

OCTOBER
2012

FASHION

35
Years

50 BEST COATS

THE NEW SUIT:
WIDER JACKET,
FULLER SLEEVES

**THE BLONDE
BACKLASH:**
MODELS GO
BACK TO
BRUNETTE

EXCLUSIVE

*Carine Roitfeld
talks beauty and babies*

EXTREME LUXURY

\$130,000 NAIL POLISH
\$56,000 LIPSTICK
\$2,300 KIDS' COATS

EXCLUSIVE

Carly Rae Jepsen

ON LIFE,
LOVE AND
DODGING
CAMERAS

**TOP
JEWELLERY
TRENDS**

**POST-
CANCER
BEAUTY**

**BEST
FOR
LESS:
PARIS
SHOPPING
SECRETS**



DISPLAY UNTIL OCTOBER 8



\$4.50



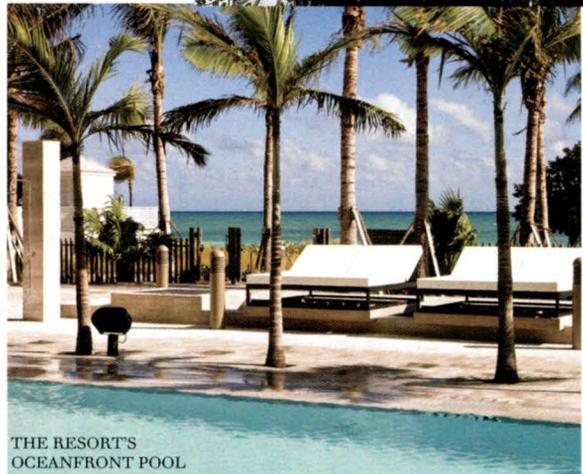
FROM LEFT: FOYER OF THE ST. REGIS, SILVER CLOUD BY SCULPTOR IÑIGO MANGLANO-OVALLE; FIRECROTCH, 2008, BY RITA ACKERMANN

GREAT HALL OF THE ST. REGIS

48 HOURS

BAL HARBOUR

A half-hour north of Miami's buzzy South Beach is placid Bal Harbour, home to a mere 3,000 residents, many of whom are snowbirds who count their beachfront condo as their third or fourth home. This one-mile strip boasts manicured sand, world-class dining and a luxury mall to rival those in Dubai. My kind of town.
By BERNADETTE MORRA



THE RESORT'S OCEANFRONT POOL

FRIDAY

1 P.M. My husband and I touch down in Miami and are scooped up in a perfectly chilled Town Car. We speed to the new five-star St. Regis hotel, the crown jewel of Bal Harbour and the luxury chain's new flagship. The \$1-billion property was designed by Canada's Yabu Pushelberg, who delivered a modern spin on '60s glamour.

1:30 P.M. We pull up to the hotel to find a tower of concrete. There are no windows on the street side of the hotel because every room has an ocean view. In the foyer, we pass under a silver cloud by sculptor Iñigo Manglano-Ovalle, one of many contemporary artworks throughout the hotel. Beyond the foyer is a runway-length hall with dazzling rock crystal chandeliers reflecting off floor-to-ceiling faceted mirrors.

2 P.M. While our butler unpacks in our suite, we settle in by the beachside pool. A guitarist wearing dark aviators plucks a stylized Spanish tune while a reflexologist roams, giving complimentary foot massages. I cool off with a thick coral-hued gazpacho and contemplate the mojito cart.

3 P.M. A glossy black Lexus convertible takes us 10 minutes inland to the Museum of Contemporary Art North Miami, where *Vanity Fair* holds its celeb-packed parties during Art Basel Miami. The gallery has sprouted in an area that is just

coming alive with mid-century furniture shops and cool cafés. Curator Bonnie Clearwater tells us we just missed a visit from Bruce Weber, then takes us through an exhibit of paintings by Rita Ackermann, whose work is as layered and textural as her ideas. The museum holds free jazz concerts the last Friday of every month, and we note this for our next visit.

4 P.M. As we cross the bridge back into Bal Harbour, we are in awe of a bunker-like structure on the waterway. The home belongs to the Bramans, one of MOCANM's biggest benefactors, and sits between a golf course and a lawn strewn with modern sculptures. Art-mad Bal Harbour is launching an outdoor art project this month, for which one artist creates a three-to-six-month installation. Other city-funded cultural offerings include movies, yoga and Pilates on the beach.

4:30 P.M. I stroll across the street from the hotel to the Bal Harbour Shops and Gee Beauty, an outpost of the Toronto primping parlour. I am handed some tiny jars of exfoliant to use before my Coco Tanning Treatment the next day. The shelves are stocked with body shimmers, fake lashes and hair accessories; while Gee North emphasizes manis, pedis and brows, here it's all about glamming it up at the beach.

5 P.M. I scope out the mall, an open-air strip of designer shops, koi ponds and luxury car displays, the latter two to »



THE SHOPS AT BAL HARBOUR

MAKOTO
RESTAURANT

GEE BEAUTY

distract kids and dads while moms give their Amex Centurion cards a workout. I am tempted by glitter sneakers at Miu Miu, white sunglasses with pink lenses at Céline and studded thongs at Balenciaga. Unlike back home, I am faced with too much choice so I head back to the hotel, unable to make any decisions.

6 P.M. I join my husband on one of two terraces in our 15th-floor suite—a serene blend of grey furnishings and white Movingue wood walls. I sink into a chaise with a flute of Veuve Clicquot and stare at the cruise ships on the horizon.

7:15 P.M. We pull up a stool at the St. Regis bar, which has the feel of an elegant living room with its long taupe sofa, Lucite coffee tables and houndstooth carpet. A white-gloved butler strides in with a bottle of champagne and a sword for the nightly sabre ceremony, a French tradition dating back to Napoleon. She slices off the cork to cheers from the guests.

8 P.M. On the terrace at Makoto, restaurateur Stephen Starr's latest hot spot, we snuggle into a banquette on the edge of the parking lot. We don't mind the view, because as we savour chef Makoto Okuwa's tuna air bread and kobe beef carpaccio, we can enjoy the parade of Bentleys and Benzes. After dinner, we're sipping on sparkling saki when—crack! An Audi drives into an SUV. It's dinner and a show.

SATURDAY

8:30 A.M. It's too windy to sit outside, so the breakfast room is bustling with spandex-clad women toting Vuitton purses, and extended South American families. At the buffet, I ladle warm Vermont maple syrup over silver-dollar pancakes and berries.

9:30 A.M. The spa includes a steam room, Jacuzzi and a lounge where I dive into the *Wall Street Journal*. An attendant appears bearing an orchid and two damp towels on a silver tray so I can wipe away any newsprint. My massage begins with a paraffin foot treatment and ends with the therapist working lemon, rosemary and lavender oils into my petrified scalp.

1 P.M. A lychee-raspberry bellini seems the right way to start off lunch at Jean-George Vongerichten's J & G Grill in our hotel. The Asian/French fare includes a Florida hearts of palm salad with heirloom tomatoes and young coconut, and truffle pizza with fontina cheese. We finish with salted caramel ice cream buried under peanuts, popcorn and chocolate sauce—

sort of like a Cracker Jack sundae.

3 P.M. It's drizzling, so the hotel's Bentley Continental Flying Spur takes us across the street. I strip down at Gee for my Coco Tanning Treatment. The Paris-trained aesthetician buffs me to a caramel glow.

4:30 P.M. Upstairs is Oxygene, a favourite of Madonna and Jennifer Lopez, who can shop for themselves and their tots in one swoop. The kids' section includes tulle-trimmed flats from Lanvin, Dior chiffons and sequined Cavallis. But of course.

7 P.M. Back in the hotel bar, we park ourselves across from a whimsical mural by Santiago Rubino. St. Regis founder John Jacob Astor commissioned Maxfield Parrish to create the iconic King Cole mural in the New York flagship. The tradition continues here. I snack on toasted pumpkin seeds, washed down with Far Niente chardonnay, as a jazz combo entertains.

8 P.M. We hop over to One Bal Harbour Resort & Spa down the street. Mister Collins, the cosy dining room, overlooks a surging inlet. A basket of warm cornbread arrives, followed by BBQ shrimp in a puddle of grits and half a roast chicken on mushroom bread pudding. If we were younger, we would probably hurl ourselves into the Miami nightclub scene a short drive away. But after the heavy meal, we lumber home.

SUNDAY

8:30 A.M. "Reach for the ocean!" Husband-and-wife team Chris and Tracie Wright Vlaun are giving me a personal training session on the beach. Chris has me shimmying around pylons and gripping a TRX strap slung around a palm tree for my squats. Tracie encourages me to breathe in the salt air and focus on the horizon as I do my yoga poses.

10 A.M. We opt out of the \$550-a-day Presidential Cabanas that come with butler, Veuve Clicquot, full bathroom and flat-screen TV. A simple chaise by the tranquility pool will do. We debate the pros and cons of buying a Florida home. Major con: we would never stay at the St. Regis Bal Harbour again.

NOON While our butler packs our luggage, we dash across the street for lunch at La Goulue. Steak tartare, crab cakes and a bottle of rosé prime us for the flight home.

9 P.M. Back in my own bedroom, I open my suitcase to find each garment wrapped in tissue, like a gift. The best souvenir ever. □