

GIZMODO

At This Incredible Hotel in Antarctica, You Can Freeze Your Ass Off in Style

If, unlike me, you look ineffably cool wearing a giant parka, slogging around in the snow and freezing your butt off, you might consider a jaunt to the White Desert camp in Antarctica. Also, you'll need \$72,000 for an 11-night stay.

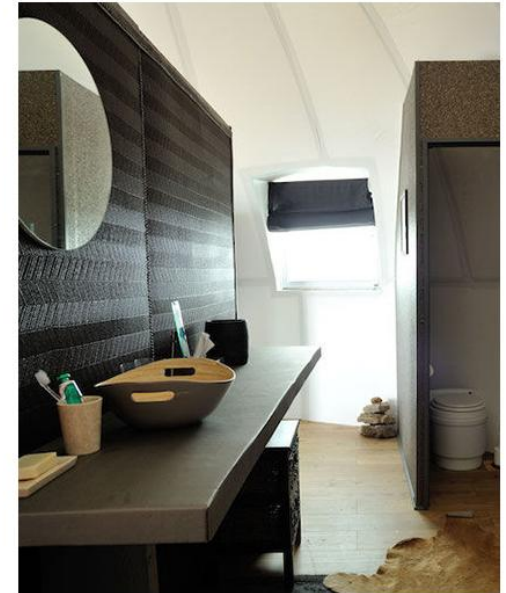
The camp has been around for some time—it's [supposedly played host](#) to members of the Saudi royal family, Prince Harry, and two “brawling heiresses”—but as [Bloomberg reports](#), it recently received a “complete luxury overhaul” for its 10th birthday.

What does that mean, exactly? [Bloomberg](#) has all the one-percenters friendly details:

What it now humbly calls “sleeping pods” are six heated fiberglass domes, with bamboo headboards, Saarinen chairs, fur throws, and en suite bathrooms stocked with sustainable Lost Explorer-brand toiletries, created by a scion of the de Rothschild family. Wooden skis adorn the walls; thick parkas for each guest hang from free-standing coat racks. And each suite stands alone on a rugged strip of land in the interior of Antarctica, midway between a frozen lake and towering walls of ice.

Whereas the dining room once consisted of one long wooden table, it's now a more formal affair, with furs thrown over chairs that wouldn't feel out of place in a Brooklyn Heights apartment. After hangout sessions with 6,000 emperor penguins, this is where guests share convivial, three-course meals comprising ingredients and wines flown in from Cape Town. (They're prepared by an in-house chef who cooks privately for the British Formula One driver [Lewis Hamilton](#) when he's not at camp.)

What a coincidence. [I, too, have an in-house chef!](#)



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If you have the money, however, that [\\$72,000 price tag](#) is all-inclusive, so you can check out blue ice caves, go kite-skiing, and partake in something called “abseiling,” which I can only assume involves giving yourself the abs of a rich person. Throw in an extra \$7,500 for an overnight trip to the South Pole, and you’ll be the proud owner of a “custom Bremont timepiece [that] comes engraved with the date of your visit.” That’s basically the same thing you get when you use one of those coin elongation machines, right?

