

Biz Dailies

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Sunday Routine: Faith Hope Consolo: At Brunch, at a Museum, Always at Work

- THE NEW YORK TIMES

Faith Hope Consolo, the chairwoman of Douglas Elliman's retail leasing and sales division, likes to leverage her name. It can be seen plastered onto dozens of vacant shop windows along Madison Avenue, and a tag line, "You Need Faith," is tattooed to pink pens and nail files that she sends to clients during the holidays. Ms. Consolo, one of the city's most prolific retail brokers, has clients that include Cartier, Fendi and Yves Saint Laurent. A widow who says she is "sexy and 60-something," she lives in a two-bedroom on Fifth Avenue with a wraparound terrace and views of Central Park.



ROOM SERVICE AT HOME Sunday is unlike any other day in that I never get up before 10 o'clock. The first thing that I do is get the papers from my front door and order my coffee. I never cook — I don't even make my own coffee. I have a designer kitchen with wonderful brand-new appliances still in boxes. I call Viand, an old-fashioned coffee shop hole in the wall, and all I say is "hello" and then they say, "800 Fifth two coffees" and hang up. Viand is not a luxury; it is a necessity. I know I sound spoiled, but really, I sound like everybody else who lives on Fifth Avenue. When the coffee comes, I take it out of the container and put it into one of my beautiful porcelain cups, and eat a banana. My husband used to say my middle name wasn't Hope, it was "Room Service."

PILATES BY WAY OF BARNEYS Then I get ready for Pilates. I have a standing appointment at noon on Saturday and Sunday. I go to Erika Bloom, who is also a client; I leased her first studio on Madison Avenue. Then I walk through Barneys New York because it is between my house and Pilates. I may shop, but really, I am taking an overview of what is going on. So as I'm strolling, I'm canvassing — seeing what new labels they have and what they are showing. Besides being a fashionista, which I really am, I am always thinking about my career.

NEW YORK RITUAL I come home and change to meet my friends for brunch. I always have brunch on Sundays because there is nothing to eat at home. And everybody eats out in New York; it is part of the ritual. Most of the time it is with my two best friends, and we might go to MoMA and eat at Danny Meyer's restaurant there, or we stroll up Madison Avenue to Sant Ambroeus or Eli's, and then go to the Guggenheim.

There is no structure, which is why I love Sundays. It doesn't matter if it is rain, snow or sleet — we aren't in the middle of Omaha. I just go wherever my Amex takes me, as long as it is in Manhattan. I'm not going over the bridge to Brooklyn for brunch.

MOVIN' ON UP Sometimes, because I love music, we might hear a special afternoon concert at Carnegie Hall or at the Rose Theater at Lincoln Center. You really have to take advantage of the city. But the whole time I'm strolling, I'm canvassing. Sometimes I'll take my friends to see some new stores on upper Madison Avenue and then walk down Fifth and stop at the Frick on the way home. I lived forever on Fifth Avenue and Ninth Street, and then I moved to upper Fifth, where I've been for the last 25 years. When I grew up, I just moved up the avenue.

MAINTENANCE Then I leave my friends and do my beauty routine. Every week on Sunday afternoon I get a manicure and pedicure at Bliss on 57th Street, and then I go do my hair. I have a private stylist who has his own studio in SoHo. I call him my Belgian waffle. He's European. Afterward, I'll meet my downtown friends. I went to school for art at Parsons, and I have downtown friends, although most of them now live in Brooklyn. So they might come over the bridge and meet for dinner at Balthazar or Raoul's.

B.F.F.s AND BEAUS And then we might go to a movie. Sunday is my family day, but since I don't have any family, it is all about my friends, my B.F.F.s. Sometimes I'll have a new beau take me out. I'm interviewing candidates. I don't know why people say they can't meet anyone and need to go online. I meet them everywhere: at the museum, in the elevator at the New York Athletic Club. If I don't see a movie, I try to be home by 9 p.m. to watch my one and only television program, "The Good Wife." While I'm watching that, I'm reading the rest of the paper. Then I'm asleep by midnight.