RECONNECTING WITH EARTH IN
VILLA KUBU

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PERFECT LOCATION TO READ A NOVEL. TOO BAD, THE PLACE
OUTSMARTS THE STORY.

My most dégustation memory of strolling in Villa Kubu is of being able to get
away for a moment from the omnipresent noise and movement of the
bustling world outside. In the midst of nature, set in the serenity of
Kubu, the place was a blissful retreat for my soul.

It was only just and right for me to share this story of Villa Kubu with all
those who appreciate nature and are looking for a place to
embrace the beauty of nature. In fact, I strongly advise anyone
who wants to get away from it all to consider the delights of
Villa Kubu.

Considering one’s connection to humanity, where the natural world
and man meet each other is a crucial aspect of the design. Villa
Kubu’s design is a perfect example of this. The design
consideration is evident in the choice of materials, colors, and
shapes. Each element is thoughtfully placed to create harmony
and integrate with the natural surroundings.
Reconnecting with earth in VILLA KUBU

The nature-adoring villa kubu was Ve Handojo’s perfect location to read a novel. Too bad, the place outsmarts the story.

My most impressive memory of staying in Villa Kubu is as simple as it can get: walking barefoot from my villa to the spa, leaving the door unlocked, wearing only a sarong and nothing else above and under. In my hands there was no Blackberry, no iPod, no iBook, no watch, and not even a wallet. I performed this close-to-hippie nudism escapade, not somewhere in the middle of nowhere, but within easy walking distance of the vibrant Seminyak area.
It was only me and my copy of Elisabeth Gilbert’s Eat, Pray, Love that occupied one of the fourteen villas in Villa Kubu. There, I got the chance to completely reconnect myself with Planet Earth. As much as I recall, it was the truest essence of luxury an urbanite like me could have experienced.

Comprising one to three-bedroom, super-spacious villas, the compound offers an organic lifestyle as its main feature. No coffee shop, no restaurant, no bar, no high-tech gym, no function hall. A 24-hour kitchen, a range of superior quality treatments in Spa Venus, and professional butler service – that’s basically all. Covering all these essential and basic features, Villa Kubu’s comfort is a D.I.Y – Do It Yourself – thing. (Well, of course the butlers help a lot!)

I woke up in the morning to have my sunny side-up eggs prepared directly from the fully-equipped kitchen in my villa. An iPod, pre-installed with cool tunes, was already nestled in its dock, ready set with a soundtrack for the morning, noon, and evening. The villa’s indoor area merged seamlessly with the outdoors, allowing natural light to penetrate freely, yet still keeping me under comfortable shade. There was no need to switch on any lights at all during the day.

Gardeners were trimming the trees and cleaning the small lotus pond. When they were done and left me to my privacy, I made good use of the 9 x 4.5m ionized swimming pool. Putting on my birthday suit, I lapped back and forth in the water warmed by the sun. The balé by the pool was the perfect spot to rest, drink cold tonic water on the rock, and read Gilbert’s Eat, Pray, Love. After about 10 pages, it successfully managed to knock me out to a lengthy nap.

While the afternoon was too sunny for me to be in the crowded and hectic Seminyak and Legian areas, I actually opted for a much hotter activity. Spa Venus has an infra-red sauna booth where I could kill thirty minutes and effectively detox my body by sweating it all out. The following Balinese massage treatment sent me to just another 90-minute deep slumber.

Approaching sunset, I packed up that soon-to-be-a-movie-starring-Julia-Roberts book, and set off to find a quiet beachfront cabana. When I had one of those, I caught up with 10 more pages of the book, then the dramatic sunset happened. I filled my time enjoying it, doing nothing.

My villa was quiet and calming in the evening. The plasma TV screen and DVD player took me away from Gilbert’s depressing tale of self-discovery. The complementary high speed Wi-Fi connection distracted me from reading more. By the very end of evening, I wondered why I should read a story while I actually could live the same – or even better – experience in Villa Kubu? So, I soaked myself in the tub inside that huge semi-outdoor bathing area.
I decided to throw away the book, and enjoy the rest of my stay in Kubu – or “house” – to the fullest. If anything, it’s my own experience in Villa Kubu that Hollywood should’ve adapted into the big screen, and not some story of annoying obsession over “exotic self-discovery” from a divorced woman in a euphoria of hyper-orientalism. My stay in Villa Kubu would make a more interesting story. And, a much sexier movie – wink, wink!

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