



Moonstone is not a beach club.

It is a memory lounge

For evenings that return to you years from now.



Where the moon meets the black sand.

On Purnama Beach, the tide carries a darker light. Moonstone takes its sign from an eclipse: the deep circle of night and the pale stone that appears when it is gone.

A place shaped by shadow, salt, and the soft glow that follows sunset.





NO LOUD EDM · NO CROWDS · NO RUSH

Leave the noise at the gate.

The night opens more slowly here. Voices soften. The horizon stays in view.



GOLDEN MEMORIES

The ritual begins
at sunset.

Fleetwood Mac. The Beatles.
Sinatra. Sade. Norah Jones. Songs
that already belong to someone's
past, waiting to become part of
yours.

Wine in hand. Moon on the black sand.



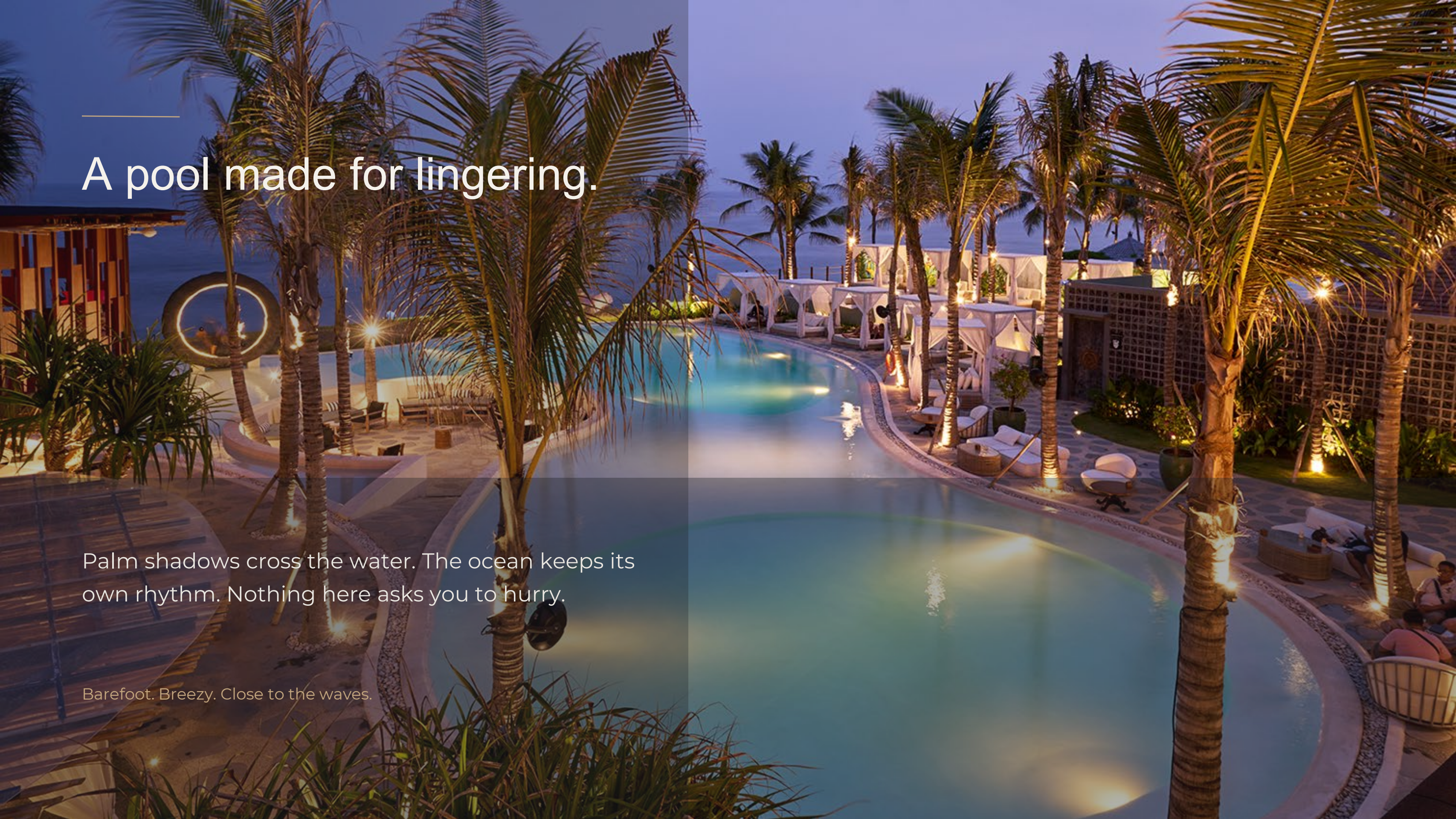
Fire, shared plates, slow conversations.

Inside, the steakhouse holds the night: wood-fired, deliberate, and dry-aged for people who take flavor seriously.

By the pool, the Italian oven burns low. Thin crust, 72-hour dough, smoky pizza made to be shared.

Dinner becomes the first memory of the night.





A pool made for lingering.

Palm shadows cross the water. The ocean keeps its own rhythm. Nothing here asks you to hurry.

Barefoot. Breezy. Close to the waves.

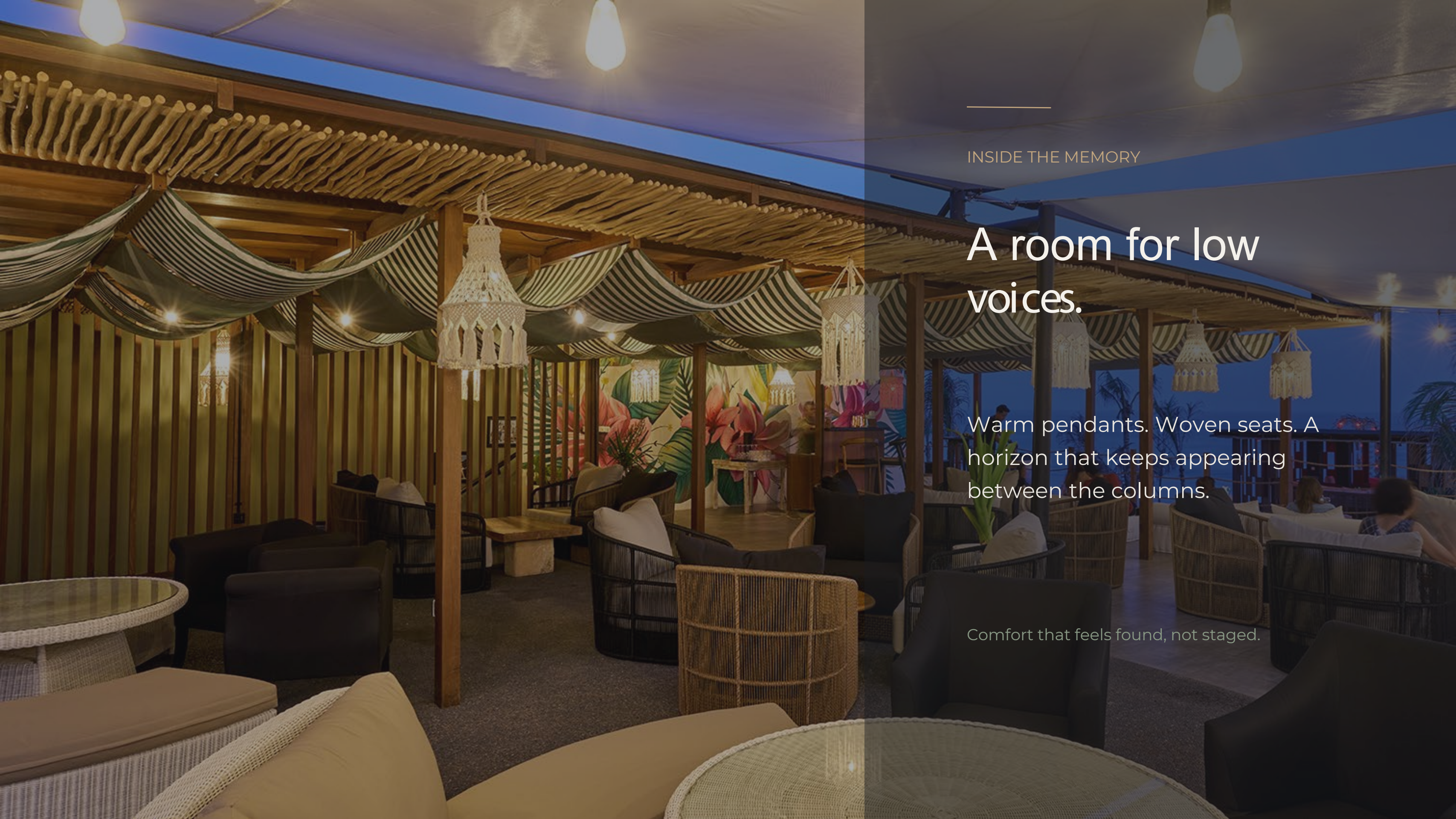


Daylight, softened.

Under bamboo shade and linen curtains, the day stretches without effort. Chairs face the water. The breeze edits the sun.

Here, quiet is not empty. It is textured by shade, timber, stone, and the slow geometry of the coast.

For long lunches that turn into afternoons.



INSIDE THE MEMORY

A room for low voices.

Warm pendants. Woven seats. A horizon that keeps appearing between the columns.

Comfort that feels found, not staged.

Details that stay with you.

Rattan, bamboo, patterned tile, and woven light create a language of touch. The room is polished, but never cold.

Deep green ceiling planes. Soft teal upholstery. Antique brass glow. Every surface carries a hint of night, tide, and craft.

The details remember for you.





MOONSTONE MEMORY LOUNGE

Come for the sunset. Stay for the story.

At Purnama Beach, Gianyar, the moon does not announce the night. It keeps it.
