

VANITY FAIR

Tao at The Lift Is Harder to Get Into Than Fort Knox

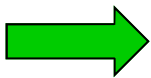
“Well, we can’t all be perfect,” Green Bay Packers quarterback **Aaron Rodgers** said to me yesterday after I told him I’ve been a life-long Minnesota Vikings fan. Or perhaps screamed at me is a better way to put it, as I ran into Rodgers at the Talent Resources Sky Suite at the Sky Lodge hotel, in Park City, where an afternoon D.J. series was in very high-decibel gear. Rodgers, who had taken to the mountain along with **Adrian Grenier** earlier in the day as part of Oakley’s Learn to Ride program (**Paris Hilton** and **Wilmer Valderrama** are slated to participate in the event today) is at Sundance to host ESPN’s Sunday A.F.C. and N.F.C. Championship watching party with **Terrell Owens**.



Aaron Rodgers is one of the people who is everywhere at Sundance this year.

Later in the evening, the fourth-floor Sky Suite, which overlooks the Park City ski resort, morphed into a version of New York City’s Eldridge lounge, where a sort of mountainside version of a models-and-bottles throw-down revved up after midnight, while downstairs at the Sky Lodge, a hoard of people attempted to get into Seven for All Mankind and Gen Art’s Seven Fresh Faces party.

When I arrived at **Josh Radnor’s** *HappyThankYouMorePlease* dinner party at Bing’s Supper Club, located at Cicero’s restaurant on Main Street, I couldn’t help but comment to my dining companion: “Finally, a civilized scene!” There were about seven long tables draped with white tablecloths, and only those who had some kind of relation to the film were invited to the meal that chef **Philippe Chow** of New York City’s Philippe restaurant had prepared. The only uncivilized portion of the event was trying to finding your coat after dinner: the coat racks had broken, so Radnor and others were stuck sifting through black coat after black coat, trying to find exactly where his or her own jacket had been placed.



Bill Gates later swung by the Supper Club venue for the *Waiting for Superman* dinner party. Surprised by that boldfacer's Sundance appearance? You shouldn't be. Bing is doing a major marketing blitz at the festival this year.

My next stop was at Greenhouse—the New York City club has taken over a huge ski-in ski-out mansion that overlooks the twinkling town of Park City—where the Skintimate Screening Series was hosting a dinner party for *Please Give*. A pregnant **Amanda Peet** was the guest of honor along with **America Ferrera**, whom was asked to please to put blue surgical nets over her boots to keep the floor from getting wet with snow. After drinking plenty of champagne and tequila, guests walked out of the party with a bag full of Skintimate shaving gel, earmuffs, and an iPod shuffle.

As expected, Tao at The Lift lived up to its storied late-night past. The thumping pop-up Vegas nightclub was the destination for Rogers, Owens, **Jon Hamm**, and, you know, **Bob Saget** and **Paulie Shore**. **Tinsley Mortimer** and her sister **Dabney Mercer** were also there—perhaps because **Constantine Maroulis** is set to perform during the festival? (Constantine is no **Matisyahu**, that's for sure, but there are still a few nights of Tao left, so here's to hoping our favorite rapper [makes another appearance at the nightclub](#) this year.)

Meanwhile, Tao also continued to prove the notion that everywhere you turn in Park City you see another New Yorker or Angeleno that you know—and if you don't know them, then you've probably emailed with them. As talk, texting, and B.B.M.-ing amongst the East and West Coasters turned to what's on the dizzying slate for today, who is on what list, and who has an “in” where, I must say, the one list I'm dying to get onto, I can't: I want to go to the one restaurant in town that, during Sundance, serves only locals—but you have to show a Utah drivers license to get in. And, after exchanging no less than 100 text messages last night trying to meet up with people, I wish there was also a cell-free zone in Park City, too.