

PRANDIAL PLEASURE

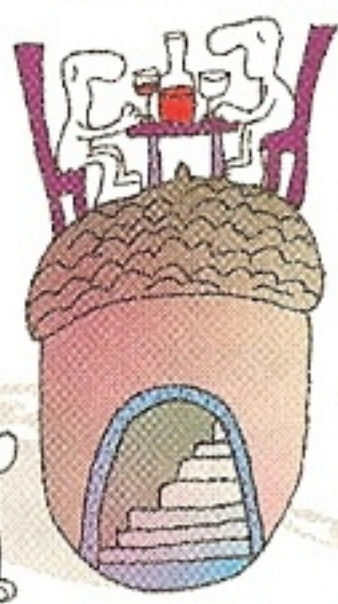
MIGHTY ACORN

I recently overheard a pale British Paris Hilton-lookalike whinge to her friend, "I'm so over global warming. I mean, you can't do anything fun without the green police cracking down." What's to whinge about? Green is the colour du jour. Even the wasteful hobby of eating out no longer need be a guilty pleasure – thanks to Acorn House, London's first environmentally sustainable restaurant.

It is built from organic and recycled materials, and recycles 100 per cent of its waste – leftovers are scraped into its wormery. Its chefs demand positive animal husbandry, avoid industrial farming and never use airfreight, importing by boat instead.

It's not like it used to be. When I was Mockney Hilton's age the only eco-chomping options were hippy joints that peddled mung beans and sawdust muesli. The smell stained your clothes for weeks. Acorn House, by contrast, is pristine and airy. Its interior is a Philippe Starck-designed forest with green chairs and sleek dark wooden tables.

Choosing what to have from its



seasonal menu is the greatest challenge: pea, mint and zucchini soup, duck confit or chargrilled lamb? But the food is

richly rewarding – the fresh mozzarella salad oozed its way off a gastro porn spread while the Kentish rosé had no Margate undertones, showing that worthy can be tasty.

I'd been warned about the service after a friend saw a waitress slop a meal down a customer's back – Acorn House doubles as a training school. But I witnessed no such spillages on my visit. The founders hope that out of acorns great oaks will grow and if ethical eating is as tasty as this, they may be proved right.

Emma Jacobs

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