

PARTY OF THE WEEK

AMY COOPER



Hugos Manly launch

HISTORY had been made. The eastern empire of Hugos had claimed its first northern territory, a waterfront restaurant on Manly Wharf. To secure this new stronghold the Evans brothers amassed an army to invade by sea, armed only with a determination to party.

The problem: eastern suburbs Hugos regulars panic when asked to leave their postcode. To transport them all the way to Manly, owner Dave Evans had to create a comfort zone reassuring enough to distract them completely from the journey. And so he transformed the Captain Cook III into a floating Hugos filled with familiar things – Hugos waiters, bartenders and DJ and enough Moët to calm even the nerviest passengers.

At King Street Wharf, 200 millionaires, musicians, models and the randomly beautiful boarded the boat dressed as they normally would for Hugos: in heels and clothes made for show and not for icy ocean winds. And then Hugos Afloat set sail.

Boney M and Adam and the Ants pounded out and instinctively everyone began to dance and drink, soothed by the rocking floor. Hugos veterans know that feeling.

Our ship bore down on Manly and a little

They took us for a horde of disco barbarians.

gold dot became a stunning restaurant. "Welcome to Hugos Manly," announced Captain Dave as we docked to the loud strains of *Sexual Healing* (this was not a stealth invasion).

Startled locals took one look at what was coming down the gangplank and fled. The wind and spray had bestowed upon us an outlandish appearance and they took us for a ship-borne horde of champagne-wielding, disco barbarians. Some might say they were right.

Inside the new Hugos was the party's other half – reinforcements who'd come from the north or by land. Leo Sayer, Jamie Durie and Deborah Hutton were enjoying the timber deck and leather banquettes, Pete Evans's cuisine and, of course, the 270-degree view, which is the key advantage Manly Hugos has over its eastern sister: it's pretty outside as well as in.

Manly or not, we were on Hugos soil and that meant everyone was trying for a personal party best. The hours flew by, sangria flowed and then Captain Dave was whistling for us to retreat because our work was done.

Back on HMS Hugos, things turned tribal. We spun into a frenzy of dancing and, when the ship rocked, it flung everyone from one side of the deck to the other like a maniacal chorus line. We pole danced, we pogoed and we decided a travelling Hugos army was a superb invention. If Genghis Khan had thought of this, history would have been much more fun.



Danijela Faeller and Sally Brown.



Aimee Greenacre and Peter Lew.



Robert Ian Bonnick and Milica Cigoja.



Bonnee Robinson, Paul Schell and Zara Rattue.



Tara Williams and Dana Levitt.



Leilani Toivanen.



Jamie Durie and Deborah Hutton.



Vince Squillace and Dave Evans.



Steve Eden and Pip Wall.



Jee De Bruyn, Juri Menicucci and Zoe Loveland.



Scott and Adele Beachley with Leo Sayer.



Esther Selvanayagam.



Kali Holmes, Rose Cullen, Stuart Mcewan, Stuart Bedford-Brown, Dan Dixon and Chloe Duffell.

Photos: Lee Besford

This week's top parties

DIVA awards, **tomorrow**; Vodka O Tasteless party, **Tuesday**; Sydney Opera season launch, **Tuesday**.

Selected Diary photographs are available for purchase at www.fairfaxphotos.com