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## DEPARTURE LOUNGE

# Make every moment count

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Expert-led workshops at resorts are all the rage, and who doesn't want to return from holidays feeling fulfilled and rested.

The latest I have heard of is Sleep Awakening, a six-day immersion in May at Bali's sublime COMO Shambhala Estate. If you suffer from insomnia, then sleep therapist Tristian Kelly has the tools and techniques to help. There's much to be said, I reckon, for specialised retreats of this kind, in beautiful surrounds, with the company of like-minded spirits and professional guidance.

But these are structured holiday experiences. What I find frustrating about travel generally is the amount of downtime we busy-bods have to endure.

By this, I mean airport delays, the boredom of long flights, and jet-lagged sleep patterns that see me awake in, say, New York at the pip of 3am.

Most travellers turn to their devices and books, or to in-flight entertainment,

to idle away the dead hours, but what if more structured self-improvement could be ours. Airlines, in particular, have missed a trick or three by not providing the services of roving consultants. Sydney to London, for example, is a mighty long way and passengers surely have an endurance threshold for *Modern Family* re-runs and tiny tubs of ice cream that require a chisel to tackle.

I want to be enhanced and educated during periods of enforced inactivity.

I would like in-flight experts to do my colours, read my palms, demonstrate calligraphy strokes, chart my astrological ascendancy (or somesuch), show me stuff like how to make shell necklaces and sew a bobble fringe, calm me down with singing Tibetan bowls and conduct mini-seminars on the mysteries of Bitcoins and Dropboxes.

What fun it would be to have a curtained spa nook on a big A380 where

you could have a head-and-shoulders massage or a dry shampoo comb-up. I'd even be up for meeting a superannuation consultant or to have my teeth whitened so they'd be visible from the moon, like half the choppers in Hollywood.

These are things I have no time for until I'm trapped, strapped in and have hours to kill. And, listen up too, airports. The logistics at terminals are easier still.

I'd like my makeup done, my hair trimmed and hennaed, advice on my last will and testament, a pedicure involving those crafty little nibbler fish, yoga class, guidance on researching my family tree, and my spectacles tightened.

Just imagine if all the experts were housed in merry little tents like a carnival around the departure areas. Roll right up, get sorted and then practise the rotisserie chicken yoga pose as you wing your way to Heathrow.

Instant deep sleep guaranteed.