



detox since it was launched earlier this year, and Dr Flot recently saw a returning Swiss patient who was one of the first to try it. 'Her heavy-metals load wasn't as high as yours. But when we repeated the test last week her reading was considerably lower. She was very pleased.' The mouthful of amalgam fillings I have, thanks to my neurotically bulimic 20s, explains the mercury. The nine silver bracelets I wear every day are clearly the source of the silver toxicity. And I can only assume that those lovely Sixties saucepans we inherited from my husband's mother aren't stainless steel, after all. Have I spent decades cooking organic vegetables in toxic aluminium? What a grim joke. There is a lot to change once I get home. In the meantime, the clinic's purification process can't start soon enough.

By late afternoon on day four I have done aerial yoga to improve my circulation, had three sessions of cell-boosting photostimulation and spent several hours with an excellent Swiss-American dietician, Christine Gogniat-Droz. I've also been stretched, straightened out and stood on (nice, actually) by a Thai therapist, pulled on a bodysuit that looks like something Mick Jagger might wear for an evening in to have my flab tackled by the vibrating pods of an Icoone machine, enjoyed a collagen-boosting facial using the clinic's Swiss Perfection range based on iris-flower extract, a stimulant of cell metabolism, and undergone a Tanita body-composition analysis that shows how much fat is wrapped around your heart and liver (even the skinniest can get a shock here). There was also a seaweed body wrap and some incredible visceral manipulation. A serious young Austrian therapist with a considerably lighter touch than those at Chiva-Som

### IT'S PROBABLY NO EXAGGERATION TO SAY THIS INFORMATION COULD BE LIFE-SAVING. LIFE-CHANGING, FOR SURE

made minuscule adjustments to the placement of my liver and duodenum ('this will stop the bloating'), making my intestines gurgle (a good thing) and explained how many patients have found the treatment – developed in the 1970s by osteopath Jean-Pierre Barral – effective in resolving chronic-back or shoulder pain as well as digestive issues, since bloating and digestive pain can affect how you hold yourself.

As for meals: things have changed since breakfasts of lemon in hot water, and lunches and suppers of lettuce-and-tomato salad with no dressing, as at Champneys, Shrubland Royale and all those other Eighties fat farms. Unlike detox programmes I've tried that rely on micro-meals and massages, or nothing to eat at all, I have been filled with food here. Clinique La Prairie used to be known for its oddly dull menu, with just two choices at each meal – fish or meat – and *tant pis* if you were vegetarian. But all that has changed. Dishes are mostly organic, centred on vegetables cooked with fragrant herbs and spices and tailored specifically to your test results. They are prepared with immense imagination as well as nutritional know-how by the new young Italian chefs, Filippo Tawil and his vegan-specialist wife Sarah, who joined the clinic a few months ago after travelling the world as private chefs to a health-obsessed Russian oligarch.

Breakfast is a feast of fresh juices and homemade breads, mueslis with more than a dozen varieties of nuts and seeds to sprinkle on top, and, oh joy, coffee. Even cake too. The aim is not to starve off a few kilos but to get you eating in a healthy yet real-world way. Tofu appearances apart, the lunches and suppers look exquisite and taste sensational: green beans with miso glaze