

CITY & SHORE

MAGAZINE

**NON STOP
WONDERS
OF NASHVILLE**

**MASERATI VS.
MASERATI**
THE SUBLIME
GRECALE
TROFEO
AND MC20

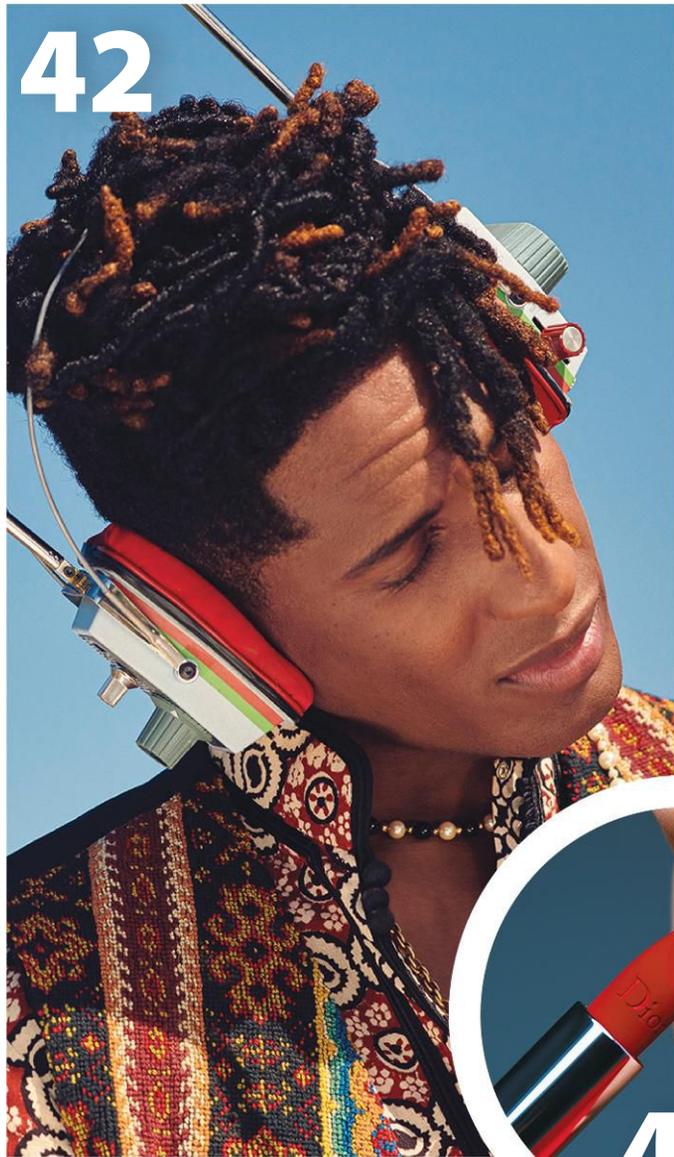
**THE MAJOR
AND MINOR
KEYS OF
JON
BATISTE**

**RED HOT
DIOR
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**WHAT
RUINED IT
FOR ME
FIVE
OVER-THE-TOP
CRUISES**

The
LUXURY
Issue

FEBRUARY 2024



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FIRST WORDS

The World is probably enough

By Mark Gauert

For the past few Luxury Issues, I've asked readers to complete the following fill-in-the-blanks question:

"I was fine with _____ until _____ ruined _____ for me."

There was never a right or wrong answer to the question. Your responses would surely vary from mine.

I was fine with driving a Toyota Prius, for example, until driving a Lamborghini Aventador ruined driving for me. I was fine with a \$5 glass of house wine until a \$500 glass of Château Petrus ruined drinking just any old wine for me. I was even fine going home until a \$38 million penthouse at The Mansions at Acqualina in Sunny Isles Beach ruined going home for me, too.

I've been asking the question again for this Luxury Issue, in a cruise ship-themed version of "What Ruined It For Me," pgs. 52-63. Cruise lines are on a tear these days to outdo each other. Not just who's got the biggest ship (Royal Caribbean's *Icon of the Seas* seized that title last month), or the smallest ratio of passengers to crew or the most plates of sushi, sashimi and tempura on the conveyor belt at the sushi bar.

You think you've seen it all on a cruise ship? Not until you've seen the Magic Carpet aboard *Ascent* and *Beyond* on Celebrity Cruises. Or the one-of-a-kind-at-sea fireworks display aboard a Disney Cruise. Or hidden out like an actual rock star in Richard's Rooftop Lounge aboard Virgin Voyages' *Scarlet Lady*. Your responses may vary, especially if you are an actual rock star.

But *The World* ruined "What Ruined It For Me" this year – at least for cruising. I had a chance to go aboard the elegant, 644-foot ship for a tour and to meet some of the residents when it was docked at PortMiami late last year.

The World ruined cruising for me because, at the end of a cruise aboard the largest private residential yacht in the world, the cruise does not have to end. Because, at the end of a cruise aboard *The World*, you're already home.

A home with two pools, 7,000-square-foot spa, state-of-the-art golf simulator and the only regulation-size tennis court at sea, among other over-the-top amenities. A home with four fine dining restaurants that would likely land Michelin stars on land. A chef who comes to your door and prepares something just for you if you don't feel like going out that night. A home with a wine vault of over 1,100 selections that stopped me in my tracks in front of the display case and left me with a profound case of FOMOCL. (Fear of Missing Out on Château Latour.)

"There's nothing like coming back from a day ashore in a place like Madagascar, getting a shower and then sitting down to a Michelin-star quality meal," one resident said over dinner at the Marina restaurant aboard *The World*. Great. Now I've got Fear of Missing Out on Madagascar.



Or Antarctica. Or Tristan de Cunha/Nightingale (I looked it up, it's a British Overseas Territory midway between Rio de Janeiro and Cape Town). Or Phuket in Thailand. Or the west coast of Japan at cherry blossom season. Or Cabo San Lucas. Just a few of *The World's* destinations, democratically chosen by a vote from the 165 residences.

For this Luxury Issue, I asked several people to define "luxury." Your response may vary again.

"Folks buying a car in these price classes are looking to express themselves

through the products they buy," said Bill Pepper, CEO of Maserati Americas, when I was trying out an indisputably luxurious \$256,050 Maserati MC20, pgs. 22-28. "The more you can individualize that, the higher the satisfaction rate."



"I think the definition of luxury has changed, from being glitz and glamor and golden gilding to things that are more modern and a more fresh approach to things," said Frank A. Del Rio, president of Oceania Cruises, whose new *Vista* also was visiting PortMiami, where a seven-day Caribbean cruise in the Owner's Suite will set you back \$11,099.

"Luxury, as we take that term, is going to mean something different for all of us," said Greg Walton, founding partner of Studio Dado, which took on the interior design of Oceania's sophisticated *Vista*. "More than tangible objects, for me, luxury is time."

I was fine with all of those definitions. Might even agree with them.

Until coming to the end of a luxury cruise around the world and never having to get off ruined the definition of luxury for me.

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**WHAT
RUINED IT
FOR ME**
**Cruise
Edition
2024**

Before we begin, please take a moment to complete our annual standard fill-in-the-blank question:

“I was fine with ____ until ____ ruined ____ for me.”

There’s no right or wrong answer. Your response will surely vary from ours.

We could say we were fine with a magic act on our first cruise, for example, until seeing a Broadway-ready *Beetlejuice The Musical* aboard NCL’s new *Viva*. We were fine with a midnight buffet with a lot of strangers around a communal table until we got a table for two at Chef Daniel Boulud’s *Le Voyage* aboard Celebrity Cruise’s new *Ascent*. We were even fine with going home until we got to spend a day in a villa at Silver Cove, NCL’s 270-acre private retreat within its private island on Great Stirrup Cay in the Bahamas, ruined that for us, too.

Such classic cruise experiences turning extraordinary may sound tempting, but they also come with a warning: Once an object of desire comes close enough to touch, can you ever go back?

There’s no right or wrong answer here. Your response will surely vary from ours.

But we were fine with sleep until these five cruise dreams ruined it for us.

By Mark Gauert



The World off Villefranche-Sur-Mer, France



Ending a cruise

Until getting to stay aboard The World, residences at sea, aboardtheworld.com

Comes a time on every cruise when the cruise must come to an end. Don't be sad it's ending, they say on the way off the ship, be happy it happened. Don't forget your charger. And don't expect to get off the ship any time soon because everybody else is trying to get off the ship on the elevators at the same time! You know, everything you expect on a cruise when the cruise comes to an end. Except aboard *The World*, the largest private residential yacht in the world. At the end of a leg of its yearly cruise around the globe – Greenland to Newfoundland, for example, or Argentina to Antarctica or just Nassau to Miami – you're not at the end of the cruise. You're already home. Leave the charger in the wall socket. No line at the elevators. Stay in your studio-up-to-three-bedroom home aboard and call housekeeping to reserve one of the Bali Beds with champagne and a view of the stars high up on Deck 12 aft. Sip tea on a Cleopatra infrared marble lounger after a luxurious treatment down in the spa on Deck 5. Make a reservation at one of the four fine dining restaurants onboard – Portraits, The Marina, Tides and East – where the food paired with wines from an award-winning list would likely land Michelin stars on land. (Black grouper, Yukon Gold potatoes and wild mushrooms go surprisingly well with a Bachelet-Monnot Puligny-Montrachet from the ship's formidable wine vault). Or just plan your next days at sea, playing tennis on the only regulation-sized tennis court at sea, relaxing by one of the two pools, listening to lectures and discussions “with authors, professors, Nobel laureates and other knowledgeable experts” in the Colosseo theater on Deck 5. *The World's* worldly destinations – democratically chosen by a vote of the people in the 165 residences – change each year. Explorations this year – which started in Antarctica on Jan. 1 and conclude Dec. 31 in Cabo San Lucas – will include calls in Tristan da Cunha, Durban, South Africa, Bangkok, Thailand, and Pago Pago, among many others. How much for all of this? Well, if you have to ask. But how do you put a price on sitting on the deck of your own home while the rest of the world comes to you?





Bali Bed under the stars on Deck 12 aft



Antarctica, Port Lockroy Bay