



Dinner is served: guests sipped an amuse bouche of creme of Jerusalem artichoke with black truffle



Vegetarians not invited! Grain-fed beef rib-eye with pepper crust, and pomme frites



# Yay! THE BULGARI OF BUTCHERS

HOW WE LOVE A CHIC SOIREE, AND A GOOD CAUSE! GRAZIA WAS INVITED TO THE SEXIEST 'MEET MARKET' IN THE WORLD LAST WEEK – DINNER AT VICTOR CHURCHILL... GLAMOROUS, INTIMATE, SIGH



The Chandon was free-flowing all night



Host of the evening, ModelCo's Shelley Barrett, and guest Sandy Mellis; (above left) Stephanie Conley with Sophie Baker from ModelCo



**S**UMPTUOUS menu? Check. Wow-factor location and VIP line-up? Oh, naturally. Welcome to the Chandon Supper Club, super-exclusive fabulosity for a good cause. Each year in May, 250 dinners are held in the best restaurants in six Australian cities, to raise money for Camp Quality, which supports children and families affected by cancer. As well-heeled passersby pressed their noses against the glass, host Shelley Barrett, the CEO of ModelCo (an official sponsor of the Chandon Supper Club), wore Collette Dinnigan to treat 12 of her friends and colleagues to dinner in a butcher shop. Beautiful people and a butcher's might sound like an odd pairing, but this is boutique Victor Churchill, "the Bulgari of Butchers", in Sydney's Woollahra. Think carved timber beams, Italian marble floors and Himalayan saltbrick walls, the chic space easily transformed into a gorgeously girlie dining venue. The guest list counted Nicky Oatley of the Oatley dynasty (the family owns Hamilton Island) and her partner Troy Tindill; Paul Schulte, co-owner and designer of hip Sydney spots such as The Winery by Gazebo and Gazebo Wine Garden; fashion designer turned consummate foodie,

Stephanie Conley (of blog The Hostess), and her DJ sister Annie Conley. The dress code, A Touch of White Magic, was interpreted in small details like a white Chanel camellia brooch and white high-top sneakers. The table was dressed to play upon the paddock-to-plate theme: a runner of moss, bowers of phalaenopsis orchids and white cyclamens blossoming amid a green background of lamb tongue leaves, mint and twinkling candles. It was a quirky juxtaposition – the table was flanked with refrigerators of sausages and chops and a cool room displaying dry aged beef. On plates? Mouthwatering chicken liver foie gras parfait canapés. The deliciously decadent main – a Victor Churchill 300-day (not 300 years, as was the joke going around), grain-fed beef rib-eye with pepper crust, served with pomme frites cooked in duck fat. The grand finish was a meltingly sweet chocolate souffle. All complimented with Chandon wines. After dinner, the guests were chauffeured – in Lexus limousines, no less – to rendezvous at a secret after-party at The Arthouse Hotel with guests attending other dinners around town until the wee witching hours. So fabulous... **More: [www.campquality.org.au](http://www.campquality.org.au)**