ALL HAIL SJP

SARAH JESSICA PARKER ON SURROGACY, SAYING NO TO BOTOX AND THAT MOVIE EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW
Met effect

All aboard for the Metropolitan Museum of Art Costume Institute Gala, easily the highlight of the New York social calendar and, possibly, the world’s. “Don’t be afraid of Anna [Wintour],” implored Oprah Winfrey, in a speech to a crowd of the beautiful ones. “She’s a powerful force, but all I want to do is go and give her a hug.” Into this atmosphere of love, tolerance and the recognition that being successful does not make you a bad person, appeared Lady Gaga, who told the audience that Anna had called her personally to ask her to perform at the ball, with the caveat that she did not use profane vocabulary. “Well, Anna, I’m going to f***ing try,” she said. Half the best after-party was at the Top of the Standard (formerly the Boom Boom Room) in Manhattan’s Meatpacking District. There was Sienna — who had nipped home for leather jeans and T-shirt — and there was Jude doing shots with Marion Cotillard at the bar. There was Chloe Sevigny tangoing with Leigh Lezark; and Katy Perry, lit up like a Christmas tree (“I’m doing this for me”). Some girls — Leo DiCaprio’s squeeze, Bar Refaeli, among them — kicked off their Alaïas and hit the dancefloor barefoot. We know, completely unacceptable behaviour. What on earth would Anna have thought?

SONIC YOUTH

Rubbish magazine’s party for the launch of the Teen Vogue Handbook drew Henry Holland and Pixie Geldof, left, lots of male models and plenty of Underage hotties. Unsurprisingly, we were floored by the extreme styliness of the assembled guests. One 13-year-old was wearing a playsuit investment piece she’d bought at Urban Outfitters when she was 10. “I try to always ask myself,” she said, “Will I like this in three years’ time?” Brilliant fashion foresight — and at such a tender age.

CAR CRAZY

Oh, hooray. Inflated bazookas and egos at the ready — the 2010 Gumball rally is under way. Yes, despite historical mishaps of a fairly serious nature and £250,000 willy extensions being so very 1998, the 3,000-mile caper is off again. Jade Jagger, below, Eve and Dizzee Rascal are all in, presumably revved up by the event’s utterly pointless airlift of 120 Ferraris, Lamborghinis, Bugattis and Astons across the Atlantic. Yes, we know: by mentioning it, we’re only stoking the Gumball fire. In fact, we imagine the weasel-eyed organisers are already planning the next 20 just to annoy us. So we’ll leave it there.

THE BREAKFAST CLUB

To Shoreditch, for the 10th birthday of the contemporary art website Counter Editions, where we spotted Lilly Cole, right, showing off a new boyfriend (far easier on the eye, we noted, than previous efforts), and Phillip Start, the husband of Fashion Fix presenter Brix Smith-Start. He confessed to a new habit of breakfasting at the Rivington Grill every morning at 8.30am sharp. Alison Goldfrapp’s girlfriend, Lisa Gunning, was an early riser, too. When the hottest tickets in town are the Brutally Early Club, a 6.30am salon designed to confound the oncopensive nature of 21st-century city living, and 7.30am lectures over tea and croissants at the School of Life in Bloomsbury, we fancy that taking a few minutes of contemplation at the beginning of each day might well be the next big thing.

A spot of spring guerrilla gardening. On International Sunflower Guerrilla Gardening Day, we planted some seeds beside a bench on the Regent’s Canal. Keep up with the progress of the Style sunflower on our blog.