



HEDY ATMOSPHERE

ARTIST

GARDEN

IST HEDY KLINEMAN CREATES A PEACEFUL RETREAT IN HER CENTURY-OLD EAST HAMPTON HOME AND GARDEN

BY DIANNE BENSON | PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN M. HALL



FEW VILLAGE STREETS PULSATE with the good vibes of Hunting Lane—and Hedy Klineman's house and award-winning garden is an intrinsic part of that karma. The 1898 home reverberates with atmosphere: the spirit of her now-legendary friends—some of the most potent creative catalysts of the '80s, including Andy Warhol and Julian Schnabel—hangs on the walls and lingers in the air. The home has the same architectural details found in new construction today, but the diamond windows exude more charm and the rambling columned porches are real—with an inevitable we-belong-here quality.

The Klineman family has been exerting their energy here for 31 years. The house is suffused with an unusual assortment of demon defying charms in the form of painted, sculpted and silkscreened Buddhas, Shivas, mudras and assorted goddesses. These deities—some Day-Glo, some serene, others upright, reclining or bead-adorned—inform a major segment of Klineman's art and have a resounding

influence on the informal way in which life in her home is lived. They share the knock-out main space with a symbolic emblem of the '70s, an undulating ecru John Chamberlain sex sofa.

Her "fashion art" was conceptual long before conceptual was the buzzword of biennales and the hottest galleries. Her approach to the portrait, whether her own or one of her arty friends, was to appropriate an item of clothing or a signature accessory, such as Anthony Haden-Guest's essential tux and slim bowtie or Betsy Johnson's flowered tights, and place it, collage-like, on a canvas. Once assembled, she brushed and dabbed the paint onto the objects, transforming the sum of the subject's parts to become the portrait. Her own self-portraits are a mini fashion retrospective populated with Pucci dresses, chunky Dior beads, Kamali, Courege and even a Judith Lieber bag.

No single approach to life or art can completely satisfy Klineman for long. Quixotic and mercurial,



Climbing | A garden alongside the studio (OPPOSITE TOP) is lined with boxwood planted with nepeta. A trumpet vine with orange blooms climbs up and off the edge of the roof. Interspersed are black-eyed Susans, butterfly bush and setum, among other plantings. **Upward Views** | A view of the cottage from Hunting Lane (OPPOSITE BOTTOM LEFT) shows climbing roses up the columned porch. **Kick Back** | Vintage wicker furniture and an airy hammock (OPPOSITE BOTTOM RIGHT) outfit an area of the front porch. **Pour In** | When they first moved in, the Klinemans threw temporary cushions in the sunroom area (ABOVE LEFT) for seating. The family ended up loving them and added platforms and extra cushions to adjust the height. **Put** | What was also initially meant to be a temporary piece of furniture, a Formica table and base in the dining room (ABOVE CENTER) just "ended up working," says Klineman, who dressed it with old chairs that belonged to her husband. To dress things up, she covered the black, wool-upholstered Art Deco chairs in a crisp violet fabric. **Changing Places** | A deck off of the sunroom (ABOVE RIGHT) has a sprawling view of the backyard and formal gardens. During the winter, the home becomes a sort of greenhouse, providing storage space for potted plants that dot the formal gardens. See Resources.

She is back into Buddhas after periods devoted to abstract expression-
 work and studies of African masks, which are usually rendered in
 watercolor, though she works across most mediums. She began
 a screen phase in the hands of Andy Warhol's celebrated printer,
 Robert R. Smith. After a rendering of Andy's eyeglasses (a gift to her), she
 ended up with a series she culled from the Sotheby's Warhol auction—
 lots of Andy's treasures—bags of cut glass, fake gems and other
 objects which Andy (and Hedy) found collectible. In her portraits
 of him, she has used this "jewelry" as his eyes, as well as a commentary
 on the waning days of the heady '80s.

Klineman found dozens of blue and red ribbons on the property that
 were once awarded to prizewinning dahlias, poppies, azaleas and even
 roses by the Garden Club of East Hampton. In her inimitable way, she
 uses these accolades to make a framed art work. Bestowed in the 1920s
 to recognize plants that are long gone, they symbolize the high stan-
 dard that had already been set for the garden. The two and a half acres
 show a blend of harmonious, always-having-been-there plant groups
 mixed with the freshness of a lively, chic hand at work. She imports her
 own thinker, David Vaucher, from her New York aerie at the begin-
 ning of the season to reinvent the grounds; but much of the planting has
 a dubious provenance of having been there as long as Klineman, so
 she can vouch for the reliability of the "old roses."

One is prepared for the glorious outdoor garden by huge pots, artfully
 arrayed on the sweeping porches and brimming with agapanthus and
 other beauties that do not survive our unpredictable winter. These pots
 are not just a few that are spontaneously planted each Memorial Day
 but a grand assemblage that Klineman keeps indoors over the winter
 when the barely heated, close-to-the-beach house is transformed into a
 greenhouse. In addition, old, twisted, thick-trunked jade trees echo the
 steadfastness of the Buddha sculptures inside and out.

Many plant labels have been lost over a century, so even though the
 cultivar of many a tree and shrub cannot be recalled, the red maples,
 massive oaks, viburnums and sweet-scented magnolias (completely unfam-
 ilar and imported from who-knows-where) have the veracity that only
 evolves after having shaded many a lifetime.

The Klineman garden has been documented by the Smithsonian and
 had one of its finest moments last summer when it was used as the venue
 for son Jordan's wedding. Straight out of the '50s, the scalloped-edge
 swimming pool and pool house evoke a kind of Americana glamour
 while a tennis court, rapturously enclosed by huge junipers and boxwood
 so old and adaptable to pruning that a 15-foot passageway runs through
 it, is pure Gatsby. A secret gateway on the far side of the property brings
 you smack into the middle of East Hampton's Main Street—from the
 total privacy of a special world to the hum of the Hamptons. ☀