



Petit St. Vincent
PRIVATE ISLAND

Vanity Fair
Date: November Issue 2018
Circulation: 72,500
AVE: 6,600

THE 2018 **NEW ESTABLISHMENT LIST!** / 100 POWER PLAYERS FROM WALL STREET, HOLLYWOOD, THE VALLEY, AND THE SWAMP*

VANITY FAIR

*...and wait until you see which Republican is No. 1

SKIN IN THE GAME
SEX, MONEY,
AND THE N.F.L.'S
CHEERLEADER
SCANDAL

SULTAN OF BLING
THE AMAZING
30-YEAR
ODYSSEY OF A
COUNTERFEIT
PRINCE



PLUS

JON MEACHAM ON
**OBAMA'S
SUPER-EGO**

DORIS KEARNS
GOODWIN ON
**TRUMP'S
ALTER
EGO**

THE RISE OF MICHAEL B. JORDAN

The *Black Panther* star
makes his move from matinee idol to
Hollywood mogul

BY JOE HAGAN / PHOTOGRAPHS BY CASS BIRD



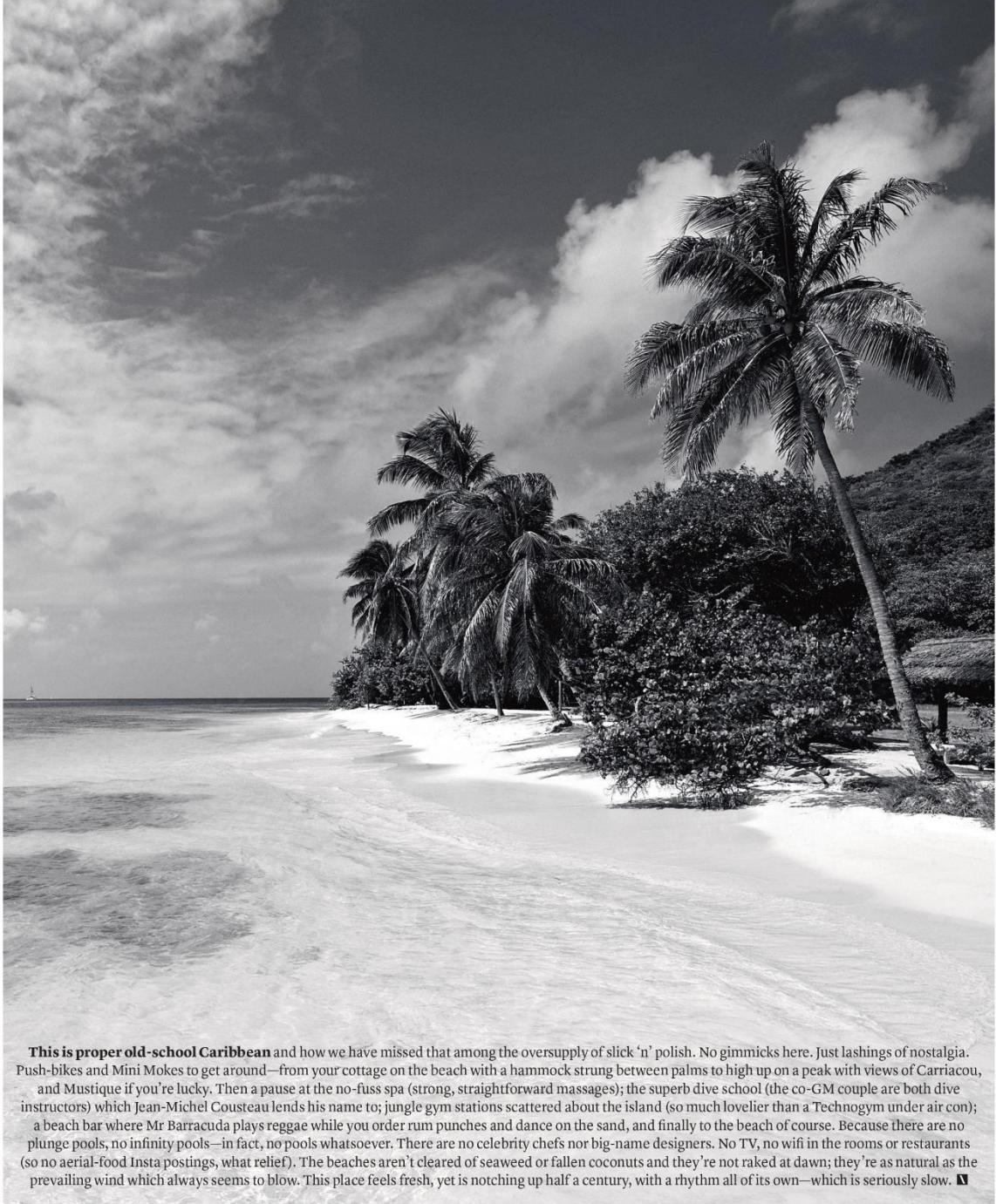
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Travel **Postcard**

WISH YOU WERE HERE

The private island resort of Petit St. Vincent turns 50



This is proper old-school Caribbean and how we have missed that among the oversupply of slick 'n' polish. No gimmicks here. Just lashings of nostalgia. Push-bikes and Mini Mokes to get around—from your cottage on the beach with a hammock strung between palms to high up on a peak with views of Carriacou, and Mustique if you're lucky. Then a pause at the no-fuss spa (strong, straightforward massages); the superb dive school (the co-GM couple are both dive instructors) which Jean-Michel Cousteau lends his name to; jungle gym stations scattered about the island (so much lovelier than a Technogym under air con); a beach bar where Mr Barracuda plays reggae while you order rum punches and dance on the sand, and finally to the beach of course. Because there are no plunge pools, no infinity pools—in fact, no pools whatsoever. There are no celebrity chefs nor big-name designers. No TV, no wifi in the rooms or restaurants (so no aerial-food Insta postings, what relief). The beaches aren't cleared of seaweed or fallen coconuts and they're not raked at dawn; they're as natural as the prevailing wind which always seems to blow. This place feels fresh, yet is notching up half a century, with a rhythm all of its own—which is seriously slow. ■

MATT SEMARK