



# UNITED HEMISPHERES

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THREE PERFECT DAYS:  
**LONG ISLAND**

AN ALL-ACCESS  
PASS TO THE  
SUMMER'S  
BEST FESTIVALS

FOREVER YOUR  
BEST FRIEND'S

SECRETS OF  
**SOPHIATOWN:**  
REDISCOVERING  
THE BIRTHPLACE  
OF SOUTH  
AFRICAN MUSIC



# LONG ISLAND

( Three Perfect Days )

From the tony South Fork to its rustic northerly counterpart, Long Island is both a playground for the well-to-do and a calming, cozy respite. // BY SARAH HORNE

83 **DAY ONE**  
Tramping on Cooper's Beach

84 **DAY TWO**  
Biking to Montauk

88 **DAY THREE**  
Exploring the North Fork

**PLUS:**  
DEEPAK CHOPRA,  
THE WORLD CUP  
AND CANCUN'S  
UNDERWATER MUSEUM

A STAR ALLIANCE MEMBER



**INN STYLE** Above, the 1708 House; top, Cooper's Beach; opposite, an East Hampton beach



**THE TWIN FORKS OF LONG ISLAND ARE QUITE THE ODD COUPLE**, jutting into the Atlantic Ocean like a crocodile about to swallow Shelter Island. The bottom jaw of the beast, the South Fork, is a playground for the international jet set, featuring swank resort villages such as East Hampton and Amagansett, and even the occasional polo field. The North Fork, once a briny haven for shipbuilders and farmers, has recently come into its own as a winsome, off-the-beaten-path destination for foodies and oenophiles (with some good, salty dive bars thrown in).

What they share are a regal, quiet beauty and a slant of light that can make even the most jaded world travelers stop in their tracks, awestruck. It's no wonder, then, that hundreds upon hundreds of famous names have made the East End their summer home and that thousands still willingly brave the traffic on Route 27 on humid weekends.

**1** | **DAY ONE** Awake in a cloud of exuberantly preppy Ralph Lauren sheets in a graceful four-poster bed at the **1708 HOUSE (1)**, an old-fashioned B&B on Southampton's Main Street. At breakfast, in the antiques-crammed formal dining room, you remember your posture and steel yourself for a day among the Social Register set.

Stepping out into the sunshine on Main Street, you take in the trapped-in-time village. At a distance, with its church steeple peeking through the trees, genteel Southampton could be any well-preserved town in America. But the yellow Lamborghini careering around the corner gives you a hint that all is not quite as it seems.



**SIMON DOONAN** // CREATIVE DIRECTOR, BARNEYS //  
*"The best hangout is Sunset Beach on Shelter Island. We tend to avoid the bacchanalian evening scene. Lunch is fab and great for celeb spotting."*

You pop into **BOOKHAMPTON (2)**, where the local gentry pick up their highbrow poolside reading, then check out **HILDRETH'S DEPARTMENT STORE (3)**, a rambling relic that's been in business here since 1842. Forget penny candy—this is where young wives have bought their scallop-edged throw pillows and rattan porch furnishings for generations.

Next, stop in the **PARRISH ART MUSEUM (4)**, a 19th century gallery with an impressive collection of paintings by the likes of Willem de Kooning, Roy Lichtenstein and Chuck Close, before perusing **JOBS LANE'S (5)** various shrines to resort wear. At Vilebrequin, you check out the baby blue swim trunks dotted with Adirondack chairs; at Harmont & Blaine, it's corduroy pants in magenta or jade. Finally Stubbs & Wootton lures you in with a pair of velvet slippers. At the register you ponder yacht names. What has come over you?

In your new duds, you stand a bit taller as you swan into **SILVER'S (6)** to lunch (it's a verb here) and watch Manhattan's business elite twitching under the handwritten "No cell phones" sign. You order the house specialty, a mammoth \$17 BLT like none



▼ **GREY GARDENS // REMEMBERING A COUPLE OF CHARACTERS**

// In its glory days, Grey Gardens, a graceful 14-room estate in East Hampton, was home to the pedigreed Bouvier Beale clan (cousins of Jackie Kennedy). When Jackie's aunt



Edie Beale divorced in 1946, the mansion began its descent into disrepair. Together, bohemian "Big Edie" and her eccentric daughter "Little Edie" lived a secluded life among 52 cats and the remnants of their once-grand life. In 1975, the women became the subject of the Maysles brothers' haunting documentary *Grey Gardens* (later a Broadway show). Today, the estate is owned by Ben Bradlee and Sally Quinn. Wrangling an invite can be tough, but if you want to drive past for a peek, ask a local nicely where it is.

you've ever tasted: thick slabs of warm Eli's Tuscan bread, rashers of smoky bacon and a generous slathering of mayo. Your cardiologist might be alarmed, but not to worry: You're about to offset the meal with a hearty walk.

Hop in your Jaguar XK convertible and drive through the village's Estate Section (privet hedge-lined streets packed with nine-bedroom "cottages") before you find Gin Lane and the beach. Park near **St. Andrew's Dune Church (7)**, an old life-saving station turned seaside chapel, and doff your shoes before climbing up the slope to **Cooper's Beach (8)**. Walk east until the sunbathers thin out and it's just you and the locals in their rolled-up khakis, letting their Labradors stretch their legs. Then find a spot in the dunes to take in the enashing Atlantic.

After walking until your calves begin to protest, you drive around Lake Agawam to Meadow Lane, top down, listening to the firm pop of the tennis balls at the prestigious **Meadow Club (9)** and peeking at the slivers of vast houses down ominously long private driveways.

Then it's back to your lodgings for a quick snooze before you freshen up for dinner at **Red/Bar Brasserie (10)**, a Mediterranean eatery in a sprawling farmhouse that served as a speakeasy during Prohibition. In honor of the repeal, sidle up to the bar before positioning yourself at a corner table to watch the jovial crowd while you dine on Malpeque oysters and black truffle-stuffed chicken breast. It's good to be king.

**2 | DAY TWO** Stretch your limbs and begin packing your bag. Before checking out, ask for a voucher for breakfast across the street at **The Golden Pear Cafe (1)**, where you'll order a bagel and coffee and check your portfolio in the New York papers.

Back in the Jag, you turn up Hampton Road to Route 27 and head farther out on the South Fork, wending your way through the villages of Water Mill and Bridgehampton, where you follow in the footsteps of Truman Capote and Jackie Kennedy and stop for a caffeine top-up at the **Bridgehampton Candy Kitchen (2)**. This is the Hamptons institution where CEOs connect with their inner five-year-olds, indulging in burgers and fries followed by double cones packed with mint chocolate chip ice cream.

Arriving in East Hampton, you check into **The Hedges Inn (3)**, a polished inn



GRASS IS ALWAYS GREENER A croquet tournament in Southampton; above, Nick & Toni's



CHASING WINDMILLS  
Clockwise, a cyclist  
in Southampton;  
a Bridgehampton  
windmill; East  
Hampton Main  
Street; Job's Lane  
in Southampton





▼ **GATSBY COUNTRY // THE NORTH SHORE'S GREAT ESTATES //**

Families of the Gilded Age chose to build their mammoth estates on Long Island's North Shore. Several are now open to the public, giving a look into the curiously outsize lives of William K. Vanderbilt II, Teddy Roosevelt and the like. At Sagamore Hill, the Roosevelts' retreat in



Oyster Bay, walls are decked with buffalo heads and the great room is flanked by two tusks of an elephant once owned by the emperor of Abyssinia. At the Vanderbilt Museum in Centerport, there are shrunken heads from the South Pacific and jellyfish preserved in formaldehyde. Look out across the water from the veranda, and you'll swear you see the light twinkling at the end of Jay Gatsby's dock.

overlooking a pond where swans bask in the dappled light. Where Southampton looked quaint at first glance, East Hampton is less coy about its ritzy. On its Main Street, there are ample opportunities to shop for diamonds, swathe yourself in Hermès scarves or drop thousands on alligator-skin bags.

Yearning to see what the area was like before all the fuss, you head into Springs, the Hamptons' more workaday, bohemian enclave north of Montauk Highway, and pull up at a simple farmhouse, the **Pollock-Krasner House (4)**, where Jackson Pollack lived with his wife, Lee Krasner, from 1945 until he died in 1956. In the barn studio where he laid his canvases, trade your shoes for slippers and walk across the floorboards where his stray splatters have been lovingly preserved.

Next, drive south to Amagansett for lunch at **La Fondita (5)**, a surprisingly authentic roadside spot. Order the Baja-style fish tacos and grab a table outside, feeling lazy in the noontime sun. Yes, that is Gwyneth Paltrow in her yoga clothes at the next table. Act like a local—pretend you don't notice.

At the nearby **Amagansett Beach & Bicycle Co. (6)**, you leave the Jag behind. Rent a bike for the afternoon and grab a map before setting off down the Old Stone Highway to check out **Napeague Bay (7)**. Have a look at the refurbished fishing shacks on stilts at the end of Gerard Drive, then make your way back to the beach at Louse Point to watch the windsurfers skim across the bay.

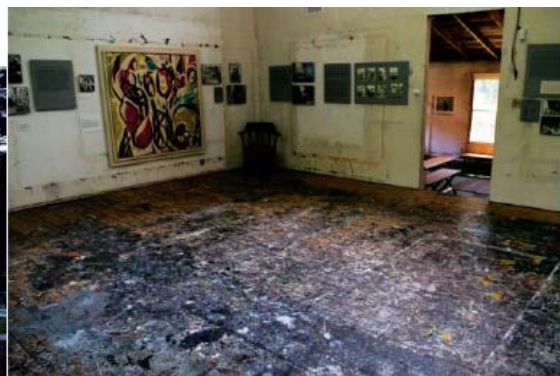
Now on a quest for land's end, you pedal east on Montauk Highway, coasting through miles of Russian olive trees and scrub pine and into Montauk's Hither Hills State Park. It's a challenge to bike the salty old hills of salty old Montauk, but when you spot the 1797 **Montauk Point Lighthouse (8)** ahead, it all seems worth the effort. At nearby Money Ponds, where Captain Kidd is said to have buried untold treasures, you scan the horizon for pirates.

Seeing none, you ride back at a leisurely pace, return your bike and head to the Hedges for a hot shower. Once you've recovered from your exertions, it's on to **Nick & Toni's (9)**, an unassuming but luxe nightspot where Hollywood royals gather for well-executed Italian fare. Order the rich goat cheese risotto and the day's catch served with vegetables from the North Fork's Satur Farms. Air-kiss Steven Spielberg on your way out.

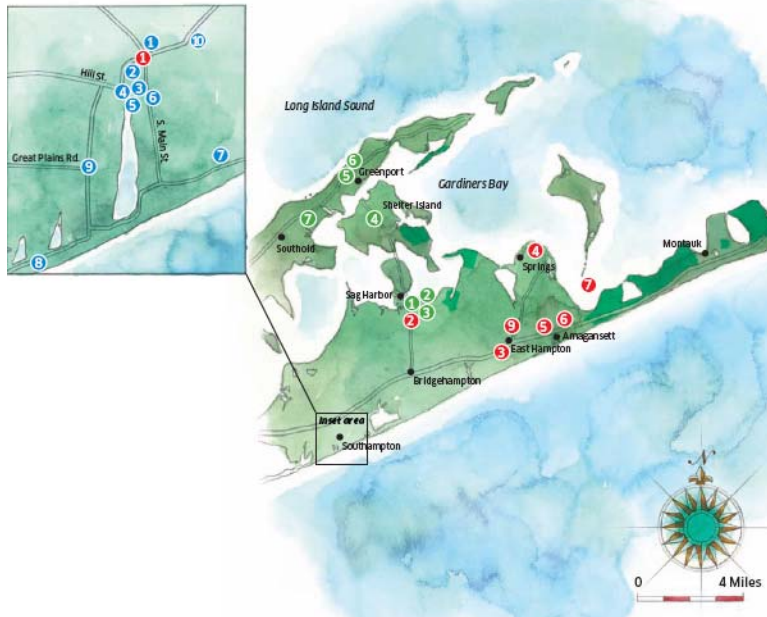


**OLIVIACHANTECAILLE**

// CREATIVE DIRECTOR, CHANTECAILLE COSMETICS // "I love to do a beach picnic from Round Swamp Farm. They sell delicious local produce and prepared foods. My favorites are the chicken salad and the freshly baked pies."



IN THE ABSTRACT Above, the Pollock-Krasner House



## THOSE THREE PERFECT DAYS

### DAY ONE

- (1) 1708 House 126 Main St., Southampton; Tel: 631-287-1708 (2) BookHampton 91 Main St., Southampton; Tel: 631-283-0270 (3) Hildreth's Department Store 51-55 Main St., Southampton; Tel: 631-283-2300 (4) Parrish Art Museum 25 Jobs Ln., Southampton; Tel: 631-283-2118 (5) Jobs Lane (6) Silver's 15 Main St., Southampton, Tel: 631-283-6443 (7) St. Andrew's Dune Church 12 Gin Ln., Southampton; Tel: 631-283-3015 (8) Cooper's Beach 268 Meadow Ln., Southampton; Tel: 631-283-0247 (9) Meadow Club 555 1st Neck Ln., Southampton; Tel: 631-283-0425 (10) Red/Bar Brasserie 210 Hampton Rd., Southampton; Tel: 631-283-0704

### DAY TWO

- (1) The Golden Pear Cafe 99 Main St., Southampton; Tel: 631-283-8900 (2) Bridgehampton Candy Kitchen Sag Harbor Turnpike & Main St., Sag Harbor; Tel: 631-537-9885 (3) The Hedges Inn 74 James Ln., East Hampton; Tel: 631-324-7101 (4) Pollock-Krasner House 830 Springs Fireplace Rd., East Hampton; Tel: 516-324-4929 (5) La Fondita 74 Montauk Hwy., Amagansett; Tel: 631-267-8800 (6) Amagansett Beach & Bicycle 624 Montauk Hwy., Amagansett; Tel: 631-267-6325 (7) Napeague Bay (8) Montauk Point Lighthouse 2000 Montauk Hwy., Montauk; Tel: 631-668-2544 (9) Nick & Toni's 136 North Main St., East Hampton; Tel: 631-324-3550

### DAY THREE

- (1) Sylvester & Co. 103 Main St., Sag Harbor; Tel: 631-725-5012 (2) The Sag Harbor Whaling Museum 200 Main St., Sag Harbor; Tel: 631-725-0770 (3) The American Hotel 25 Main St., Sag Harbor; Tel: 631-725-3535 (4) Shelter Island (5) Greenport (6) Coronet 2 Front St., Greenport; Tel: 631-477-9834 (7) North Fork Table & Inn 57225 Main Rd., Southold; Tel: 631-765-0177

**3 | DAY THREE** Open your eyes in your serene, white-on-gray room, relishing the priceless luxury of silence before you grudgingly pack your bags, take breakfast on the patio downstairs and hop in the car to make your way to Sag Harbor. Peek into **Sylvester & Co. (1)**, the modern general store on Main Street, for a glimpse at decor that will look just as good in your pied-à-terre or suburban bungalow as it will in your beach house. Next stop is **The Sag Harbor Whaling Museum (2)**, housed in a 19th century mansion that's now part Masonic temple, part mariners' time capsule. See whaling ship captains' licenses signed by the likes of George Washington and Andrew Johnson juxtaposed with intricately carved bones and dastardly-looking spears. Portraits of prominent, long-dead townsfolk glare down at you indignantly as if to say, "Flip-flops? Really?"

Walk down to the harbor, scanning for megayachts and pleasure craft disguised as lobster boats (codedesigned by Billy Joel), before heading to **The American Hotel (3)** for lunch on the porch. If so inclined, toast your final moments on the South Fork with a glass of chardonnay from the Wolffer Estate Vineyards in nearby Sagaponack and some Gardiners Bay oysters.

Seeking a more rustic setting, you head to the **Shelter Island (4)** car ferry and buy a one-way ticket. After the short trip across the bay in the breezy summer heat, you wind your Jag through the backroads of Shelter Island, where battered Volvos rule the road. For a complete retreat make your way to Ram Island, across a narrow causeway, and do some beach combing. In this secluded spot, it's almost impossible to believe that the glitzy madness of the Hamptons is just a stone's throw away.

Continue your adventure by taking the North Ferry to **Greenport (5)** on the North Fork. You sense that you're discovering an unspoiled, lovely little town as you wander Front Street, peeking into the window of the **Coronet (6)**, a throwback diner that's little changed since the 1940s. Take a detour to the miniscule hamlet of Orient (population: 709) for a real sense of how unchanged life on the North Fork can be. Flags flit languorously on the porches of whitewashed houses, while three old-timers sit about watching the game in the general store, impervious to your presence.

As the afternoon light begins to deepen, you head to the **North Fork Table & Inn (7)**, your home for the night, and settle in for an evening in locavore heaven, thanks to the fertile farmlands of the area.

Around you, elegant city dwellers and locals alike gather around the white linen-covered tables. There's a happy, casual din as you tuck into your succulent orange-glazed Berkshire pork loin. Like Goldilocks, you think, you've gorged on the glamour of the South Fork, tasted the solitude of Shelter Island and have finally gotten it just right. 🍷

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**SARAH HORNE** *is never coy about her ritziness.*



**ROMAN ROTH** // WINEMAKER,  
WOLFFER ESTATE VINEYARDS  
// "I enjoy playing golf at  
Montauk Downs, having  
lunch at the Beacon in Sag  
Harbor and watching Elvis  
movies at the Bay Street  
Theater."



**SEE FOOD** Clockwise from above, hamachi with ginger, shallots and micro cilantro from the North Fork Table & Inn; owners Claudia Fleming and Gerry Hayden; and Greenport Harbor



**Boarding pass**

Whether you come to visit Fire Island National Seashore or the Hamptons, you can fly United to La Guardia or JFK and experience all that Long Island has to offer

