

capitalopinion



Girl about town

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With the annual whirl of winter events nearly upon us, there's nothing like a few face-saving measures to put you in the party mood, discovers *Rebecca Newman*

Mr Gorbachev, tear down this wall...' Can it really be 22 years since Ronald Reagan gave his impassioned speech at the Brandenburg Gate? And is it really 20 years this month since the Berlin Wall fell? It's incredible to look back, to think of the guards at Checkpoint Charlie; the thousands of people who braved the snipers and the dogs to make it out of the East and into West Germany; the 200 or more who died in the attempt.

It makes getting across town when the Piccadilly line is down seem less like hard work.

In Germany they are commemorating the date with a 1,000 8ft dominoes, which will be lined up across the old route of the wall and then toppled.

Here, I am having my own celebration. Since I've reached that point in life where instead of reading about history I can remember it, I'm thrilled to share with you a recent discovery: The Wrinkle Cure package at the Met.

Now, I associate the Metropolitan Hotel with many things: sushi upstairs at Nobu; evenings of mischief in the bar; Boris Becker, that kind of thing. But their spa is worth checking out, especially since it's the only place in the UK where you can have a Dr Perricone facial.

As you'll probably know, Dr P is a veritable Peter Pan, the maestro of anti-ageing whose devotees include Heidi Klum and Julia Roberts. As my facialist Noula skilfully covered me in a succession of masks and massaged my shoulders, she explained Dr P's belief in the efficacy of diet in keeping your face baby smooth. Hence the treatment is followed by an excellent antioxidant lunch upstairs, of wild Alaskan salmon and a superberry smoothie – delicious. I also left with a book explaining how sugar should be avoided at all costs, especially in the form of sugary cocktails late at night. Hmm... The facials and the berries I can do. Victoria Beckham, who was in the Met gym the same morning I went, must be a Dr P acolyte; she adores the spa's signature ginger tea, but sent the usual one back with the request that they please remove the honey. I guess that's what it takes to become a stick insect (a friend who knows her personal tanning assistant suggests that liposuction may have played its role too. I couldn't possibly comment).

{ *'Dr Perricone is a veritable Peter Pan – the maestro of anti-ageing'* }

To complement my now flawless skin, I decided it was time to refresh my macquillage. After all, the Christmas season is soon upon us and it's amazing what a new face can do to dress up last year's LBD.

Most Gorgeous Girlfriend pointed me in the direction of Harvey Nichols – the direction in which she usually points – and the Daniel Hersheson salon. There Daniel's daughter, Lauren, a professional make-up artist, has set up a service that includes a 90-minute lesson. Unlike anyone else I've been brave enough to open my make-up bag for, Lauren has no brand affiliation. She will use any product that she rates, regardless of price or trend, to make you 24-carat good-lookin'. 'I can muddle together with anything,' she smiled. 'I'm a bit Jamie Oliver. The main thing is that I don't want anyone to know I am wearing make-up, unless I've gone for a specifically full-on look.'

I emerged looking radiant, Bambi-eyed and like I had just slept for a month. Which was lucky, since after seeing Lauren I was meeting up with Man of the Moment. As I think I may have mentioned, things were a little rocky between us over the summer. What with the aggressively single hedge fund ex-wives who were dragging him in every direction and his apparent willingness to help them to consider their assets, I had been wondering if he was worth hanging on to. After an evening in the Sanderson bar with a teary Jerry Hall, I long ago promised myself I'd find a man who wouldn't stray.

But recently things seem to be back on track and to celebrate the healing of our own personal divide, I took MOTM for Champagne and light bites at Paramount, the members' club in the old Centrepoint tower. It's a great spot to hook up. The cool, spaceship interior is designed by Tom Dixon and complements a view of London I've not seen bettered. The tapas are also excellent, especially the figs and prosciutto – a gastronomic match made in heaven. Here's hoping the man and I can measure up. ■

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