

Notes From Madoo

Fox Grapes

BY ROBERT DASH

When the late summer sky cleared and climbed higher and became a far away lonesome vault. When the horns of the staghorn sumac turned color and stood proud and erect over foliage not quite so green as before. When chicory and Joe-Pye weed bloomed among New England asters and goldenrod and occasional bottled gentian. When frantic warblers embarked on milkweed down nests. When Canada geese began low, wailing flights. When sweaters appeared in the evenings and mists appeared the far side of the lake. There was roast corn and marshmallows. The double-trunked swamp maples outside my bedroom window began being dusted in red.

We went to the bathhouse for the baskets stored there and we climbed the mountain behind our house straight up to the granite spine of it to gather the wild grapes that rooted in its crevices and sprawled all over the stone. We thought that they had a better flavor than the forest grapes scrambling up trees down below. More packed in sugars, too. You could smell them from quite far away. And we banged on the dorsal spine of the mountain with sticks and threw stones to scare away the copperheads that were half asleep beneath their foliage. The slithering was throughout and when all was still we began to harvest.

They were medium-size grapes and mostly green, of course, for as soon as they showed color birds would maraud and spoil them. I don't recall how many baskets we took down off the mountain but I do know that we made many trips. The grapes had little pulp and much seed. An enormous amount was needed for the dozen or so jars Mother made each year, the kitchen steaming, we manning the Foley food mill, turning it and turning it and tapping out a pomace of pits and skin. Mother used little sugar and that was mostly brown. Occasionally she added honey. And sometimes brandy or sherry. The little jars, the perfect little jars were for Christmas, for roast lamb or pork but a Thanksgiving goose would be served with the jam. It tasted wild. It tasted of sun and granite and gusts of wind. One year she added whole cloves.

The vines often grew with poison ivy and why we didn't come down with fierce rashes was a mystery. What with the heavy lugging, the threat of copperhead snakes, the entangled poison ivy, going graping was full of peril.

But nothing even closely resembled the flavor of those little jars. I once tried some wild grapes out here and cooked and cooked but there wasn't much pectin and the jars never gelled.

As the years passed, a road with many spurs was carved on the mountainside and vacation homes were built nearly to the top and going graping ceased being a private family activity and so we just stopped doing it even though all the signs of autumn were constant down to monarch butterflies and bottled gentians. Other things took over. Mostly silence and a feeling of loss.



Two worlds meet on Ditch Plain Beach in the new Montauk.

Kate Maier

They Call It Nouveau Montauk

BY KATE MAIER

In the rocky sand overlooking Fort Pond Bay at Montauk's Navy Beach restaurant on a subdued summer afternoon, a cluster of children frolicked between picnic tables strewn with arts and crafts supplies while parents sipping drinks with names like Fort Pond Fog and Madoff Cocktail looked on from their tables. The semiweekly "surf craft" sessions are part of a marketing gimmick catering to the hamlet's newest target audience — Manhattanites with money to spend and toddlers to entertain.

The sensationalism and crowds that old-time surfers have gripped about overtaking Ditch Plain have trickled down the hill and taken over town like a bad horror flick. Many who live in the hamlet regard what even The Wall Street Journal has referred to as "nouveau Montauk" with the same mix of amusement and fear as they did "The Blob" back in 1958.

Long known as a destination for family fun, Montauk's outdoorsy edge has been transformed these past few seasons into something more sophisticated — it is a starlet recently discovered, thrust into the spotlight after years of enjoyable obscurity.

In the bathroom at Navy Beach, where a lineup of fresh toilet paper is strung along a length of nautical rope, a collage of family photos belonging to Leyla Marchetto, who opened the restaurant with her fiancé and another couple in May, is conspicuously displayed. Like many of the new Montauk crowd, Ms. Marchetto makes a point of mentioning in conversation the

blissful childhood summers she spent there, almost as a gentle reminder that she has as much a right to be there as anyone.

Anyone, these days, is a spectrum of visitors ranging from the hordes of men from New Jersey who take the harbor area by storm during bachelor party deep-sea fishing trips to families willing to shell out a few thousand bucks to have their kids learn to stand-up paddleboard.

Places like Navy Beach are prime targets for such guests: "It was a big priority of mine," Ms. Marchetto said earlier in the summer, "to make this place kid-friendly. Being kid-friendly is what Montauk is all about."

Perhaps no place in Montauk is more in tune with that idea than Solé East, a Tudor hotel, formerly the Shepherd's Neck Inn, that had languished for decades in a sleepy neighborhood traversed by Second House Road. Passing through the wooden gate planted in the hedgerows that surround the property is like being sucked through a rabbit hole. Inside, expansive canvas lounge beds line the perimeter of a swimming pool — one of the few features of the property that hasn't been completely overhauled since a group of young investors took over the hotel in 2007.

"Since we opened, including the neighbors has been one of our highest priorities," Dave Ceva, an owner, said during a free concert by Citizen Cope that drew in nearly as many full-time Montauk residents as it did

hotel guests and out-of-town socialites. "We're so thrilled that this summer has been such a success, and this is the best show so far," he added before jumping behind a bar cart near the pool and pitching in to manage a swarm of thirsty guests.

By day, waitresses in white tank tops and cut-off shorts work the pool and lawn area at Solé East, delivering \$12 cocktails to singles who scope one another over the rims of oversize sunglasses. Here, it is hard to discern the difference between the singles and the families, because the vibe is so laid back that the ones most likely to be watching the children are the dogs who are allowed to romp freely on the lawn.

Everyone, children, grown-ups, and canines, of which there were many, were shockingly well behaved. As Suddyn, a band whose members are of the family that owns the Montauk Bake Shoppe, took the stage, a young marathon runner sporting a designer mullet made his umpteenth lap around the pool, stopping in to check his time with his father, who had been sleeping in the late afternoon sun under the shade of a book.

"Twenty-four seconds," he confirmed, before the boy took off for another round of running with his younger brother. "Even faster than before."

Just about every new hotel in town has a gift shop,

Continued on C15

Long Island Books

Gatsby, We Hardly Knew Ye

BY ALEXANDRA SHELLEY

In case you want to skip this review's description of Danielle Ganek's "The Summer We Read Gatsby," it's pretty much all in the Library of Congress subject headings on the book's copyright page:

1. Sisters
2. Hamptons (N.Y.) — Social life and customs
3. Rich people

Picture "The Great Gatsby" 86 years later, 80 miles farther east on Long Island, and about a hundred shades lighter. If you're already missing this summer's "social life and customs," then pick up this frothy comedy of manners about two young women party-hopping their way through a Southampton season.

Cassie and Pecksland Moriarity are half sisters who have never been close and are thrown together in what could be described as a "needs renovation" but well-located (South of the Highway) cottage they've inherited from their bohemian Aunt Lydia. Cassie was raised in Europe by an itinerant ex-Dead Head mother. She's a translator at a Swiss newspaper, recently divorced, and basically, when we first meet her, a 28-year-old wet rag. Her older sister, Peck, 32, is a bonne vivante given to Martha Stewart-like pronouncements

Continued on C7



Danielle Ganek
Chi Chi Ubina

All Aboard Spaceship Behrooz

BY JANET GOLEAS

"This was quite liberating for me," said the architect Maziar Behrooz as he leaned against an interior wall of his sculpture installation at the Solumon Contemporary Warehouse in East Hampton.

The work now on exhibit, titled "Rapid Deployment Functional Unit," consists of a reconfigured shipping container that spans nearly the full width of the gallery. And, yes, in case you're wondering, it is exactly the same type of intermodal shipping container as the ones that line New York's harbors and railroad depots. Its glossy exterior, a natty shade of charcoal, still bears the standard tracking stickers that mark a container's ratings for weight and payload. But this is where the similarity to any ordinary container ends. Its milky-white interior is as luminous as it is unexpected. Its walls, floor, and ceiling are conjoined by gentle slopes of paneling that eliminate even the most ubiquitous of architectural conventions — the right angle.

"This project allowed me to deal directly with ideas that are at the core of, that are fundamental to architecture," Mr. Behrooz said.

A single incandescent bulb, the only object inside the container, glows softly. The space feels habitable, but it doesn't have any of the characteristics of a room. There's not a table or chair, there's no sink, no television, not even an electrical outlet for a laptop. But, for some reason, you want to be in

side the whiteness of this rarified and futuristic place.

"It's empty of reference. You're able to project your own fantasy onto the environment," said Mr. Behrooz. "And, I created a sense that the white interior was somehow floating inside the container."

Lucky for us, astride the container stands a milk crate filled with disposable slippers — an implicit invitation to climb on board Spaceship Behrooz. At last week's opening reception, dozens and dozens of revelers did just that — gliding across the burnished floor in blue booties, touching the ceiling, sliding down its curled walls. The response was joyful, even remarkable.

"I really did not anticipate the level of interaction there would be," Mr. Behrooz said. "I was pleased beyond belief with people's physical reaction to it."

So what is it about a simple rectangle of indeterminate functionality that could draw so many people into its interior experience? Is it the fundamental question: What is a building? Is it driven by Bucky Fuller's "more for less" philosophy? Or the eternally rebellious Stewart Brand's thinking in "How Do Buildings Learn," a manifesto on the need for a Darwinian architectural paradigm?

Plain and simple, it's art. It harks back to Emily Dickinson's "The Brain Is Wider Than the Sky," a 1924 poem that exhorts the reader to acknowledge the expansive brain and its ability to endlessly absorb, reconfigure, adapt. Similarly, Mr. Behrooz's container is a blank canvas with unlimited potential. And, by all evidence, people could not resist it.

"I have a wooden barn on my property. It's long and narrow. It looks like the old Sag Harbor train station," said Mr. Behrooz. "I imagine installing railroad tracks in my yard and placing a container just like this one inside the barn. The idea of opening the barn door and seeing this bright, white mechanical device inside is just wonderful to me. It's all about perception. I imagine rolling it out on the tracks. What a surprise."

In some ways shipping containers are the perfect building material. They're inexpensive, durable, and designed to stack. A used shipping container can be purchased for as little as \$1,500. Add some insulation, utilities, and a few doors and windows and you've got yourself a home. In 2009, Mr. Behrooz designed and built a container studio for Andrea Shapiro, an Amagansett painter and DJ. Though this award-winning structure is considerably more fleshed out than a simple container with plumbing, it remains an efficient and economical alternative that has expanded the architectural canon on the East End and beyond.

"Maziar represents a sort of alter ego to the McMansion," said Nick Martin of Martin Architects in East Hampton. "He

just gets it — people are ready for a change, and the architects in the vanguard, like Maziar, can help make that change happen."

Born in Tehran, Mr. Behrooz always wanted to live in the United States. He managed to move here by the time he was 15.

"Iran was fine back then, nothing like it is now," he said. "But it was very common to study abroad — in Europe, for instance. I just wanted to leave for school a little earlier than others. In a way it was a great premonition of things to come."

The young Mr. Behrooz researched boarding schools, selected one in northern Massachusetts, and convinced his parents to send him there. A few years later, when things began to change for the worse in Iran, the prescient Mr. Behrooz was happy that his parents could join him stateside. They now divide their time between New York and Germany, where his sister lives.

"My father was an engineer; my mother, a fashion designer," said Mr. Behrooz. "I'm sort of a hybrid of both of them."

After boarding school, Mr. Behrooz went to Tulane University in New Orleans, a prophetic instinct of another kind, as Tulane has, in many ways, become the epicenter for social reconstruction and rethinking urbanity and sustainability in the U.S. Mr. Behrooz has maintained a close connection to New Orleans over the years, and is a frequent visitor.

"I love New Orleans. Where else can you have such unique food, music, and architecture?"

He later went on to the Institute for Architecture and Urban Studies in New York City where he studied with indus



Maziar Behrooz's "Rapid Deployment Functional Unit," made of a shipping container, is a blank canvas with unlimited potential, and perhaps represents a Darwinian shift in the architectural paradigm.

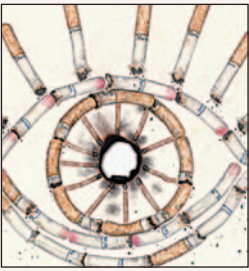
try giants such as Peter Eisenman, Mario Gandelsonas, and Diana Agrest.

"Charlie Gwathmey would come in and give talks. It was so exciting. I loved it. It was a total hotbed for ideas," he said.

The young architect worked in New York after Tulane until he was diverted by a trip to Vienna.

"I always liked the architecture there and I wanted to see it," he recalled. His weeklong vacation turned into a year.

Continued on C5



Aurel Schmidt's
fantastical,
debris-laden art

C4



Once more unto
the stretch —
for clam strips

C8



The rise and fall of Ol’ Dirty Bastard (a.k.a. Russell Tyrone Jones) of the Wu-Tang Clan will be shown in “Dirty: One Word Can Change the World,” a documentary to be screened in the Hamptons Black International Film Festival this weekend.

Black Film Festival Returns

By ELISE D’HAENE

The second annual Hamptons Black International Film Festival promises an eclectic mix, from short films to documentaries to features that showcase African and African-American writers, producers, directors, and actors.

Organized by Angelique Monet, an actress and filmmaker, the festival will screen films tomorrow and Saturday at the Bay Street Theatre in Sag Harbor and the Montauk Movie Theater. An additional program, Cinema on the Beach, will be held at Gurney’s Inn and the Last Hope Lagoon in Montauk.

Tomorrow’s offerings at Bay Street include, at 10 a.m., the short film “Pressure,” a taut and tense story about a woman being interrogated, followed by the critically acclaimed documentary “Al’eessi: African Actress,” which takes a look at the nascent movie industry in Niger, and at Zalika Souley, an actress from that country.

At 11:45 a.m., fans of the Wu-Tang Clan and Ol’ Dirty Bastard, a Clan member known for his bizarre, raw, and innovative hip-hop style, can catch a documentary about his ultimate descent and tragic overdose in “Dirty: One Word Can Change the World,” directed by Raison, the Zookeeper.

Tomorrow afternoon will offer cinéphiles an opportunity to see a slate of short films ranging from horror and drama to romance and comedy, including “The Tango Date,” “A Day for a Dark Sky,” “Cookie,” “Train,” “Wake,” “Amazon Women,” “Yellow,” and “Una Calle sin Salida.”

At 5 p.m. at Bay Street, Kenny Mann, a Sag Harbor filmmaker, will screen “The Swahili Beat,” which she directed

on the east coast of Africa, and which is packed with the music and dance of that area’s indigenous peoples. In it, Ms. Mann traces the development of the Swahili culture through the intermarriage of Arab settlers, who arrived from Oman in the eighth century, and Africans.

At Gurney’s Inn tomorrow at 9 p.m., “Gully” will be shown. The 15-minute movie about a young thug confronted with important choices by an unforgiving accuser will be followed by the feature film “Joy Road,” set in Detroit, in which a public defender has to represent his sister’s boyfriend, who is a reputed leader of the notorious Motor City MVP gang.

Saturday the festival will resume at the Montauk Movie Theater, beginning with another from Ms. Mann, “Walking With Life: The Birth of a Human Rights Movement in Africa,” at 11:30 a.m. At noon, “Kabhi Alvida Na Kehna (Never Say Goodbye),” a Bollywood romantic comedy, will be screened.

Several of the short films will be shown again, as will, at 2:15 p.m., “The Love Potion,” a New York City comedy with “Latino spice,” followed by Jo D. Jonz’s “15 Minutes of Fame,” a comedy about making a movie in Hollywood.

At 9 p.m. at the Last Hope Lagoon at 126 South Emerson Avenue in Montauk, the festival’s closing feature will be “Deceptive,” about a love triangle fueled by fame, lust, and fortune. Written and directed by Ms. Monet, it will be released theatrically on Oct. 29.

The festival will include talks, workshops, receptions, and question-and-answer sessions with the filmmakers and industry professionals. More information is available at hbiff.org.

All Aboard Spaceship Behrooz

Continued from C1

“The buildings there are not to human scale,” he said. “The ceilings are high — the windows are high. I became so aware of my body. It was fascinating.”

By the time he entered graduate school at Cornell University, he was deeply ensconced in the concept of an architecture that is idea-driven.

What exactly is an idea-driven architect? “There’s something elemental and spiritual about architecture,” said Mr. Behrooz. “At its core, it is an art form. To whatever extent I can, I want to engage in the continuum of the dialogue of architecture. Whether small or large, I am always participating in that conversation.”

But he doesn’t sacrifice his own reality for lofty ideologies. When the East

Hampton Town Board invited Tracey Frazier’s Springs School fifth graders to design a new bridge for the one that had been removed from Pussy’s Pond in Springs, Mr. Behrooz offered to help. He worked with the students, and taught them how to draw and build to scale.

“Maziar put a lot of time in on the Pussy’s Pond project,” said Peter Dayton, an artist and Springs parent. “The kids built two different models, both beautiful — I know he was an important presence for them throughout the project.”

“I’ve always felt there’s a sense of elegance from Maziar in everything he does. He’s one of those people who make East Hampton a better place to live,” Mr. Dayton said.



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Bits and Pieces

Baldwin and Joel

Two of Long Island’s favorite sons, Billy Joel and Alec Baldwin, will host the final film in the Hamptons International Film Festival’s SummerDocs series at Guild Hall. “The Last Play at Shea,” is a documentary about Mr. Joel’s career-spanning performance, in July 2009 at Shea Stadium, and the last concert to be played there before its demolition.

Home to the New York Mets, the stadium’s history as a New York City landmark is told in the film, along with an accounting of Mr. Joel’s career and his personal connection to Shea.

The sold-out crowd at the concert was treated to surprise appearances by Paul McCartney, who first appeared at Shea in 1965, the year after the stadium opened, with the Beatles. Garth Brooks, Steven Tyler, and Roger Daltrey also joined the Piano Man on stage.

Showtime is Saturday at 8 p.m., and tickets cost \$20, \$18 for members.



Livingston Taylor will bring his own brand of folk, pop, gospel, and jazz to Guild Hall on Sunday night.

Livingston Taylor

There’s another songwriting guitar-playing singer with the last name Taylor, and he’s related to the “You’ve Got a Friend” Taylor, James.

Livingston Taylor, though perhaps more under the radar, has had a large and loyal following for over 40 years. He will appear on the John Drew stage at Guild Hall on Sunday at 7:30 p.m.

A professor at the Berklee College of Music since 1985, Mr. Taylor is equally at home with a range of musical genres — folk, pop, gospel, jazz — and has toured with artists such as Linda Ronstadt, Fleetwood Mac, Jimmy Buffet, and Jethro Tull. He has recorded 12 albums, and maintains a performing schedule of more than 100 shows a year.

His latest CD, “Last Alaska Moon,” was released in April and includes the straight country of “I’m Letting the Whisky Do My Talking,” to the bluegrass-inspired “Henry,” to the big band sound of “Everybody’s Just Like Me,” plus a cover of Michael Jackson’s “The Girl Is Mine.”

Tickets cost \$35, \$33 for members.

Ballet and Stravinsky

The Opera, Ballet, and Shakespeare in Cinema series at the Parrish Art Museum in Southampton continues tonight at 7:30 with “Stravinsky and the Ballets Russes,” a film of three one-act ballets performed by the Mariinsky Theatre with music by Stravinsky. The film can also be seen on Sunday at 2 p.m.

The Ballets Russes was an itinerant company that performed under the direction of Serge Diaghilev between

1909 and 1929. The company’s productions, which combined new dance, art, and music, created a huge sensation around the world, bringing many significant visual artists into the public eye, and reinvigorating the art of performing dance. The most notable of company’s composers was Stravinsky, who was discovered as a young man by Mr. Diaghilev and commissioned to compose a new work inspired by the legend of the Firebird.

Tickets cost \$15, \$12 for members.



JohnnySwim returns tomorrow to the Wolffer Estate Vineyard in its Sunset Fridays series from 5 to 8 p.m.

Christian John Wikane

JohnnySwim Is Back

Though the daughter of one of the most iconic figures of the disco era, one part of the duo JohnnySwim, Amanda Sudano-Ramirez, who is married to the other, Abner Ramirez, isn’t following in her mother’s footsteps, per se. The music that inspires her and her husband, who met in Nashville, is more in line with a luscious blend of folk, soul, and rock — and the artists they list as inspirations are as diverse as Johnny Cash, John Mayer, Bob Dylan, and Stevie Wonder.

Critics have likened JohnnySwim’s sound to contemporary artists such as Lauryn Hill, John Legend, and Corinne Bailey Rae, but all indications on their trajectory in the music business suggest they will soon be a bellwether for other bands to come.

After two packed gigs at the Wolffer Estate in May and July, JohnnySwim will return tomorrow night in the popular Sunset Fridays series from 5 to 8 p.m. They will sing selections from their two recordings, one to be released this year.

Film Fest News

The actress Marcia Gay Harden will serve as the host at the Hamptons International Film Festival’s IndieWire Industry Toast to Ben Barenholtz, a producer, distributor, and exhibitor of independent films since the 1960s, when he owned and operated the Elgin Theatre in New York City.

Guest speakers at the event, which will be held during the festival on Oct. 9, will include Joel and Ethan Coen, Frances McDormand, and John Turturro. A screening of “Miller’s Crossing” will be held on Oct. 10. Mr. Barenholtz was ex-

ecutive producer of the film, which was directed by the Coen brothers and marked Ms. Harden’s film debut.

As a distributor, Mr. Barenholtz released many seminal debut films from directors such as David Lynch, John Sayles, Guy Maddin, and the Coens, as well as award-winning foreign films such as Jean-Charles Tacchella’s “Cousin, Cousine.”

The festival will run from Oct. 7 to Oct. 11.

American Strings

The American String Quartet will perform at a free concert on Saturday at 7:30 p.m., at the Jewish Center of the Hamptons on Woods Lane, East Hampton. It is a free event open to the public.

The musicians have been a professional ensemble since 1975 and celebrate their 35th anniversary during the 2010-11 season. They have played in every state in the union and, according to a release, “in virtually every important concert hall throughout the world.” They have performed the complete quartets of Beethoven, Bartok, Mozart, Schoenberg, and Schubert to widespread critical acclaim and have also been broadcast on radio and television, done tours of Asia, and performed with the New York City Ballet, the Montreal Symphony, and the Philadelphia Orchestra.

The Saturday concert will include a classical program of the String Quartet K. 465 of Mozart, the Shostakovich Quartet No. Three, and the Ravel String Quartet in F major.

Family Affair

Bill Charlap is considered one of the foremost interpreters of the classic American songbook. His father, the late Moose Charlap, was a Broadway composer, and his mother, Sandy Stewart, sang ballads way back when on the “Ed Sullivan Show,” before giving up her career to raise a family.

Luckily, for mother and son, Ms. Stewart returned to singing and the stage after Moose died in 1974. They recently teamed up and recorded the well-received CD “Love Is Here to Stay,” with selections from George Gershwin, Cole Porter, Richard Rodgers, Irving Berlin, and Harold Arlen. Mr. Charlap said of his mother, “The depth of meaning that she can bring to a lyric is phenomenal. She’s my favorite female singer of all time.”

The duo will appear on the John Drew stage at Guild Hall in East Hampton tomorrow night at 8. Tickets cost \$100, which includes prime seats and a postshow wine-and-cheese reception with the artists, or \$40 for orchestra-balcony seats.



A mother and child reunion will happen onstage at Guild Hall in East Hampton when Sandy Stewart and Bill Charlap present selections from the Great American Songbook tomorrow at 8 p.m.

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Richard Jay Schollem, The New York Times

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Sheridan Sansegundo, The East Hampton Star

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