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If you set up camp at **La Grenadine Petit Hotel**, a family-owned hotel done up like a transported piece of the French countryside, you'll be just east of the Tamboerskloof neighborhood and within walking distance of all sorts of gluttony. You can kill an entire night just hopping around the bars here, but our favorite combination is dinner at **Hallelujah**—a tiny storefront that

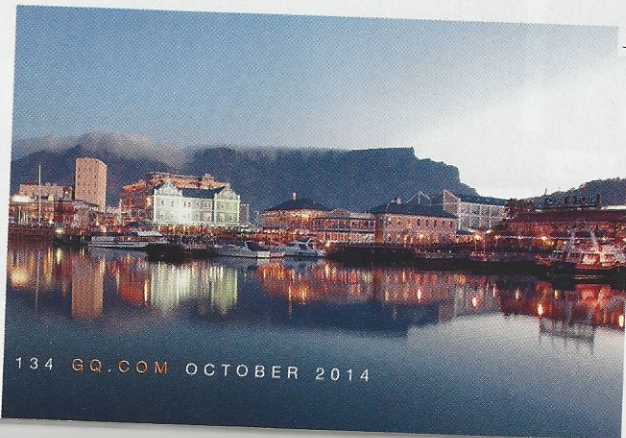
serves up Asian-street-food-inspired tapas—and drinks afterward at **The Power & the Glory**, a raucous beer bar. Overwhelmed yet? Good. This is a place where the dining scene's locked in youthful, excited overdrive. You will not want for late, loud nights. It's a good thing **Jason Bakery** is just a ten-minute walk from your hotel; start every day fresh on its

front patio with a cappuccino, a ciabatta sandwich, and the model-hot Capetonian girls who hang out there.

No one should ever visit Cape Town without drinking its famous fabled wine, and the best way to do so is to go straight to the source. Stellenbosch is to Cape Town what Napa is to San Francisco, except much closer and less filled with d-bags in Porsches and roving bachelorette parties. The pride of the region is **Babylonstoren**, maybe the best winery-farm-restaurant-hotel-garden in the world. You can sleep here, in the bright, white minimalist guest rooms, or simply come for lunch,



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which is prepared exclusively from fruits and vegetables grown on-site. Drink all the wine. When you make it back to town, find your favorite bottle at the **Publik** wine bar and keep the party going.

Like most big cities, Cape Town's got a little dirt around the edges. There are shantytowns out near the airport, and bad blocks tucked in between the neighborhoods full of good ones. But don't let that scare you into a tourist-size box. It's a big city, full of pockets both gritty and Instagramable, and the best way to get a feel for it is to hop into a cab (there are plenty) and ask the driver to drop you off in a new hood. Tell him the **Company's Garden** and you'll end up at a 400-year-old park in the middle of the prettiest damn business district

you've ever seen. Tell him **Oranjezicht** and you'll land in a quaint residential area at the foot of Table Mountain, with street after street of classic Cape Dutch homes. Just don't tell him De Waterkant. It's where all the tourists congregate at overpriced generic hotels, and saying the name out loud reveals you as a chump.

Besides that? There are few wrong turns to take. Which is probably why the only thing Capetonians seem to whine about is the wind. It gets windy here sometimes, especially at night. You'll hear locals bring it up again and again; it's the half-serious complaint of people who know they've got it good. —MARK BYRNE



2

- 1 Superette stocks good beer and great sandwiches.
- 2 Hallelujah, for real.
- 3 The spa-like pool at Babylonstoren, in Cape Town's nearby wine region.
- 4 Table Mountain towers over Cape Town at every angle.



Cape of Good Tans > A Guide to Nearby Beaches

The High-Roller Hangout: Clifton Bay

• From your cliff-top perch at **Ellerman House**, the city's most luxe hotel, you can plan out which of Clifton's four small rock-walled beaches will be your home base that day.

Beach-Bum Central: Camps Bay

• You won't be the first to lay your towel on the wide white sand, but sometimes that's a good thing—no one's ever joined a pickup volleyball game on an empty beach.

The (Seriously) Big Break: Big Bay

• Cape Town basically juts out into the Atlantic, and it's full of crazy-good surf breaks. This is where you end up if you follow the bearded dudes with boards strapped to the tops of their vintage Land Rovers. —M.B.



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