

DEPARTURES

JANUARY/FEBRUARY 2013

WHERE
SHOULD I EAT IN
SHANGHAI
TONIGHT?



...AND THE **100** (GIVE OR TAKE A FEW)
PEOPLE, PLACES, THINGS YOU NEED TO KNOW
RIGHT NOW

No 89

CHECKING INTO THE NEW PENINSULA HONG KONG

Though the British Empire packed up and left Hong Kong in 1997, the **Peninsula** remains a valentine to that colonial project, when hotels were oases in a land of dragons. Last September, the property's 300 rooms underwent a \$58 million renovation, punting fussy chintz for neutral Pan-Asian interiors, with high-sheen lacquer cabinetry, cherry-blossom wall art and enough gadgets to satisfy the most tech-savvy traveler by centralizing room controls on a bedside tablet—light switches, alarm clock, air-conditioning, room-service menus, even the drapes. The hotel has created an intuitive tech solution that preserves the human touch: Should you accidentally hit the panic button while adjusting the mood lighting, be reassured that the staff remain cheerfully on call. Rooms start at \$750; *Salisbury Rd., Kowloon; 85-2/2920-2888; peninsula.com.*



TURKISH DELIGHT AT THE GLENMERE

Over the past few years, we've noticed that the newest spas worldwide feature hammams, those Turkish and Moroccan bathhouses for soaping up, scrubbing down and sweating out toxins. But of all the ones we've visited in the States, none compares to the Carrara-marble bathhouse at the recently opened **The Spa at Glenmere Mansion** in Chester, New York. Never mind that Glenmere Mansion, the

Gilded Age 150-acre estate of the Goelet family, is itself a worthy destination just 50 miles north of Manhattan, having been meticulously restored by current owners Daniel DeSimone, M.D., and Alan Stenberg to its Italianate splendor, with 18 rooms and suites and a spectacular garden designed by Edith Wharton's niece. The spa's centerpiece, the hammam offers traditional rituals like the Turkish Soap

Massage and the Moroccan Purification Ritual (\$195 each), during which therapists wear scrubbing gloves called kessa mitts to apply oil-based castile soap while you lay on a heated marble belly stone. Western amenities like a vitality pool, a cool mist room and an herbal steam room make it a pure delight. Who needs to go abroad? *Fittings start at \$550; 634 Pine Hill Rd.; 845-455-1500; glenmeremansion.com.*

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THE BICYCLE WHISPERER

I've been cycling seriously for two or three years, riding up and down the Amalfi Coast from Le Sirenuse, our hotel in Positano. Recently, a serious biker friend told me about **Cicli Conte**, in Fondi, a two-hour drive from Rome. The incredibly passionate owner, Paolo Conte—a bio-mechanic, really—uses machines to take these arcane anatomical measurements of your body and assess your ride. Once he's done that, he says things like "I bet when you're going uphill, your right hip bothers you," or "You have pain in your left ankle, don't you?" He's right every time. From there, he makes adjustments—some minuscule (changing the tilt of your saddle by a few degrees, say), others less so (giving you a new saddle altogether)—and, voilà, your riding experience has improved immensely. I was pedaling 20 percent to 30 percent faster after my fitting. He has a zeal that you don't see in other shops, no matter how fancy they might otherwise be. *Fittings start at \$250; Via Nazario Sauro 42; 39-07/7153-7644.*

—ANTONIO SERSALE

