

Open House for Jazz and Harlem

Last year, the Wall Street wheeler-dealer MARTIN ZWEIG had one of those spells that can make a gazillionaire glum: his Zweig-DiMenna Partners multibillion-dollar hedge funds plunged 28 percent. But you'd be no kind of guy in this town if you let a little reversal of fortune get in the way of doing a solid for the arts, especially when your wife is on a gala committee. And so Tuesday night, Mr. Zweig and BARBARA ZWEIG opened the doors (not literally, that was the white-gloved elevator lady), of their penthouse apartment at the Pierre Hotel as a thank-you for the people who spent the big bucks for next month's benefit for Jazz at Lincoln Center, at the Apollo Theater.

Talk of money is tawdry, but since the event is called Comin' Home to Harlem, one is clearly expected to get down. Invitees were primarily those who had bought tables costing \$5,000 to \$25,000. The Zweigs' duplex had cost \$21.5 million in the bullish days of 1999. And that was without the paintings by RENOIR, the Hofner bass guitar owned by PAUL McCARTNEY and the crystal-studded gown (auctioned for \$1.26 million three years ago) that Marilyn Monroe wore when she sang "Happy Birthday" to President Kennedy. (Is this a confluence of innocence lost, or what

— dear Marilyn and the dear bull market?)

Among those attending the Zweig party: PETER JENNINGS; the conspicuously pregnant "20/20" correspondent DEBORAH ROBERTS; the actress



PAM GRIER; the actor CHRIS NOTH; and WYNTON MARSALIS, left, the artistic director of Jazz at Lincoln Center. Mr. Marsalis, as his

friends know, has a thing about ironing his clothes and was late to the party because he needed to stop off at home to iron his suit. He's also, when it comes to the ladies, a hand kisser. He also performed.

"Most people came to see the apartment; they didn't even want to hear me play," Mr. Marsalis joked.

But play he did, slipping a well-used trumpet out of a nylon case, joining the student trio, and doing, among other tunes, COLE PORTER'S "What Is This Thing Called Love?" Under the DEGAS.

The It Girls, and No Clara Bow

And now, a moment of respect for those hard-partying rich girls no gossip columnist or designer of stiletto heels could do without, although we would give the world if we could channel Mother Teresa to weigh in

on them: the It Girls. You know, LUCY SYKES and PLUM SYKES, PARIS HILTON and NICKY HILTON, ELIZABETH KIESELSTEIN-CORD, CASEY JOHNSON. ROBIN LEACOCK followed them around for two weeks last year during Fashion Week and made a film, "It Girls", which will be broadcast on Sunday at 8 p.m. on the Women's Entertainment channel. The premiere party took place Tuesday night at Meet, a new downtown club in the meat-packing district. Alas, though the restaurant was reportedly designed according to the principles of feng shui, there was no mistaking the dead cow smells that wafted in from outdoors, mixing with the scent of expensive perfumes.

The ultimate It Girls, the hotel heiresses Nicky and Paris Hilton, could not attend, being, according to party organizers, in London or Japan, so It wasn't happening. But wait — here comes MONICA LEWINSKY. She smiled for photographers but ran from journalists with tape recorders.

Was Ms. Lewinsky an It Girl, we asked MARJORIE GUBELMANN, who hails from a prominent Palm Beach family.

"The whole world's obsessed with her for three years, that's pretty cool," Ms. Gubelmann said.

Enter the third and fourth most ultimate It Girls: the Band-Aid heiress

Casey Johnson and her buddy, Elizabeth Kieselstein-Cord, both featured in the film. Ms. Johnson, dripping emeralds and diamonds designed by her friend's dad, BARRY KIESELSTEIN-CORD, insisted that money had nothing to do with being an It Girl.

Did Ms. Johnson consider Ms. Lewinsky to be an It Girl?

"I'm not one to judge other people as It Girls," she said.

Well tell us, anyway, how one might lose that singular status.

"Wanting to be an It Girl," Ms. Johnson said.

I Never Saw a Purple — What?

And hey, what about our new It Chefs, MICHAEL ANTHONY and DAN BARBER, of the Blue Hill restaurant in Greenwich Village? They were among the 11 chefs honored by Food & Wine Magazine, at their Best New Chefs in America awards party Tuesday night in Chelsea, at Frame.

One specialty at Blue Hill is poached duck with purple, red and orange carrots — in season, of course. Do purple carrots taste any different than those of the usual hue?

"No," Mr. Barber said. "They really don't."

But, he explained, they're grown by a farmer in Tivoli, N.Y., who has a farm with nutrient-rich "black dirt." It Dirt, they call it upstate.