

SCENE

swept away

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A Parisian escape in the heart of downtown NYC

Getting out of New York for the weekend used to mean driving to an upstate bed-and-breakfast or unwinding in the Hamptons, but with the newly opened Broome Hotel, you need only venture to bustling Soho for some R&R.

Housed at 431 Broome Street in a Federal Revival brownstone, the boutique hotel's five floors and 14 private chambers are arranged around a seclusive atrium that shuts out the city rush.

During a recent visit, my room looked out on that Moroccan-tiled courtyard, its heat lamps illuminating red bistro chairs and a vintage foosball table beneath the fronds of a palm tree. The furniture (by Mitchell Gold + Bob Williams) hearkened to the 1960s without feeling like a period set—a tufted, gray headboard and green velvet chair adding just the right touch of French chic. Soundproof walls further convinced me I'd left the city behind, as not so much as a taxi's horn could be heard.

Sinking into the plush, queen bed and soft Bellino sheets, I silently thanked the hotel's owners—Soho denizen Vincent Boitier and brothers Jean-Claude and Stephane Iacovelli—who bought the nearly 200-year-old building in 2006. For the past 20 years, they've brought their stylish joie de vivre to the neighborhood primarily through restaurants like Fiat Café and Soho Steak. The Broome is the trio's first foray into hospitality, and it seems to have been a wise one.

