

*Unwind on the Chenot  
Spa pool terrace at  
Selman Marrakech*



## **SELMAN** Marrakech, Morocco

The Selman evokes a Moorish pleasure-dome; especially in the Aysl Moroccan restaurant – a folly at the end of the centre-piece pool – which is swathed in damasks, decorated with roses and serves an unmissable lobster tajine. What could possibly outshine designer Jacques Garcia's maximalist taste? The luminosity of your skin after you've been through the Chenot Spa's Hydra-Aromatherapy circuit, of course. For an after-glow that's unreal, expect to be bathed vigorously – those are hardcore jets addressing your detox points – then slathered in clay and left to sweat it out, mummified in layers of steaming towels, before being unceremoniously hosed

down. Another highlight is the Detox Massage, a firm but not uncomfortable procedure that sorts out taxed muscles with powerful strokes. But for a truly seismic shift in your being, look no further than the stables: home to a herd of Arabian stallions, as well as horses for equine therapy. Here, trainer and equine therapist Catherine Reda holds the reins, supervising you for two hours of leading horses round the manège, then riding blindfolded. (It might sound simplistic, but it really helps to identify and dissipate internal struggles.) Expect to emerge a gentler, calmer and happier person; to say nothing of a fitter and trimmer one, thanks to those delicate Chenot portions. *Doubles from £432 (selman-marrakech.com).*



*Relax in a dreamy tub at the  
Tierra Santa Healing House in  
Faena Hotel Miami Beach*

## **FAENA HOTEL MIAMI BEACH** Florida, USA

Famous for its dazzling Damien Hirst mammoth out back, everything at this wow-y beachfront hotel is designed to ignite creativity, not least its third-floor spa. Treatments in the Tierra Santa Healing House take place in a maze of curvy tunnels studded with crystals and conch shells. Everything from the multicoloured light installation in the lobby to the swimwear on sale – you'll overspend – has a sybaritic vibrance of its own. And with therapists sporting all-white linens and blood-red sneakers, it's like a dayglo space station. Treatments commence with a waft of Palo Santo smoke; and from there on in, it's thrumming sound bowls and good vibrations. Pranic healing and hot-stone massages are there for the taking, but most come to sweat out toxins from the night before in the heavenly bathhouse. (It's a do-it-yourself affair, with cupfuls of mud and mimosa-scrub doled out by warm-hearted therapists.) Afterwards, chai and dark chocolate pebbles await. *Doubles from £625 (faena.com).* □

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