



BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

LEFT: Christy Turlington photographed for *Vogue* in 1990 by Ellen von Unwerth.
BELOW: A bathroom at the new Fouquet's hotel in New York.

There is nothing more centering—or coveted, in our overstimulated lives—than a moment of mind-calming silence. How gratifying, then, that hotels are paying increased attention to the simple tub. At the refurbished Hotel Chelsea in Manhattan, rooms are fitted with chubby six-foot Waterworks models—the better to read in, says hotelier Sean MacPherson, who takes his novels to the tub. The new Ritz-Carlton NoMad in New York has introduced streamlined Claybrook models, positioned with views of the skyline and equipped with bath salts from Gilchrist & Soames. At the new Canoe Place Inn & Cottages in Long Island's Hampton Bays, Brooklyn-based design team Workstead installed homey Maykke cast-iron claw-foot vessels. A tub cut from a single slab of marble sits beneath a Moroccan lantern at the Omni Scottsdale Resort & Spa at Montelucia, while Seattle's Hotel 1000 has designed a menu of bathing options ranging from CBD bath bombs to tubside caviar, delivered by a personal bath butler. Marie Antoinette would approve.

At Fouquet's, which I visited on a dark December day, the hotel's signature (secret) scent enveloped me as soon as I stepped inside the lobby. But the real bone-thawing took place upstairs, where the bath was deep, the water piping, and dark chocolate had been provided for aquatic snacking. I felt my limbs grow lighter as the soapy surface rose to my earlobes—a soporific success, some inner coil of tension had loosened 10 degrees even after I ventured back onto the concrete streets. During a quick trip down to Washington, DC—no kids!—I stayed at the Rosewood in Georgetown, where general manager Timothy Edgecombe showed me the hotel's varied options, among them a Victoria + Albert asymmetric model that looks a bit, he admitted, like the Hussein Chalayan-designed “egg” Lady Gaga emerged from during the 2011 Grammys, and a circular black marble number surrounded by mirrored walls—a little bit *Scarface*, a little bit lavish. My own accommodations included a lovely pewter basin where I fended off the tripledemic with sinus-clearing salts. With not a plastic bath toy in sight, it was a solace and a salve.—CHLOE SCHAMA

Soak It Up

Hotels are telling us to slow down and take to the tub.

I have a colleague who travels the world to report on hotels and parties. Her Instagram is a pastiche of how the other half lives—and by the other half I mean those without kids. But the post of hers that really made my heart race had little to do with far-flung social engagements or uninterrupted adult conversation: It showed her reclining in a tub, lauding the elegant setup at the new Fouquet's hotel in New York. A bathing experience minus the squeak of rubber duckies—a truly tantalizing prospect.

In the immortal words of comedian Ali Wong, I no longer want to lean in, I want to lie down. All this concurrent career-building and child-rearing is really quite a lot—and is there anything more simultaneously indulgent and simple than a bath to tune it all out? It also holds the promise of productivity: Marie Antoinette breakfasted in the tub (a lady ahead of her time—many 18th-century citizens believed it was downright dangerous to submerge one's skin); Winston Churchill counted among life's essentials “hot baths, cold champagne, new peas, and old brandy,” according to his letters. Modern-day divas know their value too: When she accepted her Emmy last fall, Jennifer Coolidge alerted the audience she had prepared with a lavender soak.



TOP: ELLEN VON UNWERTH/TRUNK ARCHIVE.
BOTTOM: MATTHIEU SALVAING/COURTESY OF FOUQUET'S NEW YORK.