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NOVEMBER 2015
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THE NEW RADICAL

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MULLIGAN

gets feisty

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OUR EDITORS' HIGH-STREET HIT LIST
THE COOL TEXTURES
+ COLOURS

FASHION'S
KEYPIECES

THE
TROUSER
SUIT
SHEEPSKIN
COAT
SUEDE
SKIRT

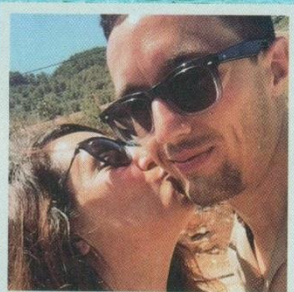
EXERCISE AND YOU
WHAT'S THE RIGHT
AMOUNT?



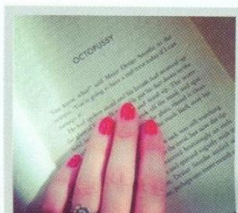
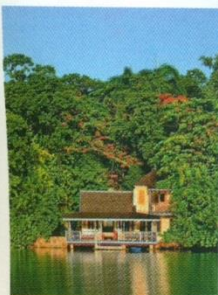
#MOREWOMEN SMARTER TOGETHER. JOIN OUR CAMPAIGN

Welcome TO JAMROCK

*Fancy a Bond-style honeymoon in
three of the coolest hotels in Jamaica?
Step right this way, says Leisa Millar*



Main image: The GoldenEye lagoon at Oracabessa Bay. Above: Leisa with her new husband, Jamie. Left: One of the resort's lagoon cottages. Below: Appropriate holiday reading



We wake up with the heat and the light. We can hear the soft wash of the Caribbean, like we could last night when we arrived in the dark, dazed after an 18-hour journey. Then, it felt alien and disorientating – it's November, only 48 hours since we married in chilly London. Now, it feels exciting.

I push open the door of our villa onto a deck built on GoldenEye Resort's incredible, private, white-sand Low Cay Beach, and it is a heart-bursting kind of moment. We're married. It's suddenly summer again; the sun is blinding. We are in Jamaica, and this is paradise.

SHAKEN AND STIRRED IN ORACABESSA

Choosing a honeymoon destination meant, for me and my husband Jamie, a tick for the bucket list. *Bond* author Ian Fleming swung it in Jamaica's favour. Jamie loves James Bond, and GoldenEye

[@LEISAMILLAR](#)

is a resort built around the house in which Fleming lived and wrote (you can stay in the original building, and it still contains the very desk he used). It's a Mecca for fans. Not that Jamie had to twist my arm: I had fallen in love with the easy, blissed-out feel of Jamaica during a brief work trip a few years earlier and was keen to go back and explore it further. An excuse to do that in five-star luxury? So much the better.

GoldenEye, based on the north coast of the island, in Oracabessa, is part of record and film producer (and discoverer of Bob Marley) Chris Blackwell's Island Outpost hotel group, but its unique *Bond* heritage is ever-present – our one-bedroom beach villa even contained a selection of Fleming's books. Along with the original house, which is set back on a bluff above



Far left: Escaping the heat in the Bizot Bar. Left and right: Low-key luxury at GoldenEye



the sea, GoldenEye is a series of villas and cottages dotted along the beach and around the lagoon that snakes through the resort. The vibe is rustic; nostalgic, almost. We have a Smeg fridge (stocked with Red Stripe), a flat-screen TV, and WiFi so good we can even get it on the beach, but we also have a claw-foot bath, hand-dyed batik robes and a sweet private garden strung with a well-worn hammock. The Bizot Bar, where we breakfast on fresh fruit and pancakes in the mornings, and escape the heat for a rum cocktail in the early afternoons, is decorated with sun-bleached driftwood and papered with old music posters.

There are 'wata sports', such as paddle boarding and snorkelling but, as lazy honeymooners, we give them a miss.

Having been together for six years by this point, Jamie and I are pretty good at holidaying together and for us, it is all about relaxation. Well, mainly: Jamie would never miss a workout. I watch him doing his press-ups on the beach from the sun-lounger, coffee and a copy of *Octopussy* in hand (when in Rome, right?). The first day, one of the staff - who are discreetly ever-present, though never intrusive - hands him a skipping rope and step.

Fleming wasn't the only British writer to fall for Jamaica. Firefly, playwright Noël Coward's former home (and prior to that the former headquarters of legendary pirate Captain Morgan, who I was surprised to discover was not fictional), is just a 15-minute drive away. It promises 'the most stunning view in the Caribbean', and its vantage point high up in the mountains means that's not entirely hyperbole. The grand grounds belie a surprisingly modest house that remains just the way Coward left it. The table is still laid as it was when the Queen Mother dropped by for lunch in 1965. Stepping into the bathroom where

he died, a monogrammed pink towel still hanging from a rail, is an eerie experience. He's buried on the property. A statue of him sits in the best spot in the garden looking out over the bay, smoking a bronzed cigarette, cool as you like.

Jamaica (population: 2.8m) is a small country that punches well above its weight in cultural influence in everything from music and food to sport and its famous Blue Mountain coffee. Couple that with its lush scenery (flawless beaches, a clear, warm sea and mountains where trees are criss-crossed through with winding roads) and it's little wonder that it's a magnet for successful, creative types. Fleming and Coward might have been early evangelisers, but the trend continues: Naomi Campbell and Ralph Lauren own properties here. We sailed past Mick Jagger's former home in Ocho Rios en route to the famous Dunn's River Falls (a trap for the hordes pouring off cruise ships, we realised).

On the whole, though, we steer away from anything too touristy, happy to wind down and luxuriate in GoldenEye itself. Its famous guests - and there are many - each plant a tree in the garden: Johnny Depp's catches my eye. Pierce Brosnan's caught Jamie's. Obviously.

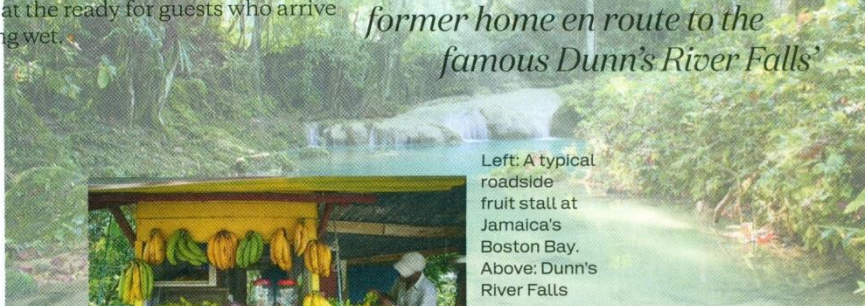
Dinner in The Gazebo is often catch of the day - fresh Escovitch snapper, or grilled lobster tail. One afternoon, we wander over to the spa for treatments and the staff profess surprise that we'd walked the 10 minutes across the grounds rather than swimming directly across the lagoon: they have towels at the ready for guests who arrive dripping wet.



Above: Leisa has her very own Dr. No moment. Right and below: Celebrity tree-planting and beach views at GoldenEye



'Naomi Campbell and Ralph Lauren own properties here. We sailed past Mick Jagger's former home en route to the famous Dunn's River Falls'



Left: A typical roadside fruit stall at Jamaica's Boston Bay. Above: Dunn's River Falls