

WAITROSE



CHOCOLATE BROWNIES

Martha Collison on the recipe that was years in the making

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A TASTE OF PROVENCE

Three fabulous French-inspired courses on Diana Henry's menu

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FEVER PITCH

Why the arts world is getting a cultural kick out of football

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OFFERS

Great savings on selected products from Waitrose

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'Roasting plums intensifies their flavour, and adding a little spice works beautifully too – try the recipe for roasted plums with vanilla ice cream at waitrose.com'

WILL TORRENT

Partner & senior brand development chef

ll it took was a few days of southern sunshine, and I've come home thinking differently. Although my visit to Naples and Puglia wasn't a holiday – I was visiting farms and food producers – it was a reminder of how refreshing travel is, and how it opens you up to new flavours and ways of doing things. For as long as I remember, I've been campaigning in favour of homegrown fruit and veg, and I like nothing more than seeing a Union Flag when choosing produce. Summer plenty has started rolling in, with beans, sweetcorn and other seasonal treats. I'm an ardent fan of British tomatoes, which are grown with such skill, and give those from warmer climes a run for their money.

Such is my enthusiasm that my recent visit was a shock to the system. It started at breakfast in Paestum – a city in Campania boasting no less than three ancient Greek temples – with a dish of the most delicious melon I've ever tasted, an unidentified variety of cantaloupe, sultry orange in colour, sweet, juicy and intoxifyingly fragrant. I was offered a glass of juice made from the same fruit but it seemed criminal, so I helped myself to more melon instead. That evening, at a food festival, I munched watermelon wedges so luscious I didn't notice the rivers of juice running down my face.

The moral? I was reminded with a bump that, however hard we try in this country, there are things that grow and ripen under the Mediterranean sun which we can never hope to emulate. This



ORLANDO MURRIN

Celebrating seasonal produce at home and abroad

is not to decry the expertise of British farmers, and the talents of allotmenteers and grow-your-owners. But in southern Europe, growers have a dependable climate, months of blue sky and sunshine, and decades, if not centuries, of experience of what crops prosper on their land. And unsurprisingly, their melons, cherries and grapes simply taste better for it.

Which brings me to tomatoes. I will write another time about the fabled San Marzano – at the shrine of which all other canned tomatoes kneel – but I was fascinated to visit a zero-waste hydroponic farm in Puglia called Lapietra. Here, brothers Pasquale and Vincenzo train tomatoes and cucumbers in cordons, as you might grapevines, to an astonishing length of three to five metres. Tomatoes of every imaginable shape – cherry, plum, grape – in hues of red, yellow, black and green hang in lush clusters, to the gentle buzz of bees brought in specially to pollinate the flowers.

I'll continue to savour the UK's brilliant homegrown produce, which gets better and better. On high days and holidays, however, I will no longer deny myself the pleasure of fruit and vegetables from faraway places to celebrate 'the best of the best'. I wish you summer sunshine, wherever you find yourself.

Orlando's first novel, Knife Skills For Beginners, is out early next year. He is President of the Guild of Food Writers. orlandomurrin.com