

A Montauk Home Where the Windows Are Always Open



Greg Kessler

When Jayma Cardoso, the owner of the Montauk hotel the Surf Lodge, first moved into her house, her first priority was installing huge windows. “Talking to the architect, he was like, ‘Well, with the budget you have, Jayma, you really can’t do that,’” she remembers. “I was like, ‘I’d rather do nothing else but have windows!’” She estimates she and her family spend 80 percent of the summer with all the windows and doors open. “I’m not a big air-conditioner person, although there is A.C. in the house,” she says. “Like a Brazilian!”

Home and Work

By ALEXANDRIA SYMONDS

The hotelier and nightlife entrepreneur Jayma Cardoso has been involved in a handful of high-profile Manhattan projects: SoHo’s GoldBar, Lavo in Midtown. But none is unmistakably hers as the Surf Lodge, the Montauk mainstay now wrapping up its sold-out eighth season: like the hotel, Cardoso is unfussy and welcoming, with an accent left over from her native Brazil and a throaty laugh she deploys often.

Though Cardoso has been going to Montauk for almost two decades and has been there every summer since buying the Surf Lodge in 2008, she didn’t have

a place of her own there until this year. After buying a fixer-upper in June 2013 (“new-made houses are not really my style,” she explains; “I’d rather buy the most beaten-up house in the best little neighborhood”) she spent last summer on renovations. The first order of business: removing the house’s old, small windows and replacing them with gigantic, airy ones that let in the Montauk light. “I just wanted texture and colors and space that felt like a beach house, where you don’t really feel like you have to take your shoes off to walk in,” she says. With the help of the local architect

Michael Foley and her friend and interior designer Daun Curry, she created a space that feels, in her words, “layered and rich, but super relaxed.” It’s full of touches that pay homage to both her homes: In the living room, a giant “Montauk Oysters” canister sits on the fireplace, under a painting by the Montauk artist and photographer Raphael Mazzucco, which Cardoso bought for its Brazilian vibes.

With its clean, minimal interiors, the house is a far cry from the bustle of the Surf Lodge during the summer season. Most days, Cardoso travels from one to the other by bike, a little red Lorenzo Martone number; the commute’s about 15 minutes, though she admits her results vary. “Depends how tired my legs are on the little humps,” she says with one of those laughs. “I tell people, ‘I’m two minutes away, I’m two minutes away!’ And they all laugh at me. They’re like, ‘No, Jayma, you’re leaving your house now, because it’s not noisy.’”

Once she arrives, Cardoso heads to her little office on the Surf Lodge property — a locus of calm amid the chaos of the hotel in the high season. (T has been sworn to secrecy as to its exact location.) There, she takes care of both business and wardrobe concerns; the office plays host to both her hat collection and a pile of changes of clothes. As the chilled-out daytime vibes of the hotel gear up in the evening, “a lot of times I’m working at Surf Lodge, I look like” — a word

Cardoso bought her bathtub at a floor-model sample sale more than four years ago — despite being, at the time, in the process of selling her New York City apartment and having no place to put it. Her then-fiancé wasn’t convinced it was a good investment. “He looked at me, he goes, ‘You’re crazy,’” she says. “I was like, ‘No, trust me, \$500! This is worth \$10,000.’” The artwork at right is by Cardoso’s friend Max Snow.

unprintable here — “and I don’t really have time to go back home, so I basically wear a hat and change my dress,” she says.

After Labor Day, Cardoso will return to the city full-time; but as the summer winds down, she’s more committed to Montauk than ever. “I still go once a week to sign checks in the city, and check in, because we have an office in the city — just for, like, a day,” she says. “But I’ve kind of, almost, 99 percent convinced my accountant that they can definitely put all the checks on the Jitney and I will sign them and get them to them the next day. I think I’ve convinced them. I’m going to stay out here.”



Greg Kessler

In Watts, Turning an Old Light Bulb Factory Into a Home

Home and Work
By MELISSA GOLDSTEIN

Laure Joliet



“We’re making the sprawl work to our favor,” says AndrWew Paulson, a self-taught weaver and one half of the Los Angeles-based design duo Dougall Paulson. Paulson and his partner in life and work, the ceramist Sean Dougall, live in Watts, a neighborhood that’s recently begun to show signs of a renaissance 50 years after the 1965 riots, thanks to chefs like Roy Choi and Daniel Patterson, who are opening a new restaurant there later this year, and Frank Gehry, who is set to collaborate on a local community center for the Children’s Institute Inc. “People ask us, ‘Is that the new neighborhood?’” says Dougall, noting the 75 blocks

that separate Watts from downtown’s flourishing arts district. “We’re not feeding off of an existing art scene. We’re trying to build our own visual language, on an island.”

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Dougall Paulson

including a velvet, blue-gray 1950s Paul McCobb-style cocktail sofa and a vintage Indian dhurrie rug. With 12-

foot ceilings, exposed wood beams and ample skylights, the 2,300-square-foot solar-powered space (with a 4,000-square-foot roof deck) is an artist’s work-home dream. Filled with industrial elements, midcentury statements and contemporary art by friends such as the German fiber artist Nike Schroeder, the space is finished with a cinematic soundtrack: the recurring rumble of the Metro’s Blue Line, which runs eye level and just outside their second-floor windows.

Soon after they moved in, Paulson left his job as a literary agent to pursue the duo’s creative partnership full time (Dougall previously worked as a production designer on events such as Prince’s 2007 Super Bowl halftime show and the 2008 National Democratic Convention). “There was something about coming here; suddenly doing work apart — or anywhere else — was hard,” Dougall says. They devoted themselves to their debut collection of 10 decorative pieces, called Dark Matter, which they showed at West Hollywood’s Therien Gallery in spring of 2014. Standouts included “Supernova,” a drawer-less, 300-pound bronze and white onyx writing desk equipped with both a dimmable LED light and a 1950s school desk-styled pencil dimple, which has become something of an emblem of the pair’s retro-futuristic style. After Dark Matter’s debut, sales poured in from collectors such as the designer Oliver M. Furth and the antiquarian Joel Chen of the influential showroom JF Chen. Next, Dougall Paulson



Dougall (left), Paulson and their Brussels griffons, Parker and Lou (below), gather at the farmhouse dining table, decorated with the designers’ Discovery Vessels, forms that start out as hand-built clay models and are subsequently 3-D printed and cast in bronze. Overhead, a George Nelson Bubble lamp. “When I was first able to spend money on design, it was for this lamp,” Dougall says. “It was the one piece I always wanted.”





Laure Joliet

One of Paulson's three looms is primed for a flat-weave rug Paulson is working on. "I think people still struggle with weaving as a proper kind of art form because they want to know that they can step on it or sit on it," he says.

will unveil Spectrum, a capsule collection of weavings made from jewelry-grade metals, opening at the gallery Blackman Cruz this week. "Light is more of a thrust for us now, and that's where these fit in," Paulson says of the reflective works, treated with mineral oil in order to slow, but not stop, the aging process. "It's about putting as much material in a square inch as possible and really exploding the surface — to both capture and emit light."

Their next, and second, full collection of furniture, scheduled for mid-2016, is already well underway. It will include pieces like a 36-inch-by-48-inch cast bronze "moonscape" coffee table with a topographic surface. They're still in the research and development phase, with evidence of experimentation everywhere: both successful (an array of scepterlike objets d'art sculpted in balsa wood and bound with found materials) and not: a foray into porcelain extruding was deemed too "Anish-y," referencing the artist Anish Kapoor. To be clear, they're fans of Kapoor; but any sign of the derivative triggers an internal alarm. "It's about finding a form that is brand new, creating work that is different and trying to explore materials that push boundaries," says Dougall.

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For their part, Dougall and Paulson trace everything back to their headquarters. Beyond their farmhouse dining table, encircled by a set of Michael Thonet Era

chairs and a George Nelson Bubble lamp, is a trio of looms, where the couple often sits opposite each other and talks while Paulson weaves. "You're supposed to name them, it's kind of a thing," Paulson says of the looms, after introducing "Kevin" and "Claire." "Gil," the 12-shaft workhorse, is the clear MVP, and largely responsible for the designers' new series of intricate, sculptural wall hangings — many of which will be on view at Blackman Cruz — that blend multiple weave

structures into dense glittering landscapes for an almost liquid effect. "Our home is an installation for our life and work," Dougall says. "It's all connected."

The Spectrum collection is on view Aug. 24 to Sept. 20 at Blackman Cruz, 836 N. Highland Avenue, Los Angeles, blackmancruz.com.



Laure Joliet

"You want to work in a space that says who you are," says Sean Dougall of the expansive Watts apartment he shares with Andrew Paulson. "It's like that quote by journalist Sarah Thornton: artists' studios are 'private stages for the daily rehearsal of self-belief.'" In the foreground, a wood and leather prototype for the pair's Nebula Chair from their 2014 debut collection of furniture and accessories called Dark Matter.

Alice Temperley's British Country House

Home and Work

By RITA KONIG

Cricket Court, the country house that the British fashion designer Alice Temperley owns with her husband and business partner, Lars von Bennisen, fully reflects both her personal style and her brand. Located down the road from the cider farm on which Temperley and her three siblings, Mary, Mathilda and Harry, grew up in the magical West Country county of Somerset, Cricket Court is the headquarters of the family's younger generation. (Temperley's parents, Julian and Diana, still live on the farm, and have the only commercial license in the country to make cider brandy.) Its look, like its owner's, is borne out of the Somerset hills and romantic summer fetes — the kind of life that inspires Temperley's floaty, lacy, feminine designs, which are worn by everyone from Beyoncé to Florence Welch to the Duchess of Cambridge.

"I love Somerset, as I can have everyone there — parties, people playing the piano and singing. I can go there and forget the grind that is business."

Alice Temperley

Temperley was actually just looking to rent a house when she and her father came upon Cricket Court in June 2010. "I went in barefoot," she recalls. "Every



corner I turned, the light was so fantastical.” She took one look at the house’s “position on the hill and prism on the roof and the 18th-century windows ...” and she was sold.

The place has quite a history. William the Conqueror gifted the estate to his brother after taking control of England in 1066. The house was later bought by the newspaper tycoon Lord Beaverbrook, a friend and confidant of Winston Churchill. Architecturally, says Temperley, the house has been described as being “like an M. C. Escher wedding cake — the outside seems to make no sense, and there are masses of staircases inside, many of which don’t really lead anywhere.” Which is suitable for the 38-year-old designer who is known for her Alice in Wonderland fairy-tale aesthetic.

Since she is a consummate collector, the house took very little time to decorate. The vibe is Portobello Market — Temperley is a regular at the antiques market near her Notting Hill home — mixed with bohemian touches. There are vintage velvet curtains, disco balls inside and out (she is known for throwing parties, including her annual summer fete in the country) and an old metal circus board hanging over the front door. The dining room features handpainted

wallpaper by Frederick Wimsett and a giant papier-mâché foxglove, a prop that the photographer Tim Walker gave Temperley after a photo shoot.

The bathroom is lavish, with a Victorian footed bathtub that sits on a platform painted with a Union Jack. The exterior of the bath was customized by Temperley herself, who hand-tiled it with pieces of broken mirror for a sort of Gaudi-meets-Studio 54 effect. One of her signature disco balls completes the look, along with a Rajasthani costume, which she wore as a child and which hangs in the window. Temperley does have a practical side — many of the fabrics she casually strews around the house are remnants from previous fashion collections. Her love of textiles, which informs her whimsical designs, is evident throughout the house — pieces of vintage fabric hang in the windows of her bathroom and studio. “I prefer to have something like that on the wall than

a painting,” she says.

“We were always dressing up as children,” Temperley recalls. Her father’s mother had “a huge collection of jewelry and fabrics, drawers of laces, shawls that belonged to Queen Victoria, and she used to encourage it in us.” On the other side of the family, her mother seems to have been a great influence on Temperley’s flea-market fashion sensibility. “She is



Emma Hardy

Temperley loves the Union Jack and disco balls, as evidenced by the handpainted platform and mosaiced tub.

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effortlessly stylish and unique,” the designer explains. “She lives in deepest Somerset, but she is one of the most glamorous women I know, in a very earthy way. She doesn’t have any designer accessories,” — other than those from Temperley — “she just finds stuff at stalls.”

During the weekends the house is filled with generations of Temperleys. “Family is the most important thing,” she says. The house teems with children, including Temperley and von Benning’s 3-year-old son, Fox, and his cousin Phoenix, the son of Temperley’s sister Mary, who lives in a converted chapel five miles down the road. A pair of miniature donkeys, which belong to a neighbor, are regular visitors, and Temperley has her own alpacas: first came Louis, a present for Lars, and then — on discovering that alpacas can die of loneliness — she bought Rupert.



Emma Hardy

Banjo and Mojo, the neighbor’s miniature donkeys, in the living room at Cricket Court.

“I love Somerset, as I can have everyone there — parties, people playing the piano and singing. I can go there and forget the grind that is business.” But if Temperley has created a rural retreat from her working week, it’s also clear that she has channeled her bucolic upbringing into a successful fashion career.

Correction: April 25, 2014

An earlier version of this post misstated a number of facts about the history of Cricket Court. While William the Conqueror gifted the estate to his brother after taking control of England in 1066, he did not build the house for him. (The current iteration of Cricket Court, apart from some remaining 16th-century fragments, was constructed in the early 19th century.) Additionally, there is no evidence that the house was ever visited, much less lived in, by Leo Tolstoy, who was never in exile, in England or elsewhere. The post also misstated some facts about Winston Churchill. While Lord Beaverbrook, who owned Cricket Court during World War II, was Churchill’s friend and confidant, Churchill did not plan the D-Day landings in the house’s library, nor elsewhere. (The planning of the D-Day operation was carried out by British Lt. Gen. Frederick E. Morgan, along with Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower and British Gen. Bernard Montgomery, among others.) Also, there is no plaque commemorating Churchill on Cricket Court’s front steps. And finally, the post misspelled William the Conqueror’s name as Conquerer.

Correction: May 5, 2014

A brief version of this article, which was published in the Arena column in the Sunday Styles section on March 30, also contained the error about William the Conqueror’s not having built the house, and the error about Tolstoy.

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