

VERANDA

JULY-AUGUST 2020

The Power of Color

GLOBAL
BLUE &
WHITE



CALMING
EARTHY
HUES



ELEGANT
ISLAND
BRIGHTS



STRONG
JEWEL
TONES

Where to Find
THE WORLD'S
BEST DESIGN

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For visionaries, travel has long been the lifeblood of good ideas—moments of discovery like oxygen for novel awakenings. Here, **10 top designers embark on stirring pilgrimages** from Cairo to the Cotswolds, the lively markets of Uzbekistan to New York's undiscovered manor house—and invite all of us along on their epic journeys.

The lobby of Bussaco Palace Hotel in Luso, Portugal, its Gothic, neo-Manueline style on full parade in carved limestone arches



In Bussaco Palace Hotel's bar terrace, "every pillar is carved a bit differently, with its own design," notes Gooding (top right, in Juliska's ceramic modeling studio in Caldas da Rainha, Portugal).



ABOVE: Richly colored platters adorn a building in Obidos

Iberian indigo dessert plate and Quinta cork centerpiece bowl; juliska.com.

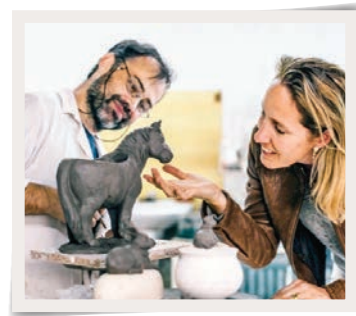


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 "What makes the Portuguese so phenomenal at their crafts is that they are exceptionally proud of their artistry and yet humble enough to innovate. They're happy to nerd out with you and take such delight in the process—there's no rush to the finish. It might explain why there's no such thing as a quick meal in Portugal. The shortest lunch you can have is an hour and a half because, again, there is so much pride in everything they make, whether it's a piece of fish or **ceramic serveware, blown glass, or embroidered linen.**"

—JULISKA FOUNDER
 CAPUCINE DE WULF GOODING



Field Trip



PORTUGAL

Capucine de Wulf Gooding Embraces the Vivid Nation's Decorative Individualism

IF YOU RELISH THE TEXTURE OF a textile and would turn a tablecloth into a ball skirt, Portugal will love you. It is not a country of wealth, but it is a land of riches: artistic, *épicurien*, historic, and the Portuguese people themselves.

When we started out making tableware 18 years ago, my husband, David, and I were determined to follow the craft. We'll find whoever does it best, wherever that takes us, we decided. And what makes the Portuguese so phenomenal at their crafts is that they are exceptionally proud of their artistry and yet humble enough to innovate. They're happy to nerd out with you and take such delight in the process—there's no rush to the finish. It might explain why there's no such thing as a quick meal in Portugal. The shortest lunch you can have is an hour and a half because, again, there is so much pride in everything they make, whether it's a piece of fish or **ceramic serveware, blown glass, or embroidered linen.**

And that's not the same as perfection. You won't find that here. In Portugal, you'll find olive groves and crumbling yellow churches, cobblestone corridors and chiseled stone and brightly striped buildings, painted so returning fishermen can recognize them. It's a country of spectacular tilework and hardback books and bread so good, I find myself defending it to my French grandmother. It's a beautiful slowdown. —AS TOLD TO ELLEN MCGAULEY

ENGLAND

Mish Tworowski Embarks on a Botanical Grand Tour in the Verdant Countryside

JUST AS A PAINTER WOULD VISIT THE LOUVRE, every gardener needs to see the great gardens of England," says jewelry designer and lifelong horticulturist Mish Tworowski, who set out across the small country last year, zigzagging between public Edens and humbler house gardens. "The English are probably the best gardeners on the planet. They have the ideal climate, of course, but I also think there's something in their DNA that predisposes them to love the soil."

His botanical pilgrimage was steered, in part, by friend Aaron Bertelsen of **Great Dixter**, the East Sussex oasis Tworowski calls a plantsman's and designer's paradise, where "flowers are falling over the walks, plants topple over one another, and combinations are wild and unexpected. It's a true English experience," says the jewelry designer, who grew up experimenting in the dirt with his parents. Still, his immersive journey wasn't just a gardener's pilgrimage. "The



Great Dixter House & Gardens in East Sussex



Iford Manor Estate in Bradford on Avon



Hidcote Manor Garden in Gloucestershire

natural world is so important to me creatively," he adds. "You get to explore the possibilities of color, texture, form, and light, and get lost in them." The key is resisting the urge to photograph everything. "Part of being a good designer is knowing how to let go—to let the moment flood into your head and wait for it to show up later. That's the beauty of it."

Whether tracing the wide herbaceous borders of polished oases like **Hidcote Manor** or reveling in the romance of **Iford Manor's** unfolding paths and stairways—"bringing one of my favorite feelings from a garden, that of intimacy"—these tableaux are where we draw the most inspiration, he contends. "For me, gardens are spiritual places. They are about hope and small experiments and a beauty that's both fleeting and permanent." —ELLEN MCGAULEY

SPRINGFIELD, NEW YORK

Jeff Lincoln Unlocks the Secrets of a Hidden American Manor House

THE DEPUTY DIRECTOR AND inspectress of the Sir John Soane's Museum in London, Helen Dorey, took one look at **Hyde Hall**, a 340-acre estate in western New York overlooking Otsego Lake, and said it was "possibly the most Soanian house in America."

Built between 1817 and 1834 by architect Philip Hooker in a style that embraces early Greek Revival and Federal traditions, the residence is a "foremost example of romantic classicism in this country," says its executive director and CEO, Jonathan Maney. "The Doric columns on the great house were among the first uses of the Greek order in New York



The dining room is illuminated by vapor-light chandeliers.

TABLE SETTING: NUNO SOUSO DIAS AND FRANCISCO NOGUEIRA; STUDIO IMAGES; INES SUBTIL; OBIDOS; GETTY IMAGES; PLATE AND CORK BOWL COURTESY OF JULISKA.



Hyde Hall offers tours daily through October 31.

and are more slender than any known Greek prototype. In this respect, Hyde Hall is unique."

What's also remarkable is how unaltered the house and its furnishings are, says Maney, who has overseen several restorations of the property. With the largest collection of furniture by famed Albany cabinetmaker John Meads and the only functioning vapor-light chandeliers in their original settings, "It's like a time capsule of life in the 1830s." —NEW YORK DESIGNER JEFF LINCOLN

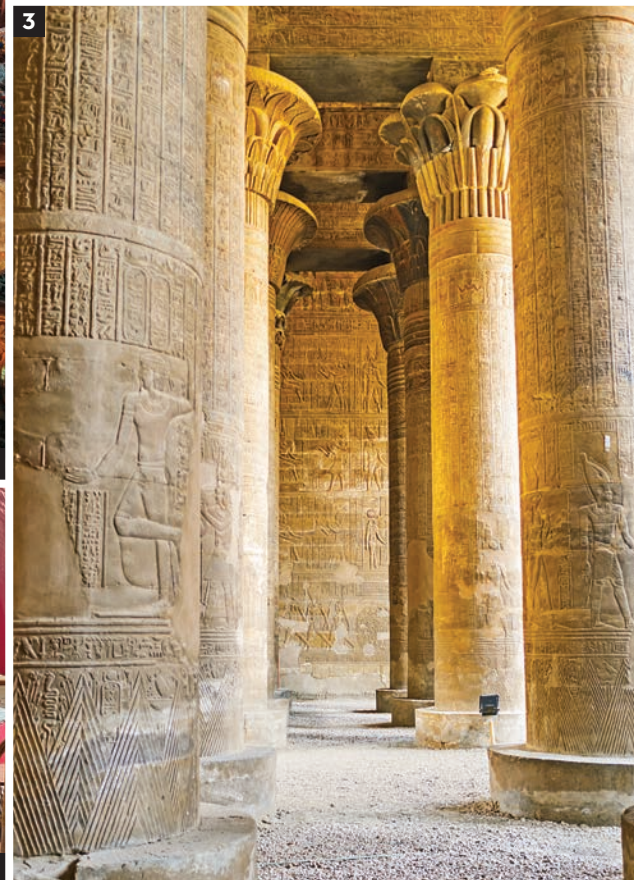


1 Bullard at Cairo's Grand Bazaar Khan el-Khalili. 2 The Great Pyramids of Giza. 3 The Temple of Khnum in Esna, where 24 columns carved with ancient texts are crowned with floral capitals. 4 Cruising the Nile aboard a traditional dahabiya. 5 Felucca sailboats in Aswan. 6 The stained-glass bar at Luxor's Al Moudira hotel



EGYPT

Martyn Lawrence Bullard Takes an Artistic Sabbatical in an Ancient World



OPPOSITE PAGE: PHOTOGRAPHS BY (CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT) AHMED WAHBA; COURTESY OF MARTYN LAWRENCE BULLARD. GETTY IMAGES, PETER ADAMS/GETTY IMAGES, COURTESY OF MARTYN LAWRENCE BULLARD (2).

IT'S AROUND NINE O'CLOCK on a Saturday night, and I am cozied up in the old-school glamour of the **Al Moudira hotel**. Surrounding me are eight spirited friends, all of us fresh off our journey from Los Angeles to the Egyptian city of **Luxor**. Sitting in this languid bar, plotting our first adventures, I feel as if I'm reliving a scene from *Raiders of the Lost Ark*: We talk of Luxor's great temple, the valleys of the Kings and Queens, the tomb of Tutankhamen. How we'll drift down the Nile.

Egypt has drawn me to its mysteries since I was a little boy. As long as I can remember, I have wanted to visit this land of pharaohs and pyramids and a culture older than time. Visions of Elizabeth Taylor as Cleopatra, sailing on her gilded barge, colored my imagination and left a yearning in my soul to experience this beauty for myself.

A landmark birthday finally brings me here. And on this eve of our magnificent pilgrimage, it's as if I'm Howard Carter himself in 1922, about to pry open that sealed treasure chamber.

THE FOLLOWING DAY, WE REVEL IN the tombs and temples buried in dusty, heat-drenched valleys. Painted hieroglyphics, many still bearing the original vivid colors from thousands of years of entombment, sparkle on their stone canvases. A light show at the **Temple of Karnak** is a farewell spectacle, an electric passage to our next chapter.

The ancient port town of **Esna** is only a short drive from Luxor. There, we visit the extraordinarily preserved **Temple of Khnum**, which sits 30 feet below street level. An easy stroll through a thriving market culminates at the teak planks to board our *dahabiya*, the traditional sailboat I hired for us to sail the Nile the way so many had for centuries before us.

We are immediately in love. Brightly colored, deep-cushioned banquettes and low beaten-brass tray tables line the upper deck of the *Assouan* (part of the Nour el Nil fleet); down below, we find white-washed cabins outfitted with Egyptian cotton sheets and draperies. A friendly, smiling crew dressed in traditional gallabiya robes unfurls red-and-white striped sails, and we set forth.

We adopt a leisurely pace past the Nile's undulating, palm-lined banks, unchanged since Cleopatra herself sailed upon these waters. Large punctuations of bulrushes conjure visions of the discovery of Moses in his wicker basket. I feel as if the tales of history are unfolding before my eyes.

In the days that follow, we pause in charming fishing villages that lead us to deeper treasures. Awakening one morning in **Al-Kab** (on the East Bank), we visit a decorated necropolis carved into the slope of the mountains, then sail on to **Edfu**, where a *hantour* (traditional horse-drawn carriage) takes us to a Greco-Roman temple dedicated to the god Horus, one of the best preserved shrines in all of Egypt. Further south, in the town of **Kom Ombo**, we become acquainted



“As long as I can remember, I have wanted to visit this land of pharaohs and pyramids and a culture older than time.”

—DESIGNER MARTYN LAWRENCE BULLARD

with the crocodiles. A double temple is dedicated to Sobek, the crocodile-headed god, and sits adjacent to a museum displaying the mummified reptiles, attesting to their important role in ancient times. I crown this an instant favorite.

At times, we don't stray from the Nile. We sail slowly, taking in breathtaking valleys lined with hieroglyph-emblazoned boulders marking the ancient trail to Libya. We swim in the fast current of the middle river where the waters flow clean and bright, and dine at the floodlit foot of the **Temple of Gebel Silsileh**,

drinking local wines and marveling at the sheer feat of ancient builders carving into these famed quarries and carting the hefty stone away, destined for service in building the country's famed palaces.

Our final day on board brings the sight of the desert closing in on the river, and we disembark in the city of **Aswan**. After a night at the **Old Cataract hotel**, which famously hosted Agatha Christie as she penned *Death on the Nile* and Winston Churchill, who painted sunsets from its terraces, a short flight takes us to the **temples in Abu Simbel**. Built in 13th-century B.C. during the reign of Pharaoh Ramses II and now a UNESCO World Heritage site, they served as a monument to the king, his queen, Nefertari, and their family. In a spectacular feat of engineering, they were relocated in 1968 to an artificial hill to save them from being lost to the flooded waters of the Aswan High Dam reservoir. I consider this one of the world's greatest wonders.

WE FINISH IN THE NORTH, IN CAIRO, where the quiet of a private tour through the **Egyptian Museum**, with its mummified pharaohs and golden masks, ancient jewels and the throne of King Tut, amplifies the magical energy of the old souk. The vivid bazaar is a holy pilgrimage in itself for an avid shopper like me. Winding alleys are filled with bed linens and belly dancers, silver, silks, and kaleidoscopically colored spices. Glassblowers, tailors, jewelers, and perfumers create one-off pieces for me on the spot. By the end, I'm lost in time and shopping bags.

But it's just beyond this final capital city that brings the most intense and meditative discovery. In **Giza**, we visit the **Great Pyramids**. One of my most powerful memories is climbing upon the limestone-and-granite blocks and sitting against this ancient monument, taking in the moment one breath at a time. The energy that exudes from this building isn't easy to describe. It's only slightly eclipsed by the **Great Sphinx**. We gaze up at it, lit by a setting sun and framed by the pyramids beyond. It's a golden-hued moment, and one of many majestic, soulful discoveries on this journey that I shall never forget. —MARTYN LAWRENCE BULLARD



SWEDEN

Sarah Bartholomew Chases the White-Washed Gustavian Jewels of Stockholm

I WENT TO SWEDEN ON A mission—actually, two. First, I wanted to explore and learn from palaces and manor homes that best exemplify the late-18th-century Gustavian style of architecture and decoration. I recognize reflections of this in my own work in my Nashville-based firm and online shop. Second, I wanted to spend time with my oldest daughter, Lilly, who had just turned 13. I have four children, and I craved some one-on-one time with her. And she loves design.

We spent a week in **Stockholm**, venturing out (often by ferry because the city is surrounded by water) to tour one historic property each day. You can appreciate right away that these were summer homes. You have these long days of clear

light—it's light we don't have here—and the colors of the countryside are magical.

And the Gustavian style, we discovered, possesses its own sunlit magic. King Gustav III, very much a cultural transformer during his reign, had been greatly influenced by the French neoclassicism he'd witnessed firsthand when he visited Versailles in 1771. So, he imported it. But what's fascinating is that even though the Swedes emulated the French, they did it with their classic restraint. Instead of gilded paneling, they used wood carving. Instead of silk damasks, they slipcovered in quieter cottons and linens. They white-washed woods and painted with pigments that capture those northern lights—and practically glow with it. The effect is moving and humble at once.

Field Trip



ABOVE AND LEFT: Svindersvik (ca. 1740) is one of Sweden's oldest country homes.



RIGHT: Bartholomew and her daughter Lilly outside the Royal Palace

Every day brought revelations. I loved seeing the simple, slipcovered chairs in the library of **Drottningholm Palace**, the royal residence since the 1600s. I imagined the royal princess pausing to read in the sunny space. The Porcelain Room, designed to house the king's faience collections, had stenciled paneling and painted brackets, all in the most beautiful Swedish blue. The pieces were gorgeous, but I found myself studying the paint; I could see the actual pigment in it. In other rooms I was captivated by the use of trompe l'oeil to create the effect of paneling—again, a Swedish simplification of French abundance.

At **Rosersberg Palace**, which was given to Gustav III's younger brother Karl XIII, I was taken by the slipcovers with their woven stripes and checks—now I want to slipcover everything. Mid-16th-century **Gripsholm Castle** had small built-in beds draped with simple cottons. And **Gustav III's Pavilion** in Haga Park is a monument of the king's aspirations (and a tribute to the Petit Trianon at Versailles). You tread the beautifully pale, weathered floors in its Hall of Mirrors and imagine how the light must have bounced and filled the space so long ago.

It was thrilling to feel the intent and touch of Gustav himself. But **Svindersvik**, a nonroyal residence designed by

SVINDERSVIK INTERIOR, PETER SEGEHAR; SVINDERSVIK EXTERIOR, HØLGER ELLGÅRD; PORTRAIT COURTESY OF SARAH BARTHOLOMEW.



The gardens and Porcelain Room (below right) at Drottningholm Palace



The Red Salon at Rosersberg Palace



architect Carl Hårleman and built in the 1740s for a wealthy mill owner, affected me the most. Part of the joy was that it was a challenge to find. Despite it being just on the outskirts of Stockholm, my hotel didn't know of it, nor did numerous taxi drivers I questioned. Further, the property was only open on Tuesdays, so we had just one shot to see it. We took a guess, hopped a ferry, boarded a bus, and walked forever. I used my GPS like an 18th-century map. I was determined.

And we found it. We stepped in and looked right through the dining room to the water, glinting in the sun. It was perfectly symmetrical on two axes—another French influence. Its *kakelugnar*—Sweden's tall and narrow stoves—were covered in hand-printed blue-and-white tiles. The antechamber had the most beautiful Chinese rice

paper wallcoverings, no doubt inspired by the owner's position as a director of the Swedish East India Trading Company. The bedchamber had checked bedcovers in a green that seems to belong solely to the Swedes. The garden

was also neoclassically influenced in its symmetry but not formal. It had beautiful apple trees; we pulled a few off and ate them.

This is life when you travel with your children: You look, you talk, you taste. After leaving Svindersvik, Lilly and I found a little cafe next door and right on the water. It was so quaint—eyelet curtains, blue-and-white plates on the wall, and just three items on the menu. We sat there in the low, late afternoon summer light and sketched a design for our own manor home on a paper napkin. We drew it together.

—AS TOLD TO TRACEY MINKIN

“Even though the Swedes emulated the French, they did it with their classic restraint.”

JAPAN

Robert Kime and Tory Burch Resurrect a Soulful Textile Legacy in Nara

SEE INDIGO AS JAPAN'S universal color,” says London-based designer Robert Kime, who traveled to the island with famed client Tory Burch last year and returned with an exquisite collaboration.

Amid the looming splendors of pagodas and palaces, the designers found themselves taken by a quotidian family of remnants—scraps, in fact, from trousers, scarves, linings, and obi, among them.

The ensuing 12-piece **Nara Collection** launched late spring, reviving motifs from remnants both modern and antique. “We leaned heavily into the blues,” Kime says. “There is a humility about each of the designs—and indigo is a humble dye, yet it goes with everything. You simply would not find these types of patterns in Europe. They are uniquely, and simply, Japanese.” —TRACEY MINKIN

RIGHT: Burch and Kime at the Hōryū-ji temple in Nara



BELOW: Antique and modern Japanese swatches are reinterpreted into 11 fabrics and 1 wallpaper.





UZBEKISTAN

John Robshaw Goes Ikat Hunting Along the Silk Road Less Taken

UZBEKISTAN IS FULL OF surprises," says textile designer John Robshaw, who first visited the Central Asian country 12 years ago. "I was traveling in India at the time and had heard from designers what an amazing country it was." And they were right, he says, noting the rolling hills and mountains punctuated by forests of poplars, meadows, fruit orchards, and small market towns. "It's dry and a little dusty, but the skies seem always to be blue overhead. And you can feel the history—Islamic architecture, then

Soviet-era slick stuff surrounding it—kind of frozen in place since the country's independence in 1991. For example: You'll be in a jazz bar in Tashkent that feels like it's straight out of the 1950s, complete with a Russian guy playing the piano." The traditional textiles that run deep in Uzbekistan's history, he says, have stayed largely intact. "Samarkand and Bukhara are both old cities on the Silk Route, and they're must-sees for their mosques, mausoleums, and fortresses as well as suzani embroidery," Robshaw notes, adding that Fergana Valley is the



ABOVE: Textiles designer John Robshaw

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RACHEL ROBSHAW.



CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: Fazlitdin Dadajanov, noted fourth-generation ikat weaver, in his Fergana Valley shop. Freshly dyed silk color samples dry at a silk factory in Margilan. The Registan public square in Samarkand. INSET: A craftswoman weaves an ikat textile.



ABOVE: The iconic blue dome of the Mir-i-Arab Madrasa in Bukhara cloaked in intricate mosaic tile designs

place to go for silks and ikat weaving. "It's still a cottage industry: Some workshops weave, some dye, some finish, working together in this amazing dance." He describes entering through a pair of gates to find people sitting on cushions on the ground, enjoying tea and dried fruit. The courtyards are piled with yarns, dyes, and battens. "The weaver will pull out the vodka because he has an excuse to drink with you; it's that traditional hospitality."

Robshaw returned last year and again came home full of ideas and vintage textiles, especially ikat. "India, Thailand, and Japan all of course have ikats, but Central Asia has its own traditions. The colors are rich and saturated, and the weavers create crazy combinations. I love the big ikat robes the men wear. Oscar de la Renta couldn't get enough of them! If you're into authentic tradition, there's nowhere better than Uzbekistan."

—TRACEY MINKIN

Raisa Gareeva's Salom Travel runs textile-focused tours in Uzbekistan and other Central Asian countries; salomtravel.com.

Field Trip

MACKINAC ISLAND, MICHIGAN

John Loecke and Jason Oliver Nixon Head Back to Class at the Dorothy Draper School of Decorating

SHOW ME NOTHING THAT looks like gravy." A natty, white-linen-clad Carleton Varney addresses our group of roughly 30 on a summer weekend in June, his colorful lessons peppered with quotables. "Umbrella stands are very important." "I dream in rooms." Of Joan Crawford's penchant for plastic slipcovers, he deadpans, "Joan had more plastic in her home than the meat department at the A&P."



The day-long curriculum is an animated study of his almost 60 years at Dorothy Draper. There's talk of Ethel Merman and Marlon Brando, Judy Garland and Margaret Thatcher. We watch a clip of Edward R. Murrow, cigarette in hand, interviewing Dorothy Draper at her apartment in New York's Carlyle hotel. A lesson plan covers the art of seeing, creativity, and risk taking, with dinner itself a shining case study: In the main dining room, we sup on roast duck beside

My partner, John, and I [of North Carolina's Madcap Cottage] are students of the Dorothy Draper School of Decorating. Varney's lecture hall: his masterpiece Grand Hotel on Michigan's Mackinac Island. I've known the venerable decorator for nearly 20 years. He wrote the forward for our book, *Prints Charming: Create Absolutely Beautiful Interiors with Prints & Patterns*, and John and I have long been smitten with his work at the Greenbrier. Upon hearing of the weekend immersion into his high-octane world, we were buzzing up the highway north of Detroit like Thelma and Louise, except with batik pants and velvet slippers.

blowsy marigold-printed lambrequins (Google it; it's decorator speak). Throughout, he challenges us to embrace color and even write an essay about the first room we remember. I think of my parents' Florida living room, with its Spanish furniture and rich green walls, jazz on the stereo and red tapers ablaze at dinner parties. I'll remember this world too. As John noted, "If only all classrooms featured umbrella chandeliers dripping with Chinese bells, black floral-print chintz curtains, and pink, azalea-hued walls."

I second that. When diplomas are doled out at the end, we half expect them to be doused in cabana stripes. —JASON OLIVER NIXON ♦



ABOVE: Designer Carleton Varney



LEFT AND TOP: The signature red-and-green parlor at the Grand Hotel

TOP IMAGE, RACHEL ROBSHAW; GRAND HOTEL EXTERIOR, DON JOHNSTON; CARLETON VARNEY, SARAH WRIGHT; PARLOR COURTESY OF THE GRAND HOTEL.