



GET A ROOM WHEN THE DESTINATION IS THE HOTEL ITSELF



• Standing next to Damien Hirst's *Gone But Not Forgotten* (2014) is like being on acid.
JEREMY LIEBMAN/TRUNK ARCHIVE

THE IT-EST IT HOTEL

All the Mammoth Appetites of Miami, Now Under One Roof

by STAN PARISH

→ Yes, that's a gold-plated mammoth skeleton standing guard between the **Faena's** plush, perfumed lobby and the pool. Think of that sculpture by ultra-fancy artist Damien Hirst as the hotel's spirit animal. It's the perfect symbol for a place that feels—for those of us without bodyguards or diplomatic immunity—like a different, more gilded dimension. The crowd looks sleek, exotic, possibly dangerous. Which is not to say that the Faena is uninviting. Service here is unparalleled in Miami. Jose the Doorman—part cruise director, part special-ops commando, full local legend—clocks your arrival and determines exactly what degree of the Faena's expert hospitality you require. The pool staff offers complimentary shots of silky sunscreen. The restaurant, by fire-whispering Argentine chef Francis Mallmann, turns out perfectly grilled everything. And each room feels like the party-ready Buenos Aires pied-à-terre you'll never own.

