

The Hamptons
Issue 3
August 2013

Beach:

MODERN LUXURY

FOOD & FICTION

JOY OF *BEACH* COOKING

Summer Recipes From Daniel Boulud,
Tom Colicchio, Alain Ducasse,
Todd English, Claudia Fleming,
Eric Ripert and Laurent Tourondel

EMILY MORTIMER

The Newsroom Star's
Hamptons Retreat

Sustenance and Seduction

Gael Greene's Aphrodisiacs

Art Icons Talk Shop

Ross Bleckner Interviews Chuck Close

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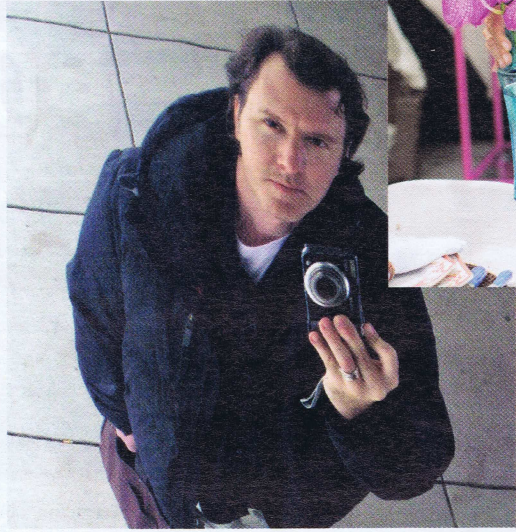
MARTHA McCULLY

Like our cover star, Emily Mortimer, who she interviewed, Martha McCully splits her time between the Hamptons and Los Angeles. She is a beauty and lifestyle expert and writer, who served as the Executive Editor of *InStyle*, the founding beauty director of *Allure* and an on-air judge for HGTV's hit show *Design Star*. *What's your favorite Hamptons memory?* "About 30 years ago I went to the drive-in movies with my college roommate Gina. The car died. We took all our pillows and blankets in a taxi to Conscience Point Inn. It was all so simple and beautiful then."



HOLLY PETERSON

Holly Peterson was a producer for ABC News before becoming an editor for *Newsweek*. She authored a *New York Times* bestselling novel called *The Manny*. Her work has been published in *Vogue*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *The New York Times* and *Talk*. Her next novel, *The Idea of Him*, a love story set against a satirical backdrop of high-powered New York, will be published by William Morrow next spring. In "Slow Down Summer" she muses over food's ability to bring family together. *If you had to eat one meal for the rest of your life, what would it be?* "Oysters and a dirty martini."



STEPHEN TREFFINGER

Stephen Treffinger is a Brooklyn-based freelance writer who covers design, interiors, technology and travel. He has written for *The New York Times*, *The Wall Street Journal*, *Elle Decor*, *Architectural Digest* and many more. In this issue he talks to the leading modern home experts on the East End for "The Modernists." *Describe your dream beach house.* "I'm a minimalist at heart, so something boxy and spare, yet with warm and tactile materials and textures."



EMMA WALTON HAMILTON

Emma Walton Hamilton has co-authored more than 25 children's books with her mother, actress Julie Andrews, seven of which have been *New York Times* bestsellers. A former actress and director, Emma and her husband, actor/producer Stephen Hamilton, co-founded Bay Street Theatre in Sag Harbor. For the this issue of *Beach*, Hamilton penned "Two For the Road," an essay about her personal and professional partnership with her husband, Stephen.



A heartfelt thanks to tastemakers Cornelia Guest, Tommy Hilfiger, Dianne Vavra and Linda Wells for generously sharing their favorite fashions and summertime accessories in the Hamptons.

PHOTO: HILFIGER; PATRICK McMULLAN

EDITOR'S LETTER

AUGUST 2013



My son, Mario, making pizza at the Water Mill home of Holly Peterson, who wrote "Slow Down Summer" for this issue's Brood section

My childhood friend and Southampton neighbor Dr. Samantha Boardman Rosen recently started a blog called Positive Prescription (positiveprescription.com), on which she offers up weekly doses of mind tonics and "visual Prozac's," examining long-held theories and beliefs through the eyes of modern psychology. I get a thrill every time I read her relevant and resonant summations of pop culture, art, fiction, fashion; the site offers an intellectual version of the Daily Candy emails that sated my fashion cravings during the early aughts.

She tackles other, bigger topics too, related to health, science and child-rearing, and also shares her thoughts on simple things, like the size of your ice cream bowl as it relates to overserving—and, subsequently, overeating. (See our "Afternoon Delights" ice cream roundup in this issue, but mind your scoops!)

But my favorite entries

have been the ones Samantha's posted on the importance of reading. Stories not only allow us to escape, they also connect us to our past, present and future. "Instead of a place to get lost, a book can be a place to find ourselves," she writes. Of course, reading doesn't just expand our minds, it also expands our understanding of our actions. For example, one study she mentions showed how reading fiction can build one person's empathy by teaching him or her to understand another person's perspective, intentions and beliefs. Other research found that, after reading a kind and compassionate moral tale, test subjects "were more likely to help a stranger than participants who hadn't read the piece of fiction." And yet another

study indicates that entering a fictional world is revitalizing and helps restore one's self-control.

So, good news: We'll be featuring a "Positive Prescription" column, written by Boardman, in our sister

publication, *Manhattan*, beginning next month—be sure to look out for it.

All this talk of reading only makes me hungry for more, so, happily, we have a few tasty morsels in this month's Fictionist, our literary section.

To further keep the conversation flowing, and perhaps to even deepen your understanding of human behavior, beginning with this issue we welcome to our fold literary editor Taylor Plimpton. Taylor's not just a longtime friend and talented

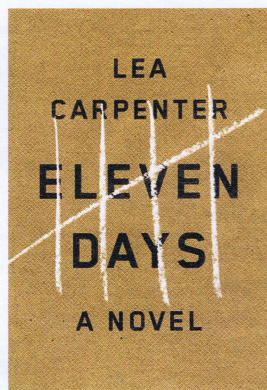
author, he's a man with stories in his blood—literally, as he's the son of late, great author George Plimpton. Read Taylor's cocktail roundup, "Cannonball Run," and enjoy the strafing run he went on, looking for the best drinks in the Hamptons.

To satisfy a hunger of a different order, this issue is full of other culinary narratives as well. For instance, Gael Greene investigates food as an aphrodisiac in "The Aphrodisiacal Illusion," and we serve up a simply delicious summertime cookbook—a compilation of our favorite chefs' best recipes—which can be pulled out and referred to for months to come, when summer's long gone, but its tastes are still longed for.

If all this sustenance doesn't complete you, remember, there's always the beach.

Dive in.

—Cristina Cuomo



This editor's pick for a perfect August read: Lea Carpenter's *Eleven Days* (\$25, Knopf)

PHOTO: JOHN MESSINGER

A SLICE OF HEAVEN For Holly Peterson, food—like fresh-from-the-oven pizza—keeps family together. Here she tosses dough with her son Jack Kimball (center) and his friends Jem (left) and Seneca Petry. Bottom: Fresh dough rising for the pizza oven.



SLOW DOWN SUMMER

To make this time with the family last just a little bit longer, **Holly Peterson** finds the secret to savoring the season in food.

photography by JOHN MESSINGER



Each drop of sandy clam butter or sweet peach juice reminds us that all of our senses are exploding more intensely this month in the true heat of the summer. This special season was heralded by the solstice, a term derived from the Latin *sol* (sun) and *sistere* (to stand still). It's no surprise we want those flavors to do just that: linger as long as possible.

All year we wait for these extraordinary East End tastes, sights and aromas to

take hold of us: the rainbow mist spraying off the top of a wave in the early morning light, the spicy sweetness of a basil-smothered tomato and even the barbecue-sauce stain (well worth it!) on our crisp white jeans. We notice every tick-tock of time as these scenes turn into memories way too fast. Witnessing summer fly by, wanting to grab all of it at once is not that different from the emotion I feel while watching my daughter, too grown-up suddenly, barely wave goodbye as she runs into camp.

I just wish it would all slow down and last longer.

I want everything out here to last. It's the Hamptons cornfields that get to me most of all—I use them as a marker of where we are in time. Right now they're shoulder high, and a few tall renegades have yellow stalks peeking out the tops. Phew, the corn isn't quite here yet, the really award-winning stuff, I tell myself. A few good ears here and there, but we can't be fully into August yet because I haven't tasted that perfect balance of **CONTINUED...**



A SEASON TO SAVOR Clockwise from left: An array of ingredients for a backyard pizza parlor, including farm-fresh tomato salad, pepperoni, herbs and dough; a platter of mozzarella; buttery corn on the cob.

...CONTINUED sweet and salty crunch, my cob rolled in fleur de sel, the salt known by French chefs to melt on contact. Way back in June, right around that summer solstice, I could barely detect the corn stalks reaching their baby leaves up on the back roads of Sagaponack and on the last few farmland stretches of Route 27.

But rather than let melancholy take over, I remind myself to focus instead on all the gifts we have out here. Dunking my body into the cold ocean every early morning is like medicine, shocking and healing me all at once. The distant nasal honk of the LIRR passing through town signals us all like a foghorn that families and old friends are reuniting on

the platform. And that's when I get most excited about what I'm cooking for everyone about to fling the back screen door open. As my kids have gotten older—they're now 16, 14 and 11—and really tried to run away, I've had to start thinking about clever ways to draw them back to that very screen door.

My plan: build an actual hearth to pull them home. And what better hearth than one designed to make pizzas on my very own back deck? Food brings us to those human moments we're really all out here for in the first place. Cooking all the local produce and seafood tells those we love that we cared enough to create something magical just for them.

So we spent the winter installing an outdoor wood-

burning pizza oven at our home that, thankfully, has drawn kids to it like bugs to a porch light. They love to create their own pies. We have a \$5 prize for the best-tasting pizza each time we fire up the oven—everyone makes his or her own, shares and serves it on a wood plank, and we all vote for the best pie. It often turns out that the youngest kids have the winning touch, with a thin crust, ample sauce (but not too liquid-y in the middle) and just the right amount of toppings to make the pizza sing.

The grown-ups never win the \$5 prize, and the game isn't even rigged. It's just that grown-ups ham it up too much—literally, sometimes—and overcomplicate everyone's favorite dish. It's the kids who relate to the simple pleasure of it, a pleasure elusive

to the grownups, who think they know better.

Cooking summer pizza with the freshest local produce is my way of making the moments out here stand still. That June summer solstice is scientifically considered an instant in time, an infinitesimal tilt in the earth's axis when we're most inclined towards the sun. Without the earth spinning on that axis, we'd have no seasons, no summer corn, no frothy butter on plentiful August shellfish. And so I'll decide to enjoy and worship all three months of that summer sun—one that stubbornly wanes and tilts a little bit further away each passing second of June, then July and now August.

Like our kids running out that screen door, there's so much out here to help us grasp one more moment together—and hopefully, in the process, draw those we love back home. ■