



SANTA BARBARA

LIFE & STYLE

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REFRESH for
SUMMER

90210 Getaway

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Experiencing the vast oceans, jungles, iconic sites, and obscure corners of our world requires travel at 40,000 feet, a lot of luggage and looming jetlag. As I whiz past LAX I'm thankful I can find international familiarity behind the pristine gates of Beverly Hills. Lined with Bentleys and Maseratis, the drive to Montage Beverly Hills exudes luxury and opulence. As I step out onto the marble pathway, the valet grabs my weekend bag, casually mentioning, "If you need assistance or a ride anywhere around town the Rolls Royce is available to you."

The Montage is only blocks from Rodeo Drive with panoramic views of the city and immaculate amenities including a lavish spa, rooftop cocktail hour and world class service. This is the place to be pampered. I arrive at my suite where monogrammed pillows and chilled Champagne await me. Walking onto the private balcony in my spa robe, I bite into a chocolate covered strawberry, Champagne flute in hand, and gaze at the upscale stores and private gardens in the distance. I'm on cloud nine.

Entering the spa, the luxuriant atrium is drenched in natural light from copious skylights. I'm ready to loosen up and diminish any sense of worry and time. The Mineral Wellness Pool is easily noted as the heart of the spa. Its water, laden with over 60 minerals, promotes optimum cellular function, detoxification and joint relief. I slip into the pool and let my mind and body unwind. Making this dreamlike oasis even more plentiful, the Swiss showers, Turkish steam rooms and dry redwood saunas are picturesque and luring me to pamper myself. Sufficiently relaxed, detoxified and refreshed, I meet up with my girlfriends and head to The Beverly Wilshire, A Four Seasons Hotel to start off the evening.

With our heels making a loud mark on our surroundings at the Michelin star restaurant CUT, we toast bubbly to the three-day getaway. I'm laughing, sparking up a flow of fun girly conversation and now sipping on the Indecent Exposure. The Herradura Silver, Bruxo Espadin, mint, cilantro, jalapeño, pineapple, and lime gives me the go to meet the bartender and compliment his divine expertise. I could have one too many of these. We all could. We savor every last bite of our appetizers at CUT, but save the remainder of our stomachs for dinner at the newly opened Italian restaurant Nerano.

I've engulfed a pound of pasta, bumped into Ryan Seacrest and my pearly whites are now coated in a Pinot pairing, but I haven't stopped enjoying the moment. Chef Michele Lisi's dishes have a contemporary flare, complemented by rich and dense flavors. Each course mimics those served at tiny little spots nestled on the Italian coast. Yet we are so close to home. We make our way back to our suites for a restful sleep, I polish off the last drops of my Champagne and the delicate macarons while positioning myself in a bubble bath. This may be the cure for just about anything.

Following a serene wake up call and coffee in my robe, the girls and I meet at Georgie for breakfast and I order my go-to vanilla latte and the overnight oats with almond butter, honey and almonds. If this 5-star service could follow me around everywhere I know my happiness would be at an all time high. Time to just soak it all in now. We beach cruise around town as the sun crests over the hills, leaving me energized the remainder of the morning. This is my kind of trip.

Come lunch time, we assemble ourselves on The Belvedere Terrace at The Peninsula Beverly Hills. Candles, wood burning fireplaces and stunning flower arrangements enhance the restaurant, and the decor perfectly matches my Greece inspired outfit of a light blue cardigan and white jeans. As we consume the seafood-centric Mediterranean fare, we note that we feel a world (or at least a trans-Atlantic flight) away from our pinned location.

We are then whisked away to a private shopping tour at Louis Vuitton. Overlooking all of Rodeo Drive from the VIP terrace, we toast to each other and our beaming smiles. The sun sets through a cotton candy LA sky and, a few shopping bags and a vibrant red Louis Vuitton clutch in tote, we walk through the lit palms that line the lengthy and spotless streets.

For what feels like a brief trip to Japan, we head to Tempura Endo, where the private dining ambiance captures the true essence of Kyoto. As we sip warm sake in the intimate setting, the chef prepares a 7 course tuna, scallop and salmon dinner—my ideal meal. Saving room for dessert, we head to Bouchon Bistro for a taste of Paris and cheers rosé to Chef Thomas Keller as we dip into a variety of handmade sweets.

To end the night we make our men jealous with a private spot at £10. The authentic whiskey bar welcomes the connoisseurs of cigar smoking and whiskey drinking. Packed with the most specialized whiskey in the world, us girls sip on our picks in Lalique crystal glassware. The Macallan Single Malt is imported from the highlands of Scotland and served over ice spheres. I feel transported to a Mad Men speakeasy, but mostly just feel composed, collected and nonchalant. Oh a man's world.

Waking up energized for our last day, we chat and express our excitement for our private yoga lesson at the 'Pink Palace,' also known as The Beverly Hills Hotel. Over the last century the stars have enjoyed the glamour and legendary service that this hotel offers. Laying on a banana leaf printed mat I ease into the flow of what I note as one of my favorite practices, and the women around me agree. Completely replenished, we receive a private tour of the Frank Sinatra and Elizabeth Taylor suites. Immaculate interiors and the true authenticity of Old Hollywood fill the rooms. It's almost like meeting the past occupants. As our trip comes to a close and we pack up our memories and exchange hugs, I feel like I've traveled around the world in one weekend, and I'm only an hour away from home. ✨

