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Not like the Archers

I met a man at a party in Piccadilly last week, who I had seen the week before in the Co-op in my local country town. Nothing remarkable about that - except he looked far sexier in a suit rather than a waxed jacket. No, the most remarkable thing about meeting him in London was how friendly he was. I have met him at several parties in the country and twice sat next to him at dinner. And when he saw me queueing for my paper in the Co-op, he stood glumly staring at the Chewits and Millions as if contemplating suicide, or perhaps murder. I was going to say "hello," but his unblinking stare warned me this would be dangerous.
But catching him three days later clutching a glass of Fizz in a basement of a West End club, he greeted me as if I was his long-lost Claudia Schiffer. "What a wonderful pair of shoes," he gushed, before quizzing me animatedly on the mutual friend who had invited us, and then even asking advice on a painting he is thinking of buying. How bizarre it is that people can be so much friendlier in London than in the country. This must, of course, have much to do with the fact you can escape people in London, if you don't like them, whereas in the country their presence could become a life sentence. But it is also because there is so much more at stake in the country, as people, literally, know how, as well as where, you live. Who, in London cares, whether their friends go to church, drive a a Mini or Lotus (okay, well maybe..), or live in Balham or Belsize Park? In London, you often make friends simply because you are doing the same things through work, or just
enjoy doing the same things. In the country, that is not enough; you have to dream the same dream.

Tartufi hunting
Paolo

truffling with brenda x valentino

Hunter'ress