



TELEPORT TO THE BEACH

The Encantada

TULUM, MEXICO



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: COURTESY OF ENCANTADA; THE SELBY/TRUNK ARCHIVE; COURTESY OF ENCANTADA; TULLOCH; JAMES BERSON

There's this new-to-me concept invented by some travel agent somewhere called a "babymoon": one last you-and-her escape before years of Griswold escapades. As a father-to-be, I seized on the idea, and landed on a place that any guy—expectant parent or not—should have in his speed-travel Rolodex: Tulum, Mexico, a small yoga commune on the Caribbean coast. Board a plane in the morning and you're

on the beach by lunch. It's a compression of time and space that seems impossible, but it's as real as the beer in your hand and the half-finished crossword puzzle in hers. At the Encantada, ask for the Estrella suite, a second-story room with a wraparound deck and wraparound views

Cancun (CUN)
 From \$195
 Fall-spring
encantadatulum.com

Above are the only two things you're required to do in Tulum: tan and eat (at Hartwood). But for extra credit, go for a dip in Gran Cenote, below.

of the private beach below. Come sunset, walk to Hartwood, an open-air grill run by Eric Werner, evangelist of all that's farm-fresh and wood-fired. Otherwise, move as little as possible. Read. Swim. Nap. Turns out a babymoon isn't so different from any other perfect vacation.

—MICHAEL BENOIST



EXPERT TIP **Have the Pillow Talk.** By now you should know what type of pillow she likes to sleep on. Good hotels have closets full of pillows for your choosing. Connect the dots.



BECAUSE Romance IS EASIER AT...

MONTEVERDI

TUSCANY, ITALY

You know those pictures of Tuscany—the ones with the toy trucks chugging up curvy roads, skinny cypress trees punctuating the rolling hills dotted with bales of hay that look planted by a Hollywood set designer? The woman sitting on the couch next to you does. She loves it there.

The pocket of idyll she's picturing is the Val d'Orcia region, forty minutes south of Siena, and it's famous for two very wonderful things: Pecorino and Brunello. In the middle of it all is a hotel your girlfriend's seen in her head before. Hotel Monteverdi is basically her dream-home Pinterest board come to life: travertine floors, wood-beam ceilings, waterfall showers, plush canopy beds. The alfresco dining area, roofed with vines, is so twinkly, so charming, you'll want to quit your job and write a screenplay starring Kate Hudson. Or you could rent a private villa (Monteverdi has three) and hire the hotel's chef to whip up *pici al tartufo* for two, topped off with Tenuta di Trinoro wine. It's almost unfair to her, this kind of weapons-grade romance.

Rome-Fiumicino (FCO)
 From \$384
 Summer and fall
monteverdituscany.com

—DANIELLE PERGAMENT