# The Standard, Ibiza



So, where are we?

On the Paseo Vara de Rey, an elongated traffic-free square in the old town of Ibiza just around the corner - quite literally - from the marina where you get your boat to the island of Formentera. Trees, terraces, statues and sunshine.

And where we’re staying...?

At the brand new Standard, the first iteration of the American brand set up by Andre Balazs to arrive in Spain. And what excitement there is!

What’s the style?

The Standard is known for its quirkiness but each one has its own take on that brand value. In the case of Ibiza, there’s a very cheeky Miami feel to the place with big tropical prints, mid-century-esque furnishings, whole forests of giant potted plants, mis-matched lamp-shades, lots of white and light wood and daft touches like the six-foot yellow pointing finger by the lifts showing you the way to Up, their rooftop pool and bar, where they have parasols that look like 70s wallpaper. Colourful, playful and cooler than a cucumber that’s been left in the icebox.

And the rooms?

From fairly small but slick - more white, more light wood, sisal carpeting, funky, punky cushions - there’s much less going on here than in the common parts (well, you want to sleep, don’t you?) Bathrooms are narrow with glass doors hiving off the shower and loo while the bigger suites have free-standing baths, the egg-shaped ones. But it’s a cool, simple feel, light and bright.

Is there a story?

Standing on the site of what was Ibiza’s favourite cinema (sorry about that Ibizan movie fans), the building is all new even if it does have a bit of a deco feel in homage to that old picture house. The rest of the story is yet to be written as Natasha Bedingfield once almost said.

And to eat?

Walk through the plants from reception and you’ll find Jara, which takes up the whole rest of the ground floor spilling out into a terrace on that quiet little square. The look is every bit as cool as the rest of the place with mis-matched lampshades around a bar down by the wide-open doors, sage green drapes, little booths upholstered in tropical prints, a wall down to the bathrooms covered in a graphic (in both senses of the word!) artwork and furniture that, if it weren’t so pristine, would look like it had survived the 70s, even though nothing survived the 70s in Ibiza, especially brains. And the menu has a little bit of everything you fancy from Spanish classics like anchoas and pan con tomate to international faves like a Caesar salad, burgers (vegan and not) and octopus. Up at UP, the menu is Mexican and snacky.

So, to sum up...

We can’t remember a hotel in Ibiza that has generated as much excitement as this one and that’s maybe because in the most party-centric of the Balearics, this feels like the best possible fit.

Standardhotels.com/ibiza