



**FROM TOP:** Poolside at the Katamama Hotel; the formal-enough dining room at Spicer Mansion.

## That Bali High

The healthy-wealthy have landed on the island.

- Bali has long been synonymous with *escape*. In the sixties, surfers came chasing big waves. Then the hard-core partiers from Australia arrived, followed by honeymooners who planted themselves beside individual plunge pools at the island's big-name resorts. But the last couple of years, it's been all about the "gypset": well-traveled bohemians who are into yoga, health food, and local culture but still want a glass of Kingfisher chardonnay with their *nasi goreng*. The [Katamama Hotel](#), which just opened on the south shore, has become ground zero for this crew. The 58-suite property is on one of the last sweeps of beach in the resort area of Seminyak that's not already claimed by high-end boutiques and luxury villas. Designed by Indonesian architect Andra Matin (who also did the eco-award-winning Potato Head Beach Club next door), the Katamama is made from hand-pressed bricks like those used in the island's temples. Its rooms, however, are decorated with mid-century classics—chairs by Hans Wegner and Arne Jacobsen—ceramics from artisans in Ubud, and woven East Balinese place mats. In short, Katamama has it all: luxury, authenticity, and a downright cool vibe.

JULIA CHAPLIN



## YOUR NEXT WEEKEND GETAWAY

For travel editors ever in search of "authentic" food, the fussy multi-course meal can feel like luxury captivity. But at the newly opened [Spicer Mansion](#) in Mystic, Connecticut, the six-course dinner (the menu changes nightly, but mine included

oysters topped with a subtle poblano mignonette and a passion fruit granita, melt-in-your-mouth-delicate lobster ravioli with favas, and Moroccan-spiced lamb) is an exception to the self-indulgent "chef-y meal" rule. Like the

eight-room inn itself—a meticulously restored nineteenth-century mansion rescued from a Victorian-time-capsule fate thanks to its relaxed gray, white, and blue upholstery scheme—the meal was haute yet homey, eventful yet intimate, and certainly

worthy of a pilgrimage. (It's just three hours from New York and two hours from Boston.) Bonus: You can stumble up the stairs and under a big white fluffy duvet just moments after your final wine pairing. PILAR GUZMÁN