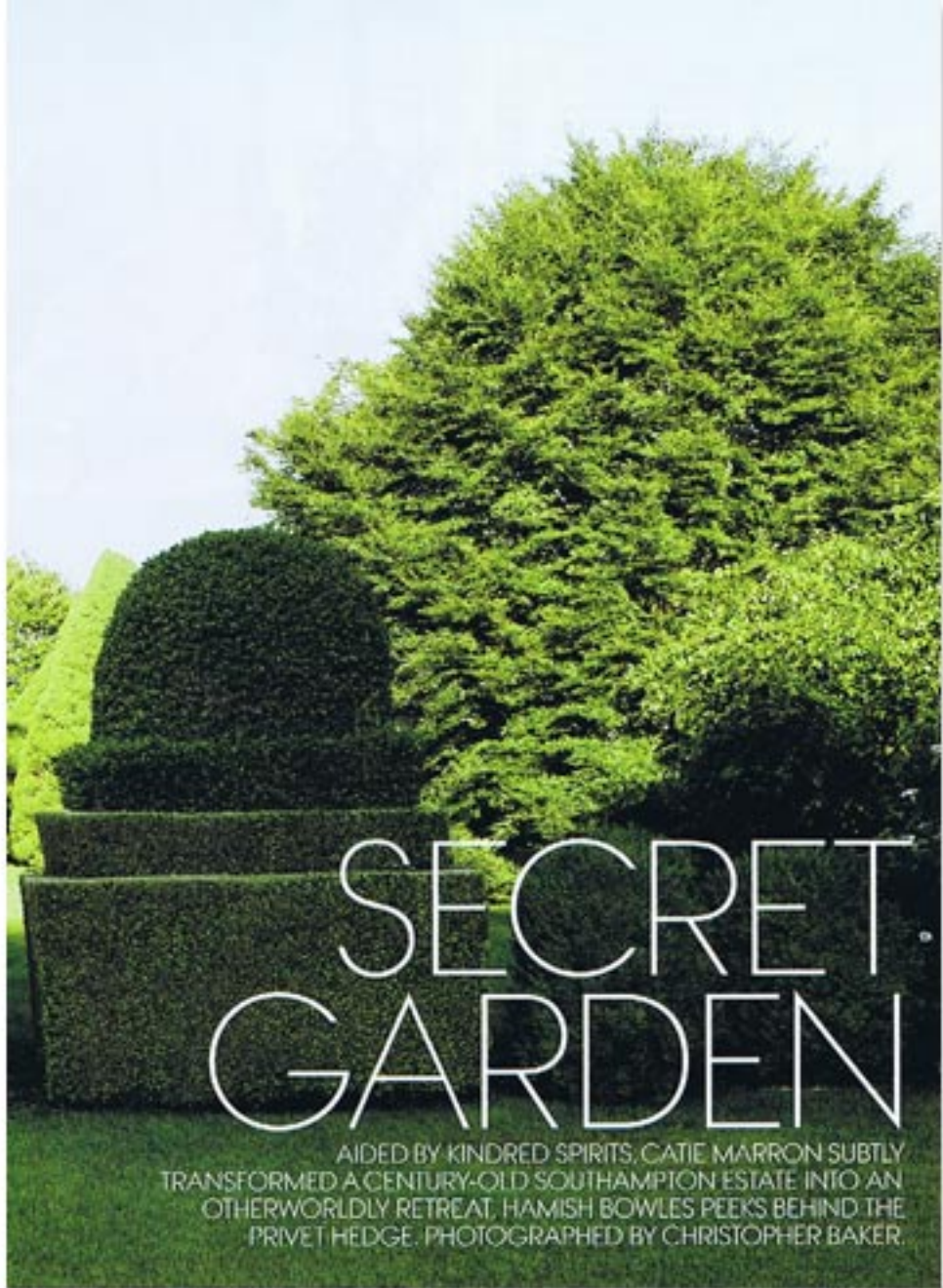




**SAFE ARBOR**

The best kind of  
original is the kind  
it carries at its own view.  
Garden Editor:  
Mariana Brooks



# SECRET GARDEN

AIDED BY KINDRED SPIRITS, CATIE MARRON SUBTLY  
TRANSFORMED A CENTURY-OLD SOUTHAMPTON ESTATE INTO AN  
OTHERWORLDLY RETREAT. HAMISH BOWLES PEEKS BEHIND THE  
PRIVET HEDGE. PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHRISTOPHER BAKER.

**B**ehind the towering privet walls of Southampton's storied lanes, some of Long Island's sturdiest mansions sit proudly on manicured lawns. Rambling clapboard "cottages" fashioned for Wharton heroines vie with Louis Seize pavilions conceived for Mainbocher-clad mid-century taste mavens. But when the cobble newlywed Catherine "Catie" Marron (a former investment banker, then *Vogue's* Senior Features Editor) went house hunting with her husband, Donald (then CEO and chairman of Paine Webber, and later the founder of Lightyear Capital), it was an unpretentious, century-old house that caught her eye—even though its handsome bones had been marred by the years. "It was just a beat-up old house, pretty threadbare," Marron recalls. "No one could see its potential. It was overgrown, but it had a feeling to it—something magical. It is still so densely planted, you feel you are in your own world."

Magnificent trees shaded unkempt grounds that reeled toward a reed-fringed pond—among them a stately elm, a copper beech, spreading oaks and maples, and soaring holly bushes. A former owner who came from the South had brought her passion for her native flora with her. In this East Coast ocean of green, such exotic transplants as crape myrtle flourished, and even a brace of camellias have taken so well to their shady corner that their glossy leaves and red and white-splashed pink blossoms now tickle the high eaves of the house. Marron was bewitched.

She also appreciated its architectural discretion: the entrance is possibly the least astounding of its rambling facades, and Marron delights in the fact that visitors have been known to sail right past, presuming it to be a lodge to a grander establishment farther down the drive. "I just thought to myself, I hope I'll get to live there," Marron remembers.

Twin tree houses speak of the bucolic childhood of the Marrons' children, William, seventeen, and Serena, sixteen. Recently, their potential for riotous teenage shenanigans threatened their future, until the resourceful granddame, George Pietraszko, came up with a pragmatic solution: He simply removed the toddlers.

A distinguished philanthropist and visionary civic leader, Catie Marron has been a member of the board of the New York Public Library since 1993, and served as its dynamic chairman of the board from 2004 until her retirement in September 2011 (she is currently chairwoman emerita). "When I was working on the library, it was very business-oriented," says Marron with characteristic understatement. (During her tenure, five new libraries were built, the endowment increased from \$475 million to \$800 million, and she oversaw a \$1.2 billion capital campaign.) "I missed doing something creative."

So three years ago, Marron channeled that spirit as she turned to garden designer (and *Vogue* Contributing Editor) Miranda Brooks to subtly transform the landscape, and then to Jesse Carriere to frothen the interiors of the house and its guest accommodations (a converted barn). Marron relishes the "nice, compatible little group"—as well as Brooks, Carriere, and Pietraszko, she cites plantsman John Britel and contractor John Follini, a team she choreographed to produce "a very happy house."

Marron wanted "a new version of an old American



**RHAPSODY IN BLOOM**

Interior Designer Jesse Carriere revved the house with crisp, traditional underpinnings in the dining room. An antique zinc teapot, found at Bloom in Sag Harbor NY, coolly contrasts with Carriere's found-of-Dor, Paris, issue. A chance in the Pale Garden, including an old-fashioned, foxglove, lavender, and rosemary, and more.



**EMERALD AISLE**

Equaled trees now define the herb garden, now: A view of the house through the branches of a dogwood.

**COUNTRY LIVING**

Left: Serena (in a jacket by Denim & Supply Ralph Lauren). Catie (in her own Derek Lam sweater and Prada jeans), and their Norwich terrier, Scooter, enjoy a tranquil moment in the willow-wigwag house. Right: In the entrance hall, 20th-century reproductions of Mrs. Delaney's botanicals line the mantel while Hugo Guinness works hung above an antique wing-back covered in velvet, custom-made in India.





**SOLID GEOMETRY**

Claret's hedges and hollyhocks surround the pool, lending it a David Hicks-like formality.

house—something that could have been there a hundred years ago," she says. "It's very traditional but clean and crisp, with subtle, modern undertones," says Carrier. Inside, turn-of-the-century chairs in fancifully scrolling wickerwork and wicker-rafta occasional tables are dotted over thick ocar matting, a pale paisley shawl is draped over a table bearing a jigsaw puzzle in progress, and ferns bristle from handsome jardinières with a whisper of the Viennese Secession. In the entrance hall, artist Hugo Guinness's contemporary silhouette botanicals vie with nineteenth-century copies of Mrs. Delaney's exquisite examples of the genre—the sort of dialogue that Mamon delights in. In the double living rooms, with its twin marble mantels from the Civil War era, Carrier echoes the Marrons' collection of blue-and-white china in ticking, stripes, and Indian-spiagg cottons. "I love things to feel fresh," says Marron. Indeed, the Gustavian Swedish daybed and the pale colors that melt in Long Island's diamond light suggest a Carl Larsson illustration (in winter, the slipcovers peel off to reveal warmer-based layers beneath).

"Outside, everything was very open and mown into sweeping lawns with these beautiful trees," says Brooks, "but there wasn't much definition from place to place." So she orchestrated a series of areas that now provide a sense of progression on a walk through the gardens. A scented walk, for instance, hunked with elderberry, sweetbay, magnolia, lilacs, clematis, and viburnum, now leads to the rocky water's edge. To one side of the swimming pool is an enchanting rustic pergola planted with wisteria—a present from Mamon's great friends and partners



**THE SWING OF THINGS**

Excuses now for open. A blue and white theme repeats throughout the living room with Chinese porcelain and chairs upholstered in a Kandahar fabric by Hinson & Company. Sonja stands on her childhood swing, which hangs from a Norway maple. In a spare that has been converted into guest quarters, a David the bed overlooks the pergola in a sitting room upholstered in fabric by Pierre Frey. Details, see in This Issue.





**ALFRESCO**  
 (Clockwise from left) An herb garden bristles with feathery fennel branches, cilantro, sage, thyme, and verbena. Cate, William, and Serena stroll along the scented walk bordered with elderberry and sweet magnolia. A table is set for tea in a secluded grove by the woven-willow house. In this story: hair, Anthony Carnevali for Cutler/Redken; makeup, Suzy Gerstein for Dior Beauty Details; see us This Issue

in horticultural adventure, Oscar and Annette de la Renta.

A delightful pair of weedy topiaries, fondly imagined to represent a duck and a squirrel, stood sentinel on an extended hemlock brick terrace that beckons outside the living room. This has now been planted as a Pile Garden. "I like soft colors and white," says Marron, "and things that are 'drifty' rather than stiff and upright, to contrast against the topiary—which I wouldn't have chosen myself."

The kitchen door leading to the gardens had once been shaded by an old-fashioned, "heavenly scented" lilac that eventually succumbed to antiquity. When Brooks discovered it, the area was used to store pool equipment, but she transformed it into an herb garden framed by espaliered pear trees, which had been dotted somewhat randomly around the grounds. Now, bristling with feathery fennel branches, chives, sage, and thyme, as well as unusual dahlias, Japanese anemones, and old-fashioned roses, it is one of Marron's favorite areas. "Miranda chooses the most unusual specimens," says Marron appreciatively. "There's

a wonderful woodland spirit that comes through—a fey quality that is anything but obvious." Brooks also brought whimsy to the garden—adding "puddings" of box and a woven-willow house. "Catie is obsessed with baskets," reasons Brooks. "Her office is just basket after basket—in-baskets, out-baskets, dog baskets, she's mad about baskets." Now Marron has "a giant basket to sit under!"

Brooks also introduced her to the idea of decorative grasses, and in her role on the board of the High Line, Marron gained firsthand experience of Dutch landscape architect Piet Oudolf's subtle, layered plantings of wild grasses (reflecting woodscapes that flourished from the early twentieth century, when the High Line was the destination for cargo that had traversed the States, bringing with it alien seeds to take root in Manhattan). With these combined inspirations she has now "become a huge grass fan!"

"Before, you had an arboretum," an admiring friend told Marron. "Now, you have a garden." ☐



**RAISE HIGH THE ROOF BEAM**  
 Wisteria climbs a rustic pergola underplanted with foxglove, woodruff, anemone, salvia, and mulled peonies.

GET MOTIVATED!  
RECHARGE YOUR WORKOUT

# VOGUE

JAN

**PRACTICAL  
MAGIC**  
FAKING YOUR WAY  
TO FLAWLESS SKIN  
AT ANY AGE

**+**  
10 SIMPLE  
BEAUTY TIPS

**SPRING  
FORWARD**

**50**

FRESH, DYNAMIC LOOKS  
TO JUMP-START THE NEW YEAR

**6 WAYS TO WEAR  
THE JACKET  
OF THE SEASON**

**MERYL  
STREEP**

AMERICA'S  
GREATEST  
ACTRESS TAKES  
ON BRITAIN'S  
LEGENDARY  
IRON LADY

**REBEL, REBEL**

**MARC  
JACOBS**

FASHION'S ROCK  
STAR WHO BREAKS  
ALL THE RULES

