

The Sun is setting over lush green rice paddies in Denpasar, Bali, as Andrea Loubier leads me downstairs, towards the pool.

"It's almost dinner time," she says, just as the smell of something delicious - pineapple, perhaps - wafts over. She waves to two of the adjoining villa's inhabitants, who are nestled in hammocks under a thatched roof, deep in discussion. "It's really peaceful here," she adds, almost unnecessarily. But while she might be wearing the shorts and T-shirt typical of Bali's many tourists - who flock to Indonesia's "island of the gods" for sun, surf and spirituality - make no mistake, Ms Loubier is hard at work.