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VOGUE

Summer 2025

CHOOSE YOUR OWN ADVENTURE
A GARDEN PATH ON THE FRIST FAMILY'S LONG ISLAND PROPERTY. PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIMON UPTON.

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Cover Look **Sun-Kissed**

Hailey Bieber wears a Prada shirt and a Tiffany & Co. earring. To get this look, try: Glazing Milk, Peptide Glazing Fluid, Barrier Butter, Pocket Blush in Piggy, Peptide Lip Tint in Ribbon. All by Rhode. Hair, James Pecis; makeup, Hannah Murray. Details, see In This Issue.

Photographer: Mikael Jansson.
Fashion Editor: Tonne Goodman.

Down by the Sea

A family with deep roots on Long Island thought they knew what they wanted from a house perched between the ocean and the bay. What they got was much more. By Chloe Schama. Photographed by Simon Upton.

RIGHT ANGLES
The "orchard," where hardy rosemary and bayberry grow alongside more delicate beach rose. OPPOSITE: A path toward the ocean.
Sittings Editor: Alexandra Michler Kopelman.

When Julie Frist was 12 or 13, her father would take her for driving lessons on a narrow spit of land, not much wider than a football field in places, that separated the flat calm of Long Island's Shinnecock Bay from the roaring waters of the Atlantic. The quiet road, only partly paved and bordered by scraggly wind-whipped pines, cut a line between the dunes and the marsh, and her father would sit Julie on his lap and let her control the wheel; pebbles would fly up through the holes in the floor of their beat-up station wagon. "Dad, he's like a secret race car driver," Julie tells me.

There is no one letting their preteen daughter steer the family beater along these roads now. Houses have sprung up along the formerly empty land overlooking the ocean; traffic is stately but Southampton-steady. When Julie answers the door to her house in a long blue caftan, she's several decades removed from her youthful driving lessons but light-footed and athletic, tossing me a floppy straw hat as we walk around the property under the blazing sun. A gentle German shepherd named Athena circles her ankles.

Julie spent her girlhood in Washington, DC, before her mother moved her to New York City and then Connecticut, but she and her older brother grew up spending summers in Southampton, where her family has rented or owned property since the late 1960s. "There were no

IN PLAIN SIGHT
Landscape designer Miranda Brooks put significant effort toward matching the tile of the pool to the shade of Shinnecock Bay.

LEAVE ONLY FOOTPRINTS

"We're outside people," says homeowner Julie Frist. "I've never not had a dog. Our German shepherd, Athena, is allowed to sleep on any piece of furniture she wants."

STAND UP STRAIGHT

While much of the landscaping is loose and wild, the "orchard" is the one outdoor space that incorporates a degree of formality.

cell phones. You could go out the door at 8 a.m. and bike to the little tennis club and have swim lessons," Julie says. "And then the parents would barbecue in the backyard, and whoever was around would come by, and then you'd repeat it the next day." Because she switched school several times, her summer friends were among her closest.

Julie, who had a career in finance, met her husband, Tommy Frist III, at Harvard when they were both in graduate school, and the pair later settled in Nashville (Tommy's home), where they raised their three now 20-something children. But the couple started going to Long Island while they were dating, and eventually

> On the bay, you have sunsets and "twinkly lights and a bit of a horizon, whereas the ocean, unless there's moonlight, is black"

they bought an old carriage house. They were not looking to move until an unusual and rare property came to their attention: A neglected Le Corbusier–style white box, worse for wear after years of storms and ocean winds, sat on a scruffy four-acre lot, with only dunes separating it from the ocean. It was an architectural curiosity, but beyond repair. "You walked in and the smell just knocked you over," says Julie. "All the humidity, there were mice—it all got trapped in this hot box." But the site had tremendous potential. Describing it now, Julie summarizes the appeal as a tale of two waterscapes, especially at night. On the bay, you have sunsets, and "twinkly lights and a little bit of a horizon," she says, "whereas the ocean, unless there's moonlight, is black."

The scope for a new house was ambitious, but the aim, at least in concept, was simple: to build something that looked as though it had always been there. "I felt a kind of pressure to honor the houses that I loved

PATTERN RECOGNITION

"The idea for the main bedroom was that the green world of the garden had stepped into the room," says interior designer David Netto. Wall fabric from Penny Morrison (Aspa in Eau de Nil) lines the walls, while de Gournay Botanical Studies are inset in a grid in the vestibule.

growing up in," says Julie. The Frists turned to the architect Gil Schafer, interior designer David Netto (both of whom had worked on their 1915 Charles Platt house in Nashville), and landscape designer Miranda Brooks. Schafer and Netto were not only old friends with each other, but old friends with Julie and Tommy as well. Netto met Julie, he tells me, in the elevator of a friend's apartment building in 1985. "There is a picture of me and Julie that night clowning around," he says. "I had eyeliner on and was trying to get into Area later, and she was this preppy, beautiful girl who had come into the city from Greenwich. We enjoyed each other right away." Schafer and Tommy had also known each other for decades, and as a young architect, Schafer had worked on Tommy's parents' house.

And yet, the family did not want an overly nostalgic or antique sensibility. They all agreed that the house would marry the loose Shingle style popular in the Hamptons in the 1920s and 1930s with the crisp correctness of Colonial Revival—as Schafer puts it: "Life on the beach, but a little bit formal." But there were disagreements along the way—and a back-and-forth resembling something like a graduate seminar on architectural precedent. "My job was to bring the classic bones," Schafer says, "and then David was there to kind of loosen me up." Schafer lost a battle over window proportions in the front of the house; Netto lost a battle to "crank the house in a crescent around the driveway," even though, as he points out, that was "an old 1920s device to fracture the view."

And while an empty lot gives an impression of infinite potential, limitations abounded. A perimeter of protected wetland meant that less than an acre was actually suitable for construction. FEMA flooding protections mandated that the house had to be raised, while the town regulations squeezed it from above, limiting how high it could rise. To avoid a flight of stairs leading to the front door, the earth was gently graded.

Brooks took on this topographical project, and figured out a plan that would address the twin challenges of salt winds and deer. "All but the most native of planting would struggle," Brooks says, "so I gave a lot of attention to the materiality, and the use of a series of quite small outdoor spaces, where you can anchor yourself and follow the sun through the day." The perimeter was planted with a mix of viburnum, privet, *Baccharis,* pines, native cherries, red cedar, and *Ilex opaca,* with espaliered plane trees shielding the garage, and pleached shrubs adding structure near the pool. Between the main living room and a poolside pavilion, there is a kind of outdoor courtyard—an "orchard." The garden is still young when I visit; the dunes down to the beach have been planted CONTINUED ON PAGE 125

WALK THIS WAY
Frothy bluestem is mixed with more structural bayberry bushes to border a meandering cobblestone path. In this story: hair, Simona Ciorobara; makeup, Kally Sitaras. Details, see In This Issue.

on at the Chateau—Victor gravitates toward the androgynous designs of Acne Studios and Maison Margiela. Though when they're feeling "super femme," in their words, they might break out a miniskirt or their winsome pink-satin Sandy Liang ballet flats. "I like that the opportunities to be low-key and alien and surprising and complicated exist. I'm at a place where I want to be able to be as full as I can. And I want to have fun in places where they don't always understand how to see me." □

DOWN BY THE SEA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

with skinny tufts of beach grass, and Brooks is frank that there may be quite a bit of turnover for the next three or so years—several trees in the orchard have already been replaced—"and then we may settle down into a survival-of-the-fittest situation," she says. But there is a sense of correct and natural proportion, and yet also surprise and originality. Hydrangeas, those conventional pillars of many a stalwart Long Island hedge, have been confined to great, weathered terra-cotta pots, and rather than the typical "Nikko Blue" clouds, the blooms are white. The most beloved corner of the garden seems to be what everyone now calls "Julie's Garden," a small space outside the primary bedroom, shaded by a pergola and intricately seeded with sun-loving perennials like yarrow, echinacea, eryngium, liatris, monarda, asters, and *Perovskia,* alongside beach plum and white buddleia—a pollinator buffet for lucky bees.

Inside, the house has been filled with love and care (and a kind of storytelling) as well. For the living room, for example, Netto requested that a UK-based manufacturer fabricate an 18th-century, Louis XV–style mantle out of travertine (not limestone, as would have been historically accurate) because he wanted the rougher texture to contribute to the impression that it "had been underwater for 300 years." Tommy's bathroom was lined with planks made to look "as though they had been dragged up off the beach," says Netto—an echo of "all of the times that there were storms, and fishing boats that were wrecked and people would comb the beaches and make off with the debris," says Netto. "That was how they built houses out there for centuries." He interfered whenever the contractor was nailing them to the wall in too even a pattern.

Such poetic excursions require a level of trust on the part of the owners, says Netto, a willingness to take the initial vision and make it into something fantastical. A window is broadened to let in the view, or a room is painted a dark, glossy shade, and suddenly comes to life; or a sandy patch becomes a garden for morning coffee, a hill arises from a plot of earth that was previously flat. When it comes to such flights of the imagination, "you can't really convince people," says Netto. "What you have to do is invest in their trust in you. Our job is to give them what they never knew they wanted." □

ON THE NOSE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

approved for cosmetic use by the FDA in 2003, and in the years since its effects can be seen everywhere from the enviably sculpted cheekbones of influencers to the trout-y mouths of the ladies populating Bravo and so many of the women who love to hate them.

Like anyone living in a major city in 2025, I had grown wary of the surreal effects of facial fillers. Sometimes, I'd take the subway, or go to a Pilates class, look around me, and be surrounded by slightly swollen-looking faces of indeterminate age that seemed a little too taut and almost tender to the touch. But I had yet to see—or at least had yet to notice—any noses whose shapes I'd attribute to filler.

For much of the 20th century, rhinoplasties were used—and seen—as a method of assimilation, often within immigrant communities. The procedures often involved a dramatic removal of cartilage, the results being small, angular, and upturned. But Raj Kanodia, MD, a Beverly Hills–based plastic surgeon, told me that he has seen "a noticeable shift in what patients are asking for" in recent years. "People are looking to refine—not change—their features," he said. Kanodia, who approaches filler with "extreme caution" and prefers rhinoplasties of the kind he has performed on celebrities like Khloé Kardashian and Ashlee Simpson (internal stitches only), said that he tries to honor and embellish patients' cultural identities, rather than erasing them. His surgical motto is: "Fool the mother's eye." Kanodia, surprisingly, attributes this shift to social media, which provides a vastly larger sample size of aspirational beauty. "People are embracing uniqueness and seeking procedures that help them look like the best version of themselves—not someone else," he said.

This was what I wanted, and as I sat in Devgan's office, she assured me that I would "not be burning any bridges" were I to go the more subtle route. It would feel like getting Botox, Devgan promised—some numbing cream, a few pricks, perhaps a tiny bit of redness—but the results would be instant and last for up to a year. She compared the procedure to "magical, three-dimensional makeup," a real-life Facetuning. Magic was indeed what I was looking for—to look both better and exactly the same—or maybe it was more that I was engaged in magical thinking. Isn't that always what we want? To somehow change our life, without changing anything about our lifestyle?

A few days later, I paid a visit to the office of Michael Bassiri-Tehrani, MD, another plastic surgeon, whose "tip stitch" had recently gone viral on TikTok. The procedure—a few sutures inside the nose to pull the tip upward a few millimeters—is a standard part of a traditional rhinoplasty, but Bassiri-Tehrani was now routinely performing it à la carte, often for men who otherwise might be too embarrassed to get a nose job, but also for women in advance of special events where they knew they'd be photographed smiling (which draws the nose downward). Would lifting the tip of my nose up somehow disguise what I was now privately calling "my basketball bump"?

It might, Bassiri-Tehrani told me, but he wouldn't recommend it. If the choice were only his to make, he'd prefer to perform a true, "well-balanced" rhinoplasty that, he said, would have the "ironic" effect of looking "more natural" than a "bunch of minor half-steps."

He proceeded to take a series of photographs of my face, and then we relocated to his office where he began