



Above: Room service en route to one of the discrete cottages. Below: Built with native stone, the rooms welcome the trade winds.

## SUN, SEA, SECLUSION

Kick off your shoes, turn off your brain, down a lime daiquiri, and slip into full Caribbean seclusion mode. *Janet O'Grady* discovers the pleasures of a private island called Petit St. Vincent.



**A**BOUT THIS TIME OF YEAR the chat of serious skiers at Aspen dinner parties turns to preferred destinations for an escape from the cold. While the shiny set heads for St. Barts, those looking for a laid-back oasis of sun and seclusion will enjoy Petit St. Vincent in the Grenadines, part of the galaxy of islands comprising the Windwards. PSV, as locals call it, was the perfect place for me to drop in and chill out for a few days before the lifts opened.

From Barbados it's a tiny prop plane ride to funky Union Island; then about a 30-minute boat ride to PSV. I just love places you can only get to by boat. As you step onto the dock, an ice-cold lime daiquiri suddenly appears in your hand. Isn't this how hotel

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Enjoying a relaxing PSV sunset dinner

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check-in should be? PSV is understated and super relaxed. Probably the biggest commotion this part of the world has seen

was when *Pirates of the Caribbean* was filmed around here.

The resort is spread across 113 acres of lush, tropical, rolling hills, surrounded by two miles of beaches as white and fine as spun

sugar, with water as blue as Paul Newman's eyes. I felt as if I was in an aquamarine-colored dream. The resort has just 22 comfortable cottages built from native stone and perched atop bluffs or just footsteps from the beach.

Inside is a comforting pod with a slightly frayed-at-the-edges old-fashioned charm, complete with Frette sheets and Molton Brown toiletries. Thanks to the trade winds, no air conditioning is needed.

Once ensconced, you notice that time and life move out of their usual dimensions: there are no keys, no televisions, no in-room telephones, no internet. (Well, my iPhone worked, and it was up to me when to turn it off or on.) A bamboo flagpole with a message box in front of your cottage could spoil you for life. Raise a red flag and you won't be disturbed; a yellow for morning coffee, breakfast in bed, dinner, tea, a cold beer—whatever you want. Hibernate in your

cottage with a good book, never see another soul, and pretend the island is all yours. Or dine in the open-air restaurant with views of the sea. If PSV had one blip, it was the food, which to my taste, and that of a young couple from London I met in an atypical social moment, was too old fashioned, too heavy, too many sauces. I'd prefer simpler dishes like grilled fish or lobster; something that PSV has the resources to pull off between the bounty of the sea and its own gardens.

But the overall experience and beauty of PSV trumped even the food. This is a resort with character, with the quirks of an owner who actually lives on the property with her five yellow labs and whose personal history with her late husband stamps the place as one-of-a-kind. The views are stunning, but the real scenery is underwater on the coral reefs that teem with fish. While the adventurous will find all water sports available, ultimately PSV inspires such indolence that many guests spend their entire time in the many hammocks that line the island: a do-nothing holiday, just what I needed. 954-963-7401, [www.psvresort.com](http://www.psvresort.com)

JANET O'GRADY IS EDITOR IN CHIEF OF ASPEN MAGAZINE.

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