



A dancer performs at Pinkroom's opening night celebration.



Walton Ford (left) and Benedikt Taschen at the opening of Taschen's bookshop on Lincoln Road



Algonquin Dinner Club members Lexing Zhang (left) and Lindsay Lioz at Red The Steakhouse



DJ Sharam at LIV

BOOKS, GUMBALLS & OZZY

Summer doldrums? I don't think so. By Dirk DeSouza

Benedikt Taschen marked 30 years of luxury bookselling by jetting in from Munich to christen his latest literary outpost on Lincoln Road. Attending the vino-soaked event was celebrated watercolorist/nice-guy **Walton Ford**, whose *Pancha Tantra*—a collection of insanely detailed “beautiful beasts with murderous intent”—menacingly debuted on the walls. The studious crowd wore glasses, seemed to have brains and actually may have read a book, which on South Beach is the metaphorical “no way!” equivalent of climbing Mt. Everest. Mingling around? Siegfried & Roy’s superhandler, **Bernie Yuman**.

Speaking of the opposite of reading, **DJ Sharam**, fresh off the North American leg of the “please ticket me” **Gumball 3000** high-speed roadapalooza (driving a deliciously retro 1970 Dodge Coronet Super Bee Hemi), hit **LIV** at the **Fontainebleau**, **Sean Penn**’s apparent new watering hole. Unlike his **WMC Shore Club Hotel** set, Sharam’s crowd writhed to deep, dark, visceral aural platitudes, a stress-killing sonic massage akin to Sharam’s stint at **Burning Man**. Down on Washington Avenue, slick nightclub/lounge **Pinkroom** opened, bathed in pink and purplish hues, and awash in bottle service and table-dancing Amazons.

South of Fifth, the safe, nurturing pre-prison hood of **Lil Wayne**, **Red The Steakhouse** kicked off its ridiculously perched oceanview rooftop BBQ series, packed with 250 starving **Algonquin Dinner Club**-ers, who gastronomically and oenologically took over the joint. Legendary DJ **Richard Vasquez** and newcomer/doctor **DJ Marcello Bentine** (of **Sushi Samba**

tag-team fame) provided sultry Brazilian-tinged sounds, eventually switching to guilty disco, sweat pouring off everybody, until a very civilized midnight.

The **Mandarin Oriental, Miami** hosted **Grey Goose**’s ironically monikered “Tasting in the Dark” event at an ungodly bright hour (6 PM!). But then we were whisked into a room that was blacker than black—blacker than the late **Ronnie James Dio**’s devil-horned sessions at Miami’s infamous **Criteria Studios** recording *Heaven & Hell* after **Black Sabbath** threw a wasted **Ozzy** off their tour bus in 1980. Night-vision goggles be damned; pear, orange and citrus vodka paired with pears, oranges and lemons abounded—a clever way to get vertigo-tipsy yet anonymously groped.

Wynwood Arts District’s **Miami Art Space**, a soaring gem of a box, hosted **Ruinart Champagne**’s cleverly titled “20(12): Twenty Twelve” exhibition, where a dozen creatives, most notably **Reinier Gamboa**, **Kiki Valdes** and **Johnny Robles**, presented their impressive, contemporary work. Giant broken-basketball hoop-and-vines floor installation? Check. Well-dressed hipsters? Check. Tasty **Ruinart** bubbly flowing? Check.

Last but not least, the **W South Beach** played impromptu “I just flew in on my private jet” 3 AM host to the **Chris Bosh**, **Dwyane Wade** and **LeBron James** Miami Heat lovefest/coming-out party, a high-def display of the Seven Deadly Sins, all wrapped in a giant mound of silicone, Benjamins and skin. **Wall**? Packed. **Living Room**? Packed. **Mr Chow**? Packed. Me? Gone. **South Beach**? Status quo. 00



The Algonquin Dinner Club alights on Red The Steakhouse's spectacular rooftop at sunset.



Joy Taylor attends Ruinart Champagne's "20(12): Twenty Twelve" exhibition at Miami Art Space.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEX DIMAS (DUMART); TOMAS LOEWEY (ALGONQUIN); JESSICA WILSON (TOP); DEBRA WISNIAK/RED EYE PRODUCTIONS (SUSHI Samba, PINKROOM)