

ANNA HART 'This week has reminded me that I'm rubbish in bad weather'

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ATHENS IN AUTUMN Now's your chance to see the Parthenon without the crowds

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PALACIO BELMONTE The I5th-century Lisbon palace that became an A-list escape



TAKE A HIKE

Elemental landscapes and big skies in Northumbria

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## == $\prec$ JUST SAYING $\succ$

With its smiling, maskless tourists, Santorini proves to be a quiet utopia for lockdown sceptics like me, writes Annabel Fenwick-Elliott



ing Covid-19 – I'll jump through the hoops and wear the muzzle if it makes others feel safer. But no longer will I tiptoe around the matter. It is my view that the world, with the notable exception of Sweden, has lost the plot over this virus – an illness that has trashed the global economy, and which the vast majority of the human popu-

So I was elated to find, on my visit to Santorini last week, a quiet utopia for lockdown sceptics like me. Where hoops were being

lation has survived.

conversation between strangers.

A couple I met from Finland expressed their enormous relief to find respite from Project Fear back home, but said they'd been roundly shamed for travelling. A British family I spoke to said the same thing. Good on them for going, though.

During my brief stay, I scuba-dived (you wear a mask anyway), rode a horse across the black sand beach (socially distanced by nature) and befriended Philip the German helicopter pilot, who told me: "Most people here aren't afraid of the virus."

Philip briefly let me take



jumped through, but hysteria was nowhere to be found.

Oia, the Instagram-famous labyrinth of white domes clutched at the forehead of the island's steep cliffs, was empty of the pouty influencers that usually fill its narrow cobbled streets. The few tourists there were not gagged and tense, but smiling and maskless.

So too were all the guests at Oia's Andronis Luxury Suites. The staff wore discreet Perspex mouth shields that enabled us to actually compute their expressions. Indeed, the only noticeably odd aspect at dinner that night was the sheer normality of the situation. There was live music and laughter;

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the controls, and the nose of the helicopter dipped towards the ocean. It was the most fun I'd had in ages, and perhaps non-coincidentally, the first time I genuinely forgot about the pandemic. Refreshing is the right word: people on Santorini aren't concerned, and there's only a minuscule chance they should be.