

Exploring celluloid-worthy landscapes just went luxury. **Tom Fordyce** drives from hot tub to hot tub on a tour of the new Kiwi lodges



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AN HOUR'S FLIGHT down to Nelson, followed by a 90-minute drive to the gently bohemian town of Motueka, brings you to the sheltered northern tip of South Island. Far up the sleepy Riwaka Valley, two further entries for the luxury list await at **The Resurgence** (03 528 4664, [resurgence.co.nz](http://resurgence.co.nz); suites from £265, B&B).

The first is a private bathhouse next to your open-plan suite, with a tub you could park your car in. Wooden shutters pull back to open the entire front wall to misty mountains. The second is a five-course dinner that tiptoes along the fine line between indulgence and gluttony. Pudding is made from lemons so glossy and bright that, on first glance, they appear to be plastic Jif ones — the kind of observation you make when you've been brought up in Harlow.

After four laps of the bath before breakfast, my appetite for waterborne adventure has come alive. From the

coastal village of Kaiteriteri, I rent a kayak and paddle out into the Abel Tasman National Park, the seawater so clear, you suspect some sort of trickery, and the beaches and headlands so empty, it can only mean sandflies.