



"I love the night life."



Currently between Trojans



Right, said Fred.

Paparazzi the paparazzo.

Studio 54 nostalgia reached a fever pitch during Fashion Week due not to designer appropriation but rather to the publication of **Anthony Haden-Guest's** *The Last Party: Studio 54, Disco and the Culture of the Night*. The pub party/photo show at the **Serge Sorroko** gallery in SoHo was so crowded that even **Helena Christensen** and **Bob Colacello** were stranded on the sidewalk for a while. On the upside, it gave the free-drink-cadging, loserish former Studio 54 types something to do, though it was a bit sad to see them ogling the pictures of themselves before their lives were ruined. And what the hell was **Robert Altman** doing there? Don't tell me he's going to make a goddamn Studio 54 movie, too.

Fashion Week also saw the opening of Vain, one of the best new boîtes to hit Manhattan in the last year or so. The owners had a novel idea: Since it's a small space, make it light instead of crack-den dark. It's been packed with models ever since, including the delectable **China Chow**.

And finally, a few words about **Peter Beard**, one of the last true characters. You'd never know this guy'd nearly been trampled to death by an elephant a few months ago. He hit town a while before Fashion Week and out-partied everyone else around. Never went anywhere without at least three chicks in tow, downed innumerable cocktails, and kicked much ass. Make mine a double...

—Jared Paul Stern