#HASHTAGS AND HOT TODDIES

NIGHTS OUT ON THE TOWN

It’s our big launch party for SCENE and Desmond’s, the chic spot on the Upper East Side that teasers part of its private club, part downtown lounge. Second, is packed with parties like Jared Kushner and Ivanka Trump, Dani Stahl, June Ambrose, David Lipke, Charlotte Ronson, Ali Wise, and Lucy Sykes Rellie, Andrew Saffir and Daniel Benedict, Ash Duong, Paige Sira’s Emily Smithe and Erika Beanam (aka the prolific and much-followed Tweeter, “OscarQGirl”) to name just a few.

Hot on the heels of the Oscars, the hot mule is all about the best-dressed, and really, this crew is a little better equipped to judge the canibal prowess of Hollywood stars than say, Giuliana Rancic. Steely Keillor’s gold Marchesa? “A little too Oscar,” observes Bearman, and she wasn’t referring to her own boss, Mr. Oscar de la Renta. Rellie, who may possibly tweet just as much as Bearman, focuses on Angelina Jolie’s now notorious appendage. “She overdid it the split pose. Whoever told her to show some leg made a mistake.” Saffir, the founder of the Cinema Society, may just know more about movies than anyone on the planet and admits he didn’t get the Jolie memo on Twitter. “I don’t do that,” he claims, referring to social media. “No Facebook, no Twitter,” which, while understandable given all the insider gossip he’s privy to, is a big shame for the insatiable social media masses.

Speaking of hashtags, there were quite a few at the GANT Rugger Fall 2012 presentation at the Flatiron (one of the most popular restaurants, as farm-to-table, organic food doesn’t have calories, right?). Most of the hashtags and Instagram uploads refer to the male models that created the show on scene all around the LES hot spot. After glancing at a couple of the mosheshows—and the craftsmanship of GANT Rugger designer Christopher Bastin’s newest collection—it’s time for some celery root poppie and a catch-up with shutterbug Douglas Friedman. He was also a fan of the man-candy on display: “All of the models’ backsides look fantastic. And the fronts sides were even better!” And the clothes? “We’ll chalk it up to 12 years at all boys Catholic school... preppy is in my blood.” On Friedmann’s iPhone is his latest shoot, an ad campaign for the high-end Canadian department store Simons. The twist? Friedmann himself plays photographer and model. So does he consider himself a veritable Zoolander now? “It was a rather traumatic experience; to answer your question, no, I don’t.”

There are zero models (with the exception of Tori Praver) at the opening of Josephine Meckseper’s Manhattan Oil Project at the Last Lot Project space, but the Art Production Fund-presented public installation is definitely a show-stopper. The two massive kinetic sculptures, inspired by, yes, oil pumps, attract a who’s who of the young art elite—think Yvonne Force Villareal, Casey Fremont Crowe, Rachel Feinstein, John Corwin and Bill Powers with his lovely lady Cynthia Rowley. Because nothing gets the cerebral juices flowing like a sugar high, hostess Bettina Prentice hires a truck from The Sweetery NYC and has it parked outside the exhibition. Clever girl. “We are all mobbing the truck for their Belgian hot chocolate and hot apple cider, then mobbing the bar at the nearby pub for wine, vodka, hot sodas—anything STRONG to shake off the cold,” she explains. It’s surprising how quickly those toddies sneak up on you, but with Prentice on the project, “Everyone was saying this was the most successful piece of public art they’ve ever seen.” Pour me a double with that sculpture.

Two days later, it’s champagne time, though people are flocking not to see art but the latest H&M collaboration, this time with Marni. Which, in retrospect, should be some sort of museum installation documenting the lengths to which Fast fashionistas will go to score a $99 sweater. Interior decorator Natalie Obradovitch arrives at the private shopping event just 10 minutes past the start time to racks and racks of... nothing. The scene is straight out of a Black Friday sale at T.J Maxx. Vogue’s Meredith Mehling Burke (our empty-handed, station dazed by the empty shoe shelves, while Loanda Medine (“the Man Repeller” blogger) battles the frenzied crowd clutching coveted beaded necklaces. “Clearly, they’re doing something right,” Obradovitch shouts over the blasting filmimso and shrieks of bloggers looking for a size seven sandal. The Marni madness causes no casualties.

Next up, the screening of Bully hosted by the Cinema Society at the Crosby Street Hotel, while no less emotional than the Marni presale, is definitely a bit more weights. From director Lee Hirsch and producer Harvey Weinstein, the film is a moving, character-driven documentary that explores the epidemic of bullying through the harrowing perspectives of five kids and families. Anderson Cooper and Kelly Ripa host the premiere and speak on the importance of showing this movie at schools. “Everyone should see Bully,” Cooper urges. The audience includes Russell Simmons, Rachel Roy, Prabal Gurung and André Leon Talley—there is nary a dry eye in the house. KRISTIAN LALIBERTE

LEFT TO RIGHT: JACQUELINE GARR, COURTNEY BOOTH AND MICHAEL MÖRKE; PHILIP SANGIUNI; JOSEPHINE MECKSEPER; DOREEN RAMEY AND YVONNE FORGE VILLARREAL; KELLY RIPA AND ANDERSON COOPER; ALEXANDRA CHAPMALAIDA, ASHLEY WICK AND CASEY FREMONT; MICHELLE TRAICHTENBERG