

“You want  
it to pop—  
I’ll give  
you  
pop!”

—*Jenny*





## FOREWORD

It was late summer or early fall; the sunny months in San Francisco. Maybe 1982 or '83. Jenny and a pal in from Palm Beach sailed into my chosen watering hole, the Balboa Café. Conversation ensued and inevitably touched on the new cottage I'd just acquired in the Presidio. It was in desperate need of Jenny's inspired eye. There began a spirited conversation and friendship that has lived for decades. What began in San Francisco grew exponentially: New Orleans (often including JazzFest, as Jenny is not one for all work and no play), Palm Beach, Los Angeles, and New York (by then, we'd added a music venue called Slim's to the work detail.) Not to mention, of course, all the purely recreational travel...



Jenny is quite a trip herself. This book can begin — and only begin — to tell the story of the amazing, wonderful Jenny Garrigues. But let me tell you what I know about her: with her wispy, graceful frame (former Galanos model that she is) she exudes chic. And of course, there's her particular Brit style — a classicist's learned eye fused with a penchant for the exotic fabrics and artisanal traditions of India and Morocco and elsewhere. “My kind of smashing,” or “rather super,” as she might comment on one or another of the beautiful elements in which she deals. With her ‘float like a butterfly’ joie de vivre, Jenny is at home in all of the world: San Francisco tavern, Marrakesh rug shop, Portobello Road, or New Orleans fairgrounds.

The house in the Presidio is long gone, but its furnishings went with me from house to house, (until the whole kit and kaboodle — a Jennyism if there ever was one — went up in flames one dry California October). The way those well-chosen pieces made a home in so many different surroundings speaks to the timelessness and the absence of faddishness in Jenny's approach to design.

Take her keen eye for beauty and her ability to have fun anywhere, add her genuine heart and her abiding respect for the holistic — Jenny is light as a feather, tough as a rug dealer (if you've ever met a rug dealer, you'll know how tough this is). She takes care of herself in a way that speaks to a deeper understanding. And she takes care of all those whom she loves. She's a devoted friend and a source of light: her light never dims; it just seems to glow brighter, with every new design scheme, and every new find. She has an incredible legacy to share, and readers of this book will have the rare privilege of stepping inside her world (including the wonder of her own home) and experiencing her unique talent. Her clients may be very different people, but the thread that runs through all these projects is Jenny herself, and I hope that she steps off the page as the force of nature that she is. That is my dear friend Jenny.

BOZ SCAGGS  
singer, songwriter







NEW YORK SPLENDOR

Wendy Moonan

R

THE BEAUTY

OF THE THREE GARDENS

HERRELL

BEST LIVES

ABACHAME

IND







## a room with a view

Sitting right on the oceanfront in Palm Beach, this penthouse was created for a friend whom I have known for 40 years. We're so close that we finish each other's sentences, and we're always on the same page when it comes to interiors, so this wasn't one of those projects that was about teasing out what a client wants. The bigger challenge was editing. After she was widowed, my friend wanted a fresh start where all her favourite things from a lifetime of collecting could have their place, without the spaces seeming busy or cluttered. Now, even in her 90s, her style is still evolving and she still gets excited about new and interesting pieces.

The interior architecture of this apartment wasn't in need of much of an upgrade, to the extent that we kept the kitchen and primary bathroom more or less as they were. Glossy black floors and white Venetian plaster walls provide a smart, timeless backdrop where some museum-quality objects can really shine, from pre-Columbian sculpture to African furniture, all combined with eye-catching contemporary art.

To create continuity, I took the primitive style of a lot of the ancient objects in the apartment as a design cue, adding in modern pieces that have that same simple, sculptural style, including iron chairs and plaster lighting by John Dickinson. The soft furnishings also have a global feel, making the precious antiques feel more at home — printed zebra hide rugs, fabrics with roaming elephants, and ikat pillows. This apartment is all about surprising contrasts that somehow feel completely natural: a wall-mounted Chinese screen that overlooks a 20th-century travertine dining table, or a neon-bright contemporary painting hung next to an aboriginal grave-marker.







It would have been wrong to block out this incredible ocean view with a heavy piece of furniture. Instead, objects from some of the homeowner's collection of pre-Columbian art are silhouetted against the sea and sky. The altar table is Balinese — I saw it in a San Francisco gallery and my friend jumped on a plane from Texas to come and look at it, falling in love with it as much as I had. Two Chinese chairs sit at either side, with an African stool in front. The two paintings — one by Roger Mühl and one by Robert Natkin — create a dialogue with each other, their green tones picked up in the armchairs, the pillows, and even the leafy orchids on the altar table.





