



Room Service:
Location: 11 Cadogan Gardens, Knightsbridge, London, SW3 2RJ
Rooms: 54 bespoke rooms including 19 suites
FYI: +44 (0) 20 7730 7000 info@no11cadogangardens.com
<http://www.no11cadogangardens.com>
Sustenance: Tartufo
Best thing: The people. From the triple key holding concierge, Richie Long, to the General Manager Soliman Khaddour, everyone is charming, welcoming and seem more like old friends than hoteliers.
Price: £300 per night



No. 11

LONDON'S HIDDEN SECRET

Courtesy of No.11 Charley Larcombe

On a leafy avenue, tucked behind the sounds of sirens and the hurried feet of Sloane Square, away from the paparazzi following the cast of *Made in Chelsea*, and bathed in sunshine peeping through blossom-filled trees, this is a home away from home in one of the most exclusive addresses in London. Found behind a red brick façade of the Cadogan Estate, painted in wall-to-wall hues of plum, aubergine and damson, is No. 11 Cadogan Gardens, a stunning bespoke hotel and member of the coveted Small Luxury Hotels of the World.

The interior is an eclectic mix of old England and boudoir-esque touches making it one of the most glamorous and sensual hotels in the capital. Outside, it may sit on the neighbourhood of politicians and Knightsbridge's very affluent (property here is in the 'oh-my-god' millions) but inside, it is anything but strait-laced or pretentious. There's lots of low lighting – perfect to hide those dark circles from early mornings riding sets and organising your patron's polo – and over-stuffed, sumptuously upholstered chairs begging to be collapsed into.

Having ascended the stone steps, the reception is to your left where the friendly smiles of the staff are reflected in the mirrored walls, whilst to your right is the library where

you can easily lose yourself with copy of *The Polo Magazine* and a double espresso.

We were spirited away to our suite, The Guinness Room, which is in fact like your own private house with two bedrooms, a snug, Nespresso machine equipped kitchen and the sort of bathroom that would make even the most exhibitionist of guests blush. Ormonde Jayne toiletries from a bespoke perfume boutique just off Sloane Street will make you the sweetest smelling polo player in London and are definitely worth stashing in your holdall for the journey home.

The fashionable crowd found in the cocktail bar – it's a joint where you expect to find Humphrey Bogart in a sharp white tuxedo – are a mixture of guests, smugly acknowledging that they are part of the Club which knows about this little secret London location, and local residents who come for pre-dinner cocktails. Everyone is greeted like an old friend with private jokes being exchanged, and enquiries on your day. Order a martini, lounge back into velvet chairs and generally soak up the atmosphere; or if cigars are to your liking, hope to bump into Soliman Khaddour, the General Manager, who knows his Monte Christos from his Padróns.

For the foodies amongst you, again you're in luck. Tartufo, the contemporary menu from exemplary chef, Manuel Oliveri is an absolute

gem – one mention of this place and you'll really show your knowledge as a London insider. We were spoilt with a fabulous menu of branzino and classic foie gras, but the real pièce de la résistance is the Risotto Al Tartufo Nero. Mouth. Watering.

The best thing though about this secret hideout is that despite all of its ample attributes, it's all so discrete that no-one need know you're here. Which, during the mayhem of the polo season, is exactly what you need.

