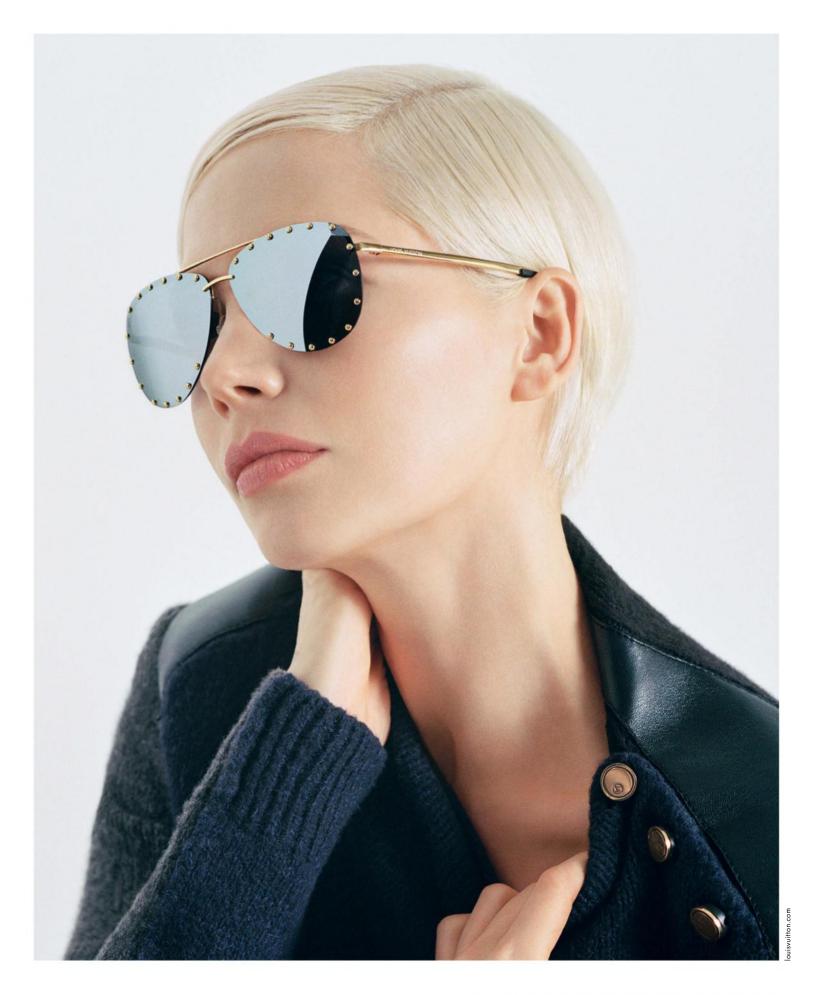
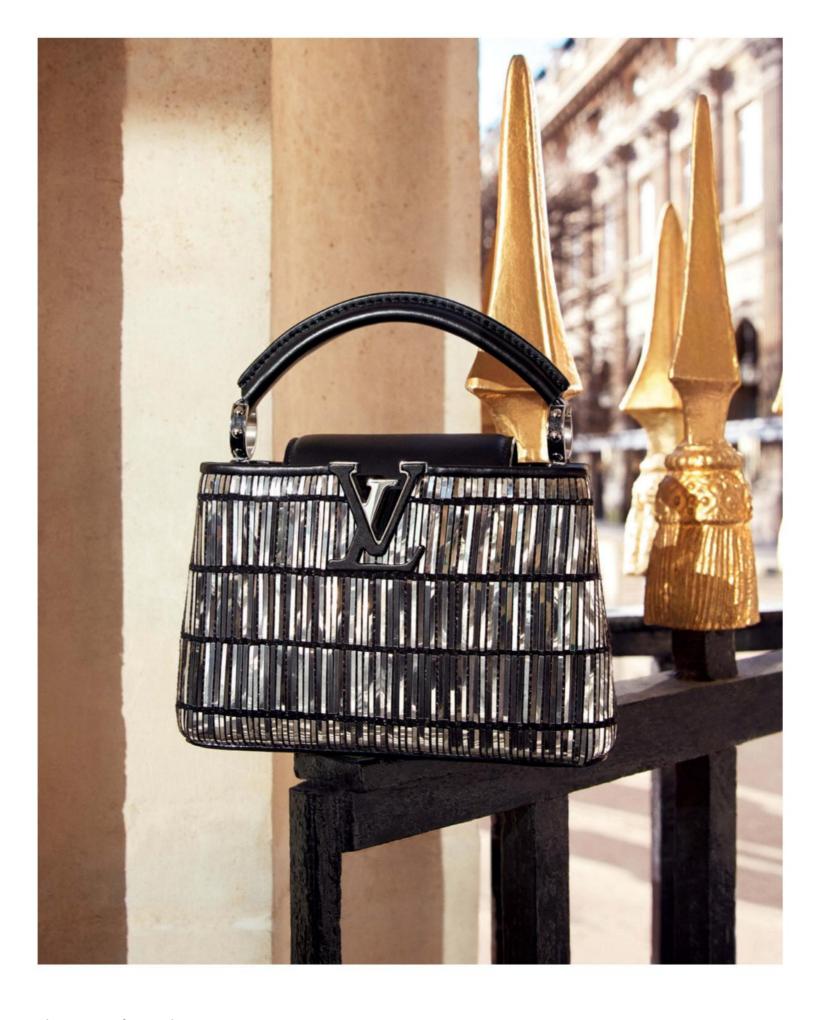


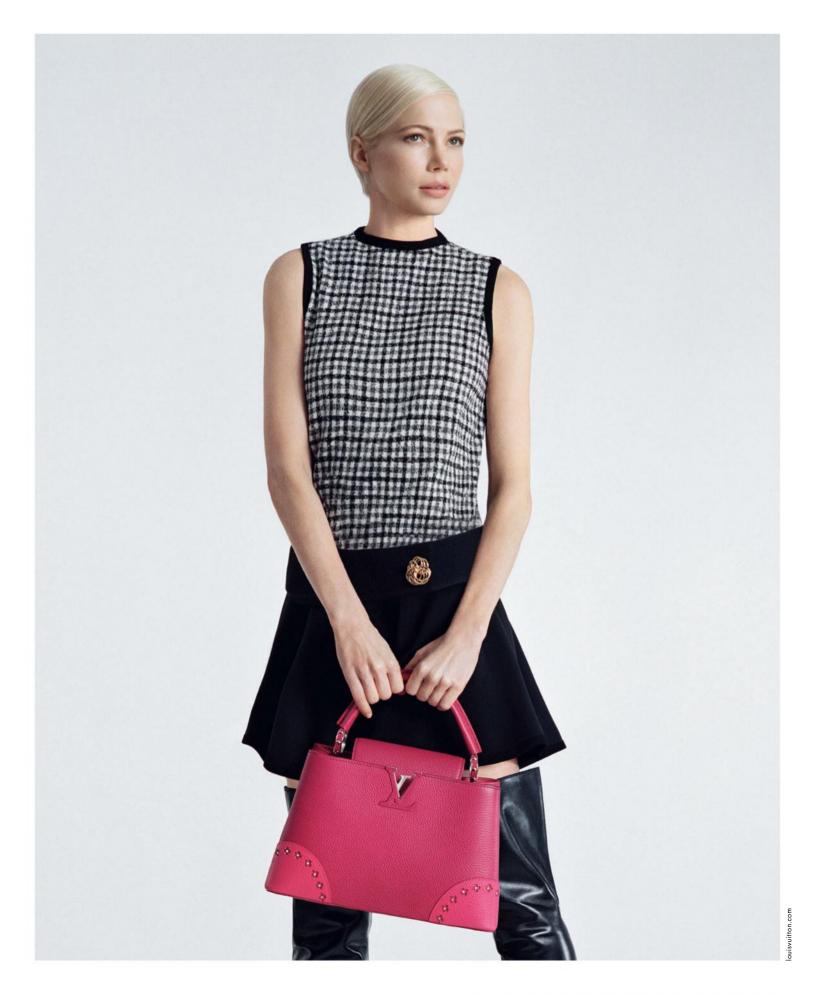


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ON THE COVER
Surfers at Praia da Cordoama,

Portugal (see page 106) **Photographed by**Oliver Pilcher

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#### EDITOR'S LETTER



There's something going on with the children. I can't work out when it started. But we have ended up here in the garden, screaming out our frustrations into jumpers I have stuffed into their mouths. It seemed like a good idea at the time, to stop all the constant bickering, for each of them to take turns and say, calmly and quietly, what annoys them about each other, then shout to

release. Ta-dah! But the list of annoyances has gone on and on, and some of us are crying – mostly me – and now I am screaming to get them to stop, and I don't even have a jumper.

These were my people. There was nothing I loved more than a weekend with my people: sushi and nature films on Friday night; followed by a gallery morning; lunch somewhere in a weird part of town; Saturday evening by the fire and shouting at the telly; Sunday roast in a pub with Shirley Temples, and colouring books, and Uno, and smiles.

I understand why the teenager has become a teenager, but why have the nine-year-old and the seven-year-old become teenagers at exactly the same time?

And now no one is helping me carry the solar system. A solar-system school project that has taken – mostly me – at least three weeks to construct. Saturn has lost its rings, Neptune has rolled off into a puddle and Venus – always a bore since, for some reason, instead of making it out of papier mâché like the other planets, we have painted an onion – is causing the system itself to buckle.

'Hold the glue,' I'm whispering to the little one as I transport the whole enormous cardboard contraption across the playground of staring children. 'Don't let Jupiter be next!'

Eventually we find the science lab and I set down the awkward load. I look at my daughters a tiny bit distraught, but meekly triumphant. 'I just want to go to class,' says the little one, dismayed. 'And we are late – again. We are always late.' 'Hurry then!' I say sweetly, but as I lean forward to kiss her, she recoils. I glance at the nine-year-old with a humorous complicit twitch of my eye – but she doesn't return the look. I notice instead that even though I re-did her high ponytail three times she's taken out the elastic – again. 'I wish you hadn't brought in this silly project. It's so annoying. And it's terrible.'

I gaze around the room at the other solar systems. The other solar systems, made with flashing lights and copper piping and infinite moveable parts, are obviously far superior. I turn back to the children with an expression as if to say, well, at least we gave it a shot. But both of them have gone.

This is the new issue of *Condé Nast Traveller*. For those who are going to take a sabbatical in Byron Bay and start a kids' clothing brand, which they will publicise on social media to huge international acclaim, thus funding a sensational lifestyle of deep aesthetic and soulful enrichment with gorgeous children who, it turns out, are not actually their own.

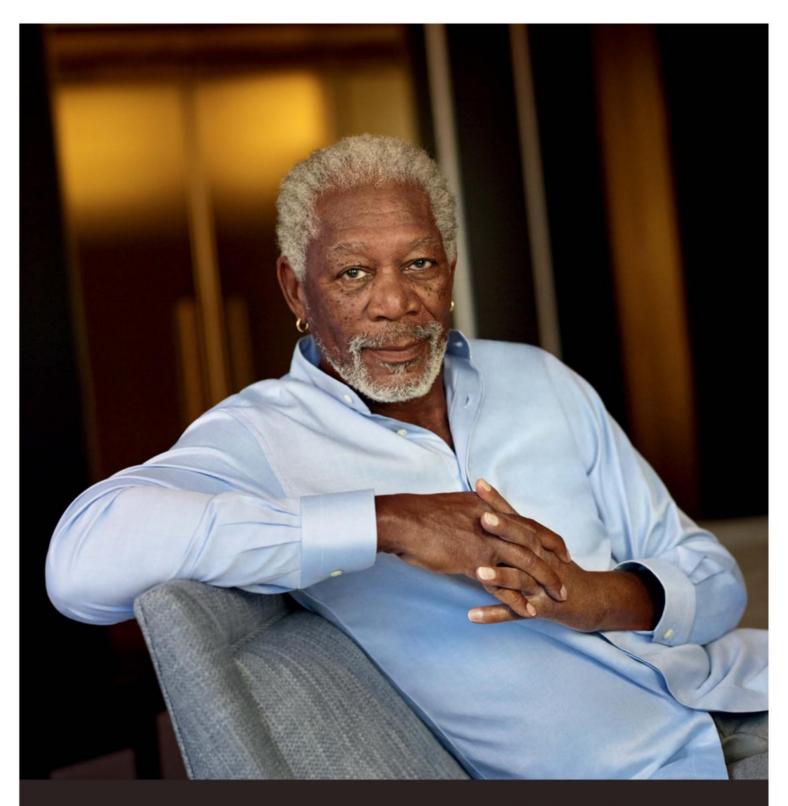
#### MELINDA STEVENS

**EDITOR** 



#### PPA COLUMNIST OF THE YEAR 2016

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He's a fan.



#### **CONTRIBUTORS**

#### THIS MONTH, WE ASK OUR WILY WANDERERS FOR THEIR ALL-TIME FAVOURITE MUSEUMS





Stanley Stewart Writer, Ngorongoro (p84)

'Full of the macabre and the absurd, Musée de la Préfecture de Police tells the story of Paris' famous criminals, such as Comtesse de la Motte, who nicked Marie Antoinette's necklace.' Stanley is the author of three award-winning travel books. When not in Outer Mongolia, he migrates between homes in Dorset and Rome

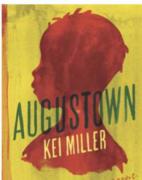




Oliver Pilcher Photographer, Portugal (p106)

'I remember visiting the National Museum of Scotland as a child and being amazed by the stuffed animals and huge whale skeleton. When I take my children now, it evokes that same feeling.' Oliver is re-opening his home town of Dundee's oldest brewery, Ballingall & Son, with profits going towards sport and the arts in the city





Joshua Jelly-Schapiro Writer, Jamaica (p26)

'Musée du Panthéon National Haïtien in Port-au-Prince tells the astonishing history of the first world nation founded by its slaves. There's also a rotating exhibition of Haitian art in the gallery.' Joshua lives in New York and is the author of 'Island People: The Caribbean and the World', out now





Francesca Syz Writer, Upstate New York (p46)

'The Barbara Hepworth Museum in St Ives – her studio is almost untouched since she died in 1975. It also has a subtropical sculpture garden, where I enjoy sitting on the bench by the summer house and snoozing in the sun like a cat.' A former 'Condé Nast Traveller' staffer, Francesca has been a freelance writer for 11 years





Stuart Ovenden Photographer, World on a Plate (p130)

'Whenever I'm in Paris I always make time to visit the Musée d'Orsay. For a former train station, it's stunning. I love the Impressionist collection – Monet's painting of the Houses of Parliament is pretty incredible.' *Stuart is a London-based food and lifestyle photographer* 





Tom Parker Photographer, Ngorongoro (p84)

'The Whitney in NYC's Meatpacking District is remarkable. Aside from the world-class art, the architecture never fails to blow my mind. The viewing platform is great and it's right next to the High Line.' Tom has shot in more than 80 countries; last year he flew the equivalent of around the world five times



# Russell Bromley



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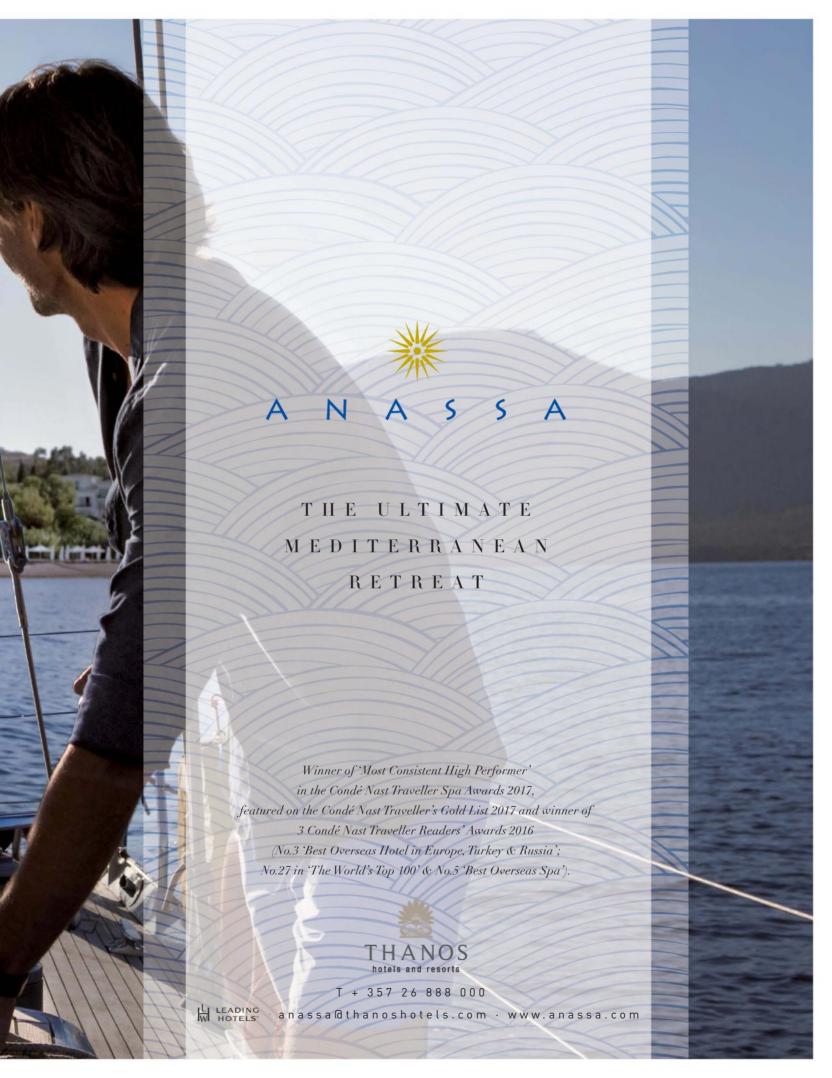
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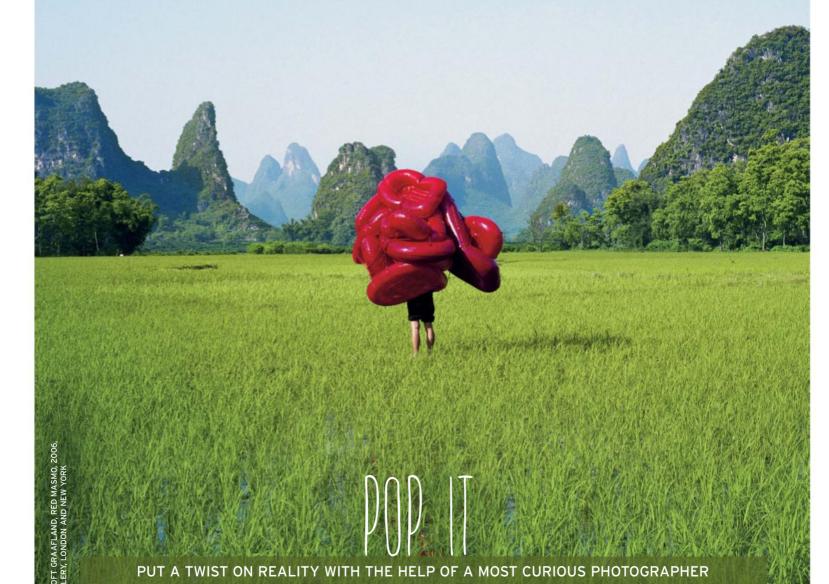
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# WORD OF MOUTH

ALL THAT'S NEW AND GROUND-BREAKING IN TRAVEL

EDITED BY IANTHE BUTT

April 2017 Condé Nast Traveller 21



A bottom in blue tights punctures the roofline of a mud house in Madagascar. Bowler hats hover above the salt flats of Bolivia. A farmer in China's Yangshuo mountains carries a shock of red rubber dinghies, pictured. Dutch photographer Scarlett Hooft Graafland can't help but add a surreal human presence to her images of vast wildernesses. The artist has staged moments of magic realism in the planet's most far-out places – and captured them in undoctored, analogue photographs for more than a decade. By immersing herself in community life in these extraordinary regions, Graafland always gains an understanding of the location before creating her Magritte-esque scenes. 'I capture how the landscape and culture manifest at that moment,' she says. 'But I also try to represent the fantastic and the irrational.' By using bright but incongruous objects – inflated condoms; balloons – she gives the pictures a trippy quality. Take them as they are and enjoy their odd comedy. JOHANNA DERRY Scarlett Hooft Graafland's work will be displayed at London's Flowers Gallery from 29 March to 29 April 2017 (flowersgallery.com)

#### WORD OF MOUTH





# GOLDEN TICKET

AN OFF-THE-CHARTS FESTIVAL IN THE BAHAMAS IS SHIMMYING UP TO THE COACHELLA CROWD



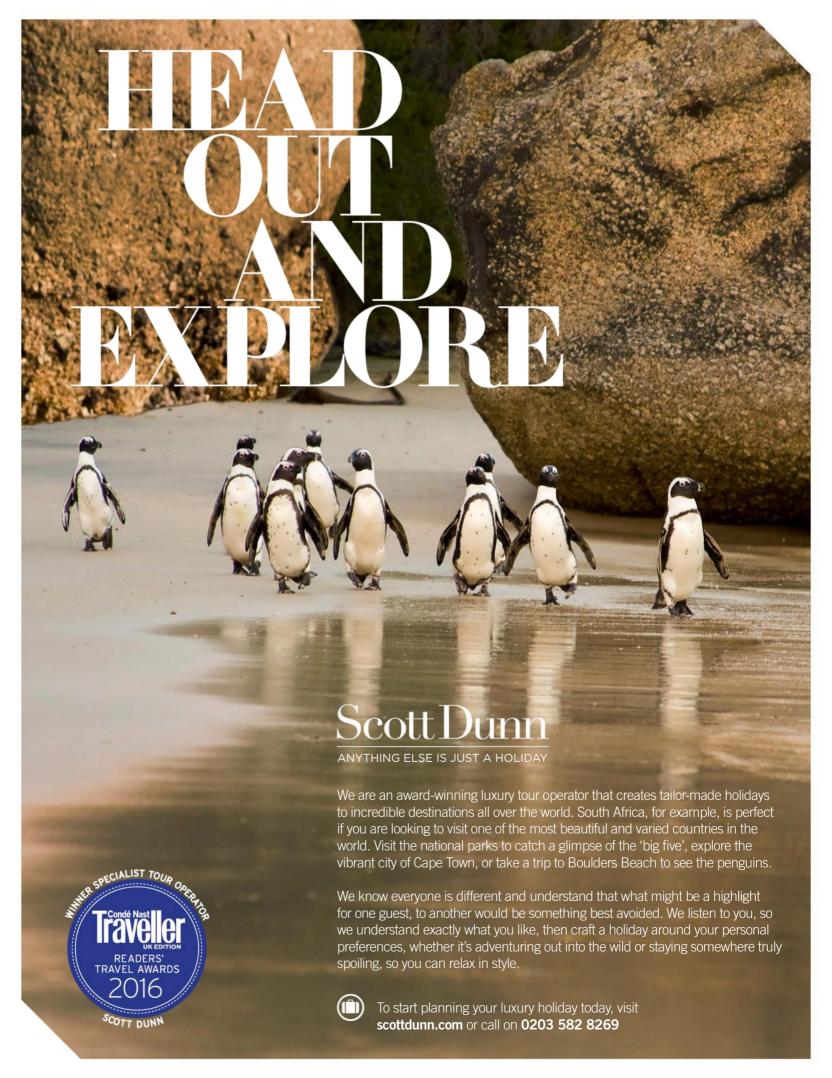
field. Wilderness in the UK has plush, heated Airstreams with bathrooms stocked with Neal's Yard potions. Private-jet service Burner Air flies the Silicon Valley set to £20,000 air-conditioned camps in the Nevada desert for Burning Man. Last year, Obonjan, a summer-long extravaganza set on an island in Croatia, launched with a mix of safari-style and bell tents dotted among the pine trees, and proper beds topped with tasselled blankets and macramé weavings on the walls. This April, Fyre Festival, a new private-island shindig in the Bahamas, will ramp things up again. Supermodels Bella Hadid and Kendall Jenner are already excitedly posting photos of their sneak-peek visit on Instagram, sunbathing and messing about on jet-skis. Naturally, tickets include a private-jet flight from Miami. Pop-up digs are courtesy of StudioMDA - the team behind Tracy Anderson and Gwyneth Paltrow's minimalist dance studio in NYC - and Studio Institute, which has designed 45 Grand, Nike's exclusive gym in the city. Stays range from smart canvas tents through to huge 'artists' palaces' in the VIP area, giving punters the chance to shoot the breeze with A-list stars. The full line-up is under wraps, but already confirmed are dancehall trio Major Lazer and electronic duo Disclosure, plus Kanye West and a range of acts from his GOOD Music label, which includes John Legend and rapper Desiigner. You can expect feasts from hush-hush top chefs, vinyasa-flow sessions on the beach and, most curious of all, an epic treasure hunt with the chance to win a piece of a private island - so you can host your own festival next year. BEN ALLEN

Fyre Festival (fyrefestival.com) runs 28–30 April and 5–7 May. Tickets cost from about £1,425, including a private jet from Miami to Fyre Cay and accommodation



Fyre Festival will be held on Fyre Cay, once owned by Pablo Escobar and the notorious pirate Blackbeard. Festival-goers can try their hand at jetskiing, snorkelling and extraordinary treasure hunts





# WORD OF MOUTH KEEP ON HE GRASS FOR HER NEW BOOK 'PARIS IN BLOOM', **PHOTOGRAPHER** GEORGIANNA LANE HAS SNIFFED OUT HER

#### Local legend SQUARE BOUCICAUT

'I always stay in the 7th arrondissement when I'm in town. Here, firmly off the tourist trail, is this mini arboretum with dozens of different trees, including a gorgeous, cotton-candy-coloured blireana plum. Sit for a while and watch the children play on the vintage carousel, chic shop girls gossiping on their lunch break and elderly ladies wrapped in huge fur coats clutching little dogs.' 1 rue de Babylone

**FAVOURITE SECRET** GARDENS IN THE CITY



#### Creative hidey-hole MUSEE NATIONAL EUGENE DELACROIX

'Place de Furstenberg is an eye of calm in Saint-Germain-des-Prés. The entrance to this petite walled garden is found off one corner of the square. Step through the doorway to find a petite walled garden with mint-green benches and a gravel path encircling a small lawn. The museum itself is set in artist Eugène Delacroix's last home, and this garden was where he used to paint.' 6 rue de Place de Furstenberg



#### Midnight rambler

#### SQUARE MARIE-TRINTIGNANT

'This tiny, usually deserted park in the Marais is covered by a canopy of magnificent Kwanzan cherry trees, which bloom with pink flowers in April. If you stand in the very middle you can glimpse the pointed turrets of one of the city's last medieval mansions, Hôtel de Sens, through the blossom. It's magical. Plus, most Parisian parks are locked up at night, but this one is always open.' 17 rue de l'Ave-Maria



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#### SQUARE DE LA TOUR SAINT-JACQUES

'At the bottom of the ornate Saint-Jacques tower is a specta-cular arch to wander under, and in the spring, all around it a star magnolia bursts into flower. During a few weeks of the year you can climb the former bell tower's 300 steps and look out across the city.' 39 rue de Rivoli

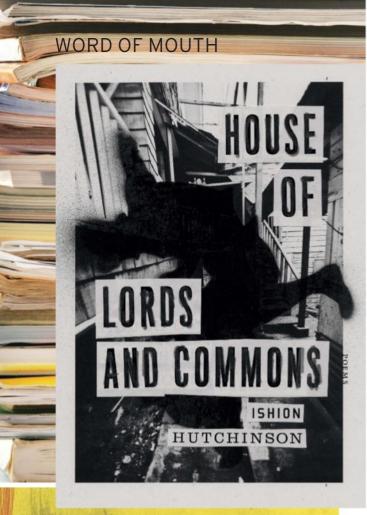
'Paris in Bloom' is out on 14 March (£12.99, Abrams Image)

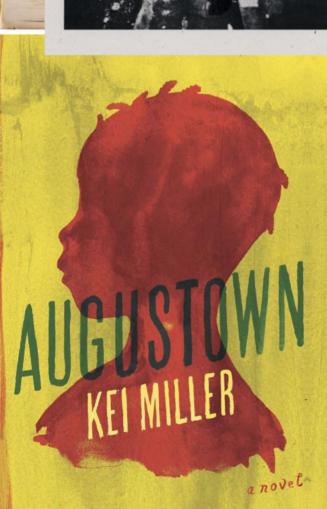


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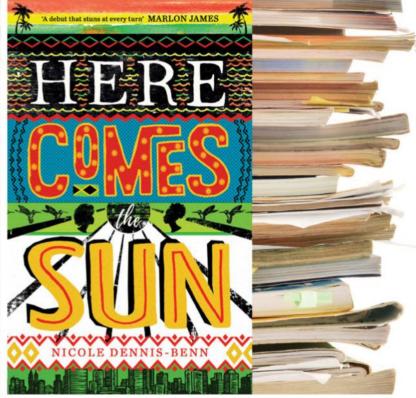








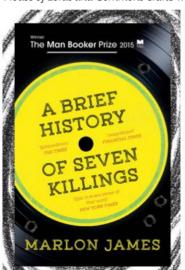
Writers such as Kei Miller, Ishion Hutchinson and Marlon James are starting a new chapter for Jamaican literature



# TITLE FIGHT

THE LATEST JAMAICAN HITS ARE OF THE LITERARY VARIETY, SAYS CARIBBEAN SCHOLAR JOSHUA JELLY-SCHAPIRO

Time was, if you mentioned Jamaican literature, most people would think of pirates, Defoe's Caribbean yarns and Ian Fleming's Dr No (and a bikini-clad Ursula Andress). A certain few might recall Russell Banks' brilliant coming-of-age story from 1995, Rule of the Bone, partly set on the island. Of course, Jamaica's 2.8 million inhabitants, most of whom descend from African slaves, know of its rich oral storytelling, captured by folklorist Louise Bennett in treasured texts such as Jamaica Labrish. Not many of the island's own writers, however, have gained worldwide recognition. Until two years ago, that is, when Marlon James, a young novelist of leonine talent, won the Booker Prize for his operatic work about the vibrant, impoverished landscape that shaped another dreadlocked Kingston boy, Bob Marley. A Brief History of Seven Killings is an epic tale of post-independence Jamaica, written entirely in its characters' own tongues. For example, 'From then all sorts bad guzum come to the Singer own house. Con man with con-plan in the same house where music need to vibe off pure spirit.' James's win opened eyes to the fact that Jamaica is having a literary boom of the sort unseen since West Indian writers such as George Lamming and VS Naipaul landed in London after World War II. Spearheading the movement are Kei Miller, author of last year's Augustown, a historical novel about the site of a doomed Twenties religious revival, and Ishion Hutchinson, who in House of Lords and Commons crafts world-class poetry in singing torrents of earthy

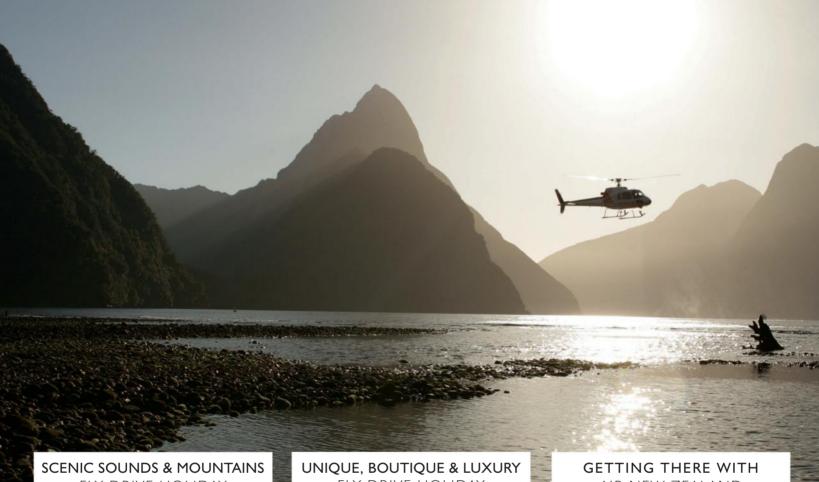


verse. Just published in the UK is Nicole Dennis-Benn's shining debut, *Here Comes the Sun*, set around the faded-pastel walls of a Montego Bay hotel. Her female protagonist is a front-desk clerk who loves women but sleeps with men to help put her sister through school. Dennis-Benn uses her to delve into the complex lives of women who keep the island society turning. It's 'a story that was just waiting to be told', according to Marlon James. A story that anyone visiting, and even those who are not, must read. 'Island People: The Caribbean and the World' by Joshua Jelly-Schapiro is out now (Canongate; £22)

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# ROOM BOOM

#### SIDESTEP SYDNEY TO FIND OUT HOW AUSTRALIA'S HOTELS ARE PUSHING BOUNDARIES

The past few years have seen a bumper crop of homegrown hotels sprout up Down Under: wilderness beauty Pumphouse Point in Tasmania, breezy Halcyon House on a beach north of Byron Bay and Notel's quirky Airstreams on a Melbourne rooftop. And yet there's more to come. Next month, Jackalope, pictured, opens with 46 smart and moody rooms in Willow Creek vineyard on the foodie Mornington Peninsula. The work of China-born, Melbourne-based Louis Li, it takes its name from a mythical Donnie Darko-esque creature, a cross between an antelope and a jackrabbit. The 28-year-old Li has tapped into some of nearby Melbourne's coolest names to create his first hotel. Rooms feature sleek bespoke furniture from Zuster and the deep, black Japanese bathtubs are lined with natural potions by The Hunter Lab, while cellardoor restaurant Rare Hare is designed by the folks who created Melbourne hotspot Chin Chin. Meanwhile over in Tasmania, the team behind the secluded Saffire Freycinet are launching MACq 01 on Hobart's waterfront in July. Each of the 114 rooms draws inspiration from local characters (inventors, explorers, heroes, convicts), as curious artefacts are mixed with contemporary design. And up in North Queensland's outback, set in the shadow of a striking sandstone ridge 10 times higher than Uluru, is Mount Mulligan Lodge, which opens this autumn. Guests will be helicoptered into the remote retreat's 12 cabins for outdoorsy adventures of barramundi fishing and jaunts to the Great Barrier Reef. jackalopehotels.com; macq01. com.au; mountmulligan.com



#### THE TRENDS TAKING OFF AND THOSE RUNNING OUT OF FUEL

#### X ARRIVALS 🚹

#### **SMACKED CUCUMBERS**

The humble salad veg gets its moment – smashed with a rolling pin so it can soak up those tangy-spicy Sichuan flavours. Try it at London's Chick 'n' Sours.

#### TAKE THE STAGE

Skip drama school. You can now buy a walk-on role at the Sydney Opera House for about  $\pm 3,000$ , but belting out your favourite aria is not encouraged.

#### **AUTO-TURNDOWN**

SmartDuvet is an app-controlled inflatable quilt that can straighten itself out after being slept under. But will it pop a chocolate on your pillow?

#### 💢 DEPARTURES 🛂

#### **FM RADIO**

Norway will be the first country to switch to digital-only broadcasting by the end of 2017, as old FM waves struggle to cross its vast fjords and forests.

#### MILLENNIAL DISCO

Move over hip young things, a club for 35s and older is set to open in NYC. On the decks? Classic tunes from the 1970s, 1980s and 1990s.

#### FLIGHT-ATTENDANT CALL BUTTONS

British Airways has filed a patent for a digital pill that transmits updates on passenger wellness to cabin crew, monitoring in-flight happiness. BEN ALLEN



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# ROAD TRIP



Sweet spring in Gothenburg, a gregarious tree-and-tramlined port on the west coast whose neo-classical and contemporary metallic façades reflect in its waterways.



We smuggle cheese and pickled cucumber crispbreads out of our Parisian-style hotel and speed through the mist to Alingsås with its wood-decked bookshops and cafés.



The North Sea's denim blue invites us for a wild swim before dinner in the clapboard-and-glass-cabin restaurant of the Gullmarsstrand Hotell.



Skipper Adriaan docks his boat on a private island for a pot of plump, apricot-coloured mussels in a solitary wooden hut with sheepskin rugs.

#### WORDS AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY LOUIS DE ROHAN.



Our Range Rover rushes past windmills, onto ferries and over bridges, crossing the water that carves through forests and fjords to reach rocky Marstrand island.



The pure air is paradise for swirling, luminous lichens. Simon is the amiable market gardener in the grounds of white-washed Läckö Castle pitched on Lake Vänern.



Tyres crunch among the soaring beech trees, curling ferns and baby Christmas trees sprouting like broccoli. Jelly fish dancing slow-mo in the crystal-clear lake are mesmerising.



Our last evening. Another hidden cove. We lie on our backs on a pontoon and stare at the sky. Ducks and geese glide around us. Swallows fly overhead.









#### VILLA MARIE OCCUPIES A SWEET SPOT AT THE SMALL AND INTIMATE END OF

Drinking rum before breakfast, the saying goes, doesn't make you an alcoholic. It makes you a pirate. Eating *pain perdu* that's been steeped in rum for breakfast, as I did the other day – actually, as I did every morning for several days while staying at Villa Marie in St Barth's – makes you an extremely spoilt and cheerful pirate.

Spoilt and cheerful is the only kind of pirate that St Barth's has ever had anything much to do with. And none more so than Rémy de Haenen, the moustachioed roué who put the island on the map.

De Haenen came to the Caribbean in 1938 after quitting the French merchant navy. Perceiving that a world war was imminent, he took stock of his options and decided to become the biggest smuggler in the region. Ships were too slow and conspicuous for his purposes, so he learnt to fly – in a single hour in Miami, he boasted. He was the first person to land a plane on St Barth's, having cleared a makeshift airstrip for that purpose. His near complete lack of flying experience may have been an advantage. If he'd known what he was doing, he might not have done it at all. The airstrip on which he landed is still, astonishingly, in use, one of the shortest and most awkwardly positioned commercial runways in the world, with a sheer, jagged hill-face at one end and the ocean at the other. Arriving by plane at St Barth's today is as much a source of childlike delight and abject terror as it has ever been.

After the war, and in between sabbaticals behind bars (but before becoming mayor of the island), de Haenen built a house just around a picturesque bend in the coast from his airstrip. He called it Eden

Rock. Various friends and friends of friends came to stay with him there – Rockefellers, Rothschilds, Greta Garbo, Howard Hughes, the Begum Aga Khan. By the beginning of the 1960s St Barth's was well on its way to becoming quite the chicest island in the Caribbean.

Socially speaking, it has continued, if not exactly to evolve, at least to broaden its appeal to the international rich and famous. As one long-time resident, quoted in *Vanity Fair*, put it: 'It's like the whole island is Studio 54 at its peak.' Like Studio 54 at its peak, St Barth's is a broad church. There's room, and rooms, here for all types – except, perhaps, those on a budget. Villa Marie occupies a sweet spot at the small and intimate end of the spectrum: pretty and cosseting, not flashy or forbidding. Although the serried sun loungers of





#### THE SPECTRUM HERE. IT'S PRETTY AND COSSETING, NOT FLASHY OR FORBIDDING

the Isle de France on Flamands beach are clearly visible from the hilltop around which Villa Marie curls near the northwestern tip of the island, all that seems light years away in terms of style and scale.

Here the 21 suites and villas are woody, whitewashed and shuttered, with an abundance of ceiling fans, seashells and *Emmanuelle*-style rattan armchairs. Beds are vast and canopied, with elaborate headboards. Soft furnishings are printed with pineapples (which I found unfailingly happy-making), parrots (likewise, though something in their expression made me think they were laughing at me behind my back) and palm trees (dark, moody and weirdly haunting). Other features suggest influences from more distant shores: sideboards inlaid with mother-of-pearl; dreamcatcher-y wall hangings; Slim Aarons

prints. This spirit of playful eclecticism comes directly from Villa Marie's co-owner, Jocelyne Sibuet. Together with her exhusband Jean-Louis, and latterly with their children, she has built up the Sibuet brand into something of a mini-empire. It started in 1989 with the rustic-deluxe Les Fermes de Marie, in Megève. Now there are a dozen or so Sibuet properties scattered across France — and, of course, in the immaculate little French overseas collectivity of Saint-Bartélemy.

Villa Marie has an identically named sister hotel in St Tropez. 'Why so many Maries?' I asked Jocelyne over a glass of rosé by the pool in St Barth's. 'Alors, it was my grandmother's name, and it just seems right,' she said with a Gallic shrug. The rosé, I noticed, came from a Sibuet-owned vineyard, Le Domaine de Marie.

The ace up the hotel's sleeve is its restaurant. I loved its airy open-plan design, which makes it seem bigger than it really is, and the fantastic attitude of the staff, who are mostly French and all clearly delighted to be on the island. And the superlative *pain perdu*. But whatever you do, don't miss the *banane flambée*. It, too, is cooked in generous quantities of rum. Here's to you, Rémy de Haenen, you crazy *banane*, and your crazy-beautiful island. *Santé*. Arrrr!

Doubles at Villa Marie Saint-Barth cost from £400, including breakfast and transfers. +33 4 57 74 74 74; villamarie.fr. British Airways flies daily from Gatwick to Antigua. +44 344 493 0788; britishairways.com. Tradewind flies daily from Antigua to St Barth's. +44 800 376 79222; flytradewind.com

# **BED-HOPPING WITH JOSH HOLLOWAY**

THE STAR OF 'LOST' AND 'COLONY' AS WELL AS 'MISSION IMPOSSIBLE' SPEAKS TO FRANCESCA BABB



#### VILLA BORDONI, TUSCANY, ITALY

'A heck of an experience! My wife and I like to do cookery classes so we booked one here in the middle of Chianti. We cooked mid-afternoon, then later all the people in the class would sit together and eat what we'd made. At first everyone was shy, but after some vino we loosened up. Wine is life's grease.' villabordoni. com. Doubles from about £155



#### FOUR SEASONS RESORT PUNTA MITA, MEXICO

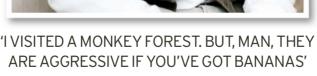
'Talk about a family-friendly hotel. It's great because the children have a blast, but they are safe. Have you ever been to a water park with a fake river to float in? Well, the Four Seasons has the fanciest version of that. You get in these tubes and drift all around. The kids loved it. I loved it – it's the best swimming pool I've ever been in.' fourseasons.com.

Doubles from about £1,305



#### AMANDARI, UBUD, BALI

'This is how ignorant my Georgia ass is – I'd never even heard of Aman resorts before I stayed here, and they are good. The hotel is in the middle of the jungle, but Ubud is right there too, so I took a bicycle and went around town and bought a bunch of sarongs. My wife is from Indonesia, which is how we ended up at Amandari. I would love to take credit for finding these hotels, but it's all my wife. She's a genius.' aman.com. Doubles from about £645





#### MANDARIN ORIENTAL HYDE PARK, LONDON

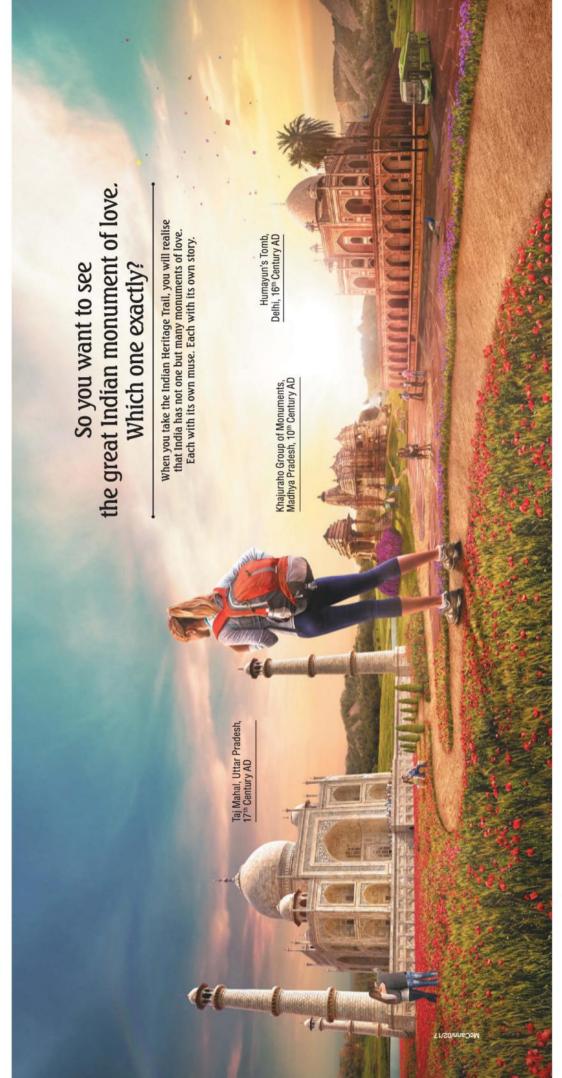
'I was on an advertising job and they put us up in an insane room – like a house. Yoko Ono was across the corridor. My wife and I got to stay on at the end of my job and really enjoy the place, order anything we wanted. I love an English breakfast, so I went for the whole thing. Then we would grab a bottle of wine and sit out in Hyde Park.' mandarinoriental. com. Doubles from £420

Josh Holloway stars in season two of 'Colony', coming to Sky 1 soon

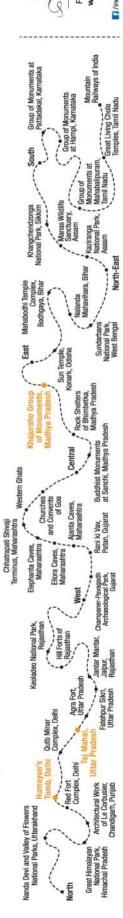
# HYDE PARK, and they put like a house. corridor. My

bagnols.com. Doubles from about £215





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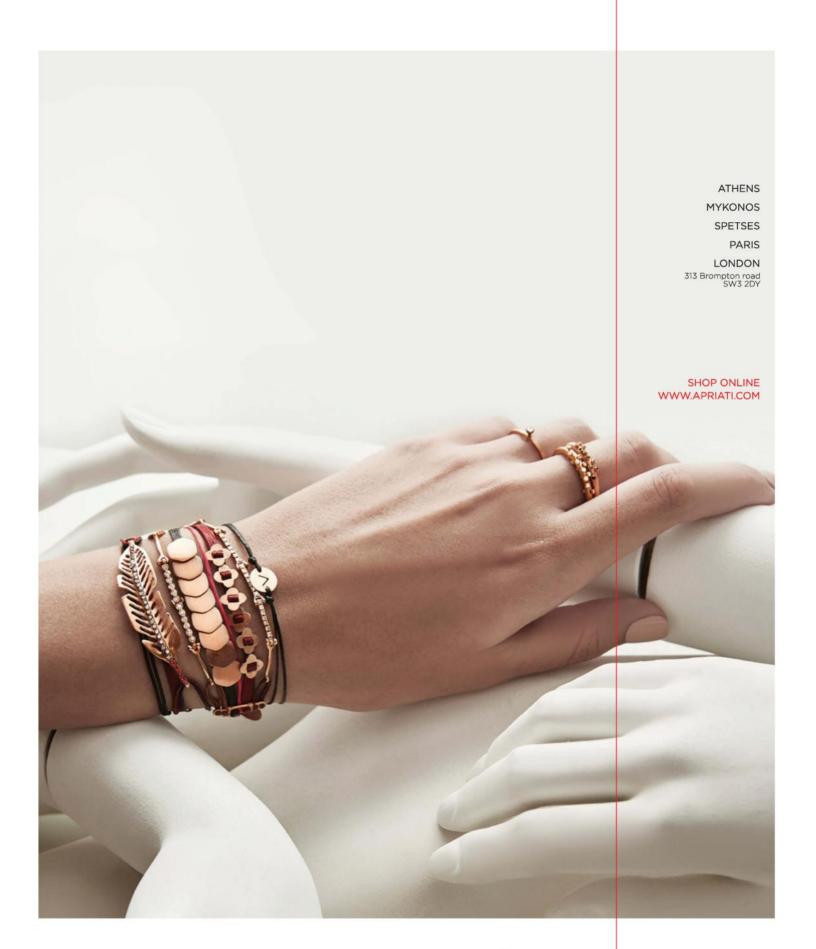


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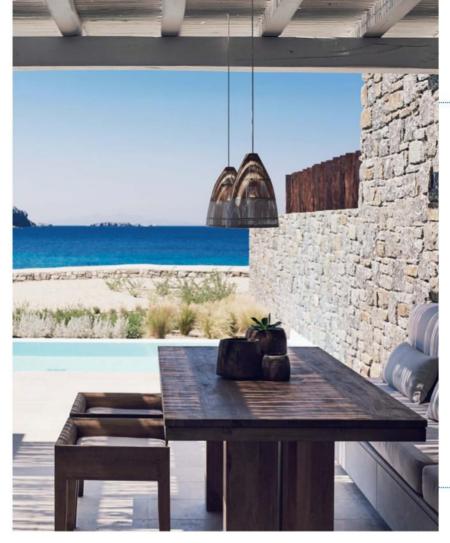
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#### BILL & COO COAST

Back in 2014, Mykonian hotelier Theodosis Kakoutis worked with hip Athenian architects K-Studio to begin a radical overhaul of the original Bill & Coo, upping the ante from unassuming honeymoon hideaway to super-slick hangout with a buzzy vibe. Last year, after an impossible-to-turn-down piece of land became available on the Agios Ioannis peninsula, he opened Bill & Coo Coast, a gorgeous, suites-only hotel overlooking a perfect crescent of sand. Built in rugged stone, bleached wood and cast iron, it feels a lot more private and peaceful than its sibling; a place for A-listers to unspool rather than party. Each of the 15 lovely bedrooms has secluded terraces and is done out in a cool, calm colour palette of light grey and powdery whites with the occasional jet-black vase thrown in for contrast. For lunch, old-school taverna staples have been given a light, modern makeover, with standouts such as humble but delicious sardines on bread, and slow-cooked rooster pasticada served with pasta and truffles. For dinner, guests can catch the five-minute transfer to the original Bill & Coo, whose chef Athinagoras Kostakos creates serious tasting menus with a strong Greek accent. Back by the pool at Coast, there are a couple of gazebos (one of which doubles as a therapy tent for outdoor massages), with views of the charming Greek Orthodox church of Agios Ioannis, where black-clad widows mourn on the steps and village lads scoot past on mopeds. +30 228 902 6292; bill-coo-hotel.com. Doubles from about £420

#### I YO

Just when you thought Mykonos didn't need another Japanese restaurant, up pops chef Nam Truong at this out-of-the-way new hotel. And guess what? He's turning out some of the best sushi on the island. The German banker-turned-chef trained in Japan, and his black cod with miso-yuzu buttercream and sensational tuna-belly nigiri are reason enough to brave the winding road to Lyo, which sits high on a slope above Super Paradise beach. Being removed from the intensely developed parts of the coast has allowed the owner, Tasos Zouganelis, to create a more sprawling hotel than is usual in the Cyclades; the 18 bedrooms are spread beneath a series of low-rise buildings, giving the feel of an intimate hill-top hamlet. Its pristine spaces have a kind of upscaled Nineties look, which makes a refreshing change from the boho-mania that dominates current hotel design, with unabashedly smart and contemporary wire furniture, and bright-white, skyblue and geometric colour schemes: the opposite, basically, of the murky modern palette. In high summer, Super Paradise's beautiful sandy bay, a five-minute stroll down the hill, transforms into a heaving, hedonistic party zone with crowds drawn to beach clubs such as the magnificently razzly Jackie O. Those who prefer to sip rather than spray their Champagne will probably plump for Lyo's super-quiet, open-air bar with sublime sea views. +30 228 902 2535; lyomykonos.com. Doubles from about £210













#### **WAVFS**

Above the beach in Korfos Bay, on a narrow isthmus in the south-west of the island, brightly coloured kites fly through the air like brilliant birds of prey hitching on a thermal. The beach below may not be the prettiest on Mykonos, but its horseshoe shape and exposure to the northern winds make it one of Europe's best spots for kite-surfing. How clever, then, for bornand-bred Mykonian George Syrianos to turn the land where he once grazed his goats into the first hotel on the island aimed squarely at wave-riders. It's a laid-back, hands-off, DIY kind of place where all eight suites are accessible straight from the beachside pool area, meaning there's no lobby to drag your board through, no carpets to drench with your kit. Unsurprisingly, this chilled approach goes down well with young families, and the interiors are fittingly pared-back and solid; whitewashed rooms are made homely with chunky wooden furniture and gauzy curtains. There is no restaurant, but simple breakfast baskets are delivered every morning, and each suite has a fridge and hob to prepare meals using ingredients from the cluster of shops at the other end of the beach, which include a couple of good bakeries, an independent butcher and a surprisingly chic fishmonger. For more sheltered sunbathing, the bars and day-beds at Ornos beach are a 10-minute walk away on the other side of the isthmus, and Mykonos town is just a 10-minute drive. +30 228 902 6402; mykonoswaves.com. Doubles from about £190

#### **KENSHO**

With its snug, tucked-away bars and secret swimming pools, hot-tub grottoes and multi-storey sun terraces, Kensho feels like one of Escher's impossible fantasies lavishly realised as a boutique hotel, each surprise staircase leading to another unexpected delight. It is owner George Nikitidis's first hotel and he's picked a great spot up the hill from Ornos beach: close enough to walk to, but far away enough not to hear the bass from its beach clubs. The design is slick and contemporary, with lots of sliding glass doors, white walls and adult-sized wicker bassinets by the pool. Each room is subtly individual; some have freestanding baths, others plunge pools on the terrace, and all have a different signature piece by first-rank Italian furniture-makers such as Riva 1920, Baxter and Mogg. The open-sided restaurant is heavy on attention-grabbing touches - vast metal light shades, plate-glass tables - which keep pace with chef George Stylianoudakis's high-concept food, including dishes such as red mullet with artichoke. The body-beautiful crowd lounge decorously around the pool, or in the spa, with its low-lit treatment rooms where therapists practise reiki. +30 228 902 9001; kenshomykonos.com. Doubles from about £525





### THE WEEKENDER

# THE HOWARD ARMS ILMINGTON, WARWICKSHIRE

WHY STAY? Because this is on the beautiful but more obscure northern fringes of the Cotswolds, and waking up in sleepy Ilmington – the pub runs along one side of the village green – feels a bit like getting a great, big, honey-coloured bear hug.

WHY NOW? April's a glorious time to visit, just as the pub's many hanging baskets and climbing roses are starting to flame into life. Wait a few more weeks and you can have lunch in the garden. It's also a marvellous time of year for walking, whether a gentle stroll through the village to the ancient church of St Mary the Virgin with its original Norman tower, or a circular walk up Ilmington Hill to one of the highest points in Warwickshire, skirting cornfields and rolling pastures. On fine days, it is possible to see all the way to the Malvern Hills.

WHAT IS IT? A recently revamped 400-year-old inn with eight bedrooms just a 15-minute drive from Stratford-upon-Avon. It's the sort of place where a fire burns in the grate year-round and a deliciously dusky half-light saturates every leather-armchair-filled corner.

by a pub group called Little Gems, The Howard sat rather neglected until 2015 when it was snapped up by a group of locals, including two farmers, whose wives re-worked the interiors. Keeping its original wonky beams, polished flagstone floors and enormous fireplace, they've added pretty textiles in vibrant colours, botanical wallpapers and a colour palette of Farrow and Ball's Oxford Stone, Elephant's Breath and other earthy hues. Old maps, watercolours and black-and-white photos of village scenes – spot the Morris dancers – are hung throughout the inn.

SLEEP Of its eight bedrooms, the four most traditional are above the pub and the others are in a newer stone annexe. From the latter, I loved the Oak Room with its hand-carved four-poster bed; in the original building, the small, powder-blue Old Beam Room is particularly charming.

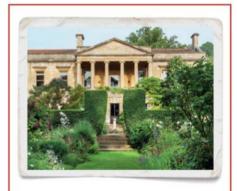
EAT The excellent food makes the most of the bountiful local ingredients, and is served in the main bar and in a slightly more formal mezzanine dining area, crowned by two large lanterns shaped like vintage street lamps. Chef Gareth Rufus is impressively adventurous, creating dishes such as goat's-cheese-and-chive soufflé and a brilliant Moroccan spiced tagine. Even better are his Howard Favourites, including burgers with smoked bacon and cheese, and sticky toffee pudding. There are excellent Cotswolds cask ales on tap and a good wine list – try the robust Malbec from Mendoza and the crisp, white Albariño from Galicia. Breakfast is limited to a small range of fruit, yogurt and cereal, embellished with a wondrous smoked haddock and poached eggs.

WHO COMES HERE? Locals; Londoners and other urbanites needing a Cotswolds hit; Shakespeare fans wanting to add another dimension to a theatre break.

WE LIKE Its obvious popularity with the villagers and the fact that manager Rob Jeal likes to say it's a pub that does really good food, rather than a gastro-pub.

WE DON'T LIKE Being left delicious chocolate-chip cookies by the bed. Ruinous on the waist.

CONTACT +44 1608 682226; howardarms. com. Doubles from £110 FRANCESCA SYZ



#### **OUT AND ABOUT**

Bag up Fowlers cheese truckles, peppery farm sausages and crumbly fudge at Ilmington's Community Shop and Café on, wait for it, Grump Street. Ramble through the grounds of Hidcote, home to the most influential Arts and Crafts garden in Britain, and Kiftsgate, *above*, known for the world-famous Kiftsgate rose. In pretty Chipping Campden, head to the 17th-century market place and the Old Silk Mill, an artists' co-operative and exhibition space.





# WHITTLE ME THIS

A RUSTIC CAMP IN UPSTATE NEW YORK WAS BUILT FOUR GENERATIONS AGO BY AN AMERICAN PSYCHOANALYST MENTORED BY JUNG. GO WITH YOUR OWN CREW OF PIONEERS TO REACH A HIGHER STATE OF CONSCIOUSNESS

BY FRANCESCA SYZ. PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIM EVAN-COOK

My Family has had this big old camp on a lake in the Adirondacks for a hundred years. It's so far north, you hit Canada if you carry on up the road for half an hour. I've been coming here all my life.

My first memories of it – aged about six – are of gnarled tree roots breaking through soft, cool moss beneath my bare feet as I wander through the shady forest. Of enormous blueberries growing rampantly along every path. The mournful call of loons to their mates across the lake at dawn and dusk. The thwacking of screen doors. The clacking of woodpeckers. The fragrant furl of wood smoke from the kitchen chimney as a giant bubbling lasagne is dragged out of the ancient stove and a fat salmon is brought up from the fire pit by the lake. The ringing of the old dinner bell, which means 'Stop what you're doing, it's time to eat'. Guitars and folk songs by softly dancing kerosene light led by our inimitable friend Jack Galt. Falling asleep in my cabin humming 'Goodnight Irene'. I grew up with this camp as my special place to get away from it all, and after all this time, it's still unmatched by any other place in the world.

There is something joyous about a full camp, everyone busy, and here there is always a project underway: a roof to replace, a screen door to mend or red-maple saplings to hack back from paths. There are canoes and kayaks to paddle along the shoreline, fishing rods to catch perch from the dock in the early morning as you juggle a coffee mug and breakfast pancake plate, and waterskis to skim across the mirror-still surface of the lake in the late afternoon. Behind all the cabins, on the edge of the woods, there is a beautifully tended badminton court, a totally overgrown tennis court and, if you head even further back, the faintest outline of a softball pitch, not used since the 1950s.

One of my father's earliest memories is of a steamy Friday evening in July 1947 at the Grand Central Oyster Bar in the

vaulted bowels of New York's most glorious train station. Our family and close friends – a dapper if slightly eccentric-looking collection of about 10 men and women, plus a couple of children including my dad – had gathered to await the departure of their train. For my father, it was the start of an impossibly exciting journey to a wild and remote place.

The overnight train they were waiting for was bound for Montreal. In the early hours of the morning, having reached the lakeside town of Plattsburgh in the northern reaches of Upstate New York, a carriage containing the still-sleeping passengers would be detached and left in a siding while the rest of the train continued on its journey. On waking, it was a bus ride to the lakeside town of Merrill, where someone would be waiting to whisk them across the water in one of the camp's two powerboats.

The camp was built by my great-grandfather, Trigant Burrow, a Baltimore-based psychoanalyst and a founding father of group analysis. So dedicated was he to his calling that, after a chance meeting with Sigmund Freud and Carl Jung at Hammerstein's Roof Garden on 42nd Street in 1909, he uprooted his family and moved to Zürich so he could train with Jung.

My great-grandfather always managed to surround himself with interesting characters. DH Lawrence, with whom he corresponded for several years, reviewed one of his books, *The Social Basis of Consciousness*, declaring that it should be read by 'every man interested in the human consciousness'. Another friend was Alys Bentley, a wild-haired dance teacher in Grecian robes and sandals who taught at Carnegie Hall studios. When the school year finished, Bentley would pack up and head north to her family home on Lake Chateaugay, where she ran summer camps in eurythmics (rhythmic dancing to music as a form of therapy). And this is where my great-grandfather met her in 1914.

Opposite, clockwise from top left: a sleeping cabin at Lifwynn Camp that was originally a study; a collection of fungi on the mantelpiece in the dining room – the owners have a tradition of signing one at every family gathering; the writer's great-grandfather, Dr Burrow (on right), and one of his close associates, Mr Shields, at camp in 1949; study circa 1925; a noticeboard in the dining room; a silverware tin in the kitchen

#### WAY OF LIFE

Trigant was immediately smitten with the place, and went back the following year to buy 15 acres of land on a secluded cove on the west side of the lake, backed by miles of immaculate pine, fir and maple forest. The only way to arrive or leave was by boat and it felt thrillingly cut off from the rest of the world. That same year my great-grandfather built his first cabin – now known as The Bungalow – and over the next decade he added a kitchen and dining room with a big stone fireplace and more sleeping cabins. Each is a simple wooden shell in its own private spot beneath the shadowy forest canopy with a wood-burning stove, desk, shelves, Shaker rocking chairs, army beds and big steamer trunks bulging with thick woollen blankets. It had no electricity or running water, but it did have a natural spring, which provided good, clean drinking water. He called it Lifwynn Camp ('joy of life' in Old English).

I suspect my great-grandfather sold the idea of Lifwynn to his wife as somewhere lovely for the family, but he soon had other ideas and it gradually morphed into a research station for his psychological theories, for which he gathered together a group of analysts and patients to live communally for the summer. Yet he always took his family and entire household: his wife Emily and their children Jack and Emily (my grandmother), and staff, including the cook Emma, housemaid Geneva and much-loved kitchen hand Otis. While the grown-ups spent much of their days locked in debate, the children were free to scamper after chipmunks, leap into the lake, fish, play croquet, badminton and softball, chase butterflies or lie in the middle of the lawn listening

#### WHILE THE GROWN-UPS SPENT MUCH OF THEIR DAYS LOCKED IN DEBATE, THE CHILDREN WERE FREE TO SCAMPER AFTER CHIPMUNKS OR LEAP IN THE LAKE

to crickets. In the early 1940s, he even ran a kids' camp at Lifwynn, alongside the research centre, to help fund his work.

These summer gatherings remained an annual event until the early 1950s, when my great-grandfather and several of the core group behind the foundation died in quick succession. For the next 20 years, Lifwynn was only rented out for a few weeks each year by a group from New York City (incredibly, their descendents still come) and was very occasionally visited by my grandparents, or their dear friends and research associates, the Galts. But for my grandmother, camp had become a sad reminder of all the people who were no longer around, and she eventually stopped going altogether.

And so a silence fell over the place until the mid 1970s, when my uncle Stephan and aunt Linn spent several long summers saving it. Remarkably, while every cabin needed new foundations, only one – the cook's quarters – was beyond salvaging. By 1977, Lifwynn Camp was up-and-running again and my mum and dad – now living in London – began taking me and my brother Jo back to the USA, and to our camp, every summer.

The Adirondacks are now considerably more built-up, but there are still swathes of wilderness. Like many unspoilt, beautiful places, they underwent a familiar metamorphosis. First, the

Clockwise from top left: the porch at Bungalow; a horsehoe game dating from around the 1940s; Emily (the writer's grandmother), Johnny (her father) and his cousin Penny in 1950; a display of fungi and a red desk in the dining room; Emily dancing on the lawn in 1935; a stone arch at camp; Johnny and Emily in their boat; Bill Galt, family and friends in 1948







➤ hunters came, the artists and the writers, next the academics and wealthy families with long summer holidays. And then, of course, the builders of those Great Camps; the rich city dwellers for whom experiencing the outdoors meant buying a piece of it, constructing a compound with ballrooms and bowling alleys and then using it as a place to throw lavish society parties. These are mostly hotels now.

But I'm proud of the way our camp has remained unapologetically rustic and remote. Take getting there. It's a six-hour drive from Boston, then an hour by ferry across Lake Champlain to Plattsburgh (you can also fly from Boston in 45 minutes, as we did last summer, but that's for sissies). The final part of the journey is still by motorboat from our moorings in the narrows (a river-like

# AFTER WHIPPING ROUND A POINT, THERE IT IS: THE RED ROOF OF THE DINING ROOM, THE JETTY, CAMP. I STILL GET A HEART-FLUTTER AT THAT FIRST GLIMPSE

stretch connecting Upper and Lower Lake Chateaugay). Until two years ago, there was no mobile-phone signal at all, so we'd have to pre-arrange a time to be collected by boat from the dock. It's easier now there is (admittedly patchy) coverage.

The motorboat ride across the lake takes about 15 minutes. Then, after whipping round a point, there it is: the red roof of the dining room peeking out between the trees, the dock, the jetty, camp. I still get a slight heart-flutter at that first glimpse. Camp was passed down to my dad, his brother and their cousin Penny. Today, it belongs to 15 of us: all family members or Galts, plus a

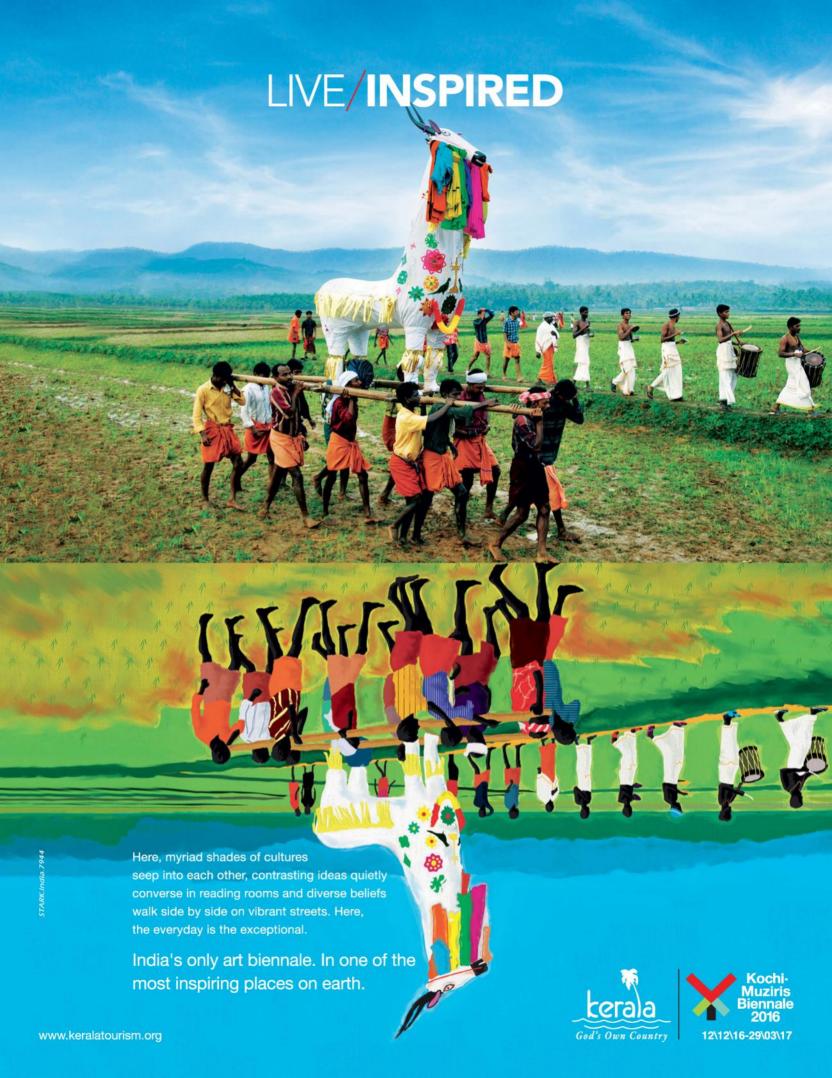
couple of new kids – young friends who have been coming as guests for years and just get the place. We are all, collectively, entrusted with keeping it going for the next 100 years.

And so life at camp trundles along. The cabins are still lit by kerosene lantern and heated by wood-burning stove, and it's up to you to extract the required number of thick army blankets from the trunk to keep snug. This often involves putting on more layers of clothing than you take off when you first get in, but eventually you'll be warm as toast. We have, however, gone fancy on the fridge. The ice box, kept chilled in the old days with huge blocks of ice sawn from the frozen lake in the dead of winter, has been replaced with the 'springerator', a large metal tub of an outdoor fridge, kept cold all summer long by being submerged in an even bigger tub, through which spring water constantly flows. We now also have hot water in the kitchen, and a solar panel on the woodshed roof means there is some lighting.

We rent Lifwynn out for a few weeks each summer to help cover the costs; trickier than you'd think because it takes a certain type of person. Firstly, you need to hire and feel confident about driving your own motorboat (we can recommend reliable local firms). Not fazed? You also have to be OK with going to the loo in an old-fashioned outhouse. And happy about bathing by jumping into the lake with a bar of soap – Ivory, because it floats – and with lying in your cabin in total, inky blackness when you turn off your torch at night. It may not be one of the Adirondacks' fancy Great Camps but, to us, it remains a great, great camp.

Lifwynn Camp (lifwynncamp.com) costs from about £1,500 per week. It sleeps up to 22 people in 10 cabins

Clockwise from left: Bungalow is now used as a rainy-day room, with an antique gramophone, piano and other games; journals of the animals and plants spotted at camp; Emily on the dock in 1935; inside the Bungalow looking across to one of the most central sleeping cabins, called Lakeside because it is right next to the water; two women kayaking on the lake when they visited camp in the 1920s

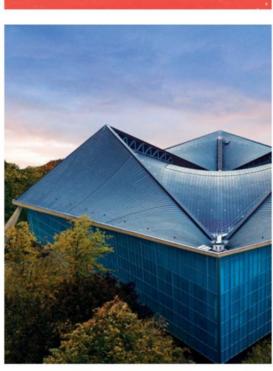














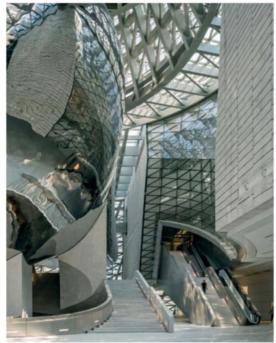




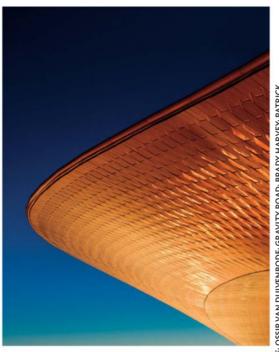


#### **SNAPSHOT**













# MUSEUMS

IT'S NO LONGER JUST WHAT'S ON THE INSIDE THAT COUNTS. THESE CULTURED DESIGNS ARE MAKING AN EXHIBITION OF THEMSELVES

Top row, from left: the dramatic entrance to the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto; red studs lining the interior of **Denmark**'s pop, rock and youth-culture museum, Ragnarock, were designed to resemble a velvet-lined guitar case; set on a former Soviet airfield in Estonia, the National Museum has a runway-style, slantedglass roof; shimmering porcelain tiles clad the auditorium at Music Hall and House in Algueña, Spain; the ceiling at the Museum of Contemporary Art & Planning in Shenzhen, China, filters daylight into the exhibition rooms, reducing the need for artificial lighting.

Middle row, from left: the anvil-shaped Museo Soumaya in Mexico City is covered in shiny aluminium tiles; the original, copper-skinned roof of the Commonwealth Institute was restored for London's new Design Museum; a huge staircase spirals up through the heart of Pierre Lassonde Pavilion in Quebec; designed by Swiss architectural studio Herzog & de Meuron, Switch House on London's South Bank is made of folded surfaces and latticed brickwork; inspired by rippling water, the undulating form connecting the grand terrace with the promenade at Lisbon's MAAT is coated in angled tiles.

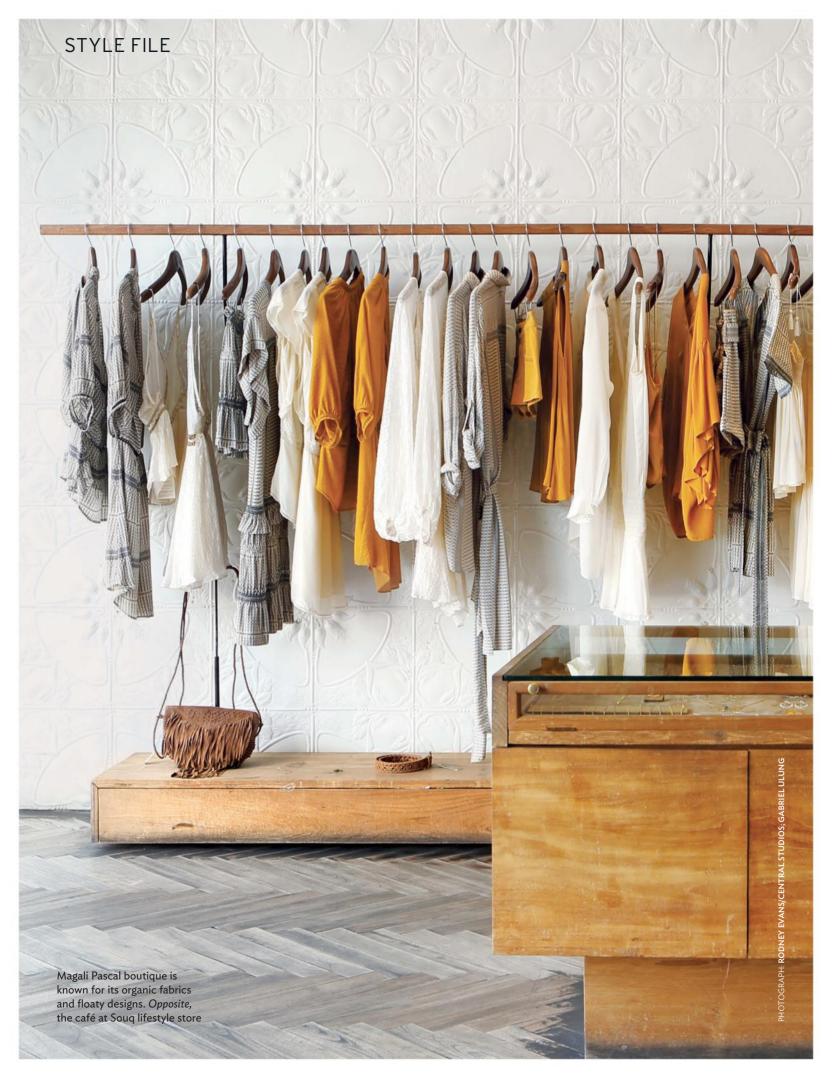
Bottom row, from left: Frank Gehry is the architect behind Fondation Louis Vuitton in Paris; filigree bronze plates covering Washington DC's National Museum of African American History are a tribute to traditional craftsmanship; golden panels stud the cantilevered surface of **Denmark**'s Ragnarock, referencing outfits worn by famous rock stars; curls of white concrete walls and a water-filled courtyard frame Museo Internacional del Barroco in Puebla, Mexico; it took 400 tons of structural steel to build the Museum of Pop Culture in Seattle. TABITHA JOYCE



# STYLE FILE FASHION-FORWARD NOTES FOR ALL SEASONS

### TAKE IT AWAY

Is there anything more deliciously frisky than a hotel disco? It hums with a kind of libidinous energy, the promise of pink drinks and holiday trysts. Dolce & Gabbana has captured its playful swagger with this, the latest super-coveted, artisan-built Dolce box bag. LED-illuminated and gloriously attention-seeking, it's Club Tropicana condensed into a single case. Never before has a handbag so demanded to be danced around. Box bag, POA, **Dolce & Gabbana** (dolcegabbana.com)











#### **ONE-STOP SURF SHOP**

Drifter is the place to go for all your beach needs. There are lovingly built wooden surfboards flown over from Danny Hess's collection in San Francisco, Outer Island single-fin designs, and boards by well-known Australian maker Dick Van Straalen who has been in the business since 1956. Thankfully, it also has items that will fit in a carry-on: stylish sarongs lined with terry towelling, handy bags for wet bikinis, pinstripe surfboard covers and a magnificent range of wave-related books, including a selection by the bard of the ocean, Australian writer Tim Winton. After you've shopped, hang out in the laidback coffee shop and juice bar sipping a super-berry smoothie with bee pollen while a reggae version of 'Karma Police' plays in the background. Jalan Oberoi 50 (driftersurf.com)

#### SWIMWEAR SUPREMO

Billed as Hawaiian Tropic meets the Orient, holiday boutique Thaikila stocks everything from Fifties-style bikinis to barely-there constructions with multiple strands of string, all by independent designers. The styles, fabrics and colours here are eye-catching and include candy-coloured neoprene sportswear and

intricately crocheted one-pieces with cutaways that look extremely odd on the hanger but amazing once on. *Jalan Raya* (thaikila.com)

#### **CRAFT COUTURE**

At Uluwatu boutique, bright holiday colours are shunned in favour of beautifully designed womenswear in a monochrome palette. Choose from formal shorts with scalloped edging, chiffon dresses with lace on the hem and collar, elegant linen shifts and demure silk shirts. The lace detail, handmade locally using foot-powered sewing machines, is exquisite; each garment takes at least three days to complete. There's also a range of cushions and bedsheets, all in white, with more of that soft, decorative trim. *Jalan Laksmana* (*uluwatu.co.id*)

#### **ACCESSORIES PLEASE**

For high-quality limited-edition leather designs, head to Le Petit Cartel. Star buys include boho handbags, python-skin wallets, and shawls fringed in grey, brown or black suede that can be looped into scarves. The shop also sells jewellery for men and women, including a range of chunky rings and more delicate silver bracelets. Jalan Kayu Aya 98X Oberoi (lepetitcartel.com)

# TRACK IT DOWN

YOU WON'T FIND THIS AT HOME

Canaan at Seminyak's Katamama hotel sells homeware, yoga clothes, bags, belts, scarves and wraps in hand-loomed textiles sourced from across Indonesia. There are also lovely ceramic bowls in stunning colours, and hot-pink plates with matching coffee cups (a set of four costs around £40). Staff can quickly wrap up breakables to take in your suitcase. Jalan Petitenget 51 (canaanbali.com)







#### LITTLE BALI DRESS

If you have room for only one extra item in your suitcase, it should be a Magali Pascal number. The island-based French designer whips up silk, linen, lace and ribbons into drop-waisted flapper creations, barely there camisole tops, floaty skirts and cool backless dresses. And with its sculptural light fittings and roomy Art Deco changing rooms, the shop is gorgeous too. *Jalan Kayu Aya Oberoi (magalipascal.com)* 

#### TOP FOR TOTS

After receiving compliments about the clothes she had made for her two daughters, long-term Bali resident Sue Hadinata launched her first Kidsagogo store almost 30 years ago. Today she stocks cactusprint shorts, spaghetti-strap jumpsuits and butterfly-print smock dresses for children. Surprisingly, there's also warmer gear that wouldn't be out of place in a New York snowstorm, such as button-up jumpers that could have been knitted by your grandmother. *Jalan Kayu Aya 29 (kidsagogo.com)* 

#### SO MUCH MORE THAN TRINKETS

For something truly special among Bali's many jewellery shops, visit Tulola, where New York-born Sri Luce Rusna draws on

centuries-old designs. Named after her daughter, the collection includes one-off bracelets and rings decorated with precious and semi-precious stones. *Jalan Cendrawasih* 2, *Petitenget* (shoptulola.com)

#### WHERE TO STAY

The exterior of Katamama hotel, made from 1.5 million handcut red bricks (no mortar), might look a little like a Sixties English comprehensive school but inside it's all mid-century modernist and Scandi cool. Each of the 58 rooms has its own little bar stocked with six infused spirits, cocktail equipment, mixers and a mixologist's book. When you check in, staff will fix up a welcome Mojito in your room. Downstairs, MoVida restaurant serves Spanish tapas with a tropical twist; try the anchoa -Cantabrian anchovy, croutons and smokedtomato sorbet - washed down with a Coco Loco mocktail served in a fresh coconut shell. Jalan Petitenget 51 (katamama.com)

The Ultimate Travel Company (+44 20 3051 8098; theultimatetravelcompany.co. uk) offers seven nights in Katamama from £2,050 per person, including breakfast, Singapore Airlines flights and transfers.

#### LOCAL KNOW-HOW

MADISON SETIAWAN

ART DIRECTOR AND VEGAN-CAFE OWNER

'For rich *pho* soups, crunchy summer rolls and sticky buns with lemongrass and ginger, I love the Vietnamese/Thai hole-in-the-wall Bo & Bun.'

'Before he retired and moved to the mountains, my father had a jazz and tapas bar. Now the space is home to lifestyle emporium Souq, which stocks petrified-wood cheeseboards, retro robot figurines and a quirky range of rattan homeware.'



'Our go-to family Sunday brunch spot, La Lucciola, has stayed true to its original seaside vibe since it opened in the 1990s. I love sipping a drink amid the tall palm trees that frame the ocean.'

Madison is the co-founder of Peloton Supershop (pelotonsupershop.com)



#### Share a recent travel discovery

Lauren: 'My best friend introduced me to Cadaqués in Spain and it has become one of my favourite places in Europe. It's a beautiful fishing village of cobbled alleys and hidden coves and I can't resist the food – go to Can Rafa for the best paella. I love wandering the streets and finding more espadrilles than I have time to wear. I can't get through summer without going there for a long weekend.'

#### What are your favourite places?

**Poppy:** 'Kahanda Kanda is a colonial-style boutique hotel hidden in the Sri Lankan forest and surrounded by tea plantations. The divine owner George Cooper greets you and immediately makes you feel at home. Spend lazy

Lauren: 'Beach House on Antiparos in Greece is my dream spot for mouthwatering fresh octopus followed by a dip in the crystal-blue sea. It's a holiday hangout for in-the-know European travellers, mainland Greeks and the odd celebrity. Tom Hanks has a home around the corner. Another island I love is Formentera. Head to the Blue Bar for sunsets and Can Carlos in Sant Francesc for magical suppers in the tree-shaded garden of a converted finca. The Champagne risotto starter is sensational.'

#### Your long-haul flight tips?

**Poppy**: 'I always pack a thick pair of socks, usually pinched from my boyfriend. I feel the cold, particularly on a plane, so I take at least two jumpers and a cashmere wrap. For night flights, I usually have a Joseph woollen hat too to prevent frostbite setting in. Our Asceno jersey sleep pants and T-shirt are great for travelling; the material is lightweight but the merino wool makes them warm. And I love oils, creams and potions, so I always have a plastic bag full

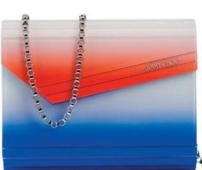
# GET THE LOOK:

# RAINBOW BRIGHTS

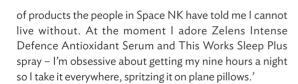
WE ARE FAR FROM OVER SPRING'S PUNCHY DOWNPOUR OF PRIMARY COLOURS

Clockwise from below: Grace leather box bag, £1,800, Mark Cross (net-a-porter. com). Gold-metal and PVC earrings, £1,290, Chanel (chanel.com). Gold lightning earring, £790, Anton Heunis (brownsfashion.com). Candy bag, £650, Jimmy Choo (jimmychoo.com). Ombrage hat, £365, Hermès (hermes. com). Sunglasses, £249, Céline (celine.com)









#### Where do you find inspiration?

Lauren: 'I grew up in a home where it was acceptable to have pyjama days! This must have planted the seed and my style has always been very relaxed and off-duty. My late step-father was an amazing eccentric who I admired and he lived in robes and pyjamas by Shanghai Tang. All my memories of him involve him rocking such outfits. For A/W17 we have drawn on menswear to create a collection with pinstripe, delicate geometrics and the masculine tailoring of his beloved robes.'

#### Best spots to shop and party?

**Poppy:** 'Coqui Coqui Perfumeria in Coba just outside Tulum is the most divine boutique. The scented candles are stunning; choosing which fragrance to have was so difficult I bought two. The crochet hammocks are also beautiful – if only I had an oasis to hang one in. And my favourite place to dance the night away is Scorpios on Mykonos; it's especially fun on Sundays when there's live music. Head there with girlfriends for early-evening Aperol Spritzes and enjoy the incredible people-watching.'

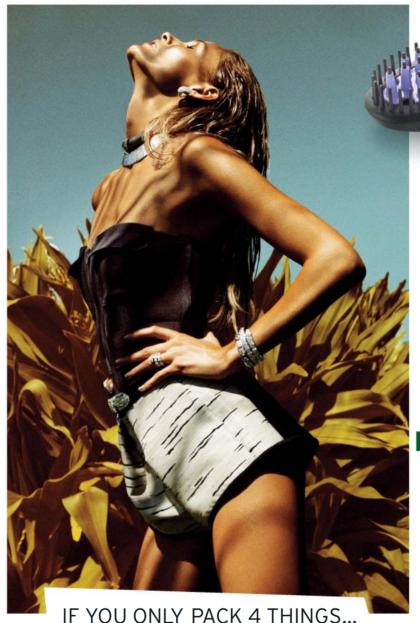
Asceno is available at asceno.com and selfridges.com





#### FOR DESERT HEAT

Nothing speeds up the egg-timer of age faster than dry heat. Thank heavens, then, for Chanel's Blue Serum, which keeps skin looking youthfully juicy. It's made with ingredients picked from the world's Blue Zones, (those places you see in documentaries where the locals not only live longer than anywhere else on the planet, but whizz around with bucket-loads of joie de vivre). Packed with antioxidant-rich green-coffee extract from Costa Rica, olive extract high in essential fatty acids from Sardinia and antiinflammatory lentisk seed from Greece, the formula boosts cellular metabolism. Layer it under SPF to plump up fine lines, irrigate dry patches and keep you from looking like an over-baked biscuit. £81; chanel.com



#### FOR EXTREME TEMPERATURES

OLIVIA FALCON'S FIXES FOR SIZZLERS AND DEEP FREEZES.



#### FOR ARCTIC CHILLS

When you need to get your circulation going, turn to Uma's Absolute Anti Aging Body Oil. Ultra-lightweight, it offers a far superior rub than a gloopy cream. It not only softens cracked heels and crepe-like skin, but also smells divine (the rose, sandalwood and neroli essential oils are farmed in India by a family who have been Ayurvedic physicians for centuries). Add a few drops to a hot bath, or as founder Shrankhla Holecek suggests, massage between toes and soles of the feet (a pressure point that helps ease insomnia) before popping on sleeping socks. £70; cultbeauty.co.uk

#### FOR TROPICAL RAIN

After mad monsoons it gets so humid that hair wants to kink, frizz and go rogue. Step up Dafni Go, a genius heated hairbrush that untangles the wildest-looking bird's nest in a matter of minutes. Quicker to use than straighteners, it smooths hair without flattening roots. The secret is in the flexible bristles that have heated springs to help it glide along the scalp, creating oomph. My top tip to give fine hair brilliant, glossy bounce is to brush upside down from root to lengths a couple of times. Did I mention it's dual voltage? £99.95; harveynichols.com

#### FOR SWELTERING CITIES

For anyone who's been caught in the crush of an Asian metro station or joined the jostle down Fifth Avenue to get to the Barneys summer sale, you'll appreciate the need for freshness, and few things smell as clean as Hermès' Eau des Merveilles Bleue. Conjuring the life aquatic, it has a cool, crisp mineral kind of twang, mixing unusual notes such as patchouli, a lick of wet wood and ambergris (a rare substance excreted by whales that is said to have aphrodisiac qualities). The best way to wear it? Keep a bottle chilled in your mini-bar and spray the back of the neck before pounding the streets. £72; uk.hermes.com

















Zakynthos Island, Greece

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#### TO THE MOON AND BACK

HOW AN ITALIAN MASTER CONTINUES TO LEAVE HIS MARK

Florence's favourite Renaissance poster boy Leonardo da Vinci was obsessed with the 'flower of life'. His many sketch books contain numerous variations and studies of this ancient design, a kind of geometric, mathematical meeting of science and nature, or the ordered versus the organic – the perfect motif for a man who sat neatly between the two. He also lends his name to a collection of watches by IWC, first launched in the 1980s and now re-imagined for 2017, the focus of which is refreshingly aimed at women. Particularly beautiful is the 36mm Moon Phase, which tracks the lunar cycle. It draws on da Vinci's love of astrology and his designs for a time-measuring device, and with each watch engraved on the reverse with the flower of life IWC's tribute seems entirely appropriate.

Da Vinci Automatic Moon Phase 36mm in stainless steel, £6,950, IWC (iwc.com)





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#### THE MISSION

A week-long foray deep into Latin America's most forbidding wilderness to live with the Embéra tribe, bedding down in huts and hunting for giant guinea pigs.

#### MILES TRAVELLED LAST YEAR

Just over 32,000.

#### WEIRDEST PLACE VISITED

'Volcano Villarrica, 750km south of Santiago in Chile. You climb three hours through the snow to the rim, and every 15 minutes a vast plume of orange spits into the sky. We played a kind of high-stakes pooh sticks that involved throwing rocks into the molten lava.'

#### MUST PACK

'I always take tins of Spam when going to the rainforest. It's not something I eat much at home, but when you're hungry it's the foie gras of the jungle.' 'On a steep incline in the dark, I walk a path not much wider than a magazine. There is dense vegetation on one side and a sheer drop on the other. I'm in the Darién Gap, the thickly jungled part of Panama that is home mostly to jaguars and drug dealers. To get here I've driven to the end of the Pan-American Highway, caught a boat an hour upriver then taken a bumpy road to meet, finally, a delegation from the Embéra tribe. A pony slides and falls in the mud sending all my equipment sprawling. I hear a smash and look down. It is my bottle of rum, not a camera. Which is a blessing, as I'm here to photograph them to raise awareness of the region's role as the world's lungs and as its medicine cabinet. As an offering I have brought a pig, which we slaughter and feast on until dawn, fuelled by the local grog, a milky alcohol fermented from sugar cane. My Spanish is terrible and the Embéra hardly speak it so we communicate mostly through sign language and giggling. I realise, though, that I need to gain their trust before I can start taking pictures. Partly this involves bathing with them in the river,

# 'AT DINNER, I EARN MY STRIPES BY EATING A RAT, ROASTED AND DEEP-FRIED UNTIL ITS SKIN IS LIKE CRACKLING'

children running madly about, exotic birds chattering in the foliage overhead. It is, I think it's fair to say, a very different challenge from photographing the royal wedding. On the third night we head out on a hunt. I am not given a bow and arrows, which is probably sensible, but I do prove quite useful when one of our party is attacked by a corgi-sized, sharp-toothed rodent known as a paca. You can see the man's bone through the wound and I help carry him back to the village in the dark. At dinner, I earn my stripes by eating a rat, roasted and deep-fried until its skin is like crackling. It's surprisingly delicious. Finally, I feel accepted enough to start taking photographs. Days later, standing in a river with my camera pointing at them, I'm suddenly conscious that I have gone through endless bureaucratic wrangling to end up shooting the heads of the tribe. Just like my day job, then, although no one from Clarence House has ever stripped me and given me a tattoo in the shape of a harpy eagle.'

An exhibition of Hugo's photographs can be seen at London's V&A then the Sladmore Contemporary, until 31 March (hugofoto.com). To find out more about the charity he supports, visit panamawildlife.org











# TRENDWATCH

# MOBITECTURE

UNFOLD, INFLATE, FLIP OUT: PORTABLE STRUCTURES ARE REALLY GOING PLACES

We tend to think of buildings as being rooted to the spot, but our original dwellings were as nomadic as the tribes that carried them. The felt-and-timber yurts hoiked by yak across Mongolia, for example, or the goat's-hair tents that sheltered biblical-era Bedouins from sandstorms. More recently, houseboats and the great American motorhome set the pace for itinerant residents; and in the 21st century, mobile architecture has gone hi-tech with inventions such as the silver DesertSeal, a tent with a fan powered by solar cells, making life bearable in hostile campsites such as the Mojave Desert. With hybrid design becoming increasingly innovative, even clothing can be accommodating. Take the Adiff range of waterproof jackets created for refugees by young designer Angela Luna, which transform easily into a tent or sleeping bag. Or the accordionstyle Melina backpack, pictured, which concertinas out when adventurous ramblers want to pitch it. But this unfolding mobitecture movement is not just about going under canvas. As a new book published this month shows, some designs offer affordable solutions in cities where living costs are sky-high, such as the first 3D-printed house, and a plastic apartment perched on a tricycle in Beijing with a bed that becomes a dining table. Others, though, are just plain bonkers: a sauna towed by tandem along Prague's cobbled streets; and the floating PVC bubble on St Petersburg's River Neva, which enables you to literally walk on water. MELANIE ABRAMS 'Mobitecture: Architecture on the Move' by Rebecca Roke is published on 17 April (Phaidon, £14.95)









PHOTOGRAPHS: VASCO CELIO; NICK FOCHTMAN; JESSICA MLINARIC







# THE ROBEY

CHICAGO, USA

Jostling alongside artisan coffee shops, independent boutiques and hot pop-up restaurants is exactly where you'd expect to find the newest hotel from Mexico's Grupo Habita. In the creative enclave between the original hipster neighbourhoods of Bucktown and Wicker Park, The Robey has made itself at home in Northwest Tower, a slender, triangular-shaped Art Deco gem that slots like a slice of pie right into the junction where Milwaukee, North and Damen Avenues meet. The hotel is certainly turning heads, not least for its thrumming street-level restaurant which serves up tasty French-American dishes, from early-morning scrambled eggs and crispy hash browns to juicy steak frites in the evening. Afterwards, guests meander to Up & Up, the rooftop bar, for a nightcap and to look out at the bright lights of Chicago's sprawling cityscape. Here - much like in the Second Floor Lounge - low-slung, custom-made seats are interspersed with mid-century-modern finds that don't detract from the building's original features: swathes of terrazzo flooring, brass details and marble wall panels. In the 69 bedrooms, there's a viridescent palette and tactile hardwood floors, as well as masses of natural light pouring in; book the corner suite and get eight vast windows wrapping around the space. The best hangout this summer will be poolside at the new Cabana Club atop The Robey's adjacent sister hotel, The Hollander, for Mojitos and skyline views.+1 872 315 3050; therobey.com. Doubles from about £120

Previous pages, the lobby of The Robey in Chicago

### LE RIAD BERBERE

### MARRAKECH, MOROCCO

Paris has its Haussmann townhouses, New York its skyscrapers, but riads are what set Marrakech apart. There are more of these celebrated mansions in the heritage-listed medina than in any other city in North Africa, and architect Quentin Wilbaux has done much to contribute to their preservation, working with UNESCO to classify the historic buildings. In Kaat Ben Nahid, on the eastern edge of the souks, Wilbaux's own property, Le Riad Berbère, is in an area where the medina's social fabric remains intact. Bakers, barbershops and food stalls crowd the alleys, generating an intense atmosphere. But push through the heavy-set wooden door into the incense-scented house for an immediate sensory shift. The metre-thick walls cut off the hawking hubbub before you're hit with the dramatic reveal of the courtyard and its delightful garden. The double-storey space draws the eyes up to a lofty roof terrace where once housewives would have gossiped over parapet walls and now magical candlelit dinners are served. Pared back to its essentials, the building's handsome, 17thcentury bones are on show in the sculpted arches, hand-painted cedarwood ceilings and simple beimat floor tiles. Just five rooms, three of them with balconies, run the length of the property, but staying here isn't just about sleeping in smart digs. The riad is managed by Ingrid Debertry who, along with four Marrakshi women, orchestrates home-cooked Moroccan meals, yoga lessons, manicures and massages, and gives an insight into a culture shaped by the unique architecture of its surroundings. +212 524 381 910; leriadberbere.com. Doubles from about £70





# CASA MODESTA

### OLHAO, PORTUGAL

Tucked away down a dirt track, Casa Modesta is a poster child for the hush-hush-hideaway trend that's spreading across Portugal at the moment: secret, off-grid places that offer cool styling at surprising prices. Overlooking the salt marshes and deserted beaches of the tiny southern fishing hamlet of Quatrim, the hotel basks in the sun, sand and sea that comes as standard in the Algarve's Ria Formosa National Park. But what do you get here for less than half the price of five-star hotspots in nearby Vilamoura or Faro? The main draw is the peace and tranquillity, and the personalised attention with Portuguese charm; owner Carlos Fernandes welcomes guests with a smile and freshly squeezed orange juice. He named the property after his mother, Modesta Maria, who grew up in the original Forties house built by his grandfather, a fisherman. Now it has been transformed and sustainably designed by his architect sister Vânia. There are two Arabic-inspired whitewashed buildings with nine fresh, linen-draped suites, each with a sunken stone tub and two classic striped deckchairs on its private rooftop terrace. A vaulted brick ceiling in the open-plan dining room and seating area complements the traditional terracotta floor tiles, thick wooden dining tables and custom-made cork lamps. Graze on fresh olive bread, dried fruits, cheeses, honey, olives and almonds straight from the garden, or get stuck into the signature sushi dish with mackerel, octopus, squid and shrimp, followed by creamy carob tart. And after all that, take a go-slow bike ride along the Ecovia do Literal, a cycle lane linking the towns of Olhão and Tavira, where you can see the migration of flamingos and sandpipers from Africa. +351 289 701 096; casamodesta.pt. Doubles from about £85













# THE DREAMCATCHER

### SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO

Puerto Rican hotel-and-restaurant designer Sylvia de Marco has been collecting vintage finds for decades. Her personal touches fill the open-air spaces and tucked-away rooms at her lovely guesthouse. Mid-century side tables and rotary phones find their place alongside macramé wall hangings and botanical prints. Removed from the tourist hum of Old San Juan, this bohemian bed and breakfast sits close to the beachfront in more chilled-out Ocean Park. Each of the 12 quirky rooms is individually named and decorated with crochet bed covers, Berber rugs, retro wallpaper and Seventies light fixtures. In the garden there are swinging hammocks, Buddha statues, tropical-plant-lined walkways and outdoor showers in hidden corners. The vibe is newagey and relaxed, with public spaces and shared kitchens (stocked daily with coconut water), where fellow guests gather to swap travelling tips and anecdotes. Join in one of the sunset yoga sessions on the outdoor terrace or ask the front-desk manager Alex to arrange a rainforest tour or a paddle-boarding session down at the beach. Explore the neighbourhood's cafés, farmers' market and surf shops with de Marco's handdrawn map of the area, which pinpoints her favourite haunts. Don't skip out too early without having breakfast first though. Chef Jerome Valencia serves up three courses of vegetarian and vegan delights - fresh hibiscus juice, chia pudding and chocolate-avocado mousse - that takes healthy island food to a whole new level. +1 787 455 8259; dreamcatcherpr.com. Doubles from about £70

# CITIZEN M TOWER OF LONDON

LONDON, UK

Once, Tower Hill would have been considered an odd place for a cool London hotel, being neither East End nor City, and a right schlep from Soho. But with buzzy Shoreditch a 10-minute walk away, it's great for those who want a taste of the hip and the historic. Gaze from your bed through floor-to-ceiling windows and there's the Tower of London just below, with Tower Bridge twinkling behind. Go up to the eighth-floor, double-height bar and the City's most recognisable skyscrapers sparkle all around. Having travelled the world as founder of fashion brand Mexx, Citizen M's Rattan Chadha knows what guests want: the basics done well. Hence the pod-sized bedrooms with super-comfy, super-king-size beds; sleek Vitra furniture; strong rainshowers; and simple, hi-tech tablets to control the blinds, music, free films, heating and even the lighting (pink, anyone?). His idea was to provide everything you might need and nothing you don't. As a result there are self-check-in counters, cheery l-can-do-anything 'ambassadors', a lively cocktail bar and 24/7 self-service canteen stocked with goods from nearby Borough Market (pastries; fresh sushi). Capacious public areas, designed by Dutch architectural firm Concrete, have the feel of a laid-back warehouse living room, with Jean Prouvé chairs and Verner Panton footstools, a bank of iMacs, designer books and jolly British objects (who doesn't like jars of cricket balls and kitsch Princess Anne plates?). It's luxe light just as we want it. +44 20 3519 4830; citizen.com. Doubles from £125





# STONE HOUSE

BALI, INDONESIA

For all the quirky cafés and boutiques in Ubud, Bali's arty heart in a district dotted by Hindu shrines, the town has a hectic feel with clogged roads and crowds of visitors. At the Stone House, two kilometres north, this madness melts away. Wrapped by a limestone wall and green palms is a space where steps are dusted by petals, a porch swing creaks in the breeze and the squawks of greater coucal pierce the silence. At the centre is a pool made of hand-cut stone from Java, its surface catching falling frangipanis, overlooking a patchwork of rice paddies. A labour of love for American couple Walker Zabriskie and Wendy Kassel, the B&B has been open for just over a year. They have the insider edge on the island's expat scene; their daughter attends the pioneering Green School and artist friends are always dropping in. While Kassel adds charming service to this chic setting, as well as the art on the walls, furniture designer Zabriskie tools away with sustainable and recycled Indonesian wood. The timbers hold many stories from their former lives: ironwood found off Sulawesi – submerged for more than 100 years - is now a canopied bed, and one wall has been salvaged from a Javanese palace. There are three villas, each a fusion of styles. from the whites and blues of a Greek-island mountain home to reclaimed dark woods softened by dhurrie rugs and handmade Borneo rattan. Slow-start mornings begin with chilled coconut water and fresh fruit in the opened-sided lodge, but for a kickstart choose eggs pepped up with red chillies. Kassel doesn't like it too busy, so if you're lucky you could find that you have the whole honeypot to yourself. +62 822 4725 5745; stonehousebali.com. Doubles from about £150









# **ROOMS HOTE**

TBILISI, GEORGIA

Tbilisi sits in a valley basin, framed by snow-capped mountains, with a river running through it past dilapidated buildings from different centuries. If it feels as old as the hills, that's because it was first inhabited in 479 AD. Rooms Hotel, though, is something quite new for the city, tucked down a quiet side street in the Vera neighbourhood. Around the corner is Petre Melikishvili Boulevard with its many shops and grandmothers selling churchkhela (walnuts covered in thick grape juice). Right across the street is Lolita, for beers and sweet-potato fries. It has a nightclub too, which won't disturb you unless you want it to. The area feels like a mix of bohemian Paris, Vienna or Budapest but with post-Soviet faded charm. The hotel is set in the impressive steel and wooden block of a former publishing house. Its eclectic interior design is inspired by the travels of owner Temur Ugulava, who cites Soho House and the Wythe Hotel in Brooklyn as inspiration. The crackling of the open fire in the library is accompanied by electronic club-beats. Bedrooms have silk wallpaper and subway-tiled bathrooms. Downstairs velvet curtains and Chesterfield sofas are matched to kilims and Scandinavian chairs. But the art on the walls is all Georgian. In the restaurant, huge windows face onto a leafy courtyard, so it feels as if you are munching the homemade breakfast granola in a giant greenhouse. Later on, peer at head chef Henry Zimmermann serving up great steaks from the open kitchen (he previously worked at Berlin's Grill Royal). But for local food such as khinkali (dumplings filled with broth and meat), sweet talk the charming staff and they will rustle up a plate just for you. +995 322 020 099; roomshotels.com. Doubles from about £150

# THE EDISON

### PENANG, MALAYSIA

George Town, the capital of Penang island, is a city of sticky layers, where old craftsmen trade alongside new cafés and hawker stalls dish up char koay teow (stir-fried rice noodles) in front of heritage buildings. It's a place that is both deeply historic and relentlessly inventive, and the 35-room Edison hotel is a fine example of this, housed in a villa with a lively past dating back to 1906. Originally built for Hokkien tycoon Yeoh Wee Gark, the site later became an opium den, then a Japanese wartime office, and more recently a backpackers' hostel. In 2015, Singaporean hotelier Eddie Tan decided to restore the vacant house to its former glory. The work has been elegantly done, highlighting the original details while bringing it up-to-date, adding Art Deco furnishings and simple accents of colour. Guests walk down sweeping wooden stairs and over century-old marble-tiled floors, but can also enjoy a very good espresso from the Franke coffee machine in the sitting room, which is stocked with help-yourself snacks 24 hours a day. Upstairs, there's a library with deep squishy sofas and rocking chairs; outside, the covered garden is a sunny spot for breakfast. It may feel steeped in romance and nostalgia, but the Edison is relaxed rather than stuffy. For more culture, head across the street for a guided tour of the Blue Mansion, a Chinese-style museum. Most of George Town's other attractions, including some of the world's best street food, are within a few minutes' walk. +604 262 2990; theedisonhotels.com. Doubles from about £100





# **PLANTATION**

### PHNOM PENH, CAMBODIA

It might take time for dusty, chaotic Phnom Penh to grow on you, but that's not the case at lovely Plantation. On Street 184, a five-minute walk from the Royal Palace, National Museum and riverfront, this sanctuary of whirring fans and tropical plants has the most inviting pool in the city. It's quite something - 20 metres long, guests-only - and surrounded by foliage, cabanas and a bar-restaurant serving pizzas, green-mango salad, and a signature lemongrass, coriander and ginger-beer cocktail that's as refreshing as a swim. The new spa also offers massages from about £12. There's history here too. The Thirties buildings were French administrative quarters during colonial rule, and the Ministry of Labour after independence. They were saved from demolition by hotelier Alexis de Suremain's Maads group and it took two years of restoration work before Plantation opened in 2011. Rooms are calm, neutral and stylish, with fourposter beds, colourful Khmer silk cushions and warm wooden furniture, while open bathrooms make rooms even brighter and airier (the loo is private, thankfully, and twin rooms have enclosed bathrooms). At dinner-only La Pergola restaurant, chef Olivier Guillon mixes French, Khmer and global flavours in his spiced chocolate puddings, ricotta ravioli and duck with Kampot-pepper sauce, and the Lotus Pond Gallery and Red Pool Lounge courtyard often host art exhibitions. Sitting on half a hectare, it may feel less intimate than other boutique hotels, but staff are incredibly friendly, and for the price, there's nothing quite this lush and spacious. Amid the motorbike-honking chorus of the Cambodian capital, havens such as this are like gold dust. +855 23 215 151; theplantation.asia. Doubles from about £80



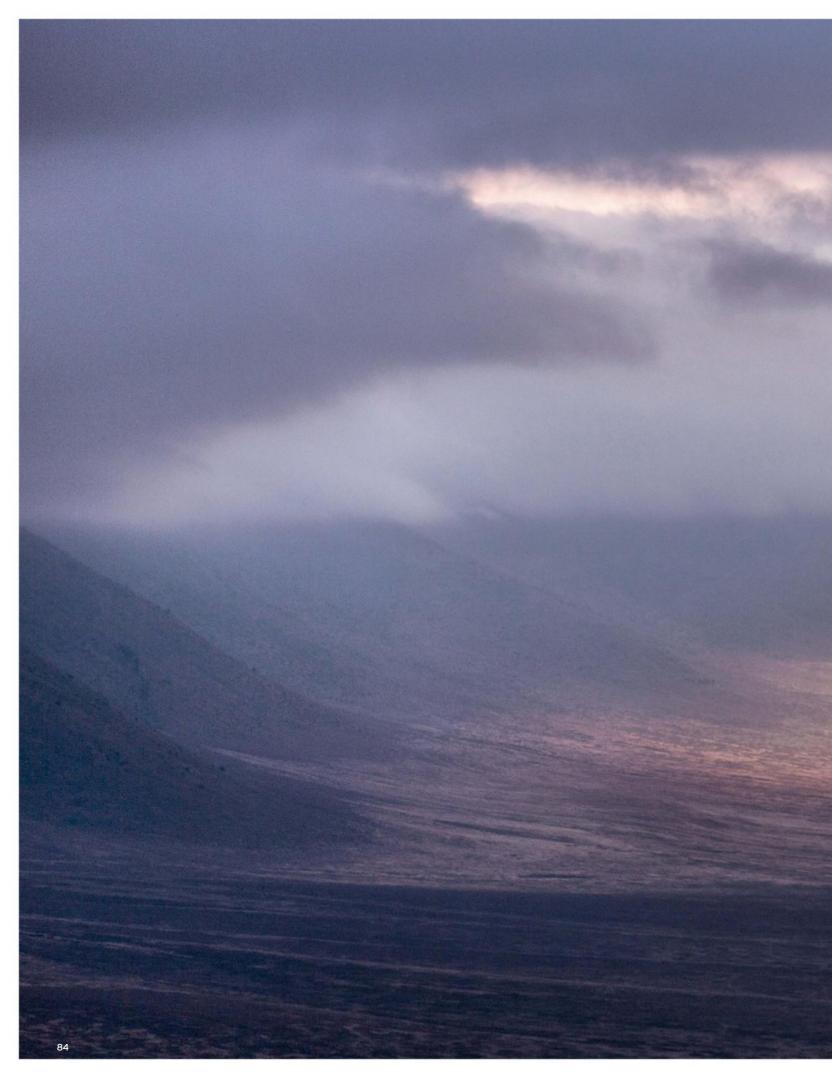


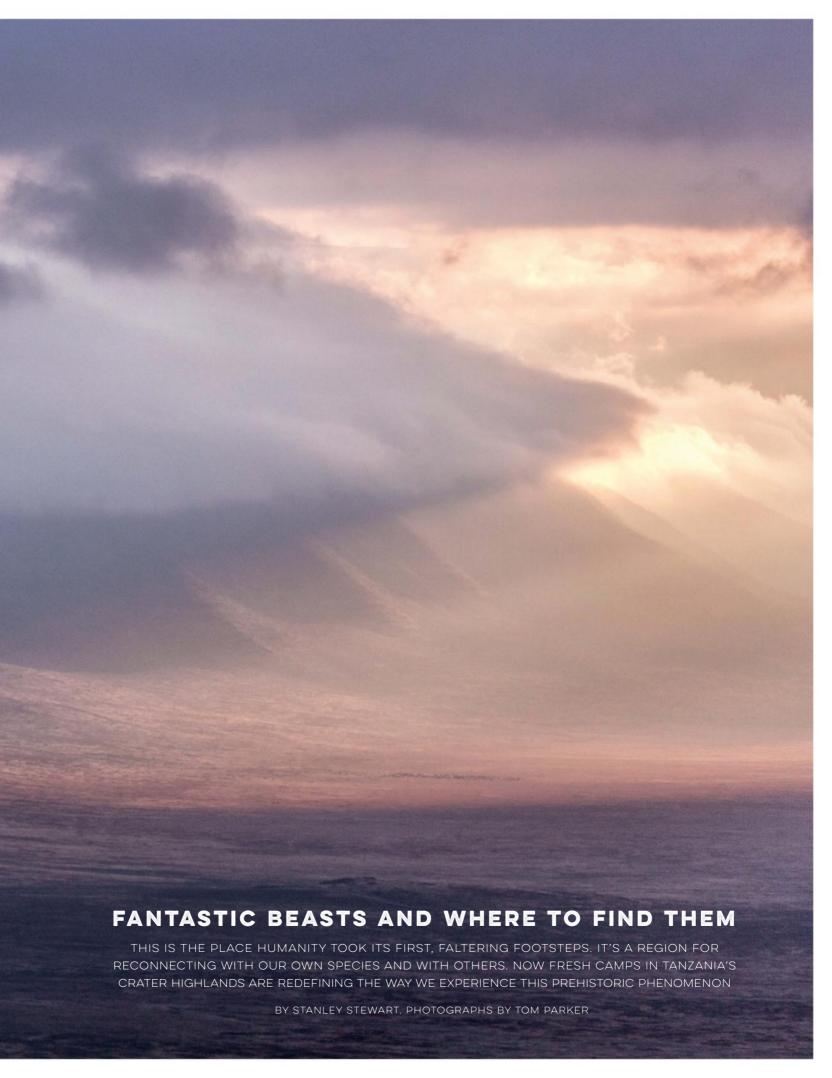
# THE JENNINGS HOTEL

### OREGON, USA

The town of Joseph is part Santa Fe and part Aspen. Along the cobblestone sidewalks is a public art collection with a dozen monumental bronze sculptures, all cast at one of the four foundries in the area. Mountains, often snow-capped until July, rise to 9,000ft just to the south. One of the best displays of early-summer wildflowers in the American West covers the 240,000-acre Zumwalt prairie immediately north. An artisan chocolatier makes alder-smoked, sea-salt caramels and juniper-gin truffles in a 120-year-old brick building on Main Street. And with a population of about 1,100, the town is completely, wonderfully unassuming and welcoming. Stay here for a week and, halfway through, you'll be greeted by name when you walk around town. The Jennings brings the best elements of the place together under one roof. Opened above Arrowhead Chocolates in summer 2015, with antiques and vintage pieces supplied by Rejuvenation in Portland, it has six asymmetrical rooms, an artist residency programme and an event space with an indoor archery range. Go for a sauna and then hang out in front of the wood-burning stove in the communal kitchen/library, which was created by seven different designers and where the only thing more attention-grabbing than the range of reading material and vinyl collection is the wall lined with 21ft-long fir shelves. Book cosy Room Two and you might not want to mingle though: relax into a tufted velvet sofa while listening to a killer collection of Eighties tapes on the vintage boombox. jenningshotel.com. Doubles from about £70

CONTRIBUTORS: Meera Dattani, Micha van Dinther, Rupert Eden, Marcy Fitzpatrick, Lisa Grainger, Georgia Grimond, Paula Hardy, Lauren Ho, Ling Low, Dina Mishev, Benjamin Parker, Antje Wewer







Dawn at entamanu and the world seemed newborn. Mists unfurled from the depths of Ngorongoro Crater. Three giraffes materialised like ghosts from behind acacias. Two golden jackals trotted past, and somewhere a hyena barked as the day, and the world, shed their darkness.

From the veranda of the mess tent, nursing a bowl of milky coffee, I watched as a Maasai woman appeared among the long grass, wrapped against the morning chill in her red cloak. She wore the elaborate jewellery of the Ilkisongo clan – long dangling earrings and a white beaded collar gleaming in the early light. On her back, bound in the cloak, was a baby. Only its tiny head showed between her shoulder blades.

She approached an ancient fig tree, a few yards from our tents. First, she spat on the trunk, a traditional Maasai greeting or benediction. Then, lying a handful of grass at its base, she began to murmur prayers. Finally she unwrapped a small beaded bracelet, a votive offering, and tied it to a branch. A moment later she was gone as the hornbills set up a clattering racket along the crater's edge.

To the great writer and naturalist Peter Matthiessen, the Crater Highlands were 'the most beautiful of all the regions that I have seen in Africa'. To the Maasai, this is God's country; the Almighty himself lives here, a useful, if occasionally troublesome, neighbour.

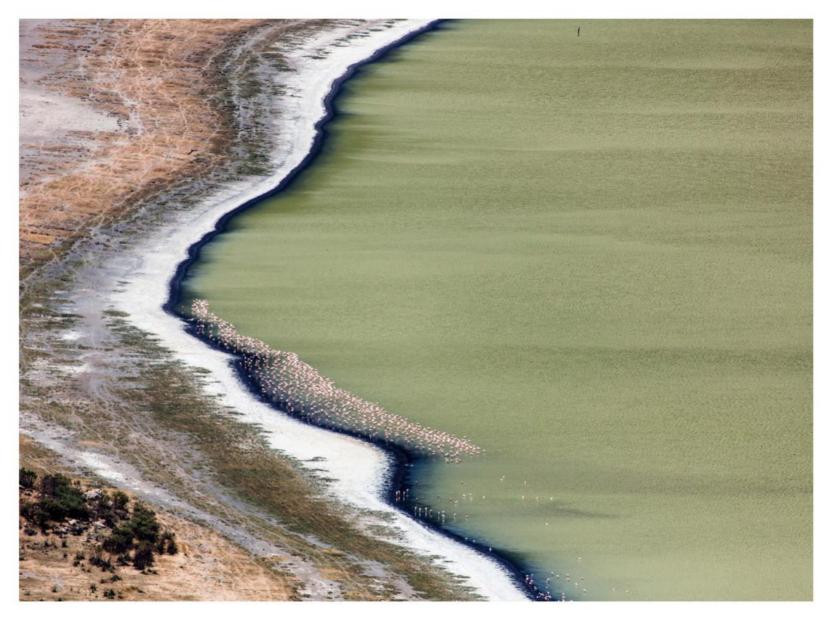
Extinct volcanos dominate the highlands, marching northwards towards sulphurous Lake Natron: Oldeani, Lemagrut, Ngorongoro,

Olmoti, Loolmalasin and Embagai. The Maasai god Ngai lives on the last and most beautiful of these: Ol Doinyo Lengai. Its silhouette is like a child's drawing of a mountain – solitary, pointed, symmetrical – the blue of its flanks running over the lines to merge with the sky. Alone of these volcanoes, Ol Doinyo Lengai is still active. When God is displeased with his people, he blows his top; the eruptions can blight the pasture for miles around. When he is pleased, he sends the Maasai rain and children.

Some years ago I walked across these highlands, a week's trek from Ngorongoro to Lake Natron on the Kenyan border, with two Maasai warriors – fine fellows, but appalling cooks – and a couple of dogged baggage donkeys. My return this time felt like a kind of homecoming. It is a common feeling, even for those who have never been here before, for this is where humanity was born.

Away to the west lies Olduvai Gorge, where Mary and Louis Leakey first came in the 1930s looking for evidence of our earliest ancestors. Some 48km long and 90 metres deep in places, Olduvai is a cavernous ravine between steep escarpments where layers of volcanic ash from the highland volcanoes have been laid down over millions of years.

The gorge is really an enormous book about early life on Earth. From time to time, earthquakes, floods, or simple erosion disturb the binding and another page falls open: the fossils of an extinct three-toed horse, the bones of dinosaurs, stone tools used by hominids, a jaw fragment of a *Homo habilis*. But



nothing is as remarkable as the footprints, the earliest imprint of our kind on this planet.

About 3.7 million years ago, two or three early hominids walked upright across this gorge through soft volcanic ash. They marched more or less in line, following so closely that one often stepped into the footprints of the one ahead. When the ash hardened to rock, the interweaving footprints were preserved; the remarkable plaster casts can be seen in the little museum above the gorge. Their footprints, so individual, prompt a rush of questions. Not the big academic ones about their stage in the development of Homo sapiens, but the smaller, more personal ones. What was the relationship between these three, and where were they heading? Perhaps they were on their way to water in the late afternoon, the time of day when animals drifted across the gorge towards a water hole. We can never know the answers, of course, but for a moment human curiosity has connected me to some of our earliest ancestors, across almost four million years.

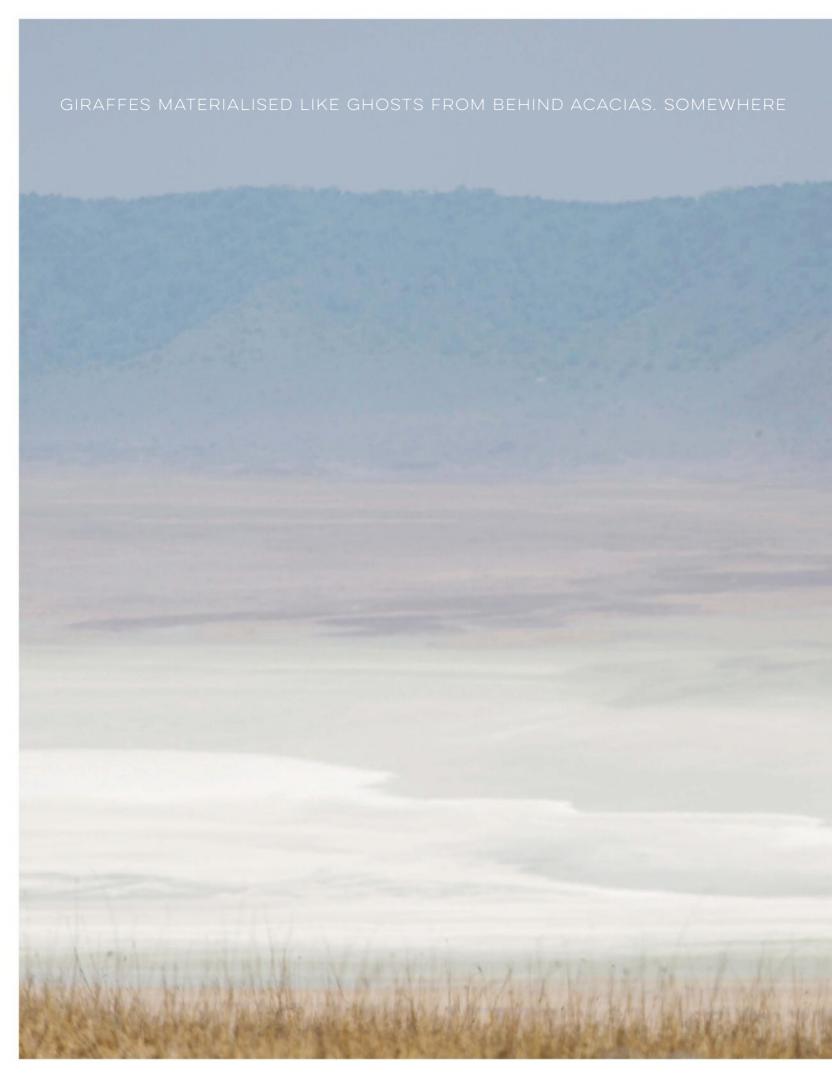
On that first morning, in the Earliest Light, I followed the rim of Ngorongoro past strutting ostriches and solitary Maasai stepping in and out of clouds. As we turned down the old track leading into the caldera, I saw great provinces of light and shadow

gliding over the crater floor far below. Scanning the grassland with binoculars, I spotted a pair of lions padding patiently after them.

Surrounded by steep escarpment walls, Ngorongoro's caldera, 12km across and more than 600 metres deep, contains one of Africa's richest concentrations of game – an enclosed Eden of grass and animals. Humanity has been banished from this place for several generations, and the density of wildlife here can hardly be exaggerated.

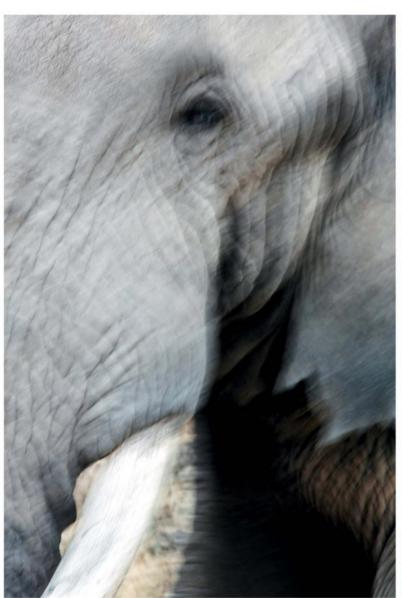
Thousands of wildebeest trailed back and forth across the space like lost souls with their hopeless, dopey expressions. Among them, handsome Thomson's gazelle, poised on dancer's legs, suddenly lifted their heads and darted away, zig-zagging through the grassland. Warthogs trotted past, their tails aloft like flags. A quartet of hyenas appeared, tongues lolling greedily in their ghastly death heads. I picnicked by a lake where hippos surfaced while sacred ibis waded in the shallows. Beyond the lake a pair of ostriches were mating.

The day's best sighting came at the end as we made our way homeward. In a woodland of yellow-bark acacias, I spotted a herd of elephant, browsing with a kind of delicate slow motion. A toddler elephant peeped between his mother's legs. A huge bull uprooted a tree as if he were picking a flower. Then suddenly he paused, raised his trunk and trumpeted. The great rolling bellow











seemed to shake the woodland and reverberate against the escarpments. It was a memory of another age, long before three of our distant ancestors walked across Olduvai Gorge.

FORMING THE EASTERN FLANKS OF THE GREAT RIFT VALLEY, the Crater Highlands roll away beneath tall skies. Westward lie vast, lion-coloured plains that tip towards the Serengeti. This is Maasai land, a world of grass, a landscape for nomads. The Maasai know it as Siringet, 'the place where the land runs on forever'. Their round bomas, or homesteads, and their spiky cattle stockades are the only marks of man here – huddled together beneath columns of wood smoke, like the world's first human inhabitants.

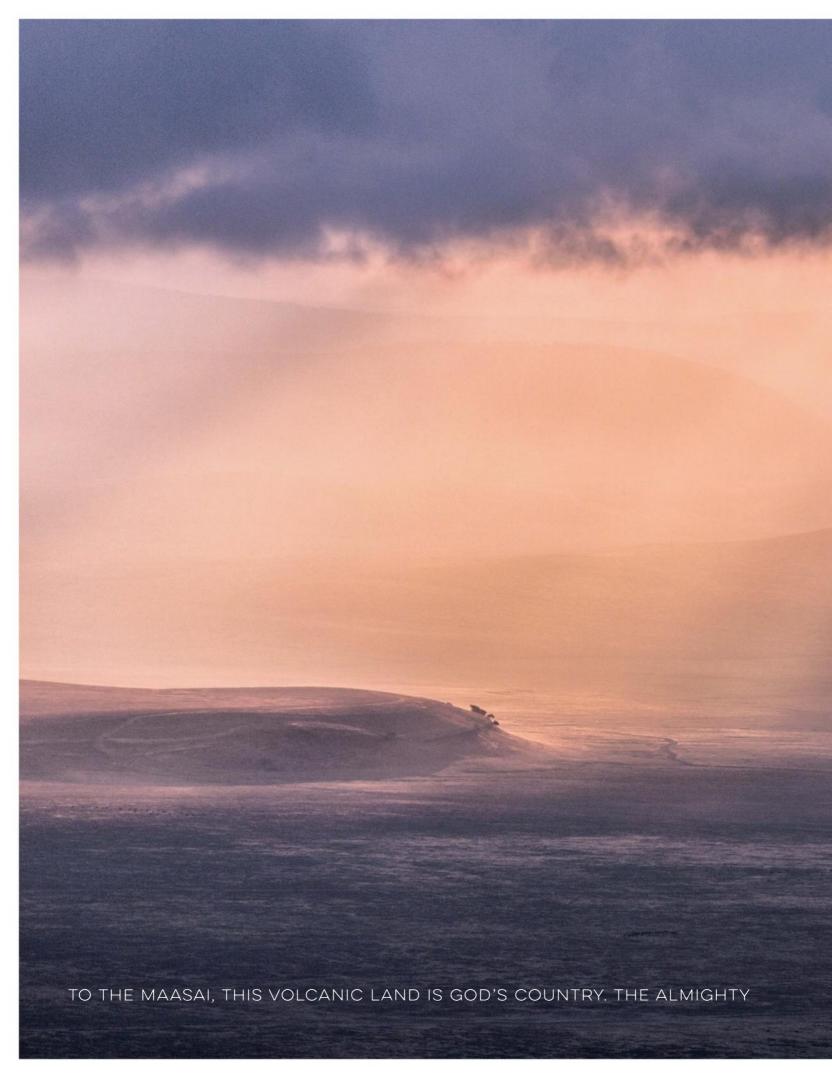
In a place where herds of animals are so common, the Maasai are proud of their cows. Cattle are part of their identity, not just a sign of wealth and status, but also a kind of romance. They sing to their cows and have dozens of words to describe them. They believe that when Ngai, the Maasai god, gave them these lands he was kind enough to throw in all the world's cattle. So if the tribe has a reputation as cattle thieves, it is only because they are retrieving what is rightfully theirs.

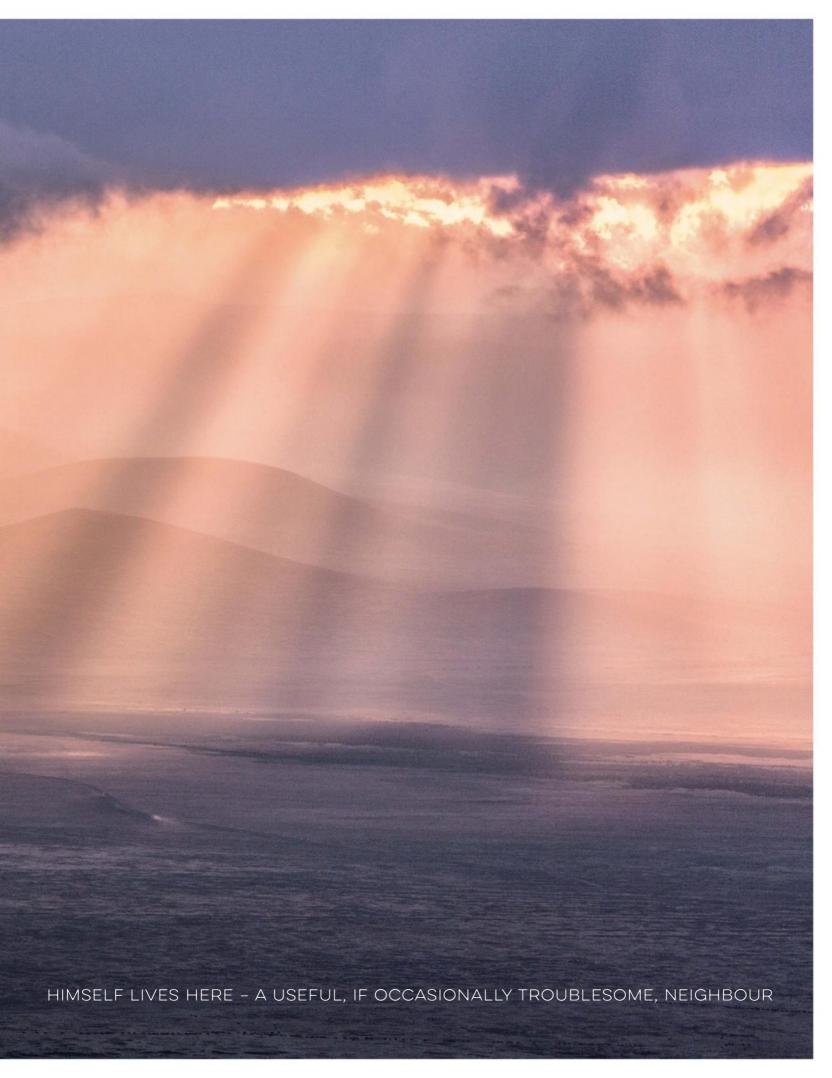
In the late afternoon, I walked down to the village beneath Entamanu camp with my guide. From pastures all along the crater rim, the Maasai were bringing the cows home along ancient droving trails. Centuries of cattle have worn these paths into deep ravines, sunk into the landscape.

We fell in behind a large herd in the charge of a 10-year-old boy, armed with a herding stick and a proprietorial swagger. A group of women appeared, driving donkeys laden with firewood. It was that golden hour when a low sun rakes through the grass. In the still air, voices called back and forth, the banter of day's end.

Our arrival at the village was a moment of confusion. Dogs barked, donkeys brayed and men shouted as the women untied firewood with a clatter and boys herded milling cattle into their corrals. People spat on me by way of welcome while older women carrying decorated gourds emerged from houses to milk the cows.

With their red togas and glinting spears, the Maasai are one of Africa's more iconic tribes. They keep their hair carefully braided and oiled, and wear more jewellery than a dowager on Coronation Day. And that is just the men. Women shave their heads and favour wide beaded neck bands, which quiver seductively when they dance. They also do everything, from lambing to house construction. The modern age has eroded most of the traditional male pursuits – stealing cattle, fighting neighbouring tribes, killing lions – so the men tend to spend their days drinking honey beer while their wives nag them to take another wife to lessen their workload. One of the women invited me home for the Maasai equivalent







of afternoon tea. A visit to a Maasai house can be a bit like that nightmare in which you have to run back into a burning building to rescue the family cat. The tribe remain unconvinced of the merits of windows and chimneys, and their small, low houses are dark and filled with thick smoke from the cooking fire.

As my eyes adjusted to the gloom, I could just make out my hostess, a baby at her breast. The bowl of milk that was proffered had a curious metallic taste. When I tipped it towards the light of the fire to have a look, I could see the milk was pink – they had added fresh cow's blood as a special treat.

Several warriors had turned up while I had been drinking blood. The pride of Maasai society, the warriors, or moran, are admired for their courage, stoicism and fancy hair.

They were dancing in a semi-circle, accompanying themselves with breathy chant. One by one the warriors stepped into the centre of the circle to jump straight into the air. The most accomplished, who seemed to hang for a moment at the peak of the jump, performed a nifty shoulder shimmy.

Like pop stars, Maasai warriors are relieved of the bother of chasing women because the women chase them. A gang of young girls had now gathered, their shaved heads shining. Sidling up to the moran, they shook their shoulders, which set their wide necklace collars vibrating flirtatiously. The air was rich with the aroma

of Africa – a mixture of wood smoke, cow dung and dust. The men chanted and leapt higher and higher, the girls shimmied closer and closer, while a new moon hung over the rim of Ngorongoro. A royal ball would not have been this glamorous.

The following morning I went to look at the tree where the woman had paused with her offering. Twisted with age, it was sacred to the local Maasai. The trunk was embedded with personal tokens – metal rings, bits of jewellery, scraps of cloth – left here over the course of generations.

The tree was possibly a couple of hundred years old, but the fig, as a species, is one of the oldest in Africa. It grew in these parts some 80 million years ago, when God presided over a pristine Eden, when dinosaurs still roamed this country, and when the world was still young, long before man was born.

Natural High Safaris offers a six-night safari trip to Ngorongoro Crater and the Highlands of Tanzania from £5,800 per person, with three nights each at Nomad Tanzania's Entamanu Camp and at Asilia Africa's The Highlands. The price includes international flights, one night in Arusha, local transfers, meals, drinks, game drives, walking/hiking, park and camping fees, one Ngorongoro Crater fee, a private guide and use of a four-wheel-drive.

+44 1747 830950; naturalhighsafaris.com



### **NGORONGORO: THE NEW CAMPS**

### FNTAMANU

Nomad Tanzania, the ace safari enterprise, owns and operates some of the best camps and lodges in the country, from Sand Rivers deep in the Selous Game Reserve to Greystoke Mahale on a white-sand beach on Lake Tanganyika. And now there's Entamanu, a wonderfully intimate camp of just six tents, which opened in August 2016. Here, the classic safari look has been given a sophisticated, contemporary shake by the brilliant, Arusha-based designer Joanna Cooke, using a calming palette of muted earth tones, furnishings you'll want to take home and traditional African pieces displayed as artwork. The tents are huge, and it is possible to contemplate the finest views in Africa from the loo. Nomad is set on the rim of Ngorongoro Crater and the panoramas from here are truly humbling. Below lies the vast bowl of the crater, while behind is the Serengeti, so you can watch the sunrise in one direction and the sunset in the other. Near neighbours are nosy giraffes browsing in the open acacia woodland, snobbish ostriches and the occasional Maasai herdsmen. This may be a smart, stylish camp, beautifully executed, but its environmental footprint is almost nil. When the Maasai elders think it time to return the site to nature, the whole gorgeous creation can be taken away without leaving a trace. nomad-tanzania.com

### THE HIGHLANDS

Asilia Africa has gone for something completely different here: eight pods set on the edge of a mountain forest to the north of Ngorongoro. The geodesic domes may look like something from Mars, but they are extremely practical. Wood-fired stoves keep the pods warm and most of the dome fabric is transparent, bringing views to the foot of your bed. Elegant wood-lined public spaces - a circular reception around a fire pit; a cosy bar and restaurant - are linked by boardwalks with panoramas of the Embulbul plains. Cape Town-based design outfit Artichoke is responsible for the rooms, which have Graham Springer's magnificent portraits of the Maasai, reminding you whose land this is. Asilia means 'authentic' in Swahili, and the team has thought carefully about this. 'It is not just what you see,' says guide trainer Pietro Luraschi, 'it is how you see it.' Game drives are available in the afternoon, a dramatic departure from African tradition but one which allows guests to savour the place in complete peace. It is the sensitive way it has nurtured relations with the surrounding communities that is most impressive. Visits to local villages feel meaningful and mutually beneficial. Nobody will be swamped by pestering jewellery sellers, but you may end up herding cattle or chatting with a voung wife inside a Maasai boma, without feeling your presence is part of wider cultural erosion. asiliaafrica.com

# SPIN



OF ALL BELGIUM'S TOWNS, ANTWERP IS THE FASHION QUEEN, BRUGES THE FRESH-FACED ATTITUDE AND SURREAL HUMOUR, IS THE SURPRISE HIT OF





MEDIEVAL PIN-UP AND BRUSSELS THE EURO BIGWIG. BUT GHENT, WITH ITS
THE YEAR. BY HARRY PEARSON. PHOTOGRAPHS BY MATTHEW BUCK



### I FELL IN LOVE WITH THIS PLACE DURING

my first visit more than 20 years ago. The idiosyncrasies of the Flemish city appealed to me. Where else would you see a couple of nuns riding a tandem and a shop-window display with string vests and Jan Van Eyck's *The Adoration of the Mystic Lamb*, a painting of such intensity that the first time you see it, you lean back from it as if from a blast of fire? The deal was sealed in a café overlooking the River Leie when it became clear that the attentive service given to me by an attractive waitress was not down to my charm or good looks but because she was a snooker fan and had mistaken me for world champion Steve Davis – notorious in those days for being the most boring man ever to emerge from Plumstead.

Ghent back then was grey and a little dilapidated. It had neither the claustrophobic, melancholy beauty of Bruges, nor the cool, arrogant, high-fashion edge of Antwerp. It seemed always to be raining or about to rain. Trams rumbled across the wooden bridges, past the gloomy turrets of the Gravensteen, past the sulphurous yellow of the lamplights reflected on the cobblestones of the deserted, echoing squares. It felt like a Sunday on Saturday night. And yet...

Some cities are joyful to get drunk in. I live in one, Newcastle upon Tyne; Ghent is another. At night, after working my way through the beer lists in the cafés along the river side, I'd walk back to my hotel stopping on the way to phone my wife from a call box and try, unsuccessfully, to explain just exactly what it was that was making me laugh so much.

Ghent has undergone a transformation since that first visit. The Flemish baroque fascia looks cleaner and neater, and there's a fresh sheen to the billowing frontages and filigree, under-wiring of the Art Nouveau apartment blocks (if Art Nouveau was a person it would be Christina Hendricks). A new generation of hip hangouts are emerging around the city.

Partly this is down to re-investment but mainly it's a simple case of demographics. Thanks to falling birth rates and longer life expectancy, most of Northern Europe is a gerontocracy, but Ghent has a population of about 265,000, a quarter of whom are students. Like Gothenburg – a city it resembles in its easy-going coolness – it's a place where the young dominate the landscape and culture.

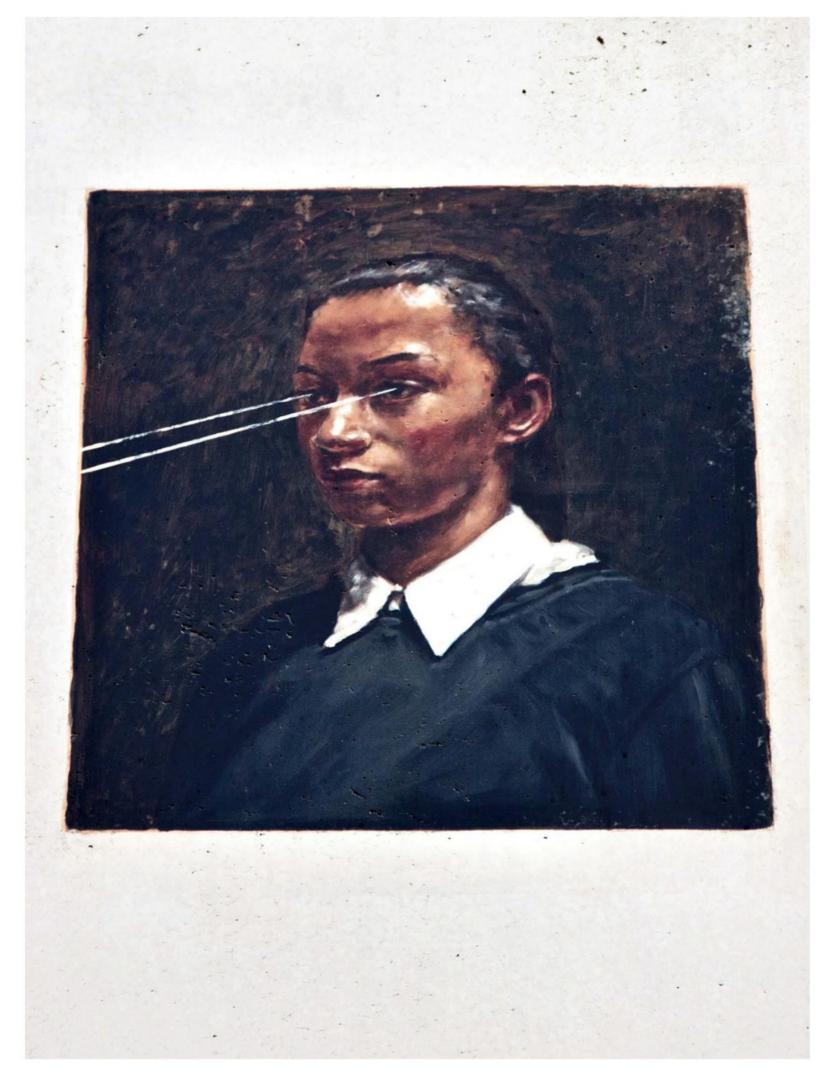
But although you can have coffee and cake in Wasbar, a laundrette-café on Nederkouter that would sit easily in cult film 101 Reykjavík, and pick up retro cycling jerseys in vintage shops that wouldn't be out of place in Stockholm's SoFo, this is not Portlandia. There's nothing self-conscious about Ghent's wackiness; nobody is trying too hard. This is, after all, the country of René Magritte, a place where it's impossible to tell if an electric-blue Mercedes with a white-velour interior, parked in front of a house with a window full of hand-knitted pink rabbits apparently worshipping a phallic cactus, is knowingly kitsch or impossibly naff.

Some of the greatest changes in Ghent in the past two decades have been in its food culture. It used to be true that, as the US-based cookery writer Ruth Van Waerebeek said, 'Everybody eats well in Belgium.' In cafés and bars you were served simple, tasty food – beef carbonnade, braised chicory wrapped in ham and covered

Previous pages, from left: a room at Hotel Verhaegen, set in one of Ghent's revitalised townhouses; St Michael's Church; super-doughy pizza at De Superette; bedroom at Ganda Rooms & Suites; bicycle seat; woodland style at Naturell. Background, Design Museum motif







with cheese sauce, and home-made shrimp croquettes. Yet the smarter restaurants were always a bit disappointing. That local tendency to embellish, to pile one thing on top of another, worked successfully with the baroque and Art Nouveau architecture and the fantastic fruit tarts in the village bakeries (nobody makes frangipane quite so well), but it tipped Michelin-starred restaurants into parody. At one such garlanded place I ate at in the late 1990s, every dish had chunks of lobster, slices of truffles and foie gras, even – or so it seemed – the petits fours.

A new breed of young chefs have adopted a simpler and cleaner approach. The self-taught Lieven Lootens emphasises organic, free-range produce. He grows his own herbs and vegetables at his country restaurant 't Aards Paradijs and they feature on the menu at his city venture, Naturell, where dishes such as poached oysters with fregola, chorizo and tomato provide a rich but precise punch of flavour.

At Publiek, Olly Ceulenaere showcases clear, fresh flavours with a menu that includes lightly pickled mackerel with beetroot, red onion and dried berries, and baby monkfish with Mechelen asparagus, ramsons and a jus of North Sea crab. With my food I drink Orval, the pale, sharp Trappist ale, because this is Belgium, where



beer is so much a part of the national psyche that right up until the 1950s local school-children were offered a break-time choice of milk or weak brown ale.

Chef Kobe Desramaults owns De Vitrine in Ghent's former red-light district, as well as In de Wulf private dining room in the countryside near Dranouter. His bakery-restaurant De Superette is in an old mini-market, the exposed concrete walls and Woolworths art a style familiar to anyone who has prowled around Shoreditch. The bread from the wood-fired ovens presided over by American Sarah Lemke is excellent, and I eat grilled courgettes, lobster wrapped in kohlrabi leaves with a scallop roe sauce, and home-made millefeuille with crème pâtissière and coffee icing.

It's been a sultry day and on the walk to the restaurant I've been thinking that what I really need is a glass of Rodenbach, the classic, lip-puckeringly sour red Flemish beer (easily the best drink to accompany chips, and don't let anyone tell you different). Happily at De Superette they have the Grand Cru on draught. The first gulp is as refreshing as taking a cold shower. I follow it with a glass of Saison Dupont, the hoppy summer ale from Hainault, thinking about a visit to the brewery 20-odd years before when the owner presented me with a poster they had just had printed to advertise their product in Britain. The slogan, 'Dupont – really good

From left: statue on Post
Plaza; artwork at De Superette,
and its bread counter; De
Krook library and St Bavo's
Cathedral; vintage wallpaper
at Priem; walking on
Zwartezustersstraat. Previous
pages: Hotel Verhaegen; street
art near the City Pavilion

Belgian beer – let others claim to be the best', was endearingly understated. 'Ah, the Dutch and their Heineken,' a Flemish woman says to me. 'Everyone in the world has heard of it. And it's rubbish.'

The Dutch and the Belgians are often at loggerheads, not least on the subject of gin. The Flemish contend that *genever* should be served cold, the Dutch are clear that *jenever* is best at room temperature. Gin was invented in the Low Countries. In Belgium it was once so massively popular it threatened industrial production. As a consequence, in 1880, the ruling Catholic Party passed a law forbidding its sale in cafés. The law was not repealed until the 1980s, which was perhaps better for the wealth of the nation, but it had a disastrous effect on the Flemish gin industry. Where once Flanders had been home to hundreds of distilleries, by the 1990s only one remained. All that has now changed.

In shop and tasting room, Proof, I taste some Ginderella, a small-batch gin from a new Ghent distillery. 'It is flavoured only slightly with juniper, but mainly with weeds,' the assistant says, then, after a pause and a chuckle, 'That is not a good description, I should say wild herbs, maybe?' Although there are now a host of fine cocktail



bars in Ghent, including Proof and the excellent De Alchemist, the classic place to sample Flemish gin is the Dreupelkot. The waterside bar is tiny and serves more than 150 different varieties. The veteran owner is as defiantly grumpy as he was two decades ago and is still tallying bills on a sheet of brown paper and ringing up the totals on a till straight out of an industrial museum.

The Dreupelkot is not the only survivor of the old Ghent. It's still a pleasure to stroll around sleepy medieval streets of the Begijnhofdries, where grass grows between the cobbles, men smoke outside the Russian Orthodox church and the gardens of the green-shuttered, 18th-century houses are filled with pink-tea roses and waving fronds of angelica. And the quirky shops still find a place here. There's Priem, a wallpaper store in Zuivelbrugstraat that has gone from hopelessly outmoded to on-trend retro simply by standing still; the Kloskanthuis linen shop with its crisp Flemish napery and the scent of lavender wafting through the door. And Confiserie Temmerman, a tiny boutique with a teal-blue door that sells old-fashioned sweets (*cuberdons*, a nose-shaped hard gum flavoured with raspberry juice, are the most famous), once presided over by an elderly lady who wore lorgnettes and spoke in the ornate, courtly French of Madame du Barry. The Trollekelder beer café remains



the same as I remember it, too. As a local woman remarks, with the comic irony for which the Flemish have a knack, 'It is kind of cool because it has never ceased to be unfashionable.' I drink a glass of Westvleteren beer, brewed in an abbey near Poperinge in the Flemish hop-growing region and reputedly the greatest beer in the world (a 330ml bottle will set you back just over a tenner).

Afterwards I walk down to a bridge over the Leie where you can look back at the spires of the city that Jacques Brel serenades in his song 'Marieke'. It is a warm, calm evening, light plays on the water outside the Dreupelkot. I look to where a wooden *frietkot* (chip hut) had stood above the canal two decades before. The fryers were operated by a fiery, white-haired lady and her great slab of a son who chuckled merrily at my attempts to pronounce Dutch and introduced me to the delights of Samouraï sauce, a mayonnaise with chillies and the vague odour of methylated spirits.

In the end, Ghent, for all the claims made on its behalf, is not really cool or hip. It's something far better than that. It is a place with personality. A city you love as a friend, because its faults make you chuckle and the good things about it make you smile so wide your jaw aches; a place where everybody can be themselves.

The Flemish are fond of putting up English slogans above their shops and bars, such as 'Good things take a little time' and 'You're not lost, you're here'. I remember the scene at a flea market earlier that day – a man wearing a garish shell-suit pushing two chihuahuas in a McLaren baby buggy past a stall selling erotic garden ornaments – and I come up with one of my own: 'Ghent. If you don't like it, you're wrong'.

### WHEN IN GHENT

### SIFFPING

### Studiomie

Interior designer Mieke De Maeyer's 'oneroom hotel' is set in a cleverly adapted shipping container on top of a red-brick building. It feels like the sort of place the offbeat private eye in a Luc Besson movie might occupy. studiomie.be. Doubles from about £100

### Hotel Verhaegen

The opulent interiors in this B&B juxtapose antique furnishings, Delft porcelain and period Chinese wallpaper with modern artworks – including an Yves Klein monochrome. Breakfast is served overlooking the listed parterre courtyard garden. neooselonneo.be.

Doubles from about £175

### **Sandton Grand Hotel Reylof**

A smart townhouse hotel built in the Louis XIV style. In the public areas, sleek modern touches are combined with original Empire interiors that include an impressive stone spiral staircase. The spacious bedrooms are stylishly contemporary. sandton.eu/sandtongrand-hotel-reylof. Doubles from about £110

### De Waterzooi

This beautifully renovated waterside building opposite the Gravensteen has exposed brickwork and original beams, crisp Flemish linen and splendid views across the medieval rooftops. The friendly owners also have a self-catering lodge on the other side of the square, and a boat (with skipper) for a canal voyage into the Flanders countryside. dewaterzooi.be. Doubles from about £375

### **Ganda Rooms & Suites**

A lovely eight-room hotel in an 18th-century townhouse close to the market square. Coffee and cakes are always available in the elegant guest salon; drinks are served on the upper terraces facing the city's spires. ganda roomsandsuites.be. Doubles from about £310

### EATING

### Volta

An epic example of industrial chic, this former electricity transformer station now sparks a subtle, flavourful menu from Davy De Pourcq that includes ceviche of langoustines with sea-buckthorn berries, and strawberries and rhubarb with quark and aloe vera. voltagent.be

### **Naturell**

Chef Liven Lootens' smallholding in the countryside supplies the raw ingredients for dishes such as white asparagus with ramsons and morels, and Parmesan-crusted sweetbreads with broad beans. The interior manages to suggest that guests are sitting in woodland, without toppling into kitsch. naturell-gent.be

### **Publiek**

Hummingly busy, family-run restaurant with finely judged northern European food such as cod brandade with celeriac. *publiekgent.be* 

### **De Superette**

Kobe Desramault's bakery and café sells superb bread baked in a wood-fired oven and pizzas to match. de-superette.be

### DRINKING

### De Alchemist

This dark-walled cocktail bar close to the Gravensteen is a good place to try the Roomer, a Ghent aperitif made to an ancient family recipe and flavoured with hand-picked elderflowers. +32 472 28 40 38

### Proof

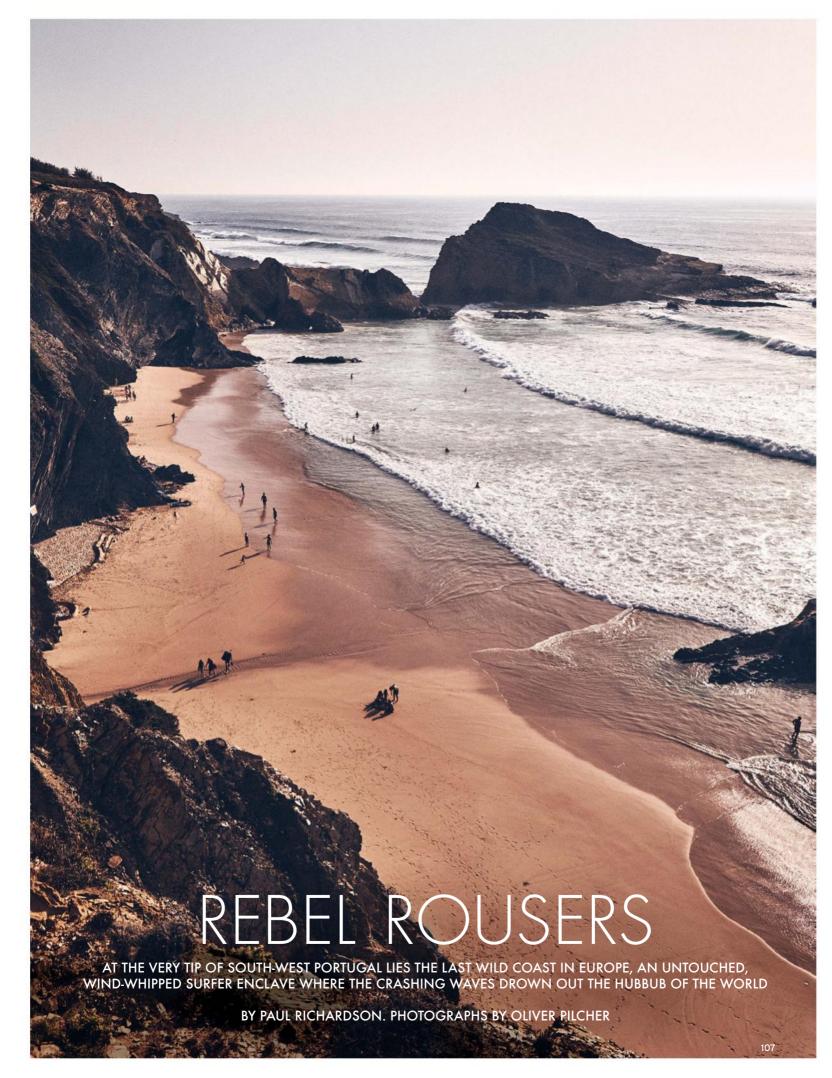
Part off-licence, part café near the Design Museum, with a carefully chosen range of artisan spirits – including small-batch Flemish gin and Belgian malt whisky. proof.gent

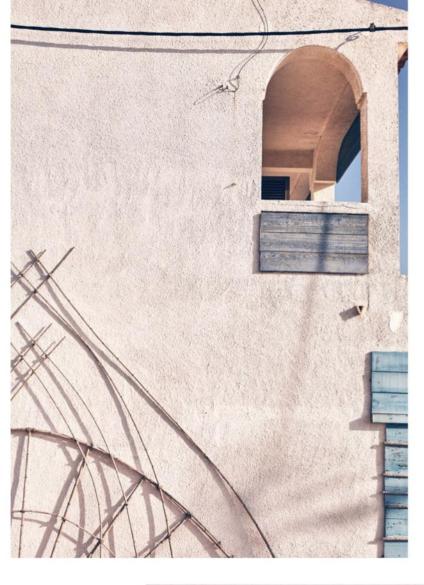
### Dreupelkot

There are more than 150 different genevers at this waterside Belgian brown café, all served in the Flemish style: chilled. *dreupelkot.be* 























VERYTHING CHANGES WHERE the motorway ends. Suddenly, just beyond Lagos, there are no more superstores, no more water-parks, no more billboards for party nights; the pinky-white condominia of the central Algarve no longer glimmer on the horizon. The cars on the road look dustier and older; wind down the window and the scent of eucalyptus and ozone-packed sea air floods in.

For a hit of relaxed beach life, it's no longer enough to simply head south; you also need to go west. And the long stretch of pristine coastline from Cape St Vincent at the far south-western tip of continental Europe to Sines, two hours south of Lisbon, is just about perfect for those of us still nostalgic for the innocent pleasures of European seaside holidays as they used to be before the crowds descended.

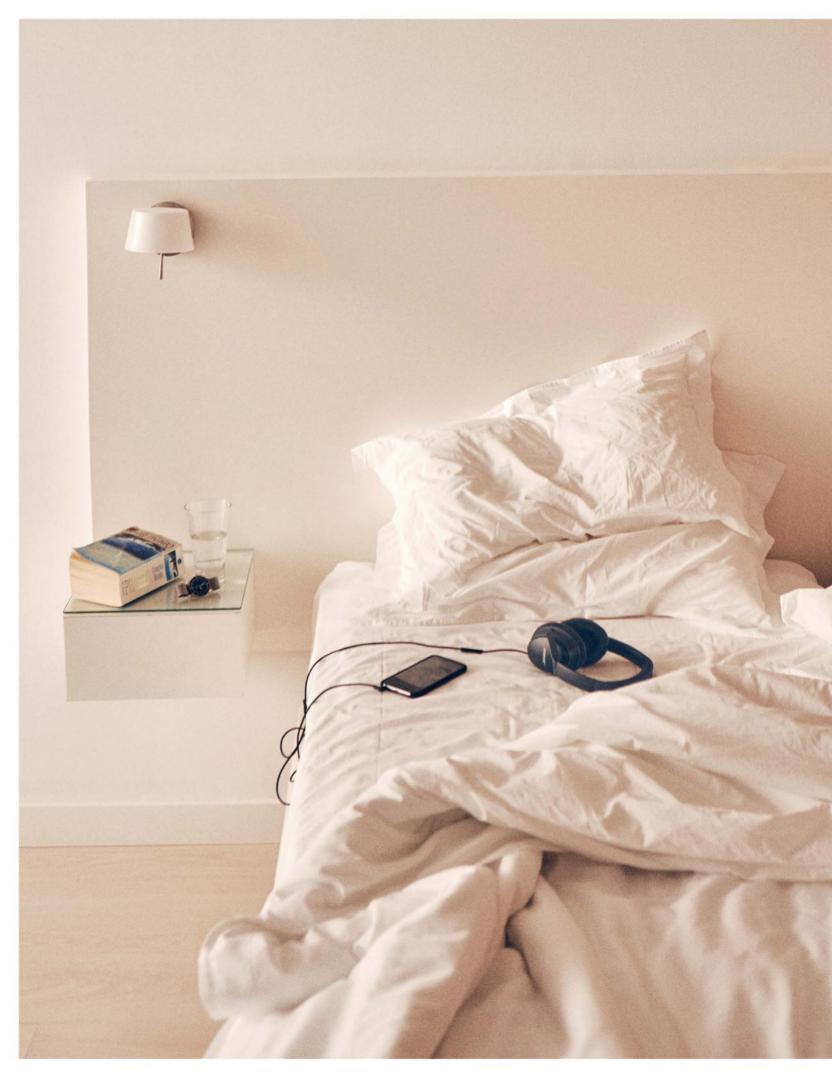
Protected along most of its length by strict environmental laws, the Costa Vicentina, as it is known, has no big developments to speak of and its few small towns (Aljezur, Zambujeira do Mar, Vila Nova de Milfontes) barely disturb the sleepy status quo. Its remarkable beaches – wide and wild, all dunes and cliffs and big Atlantic waves – are some of the loveliest in the world. Everything is low-key and unpretentious, all the way up to Comporta, where it mutates into a seriously fashionable barefoot enclave. Here the likes of Carla Bruni and Christian Louboutin hang out in beach-shack bars.

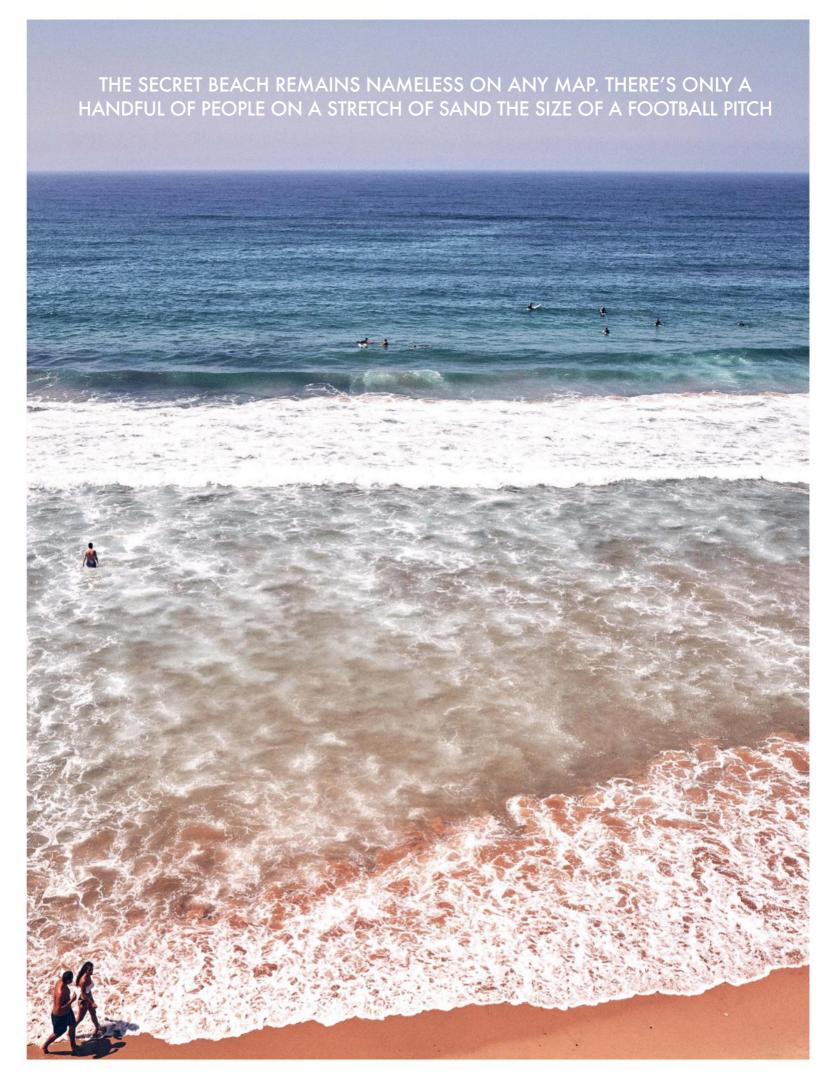
Vicentina is a counter-intuitive costa; it casually demolishes even your firmest expectations. It could be assumed, for example, based on experiences of summertime madness elsewhere in Spain and Portugal, that July and August would be unbearably overpopulated. Not so. Yes, there are plenty of surfers drawn by those Atlantic breaks, as well as young Portuguese families, camper vans with an alphabet soup of Euro number plates, and Spaniards over for the weekend, perhaps to remind themselves what their own costas must have once looked like. But here the bracing breezes serve to keep this coast quiet and permanently cool, even in high summer when most of southern Iberia is sweltering.

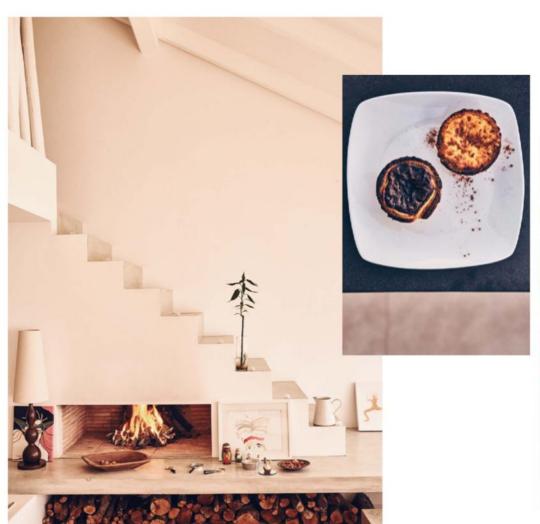
Costa vicentina straddles two Portuguese regions: the Algarve at its hardscrabble, undeveloped western end, and the even more penurious Alentejo. The area has sometimes been compared with Tuscany, which seems to me a pointless appraisal since there are few churches and convents and no aristocratic mansions in golden stone. But what it lacks in high culture, it more than makes up for in other intriguing and eccentric ways. Take the windswept town of Sagres at the southern limit of the Costa Vicentina. Once a whaling port, it stands guard over a beautiful, lonely peninsula which, until Columbus proved to the contrary, marked the edge of the known world.

Up on a headland just outside town, ringed by forbidding cliffs, is where the Portuguese explorer-prince Henry the Navigator built his famous fortress in the early 15th century. The fort's plain and simple form, low-slung and minimalistic as if designed by Le Corbusier, is best viewed from Mareta beach before heading to Mar à Vista, a simple fish restaurant where

Above from left: Gulli Bistrot in Aljezur; breakfast at Casa da Diná. Opposite, clockwise from top left: wall art on a house in Carrapateira; a car sticker in Sagres; smoked salmon at Casa da Diná; a surf school at Praia da Cordoama; the garden at Casa da Diná; Luca, a surfer at Praia da Cordoama. Previous pages, from left: Andreas, one of the surfers who gather at Praia da Cordoama; Praia dos Alteirinhos, which is reached by a dirt track









chargrilled local John Dory comes with vegetables sluiced in coriander-infused olive oil and an ice-cold bottle of *vinho verde*.

The Costa Vicentina doesn't do glamour: there are very few smart places to stay, and its simple, beachside grills carry no truck with tasting menus. The biggest social event of the summer along this coast – unless you count the annual Sudoeste music festival near Zambujeira do Mar – is the daily sunset ritual at Cape St Vincent lighthouse when hundreds gather on the cliff-top to swig Super Bock beer and watch the big red sun plunging into the steel-blue sea. If this were Ibiza, there'd be Café del Mar chillmuzak; this being the Costa Vicentina, there is only the boom and roar of the waves below.

Nowadays Sagres makes its living from the surfing scene, and the main drag is overloaded with surf shops and schools, and bars such as Three Little Birds, a cool place on the outskirts of town where wave-riding videos are projected onto the back wall.

The surf crowd may rule the roost in Sagres but – like the rest of the Costa Vicentina, should you look closely – there are signs of change. A couple of hotels, Martinhal and Memmo Baleeira, the latter a cheerful exercise in white-on-white seaside modernism above the harbour at Baleeira, are attracting young families of the sort who love wetsuits and big waves. Further inland, among fields of maize and eucalyptus woods, lie beautiful retreats such as Monte da Vilarinha, a funky farm conversion where the owners have created sophisticated, big-city interiors and drawn guests from Lisbon in the process. Behind the beach at Bordeira stands Aldeia

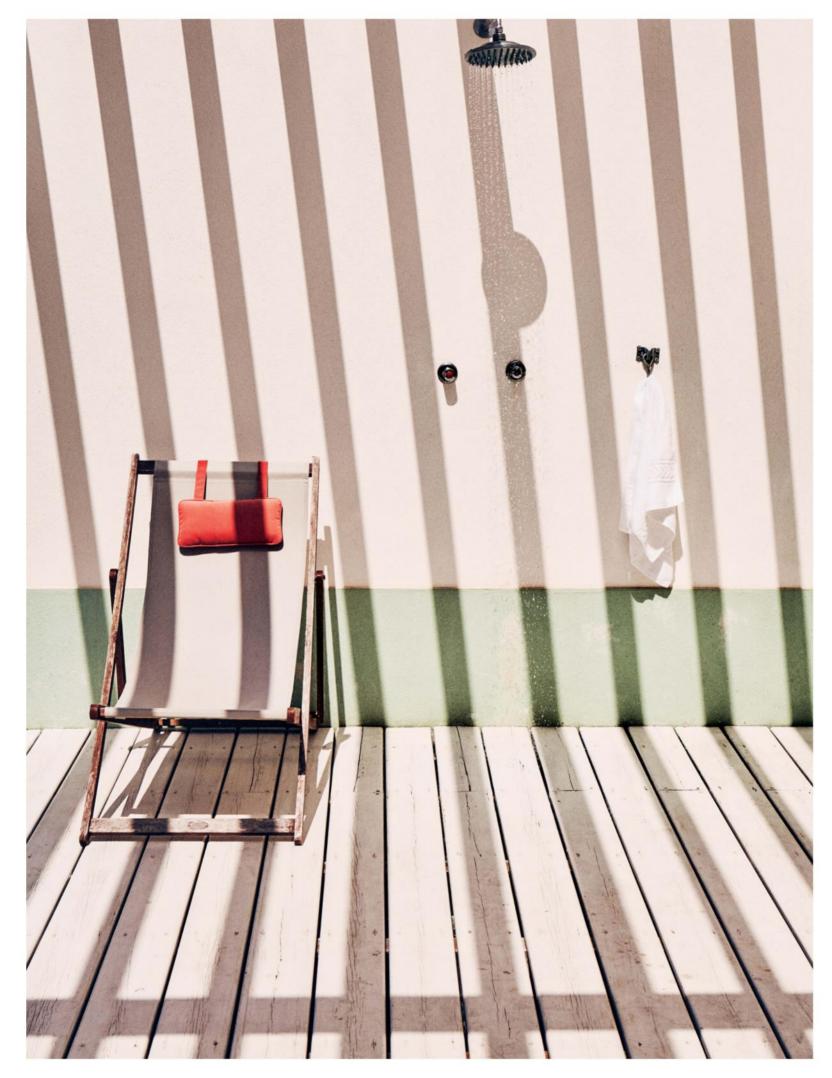
da Pedralva, an entire village of cobbled streets and white cottages rescued from ruin and refashioned as a delightful country hotel.

From Sagres, the Costa Vicentina stretches lazily northwards, getting emptier and wilder the further up you go. Here there are battered tractors parked outside pitched-roof farmhouses; herds of scrawny sheep picking their way along the rocky uplands; wide fields with bales of straw casting shadows in the afternoon light. The two-track road – which has seen better days – shadows the coastline obediently, winding through avenues of umbrella pines and arid moorlands where the flowers of agave plants stand tall like giant Christmas trees. Follow it – as the camper-van families and surf dudes do – and it'll take you along the length of the Parque Natural do Sudoeste Alentejano e Costa Vicentina where it would be possible to spend a couple of weeks just pottering.

The Costa Vicentina has an overabundance of pristine beaches. Not the warm-bath versions of the Caribbean where wavelets lap listlessly on white coral sands, but mighty theatres of cliffs and dunes, filled with the drama of thumping surf and spray. With the exception of a few sheltered coves and shallow inlets, here the shore is made for long walks, rock-pooling and sandcastle-building, with occasional exhilarating dips in the cold Atlantic.

My own favourites are Praia do Amado, reached by a long track from the village of Carrapateira, which translates as 'beach of the loved one'. It seems entirely apt, given the swooning beauty of this immense work of nature composed of dunes, monstrous grey-shale cliffs, and thunderous waves. Then there's the fine-sand

Opposite, outdoor shower at Casas da Lupa. Above from left: a sitting room at Casas da Lupa; pasteis de nata at Pão do Rogil bakery; surfer Andreas waxing his board at Praia da Cordoama. Previous pages, from left: a bedroom at Memmo Baleeira; the Atlantic coast at Castelejo



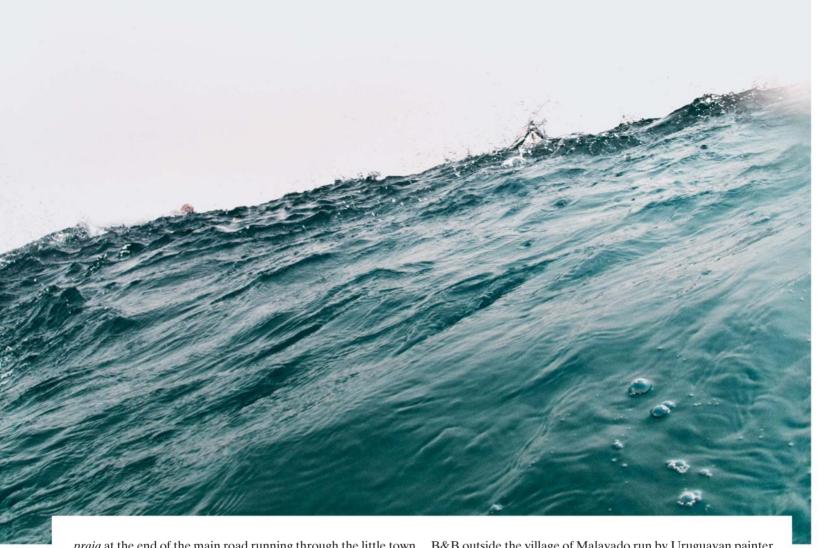












praia at the end of the main road running through the little town of Zambujeira; a few minutes' drive along the coast will take you to the awe-inspiring Alteirinhos, where I like to park my car on the cliff, put on some Mozart, and stare at the waterfall leaping through dark rocks to the expanse of sand far below. Praia das Furnás, near Vila Nova de Milfontes, also comes high on my list for its calm estuarial waters, coloured a most un-Atlantic turquoise, and for the bar in the dunes behind the beach, O7 Ocean Drive, which serves some of the best Caipirinhas east of Rio.

But if I were forced to choose just one hangout on the Costa Vicentina, it would be Bar da Praia at Odeceixe. Here, above the River Ceixe and the gorgeous sweep of sand it traverses on its way to the sea, expat Spaniards Pedro Elizo and Pablo Berástegui serve *jamón ibérico*, Basque *pintxos*, iced tea and cold beers. With its retro Latin music and cool seaside chic, it might just be my Platonic ideal of everything a beach bar should be.

The border between the Algarve and the Alentejo lies outside Odeceixe, north of which is arguably the last stretch of undeveloped coastline in southern Europe. Here wheat fields, vineyards and orchards alternate with forests of cork oak; little white houses dot the landscape, none more than a single storey, some abandoned stone shells, others huddled into hamlets beside the road.

This part of Portugal remains obstinately agricultural but there are a few wonderful places to stay, such as Casas da Lupa, a collection of former farm buildings on a eucalyptus plantation with bright, contemporary interiors, and Casa da Diná, a brilliant

B&B outside the village of Malavado run by Uruguayan painter Walter Rosso and his wife Diná. Rosso was drawn here thinking its flat horizons might sit well with his minimalist figurative paintings. 'This place is immune to globalisation,' he says happily. 'We first came here 15 years ago, and I swear it hasn't changed one bit since then.'

But perhaps the best place to stay on the Costa Vicentina is Herdade do Touril, a restored farmhouse on a large estate, founded in 1826 and still run in hands-on fashion by Luís Leote Falcão, a scion of the original owners. The main house, a huddle of low white buildings picked out with the same forget-me-not blue as the sky, stands within sight and scent of the Atlantic. At a table on the terrace, as the sun dips below the horizon, Luís pours me a glass of local white and tells me stories about the old Alentejo and the feisty Communist politics that kept it in the slow lane for most of the 20th century.

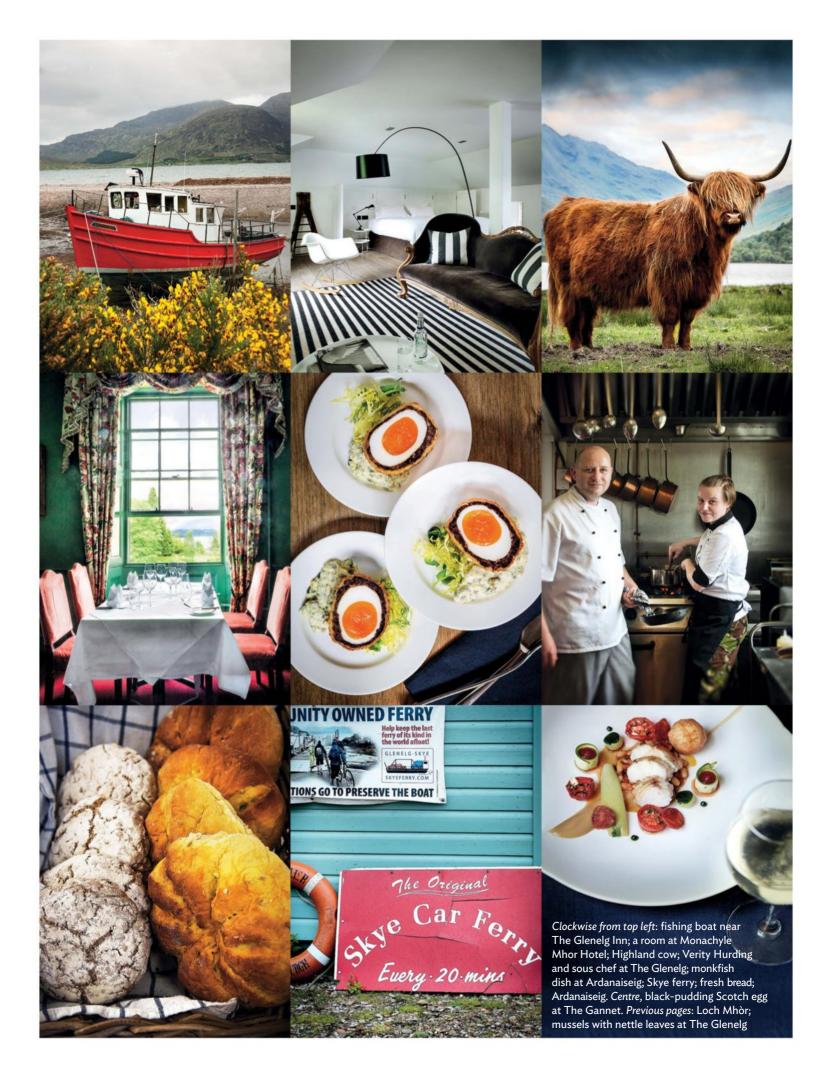
He also tells me about his Secret Beach, which remains nameless on any map. The way to it is along a narrow path through dense forests, followed by an undignified scramble down a steep rock face. When I get there, on a cloudless Sunday in summer, there are only six other people on a stretch of sand the size of a football pitch. Like members of an exclusive club, they nod conspiratorially as I arrive. Here there are no showers or sunbeds, no frills or fripperies, just those mighty breakers, huge grey crags cut through with weird striations, and a tantalising pall of sea mist hanging over the scene like a veiled vision about to be revealed.

Above, in the water off Castelejo beach. Opposite, clockwise from top left: a badger tattoo on the arm of Badger, a local skateboarder; the master suite at Casas da Lupa; Badger doing his thing in Cordoama; magnifying glasses at Casas da Lupo; salads and dips at Bar da Praia in Odeceixe





BY SOPHIE DENING. PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL PAUL



HINK ABOUT THE MAJOR FOOD TRENDS that have shaped the way we eat – restaurants, not what you had for breakfast – and you can bet the Scottish did it first. Foraging? Goes without saying, when the chanterelles and blaeberries grow as prolifically as they do in the pine forests of the Highlands. Local produce? What, like the oats, cream, whisky and raspberries in cranachan, or the smoked haddock in cullen skink? And seasonal food – wild game, oysters, dulse, tayberries – wasn't a stretch to revive during the 1980s, when pioneering chefs such as Shirley Spear began to return to their roots and make the most of such natural plenty.

The Isle of Skye – where Spear opened the now-legendary Three Chimneys in 1985 – as well as Mull and the whole wonderfully crinkled western coast of Scotland, are blessed with a mild climate and tons of rain. The West Highlands are ridiculously beautiful, and excellent for outdoor pursuits, so decent places to stay have always been needed: country-house hotels, castles, inns, hunting lodges, homely restaurants with rooms. At the baronial end of tourism, serious gastronomy meant bivalves and venison even as the rest of the United Kingdom survived the chicken-kiev years. Now, with the modern gourmet prepared to cross continents for a dish of langoustines, Scotland's food scene and its produce-mad chefs are becoming as fêted as they deserve.

real technique and top-drawer ingredients from producers who work closely with Peter and Ivan. The bar, where cherries mature in jars overhead for deployment in cocktails, is a real bar with an interesting wine list, open until 1am at weekends.

THERE'S PLENTY OF TIME TO BUY a copy of *Tales of Clan McLaren* at Kelvingrove before striking out for the country. I've booked dinner at **Inver**, equally as on-trend as The Gannet, although its location on the less-frequented south shore of Loch Fyne feels mind-bogglingly distant from pop arenas and art galleries.

My greedy road trip is hardly arduous and often gorgeous, bar the unremarkable crawl west to Greenock, where I pay homage to my maternal grandfather by parking opposite the house where he was born. I catch the Dunoon car ferry and watch grandpa's native shore receding, then nose north up the piney banks of Loch Eck until Strachur, where a sweet-looking row of terraced cottages must get positively bored of being ogled and photographed. The single-track road down to Inver feels both remote and friendly, and culminates in a pre-prandial half of Fyne Ales' Sanda Blonde, served with soothing watery views on Inver's little terrace, and followed by a simple snack of roast corn cob in chunks and nutty brown butter laced with false flax seed.

## IT'S AN EXCITING TIME TO TOUR THE COUNTRYSIDE, HUNGRY. I'VE PLANNED A LOOPING ROUTE FROM GLASGOW TO INVERNESS, WITH A FULL SCOTTISH BREAKFAST DAILY

Much of what is authentic in Scottish food, from seafood so fine the Spanish swipe half of it, to traditional baking borrowed by the English (shortbread, scones, fudge), remains relevant. Influences from elsewhere include Indian flavours – so formative for Glasgow-born Isaac McHale of Clove Club fame – and the Nordic cult heroes at Noma and Fäviken, who are not so far removed, latitudinally, from Inverness or Inver restaurant. It's an exciting time to tour the Highlands, hungry. I've planned a looping drive from Glasgow to Inverness, with a full Scottish breakfast daily, and strictly either lunch or dinner, never both.

I start with an appetite-stoking walk along Argyle Street from Glasgow's magnificent Kelvingrove Art Gallery to **The Gannet**, a confident and informal bistro. The cosy-clean interior combines massive stone walls with brick, yards of neatly exposed ducts, and a wall sculpture by an artist friend of the owners, cut from a single piece of wood to resemble golden tresses or sheaves of corn. Chefpatrons Peter McKenna, originally from Monaghan, and Ivan Stein, a Londoner, did up their then-unloved site ('found by luck') four years ago, just when this patch of the West End was coming to life, not least with the opening of the Hydro Arena.

During the week, lunchtime diners can sit down for three courses at a kindly £25, perhaps featuring a Stornoway black-pudding Scotch egg, elegant mouthfuls of Hebridean pickled herring with crème fraîche, or confit salmon with crisp fried capers and neat pickled cauliflower. In the evenings, the à-la-carte menu might include beef fillet with dripping potatoes, shallots and Madeira sauce. A plate of Borders lamb with cumin sauce demonstrates a leaning towards classic flavour pairings, backed up by

Taken together, the whitewashed croft overlooking the ruins of Old Castle Lachlan, the light-hearted Scandi homeliness of the interior, and the well-travelled culinary mind of chef Pam Brunton (who has cooked at Noma, Fäviken and The Greenhouse in London), are intensely charming. Pam and her partner Rob Latimer are up to something world-class, in the sense that Inver could succeed in Hackney, Brooklyn or Copenhagen – though their urban contemporaries could never get this close to Isle of Bute lamb and beef, Loch Fyne langoustines, Otter Ferry oysters, fresh dulse and kelp, and gooseberries from a neighbour. Pam says her plan was always to return and cook in Scotland, where she feels a profound connection with land, ingredients and people.

Dark, squidgy sourdough arrives with deep-yellow salty butter, then the no-choice £42 dinner menu might start with a vivid dish of pea, crowdie and whey: whipped pea and curd-cheese mousse, plated prettily with fresh peas, pea-pod granita and wild vetch flowers. Pam's food shows a clean sophistication and, unsurprisingly, an affinity with the new wave of Nordic chefs. Gigha halibut is cured and served with gooseberry slivers and peppery nasturtium blooms, or horseradish cream and blackcurrant; lamb with courgettes and house-made sheep's cheese tastes complex and earthy, with tiny wild-garlic capers adding extra little shocks of vigour.

Ercol furniture in the light, sparse dining room – no art, just antlers – gives Inver an airy schoolroom vibe; the fireside sitting room and bar, where diners are brought beremeal and hazelnut shortbread with their coffee, is full of Pam and Rob's own vintage prints and books, and sheepskin throws. Connoisseurs will enjoy

spotting Relae, Justin Gellatly and MFK Fisher among dozens of cookbooks, and lots of hip hop in the vinyl collection. Coming later this year will be four bothies, contemporary yet homely, built in larch, glass and corrugated iron.

My own MAP OF SCOTLAND WAS FORMED during jolly childhood holidays, but the lochside raves I perpetrated with my cousins in the 1990s owed more to Irvine Welsh than Robert Louis Stevenson. My mother's mother, Molly, was for some years the matriarch of Clan McLaren. We lost all our land through misfortune hundreds of years ago, but can lay romantic claim to the wooded hillside over Balquhidder (clan motto: the Boar's Rock) and various party sites on the remote shores of Loch Voil. After a rainy yet always pretty drive up the northern spur of Loch Lomond, arriving here via Crianlarich and Lochearnhead brings back memories of Molly being carried up to the Boar's Rock in her wheelchair by kilted grandsons during one summer's Highland Games.

It is green, clean and wild in the Trossachs, and not aggressively touristy, though style and quality have been introduced thanks to Tom Lewis's gourmet mini-empire: a boutique hotel/restaurant one-off, **Monachyle Mhor**, as well as a brilliant family motel and lunch spot, Mhor84, plus a bakery and fish restaurant/

velvet sofa, seems strangely appropriate – an oil painting of Bianca Jagger here, a massive chinoiserie linen press there.

Glaswegian Colin Cairns, who was a fixture in the kitchen for 15 years before becoming Ardanaiseig's head chef, says his classical, seasonal food is not over-trendy, meaning every main comes with some decent carbs. The intricacy is remarkable: smoked duck comes with confit duck, celeriac remoulade, spiced beetroot jam, fig and dried apple; guinea-fowl breast is accompanied by a bonbon of confit wing and leg, apricots and girolles, and polenta. Only a driven hedonist would accept both the dark chocolate pot for pudding and the petits fours by the fire in the bar.

In the morning, I walk around the grounds in pouring rain. I've steadied myself with both porridge and black pudding: today's drive is an epic one, taking me past Oban and Port Appin, then north to Fort William and the A830, aka the Road to the Isles, a fairly bleak old drover's road leading to Mallaig ferry. I can't resist making a detour to visit Port Appin, to look for a shop where I once bought the best kilt hose of my life. The shop is still there but not the tweed socks; the owner is friendly and we chat for 20 minutes before I exit with some rather lurid beeswax candles. I am also lured into an amateur art exhibition in the village hall.

## IN THE MORNING, I WALK AROUND THE GROUNDS IN POURING RAIN. I'VE STEADIED MYSELF WITH BOTH PORRIDGE AND BLACK PUDDING. TODAY'S DRIVE IS AN EPIC ONE

takeaway in Callander. Tom and his head chef Marysia Paszkowska raid Monachyle's own gardens for herbs, leaves, beans and peas, beetroot, radish and potatoes to go with top-hole Trossachs beef, lamb and game. The kitchen brigade know where to find chanterelles and ceps too.

Dining and staying at Monachyle is glamorous yet casual, and always laced with surprises and generosity: whisky and food pairing is encouraged, not to mention a nip in your porridge at breakfast, which could also involve fruit compotes, bircher muesli, home-baked ham and smoked salmon from Inverawe. Dinner might start with tortellini of Mull lobster with ginger consommé and bisque gel, or cauliflower panna cotta with walnut and white truffle, followed by Monachyle venison or Perthshire blackface lamb. The dining room, bar and drawing room are stylised and arty, with fanciable lights, mirrors and artworks. Tom and co's latest caper is Scotland's first fully mobile restaurant, a converted grain container seating 24 with four big windows and a wood-burning stove, mounted on the back of an agricultural trailer.

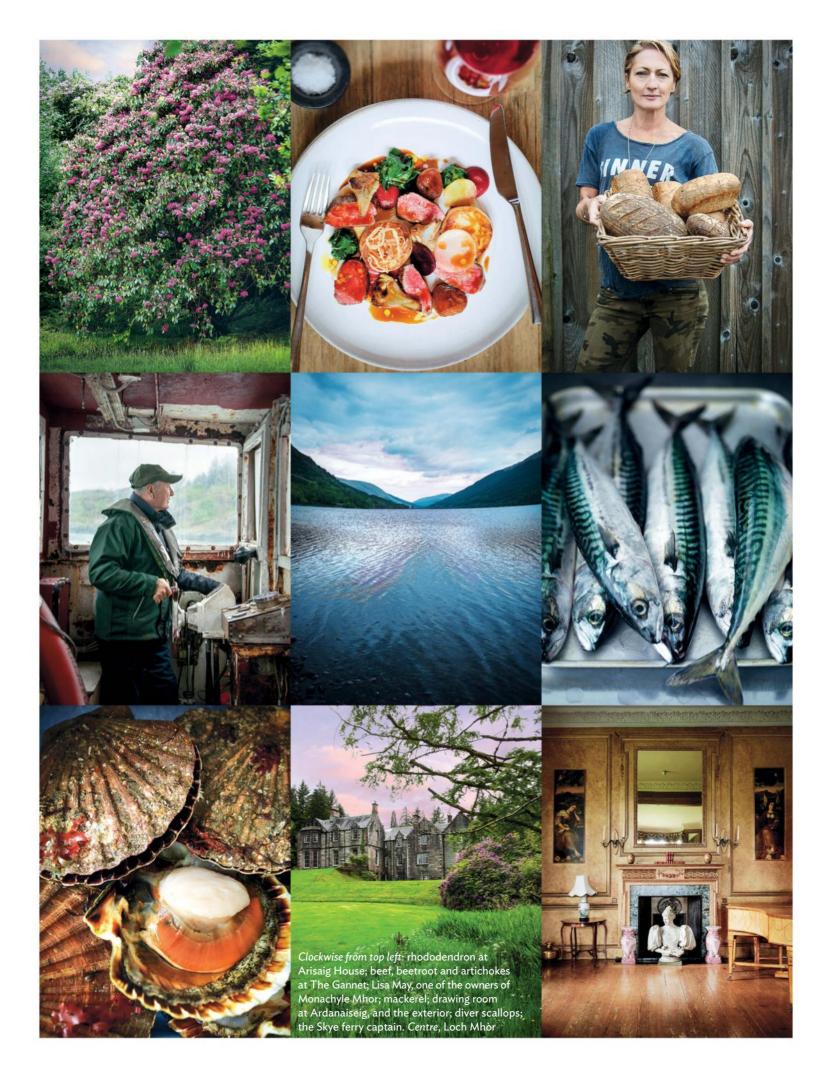
The route westwards to my next corner table is famously wonderful, both grand and twisty, taking in the heavenly views of loch, glen, fell and sky that make driving in Scotland a tonic. It takes me twice as long as I expect, at the end of the journey, to find incredibly out-of-the way **Ardanaiseig**. It's the epitome of a rather severe-looking Victorian pile, built by a colonel of Clan Campbell and now in the hands of Bennie Gray, who founded Alfies Antique Market in London's Marylebone. The flamboyant style of some of the bedrooms and, in particular, the wonderful drawing room that runs the whole depth of the house with views out over Loch Awe and Beinn Cruachan from a vast, golden

It only takes me two goes to find **Arisaig House** in the dark. This 19th-century mansion has a far more intimate vibe, owned and operated by sisters who holidayed locally as children, and went on to fill Arisaig with books, paintings, photographs and furniture from their grandparents' house. Sarah Winnington Ingram runs the show, a kind and humorous host who always makes time to stop for a joke or to reminisce about guests' previous visits. Most crucially, she cooks, from scratch, in a big, friendly kitchen with a range and an immense, very still, old dog under the table; and supervises the absurdly abundant kitchen garden. Yes, those are figs and nectarines, and basil and rocket, which Sarah deploys along with seafood landed at Mallaig – no sea bass or bream, only salmon, hake, mackerel, occasionally halibut, or lobster and crab brought to her direct from the fisherman.

The short à-la-carte dinner might include beetroot mousse with orange and fennel-scented yogurt, or spinach and smoked-salmon roulade, then loin of venison with sweet-potato purée and greens from the garden, or a light gratin of scallop and langoustine. There is no music piped into the dining room, but musicians are invited sometimes, and the house fills with trad or chamber music. Arisaig lends itself to gatherings: family reunions, nuptials, groups of artists.

This is a B&B, technically, and it feels like being in someone else's utterly lovely and covetable house; yet the owners count wealthy Americans among their guests. They might wonder where the bellhop is when they arrive, then end up purring with joy after two days of downtime in the drawing room amid vases of sweet peas, seascapes and animal portraits, two pianos, window seats, Patrick Leigh Fermor books, and sofas and armchairs that always





outnumber the guests. One patrician New York couple I meet, regulars for years and years, are so in love with Arisaig and the Highlands that they apologise to me for the stormy weather.

ONCE I'VE GOT THE THUMBS-UP FROM MY HOSTS (poor weather often prevents guests from leaving), I'm off to catch the ferry to Skye. I've barely landed before I reach the family seat of Isabella Macdonald and her parents, Lady Claire and Lord Godfrey Macdonald. **Kinloch Lodge** was converted from a shooting lodge in the 1970s, and all three lived here until six years ago. Their former home is super-smart but still full of character. Take their clear preference for whippets: there's a china pair on the mantel shelf in the drawing room, among family photographs and a letter from Churchill; at least one done in pen-and-ink; plus a pair of bronze faithfuls outside the front door.

Lady Claire established Kinloch as a top-flight place to stay and eat on Skye; Isabella has now taken on the role of director, with head chef Marcello Tully virtually part of the family since 2007, and responsible for the dining room and its stellar reputation. Carpeted and white-linened, and hung with ancestral portraits, it stays awash with evening sun until 9pm on long summer days. Canapés, such as chicken and Parma-ham bhajis, and an apple

gimmicks when you're in a place like this,' she says. 'It's a black-board menu, so we can change it quick when a guy turns up with crabs or langoustines.' You can count on a good roast – usually beef topside served pink – with goose-fat spuds; beer-battered haddock and skin-on chips; mussels with cider and bacon; smoked salmon from a gentleman referred to by everyone as Johnny Stalker; and puddings such as sticky toffee pudding or flourless chocolate torte. In the evenings, Verity's cooking strikes a more restaurant-y note with dishes such as pan-fried salmon with asparagus, dill and capers, or venison steak with a berry jus.

Glenelg is very much a music venue, and resounds day and night with trad, from ska-influenced ceilidh to melancholy cowboy songs. The musicians might be from the village itself, from elsewhere in Scotland, or from the USA. Guests who book into the bedroom over the bar are made aware if there's a session starting at 9pm, although plenty of Glenelg regulars wouldn't miss a note, anyway. When it's time for the sound of silence, head down to Sandaig, aka Camusfearna, where Gavin Maxwell wrote *Ring of Bright Water*; or take a walk around the Brochs, a pair of fortified circular stone dwellings dating back to the Iron Age. By the time you return to the pub, a fisherman will probably have dropped off another sack of still-wet shellfish for lunch.

## TOP LONDON CONTEMPORARIES COULD NEVER GET THIS CLOSE TO FRESH DULSE AND KELP, LOCH FYNE LANGOUSTINES, AND GOOSEBERRIES FROM A NEIGHBOUR

jelly and blue-cheese panna cotta, do exactly what they're meant to, delighting with the prospect of what's to come.

Marcello's food is inventive but not outré, playing with textures without becoming over-refined: a starter of home-cured salmon with beetroot and dill retains an earthiness, and Speyside beef fillet gets a classic pairing of blue-cheese mousse, confit shallot and rich brandy sauce. His Brazilian roots show in sweet touches of coconut with Mallaig sea bass, or a passion-fruit jus with quail. Marcello knows guests are here for a treat, and cooks accordingly.

My final staging post is a very fine pub back on the mainland. It's slightly disappointing not to be spending days on Skye, and I remind myself I can leave England and come to live here any time I like, before boarding the miniature ferry between Kylerhea and Glenelg. The drive from Kinloch is wild and beautiful, and even queuing among strangers is memorable, as you watch the ferry bobbing back so kindly to fetch you. Travel this lo-fi gets a high score on the camaraderie index – just don't expect a shred of officialdom, though the cheery ferryman (accompanied by a doughty ferrygirl) is the very essence of a safe pair of hands.

When I arrive at **The Glenelg Inn** and poke my head in, it is so ridiculously inviting I can't help gasping. The bedrooms are not smart, more bright and comfortable, but the gorgeous views across the Sound of Sleat means nobody cares. While I take in my surroundings in the pub – seafaring bric-à-brac, tartan carpet, fire lit 365 days a year – a fisherman turns up with a sack of squat lobsters, and the young chef, Verity Hurding, comes out for a chat.

She was raised in Glenelg (the doctor's daughter), so she knows where the wild garlic and mushrooms grow. 'There's no need for

## FEASTING IN SCOTLAND

THE GANNET Dinner for two about £80. 1155 Argyle Street, Glasgow (+44 141 204 208; thegannetgla.com)

INVER Dinner for two about £84. Strathlachlan, Strachur, Argyll & Bute (+44 1369 860537; inverrestaurant.co.uk)

MONACHYLE MHOR HOTEL Dinner for two about £114; doubles from £185, including breakfast. Balquhidder, Lochearnhead, Perthshire (+44 1877 384622; mhor.net)

ARDANAISEIG Dinner, bed and breakfast for two from £370.

Self-catering available in a family cottage. Kilchrenan by Taynuilt,

Argyll (+44 1866 833333; ardanaiseig.com)

ARISAIG HOUSE Dinner for two about £64. Doubles from £175 including breakfast. Self-catering also available. Arisaig, Inverness-shire (+44 1687 450730; arisaighouse.co.uk)

KINLOCH LODGE Dinner, bed and breakfast for two from £340. Isleornsay, Isle of Skye (+44 1471 833333; kinloch-lodge.co.uk)

THE GLENELG INN Dinner for two about £70. Doubles from £110 including breakfast. Kyle, Inverness-shire (+44 1599 522273; glenelg-inn.com)

GETTING HERE BY TRAIN Southerners can take the Caledonian Sleeper from Euston all the way to Glasgow, and return from Inverness. First-class passengers get private berths, comfort packs with eye masks, and a choice of porridge or Ayrshire bacon roll for breakfast, brought to the berths by amiable, tartan-uniformed staff. First-class single from £141. +44 330 060 0500; sleeper.scot



## PHOTOGRAPH: CAMERA PRESS

## AROUND THE WORLD WITH LENNY KRAVITZ

HE HAS A SHELF OF GRAMMY AWARDS AND A BACK CATALOGUE OF FAMOUS FLINGS, BUT THE LA-RAISED ROCK STAR IS CARVING OUT ALTERNATIVE ROLES FOR HIMSELF AS AN ACTOR AND FURNITURE DESIGNER

## Where have you just come back from?

'Well, I haven't actually left yet! I'm in the Bahamas. I live between here and Paris. I spend my life on tour so when it's time to take a vacation, I like to get home. My mother was Bahamian and the islands are very dear to me. The water is exquisite, clear and turquoise, and the land is green and lush with coconut trees, palms, sea grapes, hibiscus, aloe vera, guavas, mangoes... It's also where I can really be myself. People just think of me as a local, a neighbour, as part of the community.'

## Which is your favourite city?

'Paris. When my first album came out in 1989 I was signed in the USA, but they didn't know what to do with me. I didn't fit in any box. I was different to what was going on at the time, the stuff that was being played on the radio. So they sent me to Europe – to London, Paris, Hamburg and Amsterdam. And when I went to Paris for the first time, I got this uncanny feeling, as if I belonged there somehow. Growing up in New York City, I was always attracted to the Beaux Arts buildings on the Upper East Side, and in Paris all those beautiful buildings were everywhere. I love the city for its passion, art, the opera, the ballet, the fashion, the architecture, the food, the wine. I remember trying to get things done faster on my house, saying to the French builders, "Can you work on the weekend? I'll pay you double," and the guys were like, "No! We're going home to have dinner with our families." I like that. Coming from the USA, you think that if you snap your fingers people are going to serve you, and in Paris it doesn't work that way. So to answer the question you asked me an hour ago, Paris is my favourite city.'

## Which is your road most travelled?

'The one that has led me on concert tours around the world for the past 27 years. I can be on the road for a year and a half at a time. It's like a circus, packing up the tents every night, then off again. My actual life gets put on the backburner, but I tour with a great group of people, and I'm grateful.'

## What do you pack first?

'My Leica cameras go everywhere with me. I love capturing moments, places, people, objects. I ended up doing a book and an exhibition called *Flash*, which involved shooting people who were photographing me – fans and paparazzi.'

### Tell us about a great little place you know

'Bacchus Fine Foods on Governor's Harbour in Eleuthera, in the Bahamas. It's a small store with just three or four tables and it belongs to a friend of mine, Angelika, who cooks seafood and these beautiful Indian curried chickpeas and spicy shrimp. You can eat vegan, or raw, and it's a really cool hang, just playing music and talking to Angelika.'

## 'I GOT AN UNCANNY FEELING THE FIRST TIME I WENT TO PARIS, AS IF I BELONGED THERE SOMEHOW'

## Any memories from a childhood holiday?

'When I was a kid we used to go to Nassau on Paradise Island every Christmas to visit my family. There weren't any big hotels then, and we would stay at a place called the Beach Inn, which became our home over the holidays. My half-sisters would come, and different friends and family. My best memories are of being on the beach with a great calypso band playing. It was a carefree time.'

### Where's the smartest place you've stayed?

'I lived at the Four Seasons Hotel George V for a month and a half when I was looking for somewhere to buy in Paris. I had my dog with me, which I don't think the manager was too happy about, but they allowed it if I used the staff elevator. Everything I wanted was taken care of and it was the easiest time I've had in a hotel.'

## Nominate your 8th wonder of the world

'I bought an organic farm in Brazil called Fazenda São Tomé, which is 1,000 acres of waterfalls, fish, cows, horses, fruits, vegetables and coffee. I've spent the past six years designing and renovating the late-18th-century farmhouses. It's completely self-sufficient. When you're there you feel God, you feel creation, you feel nature. You eat off the land and when you turn on the taps, it's water from a waterfall. I let friends stay, but we're also going to open it up to others. So that's my personal eighth wonder, somewhere to completely replenish and revitalise.'

## Who is the most interesting person you've met on your travels?

'Nelson Mandela. But here's the thing, we didn't meet in person, we spoke on the phone. I was touring in South Africa and he invited me to see him and his family, but there were these tremendous floods due to a torrential downpour, so we weren't able to go. But I have to say the conversation we had was incredible, memorable and uplifting. That he took time to speak to me is something I'll always carry with me.'

## What's your guilty pleasure?

'Because I'm always thinking about the show, about business, design and photography, my head gets so full. I want my brain to be numb so I can sleep, so my guilty pleasure is turning on the pay-per-view and watching bad movies or a series on Netflix, just to switch off my mind.'

## What would you most like to find in your hotel mini-bar?

'My favourite raw, vegan chocolate, Honey Mama's. It's mind-blowing. I've been eating raw for almost a year and have never felt better.'

## How do you relax?

'By doing the thing that I love the most: being creative. It relaxes my soul because I'm content. And spending time with close family, especially my daughter Zoë.'

Lenny Kravitz was speaking to Francesca Babb. His new album, 'Strut', is available now, and his photography book, 'Flash', is available on Amazon. For information on his design company, see kravitzdesign.com



## PARADISE PERFECTED

Velaa Private Island is a Maldivian masterpiece and true sanctuary for the senses. Take a trip into the extraordinary

A 45-minute plane ride north of Malé is the little-explored Noonu Atoll, home to Velaa Private Island. This far-flung paradise combines breathtaking nature with a 'beyond luxury' concept, and the results are blow-your-mind blissful. Created entirely from scratch, Velaa (meaning Turtle Island after its little nesting visitors) has been designed and built in the shape of a turtle. Despite a total transformation from thick bush and papaya fields to ultimate luxury hideaway, it remains completely at one with nature. Velaa Private Island is no ordinary world.



Just 47 villas and residences greet those lucky enough to call this outpost home for a while. And there's a different-sized bolthole to suit everyone, each with an emphasis on privacy. The overall style is spot-on subtle with plenty of natural touches (designer Petr Kolar calls it 'polite luxury'). The Beach Pool Villas (standard and deluxe) feature gorgeous mahogany panelling, lofty ceilings, suspended bamboo lights, rattan swing chairs and wall-to-wall glass doors that allow light to flood in. Outside are heavenly private gardens complete with gazebo-shaded daybeds and alfresco baths stocked with full-sized Clarins products. The Water Villas are also died-and-gone-to-heaven cocoons. Set along an extended jetty, they come with views stretching to the horizon, huge cushion-filled sofas, circular baths and bars complete with wine fridges. Families are catered for brilliantly with the two-bedroom Beach Pool Houses and four-bedroom Velaa Beach Residences, but the ultimate accommodation has to be the couple-only Pool Residence. Accessible only by boat, it comes with its own spa, beach, in-villa gym, pool, chef and butler a honeymoon hotspot and the last word in luxury.

## TRAVELLER ADVERTISEMENT FEATURE





Tempting as it may be never to reappear from your private hidey-hole, Velaa (unlike many Maldivian resorts) is actually action packed. There's a kids club, three different ball courts (tennis, squash and beach volleyball), a football pitch, state-of-the-art gym, climbing wall and a greener-than-green nine-hole golf course and high-tech swing studio, both designed by José María Olazábal. And that's just on land. The watersports centre is one of the best in the business, packed with jet skis, windsurfs, kitesurfs, kayaks, paddle boards, seabobs, hoverboards and sailing equipment. Plus, the limelight-stealing semi-submarine is perfect for James Bond-style underwater antics. The dive centre is very well equipped and keen divers explore the atoll's little-visited reefs, spotting rays, reef sharks and shoal after shoal of rainbow-coloured fish. Nightsea torches enable after-dark snorkelling and there are weekly dolphin and fishing excursions.

From one extreme to another: Velaa Private Island is also big on R&R. It's a place where the sun shines,



the palms rustle in the gentle breeze, the staff appear as if by magic and putting your feet up is a given. However, no stay would be complete without some seriously pampering spa time. Featuring a string of firsts, it's the only spa in Asia to offer My Blend facial products and treatments by Clarins; it's home to the first snow room in the Maldives, and two treatments – Velaa Island Fantasy and Island Body Boost (both developed by Clarins Paris) – are resort exclusives.

Not a place to do things by halves, Velaa has also stamped its mark on the gourmet travel map. Despite its isolated location, renowned chef Gaushan de Silva, of Noma and Jordan's Royal Palace, oversees three incredible restaurants on the island. Choose between the simple barefoot dining at Athiri, the gorgeous overwater Aragu or, for a totally unforgettable experience, book into Tavaru. Its unique tower location, impressive wine cellar and melt-in-the-mouth East-Asian menu delivers guaranteed wow factor.

All this is topped off with cloudless skies, cerulean sea and sugar-white sands. Velaa Private Island deals in moments of suspended reality: definitely one for the ultimate escape list.

Visit velaaprivateisland.com for more details





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## WORLD ON A PLATE

## THE INGREDIENT: STAR ANISE

## FAT MF

BY JOANNA WEINBERG

DRINK ME

BY MALCOLM GLUCK

When it comes to star anise, you're either a lover or a hater and unlikely to change sides. Lovers are more than likely to get on with its friends and relations: fennel, tarragon and liquorice. Headily perfumed and slightly sweet with aniseed-y notes, it's not something to reach for often, but when you do, it'll give a real kick.

Native to north-east Vietnam and south-west China, star anise is the delicately star-shaped fruit of the evergreen *illicium verum* tree. And if a spice were ever to save a life, it would be this one. While it may be admired for its beauty, it's valued more highly for its extraordinary medicinal properties. The pods hold the world's most concentrated source of shikimic acid – the natural compound from which the antiviral drug Tamiflu is derived – and was a literal lifesaver during the global swine-flu crisis of 2009. There are more medical miracles: it's a powerful antifungal agent and its antimicrobial compounds have tested positively against strains of drug-resistant bacteria.

The only area where there remains any doubt is how best to consume it. Star anise has something of an old-fashioned sweet-jar tang about it. Its heavy, wintry warmth makes it a match for many varieties of fruit – in particular those whose bright acidity can be offset by its mellow notes.

It's a refreshing substitute for the more familiar, and sometimes cloying, cinnamon. Pound it down to a dust to combine in an apple-crumble topping of flour, oats, ground almonds, demerara sugar and the finest butter. Or leave it whole and add to two parts water and one part white sugar, simmering down into a velvety syrup in which to poach peeled pears. My favourite pudding at this time of year is a tray of bright-pink roasted rhubarb: cut the stems into finger lengths, squeeze the juice out of an orange, add a scattering of star anise, black pepper, a couple of bay leaves and just enough sugar to encourage the flavours to release in the oven.

On the savoury side, it appears mostly in the cooking of its native countries. Star anise is the dominating essence in Chinese five-spice mix (the others being fennel seed, cinnamon, Sichuan

## IT HAS SOMETHING OF AN OLD-FASHIONED SWEET-JAR TANG ABOUT IT, AND IS A REFRESHING SUBSTITUTE FOR CINNAMON

pepper and clove). This army of flavours can be marched to the front of many dishes, transforming chicken broth into Vietnamese pho, or more delicately to scent marinades and rubs. Either way, grind it by hand to keep it tasting fresh. Star anise is brilliant with pork and almost any bird, especially duck, but most irresistible with tiny, crisp, spatchcocked quail, the sweetie of the fowl world.

When a wine writer puts his hand in his pocket and shells out his own hard-earned money for a case of wine from a major retailer, then you can bet your house that the wine is a) extraordinary and b) terrific value for money. With yours truly we have such a wine writer, and with Napa Cellars' Napa Valley Cabernet Sauvignon 2013 we have such a wine. Not only that. We have the perfect exuberant liquid to go with star-anise-spiced quail.

What makes this my number-one choice? The wine is a very astute marriage of exotic ingredients itself, whatever it might say on the label. Only 96 per cent of the grapes are Cabernet; two per cent are Malbec and another two Zinfandel. Nowhere else in the

## THE WHITE SMACKS BEAUTIFULLY OF MINERALS AND MEDITERRANEAN SUN, BUT IS IN NO WAY A PASSING HOLIDAY TIPPLE

world but California would you find such a blend, and it is masterly. The wine is robust and richly endowed, bursting with roasted berries that finish with more than a hint of cocoa. It has svelte tannins, giving it a sturdy backbone, and has no little claim to be considered seriously more toothsome than many a Cabernet-dominant Bordeaux at twice the price. There's a curious saline tang to it and a nutty undertone with touches of sage and thyme.

One of my dinner guests, when I served this wine, said she thought it minty, but I find that so subtle an aspect as to be barely detectable. Female palates being superior to men's, however, it's more than likely to be my lack, rather than the wine's. It has a marvellous unruffled quality to it, much like Cary Grant in *North by Northwest* – cool under the greatest pressure. Maybe the wine is modelled on him. It certainly has Hollywood film-star quality, rugged with no sense of coarseness, smooth with no suggestion of superficiality, determined without being unapproachable.

Marks & Spencer will sell you a bottle in store for £20 and a six-case online for £120. What, however, if you're entertaining someone who much prefers white wine to red? We shall stay with the same retailer, reaching for a bottle of Atlantis 2015 from the island of Santorini. It's a wholly local product comprising 90 per cent Assyrtiko grapes with five per cent each of Aidani and Athiri. It smacks beautifully of minerals and Mediterranean sunshine, but is in no way a passing holiday tipple. This is a serious white wine with an ineffable sense of place. Deliciously different without being overly quirky, its character and complexity won't buckle under the challenging elements of the quail let alone that fennel-and-cucumber salad. And at £11.50 a bottle you won't buckle under its absurdly reasonable price.





## TASTE BUZZ THE NEXT-LEVEL FOOD HALL



wait. Over in Lisbon, queues are also forming for the street-food-style dishes at Mercado da Ribeira, now run by *Time Out* magazine as a showcase for top cooking talents. Among them are new-wave Portuguese chefs Alexandre Silva and Henrique Sá Pessoa, who both won their first Michelin stars recently for their restaurants Loco and Alma respectively. (It's rumoured the magazine will be opening its second food market in East London this year.) But an even hotter hangout in Lisbon is Bairro do Avillez. Curated by José Avillez from the city's only two-Michelin-starred restaurant, the huge space includes a traditional tavern dishing up spicy pork-skin popcorn and the chef's signature exploding olives,

smart seafood restaurant Páteo and a grocery counter selling melt-in-the-mouth *presunto* (dry-cured ham). The cross-town schlepp to try all the flavours of a city is no more. MARY LUSSIANA

Clockwise from left: cuttlefish-ink tagliolini at Tramsheds in Sydney; Warsaw's Hala Koszyki; tarte tatin at The Kitty Hawk, London; Palácio Chiado food court in Lisbon; flatbreads at The Kitty Hawk; Bairro do Avillez grocery shop; the Kitty Hawk entrance





















## ART FEED

British textile artist and model maker Jessica Dance only taught herself to knit four years ago. Since then she's created displays for brands such as Liberty as well as experiential foodsmiths Bompas and Parr. 'Typical British meals are a great source of inspiration for me. whether it's a full English or a roast,' says Dance. 'Creating the Christmas lunch was particularly fun - there were so many different elements to it.' Each dish can take hours. or even days to make. So, how does Dance relax? 'The best trip I've been on was actually for work. I was invited to Per Aquum Huvafen Fushi in the Maldives to run sewing workshops for guests. Plus, its restaurant Celsius does the best sashimi I've ever tasted.' Follow Dance on Instagram @jessicadance\_ maker; jessicadance.com





'The only good thing the Spanish ever gave us,' a Bolivian friend complained to me recently, 'was the plaza.' Nonsense of course. 'What about singani?' I countered. 'Ah, yes...' my friend agreed, closing his eyes and nodding. 'Singani. If a fine tequila made love to a smooth pisco on a bed of rose petals, this is what you'd get.'

As well as certain principles of town planning, the Jesuits who came to Bolivia in the early 16th century brought with them a variety of grape, the Muscat of Alexandria. The priests used it to make wine. The locals figured out that it was far better suited to making a spirit, which they named singani. It's produced in much the

## IF TEQUILA MADE LOVE TO PISCO ON A BED OF ROSES, THIS IS WHAT YOU'D GET

same simple manner as an *eau de vie.* Distillation 101. Yet the result is glorious – floral, fragrant, silky and spicy.

The X factor is altitude. Singani is only produced above 5,250 feet. The Muscat grape comes into its own at these giddy heights. To survive the hot Altiplano days and punishingly cold nights, it develops a thicker skin, which helps it retain its subtle aromas and flavours.

Straight up or on the rocks is fine. Mixed with ginger ale and lime, it's known as a Chufly, Bolivia's answer to the Cuba Libre. It's even better – I can't quite believe I'm saying this – with 7Up. STEVE KING

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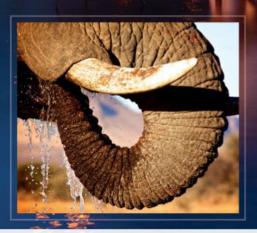
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## 9AM: BREAKFAST

### Hartje Oost, No 23

Ease into the day with a coconut-yogurt açaí bowl and freshly made avocado, banana and date smoothie. Around the back of the coffee shop is an upmarket boutique with beautiful handmade jewellery and design books displayed artfully on wooden racks. hartjeoost.nl

## 11AM: COFFEE

## De Jonge Admiraal, No 149

With its mismatched second-hand furniture, this snug café feels more like a friend's living room. Kick back on a Seventies sofa with a drip-brewed, almond-milk coffee in a retro teacup and a hunk of still-warm carrot cake. facebook.com/dejongeadmiraal

## 1PM: LUNCH

## Bar Basquiat, No 88-90

You'll find falafel-stuffed sandwiches and Lebanese pita-style pizzas topped with truffled mascarpone at this enviable corner spot. The trestle tables outside are well-placed for people-watching, and the drinks menu covers everything from cold-pressed juices to craft beers. barbasquiat.nl

## 4PM: SNACK

## Majesteit Taart, No 5

The pastel walls, dark-wood floors and lovingly homemade treats make this cake shop the ultimate in *gezelligheid* (Dutch for cosy and calm). Scan the chalkboard menu and choose from multicoloured macarons, lemon tartlets, raw cacao brownies and red-velvet cupcakes. *majesteittaart.nl* 

## 7PM: DINNER

## Bar James, No 49

Slip into a smart banquette alongside a wall of pickled veg in backlit jars at the coolest vegetarian restaurant in the city. Indonesian-inspired plates – summer rolls with peanut dipping sauce, rainbow-coloured salads, tempeh satay and fries – can be washed down with on-tap local ales. barjames.nl

## 9PM: DRINKS

## Rum Barrel, No 143

At this Caribbean joint, *pictured*, the cocktail list is packed with delicious rum smoothies. Try the seasonal Daiquiris, infused with mango and cinnamon or apricot brandy and lime. There's also a snacks menu of chicken-and-pineapple quesadillas for late-night hunger pangs. *rumbarrel.nl* TAMARA MICNER

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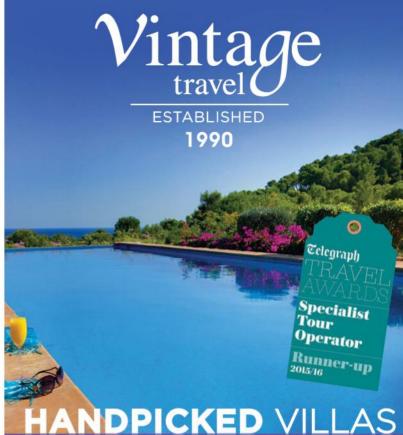


## TOWNHOUSE CHIC

Make yourself at home in London's leafy museum district with a stay at The Kensington. The glamorous hotel is offering readers a stay of three nights for the price of two in one of its suites, including weekends. Each suite is individually decorated, combining historic charm with sleek, contemporary style. Call the reservations team on 020 7589 6300 or email kensington@ doylecollection.com and quote 'Condé Nast Traveller 3 for 2 offer'. Valid 1 March-15 December 2017. Subject to availability. Terms & conditions apply.

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## JANUARY

Kick off 2018 with a continenthopping cruise of South America that takes in Mexico, Honduras, Ecuador, Peru and Chile. Part of the inaugural winter season of Silver Muse, Silversea's new hugely anticipated flagship, this is an 18-day whistle-stop tour that combines tales of Mayan history with shipwreck snorkelling, and sand dune circuit adventures with Instagram-worthy coastal treks. The ship is as intimate as you'd expect from Silversea and each elegant suite comes with a private veranda, Bulgari goodies in the marble bathroom and a dedicated butler. At-sea days are for chilling out, which means curling up with a book in the Observation Lounge, post-lunch pool time and booking a pampering treatment in the spa. For dinner, there are eight restaurants to choose from, including surf-and-turf Atlantide and Silver Note, where tapas-style dishes are served up to the sound of live smooth jazz. silvermuse.info; 0844 251 0837





## JANUARY

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Seabourn's new ship Encore is spending the first month of 2018 in New Zealand and Australia. Embark on the 16-day voyage in Auckland before sailing down the east coast of North and South Island. A trip here is all about natural highs (whale and dolphin watching at Kaikoura, fishing and cycling in Picton) and delving into Maori culture (during port calls such as Akaroa and Tauranga), topped off by sampling excellent wine at the vineyards in the Marlborough region. Onboard there's plenty to entertain, from traditional afternoon tea served by white-gloved waiters to West End-standard musical shows. Other highlights include a mindful living programme in the spa; The Grill restaurant (a collaboration with American chef and restaurateur Thomas Keller) and The Retreat, an on-deck area shaded by a flower-shaped canopy and ringed with private cabanas that are each designed as mini living rooms, kitted out with drinks fridges and flatscreen televisions.

seabourn.com; 0843 373 2000



## 0 1

### JANUAKY

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## MARCH

MARCH

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If you want to see the pretty cherry blossom that symbolises Japan in bloom, spring is the only time to visit. The former fishing village of Yokohama, south of Tokyo, where the cherry trees in the vast Sankeien Garden are illuminated at night, is the ideal starting point for Holland America's 14-night 2018 'Japan, South Korea and China' voyage. The route features a glorious mix of futuristic skyscraper cities such as Seoul, Beijing and Shanghai (where guests disembark) and quieter, more peaceful ports such as Shimizu in Japan and the sub-tropical South Korean volcanic island of Jeju, dotted with hiking paths and home to the respected haenyeo female freedivers. Onboard MS Volendam, there's masses to keep you busy, from nightly music in the piano bar to BBC Earth screenings in the theatre, plus a handful of restaurants, including a partnership with legendary French fine-dining venue, Le Cirque. hollandamerica.com 0843 374 2300

## **FEBRUARY**

02

New Orleans at any time of year has a rootin' tootin' music scene (wander along Frenchmen Street after dark to listen to live bands playing in the bars) but it's always at its wildest during February's Mardi Gras parade. This is the perfect time to spend two nights docked in the harbour on Celebrity Reflection as part of a Celebrity Cruises 10-night round journey from Fort Lauderdale. The 'Mardi Gras & Caribbean' 2018 itinerary includes four days at sea (a respite after the bustle of the city) which means relaxing in the Canyon Ranch Spa, games of croquet on the lawn and watching comedy shows in the theatre. The other ports of call are George Town on Grand Cayman, the largest island - where you can snorkel, dive and hand-feed stingrays at Stingray City - and Cozumel, renowned for its Mayan culture and wildlife. celebritycruises.co.uk; 0844 493 2043

**FEBRUARY** 

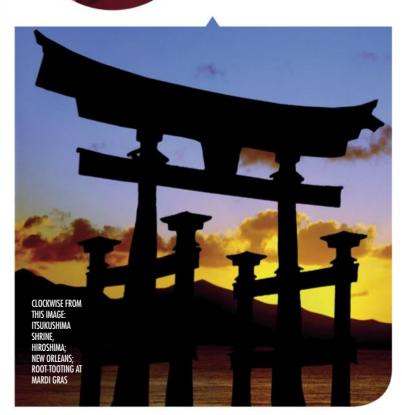
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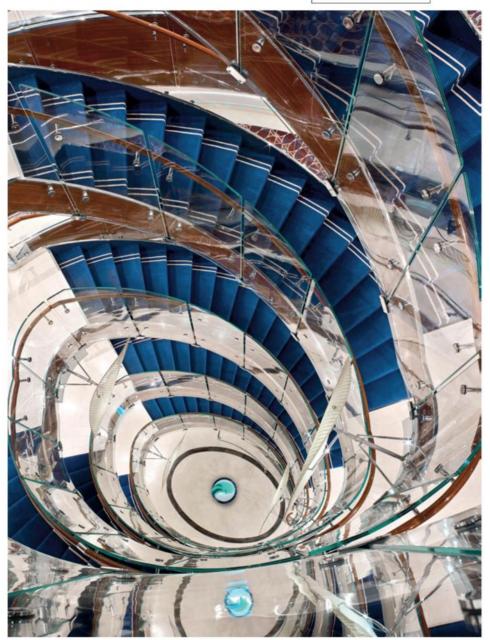
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Sail under the stars of the Southern Cross on *Seabourn Encore*, an elegant new ship as warmly welcoming, uniquely spirited and stunningly beautiful as the lands to which she sails

ava, Bali, Lombok, Komodo Island, Darwin, the Great Barrier Reef, Cairns, Hamilton Island, Sydney: the names line up on a wish list of dream destinations. Yet imagine if it were possible to meet 'dragon' lizards and float over dreamy coral walls; kayak between serene beaches and climb soaring bridges; explore ancient rainforests and sample the world's most sought-after coffee, all on one extraordinary journey (and not even have to repack once en route). Or perhaps you'd prefer to focus fully on the delights of Australia and New Zealand. Spend days cruising Sydney harbour; meeting the waddling inhabitants of Phillip Island; dolphin spotting in

Milford Sound; drifting past the soaring cliffs of Fiordland National Park; and standing on the last inhabited land before Antarctica – Stewart Island, where the local phonebook fits on one typed page. Back on New Zealand, Dunedin's gingerbread-style Railway Station sets the tone for this lovely 'Scottish' university town. The Otago Peninsula is home to Larnach Castle as well as yellow-eyed penguins and royal albatrosses that nest along its majestic coast. Or, for the ultimate winter sunshine wonderland, imagine soaking up the sun on Christmas Eve as you float serenely between idyllic South Pacific islands. Explore the towering geysers, bubbling mud pots,







Clockwise from left: the Seabourn Encore atrium; Sydney Opera House; Australian wildlife; lush Australian coastline

mineral springs and steaming fumaroles that make up the surreal landscape of the Rotorua thermal area. Visit Te Puia's Maori Arts and Crafts Institute and the famous Pohutu geyser. For insights into local cultures, a trip to the Museum of New Caledonia is recommended; for present-day people

watching, the place to be is La Place des Cocotiers. Even as you journey between destinations you can immerse yourself in the cultures of every country you discover. Glorious vistas glide past as you relax in the expanse of your suite or private veranda. Michelin chef-inspired dining rivals the finest international restaurants. Prominent UNESCO experts speak about the World Heritage Sites being visited. In between, you can relax aboard a 600-guest, all-suite ship with luxurious Adam Tihany-designed interiors, open bars and gracious service. Enjoy a world-class programme of music, dancing and entertainment, including 'An Evening with Tim Rice'; cosy up in one of The Retreat's private cabanas; indulge in a pampering spa treatment - and, at the end of the day, slide between Egyptian cotton sheets for some equally six-star slumber. This is small-ship cruising at its finest. Welcome to the southern oceans, Seabourn style. Seabourn offers worldwide destinations for 2017 and 2018, from Mediterranean and Baltic cities to the Caribbean, South America and the Panama Canal, Asia, Alaska and even Antarctica. Call 0843 373 2000 for details or a brochure, or visit seabourn.com





coast of Phuket in Thailand are only accessible by water. To reach them, hop aboard majestic tall ship Star Clipper, part of the three-strong Star Clippers fleet, which this year returns to the Far East for the first time since 2010. Heading south from Phuket, the ship drops anchor at a cluster of castaway islands in the Andaman Sea (including Similan), each with spectacular coral reefs and gin-clear waters. There's Phang Nga Bay, known for its sheer limestone karsts and junk boats; densely forested Ko Adang with white-sand beaches; and teenytiny, deserted Ko Hong. Days spent on this four-mast beauty - which has a teak and brass deck, a piano bar for evening cocktails and an Edwardian-style library - are blissfully relaxed and informal as you swap the swimming pool for a dip in the sea, and sunbathing on deck for watersports. starclippers.co.uk; 0845 200 6145

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Many of the tiny islands off the

### APRIL

The Galapagos is a winning destination for wildlife all year round, but in April the waved albatross, the largest bird of the islands, returns from the Pacific and the complex courting rituals begin. It's also an ideal month for seeing the sea turtle eggs beginning to hatch. The 20-passenger MV Origin, which Ecoventura launched last year, offers two alternating seven-day itineraries around the southern/central islands and the northern/western islands respectively (the latter features Fernandina Island, which shot to fame on BBC's Planet Earth II, after the now infamous footage of racer snakes lying in wait for baby iguanas). From kayaking with sea lions at Cerro Brujo to snorkelling with penguins on Isabela and guided walks with the ship's two naturalist experts along beaches, cliffs and through mangrove estuaries, there are daily opportunities for close-up encounters with the animals. origingalapagos.com; 001 305 262 6264





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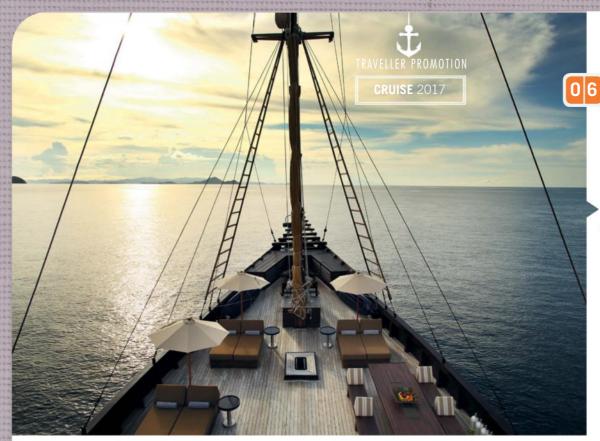




\*Calls cost 3p/min plus your telephone company's network access charge.







### MAY

Tick a handful of Europe's prettiest cities off your list on a nine-day 'North Sea and Baltic Discovery' cruise from Portsmouth to Stockholm with Ponant. Amsterdam and Copenhagen might be the best known stop-offs (and for good reason: between them they boast inviting historic districts, museums full of Flemish old masters and intricate networks of canals) but what also makes this itinerary stand out are the lesser-known ports such as the UNESCO World Heritage site of Visby old town, on the west coast of Gotland, and Ostend, a favourite summer spot for Belgians wanting to hit the beach. The ship, Le Soléal, is small (132 staterooms and suites) so it feels akin to staying on your own private yacht rather than a behemoth liner. Book through Abercrombie & Kent and the adventure doesn't have to end when you disembark, as the tour operator can organise anything from private palace tours to museum visits and trips into the Swedish countryside before you head for home. abercrombiekent. co.uk/cruises; 01242 547881



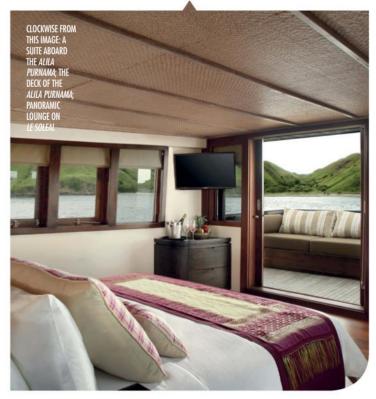




Discover the West Papua province of Indonesia on the Alila Purnama, a traditional pinisi designed for only ten guests. The ship is the stuff of dreams, with custom-made teak and rattan furniture throughout and suites that come with old-fashioned writing desks and gorgeous patterned throws on the beds. Routes are rotated throughout the year (the ship can be privately chartered too), covering beauty spots such as the Raja Ampat archipelago, the Banda islands and, now, the Cenderawasih Bay (which means Bird of Paradise) national marine park in West Papua. It's one for water babies who will love swimming with gentle whale sharks in Kwatisore and diving the unspoilt reefs near Wairundi Island (the ship has its own licensed PADI dive centre), famed for their rainbow-coloured soft corals and white sand slopes. At night, gather for sundowners on deck as the sails of the ship billow majestically above. alilahotels.com/purnama; +62 361 236384

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JUNE





### INSIDER passage

They say it takes one to know one. And no one knows the lands and seas of the Great North better than Alaska experts Holland America Line, who have been introducing travellers to this spectacular region's hidden gems for 70 years



here's knowing a place, and there's really knowing a place: every corner of its hidden coves, every waterfall at which to watch spawning salmon, every river mouth filled with fishing bears, every favoured tree haunt of a fish eagle, every viewpoint from which to watch mighty glaciers carve off and crash into the sea. After 70 years' cruising the Great Land - having started from a spontaneous tour in Fairbanks in 1947 - no one knows Alaska and the Yukon territory quite as well as Holland America Line.

To celebrate the company's 70th anniversary, seven premium ships, including MS Oosterdam - the first ship to feature its groundbreaking BBC Earth concerts and activities - will carry guests on extraordinary Alaska holidays. They will journey through some of the state's 356 million acres not only aboard those five-star ships (think elegant lounges, priceless antiques, sparkling crystal, fine china, award-

winning hospitality, picture windows and teak promenades) but also by air, glass-domed railcar, luxury coach and even river raft. Opt for one of the 'Double Denali' holidays and you can spend several days soaking up the watery wilderness of the Inside Passage, one of the last truly pristine frontiers on earth; then stand on deck and gaze in awe at Glacier Bay, a UNESCO World Heritage Site. Indeed, this is a coastline where magnificence unfolds mile by mile: pristine rainforests envelop mountainsides right down to the sea; whales and other marine life abound (look out for orcas and sea lions swimming in the ship's wake); frontier ports brim with adventure. But this is an Alaskan adventure that carries you inland too, with three days in a McKinley wilderness lodge in Denali National Park (home to caribou, moose, bears and North America's highest peak), the largest continually protected ecosystem in the world. You could be off to the Klondike towns of Dawson City, Fairbanks and Whitehorse, where you can tour gold fields, glide on the Yukon River aboard an authentic paddle-wheeler,



through more spectacular terrain all the way on to your final destination town, this unique wilderness region promises awe-inspiring memories to the last.

A sample 11-night Land+Sea journey departing September 2017 starts from £1,379pp (excluding air fares), including two nights in Denali National Park at a McKinley Wilderness Chalet Lodge, a night in Anchorage and a seven-night Glacier Discovery Cruise from Seward to Vancouver. For reservations, visit your travel professional, call 0843 374 2300 or visit hollandamerica.com



Clockwise from top: Denali National Park. Alaska; the Inside Passage; Alaskan





This summer is the first time that Seabourn has visited Alaska in 15 years, so unsurprisingly places on the 11-day 'Alaskan Sojourn' are being snapped up fast. The real advantage of travelling on the Seabourn Sojourn (aside from the spacious suites, delicious food and spot-on service) is that the ship's size (maximum 450 guests) means it can glide into bays and offer views of the Last Frontier that larger vessels simply can't. From the towering virgin forests along the Inside Passage to breaching humpback whales in the Kenai Fjords and the mountain trails of Chichagof Island, this is a dreamy, natural landscape. Shore excursions will be led by expert naturalists, scientists and historians. They include bearviewing with a photographer who can advise on how to take the best wildlife pictures, and hiking through the Alaskan rainforest to the Mendenhall Glacier with a geologist guide. seabourn.com; 0843 373 2000

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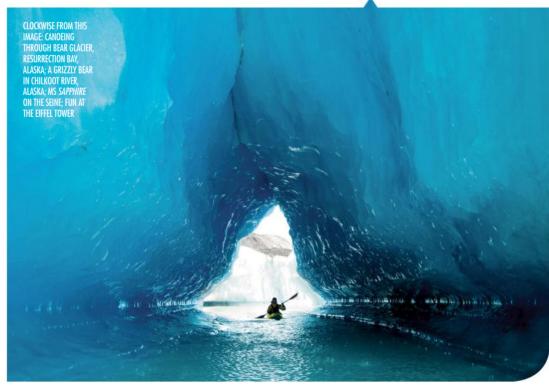
### JULY

School's out, so whisk the children off to France for Tauck's newest eight-day family departure along the Seine from Paris to Normandy. For the first two nights, home is the Pullman Paris Tour Eiffel while you explore the French capital: cycling along the Seine, having a picnic lunch under the Eiffel Tower and going on an art-themed scavenger hunt in the Louvre (Tauck began life as a guided tour travel company so organising sightseeing excursions is its forte). Then it's all aboard the newly redesigned MS Sapphire, which has a plunge pool on deck and suites suitable for a family of four. Fans of Horrible Histories will enjoy hearing stories about Richard the Lionheart, who built Château Gaillard in Les Andelys, and the full-day visit to Normandy's historic D-Day beaches. This includes a ride in a Dodge Command car complete with a working wireless headset, and sampling rations that the troops ate while serving here. tauck.co.uk; 0800 810 8020













www.hollandamerica.co.uk

### **JAPAN**

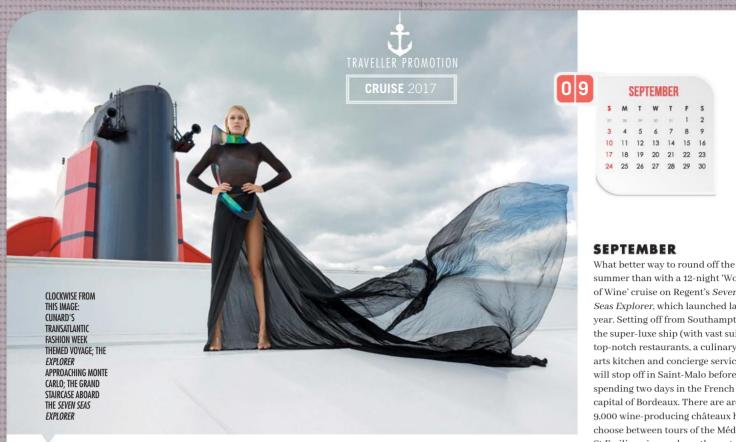
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www.seejapan.co.uk







#### **AUGUST**

If you missed out on Cunard's inaugural Transatlantic Fashion Week themed voyage last summer, you'll be thrilled to hear that there's another one planned for this year. The line-up of fashion industry figures joining the revamped Queen Mary 2 includes designer Julien Macdonald (who will be unveiling his latest looks at a catwalk fashion show, showcased by emerging new faces from Storm modelling agency), fashion historian and style commentator Colin McDowell (expect two theatre talks and interactive illustration workshops) and former director of the British Fashion Council and consultant Gail Sackloff. The new-look ship has lost none of its old-school glamour either, with grand dress-up and dance nights in the ballroom and a 3D cinema for watching afternoon movies. There will also be catwalk shows from some of the best new fashion design graduates before arrival in New York, just in time for Fashion Week. cunard.co.uk; 0843 374 2224







summer than with a 12-night 'World of Wine' cruise on Regent's Seven Seas Explorer, which launched last year. Setting off from Southampton, the super-luxe ship (with vast suites, top-notch restaurants, a culinary arts kitchen and concierge service) will stop off in Saint-Malo before spending two days in the French wine capital of Bordeaux. There are around 9,000 wine-producing châteaux here: choose between tours of the Médoc or St Emilion vineyards, or the restored Château Rousseau de Sipian, which produces Cabernet Sauvignon, Merlot and Petit Verdot grapes. Then it's on to more vineyards in Le Verdon, at the mouth of the Gironde estuary, and Oporto in Portugal for port tasting. But it's not all about drinking; other excursions include a tapas tour in La Coruna, the Guggenheim museum in Bilbao and coach trips to quaint, offthe-beaten-track Portuguese towns. rssc.com; 02380 682280

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### 

South Pacific, where over 1,000 very different islands are dotted around the world's largest ocean, is on a boat that allows you to dip in and out of a dozen or so spots on a single trip. Join Silversea's 120-passenger Silver Discoverer voyage which, for the first time, calls at Makura Island, a littlevisited speck that was once the peak of a volcano, as well as Tanna (think black sandy beaches and hot springs), Santa Ana in the Solomon Islands and Rabaul in Papua New Guinea. For some this is a watersports paradise, for others it's the chance to visit tiny villages and learn about local culture that's the real draw. As with all Silversea ships, knowledgeable experts (in this case historians, dive masters and marine biologists) are on hand giving lectures, running workshops and guiding the daily excursions. silversea.com; 0844 251 0837

The best way to get a true sense of the

### OCTOBER

'Glorious Greece' perfectly sums up this new itinerary from Oceania, launching in 2018, which explores some of the country's secret gems alongside blockbuster stop-offs such as Rhodes, Santorini and Crete. Kicking off in Athens, there's oodles to please history buffs, from a visit to ancient Olympia where the Olympic Games began in 776BC to a look at the Minoan ruins of the Palace of Knossos in Heraklion. You'll find pretty waterfronts with pastel-coloured houses at Gythion, as well as country walking tracks and quiet beaches on the island of Patmos. Oceania is the self-billed foodie cruise company so alongside the cooking school and an opportunity to go on a market tour with one of the chefs, there are a range of restaurants onboard the Riviera, from classic steakhouse the Polo Grill to special gourmet suppers with wine pairings at La Reserve. oceaniacruises.com; 0345 505 1920









From culture-filled river cruises and epic round-the-world sails, to luxurious small ships that take you to places most travellers cannot reach, with exceptional guest-to-staff ratios, Abercrombie & Kent have cruising covered. And that's just the start of your adventures

ecisions, decisions. Do you spend glorious days gliding gracefully between ports, islands and even continents, soaking up the unique atmosphere of a luxurious ship while satiating your quest for adventure in bustling seaside towns, coastal treasures and hidden coves? Or widen those horizons with inland exploration of all that those vast continents have to offer beyond the high seas? Do both. With Abercrombie & Kent you can mix sun, sea and sailing with private pre- or post-cruise tours of some of the world's most inspirational sights and cities, all in one extraordinary travel experience. Choose the Regent Seven Seas cruise, journeying between the rolling streets of San Francisco and the Rockies gateway city of Vancouver. En route, take in everything from the elegant Victorian mansions of historic American settlements to Russian-influenced ports; glorious

image: the Seven
Seas Navigator
in the tropics;
a Deluxe Suite on
the Sanctuary
Ananda; the Seven
Seas Explorer
infinity pool; the
Rocky Mountaineer

mining towns; and the vast, untouched natural world of Canada's Inside Passage. After that it's a short hop by rail to such legendary

towns as Banff, Whistler and Jasper, including some of the most spectacular mountain vistas in the world, onboard the  $Rocky\ Mountaineer$ .

Alternatively, for a taste of the glamorous Côte d'Azur, you could join an Azamara cruise and wander along Nice's world-famous promenade; sip evening cocktails in St Tropez; pop into Portofino; finish your seaward journey among the high-octane thrills of the Monaco Grand Prix, then slowly meander by car along the cliff-hugging Corniche back to Nice. You might prefer to sample the atmosphere of Florida's kooky Key West for a few days before soaking up the sun on a Celebrity Cruises ship exploring the Caribbean, floating from one idyllic island to the next. You could travel to the top of the world on a luxury expedition ship for just 36 guests, which allows for in-depth exploration of Alaska's hidden bays and curious puffins, moose and





bears. Or journey around Norway, Greenland and Iceland, spending time exploring Iceland's inner volcanic landscapes and relaxing in the turquoise waters of natural hot springs. Or sail to the bottom of the earth in search of whales and penguins in their wintery Antarctica wonderland, then head on to Argentina for a week of tango and melt-in-the-mouth steaks. From East to West, Pole to Pole, the Amazon River to the Mekong, Abercrombie & Kent have the globe covered. And thanks to decades of personal experience, they've found the very best voyage combinations worldwide; tried out different cabins (all the better to advise you); and found the most knowledgeable people on the ground to maximise individual pre- and post-cruise experiences. Add such Abercrombie & Kent benefits as the renowned 'favourites' land programme to any luxury sailing and not only will you receive Avios points but you will, indeed, cruise through your travel plans.

Visit abercrombiekent.co.uk/cruises/ or call 01242 547881 and speak to a cruise specialist.





### DECEMBER

DECEMBER

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Get into the festive spirit with a trip to the German Christmas markets aboard Crystal Bach (one of four new river boats launched this year by Crystal Cruises, with a spa, fine-dining and contemporary suites that each come with a butler). Travelling the length of the Rhine from Amsterdam to Basel over ten days, there will be plenty of time for present shopping and glühwein glugging (Cologne, the first stop, has seven markets, and the largest Christmas tree in the Rhineland), peppered with slo-mo days taking in the scenery from the water. Ports of call include Rüdesheim's medieval Old Town (try the holiday-themed coffee, with brandy and whipped cream at the Christmas market), historic Speyer, with charming cobbled streets, half-timber buildings and a Romanesque cathedral, and fairytalelike Strasbourg. crystalcruises. co.uk; 020 7399 7601

### NOVEMBER

Norwegian cruise company Hurtigruten is best known for its voyages around the Arctic and Antarctica. A new addition to the fleet next year is the 530-passenger MS Roald Amundsen (in a world first for an expedition ship, it will use eco-friendly hybrid technology to reduce fuel consumption), which embarks on an 'Antarctica, Falklands and Chilean Fjords' adventure in November. After an overnight stay in Santiago and a short flight south to Punta Arenas, the sailing begins in the remote Chilean fjords. The ship then crosses the Drake Passage (weather permitting, there will be a stop at Cape Horn) before arriving in Antarctica, an all-white landscape with jaw-dropping glaciers that's home to colonies of seals and penguins. The Falkland Islands, too, are surreal: a mini-England complete with red telephone boxes and traditional pubs, family-owned farms and a wilderness teeming with birds. hurtigruten.co.uk; 020 3131 6585







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Still life: Josh Caudwell. Pictures: Becky Maynes, Ambra Vernuccio

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Chase Vodka, £38, williamschase.co.uk



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### **LAURENT-PERRIER**

Cuvée Rosé Champagne, £58.99, waitrose.com



**TOM DIXON** 

'Tank' set of two painted champage glasses, £60, mrporter.com

### WEEKEND TAKEOVER

Tune in to Condé Nast Traveller's sunshine state of mind with some of the latest experiences, places to stay and fashion and beauty picks

THE BEST OF BRAZIL
The Thinking Traveller's latest
destination is the tropical beachfront paradise of Trancoso in the Bahia region of Brazil. Choose from one of ten exquisite villas and you'll have access to maids, cooks and a whole array of extra services designed to nake your holiday even more special. Villas from £7,000 per week, thinkingtraveller.com





↑ Derek Rose 'Finley' pure cashmere hoodie in Midnight. £499. derek-rose.com



7 Bric's 'Life' holdall, £279, bricstore.com

◆ The Lanesborough Fitness Club annual membership, from £6,000,



**↗** B&O Play Beoplay H9, £449, bioplay.com



#### PRESSURE POINT

The Urban Retreat at Harrods has launched traditional Thai massage using muscle compression, joint mobilisation, stretching and acupressure techniques to loosen your muscles. Perfect for a pre- or post-flight release. £115 for 50 mins. urbanretreat.co.uk





SPOTLIGHT ON SERUMS our 3 favourities









 Dr Sebagh Serum
 Repair Hyaluronic Acid, £69, drsebagh.com

- 2. The Lanesborough Club & Spa Iris & Blue Vitamin Face Serum, £80, Ianesborough.com
- 3. SkinCeuticals H.A. Intensifier to firm, smooth and plump

your skin, £83, skinceuticals.co.uk

### OUR MAN ON THE GROUND



## from THE FRANKLIN, LONDON

HEAD CONCIERGE MIKO SELCUK

How would you describe the hotel's style? The Franklin has been designed by Anouska Hempel. Inspired by her travels, particularly in Venice, the hotel feels warm and inviting – a cross between an English country house and an Italian palazzo.

What is your favourite thing about the hotel? Its location – in the beautiful surroundings of the private Egerton Gardens.
The Franklin is an oasis of peace just a few minutes from buzzy Knightsbridge and within walking distance of the V&A and the museums of South Kensington.

What is your latest London discovery? The contemporary Nordic cuisine at Aquavit restaurant near Piccadilly Circus.

What are you most looking forward to this year? The Chelsea Flower Show in May. thefranklinlondon.com

### **Traveller**

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  4. LUCA JOUEL is a boutique Australian fine jewellery brand celebrating sophisticated yet organic beauty. Founded on a passion for creating beautiful heirloom quality jewellery with a modern sensibility, their pieces combine ethically sourced diamonds, gemstones and precious metals with exquisite attention to detail. Visit www.lucajouel.com or email tereena@lucajouel.com

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- 6. What if you could have a watch with vintage design aesthetics but without the wallet-incinerating price tag? And even better designed by someone with vintage watch DNA in their blood? Watch collector extraordinaire turned watchmaker, DAN HENRY, has fused cues from twentieth century classics with modern materials and quality movements. www.danhenrywatch.com
  7. Influenced by her travels around the world, LIN DANTO's self-titled collection of leather handbags consists of elegant and versatile designs with subtle sculptural detailing. Taking root in the concept of modern luxury, her designs are on-trend yet timeless. Shop the beautiful zip clutch featured (\$105) and more at www.lindanto.com
- 8. Lavish silk is elevated with hand-applied sequins in this short caftan by TESSORA. Featuring side ties for the perfect fit, this dress easily transitions from day to evening. Definitely a must have for your next holiday get away. Available at www.tessoraresortwear.com

  9. MASTERS OF MAYFAIR are the makers of the world's finest sleep masks & travel accessories. Handmade using only the finest natural fabrics they are truly the perfect travel and everyday sleep
- companion. Delivered in beautiful packaging (ideal for gifting) with a velvet protector carry case. Visit www.mastersofmayfair.co.uk or Instagram: @mastersof mayfair 10.DESERT DUST MEN brings you the best from men's accessories. Their rough bracelets are a must-have for every man; handcrafted with only the best raw hand-cut stones and carefully
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- 15 NICOLE SHANTE is a women's ready-to-wear line based in Los Angeles, California. The brand offers a fresh, classic, style with sophisticated ease, a chic design accented by everyday beauty and charm. Infusing a youthful edge by mixing premium fabrics with fine detailing, Nicole Shante is to be defined as a brand for the woman on the go with effortless style. Visit www.nicoleshante.com to explore further, or email info@nicoleshante.com with enquiries.
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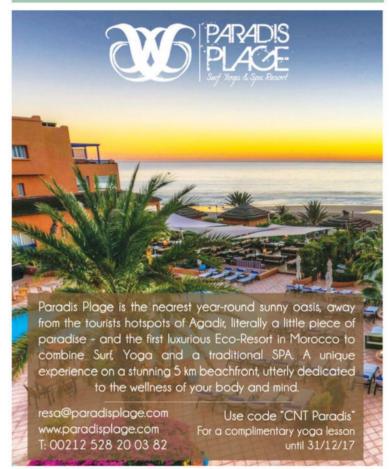






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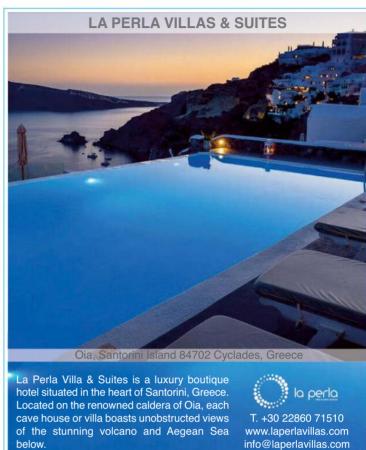
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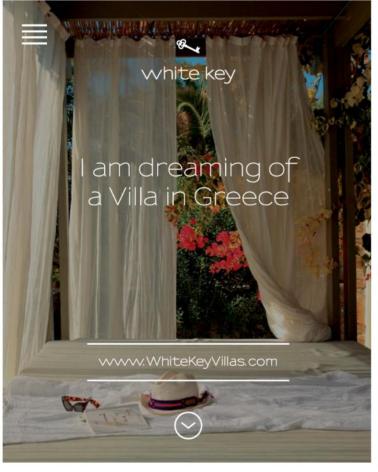
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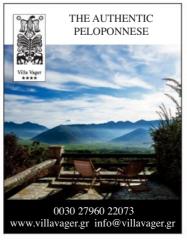
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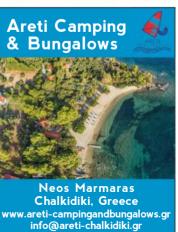












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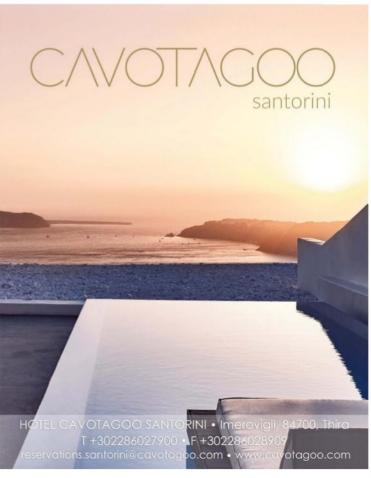




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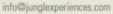


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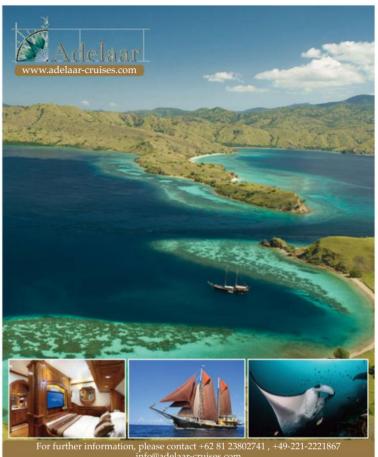
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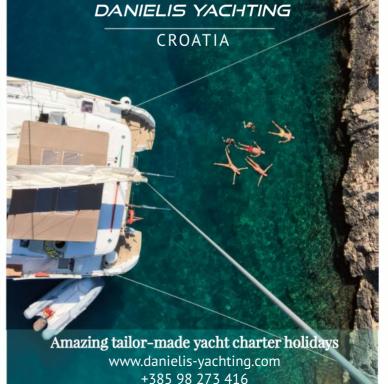




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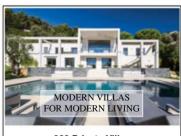
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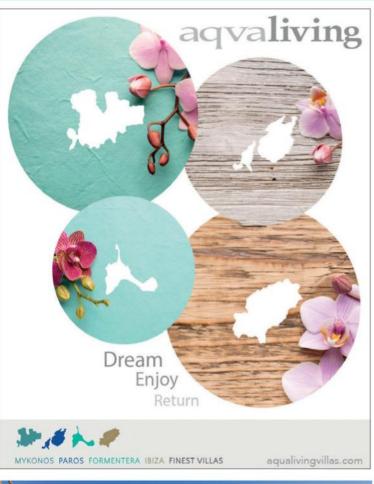


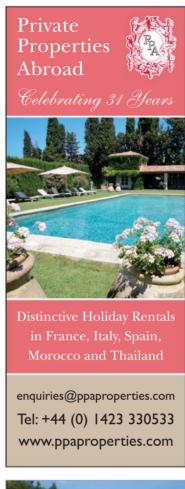
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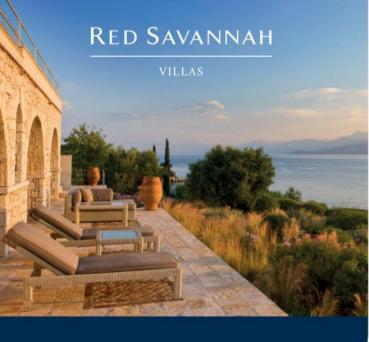
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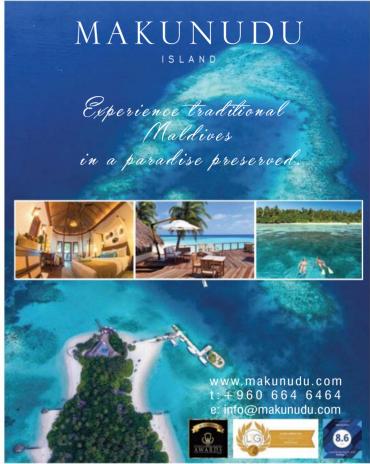
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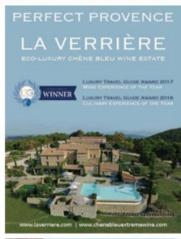
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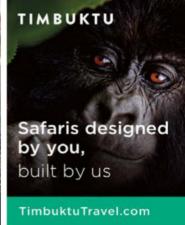






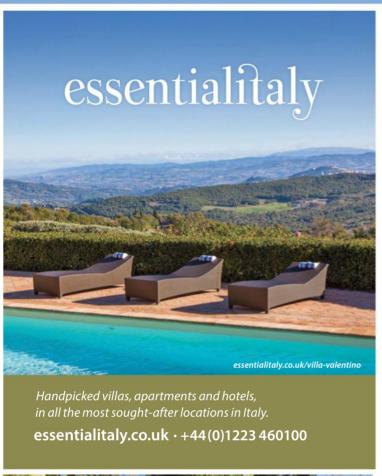






# Traveller

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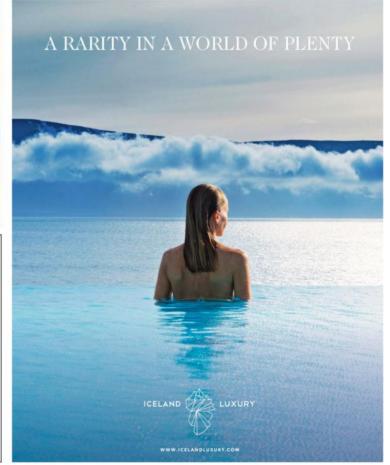
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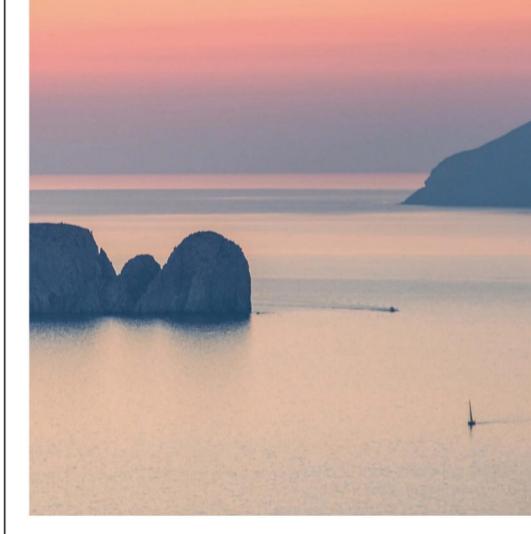
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### A SOUTH AFRICAN FARMSTAY WITH A CELESTIAL OUTLOOK

Hightailing on the success of ultra-smart Babylonstoren and Boschendal is the country's newest retreat, Bosjes, set on 300 hectares of sugarbush, fruit and olive groves about an hour's drive from Cape Town. The land has belonged to the same family since 1831, and the owner's reverence for its natural beauty is reflected in the divine proportions of this striking, glass-walled chapel on the estate. It's a fine place from which to appreciate the peak of Waaihoek in all its rose-tinged glory at dusk. Architect Coetzee Steyn references the mountains as well as Psalm 36:7 ('take refuge in the shadow of your wings') with the extraordinary, undulating roof that seems to float above reflective pools, quite the feat of engineering. The original stable block has been converted into a guesthouse with exposed brick walls and a luminous, grassy palette inspired by the landscape. A swimming pool, gather-round fire pit, eat-in kitchen and five bedrooms (plus a loft bunkhouse) make it a great space for house parties and big families. And at the farm restaurant, dishes such as Karoo lamb chops with tabouleh and mint yogurt are served against a whimsical mural created from 366 Delft-esque blue-and-white tiles, which tells the story of Bosjes' surroundings – the richness of the indigenous plants, the natural springs, meditative gardens and herds of springbok and eland. Profits from staying at Bosjes will be filtered into the local community for a school and crèche – so by checking in you'll be helping out. JANE BROUGHTON +27 23 004 0496; bosjes.co.za. Doubles from about £150





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