

Living

CYNTHIA ROBINS
CYN CITYJingle bauble
time for the
Cartier set

"IT'S all about caviar tonight. Beluga. Lots of it," grinned Cartier's youthful and energetic manager, Wes Carroll.

Copious amounts, washed down with bottles of bubbly Veuve Cliquot. Tuesday night's intimate holiday cocktail party for Cartier's conspicuous consumers was well within the parameters of high luxe, down to the velvet-clad Santa (with real beard) in the back room.

"I love this party," said Laura Knoop King, ingesting a beggar's pouch filled with sour cream. "It's my dinner." "These are definitely quality calories," agreed Genelle Relfe, eyeing a bottomless tin of beluga.

Taking turns sitting on Santa's lap, decked with the momentary loan of a half million dollars worth of sapphires and diamonds, were an assortment of "girls," who may or may not have been bad ... or good. "Is this the prize given to the naughtiest girl?" queried Norma Schlesinger, fingering the glittering necklace that had been placed around her neck.

Walking out of Cartier with a terrific Christmas bauble were the Ristows, Dr. Bruno and the slim and superchic Urannia, done up in



Left photo: Men were escorted by beautiful women (and women by beautiful men) at the Red and White Ball on Tuesday. Right photo: Urannia Ristow with Cartier manager Wes Carroll at the Cartier party.



EXAMINER PHOTOS BY CHRISTINA KIDD HERNANDEZ

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a scarlet Chanel jacket and sexy slit skirt. They won the trip to New York to see the 150th anniversary Cartier retrospective show at the Met. Plus round-trip airfare — business class. Bet the good doctor upgrades.

The Cartier party was just a stopping-off point for Lois and Fred Pavlov and Norah and Norman Stone, who were on their way to "chaperon" the lovelies out to meet a guy or two at the Red and White Ball at the St. Francis. This year's ball benefited CAPS (Child Abuse Prevention Society) to the tune of \$100,000. The organization was founded by Lois Pavlov — who wore red, natch. Norah, CAPS

president, decided to dress in black, which is very unlike the color-loving redhead. "It's not my night. We're just there to check people in," she said, "or as Norman says, to 'check people out.'"

Pari Livermore, whose mission in life is to see everybody married, started it all 11 years ago — a glorified Sadie Hawkins night where an equal number of stags and babes are invited (970 or so this year) and where the women have to ask the guys to dance. And if you're the shy, retiring type or one of those insufferable "Rules" girls, there was a fix-up table run by Great Expectations matchmaking service, where, for five bucks, you were given the name of two eligible men.

Meanwhile, turnabout is very fair play. "What if no one asks me to dance?" worried Hal Brown, president of the Marin Board of

Supervisors. "Just stand there and breathe," I told him. "You'll get asked."

Livermore's minions have it down to a science. Guys were escorted into the party wearing pocket hankies with their names embroidered on them in red (lest they forget who they are), and the women were marched into the ballroom through an arcade of red and white balloon arches by a phalanx of handsome (and really young) guys. The dress code was red and white, although there were a lot of short, black cocktail dresses with acres of décolletage.

Looking absolutely spectacular with her new blonded locks and a slinky red satin dress was Lorræ Rominger, who was more interested in scoring some Mandarin Restaurant chicken than finding an escort. Dr. Jill Hope, done up in

strapless holiday green, looked at the mass of spawning yuppies and gulped. "I'm a little shy, but you have to say, OK, shove it. This is just for fun ... and it's better than staying home alone."

Meanwhile, much, much earlier in the day, Ingrid Hills' home was chock full of the ladies who lunch plus four male guests who, joked Hills, "had cracked her glass ceiling." Hills is very good at lunch, serving up an abundance of sea bass, risotto and a butter-drenched dessert that had Candy Hamm swearing she wasn't going to eat dinner. The fare was slightly different for the luncheon she and husband Ruben hosted at the Balboa Cafe for 100 of the children tended by their Hills Foundation (which provides 1,300 kids with meals and cultural services). Toasted cheese sandwiches and cherry cokes. Copious amounts.