



James West

I recently moved from London to Oxford to be closer to the office. In London I had a short walk to the Tube, picking up a copy of the *Financial Times* en route, which I'd stash away for the 90-minute journey home. On the tube I had four minutes to read the *Metro*.

On the train I would check my e-mail on a PDA and cell phone. It works using infra-red, which means you have to hold the phone upside down in your teeth while squinting down at the screen and trying to get the fiddly connection settings right. I ditched that pretty quickly and used the time to plan my day.

My weekdays are mainly Alamy-related, but we subscribe to the main industry journals (*Media Week*, *BJP*, *Creative Review*, *PDN*, *Communication Arts*) which I take home to read. For information online, I rely on Google rather than any dedicated websites.

On Saturdays I buy *The Guardian* and on Sundays I get *The Observer*. If my local newsstand stocked it, I'd probably buy *The New York Times*. I often see Alamy's pictures in the newspaper, which makes me boring company at weekends. "Look, it's one of ours!" I'll say excitedly, while those around me roll their eyes.

Nowadays, I have a short drive to work and time in the morning to listen to the *Today* programme on Radio 4. I try not to watch much TV, mainly because I have no self-control when it comes to watching bad movies that run into the early hours. If I'm home in time, I'll watch the *Channel 4 News* or *Newsnight*. I started watching *24* while on a trip to the US. It is gripping stuff, but I came back to the UK to find that some characters had risen from the dead. Like my PDA, I'm out of sync.

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