



Hunt Slonem and Anne Slater at the dinner to celebrate Slonem's new book, *Pleasure Palaces*.

Seasonal Treats

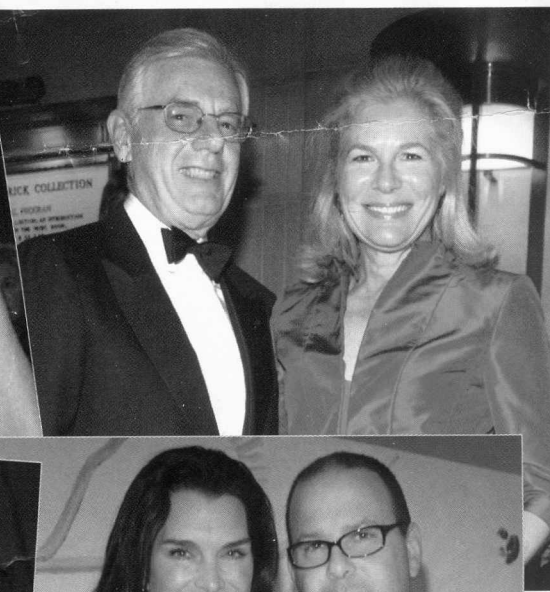
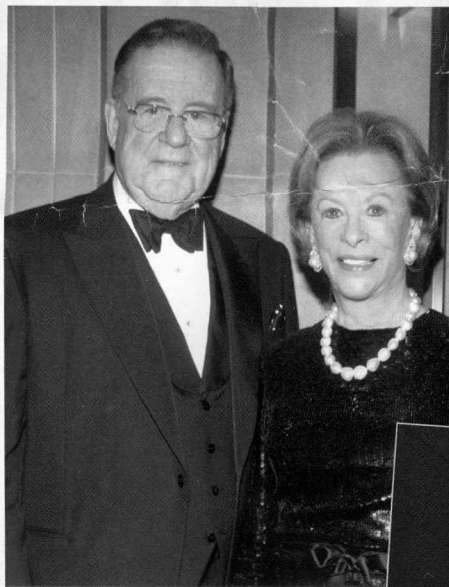
The best galas and gatherings make for an eventful autumn

*great!
Wolfe*

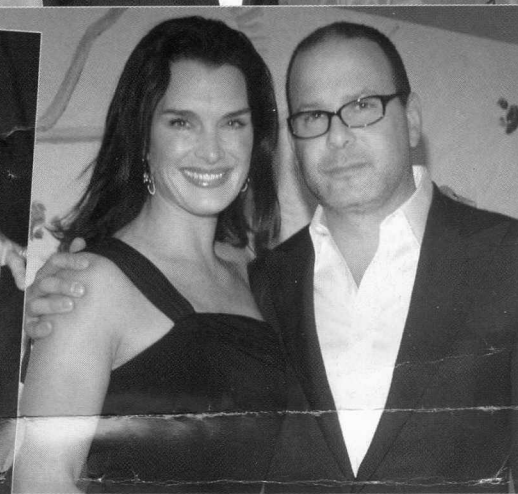
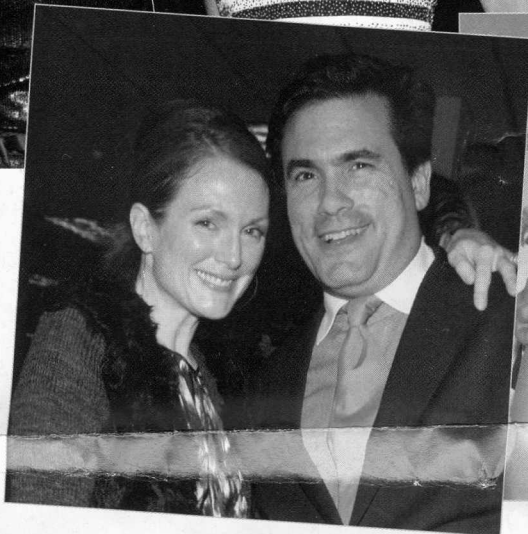
It's been a confusing season, weather-wise. (And perhaps more than that, but I'll leave that to the debates.) The über-Indian summer has forced us back into our summer storage and left us wrapped in a confused mess of chiffon and flannel. I was, however, with a fashion-forward, fearlessly dressed group of Upper East Siders last night—silver spandex, black velvet, tiaras and horns were worn by revelers who relished the coatless evening. It was, of course (though, in other neighborhoods, not necessarily), Halloween. And I must say, in hopes they will read this, the gracious hosts of adult pit-stops, in between the “t and t”-ing are our heroes, and we fervently hope this will be an annual respite.

Somehow, seasons become incidental inside The Frick. It has its own time and season. This year, we were transported for The Frick Collection's Autumn Dinner, chaired by **Donna and Bill Acquavella**, **Kay and Ben Fortson, Jr.**, and **Suzette de Marigny Smith**, in honor of **Anne and John Marion**. John was, of course, the chairman of Sotheby's from 1975 to 1994. As **Anne Poulet**, director of The Frick Collection, commented, “He is the greatest and most famous auctioneer of fine arts, and a master of communication, psychology and wit, who wielded his gavel in the sale of many of the world's greatest treasures.” John led auctions resulting in the sales of

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Above (left to right): John and Anne Marion; Katherine Bryan; Bill and Donna Acquavella at the The Frick Collection's Autumn Dinner. Right: Julianne Moore and Jeffrey Slonim; Brooke Shields and Reed Krakoff at the dinner celebrating Hunt Slonem's new book, *Pleasure Palaces*.



Van Gogh's *Irises* and Renoir's *Au Moulin de la Galette*, and he appeared as himself on *The Cosby Show* and in *Legal Eagles*. His equally formidable wife, Anne, is chairman of Burnett Oil and its foundation, which has been a pivotal supporter of many institutions, including The Frick's library, the Modern Art Museum of Fort Worth, the Georgia O'Keeffe Museum (of which she is chair) and, a first for a Frick honoree, the National Cowboy & Western Heritage Museum. Yahoo, and thank you. They helped raise more than \$1.4 million at the event, double what was raised last year. Supporters included Howard and Mary Phipps, Steve and Christine Schwarzman, Lee and Jamie Niven, Helen Clay Chase, Kate Gubelmann, Mica Ertegun, George and Lita Livanos, and Amanda Haynes-Dale. Then my neighbor Katherine Bryan and I decided we could totter home in our satin slippers and gowns, away from the grand West Wing and its inhabitants—the Vermeers. I think she left a slipper. Just one.

From the gilded halls of The Frick to the fuchsia (and puce, and periwinkle, and . . . well, there are more than 70 rooms, at last count) walls of Hunt Slonem's

studio, one of his homes celebrated in his new book, *Pleasure Palaces: The Art and Homes of Hunt Slonem*. Reed Krakoff, president of Coach (and fellow collector and design maven), and Julianne Moore hosted the dinner, which was set in the actual studio, surrounded by 50 tropical parrots—Hunt's subjects. Julianne was Jeff (Hunt's devoted bro) Slonim's homecoming prom date at J.E.B. Stuart High School in Falls Church, Virginia. How did he let her slip away, you ask? Well, she got hives on the date. And you haven't met Fiona (Jeff's beautiful wife). Queens abounded. Gina Gershon said she had been picked homecoming queen at her high school in L.A., but demurred. She "thought it made people feel bad." Didn't think she looked that sweet, did you? Anne Slater told Brooke Shields she knew her father and grandfather, and remembered how her grandpop had made it to the finals of Wimbledon, but was waylaid by a cocktail on a departing ship, got to the court late, and lost by default. Dedicated Hunt collector, and part of the Krakoff/Coach family, Mandy Moore, flew in from vacation on Nantucket for the

dinner. Adam Weinberg, director of the Whitney was amazed to find Hunt's studio has more square footage than all the Whitney's gallery space combined. As Allison Sarofim and Stuart Parr talked about the plans for their "surreal" Halloween party, Campion and Tatiana Platt floated in from the Central Park Conservancy Halloween party, where the winning costumes were a man with a big magnet around his neck that was covered with chicks, and a brave girl in an astronaut's helmet and a big diaper. I know you can figure them out. We reluctantly sifted out Hamish Bowles, Beth Rudin DeWoody, Ashton Hawkins, Jim Reginato, Liliana Cavendish, and went back to our, perhaps slightly smaller, pleasure palaces.

And I know all this Halloween talk has made you mad to know what Serena was. She was a pirate. But specifically, Keira Knightley from *Pirates of the Caribbean*. No gold teeth, tattered bandannas or missing eyes for my girl. Cutting me off again, Matthew? And what were you for Halloween? I'm sure it was from the evil aisle. ♦