



ATZARÓ, IBIZA

Some fancy resorts have a signature scent, an expensive fragrance that you can buy from the hotel gift shop on your departure. But when we arrive at Atzaró, the perfume that greets us is that of the orange blossom. Sweet and heavy in the air, it's the work of a 300-year-old orange orchard surrounding this special hotel at the foot of the hills in northern Ibiza. Stay

here long enough and you'll notice those oranges are everywhere. First, we see them balanced in pyramids on sunloungers and low coffee tables, and piled in a straw basket in our suite, then we taste them in Atzaró's signature Orangello liqueur, and finally we realise they're replicated in the dimpled brass lanterns that light the outdoor terraces.

This hotel embraces its legacy: it has remained in the same Ibizan family for over 100 years, and the white-washed lobby was once the original finca's kitchen. Yet the history is tempered by a modern, tranquil, dare I say 'haute-hippie' vibe. Our room is spacious and serene; white, gauzy curtains waft gently at the end of the large day bed and an in-room tablet is preloaded with mellow club music. We soon discover that, for a place that seems so charming and intimate, Atzaró is impressively expansive. There are two pools and two outdoor restaurants – a pretty, more casual offering on the main terrace and a trendier spot set under statuesque palm trees, backing on to an open-air bar and nightclub. Add to this the gorgeous spa, complete with hammam, gym and outdoor yoga classes and you see how the family has grown their little orange farm into something quite spectacular. And it doesn't end there. The enigmatic in-house PR (also a freelance energy healer!) invites us to lunch at Atzaró Beach, the family's coastal restaurant, which serves local dishes such as a fish platter with saffron potatoes and salty rice (not for the faint-hearted), alongside salads and burgers. The following day we head for lunch at Aubergine, another of the Atzaró empire's outposts; a gorgeous farm-to-table spot where tables nestle among bushes of rosemary and lavender, lamb is flame-grilled on the barbecue and aubergines are presented in myriad delicious ways.

We only stay for a weekend, but it feels like we've been relaxing for ever – Atzaró has that effect, making you instantly surrender to its laid-back vibe, that warm air and a heady hit of orange blossom. I fear I may be addicted. SARAH TOMCZAK



Above:
Atzaró's
world-
famous main
pool. **Below:**
one of the
tranquil
suites

TRIP NOTES

Rooms at Atzaró start at €413
per night, atzaro.com

