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INTERVIEW: CINDY CRAWFORD
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• JK PLACE ROMA, ROME

Once we'd established that I'd under-calculated the route time by an hour-and-a-half, the journey to Rome was pretty smooth, although we soon grew tired of our Ed Sheeran holiday soundtrack and could only pick up a Disney compilation album at the mid-way service station. We found the stunning JK Place Roma after only six loops round the one-way system, as *Beauty and The Beast's Be Our Guest* came to a crescendo. But there it was, tucked away on the backstreet of Via di Monte d'Oro, just a few yards from the Tiber river.

The slick boutique hotel had me snapping away for inspiration from the minute we arrived. Interior designer Michele Bonan, who had a hand in the homes of both the Tod's and Ferragamo families, didn't overlook a single crevice when he doused the bedroom walls in a sophisticated, spearmint green; encased the library in rich mahogany shelves lined with glossy design tomes; and created a bathroom so chic that even the toilet enticed me to perch for a little longer than usual, contemplating if Farrow & Ball could pull together this shade of grey. Bonan also called upon a number of local artists, including work by photographer Massimo Listri.

Little details lift JK Place Roma above being just another property in another European metropolis; monogrammed pillow cases, iPads by the beds, and speedy WiFi. The service was truly impeccable, as was the food – the best we sampled was all consumed within the hotel's four walls. Breakfast became my favourite meal (although the other half couldn't fathom the lack of beans and bagels), beginning every day with a surprise muffin fresh from the oven. I alternated between pistachio and lemon bursting with homemade Nutella before visiting the pastry bar. And while on arrival we were a bit *pooh-pooh* about the Asian-ish resident JK Café, six days in and five quattro formaggis down we were happy for a bit of international flavouring: tuna tartare served on a sushi-rice rosti and calamari in an almost churros-like batter had us folding into the green velvet booths with relief after hours spent pounding the pavement (and the pizzerias).

We spent two days trawling the sites which have been plagued by too many tourists for as long as they've been standing and documented far too often for any of my own observations to add anything enlightening to the landscape. We took an 'if we can't beat em' join 'em' attitude to selfies, and our last 12 hours were consumed by eating gelato on the Spanish steps, guzzling three, truffle-sprinkled courses at Tartufi and Friends, and popping in to Max & Co (and co.. and co...) where I found an irresistible coat which he had to shlep around for the rest of the holiday. And of course, we had to make one last lap of the independent boutiques between the Piazza di Spagna and Piazza Trinità dei Monti. While my husband has always claimed to be "a city break man", even he was clamouring for some time out, suggesting we leave straight after muffins to get to our next stop for lunch.

From €390 per room, jkroma.com



Above: Deluxe Room at JK Place Roma
Left: Bathroom at JK Place Roma

