

attitude



HOMO - PLUS
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Hello Sailor! **Christina** **Aguilera**

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ESTINATION

ELVEDERE

scale of gay, Mykonos is up there for holidaying homos, and in September that little bit gayer – if that is possible. At midnight the tiny cobbled streets are a catwalk for a bevy of beautiful boys dressed to the hilt in Gucci, and Lacoste. Mykonos was the first Greek island to be 'discovered' in the 1950s, and its main town rapidly gained a reputation as the Cyclades' most exciting harbour. With its perfectly curved bay, its maze of whitewashed alleys and its picturesque windmills, it became a must-see for any island-hopper. The proliferation of trendy clubs and fashion boutiques attracts a pan-global crowd of young and beautiful, united by their shared purpose – to pose, party and be admired. And few places fulfill these criteria quite like The Belvedere.

Looking over Mykonos town, this haven of laid-back luxury oozes style and glamour; there is a heavenly view of the Aegean beyond. The coterie of honed, tanned and tanned model types, sprawling on the decadent white poolside beds, is a clear indication of the sort of jetset crowd that touches down at this party hot-spot every summer. The Belvedere wears its party credentials on its (white) sleeve. Constantly clad, beautiful party people floating on big white fluffy cloud-like beds with cushions are the order of the day. It's upscale Ibiza in atmosphere, a mixed crowd of knowing cosmopolitans, who come with a fleet of slick and well-staffed on hand, blending seamlessly into their surroundings. The focal point is the pool, with an enormous palm bobbing its heavy branches into the water, around this is a series of different levels separated by a mixture in styles of architecture. Large, white curtains separate the areas, lending an exotic and decadent



theatricality to the proceedings – you half expect some Greek billionaire with enormous sunglasses to make an entrance at any moment. As the sun dips into the sea, everyone's tans begin to glow, teeth and eyes almost as white as the beautiful buildings of the island. Time to head back to the hotel for a snooze and a heavy application of Lancaster Tan Maximiser before dinner (which, by the way, you will be eating at around midnight – so pace yourself on those sundowner cocktails, you have a long night ahead of you). Guests saunter down to the poolside restaurant, Matsuhisa, a Nobu outpost, where you can sink back into the lush, jungle-like surroundings, supping on sushi and sake while the bougainvillea and hibiscus flowers create a carpet of sweet-smelling petals for the well-heeled crowd to shuffle their Jimmy Choos on. The tables to have are by the pool, in full view under the stars and moon. Most guests will be wearing white, which can lead to embarrassing situations, like when I mistakenly asked a guest for another cocktail, thinking she was a waitress. She wasn't very amused.

When you get in from a night on the tiles, sit on your balcony or have breakfast by the pool and take in the idyllic view of the white buildings of the town beneath and the sea beyond. Our one main gripe was that fresh orange juice was not provided. Other than that the self-serve breakfasts were a hit. Find a quiet spot on one of the many terraces and listen to the church bells chiming in the background as a cruise ship honks in the harbour below.

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