

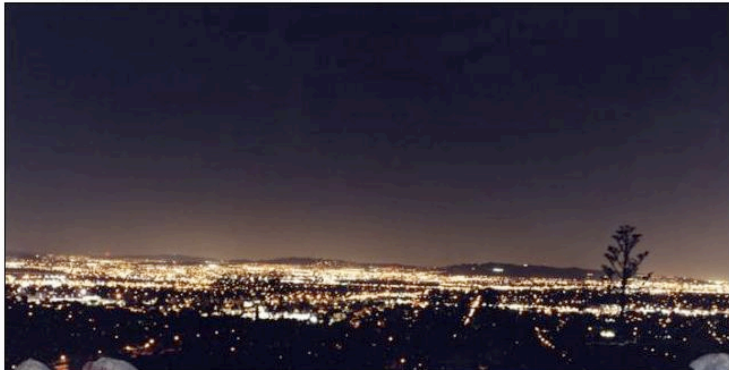
# the IMAGIST

HOME

## THE SOCIAL CLIMBERS GUIDE TO LA: POST PARTY POST

Submitted by **Wayne** on Wed, 2007-11-14 22:57

**Ali Kay** | **Bethann Hardison** | **Beverly Park** | **Bolthouse/SBE** | **Coldwater Canyon** | **Dean May** | **H&M** | **Keep Me** | **Polo Lounge** | **Ports 1961** | **Roberto Cavalli** | **Tommy Hilfiger** | **U Roy**



A night view from a Coldwater Canyon mansion

We were at the Polo Lounge. I was laughing to myself because the orchids, the players, the hyper-polished woods, the dress sense, the body language and the conversation was every cliché you ever wanted from a Beverly Hills power lunch venue. Thank god for a consistency of line! Our party consisted of our stealth Overlord with fingers that tap between the talent, real estate and nightlife industries, as well as a certain legendary television magnate who by the mere mention of his name got the hostess to spin you straight to his customary corner booth. Flanking him was his lieutenant in arms, a very sharp legal eagle and his new business partner: one of those tech whiz types whose standard dialogue combined business-speak with tech slangs that just turned musical to my untrained ears. Later on, the Magnate's overwhelmingly charming wife, a former Bond girl, swept in to join us. I loved the team work these two executed through the room. Though I did not know who anyone was gathered at the coveted tables, it was clear that this was a very clubbish room marked by a very discrete form of table hopping. One Beverly Hills dowager came over to say hello, giving us the newsflash that the Roberto Cavalli line had sold out in less than half an hour that very morning and that the inventory was so controlled, not even her best friend Roberto or his wife could get the extra pieces she desperately wanted "Very smart! Those people at H&M" she announced before returning to her booth.

A not very happy Tommy Hilfiger was at the table across from us, halfheartedly nibbling his hamburger and looking so much like a sullen kid I didn't realize it was Tommy Hilfiger. In the Polo Lounge. The ironies were abundant and I love this. I am starting to learn what a peculiar and esoteric language high fashion is outside of its customary corridors. Mastering the editorial branch of the trade makes you almost like a medieval monk fluent in Latin. The language of the Roman Empire may have been dying, but boy does it sound good at the castle table. Pretty soon every king worth his Gobelins tapestries had to have a Latin spouting prelate on the premises. While the big guns power talked, the compulsive journalist in me compressed and stored as much information as I could. Big plans and schemes were being weaved. I thought "So this is how America's entertainment gets brewed". Towards the end, the Magnate gave me a pretty big homework assignment. How does one say "sieve the day" in Latin?

This meeting was actually the second of the day. My breakfast downstairs at The Fountain had been with Ali Kay, the force behind the "Keep Me" loungewear line. AK had worked a few summers back as an editor at MDC before scheming up her very own clothing line which had since then steadily been sold out at shops like Bendel's. I felt so much pride for the success that this enterprising young woman was finding. The tabloids had been very happy to decide that the cheeky title of the line meant AK was merely content with been kept by her beau, Alex Von Furstenburg. But AK's talent and smarts are very real. I'm really looking forward to shooting some cool original imagery for "Keep Me" circa Feb 2008 when the new line hits the stores. AK's vision for "Keep Me" was so concise, so targeted, so patient and selective that it really could serve as a blue-print not only for building a fashion line, but any kind of brand. Namely, to make sure your product had a lot of integrity, to guard your quality control like your life depended on it, to bring back the hits that sell but expand the brand vocabulary very slowly and very carefully.