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See the actors, athletes, and artists—from Rachel Weisz to Novak Djokovic—who have been linked to the gluten-free craze, and get tips from the experts on going GF.

SHOP NOW
COTTAGE CHIC
Browse and buy a selection of furnishings (at every price) inspired by Jacqueline and Mortimer Sackler’s house in Amagansett, New York.
WILD AT HEART

Jacqueline Sackler’s Amagansett home, tucked amid breathtakingly lush gardens, marries the riot of nature to her own carefully curated style. By Hamish Bowles. Photographed by François Halard.
When Jacqueline Sackler was a child, her mother would drop her and her younger sister off to explore the Metropolitan Museum of Art, with plans to meet later to compare notes over lunch. Already a passionate reader, Sackler (née Pugh) eschewed Mac's Little Red Book, which her counterculture parents left on her bedside table, for writers such as Balzac, with his lyrical evocations of rooms and atmospheres, and so it was to the Men's periodical room—"You could imagine a whole different world here," as Sackler puts it—she responded. A fine-boned beauty with exquisitely attuned hands, Sackler has the sort of looks that Van Dyck would have delighted to paint. Instead, a large black-and-white François-Marie Banier portrait of her with her eyes shut—almost instinctively, she resists being photographed—hangs in the Long Island home that Sackler inherited for her young family, a house layered with its own subtle references.

Sackler admits that her parents were "a little kooky—a little different. They weren't interested in vacations," so childhood holidays were spent with them at home in Manhattan or chez her grandparents, with one set in Rye, where she recalls chasing fireflies on the lawn at night and relishing the modest liberating freedoms of the beach club, the other in Saltaire, on Fire Island, where languid days were spent "reading, eating, and jumping waves."

She went on to Dwight and then NYU, where she studied political science and journalism and met her future husband, Mortimer Sackler, scion of the famously deomnstrous Purdue Pharma dynasty. (They married in 2002.) Jacqueline, who has served on the board of the Guggenheim's Young Collectors Council, also created CharitableMe as a facet of her husband’s Internet company to connect young philanthropists with charities relating to their interests, and is actively involved with her husband's family foundation.

Though the couple spent their first summers together at Mortimer's family's chic 1930s house in the Côte d'Azur, by 2008, with their four-year-old, Lucian, and his baby brother, Leo, in tow, Sackler pined for the summers of her childhood. When the family went exploring for a house to rent for the season, they discovered an unperturbed place in Amagansett originally built as the village’s lawn tennis club. Sackler was immediately drawn to the house’s quirky charm and expansive, rolling lawn. "It felt like summer—the ones that I remembered," she says.

They took it, and three months into this idyll, Mortimer suggested to his wife that they buy it. Sackler, however, was already deep in the throes of a troublesome renovation of the family’s Manhattan town house, and she balked at another project. But one evening, as they strolled down the lawn together and looked back up at the house—lit from within "like an Arts and Crafts lantern," as she puts it—a cloud of fireflies miraculously appeared. "It was overwhelmingly beautiful," she recalls, "and it made me realize that logic wasn't going to make this decision. It was love."

In contrast to the couple’s Manhattan home—a showcase for their serious collecting adventures in contemporary art and design furniture—Sackler wanted this house to feel, as she puts it, "un-fussed-with." She chose the classicist...
Peter Pennoyer, an alum of Robert Stern's studio who, intriguingly, had also worked with Warhol at the Factory, as her architect. "I asked him to make it right and make it simple," she says. Pennoyer duly reconfigured the oversized staircase, giving the bedrooms en suite bathrooms with some of that salvaged space, and transformed a gloomy screened porch from the basketball court of the previous incumbents into a light-filled conservatory that is now a focal point of the house, replete with turn-of-the-century whitewashed wicker and a modernist table by Mattia Bonetti.

Having already worked in the city with the legendary tastemaker Jacques Grange, Sackler turned to him to collaborate on the Amagansett interiors as well. "I like things that have texture, color, and a whiff of the handmade and the human," says Sackler, who has curated an eclectic group of furnishings and objects that span a century and more of design highlights, from Emile Muller's steinbeer Art Nouveau ceramic umbrella stand in the hall to Bonetti's cartoonishly bulbous dining-room table, a site-specific commission. There are pieces from Belle Epoque couturier Paul Poiret's Martine school, the Wiener Werkstätte, Gustav Stickley, Frank Lloyd Wright, François-Xavier Lalanne, and the Memphis Group's Ettore Sottsass—all of which fill the house with the fascinating babble of intriguing dialogues.

Cautious about placing art in this salt-air environment, Sackler has instead assembled a collection of fifties and sixties art ceramics, including Roger Capron, Francis Jourdain, Georges Jouve, and Guido Gambone, whose work Picasso also prized. The house is not, however, an art void—there is, for instance, an Auerbach, an Albers, and a modest but itspethful Chamberlain piece in the cozy television room.

Whilst the house was being reimagined, the landscape architect Ed Hollander was summoning the atmosphere of the 1930s in his plantings. "There's something very sweet and
"feminine and wild about them," says Sackler of those original Amagansett cottage gardens that warmed her to the neighborhood. Hollinder duly transformed the grounds, screening the road and neighboring houses with layers as blurred and subtle as an Impressionist painting.

Sackler subsequently swooned for the gardens that Miranda Brooks created for the Montauk home of her great friends Amalis Deayn and Adam Lindemann and realized that she, too, wanted something wild and poetic. As she told Brooks: "I want children barefoot. I want fireflies. I want flowers. I want things you can eat." (Sackler has been a vegetarian since the age of six.) The result is a subtly colored shimmer of butterflies, feathery grasses, fennel, and budding lilies.

Both the tennis court and the guest house (which also contains Sackler’s winter studio) are bordered by Brooks’s second potager, planted in rotation—Lucian, now nine and a self-taught student of traditional medicines, will crush yarrow from it with a mortar and pestle to assuage a headache. (The Sackler sons, who had created a clubhouse under the weeping beech on the lawn that they named the “Ghost Tree,” also have a state-of-the-art tree house, its platform protected by rustic twig fencing.) There’s a stone-fruit orchard, and a walk with trellises of berries and currants underplanted with frais de bois—as well as the elderflower for the cordial that Mortimer Sackler remembers his Austrian grandmother making as a summer treat.

Finally, when Pennoyer’s elegant but unpretentious framework was finished on schedule, Grange came out to arrange the furnishings with Jacqueline. “There’s nobody better with color than Jacques,” she avers. When asked for a tone for the window frames, Grange picked some lichen-covered bark from a nearby wild-cherry tree and asked the painters to match its soft, alvery verdigris. “That was masterful,” says Sackler. “It became the thread that connects all of the pieces of the house to the architecture, the gardens to the land, and the interiors to our family and what surrounds us.”

Friends are surprised by the difference between the bravura design statements of the couple’s city house and the cool serenity of their country manse, but for Sackler it is a formula as simple as breathing. “When I come into New York, I inhale,” she says, “and when I return to Amagansett, I exhale.”