

Condé Nast Traveller

MAY 2019

THE HOT LIST 2019

THE WORLD'S BEST
NEW HOTELS

ARE PSYCHEDELICS THE FUTURE OF TRAVEL?

GLOW-IN-THE-DARK RESTAURANTS

MEXICO'S ALTERNATIVE TO TULUM

TWISTS ON TRADITION IN KYOTO

CALIFORNIA SURFER STYLE

THIS SUMMER'S COOLEST BEACH CLUBS

THE GREAT GAS STATION SWITCH-UP

EXTREME WILDERNESS LIFE-COACHING

RETURN OF THE TURKISH RIVIERA

+ CHINA'S NEXT-LEVEL
GUESTHOUSES



THE SEASON'S SCENE STEALERS **BEACH CLUBS**

THE MOST STYLISHLY MELLOW TOES-IN-THE-SAND ARRIVALS OF THE YEAR

FTELIA MYKONOS

Ftelia has long been famous: archaeologists believe a Neolithic settlement uncovered beside the bay to be the tomb of the Homeric hero Ajax. A far more recent but sure-to-be-a-hit addition to the beach on Mykonos' wild northern shore is this club, huddled into a sheltered corner. Its unexpected burnt-orange palette was conceived by designer Fabrizio Casiraghi when he flew over the island for the first time and admired the contrast between the terracotta roof tiles and the white architecture below. The club spills down, amphitheatre-like, towards the sand. In the restaurant at the top, an athletic crowd (the area is a windsurfing hotspot) tuck into sea urchin and grilled octopus with beetroot puree, washed down with mineral wine from hot new Santorini vineyard Vassaltis; then fall asleep in one of the Sixties armchairs by Gae Aulenti on the terrace; or dance to tunes the owners describe as 'music you would like to hear on a mix tape' down on the sand. fteliabeachclub.com ➤

BASIL'S BAR MUSTIQUE

This shabby, endlessly talked-about, perennially loved over-water Caribbean party shack has been totally renovated – surprisingly, by Philippe Starck. Villa owners and islanders had every right to be wary. And yet you can still nurse a beer while the children snorkel with turtles in the bay. Still flop into bleached-teak rocking chairs watching superyachts at anchor. Still arrive sea-soaked and sandy-footed for a Rum Runner while Bon Jovi and Bryan Adams take turns on the mic. In fact, anyone who's never been before wouldn't know that the clusters of straw hats along the beams weren't legitimately lost property, nor have any inkling that the Mustique Company poured millions of dollars in, because it still looks and feels like the real deal. Old hands can appreciate the addition of the open-sided kitchen where new head chef and ex-Gordon Ramsay protégé Luke Ferguson toils with his team; the sweet boutique selling surf kit; and the clever walkway from which you can spy rays gliding around under the deck. It's just that the overhanging thatch is a bit neater, the painted wood lighter and the dance floor more inviting.

Ask Basil what his verdict is while he's mixing you a Hurricane David (you should still definitely only have one, though). basilsbar.com

OLIVE BAR & KITCHEN GOA

Mention the name Olive to any urban Indian and they'll instantly recall the whitewashed walls, blue cushions, killer cocktails and breezy Mediterranean vibes evoked by one of the country's most popular restaurant groups. But, intriguingly, until now it has only ever inhabited gentrified corners of cities nowhere near, well, an actual beach. All that changed when

Olive Bar & Kitchen finally landed on a cliff overlooking Goa's sleepy, hippie Vagator Beach last summer – a world away from some of the more raucous, divey bars dotting the coastline. It's a curious sliver of Santorini on the Arabian Sea, with baskets of help-yourself flip-flops, wicker chairs and a Goan-meets-Greek menu:

baked sardines on toasted ciabatta, roasted chicken cafreal, jaggery cheesecake with coconut cream and Olive's signature thin-crust pizza. And to drink there's the Chorizo Mary, group mixologist John Leese's take on the Bloody Mary, or a Goa Trance made with *feni*, a local spirit distilled from cashew or coconut.

It's hard to believe it took ace restaurateur AD Singh a decade-and-a-half to open an outpost here, but after all those years of searching it seems he's found a suitably stellar spot. olivebarandkitchen.com

ASSAONA MALLORCA

While most clubs around the bay of Palma – Purobeach, Nikki Beach, Anima Beach – veer towards a particular sort of bright, Champagne-popping, leather-beds flash,



Clockwise from above: laid-back style; parasols; a dining area; outdoor seating; a beach chair, all at Ftelia. Previous page, whitewashed stairs leading to Ftelia's restaurant

