

The



Gallivanter's Guide[©]

IDYLIC PLACES FOR DEDICATED TRAVELLERS

Ten Years of Excellence.

OCTOBER 1990 - OCTOBER 2000



ANNIVERSARY

January, the very first issue was mailed to an assortment of friends, acquaintances and hotel buffs across the globe.

We were prompted to write about our hotel experiences by a cluster of friends, both in the UK and around the world, who constantly asked us for personal recommendations. Being avid travellers, we had built up quite a reputation for identifying the best hotels and resorts, and for being very specific about which accommodation one should choose.

For instance, in 1988, we were among the fortunate few who stayed at Amanpuri for its first Christmas. At the time, we had not heard of Adrian Zecha, the creator of Amanresorts, but the year before in Phuket, we had unearthed a rumour that the best beach resort in the world was about to open, so we tracked it down and booked a Pavilion overlooking Pansea Bay. Amanpuri, and the Amanresorts that followed it, changed hotelkeeping forever, but at the time, we never guessed how closely our own lives would be linked with Mr Zecha's ever more visionary resorts.

As The Gallivanter's Guide enters its second decade, it is perhaps fitting that we devote this, our 10th Anniversary issue, to the first of Adrian Zecha's *second* generation of resorts.

Since his official departure from Amanresorts in August 1999, Mahakua (pronounced *Maba-kwa*) is Zecha's first creation for his new company, Māhā Resorts. Once again, it appears that we share the same aspirations for the future of hotelkeeping, for Mahakua

Ten years ago this month, David and I founded The Gallivanter's Guide.

After thinking up the name, designing the logo and, with great trepidation, offering up our first humble hotel recommendations, in the following January,

represents the discerning traveller's unspoken desires; an exotic home from home tinged with mystery and magic. It crystallises many of our own predictions and takes a giant step towards a new and visionary resort experience.

Last month, after the second day at Mahakua, I had almost written a book and David had sketched out a raft of possible illustrations. We realised that the many delights of this resort would just not fit into our usual format, so, for the very first time in our history, we decided to devote an entire issue to this one property, leaving the rest of our Mexican explorations for the November copy of The Gallivanter's Guide.

Over the past 10 years, I have watched the hotel world attempt to emulate Zecha. I have heard the stories of designers and architects from other hotel companies checking in to an Aman with tape measures and cameras; but despite all the plagiarism, nobody has yet understood the essence of what Adrian Zecha does, for it is much more than mere architecture.

Zecha has an almost mystical ability to discover extraordinary locations; in our own words "idyllic places for dedicated travellers". These are the sort of places that literally change people's lives, bringing calm and perfection to what has become the most stressful decade in humanity's history.

There are no corporate rule books in Zecha's vision. Carefully chosen General Managers, mainly consisting of husband and wife teams, watch over guests and staff alike with the eye of doting parents. These people have a real talent for hospitality. It is in their blood. No corporate rule book can ever duplicate that.

In our own small way, David and I have also tried, over the past 10 years, to take the stress out of choosing hotels, whether for business or for leisure.

We have, dear readers, eschewed the usual commercial routes and instead attempted to bring you unbiased, honest reflections of what the world's great hotels and resorts are really like.

Lyn Middlehurst
Editor/Publisher

READ BY THE WORLD'S TOP TRAVELLERS IN 34 COUNTRIES, SINCE 1991.

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EDITOR/PUBLISHER LYN MIDDLEHURST MANAGING DIRECTOR DAVID MASLIN.

Magic, real magic, is rarely to be found on our overdeveloped 21st Century doorsteps, but lies instead in some far flung land, hours from airports, shops and main roads.

Dedication is required in the quest for nirvana and nobody knows this better than Adrian Zecha of Māhā Resorts, who seems to have an inbuilt ability, almost like a water dowser, to discover the world's ever decreasing pockets of paradise.

Mahakua ~ Hacienda de San Antonio is the first of the next great generation of special, utterly unspoilt hideaways. As the hotel world begins to wake up to the idea that today's discerning guests crave ultimate privacy and a relaxed residential style, Mr Zecha has already moved on to the next hotel scenario; the one that we barely knew we longed for.

Last month, prior to Mahakua's official

opening on October 1, David and I were the very first guests to sample the future and you, dear readers, are the privileged few who will help shape it.

Mahakua ~ Hacienda de San Antonio.

We are met at *Guadalajara* airport by a beautiful young girl in a slim grey suit; a bronzed driver behind the wheel of a sleek grey people-carrier, and within, there is an ice box of cool drinks and the warmth of welcome and care that we all came to know and love with Mr Zecha's original collection of Amanresorts.

Two and a half hours later, having watched the vistas blur from city to serenity, we see the volcanoes that crown the landscape; the highest, *Nevalo de Colima* (the snowy one) rising to 14,000 ft; whilst the mesmeric sight of *Volcán de*

Fuego (Volcano of Fire) breathes white smoke, like an incense burner, over the green enfolding mountains.

Strangely, there is a feeling here of protection; the *Volcán de Fuego* like some ancient god guarding the gates to Heaven, and as the car bumps over the grey volcanic cobbles of *Comala*; the village like a painter's palate of purple and pink pastels, we drive on; up and up a narrow, winding road, nearly 1,300 ft. in all, and we leave behind the man-made world, finding a silence that only nature can conjure, devoid of white noise, traffic and bustle; a canvas of sound so subtle that the whisper of a bright yellow butterfly's wings is amplified like a plucked guitar string.

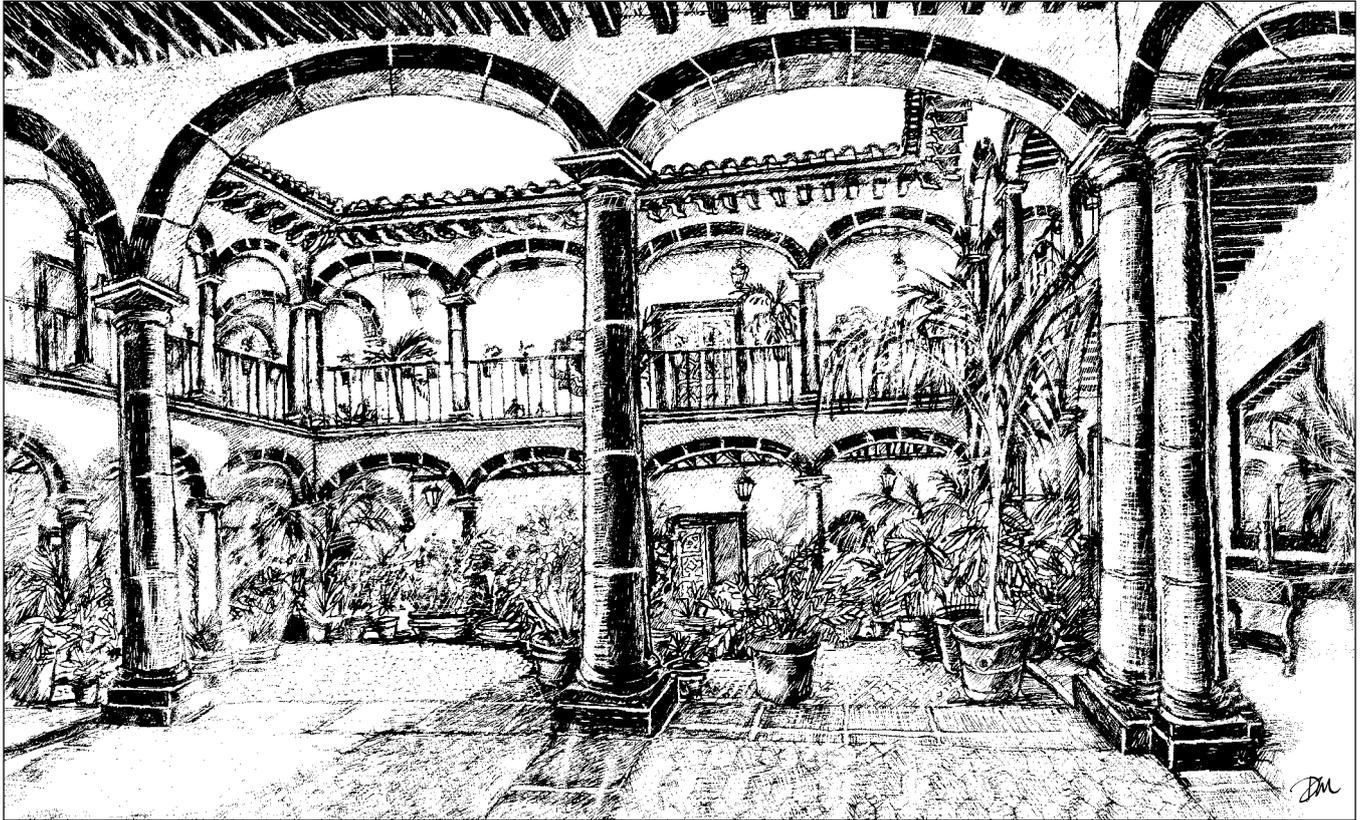
Mahakua appears; a monumental home of black volcanic arches, carved wood and soft hacienda pink; profusions of terracotta pots, fountains, foliage; fabulous

The first Māhā Resort of the Millennium.

Mahakua



View of Mahakua ~ Hacienda de San Antonio, from the rear gardens, showing the accommodation wing on the far left and the dining terrace to the right.



The pastel pink and volcanic-black arched courtyard at Mahakua, where all 26 rooms and suites lead straight to Heaven.

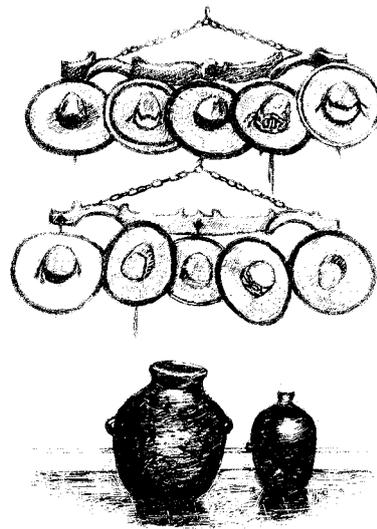
beyond belief. Yet within the protective arms of these verdant mountains and lush, mature trees, Mahakua is but a pinprick on the endless landscape; 500 acres of Hacienda set in a further 5,000 acres of organic ranchland.

As if to compensate, the scale of almost everything is massive; an armchair wide enough for two, giant ceramic amphoras and terracotta planters. Even the loungers around the pool are the size of double beds.

There is magic in the air, ancient magic, for this area of western Mexico was once home to the mysterious *Capacha* people who, 4,000 years ago, created *Etruscan*-like art and striking canine sculptures. In the tiny private museum of 75-year old, *Alejandro Rangel*, set around a courtyard in the nearby village of *Comala* we see his collection of strangely perfect statues, taken from *shot tombs* beneath the house; the region's natural clay encouraging extraordinary arcane artistry that mirrors modern artworks.

At Mahakua, we are met at the heavy wooden door, with its spy-hole and step-over ledge, by our hosts, Henry and Char Gray; two of the most charming and experienced GM's you will ever meet. After nearly 8 years at *Amandari* in Bali, which in their day, they turned into the best in-

land resort in the world, they have come, with their Balinese dog, Floyd, to weave more magic here at Mahakua, and already in September, a whole month before the Hacienda opens its doors to you, dear readers, we sense that familiar gentleness in the staff, their respect for Henry and Char evident in their eyes; their training already



manifesting in quiet, caring attention. One expects this in Bali, but here in Mexico, it is like alchemy.

We find ourselves in a vast pink walled courtyard, centred by a cloverleaf fountain that gushes water from the mouth of an iron swan; a terraced river to our right,

where the water flows from the arched volcanic stone aqueduct that distributes it around the entire property. Black stone arches ring the closely planted centre, shading the entrances to the bougainvillea covered chapel; the Guest Relations Salon with its bright Mexican Indian beadwork masks and pictures; the exquisite Library, full of priceless artifacts and finely wrought silver; the large Gallery, which as we look, is taking shape as retail heaven. Yet even here, there is a sense of the residential, for a massive red suede sofa and chairs suggest that one may not only buy things here, but maybe linger for a shot of salt-rimmed Tequila, or even lunch; the french doors thrown open to the shaded lawns beyond, where a game of Boules or Croquet reminds one to pause and relax.

The sound of water is everywhere; the bright blue sky throwing the mountains into sharp relief, *Volcán de Fuego* constantly visible, until white puffs of cloud shield it from view and a cloud of big yellow butterflies flutters from a flame tree; hummingbirds darting between the palms and *Agapanthus*. This, I think, is how paradise is meant to be.

We walk down plant-lined brick steps to the shade of a terracotta-floored walkway and realise that there are further shaded courtyards to our right; galleried

and filled with amazing pots; the ironwork balustrades hung with a myriad trailing Geraniums; red and pink against the arched shade; the turquoise sky a wood-beamed square of colour; huge patterned apothecary jars, pitchers and amphoras standing like sentinels, and massive bleached wood benches and tables softened by cream calico and tall pewter candle holders.

Red and black butterflies and dragonflies cast shadows on the black stone steps. This is where the 24 individually decorated rooms and 2 suites await in cool, calm perfection, and I realise, even at this point, that I will have to write a book about Mahakua in order to share its secrets with you.

We climb the sweeping stone staircase to the upper gallery; the vaulted ceiling a pastel harlequin set with a giant terracotta flower. To our right, french doors are flung open to an ample rooftop terrace; the *Mirador*, ringed with purple flax and palms, cream cushioned wood carved sofas and tables sucking in the view of the domed chapel and volcano. I look around and see the endless green mountains and ancient trees and I am drawn to the airy heights of the *Mirador* like a magnet; black winged buzzards riding the air currents in lazy spirals.

A second terrace lies beyond, with a walled fountain and an oversized outdoor fireplace. We imagine cool evenings beneath the stars; the sound of a Spanish guitar echoing across the mountains, and later, the dream is fulfilled, only more magical than we imagined; the lyrical Mexican ballads melting the stoutest of hearts.

There is an indoor fireplaced salon beyond; the beamed ceiling fabulously painted; an inlaid antique desk, priceless; big beige suede sofas and chairs around a cinema-sized television. Who could think of turning it on, we wonder?

Back in the cool gallery, we pass a wrought iron loophole window that trickles with water; the blue sky framed by a purple flowered creeper. We arrive at our suite, #19, *Volcán*, with its high double doors and towering vaulted brick ceilings; a pewter tray holding shot glasses, limes, a silver salt shaker and a bottle of good Tequila.

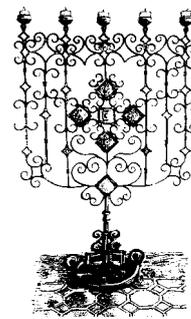
Every suite here is themed, and ours captures the hot reds and pinks of a volcano's core; giant french windows framing an awe-inspiring view of the arched aqueduct and *Volcán de Fuego*; the room bedecked with vases of bright orange and purple Birds of Paradise flowers,

grown on the estate. Cascading Mexican-Indian patterned drapes fall from a great height to the terracotta floors, with their light-weight blanket rugs.

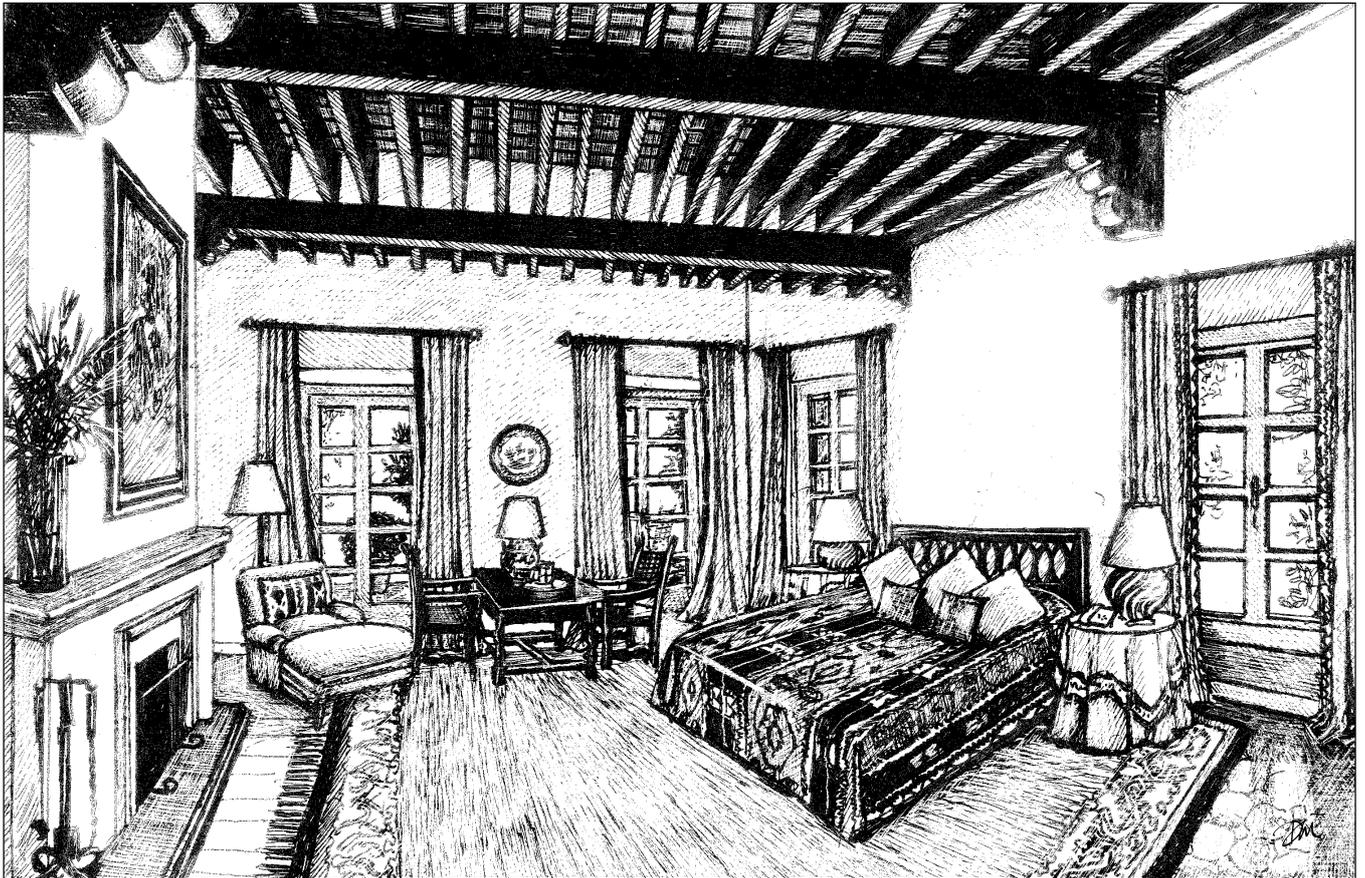
Through a doorway, we find an airy fireplaced bedroom; the oversized kingsize decked with flame-hued cushions and soft coral fabrics; a red suede chair and ottoman designed for giants; a tray of complimentary mineral waters constantly replaced. There are dimmers everywhere, from bathrooms to desk lamps.

The sitting room is set with extraordinary antiques; an ornate painted chest, a giant armoire, a carved silver mirror atop the second log fireplace (all of which can be lit on cool evenings).

There are two big bathrooms, covered in lapis and buttermilk hand-painted tiles; white curtained arches separating the bathing areas from the loos and dressing rooms. The tubs are the size of small plunge pools; integral powerful brass showers instantly hot; the baths so large that one must climb from white slatted



The fireplaced sitting room of Suite #19, *Volcán*; the french doors thrown open to a small balcony that drinks in the view of *Volcán de Fuego* beyond.



A beautiful junior-suite sized room, #9, *La Chalupa*, on the ground floor, with beamed ceilings and airy french doors that lead out to the gardens.

platforms to reach them.

"We are working on this" says Char, who, like me, is rather too small to negotiate the tub easily. Even David has to stretch, for everything here is made for giants.

By the time you read this, 15 of the 26 rooms and suites will be complete. They are all unique and I did not see one that I would not wish to stay in. The ground floor rooms have high painted beamed ceilings; the upper rooms, vaulted brick. All are spectacular, whether they overlook the volcanoes, the river, or the mountains and fountained gardens at the rear.

There are no in-room TV's or sound systems, for it is felt, quite rightly, that nothing should disturb the calm here. However, if music is a must, then Henry and Char plan on providing personal CD players for the asking.

On the ground floor, *El Nopal*, #14, and *El Maquey*, #13, look onto the gardens, whilst *Cânade Azucar*, #1, and *El Caf *, #2, face the Volcanoes. All the rooms are junior-suite sized; the corner rooms and river rooms being particularly serene. *Perro de Colima*, #6, faces the volcanoes and the river, and *La Chalupa*, #9, captures the gardens, mountains and river.

Still on the ground floor, *El Tambor*, #8, and *El Bandolin*, #7, are ever so slightly smaller, but are blessed with large, private terraces that look out onto the rushing El Cordoban River. Other excellent volcano-view rooms on the ground floor are *El Cantarito*, #5, and the marvellous *Armadillo*, #4, with its oxen yokes hung with an array of fine Mexican hats; carved wooden animals placed by the french doors that spill out onto a broad, grassy patio that frames the volcano. The rooms on the ground floor that face the volcano or river have splendid patios, and at night, there are so many fireflies lighting the grass that at first, one thinks that someone has placed strings of fairy lights in the grounds.

On the upper floor, *El Quetzal*, #17, is perhaps the best room. Although minutely smaller than the average, it has a wonderful bathroom and a huge terrace facing the volcanoes; its beautiful blue decor including a striking antique painted bed. Apart from our suite, also facing the volcanoes on this floor are *El Cotorro*, #18, *La Campana*, #16, and *El Acueducto*, #15; the last two having unique vaulted butter-milk ceilings.

Facing the river and with large private balconies, you will find *Las Jaras*, #22, and

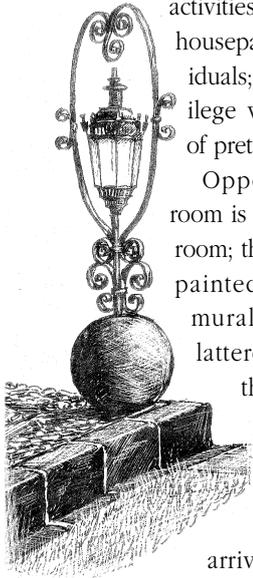
La Bandera, #21. With exceptional views of the river, mountains and gardens, corner room, #23, *Aguilla* is also to be coveted. Indeed, I find myself listing almost *all* the accommodation here, for each room offers something unique and special, with striking paintings and *objets* to personalise each experience.

Rooms #25 and #26 will become the property's second full, 2-bathroom suite, named *El Sol*. This very spacious enclave looks out onto miraculous mountain vistas and the formal gardens below.

If you stop and think for a moment that there are 500 acres devoted solely to 26 suites, you begin to see how Mahakua represents the ultimate luxury of space and privacy. Nobody from outside the property can gain entrance here. It is your own, utterly private home for as long as you stay, and believe me, you will never want to leave.

We return to the courtyard below, where a sumptuous brick-vaulted salon awaits, all buttercup yellows and rich polished wood; a museum piece silver eagle centre-piecing the open bar.

Mahakua's room rates include everything, from drinks (apart from Champagne and fine wines) and cuisine to most



activities. It is a Hacienda houseparty of like individuals; a haven of privilege without an ounce of pretension.

Opposite the sitting room is a barrelled dining room; the walls intricately painted with bright murals depicting latterday scenes from the ranch and the Hacienda.

The talented Australian chef, Craig Wheate, arrives the same day as we do and like us, he is amazed at how ready everything is. Craig's new work-place is a huge tiled farmhouse kitchen and he loves it instantly, conjuring delicate morsels of grilled quail and succulent fish from its airy depths, whilst at lunchtime, huge hand painted serving plates of moreish Mexican fare are handed around the table; pewter bowls of homemade yogurt and preserves at breakfast, fresh baked bread, goat's cheese spiced with herbs; much of the produce from the 5,000 acre organic ranch, dairy and coffee

plantation that enfolds us. I begin to see why this place is named Mahakua; a mix of Sanskrit and Central American Indian that means "Great Community", for this is, indeed, the ultimate houseparty.

After two days, we are relaxed and incredibly healthy; the cuisine, although in its formative stages, pleasing us more than most restaurants that have spent years at the task.

The sitting and dining salons spill out onto a broad beamed and collonaded terrace that looks out to the acres of gardens and mountains. Here, formal water rills weave between box-edged plots of bright blooms; jets of water dancing upwards to the blue beyond like strings of kinetic diamonds.

We walk beside the trickling runnels as black and white striped butterflies flit between the exuberant fountains, and beyond, we discover a living, choreographed series of water arches that lead to even more exotic flora; based upon Spain's *Albambra*, with defined beds of Impatiens and bright orange Marigolds carpeting the scene.

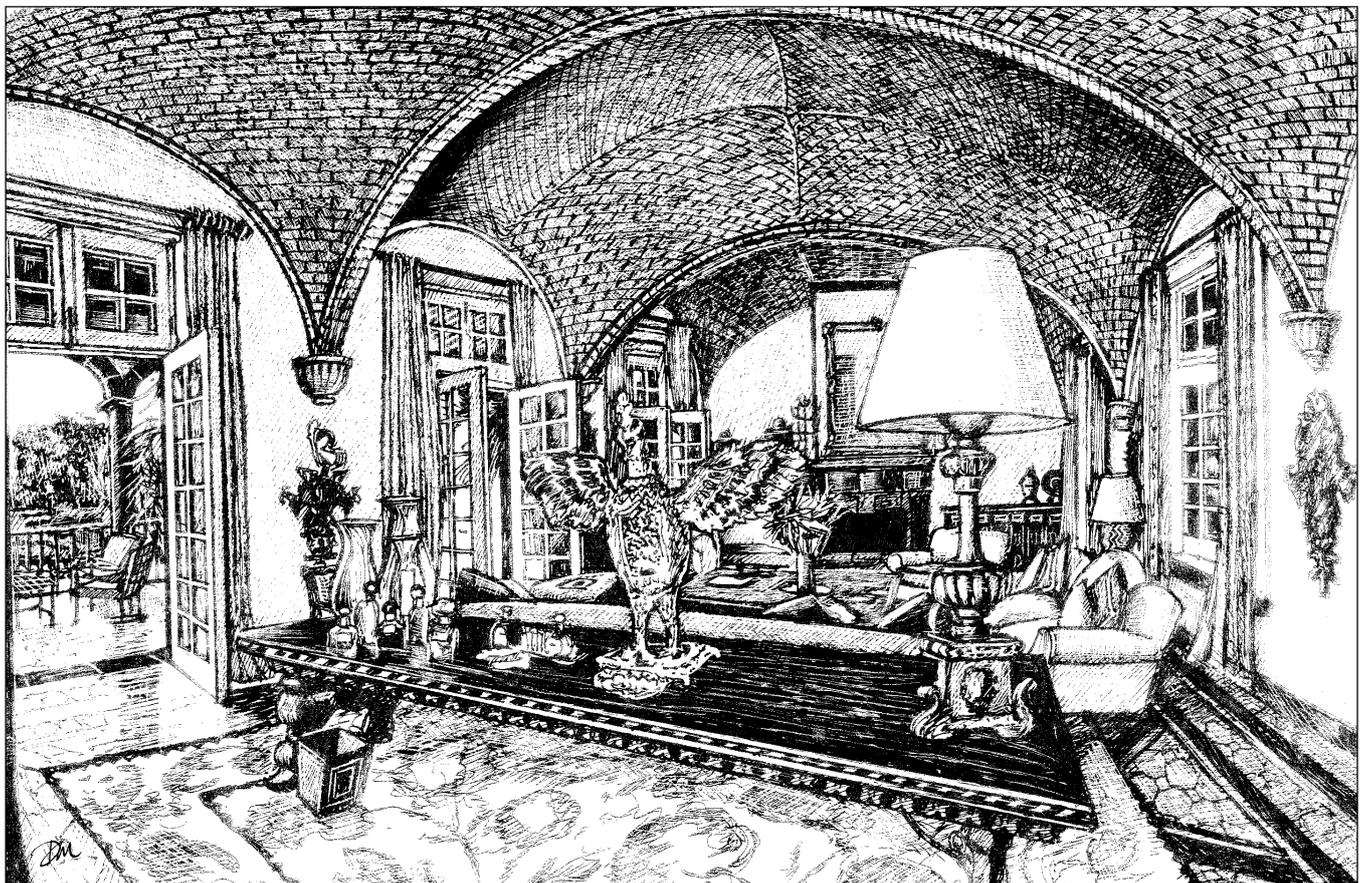
We meet the lovely Lupita; Mahakua's expert naturalist, and she leads us along shaded trails lined with spiky blue Agave

plants that the Mexicans make Tequila from; the sun filtered through coconut trees, fig trees, vanilla, bamboo groves, and palms. The clacking call of Chachalaca birds punctuates the stillness, as swift yellow Fly Catchers dart through the orange groves and we pick Prickly Pears and fragrant oranges, our heads tilted upwards to see a Banded Quail and the sudden movement of a black False Iguana that scurries from our footfall.

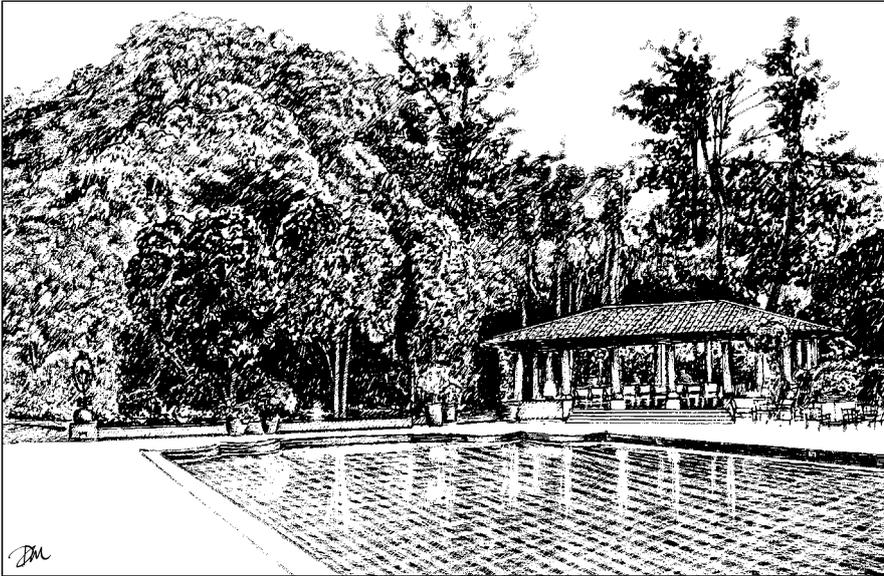
We find the hand-painted tiled and heated pool; its elegantly shaped contours almost Moorish or Rajasthani in style; 35 metres of heated blue hedonism against a backdrop of breathtaking mountains. Here, there is a full-size kitchen beneath the shaded pool-house, with its giant wooden table, bright blue daybeds and magical calm. Craig plans on serving tapas-like snacks and spicy morsels and we find ourselves already making plans to return.

Lupita leads us onwards to one of the Hacienda's nurseries, where an elderly lady tends pots upon pots of seedlings and bright flowers; the area shaded by nets overhung with heavy purple orchids; butterflies everywhere.

"Next time you come, we will have walking shoes for you" says Lupita, with a smile.



In the brick vaulted Salon, a tray of limes and silver salt shakers await alongside a variety of complimentary liquors, including very good Tequila.



An early morning view of the pool pavilion before the giant loungers are set out.

“You should not have to bring them with you.” Such is Mahakua.

The next day, we have breakfast on the *Mirador Terrace*. You can eat anywhere you please at Mahakua, and believe me, there is a world of wondrous locations. Later, whilst David sketches the Hacienda from a seat in the gardens, Henry drives me to the ranch and we spend around an hour following the endless tracks that lead through a giant bamboo cathedral, carpeted with leaves, where red-tipped coffee plants punctuate the shade; past three utterly tranquil and unexpected lakes, where one may picnic; past fields of grazing horses, a stockade of white bearded goats and pet Llamas, who trot towards us, blinking their long eyelashes like coquettish courtesans. We drive on past the coffee and cheese factories, although ‘factories’ is really not the right word as these are small, traditional buildings where work is conducted as it was generations ago; the ranch having been run on organic principles for the past decade.

The organic coffee is sublime; the cheese ambrosia. How can one not be happy and healthy here, for everything is so honest, so perfect; a world apart from the mass-produced misery of most western diets.

Char and I discuss future plans; of a proper holistic spa and natural toiletries, and she shows me a collection of samples she has found of Mexican glass toiletry bottles and blue-rimmed stemware. Yes, we will definitely have to return, and soon.

David and I sleep like babes in our big red and coral bed, plumped with a white piqué duvet; the windows thrown open to

the breeze. There is no need of airconditioning to mar the quiet, as the evenings are cool and fresh; warmed by big log fires, supplemented in winter with floor-level heating. I imagine spending New Year here; the romance of it all.

On Sunday, we all decide to drive into *Comala* for the *Portales*; a daily riot of Tequila and beer, happily supplemented by a series of traditional tapas-style dishes that are served free for as long as one continues to buy drinks.

Six of us spend a merry two hours or so in the midst of hundreds of laughing, singing locals, as a series of Mariachi bands roams the tables and the electric atmosphere of the real Mexico enters our bloodstream. A little girl of about eight years old stands up and sings entire verses from two songs and all the tables beneath the arched balcony roar their approval.

The current fad at the *Portales* is for *Muppets*, whereby a smiling waiter pours a shot of Tequila and juice down one’s throat, one hand behind one’s head and the other holding a red napkin to one’s mouth. He then shakes the recipient’s head from side to side. I am told that the effect is only felt once one tries to stand up!

We return to Mahakua, tired but content and that evening, we sup Champagne overlooking the river as the sky turns from pink to red and hundreds of fireflies illuminate the lawns.

Craig decides to serve dinner in the kitchen and we drift into the big tiled room, with its wall plates and homely preparation islands; the fragrance of fresh thyme, garlic and roasting corn-fed chickens

filling the night. Fresh asparagus soup is followed by sweet oven-dried tomatoes, tender green asparagus with ranch-made Parmesan shavings, crisp green beans with pecan sauce, goat’s cheese and a spectacular Caesar Salad with soft coddled eggs. A gigantic platter of delicious chicken arrives, with roasted vegetables and broccoli, and finally, a perfect pear and baked custard tart; a homestyle meal of such excellence that it will live with me forever.

If you go nowhere else this year, you must visit Mahakua, for it is the very soul and essence of what 21st century deluxe hotelkeeping *will* be about; a truly spectacular residential experience in one of the world’s fast disappearing corners of paradise.

Extraordinary is an understatement. Go now.

Gallivanter’s Rating: ✓✓✓✓✓+

AT A GLANCE

MAHAKUA

HACIENDA DE SAN ANTONIO.

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Internet: hacienda@mahakua.mx

Affiliation: Māhā Resorts, 801 Wilson House, 19-27 Wyndham St., Hong Kong Tel: +852 2868 5005. Fax: +852 2868 5007 E-mail: info@maharesorts.com

Rooms: 24 junior suites & 2 full suites. **Approx Rates:** *Suites:* US\$625-750. *Full, 2-bathroom Suites with sitting rooms:* US\$1,250-1,400 + 10% service & 17% tax. Rates include all meals, house beverages, activities on the Mahakua grounds, including tennis, mountain bikes, meditation classes, picnics, bird watching, trekking and land transfers from Guadalajara, Manzanillo or Colima.

Additional charges: Horseback riding, off-property tours, premium wines, liqueurs & cigars, massages & beauty (may not be available initially), rodeos, private air charters to the ranch’s landing strip. **Getting there:** Guadalajara: 2½ hours by road. Manzanillo: 1½ hours by road. Colima (morning and evening flights from Mexico City): 40 minutes by road.

Gallivanter's Gossip



NEXT MONTH, YOU WILL READ ABOUT OUR IDYLIC experience at GHM's **The Tamarindo** on Mexico's west coast. Sadly, husband and wife GM's, **Jonathan Heath and Ji Hyun Park** (both top notch chefs, who delighted us a few years ago at the The Serai and Chedi Ubud in Bali) are leaving the resort next month to start their own small hotel in Boston, Ji's home town. Jonathan and Ji are looking for investors to help them realise their dream, and frankly, we cannot think of anyone more worthy, for their achievements and sheer creativity at The Tamarindo are astounding. If you are interested in investing, you can contact them c/o Ellsworths, 43 Lee Street, Cambridge, MA 02139, USA, or contact them direct on Tel/Fax: +1 617 492 0709. E-mails: j_ozz@hotmail.com or jhp_mex@hotmail.com

GOOD NEWS FOR FOODIES who, like us, fell in love with **Barnaby Jones'** sophisticated cuisine at Amandari in Bali. Barnaby has moved to the glorious **Amanjena** in Marrakech, replacing opening executive chef, Renato Buhlmann. Expect miracles.

AFTER YEARS OF PERFECT SERVICE, GM Adrée Brunet is retiring from **Château Saint-Martin** in Vence at the close of the season, where, as an example of her extraordinary standards, staff brush the carpets after vacuuming, so that the pile is flowing along the same line. Can you imagine an Ian Schrager hotel doing that? We wish her well.

IT IS WHISPERED that **GHM** are creating no less than three new resorts in the **Dubai** area, ranging from a Datai/Legian-type beach resort to a Chedi and a Serai (as per the 4-star Chedi Bandung and Chedi Ubud and the 3-star Serai in Manggis, Bali, which rivals many of the world's five stars, if truth be told); basically covering off every level of discerning guest. Thankfully, we can expect rather more minimalism than the glitzy Burj al Arab or Jumeirah Beach. Meanwhile, another little bird tells us that GHM (via Adrian Zecha) are coming to **South Beach**, Miami, converting Sasson on the Ocean to a 90-room hotel, which, in Zecha's words "should be fun".

NEW ZEALAND, IT SEEMS, HAS FINALLY AWOKEN to the fact that discerning travellers appreciate a few refinements and this year has seen a couple of new deluxe properties opening on the previously hotel-challenged South Island. Robert and Sally Hunt's **The Lodge at Paratiho Farms** in Nelson is a case in point. Paratiho is the Maori word for paradise and Robert and Sally have interpreted that in a very 21st century manner. The verdigris-roofed Lodge, which sits within a 2,000-acre working farm, is built in modern classic style and is peppered with the couple's own extensive collection of antiques, contemporary art and sculptures.

With just six full, fireplaced suites, set in the grounds around the main lodge, this remarkable (non-smoking) property manages to include its own spa, replete with ocean-based treatments. Tel: +64 3 528 2100. Fax: +64 3 528 2101. Web-site: <http://paratiho.co.nz> E-mail enquiries: lodge@paratiho.co.nz

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