition has GPS maps of Europe including golf courses. Forerunner 245 Music connects with Spotify to stream and store sounds. garmin.com

14. Land Rover MUSTO backpack
Twenty-five litre PVC backpack with heat-sealed seams, Hypalon™ lashing points and light-reflective print. shop.landrover.com

15. Kokedama bonsai
An eight-year-old, easy-care, Chinese elm bonsai tree presented as a kokedama: roots wrapped in a layer of moss. tranquilplants.co.uk

16. Julbo Skydome
Featherlight, oversized panoramic snowsport goggles with a Reactiv photochromic lens for limitless vision. julbo.com
NAFI LEFONO
How the wheelchair rugby player for the New Zealand Wheel Blacks stays at the top of his game

‘Giving up’ isn’t in Nafi Lefono’s vocabulary. While playing rugby in Dunedin, New Zealand, in 2007 he suffered an accident that left him with C7 tetraplegia. Since then, he’s taken up wheelchair rugby and risen to become a key member of the New Zealand national team, the Wheel Blacks. He’s also worked to gain a degree as a qualified physiotherapist - the first ever tetraplegic to do so. “The journey since the accident has taught me a lot about myself and about life,” he says. Lefono now has his sights set on the 2020 Paralympic Games in Tokyo. Land Rover Magazine spoke to this extraordinary athlete to find out how he maintains balance in his life.

What role has wheelchair rugby played in your life? It’s played a huge role in changing my attitude about life after my injury. Through the sport I’ve met other guys with similar injuries who are living fulfilling lives, which gave me a new perspective.

What was your state of mind in the aftermath of your accident? At the time of my injury, I was a young and active 21-year-old, so being told by the doctor that there was little chance I was ever going to walk again was a huge shock.

How did you maintain focus physically and mentally during your rehabilitation? I focused on what I could still do. I could still use my upper limbs so much of my rehab was focused on maximising my upper limb strength. Mentally, the first two years were tough as I was pretty down about the whole situation, but I took it one day at a time.

How did you feel when you first played for the Wheel Blacks? My first tournament was in Sydney in 2010 and is one of my proudest moments. Not only because I was representing my country, but also because I was back playing sport and being physically active again.

How do you unwind? It’s a tough one, because you’re always thinking about and preparing for the next game, so it isn’t anything glamorous. Between games I like to watch Netflix and listen to podcasts.

Apart from wheelchair rugby, what else is important to you? Spending time with loved ones. I’m very close my family so I try to head out to see my parents every Sunday for some home cooking. I love spending time with my partner Amanda and our loud little guard dog Ruby.

How did qualifying as a physiotherapist help you? It taught me that anything is possible with focus and hard work. It was satisfying to finish my studies because it was tough, due to my physical limitations. I’m currently working in the community as a wheelchair and seating therapist, prescribing mobility devices mainly for individuals with spinal injuries like myself.

What has your journey since 2007 taught you about life? I think in life we’re all faced with challenges but it’s how you react to those challenges that makes the difference. I have learned to make the most of things.

MALT MATHS
Technology meets craftmanship in this precision distillation

An estimated third of all rare whisky in circulation worldwide is said to be counterfeit, which makes investing in prized bottles a risky proposition for connoisseurs. So, Scotch whisky maker Ailsa Bay is putting some decidedly futuristic tech behind its pleasingly old-school taste. It has pioneered the use of highly secure blockchain data management to ensure that every one of its bottles can reliably trace its history back to the Girvan-based distillery. It has also come up with a new measurement system: besides the usual PPM, which indicates the degree of smokiness in the malt, it also uses its own unique measurement of SPPM (sweetness parts per million), making it the first-ever whisky to have an analysed measure of sweetness. ailsabay.com
VIETNAM

Ho Chi Minh City

Da Nang

Distance 532 miles

Driving time Four days

It's only since the 1990s that Vietnam has opened up to visitors, but its jungles, beaches and vibrant urban culture have made it an essential travel destination that delivers huge variety. This drive heads north from the capital through the Central Highlands and up to the beautiful South China Sea coast, and touches on much of what this colourful nation has to offer.

Ho Chi Minh City

Ho Chi Minh City (formerly Saigon) embodies the chaos, culture and commerce of modern Vietnam. Explore its wide boulevards and labyrinthine byways, and marvel at its mix of historic French colonial buildings and modernist architecture. The beautiful new T House café in the city centre is a great example of the elegant emerging building style. Grab a Vietnamese coffee before you set off.

facebook.com/
Tshouse.cafe

Dray Nur waterfall, Dak Lak Province

A journey through the lush Central Highlands is incomplete without a visit to this spectacular waterfall. Still virtually unknown to Western tourists, the 30-metre high Dray Nur offers stunning panoramas over the surrounding countryside, while its neighbouring villages give a fascinating insight into the country's traditional way of life.

Naman Retreat, Da Nang

After four days immersed in the culture (and heat) of Vietnam’s interior, it’s time to relax amidst the draping plants and hanging gardens of the celebrated Naman Spa Retreat. The recipient of the Design for Asia Award in 2016, Naman’s stunning architecture combines lush greenery, natural stone and bamboo to create an oasis of peace – the ideal way to conclude this four-day adventure.

namanretreat.com
The wild ones

On the windswept sand dunes of the Dutch coast hides a relic of the Ice Age - a herd of some of the last European bison. Sean Thomas visits an innovative rewilding project in search of these captivating beasts.

Photography: Joe McGorty
On the windswept sand dunes of the Dutch coast hides a relic of the Ice Age – a herd of some of the last European bison. Sean Thomas visits an innovative rewilding project in search of these captivating beasts.

Photography: Joe McGorty
o be honest, it’s not the most obvious place to see the largest, and perhaps shyest, land mammal in Europe. From just beyond the oak trees, I can hear the ceaseless fizz of the Zandvoort racetrack. Directly left of the F1 circuit, the pubs, herring shacks, Ferris wheels and yellow-painted tower blocks of Bloemendaal beach resort are clearly visible. Meanwhile, high above us, the multiple chalk-white vapour trails show that we are just 20 minutes’ drive from Schiphol Airport.

Yep, 20. If you were 20 minutes out of Heathrow Airport in London you’d still be in Heathrow. But this is the Netherlands, one of the most densely populated countries on Earth. This is a land where they have to pack it all in and, boy, do they do that in the compact Zuid-Kennemerland national park.

The essence of this park – the emotional core of the place – is a sequence of rugged, wind-scoured, grey-gold sand dunes, created over countless centuries by complex North Sea tides. The sands are secured by shrubs, spindle trees, and the odd stand of imported pine. Lavish rain, ample seaside sun and a mild coastal
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The essence of this park – the emotional core of the place – is a sequence of rugged, wind-scoured, grey-gold sand dunes, created over countless centuries by complex North Sea tides. The sands are secured by shrubs, spindle trees, and the odd stand of imported pine. Lavish rain, ample seaside sun and a mild coastal clime have aided the dusty soil: the reason that, for many decades, Zuid-Kennemerland was given over to small-scale farming, private game reserves and water management. Buried metres under the wheels of our Land Rover Discovery (which is eating up the dunes with an impressive appetite) is a treasure trove. Half of North Holland’s drinking water is filtered through the northern dunes and their underlying mini-aquifers.

So what is the animal lurking – somewhere – out there? In two words: European bison, a species that has been just-about-dodging extinction for centuries. These particular bison have been placed in Kennemerland as part of a larger European rewilding movement that aims to restore classic wilderness and reintroduce old species across the continent, from ibis in Austria and wolves in Castile, to remaking the Caledonian forests of Scotland. This is, in turn, part of a global movement to return areas of land to their natural balance before humans began terraforming through hunting and clearing.

This particular rewilding project is, we have to remind ourselves, taking place just three short miles from the centre of the Dutch city of Haarlem. Our guide in Kennemerland is Esther Rodriguez, a young Spanish biologist who is heavily pregnant but still buzzing with energy and enthusiasm. She suggests we try another route as we keenly scan the drizzly horizon for The Big Beast. While we search – tensely inching our way through the dunes – Esther explains the recent history.

“In the 1990s, the whole area was legally conserved as a national park, but nitrogen deposition, forestation and declines in the numbers of rabbits due to epidemic diseases meant the dunes started to become encroached by grasses and shrubs, which reduced their dynamic nature.” She turns, and gestures; we all squint eagerly out of the car, through the pines. But no. It’s another fallow deer, pronking through the marram grass.

Esther concludes her story. “To manage the shrubs, large grazers like the Scottish Highland cattle, Konik horses and Shetland ponies were introduced to Zuid-Kennemerland,” she says. “And we also looked east. To the European bison… One of which, by the way, is standing right over there.”

You what? Joe the photographer abruptly swings his zoom lens round in the car, nearly concussing me.
“...rugged, wind-scoured, grey-gold sand dunes, created over countless centuries by complex tides...”
Can it be true? Yes it can. It was just a brief glimpse, of big black horns and tawny fur, but we have just seen one of the rarest big mammals on the continent. For a quarter of a second.

The quest for a better view continues, as I ponder our quarry. The story of the European bison is, in its own way, the story of all European fauna. And it is a story that came perilously close to a tragic end.

European bison – official Latin name, *Bison bonasus*; poetic English name, the wisent – are a hybrid descendent of the primitive steppe bison and the fairy-tale auroch, or giant cattle. Back in the day, the wisent roamed freely across Eurasia, from northern Spain, through France, Benelux, Germany, north Italy, and out into Eastern Europe. Slightly smaller than their famous American cousins, they are, nonetheless, magnificent. With their classic hunchback shoulders, great for charging, and menacing, they can stand up to six feet and weigh the best part of a tonne.

Of course, 800kg is a lot of potential shoes, steaks and Viking drinking horns, so these beasts were always eagerly and expertly hunted. Poignantly, one of the first depictions of European bison, from 15,000BC, is in the beautiful cave paintings at Lascaux, France. It shows a wisent speared to death, its intestines tumbling.

Despite some precocious conservation laws in the 16th century (preserving the creatures for royal bloodsport), bison hunting continued into the 1900s, by which point the poor wisent was reduced – bar a few outliers – to a limited range in the so-called ‘Great Wilderness,’ a remote and wild tract of southern Lithuania and eastern Poland. And then came World War I, and regiments of cold, hungry German soldiers, who barbecued the bulk of the great Polish herds. The last wild wisent was shot after the war, in Białowieża Forest, in 1919.

Game over? Not quite. Miraculously, a few European bison had been preserved in zoos across the world. Using the genes of these captive animals, the Polish government began a reintroduction programme, one of the more successful of its kind. It is thought that around 4,000 bison now live, once again, in Białowieża Forest.

But as Esther explains: “Recent research suggests that forests are not a permanent environment for bison. The bison only sheltered in the trees so they could be safe...”
from man.” And this is where Zuid-Kennemerland National Park comes into the picture.

The clouds rapidly rolling in from the North Sea are the same grey hue of the Discovery’s flanks, so we speed over the dunes back to the visitor centre, where Esther goes on: “Therefore, when we were looking for a grazing animal to restore dune dynamics, we thought, ‘Bison would be well-suited here, and might do a good job!’ Everyone told us we were crazy. But in 2007 we imported a few from Poland, and now they live here successfully.”

There are 13 wisents in the park – a herd of females and youngsters, and three detached males who keep mostly out of the way of the main group except during mating season. The project relocates any further bison that are born to other rewilding projects because one herd of 11-15 is optimal for the size of the reserve.

“We barely ever handle them,” Esther continues. “We never feed them, we let them live, breed and die like the wild things they are, in one of the old game reserves that was never opened to the public.”

The next day dawns promisingly sunny and warm. Our guide for the day is ranger Ruud Maaskant, an impressively Viking-looking man, just turned 50, with hair and beard the same colour as the sand dunes and an easy, confident air.

“I cannot promise bison!” he exclaims. “They come and they go. Like the wind and the rain.” He looks completely at home up front in the car, battered walkie-talkie standing to attention in the cup-holder, eyes scanning the horizon as we head back out over the shifting sand. A few minutes later, he opens the doors and leads us out. We’re going to do this properly, on foot, like ghillies stalking a stag.

In the slants of morning sun, the enclosed reserve, the Kraansvlak, looks exquisite. Violets sparkle in the dewy grass; a fox barks at the wheeling swifts. Ahead of us, a spinney of buckthorn shadows a scoop of yellow sand.

“The bison make these pits, by sandbathing,” explains Ruud. “It’s a crucial part of the dune ecosystem. They are keeping the dunes beautiful and dynamic, and rich with insects, in a natural way.”

But where are the bison today? Some of the animals, we learn, are collared with GPS devices that send a signal every four hours. The creatures cannot be
perpetually tracked, but the rangers do have a vague sense of where they might be. Ruud signals. Keep low. We are virtually crawling now, parting the prickly burnet rose. And then Ruud silently points. There! Almost the whole Kraansvlak bison herd is staring at us, a short stroll away, with the steelworks at IJmuiden incongruously silhouetted against the sky.

The bison’s dark, lashy eyes are sombre and reproachful. With a shudder of mixed emotions—sadness, delight, guilt, exhilaration—I realise that I am staring at a face from the Ice Age, staring at something from Deep Time, staring at an animal revered by early Holocene man. I am also gazing at something that, by rights, should not exist. The last surviving species of the noble European megafauna. And yet, here it is, about three miles from the nearest Aldi.

Ruud waves a hand. Come closer. We edge nearer, but a twig snaps, and the oldest bull starts, and then they are gone, cantering into the woods and dunes, leaving just a cloud of silvery dust and rejection hanging in the air. And I feel as if I have woken from a dream. A wounding yet beautiful dream.
You can tell more about a boxer in unexpected defeat than in victory. Anthony Joshua, then heavyweight champion of the world, was stopped in the seventh round by Andy Ruiz Jr in New York in June 2019. It was a surprise defeat, but the British fighter seems to have no room for regrets. There's no bluster or blame. Joshua isn't sombre about the fight, almost laughing when he discusses being knocked to his knees. He is, above all, a realist.

Joshua has had to make comebacks before. In 2009 he was imprisoned on remand for getting into fights. In 2011 he was suspended from the British Olympic boxing squad after getting into trouble with the law. But he put all that behind him to take an Olympic gold in London in 2012.

When we speak, Joshua – whose mother is Nigerian and father of Nigerian and Irish ancestry – has just returned from a trip to Nigeria, having eschewed the usual summer luxury beach holiday for a more grounded experience. And it's clearly changed him.

Mike Tyson once said, “You never lose until you actually give up.” And AJ isn’t giving up. Not by a long way yet.

You've never claimed to be unbeatable, acknowledging that defeats are part of a fighter’s journey. Had you prepared yourself for a high stakes defeat?

Always. No one teaches you how to deal with failure. We've always got to look forward but I always made sure I had eyes in the back of my head. Even though I'm always looking for the win, I prepare for the worst and the best, so I've got that buffer behind me in case I do fall.

How did your preparations compare to the reality?

You do prepare for it but you don't expect it. The landscape of the industry is not the same as when I started in 2008, and my priorities have changed with it. I'm at the top level now, so the question is, “Have I done enough?” People identify me as a champion.
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If you win the belts back, what’s motivating you from that point on?

What’s motivating me now is two things. One is self improvement and not becoming stagnant. You need new tasks in life to reboot your system. The second one is to remember I don’t fight for just myself and my family. I fight for poor people, people who are struggling. I’m expected to go on holiday to Dubai or the Maldives and sit in a resort so you don’t see that stuff, but in Nigeria I went to the ghettoes. These people might not have internet but they know Anthony Joshua, and it’s, like, “Fight for us, help us. If you don’t wanna fight, fight for us.” My fight hopefully is gonna take a new stance, that it’s not about my ego or fulfilling anyone’s ego. This is a fight for people who are in poverty, because I wanna start giving back. Sometimes people in power forget.
about people in need. There’s forgotten people out there. When you fight for a nation, or a people, your country, I think that is different. The buzz out there was different. I haven’t seen that in a long time.

**What was the energy like in Nigeria?**
Really good. It’s a different feel to the UK. Any thriving countries where there’s success, I don’t think there’s such thing as real worry. But when there’s a big divide, I feel there’s a real energy.

**During the trip you tweeted a song title by African music legend Fela Kuti...**
I met one of his sons who is trying to help the poor. He sent me a load of songs and said, you have to listen to soul-searching music. The melody that rings within you. You can’t just be listening to music talking about killing, drugs or women, because that’s what you’re feeding your mind with. You’ve got to listen to soul-searching music. In the boxing industry, first it’s about your passion, that’s a real cause. Then it becomes about how popular you are and what you earn. Your cause becomes just an object, you’re not soul searching any more. You need to always remember you’re fighting for a purpose.

Boxer Marvin Hagler once said, “It’s tough getting out of bed at 5am to do road work when you’re sleeping on silk sheets.” Does that ring true?
Yeah, to a certain degree. My life became secluded – gym, home, gym, home, hotel, holiday – but you still need to trust your own instinct. When you’ve got ten people telling you something is suddenly good for you right now, you’ve got to trust your instinct and remember that that thing isn’t what got you where you are today.

**You’re very close to your dad. How much of a role has he played in rebuilding you since the loss?**
I keep my boxing life separate to my family life. My dad comes to support and he’s passionate, so when I lose or even when I win the man is going crazy. Good energy. But me and my team built this ourselves. I’ve got lots of good opinions around me on what I should do. So I just kind of see my dad as my dad, for support, and make sure we have a good relationship. I don’t wanna get my dad too heavily involved in my sports.

You said you learned a lot about how to be a champion from Wladimir Klitschko. Yeah I spoke to Klitschko many a time. He said things that I already knew instinctively.

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**WHAT SEPARATES GOOD FROM GREAT IS HOW MUCH YOU CAN TAKE**

He told me certain things about my training that I didn’t do, and I’d paid the price to a certain degree. But I brush it off, I rebuild and I go again. I’d love to bring Klitschko in, but I don’t run my own camp, we all run it, so it’s a question of how he’d fit in. So I take advice from a distance and I apply it in my day-to-day.

**What goes through your head in the 15 minutes before a fight?**
When I’m fighting I can’t have my mind thinking, “If I win this I’ve got this after-party” or “I’ve got to make sure I’m at this event tomorrow.” Everything is irrelevant. I’ve got to make sure that everything except for winning that fight is irrelevant.

**When you’re in the ring and you’re under extreme pressure how do you keep pushing further?**
Your body doesn’t like going through hard times. So most people give up, and that’s what separates good from great – how much you can take.

**In December 2015, when Dillian Whyte caught you with a left hook and it wobbled you, you chose to fight on rather than taking a knee and composing yourself. What motivated you to go on?**
If I know I can still make a decision on whether to take a knee or fight on, I know I can fight on. If I’ve even got that thought process in my head it means I’m still in tune with my body. It would’ve been different if he’d caught me and I didn’t know where I was. But when I’m still on my feet, I stay on my feet, figure it out. When I got hit by Ruiz on the temple, from that moment on I did not know where I was! I tried to keep getting up but it was a difficult task.

David Beckham talks about his goal against Wimbledon as being the goal that changed his life. What was the punch that changed your life?
I don’t need a punch to define me. What changed my life was walking into the boxing gym.

**How did you rise so quickly? Did they just see something in you at the gym?**
Purpose. I never miss training. I don’t train to get fit, I live the life. Early on in my career that passion, that drive, my natural God-given ability, would get me through. Now I really need the sweet science added to that and I’ll be able to rewrite the chapter in boxing. In amateur boxing I can slug it out for three rounds, knock a guy out, boom! He don’t get up. When you get to world level fighters like Klitschko and Ruiz, they’re gonna get up when you hit them. Now you need technical ability. If I keep depending on my strength and size it’s a struggle to fight like that. I’m not gonna be 29 forever. One day my body won’t be able to give the same energy. So you have to learn the sweet science of boxing.

**You’re still in the prime of your career. Have you thought about what you’ll be doing when you’re 40 and going into the second half of your life?**
I dunno if it’ll be around boxing, but I know I’ll be helping — fundraising, supporting the poor. I think that’s important. I’ll be doing motivational talks, because everyone needs some hope. And I might be down Finchley Boxing Club now and again helping out some up-and-coming fighters. But I don’t think I’ll be around the boxing industry saying things like, “It was much better when I was fighting”, like a hater. I’ll keep myself away from that.

**Lastly, what advice would you give a young fighter today?**
One thing? Don’t have an option B. Make this your life. Just make it everything. Because this journey requires you to burn the bridge you just walked over. You can’t turn back.

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MERMAID OF THE ARCTIC
Few venture as far as Iceland to capture its extreme surf. Aquatic photographer Megan Hemsworth and the new Land Rover Defender take on the challenge.

**Story:** Joely Carey **Photography:** Richard Prescott
Egan Hemsworth has such a deep and passionate connection with the sea, you could easily imagine that saltwater runs through her veins. Hers is a life ruled by oceanography – tidal currents, daylight hours, weather systems and wetsuits.

But even someone with Hemsworth's deep-ocean experience can face challenges so extreme that they steal the air from your lungs. Clad head-to-toe in neoprene, she's clinging to the black rocks of the Icelandic

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the air around her. In a moment she will launch herself into the freezing sea, a sea that can kill in minutes without protection, in an effort to capture that most precious of things – a moment of beauty.

Twenty-three-year-old Hemsworth is a specialist photographer with a unique relationship to water. She doesn't just take pictures of activities happening on the water or photograph under the water. Instead, she takes herself into the sea – just her and her camera – to explore the interplay between the sea and the sky, the contrast between the energy and the calm.

She's travelled the world to capture surfers off coasts from Albania to Costa Rica. Her work has seen her spend hours with her camera strapped to her left wrist whilst she treads water, watching and waiting for that perfect wave, that perfect shot of surfer and sea working together as one.

"The sea has always been where I've felt at home. I can't go more than a few days away from the water, even now," explained Hemsworth earlier on the way to the coast. "I need to see the sea, to be in it, to swim in it and feel the water against me. It's what relaxes me and stimulates my mind."

Hemsworth combined her love of water with her love of photography three years ago when she completed a project which featured a ballet dancer photographed underwater. From there she decided to use the same technique to shoot surfers in the sea off the coast of her beloved Cornwall. The images she captured from being in the ocean were so true to the relationship between surfer and sea that she started to build a following.

Iceland, one of the wildest and most dangerous places to surf, has always been high on Hemsworth's bucket list of locations to shoot. The Nordic surf community is small and Icelanders have been raised to keep a respectful distance from a capricious sea.

Land Rover is supporting Hemsworth's quest on this trip by providing a new Defender, ready to take on anything the ODQGRIƓUHDQGLFHFDQWKURZDWLWŏ,ōPIURP

a Land Rover family," she says. "Growing up, I lived on a farm in the middle of nowhere in the Cotswolds. We really needed our Land Rovers to deal with the mud and the snow."
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But even someone with Hemsworth’s deep-ocean experience can face challenges so extreme that they steal the air from your lungs. Clad head-to-toe in neoprene, she’s clinging to the black rocks of the Icelandic coast, buffeted by the white spray that fills the air around her. In a moment she will launch herself into the freezing sea, a sea that can kill in minutes without protection, in an effort to capture that most precious of things – a moment of beauty.

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Iceland, one of the wildest and most dangerous places to surf, has always been high on Hemsworth’s bucket list of locations to shoot. The Nordic surf community is small and Icelanders have been raised to keep a respectful distance from a capricious sea.

Land Rover is supporting Hemsworth’s quest on this trip by providing a new Defender, ready to take on anything the land of fire and ice can throw at it. “I’m from a Land Rover family,” she says. “Growing up, I lived on a farm in the middle of nowhere in the Cotswolds. We really needed our Land Rovers to deal with the mud and the snow.”

The Defender, right at home on the Icelandic coast, enables photographer Megan Hemsworth to push her limits.
The light is incredible, and there is no-one else. Just me, or a surfer and me. It’s perfect.
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Hemsworth’s photography (above) captures the interplay between the sea and the sky.
There’s no shortage of either here on the island of Iceland. “This place is dangerous because the conditions here are unique,” says Hemsworth. “You have to really understand the challenges of being in Arctic waters, and understand the real power of the sea here. It feels different, fresher, wilder.”

“In most other countries you’re walking in off the sand or you jump into the water from a boat. In Iceland, you’re jumping off the rocks into the white water and then you swim out. That is challenging as I have my fins in one hand and camera in the other. I have to jump into the water and within two seconds have my fins on so that I can start to swim.”

Hemsworth has planned the day’s shoot, of Icelandic surfer Ari Agnarsson, for a stretch of water about an hour outside of Reykjavik, which can only be accessed cross-country. The terrain is a mix of rock, lava and moss-covered tracks but the Defender shrugs it off.

It’s still two hours before dawn. The outside temperature will struggle to get any higher than 3°C today. “Most days I’m up at 4am or earlier, because being in the sea before dawn is the best way to get the best shots,” says Hemsworth. “The light is incredible and there is no-one else there. Just me, or me and a surfer to shoot. It’s perfect.”

Her chosen lifestyle requires not just early rising but physical strength and mental stamina, too. “Sometimes you have to be in a current to get the shot and you can feel like you are running out of energy. It feels like your legs are being pulled in the opposite direction to where you want to be, so you’re constantly kicking against it. If you relax at any point you can end up in a dangerous place.

“Usually, you’re one of maybe three people there and the others probably have surfboards, so really, it’s just you. There are no lifeguards. You have to read big waves and dive right down under them so they don’t knock you. The key is to stay calm. If you get hit by a massive set of waves and you panic, your breath is shorter, you freak out and come up gasping. If you’re calm, you can breathe more easily when you come up.

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The journey is nearly over as Hemsworth’s chosen surf site looms into view, under a sky that’s never-ending and pencil-lead grey. There is no beach, just swirling white water punctured by towering rocks, impervious to the seas crashing at their base. The wind howls as it whips the waves into a frenzied attack on the dark blades of the shoreline.

Sunrise isn’t far away, and Hemsworth and Agnarsson need to be in the water as day breaks. The rear door of the Defender is swung open so the boot can be used as a makeshift wardrobe. To tackle the sea here Hemsworth needs her thickest winter wetsuit, a 6:5, two sets of neoprene socks, a hood, gloves and Aquatech casing for her camera.

She and Agnarsson have decided to go through the wild waters to reach the big calm at the back where the ocean is deeper, the waves are quieter. Quieter but bigger.

Getting the shots takes over an hour, in waters which can kill in less than ten minutes. Both photographer and surfer are thrown about in the sea, but Hemsworth keeps her cool, keeps swimming, her powerful legs steadying her in the wildest of waters.

When they arrive back at the Defender, they’re exhausted but euphoric, their eyes bright with excitement, their thermal neoprene-clad bodies sending plumes of steam swirling around the car. The Defender’s boot is turned from wardrobe into photo studio so that Hemsworth can perch on the back of the car and scroll through the images she has taken. Her face cracks into a wide grin, she turns to Agnarsson and they high five. They got the shots; they survived the sea.

“My next adventure will be shooting off some smaller islands off the coast of Scotland,” says Hemsworth as the Defender starts taking everyone back to town. “I'm all about the less-discovered places,” she grins.
The eagerly-awaited new Land Rover Defender has arrived. Here’s all the essential information about the family of models and the range of Accessory Packs available.

After tantalising glimpses everywhere from Kenya to Kazakhstan, the covers finally came off with a big reveal at the Frankfurt Motor Show. The new Land Rover Defender is here. From the birth of the original Series I in 1947, through to the launch of the Defender nameplate in 1989, a Land Rover has consistently been seen as the most capable car on the planet. Be it transporting HM the Queen around her Balmoral Estate or safeguarding wildlife in Africa, its iconic silhouette is woven into the fabric of modern history. And that story is now set to continue.

Available in 90 and 110 bodystyles, the new model’s exterior design is a modern take on the functional form of the original. With short overhangs and squared-off wheel arches, the new Defender looks purposeful and planted, both off the road and on it. The 90 is available with up to six seats while the longer 110 features more space and an optional third row of seats to take up to seven people. The Defender X (pictured below), a high-specification model built to face the toughest off-road challenges, is also available. A Commercial model – with one row of seats, bulkhead, flat load floor, additional storage, lashing points and racking – will follow in 2020.

The new Defender is engineered to be the strongest vehicle that Land Rover has ever produced, while the interior is designed to be equally durable, with hard-wearing materials to protect against all manner of knocks, as well as highly configurable. There are plenty of practical touches, from easy-clean rubber flooring to USB points or 12V power sockets for every row of seats.

All the connectivity tech that’s essential for modern-day life is here, too. Land Rover’s latest Pivi Pro intuitive infotainment system* accesses navigation, phone and media, with further options including online media music streaming, weather updates and calendar information.

With up to 291mm of ground clearance and up to 900mm wading depth, the new Defender is more capable than ever. There’s a choice of two four-cylinder diesel engines (the D200 and D240) and two petrol units (the four-cylinder P300 and the six-cylinder P400). The P400 unit boasts Mild Hybrid Electric Vehicle (MHEV) technology which recovers and reuses energy that would otherwise be lost during braking.

With strong engines, effortless capability and clever technology, the Defender is a real all-rounder: as good on the road as it is tackling a bog in the middle of nowhere.

The high-specification DEFENDER X model is the ultimate expression of toughness and capability in a Defender. With its Electronic Air Suspension with Adaptive Dynamics, Electronic Active Differential and configurable Terrain Response 2, it is ready to tackle any terrain, anytime.
SHOW. The new Land Rover Defender is here.

to the launch of the Defender nameplate in 1989, a Land Rover has consistently been seen as the most capable car. The exterior design is a modern take on the functional form of the original. With short overhangs and squared-off wheel arches, the new Defender looks purposeful and planted, both off the road and on it. The 90 is available with up to an optional third row of seats to take up to seven people.

AHEAD OF THE PACK

Defender models can be personalised with unique accessory packs to create a car perfect for you.

The **ADVENTURE PACK** is built for those with a taste for outdoor sports and activities. An integrated air compressor can be used to inflate bicycle tyres or other inflatable items which can be carried in the lockable and waterproof 24-litre exterior side-mounted gear carrier. A portable rinse system can be used to rinse down bikes or wetsuits after use and you can take the 20-litre seat backpack with you when you leave the car. A bright rear scuff plate, spare wheel cover and front and rear mudflaps safeguard the vehicle when it’s out seeking thrills.

The **EXPLORER PACK** is designed to help you get off the beaten track. A raised air intake – designed for desert conditions – combined with a lightweight expedition roof rack and 24-litre exterior side-mounted gear carrier add extra capability. Extra wheel arch protection, front and rear classic mudflaps and a spare wheel cover add protection when the going gets tough.

The **COUNTRY PACK** is ideal for everyday life in the outdoors. The portable rinse system is ideal for cleaning muddy dogs and wellies, while the full-height loadspace partition keeps bales, dogs or antique furniture safely in the load area. A bright rear scuff plate, front and rear classic mudflaps and wheel-arch protection protects the vehicle from impact when driving off-road.

The **URBAN PACK** is perfect for creating a visual impact around town, while negotiating city obstacles like ramps, humps and underground car parks. A front undershield†, spare wheel cover and bright rear scuff plate protect the vehicle. Split-spoke, gloss dark grey wheels (option pictured: 22-inch, gloss black) complete the exterior look, as do bright metal pedals in the cabin.

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*In-car features should be used by drivers only when safe to do so. Drivers must ensure they are in full control of the vehicle at all times. Availability from 2020.*

**Off-road sequences on dedicated land with full permissions. CO₂ emissions, g/km: NEDC combined 199-234. WLTP combined 234 (TEL), 283 (TEH).**
Are you happy? It's a big question, perhaps bigger than ever before. The way we think about happiness is changing – we’re certainly more aware of our wellbeing and what affects it. Meditation and mindfulness are now part of our cultural lexicon. And, thanks to global surveys such as the UN World Happiness Report, we can even monitor our bliss, year on year. We have the data, but are we any more content?

I started researching into happiness in 2013 when I moved to Denmark, then the ‘happiest country on earth’. Inspired by this, I began digging into the science of what it meant to live well and that research became my first book, *The Year of Living Danishly*. It was eventually published in 20 countries. However, as it rolled out across the globe something interesting began to happen. Messages started coming back from readers around the world, people keen to share their own secrets to happiness. Some of the themes that sprung out were universal – such as making time for social interactions or finding a balance in life. Others were intriguingly unique – such as the concept of *kalsarikännit*, or ‘drinking at home in your underwear’, something Finns have apparently been using to stay happy for years. I began to document all of these stories and they eventually formed a new book, *The Atlas of Happiness*. From Australia to Wales via Bhutan, Turkey, Syria and many more places besides, I studied the happiness secrets keeping people afloat worldwide, in countries that top the happiness polls as well as in those that are some way below. I felt it was important to look everywhere because, if we only look...
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If you’ve read the news today or been on social media, it’s easy to get the idea that the world is getting bleaker by the minute, that we’re all more miserable and that these are dark times. But negativity bias means we experience ‘bad’ events more intensely than good ones – and we also remember them more. This made sense in prehistory, when avoiding certain plants or animals could mean the difference between life and death. But we were never built for 24-hour rolling news or social media. We were never meant to be exposed to stories of threat from all around, all the time. Negativity bias unbalances our perception and hides the fact that there is a lot of happiness around. Over the course of hundreds of interviews and six years of study, I found happiness in the most unexpected of places and eventually came to three big conclusions about how we can all improve our levels of wellbeing. This is what I learned.

**Love what you do**

First: we have to think about how we spend our days. Most of us spend more time at work than we do with friends and family combined, but how many of us ‘love’ what we do? Denmark has the happiest workforce in the world and they also have *arbejdsglæde*, a combination of *arbejde* – the Danish for work, and *glæde* – the word for happiness. The term literally means ‘happiness at work’ – something that’s prioritised in Denmark.

Illustrations: Peter Tarka

Want to find a way to be happier? Journalist Helen Russell, author of *The Atlas of Happiness*, has been on a global journey to discover why reading, opera or repairing broken pots could be just the thing to make you happier.
Their work culture, with a flat hierarchical structure, means that it's acceptable to challenge a boss or a colleague, and there's a love of consensus so that everyone gets a say. Thanks to high wages, most Danes aren't primarily motivated by money so they opt for a job they like – and 70 per cent of them love their jobs so much, they say they'd keep working even if they didn't need to. There's still workplace stress and even high use of antidepressants, but this is because Danes expect arbejdsglæde. They expect work to be flexible, rewarding and feelgood. If it's not, it's a red flag and action must be taken. And there's no fear that being honest about mental health problems will impact negatively on your career. In Denmark you get help: you take six months off, after which you're welcomed back into the fold. As one interviewee put it: "Arbejdsglæde means you have the freedom to make your job work around your life, rather than the other way around." We may not all be able to institute a Danish work-life balance, but we can try to bring more glæde into everyone's arbejde by opting for job satisfaction over a bigger salary and saying 'no' to presenteeism. And if you really dislike your job? Get a side hustle you're passionate about – as the Greeks do. Greeks swear by meraki, the concept of precision, devotion and care applied to tasks, usually, creative or artistic – a focus and dedication to the occupation at hand without distractions. So painting, cooking, crafting or even just setting the table beautifully can qualify. Having a passion you take pride in can be of extra benefit to those who can't say the same for their primary occupation. Many tasks that need to be taken care of on a day-to-day basis aren't particularly challenging or inspiring – from invoicing to some of the more gruelling aspects of parenting. But you can break up the never-ending cycle of mundane work with your own personal challenges – things you're passionate about that you can genuinely look forward to. Your meraki. Having a hobby improves our quality of life and challenging ourselves to do something different also creates new neural pathways in our brain. And when life's really not going your way? Then you need the second lesson for a happier life: resilience. Going with the floe Iceland's unofficial motto, Þetta reddast, or 'it will all work out', characterises a nation of modern-day Vikings who are easygoing with a core of grit. Iceland boasts a climate so brutal, a landscape so otherworldly, that Nasa dispatched Apollo astronauts to the country to train for the first moonwalk. Sunshine is such a rarity, even in summer, that workers get an ad hoc 'sun holiday' to savour an uncharacteristically sunny day or 'an Icelandic heatwave' of 18°C plus. And yet Iceland regularly ranks amongst the happiest countries in the world. Ever since the Vikings first arrived and had to live in the dark and cold, they've had to find a way to survive – and today, Þetta reddast is something that every Icelandic child is raised with. Icelanders are also the biggest readers in the world and brain scans show that when we read, we mentally rehearse the activities, sights and sounds of a story, stimulating our neural pathways. Getting immersed in a book has also been proven to improve empathy and wellbeing – with even sad stories stimulating oxytocin, while scary stories trigger endorphins as our body gets ready to fight off imagined 'pain' in real life. Reading, often and widely, helps cultivate an attitude of Þetta reddast.

Kintsugi
Repairing broken ceramics with gold lacquer symbolises Japan's embracing of life's scars.
Their work culture, with a flat hierarchical structure, means that it’s acceptable to challenge a boss or a colleague, and there’s a love of consensus so that everyone gets a say. Thanks to high wages, most Danes aren’t primarily motivated by money so they opt for a job they like – and 70 per cent of them love their jobs so much, they say they’d keep working even if they didn’t need to. There’s still workplace stress and even high use of antidepressants, but this is because Danes expect arbejdsglæde. They expect work to be flexible, rewarding and feelgood. If it’s not, it’s a red flag and action must be taken. And there’s no fear that being honest about mental health problems will impact negatively on your career. In Denmark you get help: you take six months off, after which you’re welcomed back into the fold. As one interviewee put it: “Arbejdsglæde means you have the freedom to make your job work around your life, rather than the other way around.” We may not all be able to institute a Danish work-life balance, but we can try to bring more glæde into everyone’s arbejde by opting for job satisfaction over a bigger salary and saying ‘no’ to presenteeism. And if you really dislike your job? Get a side hustle you’re passionate about – as the Greeks do.

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Going with the floe
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The Japanese have a different approach. At a time when much of the world is in thrall to Marie Kondo’s Life-Changing Magic of Tidying and perfect sock folding, the smart money is on wabi-sabi as an altogether more achievable and accepting Japanese philosophy. From wabi, meaning >
Wabi-sabi centres on the acceptance of transience and imperfection, banishing all ideas of ‘perfect’

‘simplicity’ and sabi, meaning ‘the beauty of age and wear’, this is a world view centred on the acceptance of transience and imperfection. It’s an appreciation of things the way they are and a reveling in the texture and complexity of real, messy life – banishing all ideas of ‘perfect’. A sage move, since perfectionistic tendencies have been linked to depression, anxiety, anorexia, bulimia, OCD, PTSD, chronic fatigue syndrome, insomnia, indigestion and early death. The Japanese also have kintsugi: the ancient art of repairing broken ceramics with metallic lacquer so that the cracks, far from being concealed, are highlighted in pure gold – a refreshing way of looking at the world, since we all have scars of one kind or another. Happiness research increasingly points towards acceptance as a cornerstone of emotional wellbeing as well as emphasising the importance of expanding our emotional bandwidth. Cue lesson three.

Joy through suffering

The Portuguese term saudade describes a feeling of longing, melancholy and nostalgia for a happiness that once was – even a happiness you merely hoped for. It’s a concept so central to the Brazilian psyche that it even gets its own ‘day’ on 30 January every year. Scientists have found that, counterintuitively, this temporary sadness makes us happier, providing catharsis, improving our attention to detail, increasing perseverance and promoting generosity.

In Arabic culture, tarab is a word used to describe the euphoria and heightened emotional effect induced by certain types of music. Studies have long shown that music can alter our mood; listening to live music has added benefits, reducing stress and promoting group bonding. Tarab music has been proven to foster a sense of belonging, give us identity and even help us heal. A 2012 study found that mice that were played Verdi’s La Traviata during recovery from a heart transplant lived almost four times longer than mice who were denied their fill of opera. Feeling – even when it hurts – is what makes us human. The alternative of repressing our emotions has been proven in numerous studies to lead to misery.

In Māori culture, strength and showing emotions are one and the same and the goal of the famous haka is a reconnection of the body, mind and spirit. A Māori teacher I worked with during my research described haka as a way to "orchestrate a type of unkempt energy that a lot of people don’t know they have, then offer it back to them in a way they can understand". Mourning in Greece is a big, public affair. In Bhutan, crematoriums are located centrally so that children grow up with an understanding that loss and death are inevitable – part of life, in fact. Because a good life isn’t about being happy all of the time.

The Chinese concept of xingfu, often translated as ‘happiness’ in English, actually refers not to a good mood, but to a good life – one that is sufficient, sustainable, and has meaning. It isn’t necessarily an easy, pleasant existence (in fact the Chinese character for xing represents torture): life may be hard, but it will have meaning. And the biggest secret to a happy life? Remember that happiness and misery aren’t always mutually exclusive. It’s important to be in touch with our sad side if we want to be happier.

The Atlas of Happiness is available on Amazon
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Petta reddast
Reading helps Icelanders invoke the empathy required for survival in a cold climate.

*The Atlas of Happiness* is available on Amazon.
In California’s glamorous wine region, Jenni Doggett finds a new breed of upcycling innovators is reshaping the future.

GREENING SILICON VALLEY

Photography: Tanveer Badal
Phifer Pavitt winery is a masterclass in repurposing materials with style. Right: owner Suzanne Phifer Pavitt’s sitting in jeans made of plastic bottles, on a car seat made partly of plastic bottles. En route to Napa Valley to seek out a revolution in sustainable architecture, it seems only fitting I dress for the occasion.

Momentum is building for the circular economy and California is at its vanguard. Silicon Valley tech entrepreneurs, government tsars and business visionaries are tipping the scales in favour of intelligent re-use of resources through design. And where Silicon Valley goes, the rest of the world follows – starting with Napa Valley.

I’m headed out in a Range Rover Evoque to the Silverado Trail, 29 miles of idyllic country road linking the towns of Napa and Calistoga – a route infinitely prettier than its busier counterpart, Highway 29, and an impeccably smooth drive.

As I leave San Francisco on the north side of the bay, the mist shrouding the Golden Gate Bridge dissipates, crisp sunlight dominates and the temperature soars. In the spirit of resource reduction, I reject icy aircon in favour of open windows. Within an hour the landscape ripens into rich greens and feathery grasses backlit by the sun. Wild rose bushes and cypress trees border the rolling vineyards, along with...
Phifer Pavitt winery is a masterclass in repurposing materials with style. Right: owner Suzanne Phifer Pavitt

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As I leave San Francisco on the north side of the bay, the mist shrouding the Golden Gate Bridge dissipates, crisp sunlight dominates and the temperature soars. In the spirit of resource reduction, I reject icy aircon in favour of open windows. Within an hour the landscape ripens into rich greens and feathery grasses backlit by the sun. Wild rose bushes and cypress trees border the rolling vineyards, along with frequent penalty signs for littering and one that says ‘You had me at Merlot’. The air is earthy and sweet.

The contrast from central San Francisco to this Arcadian dream within just an hour’s drive is striking, but also part of what makes Napa Valley so successful. This is the largest agricultural area close to a major city in the US; designated an Agricultural Preserve in the late ’60s, the land is protected from development. Its proximity to the resources, technology, values and fluid population of the Bay area make for a potent mix, and I’m curious to discover if this is behind the increasingly innovative approach being taken by Californian vintners.

First stop, the Phifer Pavitt winery near Calistoga. Coasting beneath regal oaks, it’s hard to believe I’m less than 90 minutes from the urban clutter. The tasting room sits cosily in a shady hillside nook and I could not have been made to feel more welcome. Suzanne Phifer Pavitt, the eponymous proprietor and driving force behind the winery’s design, credits her simple farm upbringing in Georgia for her commitment to sustainability.

“I hate waste,” she says. “I grew up being very resourceful, that’s how my parents were. But I also don’t want something new, I want something that’s had a life, that has a story,” Suzanne’s own previous life was in
tech for a Fortune 500 company. Success in the arenas of tech and creative is a common thread between many of the entrepreneurs I meet; perhaps it’s part of why they feel untethered to traditional practices and are more able to experiment and innovate.

There’s not much to distinguish the exterior of Phifer Pavitt’s tasting room from the local design vernacular of wooden barns. But this is a long way from the Persian mausoleum and faux-doric follies found elsewhere in the county. It’s the striking minimalist interior and detail that sets this place apart. “I never stop trying to improve and re-use,” she explains.

The roll-call of recycled materials is impressive – the wood is repurposed snow fencing from Wyoming and restored 100-year-old redwood, milled onsite back to its original grain. Every corner is expertly mitered into clean, modern lines, but with enough nicks and flaws to hint at its previous incarnation. When Phifer Pavitt ran out of wood, she dismantled the boxes her olive trees were delivered in and used them to finish the benches. The doors are made from old copper sheeting – recut and shipped in from Mississippi – and the insulation rendered from recycled jeans. Even the industrial chandeliers are fashioned from abandoned rusty hog wire.

“I’m an avowed and determined steward of this land,” Suzanne tells me, her clear commitment and sincerity a trait shared with many of the landowners I meet. It is this indefatigable attitude that saw her return to the driving seat after a head-on collision in 2016 left her in hospital for over a year. “I wasn’t sure I’d ever drive again but I did,” she says, nodding to her Land Rover Discovery in the drive. “But that’s the only thing I’ll drive now. It’s the only thing that makes me feel safe.” Suzanne’s zest and enthusiasm is contagious, and stays with me as I continue my journey in the Evoque.

I cruise for half an hour to my base for the rest of the trip: the elegant eco-spa Bardessono. The carefully conceived luxury hotel in Yountville has achieved the highest-possible Platinum LEED (Leadership in

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“Everything you see is recycled.” Bardessono’s manager tells me. “All the wood, metal and stone are reclaimed, the linens are recycled cotton, second or third-tier material of the finest quality. The art is made by local artists from used screwdrivers and newspapers.” I think I’ve caught him out when I spy plastic shampoo bottles, but it turns out even these are biodegradable. Bardessono amply demonstrates that sustainability does not mean having to compromise on quality. Nothing in its sleek stone architecture feels anything less than first class. This is serious business for the hospitality industry, and demand from customers is increasing as hotel leaders set the bar high.

The wines coming out of this region are widely considered to be every part the equal of their Old World counterparts, as proven by the makers at my next stop on the Silverado Trail, Plumpjack’s Odette Winery. Odette’s 2016 Reserve was awarded a rare 100 (out of 100) points by revered wine critic Robert Parker. It is, in part, because California is relatively young that the vintners feel more able to experiment with new ideas and technology, away from the more cloistered if romantic view of Europe.

One of the three partners in Odette, Gavin Newsom, has a strong pedigree in sustainability and innovation having served as mayor of San Francisco and currently as Governor of California. He recently co-authored a book called *Citizenville*, a rallying cry for the radical reinvention of government in the digital age. His partner

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**GREEN IS THE NEW BLACK**

**Recycled-material fashion is on the rise in San Francisco’s startup culture**

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**Everlane**

With “exceptional quality, ethical factories and radical transparency”, this cool clothing brand does sustainability in style. Its ReNew collection is made from plastic waste. Everlane has committed to abolishing virgin plastic from its supply chain soon.

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**Sonoma**

The qualities that make vinyl hoardings calamitous for landfill – durable, waterproof, unique – is what makes them ideal for the bags that entrepreneur Steffen Kuehr creates from them. A percentage of profits are donated to local charities.

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**Rothy’s**

This successful shoe brand makes durable cult footwear from recycled plastic bottles. Rothy’s claims to have recycled over 32 million bottles, and has a dedicated following - if you want to visit the small SF flagship store, be prepared to queue.
John Conover recalls Gavin insisting they build for Gold LEED certification, and thinking he’d perhaps had a glass too many. “I thought he was crazy. But now, I think it would be crazy to do anything else. It’s just the right thing to do. And the demand is there. Our guests are well-educated, well-travelled, they demand high standards of sustainability. It’s about how we motivate the next generation of customers and wine-makers. We have to take risks, experiment, fail.”

True to that directive, they hired architect Juan Carlos Fernandez to design Odette Winery, and sister facility CADE half an hour north on Howell Mountain. The Mexican had never designed a winery before, and brought an entirely new sensibility to the project, creating a discreet but distinctive oval structure notched into a hillside off the Silverado Trail. The grass roof and curvy perforated screens house reused shipping container offices, a wine lab, production facilities and naturally insulated caves.

Fernandez sourced concrete mixed with fly ash, a coal by-product, and recycled steel for the structure. I consider Antoine de Saint-Exupéry’s observation that “a rock pile ceases to be a rock pile the moment a single man contemplates it, bearing within him the image of a cathedral”, and marvel at the minds that can make architecture out of ashes.

California is a leading force in its commitment to the circular economy, but the movement is gaining traction worldwide, from Indian entrepreneur Narayana Peesapaty’s invention of edible cutlery as a replacement for plastic, to Australian company Close the Loop which turns used printer cartridges into asphalt. Danish textile expert Kvadrat has designed a bespoke material that provides a sustainable interior option for the Evoque using 53 recycled plastic bottles per vehicle. And I’m wearing jeans by US clothing firm Everlane, whose ReNew collection uses fibre made of plastic bottles. It’s an infectious concept and as I go to buy a bottle of water at my next stop it gives me pause; I decide to wait until I reach my hotel and can quench my thirst guilt-free.

On my last day in Napa, I take the Evoque out early in the morning to avoid the harsh dry heat. I’m heading north out of Napa towards Alexander Valley in Sonoma County. Grand madrone trees cast a living Rorschach pattern on the road. Winding up
Narayana Peesapati’s invention of edible cutlery as a replacement for plastic, to Australian company Close the Loop which turns used printer cartridges into asphalt. Danish textile expert Kvadrat has designed a bespoke material that provides a sustainable interior option for the Evoque using 53 recycled plastic bottles per vehicle. And I’m wearing jeans by US clothing firm Everlane, whose ReNew collection uses fibre made of plastic bottles. It’s an infectious concept and as I go to buy a bottle of water at my next stop it gives me pause; I decide to wait until I reach my hotel and can quench my thirst guilt-free.

On my last day in Napa, I take the Evoque out early in the morning to avoid the harsh dry heat. I’m heading north out of Napa towards Alexander Valley in Sonoma County. Grand madrone trees cast a living Rorschach pattern on the road. Winding up Silver Oak (above) was a monitoring system developed by viticultural innovators Fruition Sciences. My guide explains that the owners are not proprietary about their methods and see themselves as an open-source centre of excellence. “We’re willing to share. Part of the idea of sustainability is that you don’t just do it for getting the credentials – we’re actually making the industry collectively better. Not everyone has the resources to do what we’ve done here, but we’re hoping people can borrow and apply in different situations which will in turn demand that we keep improving,” he explains.

It’s an impressive philosophy, writ large in the architecture. From every angle the tasting rooms appear to vanish into the landscape, an exercise in transparency designed to frame the vineyard. Long rectangular water features frame the sky and large glass panels reflect the acres of lush burgeoning vines. Large sections of the façade are clad in redwood boards salvaged from the Cherokee Winery, one of the valley’s earlier wine-making pioneers. The stairs are constructed from old wine barrels, red stains left intact. The insulation is made from – you guessed it – ground-up denim.

And so, as my Napa journey reaches its end, we’ve returned to the beginning. From jeans to cars, and wine to art – in California, the circle of life is pleasingly, sustainably complete.
Nobody made bespoke, hand-crafted globes when Peter Bellerby wanted one to give as a birthday gift, so he built one himself. Ten years on, Bellerby & Co is...
Nobody made bespoke, hand-crafted globes when Peter Bellerby wanted one to give as a birthday gift, so he built one himself. Ten years on, Bellerby & Co is now established as the world’s finest maker of globes.
You enter the workshop of Bellerby & Co through a nondescript white door set into the wall of a blink-and-you'll-miss-it brick building in Stoke Newington, North London. Climb the stairs to the first floor and suddenly you've entered another world. A world where worlds are created. Artists hunch over their work, painting coastlines and countries. Makers wrangle strips of wet paper map into place, turning blank resin spheres into intricately detailed globes. Strips of map hang from the rafters, brass meridians are stacked up in corners and every flat surface is covered in globes of all shapes and sizes.

“Our customers love it here,” says Peter Bellerby. “We had a Hollywood director visit us recently with his wife and kids and I couldn’t get rid of them.” You can see why. The place is alive with creativity and skill, and on the interesting side of untidy. This is where what are arguably the finest globes in the world are made, by a company founded out of Bellerby’s desire to create beautiful objects the proper way.

“The driving force was that there was no one else doing it,” he says. “No one had made bespoke globes for a century.” The spark for this interest in globe making came when he wanted one as a birthday present for his father. Unable to find anything other than poorly made reproductions or rare, fragile and very expensive antiques, he taught himself how to make one.

Ten years on and Bellerby & Co counts A-listers and foreign rulers among its clients. Scroll through its Instagram account and there’s Morgan Freeman visiting the studio. The last Churchill it made (at 157cm in diameter and £79,000, it’s the firm’s largest and most expensive globe) went to a head of state. After 100 years of neglect, the bespoke globe has regained its position as an object of importance and significance.

Getting to this point required a bloody-minded pursuit of the perfect globe. Bellerby found everything about constructing his dad’s gift difficult. “Making the mould was tough and lots of companies tried and failed to make one that was right,” he says. “I made hundreds of calls to foundries to find one that could – and it’s the place we use now – the first attempt went wrong because I wanted the letters cast as well.” Where others might have given up, Bellerby decided to get in even deeper. After six months and “around £30,000”, it had become an obsession, “I kept it hidden from my friends and retreated a bit from going out. After 18 months I hadn’t even started to gore [attach the strips of paper map to] the globe.” He also realised it needed to become more than a very expensive present and...
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resolved to turn it into a business. Eventually he finished a globe, sold it for about 50 per cent less than it cost to make and pushed on, selling just five between 2010 and 2011.

The turning point came in 2012, when he finally got a sought-after opportunity to exhibit at the Royal Geographical Society in London. “That’s when things started to take off,” says Bellerby. “We got features in magazines and then my partner joined the business. She got one of our Instagram posts on the Explore page and we went from 5,000 followers to 60,000 in a day.” The craft of globe making became a viable business.

It’s that craft, from the precision of watercolour shading the coasts to the exceptionally tricky goring (when the strips of paper map are wetted and fixed to the sphere), that gives these objects authenticity and desirability. It is, as Bellerby found out, difficult and time consuming. It takes six months to learn how to make globes, a job
he describes as “requiring an interesting mental profile. You cannot get annoyed by it or fight it. You’re dealing with wet paper. It’s terrible stuff, fragile and unstable. It’s all about practice. There are no books telling you what to do.”

This might sound like the preserve of time-served artisans but one of the most striking aspects of Bellerby’s workshop is the fact that all the makers and artists are under 40, with many under 30. And every time they advertise a job, they’re inundated with applications. “We get people turning up at the door wanting jobs,” says Bellerby. Globe making, once forgotten and arcane, has become a sought-after occupation.

Anastasiya Levashova (26) is one of Bellerby’s watercolourists. On our visit she is shading coastlines with the darker blue that delineates where land meets sea. “I saw these globes being painted at the Chelsea Flower Show and wanted to get involved,” she says. “Someone sent me a link to this job and I’ve been here for two years.” For Levashova, who has a degree in illustration, it’s more satisfying than illustrating books, her former occupation.

Watching her brush washing paint along the Argentine coast, never straying over the land’s black outline, demonstrates what makes Bellerby’s globes unique and why people will pay significant sums for them. They represent the revival of a complex and difficult craft, one that resonates with what Bellerby describes as a “re-evaluation of what things mean to people. They would rather have a few very good things than lots of lower quality stuff.”

Globes, explains Bellerby, have a universal appeal that continues to fascinate us millennia after the first was made. “We’re transfixed by them,” he says. “Six-year-olds might not understand globes but they remember them. Everyone does.” And with that he disappears back up stairs to resume his position as a creator of worlds.
Horse People

by Jean McNeil

Originally from Nova Scotia, Canada, McNeil is an award-winning author of 13 books, including six novels. She was writer in residence in Antarctica with the British Antarctic Survey and is a qualified walking safari guide. Her latest novel, Fire on the Mountain, is set in southern Africa.

We arrived in the Cederberg in late August, the cusp of spring. The land was carpeted with a flower I would learn was called Haemanthus, or blood lily. We were met by five women and three dogs. The women – Helene, Maria, Annelise, Marine and Wilma – were all related, although it was difficult to work out exactly how. I said, “Just like you Leo, to find a farm of women.”

Helene was a rugged woman in her mid-40s, sharp-minded but not unkind. When she saw it was me driving you Leo, to find a farm of women.”

Later, when I asked where the men were, Helene told us the horse trailer she said, “Ag, thank God, a woman!”

She gestured in the direction of a sandy lane. “It’s been a while since we’ve had horse people on the farm so the stables are in bad shape. But at least you’ll have your privacy.” She thought we were a couple. Most people did, if that’s even a leerer, if that’s even a back,” I said.

“She goes where I go. If it gets too hot for her, I’ll go back,” I said.

I led Eeshani into the stable, which smelled of must and baboon droppings. Bits of ancient bridle, petrified by the kiln heat of the Cederberg, dangled like biltong from rusty nails. Eeshani poked her nose into the dank stalls then jolted back as if she’d seen a ghost. I sat down on a fossilised bale of hay. I was overtaken by a feeling of unreality; had we really left everything behind? The lime bower at the bottom of the garden, the pineapple lilies, the iguana’s back of Table Mountain shearing the sky.

“Janine, there is no back.” Leo’s green eyes flooded with shadow. “You could have stayed,” he said. “It’s not as if your name was on those loans.”

“You sound like you want me to leave you to your exile. Would that make you feel any less guilty?”

He had no answer to that. Siegfried gave me a look of unmistakable anxiety – horses are as good as humans at these, the note of alarm in their eyes just as legible. He was unused to any argument between us.

Leo and I had always had an instinctive feeling for each other’s internal reality; it was this natural sympathy, and our love for horses, which bound us. In fact, the horses were the conduit – we were all of us, his horse, mine, the two of us a tight quartet, bound by an unordinary pact.

We got used to life on Helene’s farm. We forgot our old lives so quickly I wondered why I had never burnt bridges before. I liked the singled smell, the cauterised regret. I’d heard people talk of a clean break but I’d never attempted it and wondered now why it had taken me so long.

In spring, plums tumbled from the tree outside our cottage and Marine made sour granadilla cake and brought it to us every day. Business was good. The visitors were from Cape Town or Joburg, inevitably. They were surprised at first that it was me leading the tours. They rarely said anything until they saw my rifle, eyeing the .375 I kept tucked into a specially tailored saddlebag.
Sometimes they tried a joke, *What are you going to kill me if I don’t hold my reins right?* I only smiled and said it was the law, in South Africa, to be armed in wilderness areas.

All spring we avoided the post office. When we did go a stack of alarming letters awaited, stamped with ‘Final warning’ and ‘Bailliffs have been instructed’. Threaded between these were other letters on thick stationery, addressed to Leo in faultless handwriting. He never gave any of the women who boarded their horses with us his personal email, leaving that part of our business to me (a direct quote: “Email is against my religion”). I would think of those women sometimes, sitting down at tables in the city’s southern suburbs in houses surrounded by electrified gates, shuttling in their cars to Woolworths in Century City or Claremont, dreaming about Leo the wild man who disappeared into the arid north.

He read the letters then burned them. We would sit around the fire and watch flakes of their ash pirouette above the flames, borne high against the night sky on the fire’s thermals, then take their place among the stars.

It was February, high summer, and the gold axe of sun struck relentlessly down. Helene roared up in her bakkie one afternoon. The ragged angle she parked it at told me all I needed to know.

“There’s been a complaint,” Helene said, before she even got to our door.

“What about?”

“The mother with the family you took out yesterday. She said Leo leered at her.”

I tried to remember the family: a woman, a man, two adolescent children, the usual quadrille. They had been Europeans from Germany or Holland. The children were held rapt by Leo’s stories of the giraffe that once cantered over these plains, 500 years ago.

She leaned on the lintel of the bottom section of the Dutch door. “I’ve got no complaint with you. For Christ’s sake, you’re not even his girlfriend.” She dropped her eyes. “I’m sorry. I know it’s not my place to say that.”

I shook my head. “He’s not a leerer, if that’s even a word. He’s just alert. He’s responsible for everyone out there, as am I. That’s why he stares at them. Women are always misconstruing men’s interest.”

Helene frowned, perhaps at the ‘misconstrued’.

“You’re always different, you horse people.”

I found Leo in Siegfried’s stall. “Why are you doing this? I thought we’d agreed you’d give it a rest.”

“I am giving it a rest.” He was not a sarcastic person, yet his voice bit at the words. He avoided my eyes.

“I just need to take the edge off – off my thoughts.”

I leaned back into the hay net, the sharp ends of cut hay scraping my back, and looked into those droll green eyes of his. It occurred to me that after all this time he hadn’t apprehended who I was. He really might think

I was one of the women who fell into his bed as if out of an automatic dispenser.

“There’s no need to destroy our chances here.”

A strange sideways movement appeared in Leo’s eyes. He had never seen it before: fluid, lizard-like. “I couldn’t live without you.”

“I’m not your wife.” The hiss in the word. Leo heard it too, as if a snake had wormed its way into the stall, and recoiled.

Helene gave us a reprieve. She liked us – liked us both, she was careful to say. She couldn’t see herself finding other horse people at short notice. In gratitude we spent two days cleaning out the stable from top to bottom.

Winter came, a season of tilt-a-whirl days. We would start our early morning rides in goose-down jackets and gloves but by ten in the morning we’d be stripped down to singlets. Then August came again with spring on its back, bearing the cargo of flowers that carpet this bitter place for six weeks each year: *Sneeuprotea, Blou Bergaster, Geel Perdekop, Geel Botterblom, Boegoe, Pienk Handjie*. The land seemed to encourage us to stay in its raw, red extremity, the klin heat, pomegranate sunsets, the wind singing through rough grass.

We were riding out to the dam, a trip we did often. A man-made lake had been dredged to irrigate the citrus farms that stretched for hundreds of kilometres in all directions. Low, rain-heavy clouds rolled down from the north, all the way from Namibia.

Our charges were unembarrassed – a family from Cape Town, the father a professor of history. They probably lived in Rondebosch or Newlands and attended the Kirstenbosch botanical gardens concerts every summer. The kids must have been taught how to ride, they had a good English seat – alert, commanding.

Leo slipped into his back-up position at the rear. While the family looked at bustards through their binoculars the matriarch, a thin blonde woman, once an obvious beauty, now still fine-boned, her face hidden under a pink golf visor, came to ride abreast of me.

“It’s so good to see a woman up front.” She flashed me a tight, shy smile. “You must be very confident out here.”

“Thank you. I’ve been riding since I was a child.”

She gestured to Leo atop Siegfried, who was looking furtively behind the group, his back toward us. “Is he your husband?”

“No, we’re friends – and business partners.” I don’t know why I slipped that in, an unnecessary revelation. “It must be dangerous, taking people out into the wilderness.”

I liked to keep light-hearted with the tourists; the less they knew the better. “It’s a lot more relaxed than “
riding in the lowveld,” I said. “There’s no lions.”

“Would they attack a horse?”

“Oh yes. A horse looks quite a lot like a roan or sable antelope, or a kudu, for that matter.”

I told the woman how, when I would ride out in the lowveld, I always avoided the jackalberry tree. These are a perfect perch for leopard with their broad, flat limbs just far enough off the ground to drag kills. The leopard is the most calculating of the big cats, I told her. The most volatile. Their power is phenomenal – a female weighs only 42 kilograms but she can lever a giraffe calf into a tree on her own.

I lost sight of Leo as we talked. Out of nowhere a chill travelled through me, even though it must have been 30 degrees. I thought, strange – the feeling was less a premonition than like glimpsing the tail of an animal as it disappeared around a corner.

I sensed, rather than heard, the commotion. A scuffle, then a bright quick exhale from a horse. Before I knew it, Siegfried was trotting passed us. I whipped Eeshani around, into the red light of the mountains. Leo lay on the ground. I didn’t like the position of his body – foetal.

I swung down from the saddle. “All right, everyone. Stay mounted.”

The family chorused, “What’s happened? Will he be all right?” I reached down and hauled him up by his armpits. “Leo. Leo.”

Behind me, Eeshani bolted, which she did rarely; she was an unusually unnervous thoroughbred. I watched her trot away, the reins slack around her neck. “Stay still,” I shouted, but it was hardly necessary. The family were frozen in their saddles, staring rigidly at something behind me.

With Leo still limp in my hands, I turned. Even in the full light of day the shadow blended into the landscape – the mottled back, the yellow-and-ochre spots that look like stones in a rippling river.

I relinquished Leo’s body. I stood and looked into the leopard’s eyes. They were the metallic green of the buffalo thorn. Its tail swayed back and forth, hypnotic as a cobra. At the tip of it was a small tuft of black fur.

I had an urge to speak to it, to say, “You’re not supposed to be here.” There is a superstition among wilderness guides, the bush equivalent of the taboo against saying ‘Macbeth’ in a theatre – you never say the name of the animal your charges desire to see if you want it to materialise.

The cat’s face retracted itself into a masque of such effortless malintent I was impressed. Two yellowed sabre-toothed incisors glistened at me. I thought about a detail I would have held from the friendly woman who now sat stock-still in the saddle only 50 metres away, had she asked me: when leopards attack humans they scalp them, peeling the face and crown of the head away with their teeth.

An ocean of minutes passed as we looked at each other. Then something shifted behind the leopard’s eyes, and it turned and loped away.

I thought of the moon. I don’t know why, but the names of its seas came in a sudden rush. I had a fleeting vision of Mr du Plessis teaching them to us in Standard Five. Leo and I sitting side by side at our desks: Oceanus Procellarum, ocean of storms; Mare Crisium, sea of crises; Mare Imbrium, sea of rains.

That night Leo and I sat on our stoep. “Are you sure you’re not concussed?” He cradled his head in his hands. “No.” “OK, tomorrow we’re going to the doctor.”

The stars were tackling themselves across the sky. “Look.” I pointed to the red penumbra of Antares, snug in the crook of Scorpio. The boxy Southern Cross tilted over the horizon, its diagonal pointing due south, all the way to Antarctica. ‘Did we ever see stars like this in Cape Town?’ “No, we were too busy.” He swallowed. “I just didn’t see it. How many times has Siegfried thrown me? Once, maybe twice, in ten years.”

Any fall is a blow to the pride of a rider. I said, “If you’re going to come off, it may as well be for a leopard.”

His eyes found mine. I saw the same eyes I have been looking into for nearly 30 years: school desk-mate, riding companion, best friend. A note of rebuke now lurked within his guilt. Only later did I understand he was trying to apologise – for nearly dying and/or getting me killed, for frightening the family, for the failure of our business and for something else, a mysterious demise in which I was somehow implicated.

He said, “You’ve always been so capable.”

A shiver passed through me, another intuition, perhaps. Soon I will wake one morning in the baboon-haunted cottage to find Leo’s boots, his jacket and his truck gone. He will leave the horses. He knows I will not survive without being able to ride every day.

I had a sudden vision: leading rides across the Mars plains of the Cederberg, riding alone. My guests will ask me the names of the flowers, the trees, the animals of the Namaqua biome. I will oblige: Kapokbossies, wilde vye, dassies, Bastard Quiver Tree. We will thread between the Precambrian rocks, along stone rivers run dry for centuries, following the faintest cinnamon fume of the mountain fynbos.

Leo’s face is turned toward the night, its perimeter kept at bay by the hurricane lantern. The night stares back, implacable as it is up here in the mountains, thicker than air.
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Number of cameras used to provide a view that effectively makes the bonnet transparent

180°
Breadth of high-resolution view given on the central touchscreen

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on either side of the vehicle is made visible by the cameras

18 MPH
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Wonderful World
The science behind the wonder of nature by Helen Czerski

Physicist and oceanographer at the Department of Mechanical Engineering, UCL, Helen is also a BBC presenter, and a speaker and writer about the science of everyday life, the atmosphere and oceans

A MURMURATION OF STARLINGS

A single starling isn’t particularly distinctive: it’s a medium-sized bird that feeds on insects and fruit, with dark iridescent feathers and an impressive sideline in mimicking the calls of other birds. But when they assemble in large numbers, starlings form one of the most mesmerising sights in the skies.

From October to March, they gather at dusk in tens or even hundreds of thousands, to swoop around the sky as a single aerial entity called a murmuration. Each individual bird becomes one point in a whirling shape-shifting cloud that lasts for around half an hour, stretching, splitting and spinning as the sun sets.

The mechanisms driving all that beauty are still being picked apart by scientists. The murmuration is a complex dynamical system: it’s made of lots of individuals, it generates emergent behaviour (patterns that can’t be predicted from the individuals) and there’s no central control. Each starling is only paying direct attention to the seven birds closest to it, but that alone can’t explain the dramatic patterns. The starlings follow the direction of flight of their neighbours: when one bird turns, the one next to it turns. The initial change comes from a single place in the flock and spreads across the flock at 20-40 metres per second, so a whole flock of 400 birds can change direction in just half a second.

The reason for this complexity is still being debated, but the current evidence suggests that murmurations make life harder for predators. When a falcon appears nearby, it will struggle to pick out an individual target, and it’s likely to be spotted early because there are thousands of eyes watching the skies. It’s been suggested that the starlings position themselves so that they see a fixed ratio of other birds to clear sky, so even the central birds can keep a look-out. The most dramatic patterns occur in response to predators, as the starlings take evasive action while still remaining in a cohesive group. Some of the mathematical equations used to understand all of this are borrowed from the physics of superfluid helium-3, and the underlying rules of the flock still aren’t clear. But, fortunately for most of us, you don’t need maths to appreciate the elegance and showmanship of this stunning phenomenon.
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