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TRUTH IN TRAVEL
MARCH 2013

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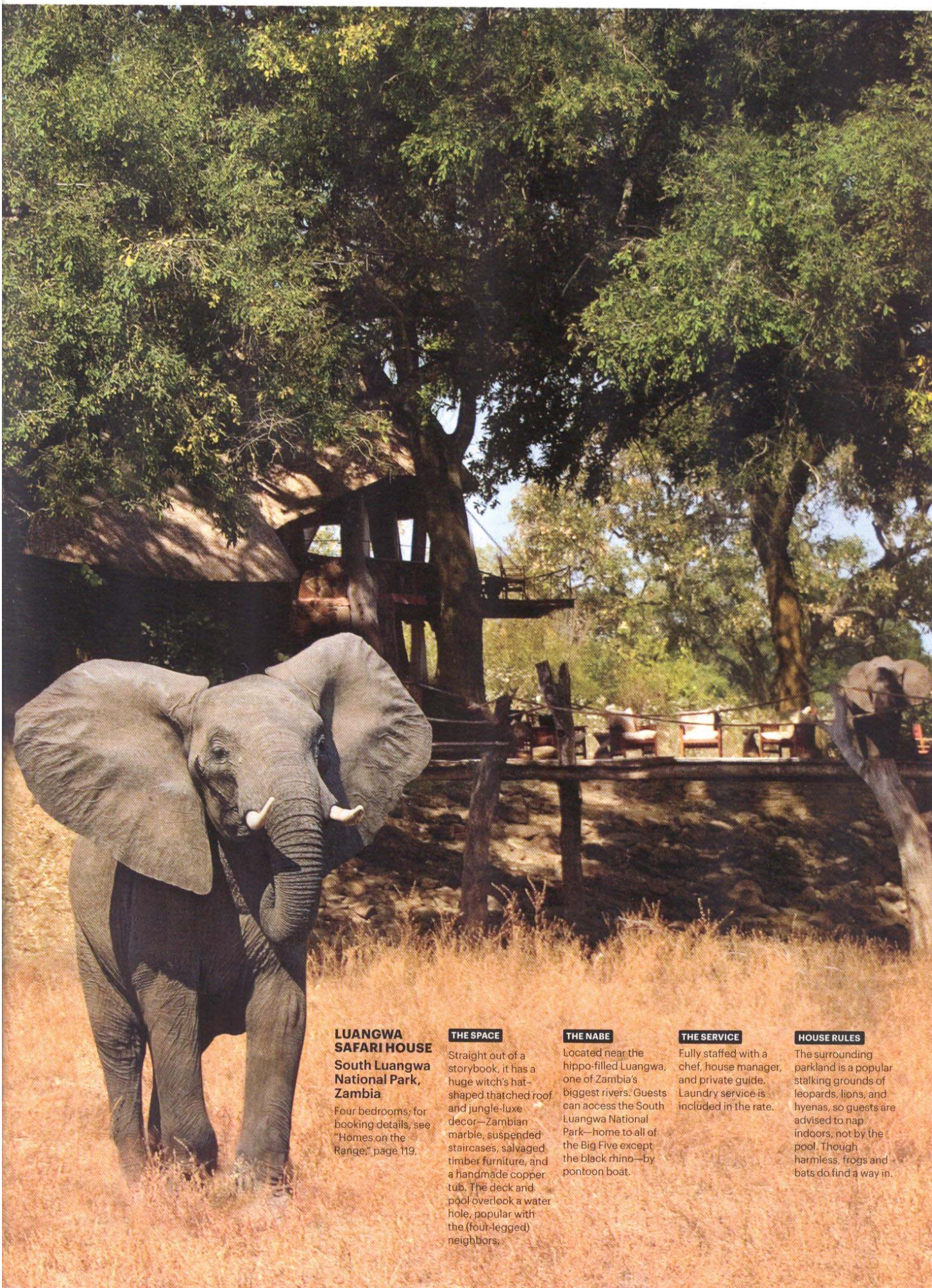
PART II

I Had a House in Africa..

PG. 114
MARCH 2013
CONDÉ NAST
TRAVELER

Okay, Isak Dinesen had her own *farm*, but these days you can sidle up to that *Out of Africa* fantasy by booking a stand-alone villa in the bush for your next safari (as Brangelina and their brood did).

Susan Hack goes wild for the space, the privacy, and—surprise!—the great values in luxury villa rentals all across Africa



**LUANGWA
SAFARI HOUSE**
South Luangwa
National Park,
Zambia

Four bedrooms; for
booking details, see
"Homes on the
Range," page 119.

THE SPACE

Straight out of a
storybook, it has a
huge witch's hat-
shaped thatched roof
and jungle-luxe
decor—Zambian
marble, suspended
staircases, salvaged
timber furniture, and
a handmade copper
tub. The deck and
pool overlook a water
hole, popular with
the (four-legged)
neighbors.

THE NABE

Located near the
hippo-filled Luangwa,
one of Zambia's
biggest rivers. Guests
can access the South
Luangwa National
Park—home to all of
the Big Five except
the black rhino—by
pontoon boat.

THE SERVICE

Fully staffed with a
chef, house manager,
and private guide.
Laundry service is
included in the rate.

HOUSE RULES

The surrounding
parkland is a popular
stalking grounds of
leopards, lions, and
hyenas, so guests are
advised to nap
indoors, not by the
pool. Though
harmless, frogs and
bats do find a way in.

WORLDWIDE VILLA RENTAL GUIDE

A LUXURY SAFARI LODGE is as much about the amenities as the game viewing, offering butlers, infinity pools, and an on-call masseuse—all in the middle of a vast wilderness. Pampering demanding travelers unwilling to dispense with creature comforts is all well and good, but on my mission to investigate a nascent safari trend, the stand-alone African villa, I had another requirement in mind: absolute privacy. A safari veteran, having been on some thirty trips into the bush, I was tired of being regularly upstaged by the khaki-clad strangers who fill up boutique lodges or tented camps and always seem to witness something more exciting than I do: the lion kill, the rhinos mating, thirty thousand wildebeests crossing a crocodile-infested river. By renting my very own house, I'd also have my very own safari. A guide just for me. A chef and a table overlooking the savanna just for me. And, best of all, a parade of wildlife for my eyes only—and for those friends and family who I handpicked to join me.

Incredibly, I learned, the cost of all this privacy, extra space, and individual attention could be far less than a stay at a top-of-the-line safari camp. For example, a double tent at Singita's new Mara River Tented Camp in Tanzania costs a whopping \$950 per person per night—in low

season. By contrast, the rental fee for Luangwa Safari House, a four-bedroom thatch fantasy on a lagoon in southern Zambia, can be split by just four friends for \$590 per person per night.

The African villa concept, explained Cherri Briggs, one of *Condé Nast Traveler's* Africa specialists (see "Perrin's People: The Villa Pros," page 108), evolved out of an appreciation of privacy as the ultimate luxury and the challenges family travel poses to the safari industry. In the past, an African game-viewing trip was considered something for grown-ups, not only because baby-chomping leopards presented liability issues for lodge owners but because kids were considered a buzz kill when it came to rituals such as sundown gin and tonics. Today, parents want to bring kids on exotic expeditions. To meet the growing demand, safari lodges are sprucing themselves up to be more luxurious and child-friendly. They're adding pools, spas, and babysitters and, most recently, building stand-alone digs roomy enough for families or groups of friends.

The company you keep is the best part of any villa vacation, and while it can be wonderful to reunite or spend quality time with family, sometimes what you really want is to experience a new destination with old pals. My fellow escape

artist was just such a BFF, an American resident of Paris and sometime church choir soloist whom I shall call The Diva. She had never traveled to Africa, in part because her concept of a safari included the dread terms *big spider*, *drop toilet*, and *bucket shower*.

Briggs suggested that we start by exploring southern Namibia's desert landscape, where the vistas are wide and the predators few. (The Diva, more accustomed to house rentals in the south of France, had confessed to feeling skittish about tigers that might eat her. There are no tigers in Africa, we reassured her.) Then we would move on to Zambia's game-rich South Luangwa National Park and a house imaginatively designed from local materials. We'd end our trip in a villa on the Lamu archipelago in Kenya, to enjoy some Indian Ocean beach time and a taste of Swahili culture.

FULL MOON HOUSE

Lamu, Kenya

Three bedrooms; for booking details, see "Homes on the Range," page 119.

THE SPACE

Designed and furnished in the Swahili style, the house shares a pool and garden with the Kiwandani house. Balconies overlook the sea.

THE NABE

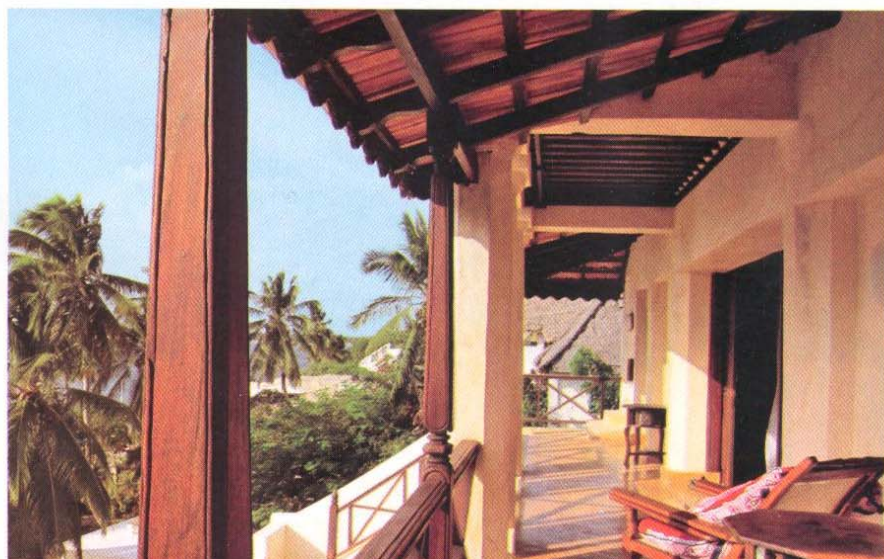
In the seaside village of Shela and close to Lamu Town, known for its old-world simplicity and UNESCO World Heritage Site status.

THE SERVICE

The house comes fully staffed with housekeeping, a house manager, and a chef, who will do the cooking and grocery shopping.

HOUSE RULES

To avoid petty crime, the staff advise guests not to walk alone too far down the beach.



And so in June, at the start of southern Africa's winter, we chartered a Cessna from Windhoek, the Namibian capital, to a desert airstrip where brown-striped Burchell's zebras were taking dust baths beside the runway. Our destination was Private Camp, one of four small properties in the seven-hundred-square-mile NamibRand Nature Reserve that make up the Wolwedans Collection. Profits from the properties fund the Wolwedans Foundation, a nonprofit that supports conservation programs and local people by creating, among other things, jobs and hospitality schools.

Dwarfed on a vast celadon grass plain, Private Camp is a tent-house hybrid made from ridge-poles, canvas walls, and solar panels. Spectacularly modest at first sight, it looks less like an oligarch's getaway than a bunch of shacks cobbled together by a Burning Man devotee. Inside, our butler, a twenty-something Herero woman named Joan Karuhumba, revealed luxuries that exceeded our expectations without overwhelming the natural world outside. Striking in their elegant simplicity, two huge bedroom suites with four-poster beds flanked an expansive living room filled with leather chairs and couches, writing desks, and antique books; the rooms and a massage *shala* were linked by wooden decks with loungers and sweeping views. From my bathroom I looked out through a rolled-up canvas "window" and spotted a herd of horse-tall oryx walking single file right past the house.

The Diva didn't bother to solar-charge her ancient iPod. Instead, we listened to the breeze and the whistles and staccato pitches of small birds dive-bombing the grass in search of buzzing insects. After serving up a dinner of eland fillet and an apricot chocolate trifle, the chef and butler drove home, leaving us alone to putter around the joint. There was no cell phone signal, no Wi-Fi, no way of contacting the outside world except by a radio transmitter linked to the reserve office, a thirty-minute drive down a rutted dirt track. But while the odd hyena or leopard might have been lurking, there are so few that our biggest danger was stepping barefoot on a scorpion.

Later that night, a loud crunching sound came out of the grass not ten yards from the deck chairs where we were sitting. "Um, should we be worried?" asked The Diva.

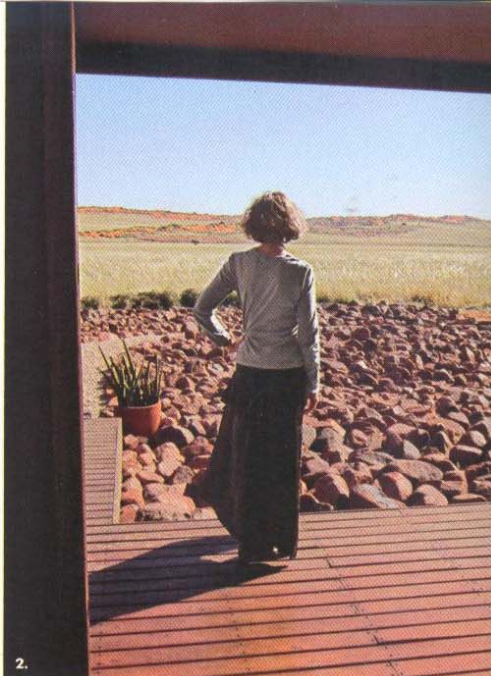
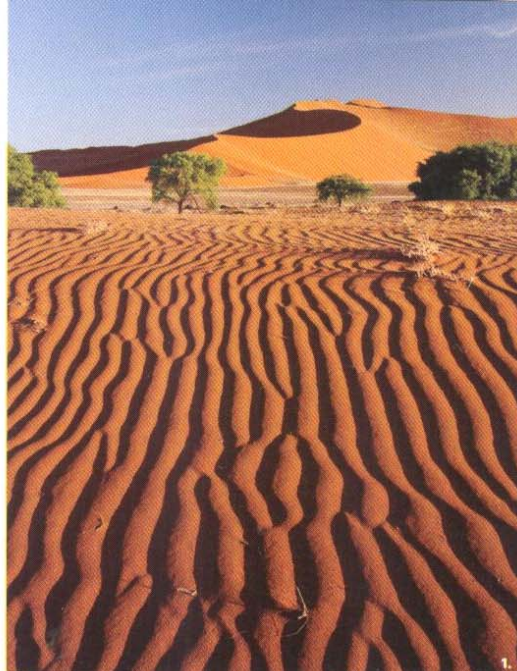
I ventured that it was probably a porcupine and insisted that to use the radio to summon

someone just to shine a flashlight into some Namibian grass was like calling Alvy Singer to kill a spider in a Manhattan bathtub. Sheer cold eventually drove us inside where I discovered a treat: hot water bottles left under the covers. I pulled the comforter over my head, tried not to think about scorpions, and fell asleep.

The plan over the next three days was for guide Lucas Mbangu to arrive after breakfast and drive us by Land Rover across the tapestry of dunes, grassland, and *inselbergs*, or island mountains (so named by southern Africa's early-twentieth-century German explorers who mapped lone rocky atolls rising above the veld). The reserve requires that drivers stick to a grid of thoughtfully mapped tracks so as not to mar the landscape, and Mbangu had coordinated with guides at the other three Wolwedans properties so that his Private Camp guests remained out of sight of other travelers' game drive orbits.

Getting out of the car to climb the dune's face, Mbangu explained the reason for the sand's red rust color and took out a magnet that immediately turned fuzzy with iron particles. From the dune we saw a bit of drama: a female ostrich running after a blurry brown shape that turned out to be a jackal stalking her chicks. Farther on we watched a kudu walk toward Fairy Circle Valley, where hundreds of symmetrical sand circles, bordered by sage-colored bushes, pock the plain. There was no other human traffic, but Mbangu stopped the car to let a cheameleon cross the road, and we spent time taking portraits of giant armored crickets, four-inch-

"Please refrain from taking your siesta outside by the pool," our hostess had warned during the house tour and security briefing. "There are wild animals here, and they will eat you"



DESERT SOLITAIRE

1. Wolwedans Private Camp is one of the few lodges inside Namibia's seven-hundred-square-mile NamibRand Nature Reserve, where waist-high grasses meet massive sand dunes. Some of the world's highest dunes are a two-hour drive away, in Sossusvlei. **2.** The wraparound deck at Private Camp. Except for mealtimes, when a chef and butler are on hand, guests have the complex to themselves.



**WOLWEDANS
PRIVATE CAMP**
NamibRand
Nature Reserve,
Namibia

Two bedrooms; for booking details, see "Homes on the Range," page 119.

THE SPACE

A series of lavishly furnished canvas-walled rooms. Panoramic views are visible everywhere—from the bedrooms, dining area, full kitchen, double living room, and massage shala. Solar panels provide hot water, and flashlights light the way at night.

THE NABE

Private Camp, miles from anywhere, sits in a grass ocean between mountains and dunes formed by sand blowing in from the Atlantic. Spectacular scenery rather than wildlife is the big draw—and best enjoyed on scenic drives, flights, and hot-air balloon rides.

THE SERVICE

The camp comes with chef, butler, and, for a fee, private Land Rover and wilderness guide. Massages can also be arranged for an additional charge.

HOUSE RULES

Shower in the afternoon or early evening unless you don't mind tepid water. Staff leave after dinner. To summon assistance or simply to ask questions, you'll need to use a two-way radio.

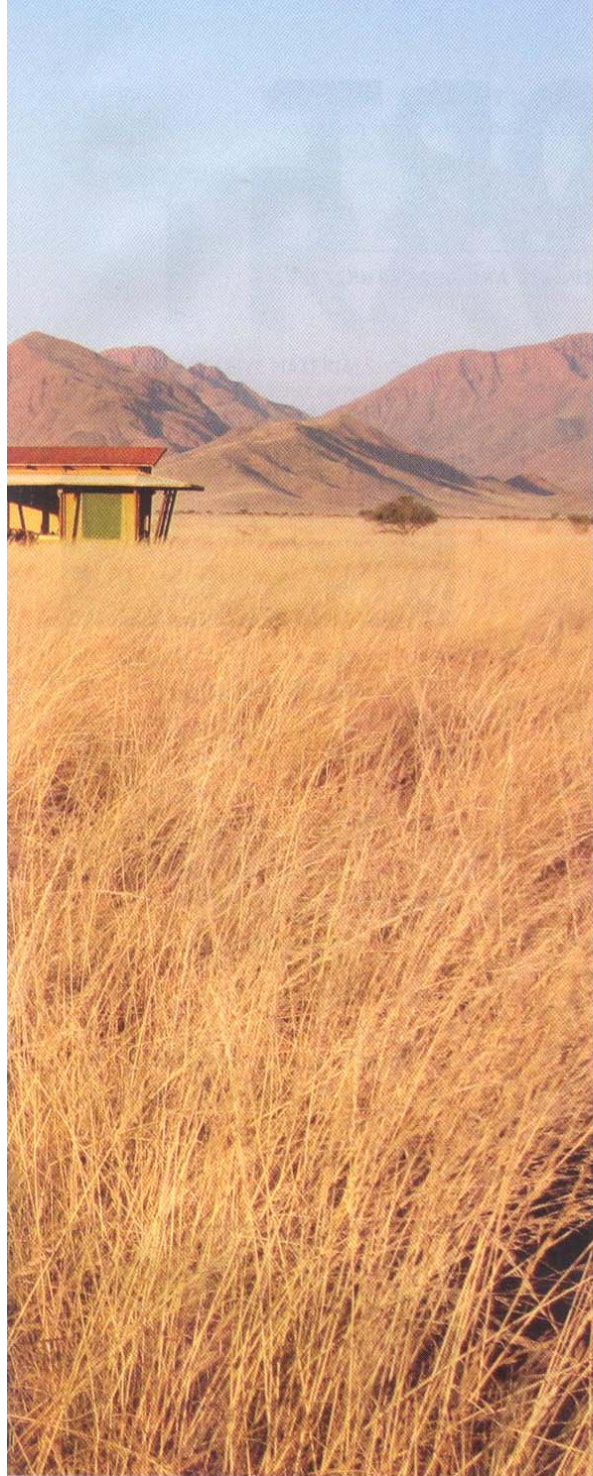
long monsters whose slow-motion hinged walk makes them look like Transformer robots. For lunch, we picnicked on cold zebra fillet salad in the shade of house-size boulders.

Back at Private Camp later that evening, chef Toivo Andimba prepared farm-raised oryx with rosemary and mustard sauce. The open kitchen was in the middle of the living room, so The Diva and I stood at the counter to chat and beg recipe tips. Andimba, twenty-five, came from an Ovambo village in northern Namibia and grew up herding cattle and goats. He dreamed of owning his own farm, becoming Namibia's first homegrown star chef, and opening a restaurant named after the Disney film *Ratatouille*. He had already satisfied some Wolwedans celebrity clients—Angelina Jolie, Brad Pitt, and their

children and nannies (they rented the reserve's twelve-bed Dune Camp). "Those kids," he recalled fondly. "They would not sit down while they ate, but they liked everything I cooked."

When it was time for us to say good-bye, Andimba pulled a handwritten poem out of his chef jacket pocket and read aloud in his mother tongue. "We are happy that of all the places in Namibia you chose Wolwedans for your holiday," our butler translated. "We hope you will be happy, strong, and keep in your mind and heart for us a corner of your memory."

The Namibian landscape is less about wildlife than the romance of ever-changing light, color, and form. Next time, The Diva and I agreed, we would bring painting easels and a pair of Denys Finch Hattons for our Isak Dinesens.



PLACES & PRICES

Homes on the Range

The per-person cost of a safari villa can be less than luxury lodge rates while at the same time guaranteeing you privacy and freedom to plan your activities. Beyond picking a house whose amenities and decor suit you and your budget, you need to consider rainy seasons, animal migrations, and the variety of habitats (do you want a house in the desert or the bush?). Cherri Briggs of Explore, Inc., who lives in Zambia part of the year, can book all three of the houses featured here—Private Camp, Luangwa Safari House, and the Full Moon House. She also has several other beach, wilderness, and city houses in her listings. See page 106 for more details on Briggs

and her portfolio.

In addition to **Private Camp** (two bedrooms; from \$450 per night), there are three other luxury properties in Namibia's Wolwedans Collection, including the 12-bed **Dune Camp**, where Brangelina and family stayed (264-61-230-616; from \$450 per night). Because of the suspended staircases leading to upper bedrooms, Zambia's **Luangwa Safari House** is not suitable for very young children (four bedrooms; from \$2,360 per night), although the three-bedroom **Robin's House**, where famed safari guides Robin and Jo Pope once lived on the shore of the hippo-filled Luangwa River, is child-friendly. It also has a pool and comes

with a chef (265-179-4491; from \$510 per person per night with a two-person minimum).

Furnished in Swahili style, the **Full Moon House** on Kenya's Lamu Archipelago shares its pool and garden with another rental property. All the houses, including Mama Daktari, the original residence of Flying Doctor Anne Spoerry, come with the services of a housekeeper and a chef who will do grocery shopping based on your dietary preferences (254-722-209-490; from \$220 per night for two with a three-night minimum). Note: After Somali militants kidnapped two tourists nearby in 2011, security has tightened considerably in the area. —S.H.

IN ZAMBIA, we encountered death in the afternoon not twenty minutes from Mfuwe Airport, in the form of a family of hyenas gnawing on a buffalo carcass. But our welcome at Luangwa Safari House was all civilized gentility. Khaki-uniformed staff greeted us with chilled hand towels and fruit juice cocktails. Elephants were padding down to the lagoon next to the house, including a baby so young it fit beneath its mother's belly and tripped over its own trunk. When the elephants were finished, a dazzle, or herd, of plains zebra took a turn, followed by a journey of Thornicroft's giraffe and a sounder of warthogs. The cheeky baboons hadn't yet learned their manners. When we got up from the outdoor lunch table to look at some ground hornbills, an adolescent baboon leapt onto the deck and snatched a

butter ramekin, racing away to lick the contents like a guilty child with a stolen cookie jar.

Luangwa Safari House was the brainchild of Jo Pope, wife of the legendary Zambian walking safari guide Robin Pope. The couple realized that their own fully walled three-room residence—with its pool and terrace overlooking the Luangwa River—would be ideal accommodations for parents of young children anxious about the wilderness setting. But while perfectly comfortable, their house wasn't quite luxurious enough for style-conscious sorts wanting privacy from the main lodge, so Jo Pope hired Neil Rocher, a South African former guide who had launched a second career designing boutique safari lodging. For Luangwa Safari House, Rocher set twenty-five leadwood tree trunks (*Continued on page 124*)



African Villas

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 119

into the concrete foundation of a “grove” and built walls that followed the tree branches’ flowing curves. The stone-walled front entrance looks like a castle, with two rounded turrets topped by a witch’s hat-shaped thatched roof. A huge, asymmetrically planked front door pivots open to reveal a living room soaring under a 40-foot ceiling and completely open at the back, leading the eyes straight to the landscape and an ever-changing wildlife tableau.

From the four bedrooms I selected an upstairs suite that had a drawbridge-style balcony overlooking the lagoon. The Diva took a ground-floor room with a polished copper tub. “Please refrain from taking your siesta outside by the pool,” our hostess, Irene Hinaran, had warned during the house tour. “There are wild animals here, and they will eat you.” At dusk staff blocked off walls and windows with grates that allowed us to see outdoors, while keeping monkeys and larger animals (but not bats) at bay.

During dinner, the maître d’ interrupted our beef and mushroom stew with a stage whisper: “Excuse me, mesdames, but something is happening to the moon.” A lunar eclipse was under way, and we broke the do-not-under-any-circumstances-leave-the-house-after-dark rule to join the kitchen gang watching a full moon turn a smoldering earthworm-pink, as if it had molted into a still-furled, newborn creature.

In the night, I heard the rumbling “hunnnh, hunnnh” of two male lions calling. I knew from experience that safari newbies fall into two categories: people who think wild animals exist to be photographed, and those who become seized by primeval fear. “Susan, I don’t think I can do this,” The Diva said, clawing my arm when Kanga Banda, our game guide turned up the next morning to lead our half-day walking safari. A 30-year-old Zambian dead ringer for Chris Rock, he cajoled her into a pontoon boat across the slow-flowing Luangwa River. We were met by the ranger and a four-by-four vehicle on the opposite bank inside the park and drove to a plain where some female puku antelopes were grazing, stalked by a nervous, rutting male with swept-back spiral horns. The guide parked under a tree; no lions in sight, we got out and walked single file into the bush, me dressed in insect repellent-impregnated khakis, The Diva exposed to tsetse flies in strapless Lululemon yoga gear. I’d been looking forward to getting up close to at least a few of the park’s 60 mammal species and 400 bird species,

but to calm my friend’s nerves I said we’d be happy just to walk for a little while and look at plants and insects.

Norman Carr, Zambia’s original walking safari guru and Robin Pope’s mentor, earned fame for safely guiding clients within pouncing distance of lions and leopards and within stomping and goring distance of elephants, black rhinos, and African buffalo. To build up The Diva’s confidence, we played chicken with an ant lion—the larva of a dragon-type fly—gently poking a twig into the inverted cone of its sandy trap; we were rewarded by the sight of pincer jaws, monstrously out of proportion to the larva’s body, snapping at what it thought was an ant. On our “Little Five” safari, we spotted the buffalo weaver (a bird) but struck out on the rhinoceros beetle, leopard tortoise, and the elephant shrew.

During a late-afternoon game drive, The Diva had her first big cat encounter when we followed baboon alarm calls and found the agitated troop high in mopane tree branches. On the ground, three large males bared their teeth and mock-charged a young female leopard. She turned, paused oh so casually, and climbed a termite mound to glare down at us all. Leaving the spotted princess, we proceeded to the riverbank for sundown aperitifs.

In the middle of our last night in Zambia, The Diva was awakened by the noise of tearing branches and made out through the screens of her room the immense silhouettes of elephants using their trunks to strip leaves. “The sound of their breathing was like a giant purr,” she marveled to me later. Instead of reaching for her emergen-

Word Trips

FOR THIS MONTH’S CONTEST, SEE PAGE 123.

“Step Right Up” (January 2013)

PUZZLE ANSWER:

THE DIAGONAL SPELLS **LA SCALA**

- A. Venice
- B. Thames
- C. Cabbie
- D. Street
- E. Lights
- F. Dodger
- G. Manner

E	T	T	S	A	S	A
T	S	N	E	D	L	R
I	E	E	H	A	E	E
N	N	C	C	B	V	M
G	R	S	T	M	O	I
I	A	E	A	A	R	H
L	E	D	B	L	G	C

cy whistle, she had parted the mosquito netting, gotten out of bed, and peered into the dark with her nose against the screen. “Those sounds were so delicious in the darkness that my conservative instincts were overcome with curiosity,” she admitted. Perhaps the animals with night vision were equally transfixed. In the middle of the equivalent of a lighted window, The Diva stood, onstage, in their jungle.

AFTER OUR other two African houses, both of which were about taking in the natural world, our final stop, in Lamu, promised to give us a wholly different perspective on life in Africa. From Nairobi, we

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caught a small plane to the Kenyan archipelago colonized by Omani sultans in the ninth century. In 2001, the Swahili culture and still-inhabited traditional buildings led UNESCO to list Lamu as a World Heritage Site. The buzz, not to mention the pristine beaches, attracted waves of trendy foreigners—Princess Caroline of Monaco among them—who have bought plots for a song and restored old houses into vacation homes with million-dollar price tags. More changes loom large: Last year, Kenya's government began building a mega-port facing Lamu's deepest channel, envisioning an East African Dubai. While construction may provide a new source of employment for locals, the community as a whole faces being outnumbered by outsiders recruited for the mega-workforce.

At first the islanders' laissez-faire vibe proved a bit much for The Diva to take. "Sir, where are the life jackets?" she grilled the boatman who picked us up at the airstrip for the 20-minute dhow ride across a channel to Shela, the village where our rental, Full Moon House, was located. There weren't any life preservers. Nor was there a gangplank to disembark from a water taxi on our trip to Lamu's main market. Dreadlocked Captain Yahia pragmatically hoisted me over his shoulder and waded up seawater-covered stone steps to deposit me on the quay. At noon, shops shuttered for Muslim prayers, and residents disappeared into courtyard houses topped with thatched-roof, breeze-catching wind towers. Donkeys, the major form of transportation, wandered unsupervised through coral-walled alleys.

Full Moon House overlooks the water from a plot purchased in the 1960s by the late Anne Spoerry, a Frenchwoman who, as a member of the Flying Doctors organization, for more than 30 years provided medical care to isolated Kenyan communities. As a medical student during World War II, she ran a safe haven for the French Resistance in Paris. After the war, some of which she spent in a German concentration camp, Spoerry moved to Kenya. (Her bio became even more curious when records discovered after her death revealed that she was accused of collaborating with the Nazis during her internment.)

Her nephew, the Dubai-based architect Bernard Spoerry, designed Full Moon House in the Swahili style. The first floor consists of a dining room and a sitting lodge with open walls facing an arch-shaped turquoise swimming pool. The second floor has two bedrooms opening onto a balcony that has an Arabian *majlis* with cushioned benches. I took the top floor, an open-plan suite with a four-poster Indian-style bed and a private balcony with plantation-style lounge chairs.

A caretaker introduced us to Dixon Ka-

planga, our room steward, and Anthony Mbwana, the chef, and left us with her cell phone number and a two-page printed explanation of how the house worked. The main thing we picked up on were instructions not to swim too far out to sea between the tides, when the current is strongest, and to avoid walking beyond the Omani-style fort because visitors to the archipelago have suffered robberies—and worse. In 2011, one tourist was fatally shot and two others were kidnapped by Somali gunmen. Since then, the Kenyan government has heightened security in the archipelago, and military forces stop and search any vessel with a motor powerful enough to make a quick getaway to the open ocean.

But here, as with the two safari houses, all our misgivings disappeared in no time. There were ruins to wander and reefs to snorkel, but our greatest escape was falling into the easy rhythms of villa and village life. We visited a tailor to order bespoke *kikoi* dresses. Fishermen brought baskets of fresh crab, squid, and shrimp to the house. Mbwana shopped in the market for produce; dressed in full whites, he would sit on the kitchen floor grating coconut meat for our nightly soup course. The grocery tab for a week's gluttony came to \$77. Hiring a dhow captain and his hash-smoking cousin, who brought munchies of homemade samosas, we sailed into tidal arteries where we watched shark fin-shaped sails prowling over the green mangrove tops.

Before our trip, I'd told my friend that no matter the level of comfort, the most memorable trips to Africa come down to serendipity: the flash of cheetah spots, a conversation with someone whose life is beyond your ken. Our villas in the Namibian desert, the Zambian bush, and here on the white sand beach of Lamu provided privacy, sanctuary, and, best of all, the chance to experience an Africa that only the lucky few ever get to see. □

CREDITS

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WHERE TO BUY IT

Page 10: Her shirt by Ralph Lauren, \$298 (ralphlauren.com); pants by Banana Republic, \$80 (bananarepublic.com); sunglasses by Carrera, \$139 (Solstice Sunglasses); sneakers by Superga, \$65 (superga-usa.com); bag by Louis Vuitton, \$4,650 (louisvuitton.com).

"Amazon Queen": Page 94: Her jacket by Dries Van Noten, \$1,360 (Jeffrey N.Y.C.); swimsuit by Burberry Prorsum, \$1,995 (burberry.com); skirt by Preen by Thornton Bregazzi, \$744 (net-a-porter.com); hat by Dorfman Pacific Scala, \$42 (800-367-3626); headscarf, stylist's own; sunglasses by Chanel, \$420 (available at select Chanel boutiques); necklace by Shourouk, \$1,258 (shourouk.com); watch by Gucci, \$1,150 (gucci.com); belt by Anna Pellissari, \$185 (annapellissari.com); shoes by Fendi, \$965 (Fendi, N.Y.C.). **Page 95:** Her dress by Gucci, \$2,990 (gucci.com); headband by Jennifer Ouellette, \$95 (jenniferouellette.com); necklace by Shourouk, \$938 (shourouk.com); watch by Cartier, \$9,300 (Cartier boutiques nationwide); ring by Ippolita, \$4,995 (ippolita.com); ring by Pomellato, \$10,285 (pomellato.com). **Page 96:** Her dress by Bottega Veneta, \$5,900 (bottegaveneta.com); headband by Jennifer Ouellette, \$130 (jenniferouellette.com); necklace by Van Cleef & Arpels, \$7,400 (vancleefarpels.com); bracelet by Gucci, \$6,450 (gucci.com); bracelets by Ippolita, \$2,495–\$3,895 (ippolita.com); bracelets by John Hardy, \$7,000–\$12,500 (johnhardy.com); clutch by Fendi, \$1,840 (Fendi, N.Y.C.).

Page 97: Her top, \$1,590, and pants, \$1,990, both by Oscar de la Renta (oscardelarenta.com); hat by Dorfman Pacific Scala, \$42 (800-367-3626); necklace by Oscar de la Renta, \$595 (oscardelarenta.com); necklace by Gucci, \$3,570 (gucci.com); bangle by Roberto Coin, \$31,800 (robertocoin.com); bracelet by Fenton, \$425 (Barneys New York); bracelet by Mawi, \$583 (paire.us); bracelet by Gucci, \$6,450 (gucci.com); belt by Meredith Wendell, \$285 (shop.meredithwendell.com); shoes by Prada, price upon request (prada.com). **Page 98:** Shirt by Preen by Thornton Bregazzi, \$834 (net-a-porter.com); dress by Marni, \$5,010 (modaoperandi.com); hat by Dorfman Pacific Scala, \$42 (800-367-3626); headband by Jennifer Ouellette, \$130 (jenniferouellette.com); necklace by Oscar de la Renta, \$595 (oscardelarenta.com); watch by Cartier, \$2,500 (Cartier boutiques nationwide); bracelet by Mawi, \$583 (paire.us); ring by House of Lavande, \$495 (561-802-3737).

Page 100: Her jacket, \$2,940, skirt, \$1,250, and shoes, \$896, all by Louis Vuitton (866-884-8866); headband by Jennifer Ouellette, \$75 (jenniferouellette.com); necklace by House of Lavande, \$6,500 (shoplatitude.com). **Page 101:** Her top, \$1,300, and pants, \$885, both by Aquilano Rimondi (Saks Fifth Avenue); hat by Dorfman Pacific Scala, \$42 (800-367-3626); glasses (model's own); earrings by Gucci, \$1,050 (gucci.com); necklace (worn as bracelet) by Kara Ross, \$370 (Neiman Marcus); bracelet by Mawi, \$583 (paire.us); watch by Dior, \$5,750 (dior.com); shoes by Isa Tapia, \$495 (Saks Fifth Avenue). **Page 102:** Her jacket, \$2,038 (Dover Street Market, London), and skirt, \$1,500 (Selfridges, London), both by Mary Katrantzou; hat by Dorfman Pacific Scala, \$42 (800-367-3626); sunglasses by Oliver Peoples, \$310 (oliverpeoples.com); necklace by Kara Ross, \$370 (Neiman Marcus); bracelets by Shourouk, \$190 (shourouk.com); watch by Cartier, \$32,900 (Cartier boutiques nationwide); shoes by Pedro Garcia, \$480 (nordstrom.com). **Page 103:** Her dress by Fendi, \$2,790 (Fendi, N.Y.C.); hat by Dorfman Pacific Scala, \$42 (800-367-3626); sunglasses by Vera Wang, \$250 (Vera Wang stores); necklace by House of Lavande, \$6,500 (shoplatitude.com); necklace, \$280, and bracelet, \$300, both by Callixto (callixto.com); cuffs by Gerard Yosca, \$135–\$235 (yosca.com).