



VIVAMAYR
Maria Wörth, Austria
Henry Conway gives his liver a break

Toxicity could be my middle name. Over the past decade and a bit, I have habitually gone to bed at 4am more nights than most and never held back when it comes to a dry Martini or three. So seven days at VivaMayr, where I would be denied all my favourite things, would be anathema to me but no one can accuse me of not being game. The advantage of the Mayr is that it's like a private hospital - various appointments with a doctor, six blood tests later, and you really do get a full body 360. Even for the most pampering-averse, you get a proper look over. It's a hypercondriac's dream. My test results were pleasantly surprising - I seem to have a 'superliver', hence my rare hangovers despite a level of bacchanalian abuse that would make Caligula blush. It turns out I also have higher than average testosterone - my feather boas are just a ruse... Mornings start with a 'Kneipp' - basically stepping from steaming hot buckets of water to icy cold ones (cue small shrieks), all in the name of circulation. Then



the gut work starts. The Mayr method is based on a 'healthy gut, healthy body' theory, so each day also starts with a pre-breakfast Epsom salts drink, which makes you appreciate each room's bidet. NEVER do this with a lover. Your meal plan is prescribed by your doctor - balancing protein and carbs, and even though diet food (properly tiny portions), it is delish. You have to chew everything 40 times, and dress properly for dinner. Oddly though I never felt hungry and nor did I particularly miss alcohol. I did miss caffeine dreadfully - the sleepless headachy third day was all caffeine withdrawal. The rest of your day is punctuated by massages, liver compresses and voluntary exercise. I did Nordic Walking, basically bouncing over the mountains with

sticks. If you are a regular gym-goer, the exercise classes are very gentle; but with your calorie restrictions, that's for the best. I came back feeling revived and everyone told me I looked fresher - though most of my friends thought I had been forced into rehab rather than the gentler Mayr. I didn't manage to keep up the regime quite as the doctors would have liked - we touched down at Heathrow at 2pm, and by 6.30pm I had a glass of cold Veuve Clicquot in hand. A leopard may not change his spots, but a good detox did kick start a healthier new me, and I now want to go back once a year for an MOT.