ROSE UNIACKE
AT HOME

RIZZOLI
NEW YORK

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Foreword by Alice Rawsthorn
Texts by Rose Uniacke, François Halard,
Tom Stuart-Smith, and Vincent Van Duysen
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FOREWORD
BY ALICE RAWSTHORN

When the aristocrats, arrivistes, and plutocrats who commissioned portraits by the nineteenth-century Scottish artist James Rannie Swinton arrived at his London mansion, they were led to his studio through an art gallery laden with his paintings in the hope that they'd be tempted to buy them. The gallery is now stripped to the bare bricks and wooden rafters of a winter garden filled with snowy white orchids, spindly Diego Giacometti chairs, and a scratched and dented Marcel Breuer chaise longue. The winter garden is a beguiling sight, but the pleasure of seeing it is accentuated by the subtlety with which it engages two other senses: Hearing the water trickling through a nineteenth-century marble fountain and sensing how it moistens the air gently suggests that you have entered a special and singular place.

This book describes the labour of love with which the designer Rose Uniacke has transformed what was left of Swinton's mansion since she and her husband, David, turned it into their family home. It was a Herculean challenge as, after the grandeur of the Swinton years and a bohemian chapter as an art school in the 1930s, the house was bombed during World War II, patched up, and then neglected. Luckily for them, just enough of the original structure and detailing had survived. Rose recounts how she has applied the lessons learnt in years of work in design and restoration, as well as her love of beautiful craftsmanship and the skill with which she has animated the house in her particular style with deft juxtapositions of light, shadow, texture, colour, sound, scale, and moisture.

Accounts of the rescue of historic houses like this one often race from start to finish, ignoring the stress and doubts in between. Not this one. Rose charts the difficulties of deciding how to treat each element of the interior, and of identifying the precise degree of renovation, repair, and replacement required. She also recalls physical ordeals such as the three months it took to restore the plasterwork in Swinton's ballroom.

There are moments of joy in her descriptions of the first time she and David saw the stripped-out skeleton of Swinton's gallery and realised how extraordinary the winter garden could be, and of the fun of scouring for period roof lights, reclaimed flooring, marble basins, York stone, baths, taps, showerheads, and everything else their home would need.

Rose had invaluable help from architect Vincent Van Duysen and garden designer Tom Stuart-Smith, but the aesthetic and atmosphere of the house are incontrovertibly hers. She defines both beautifully in her notes on different rooms. "Nothing unnecessary, no clutter," for the hall. "No need to overfill," for the study.

For someone so adept at orchestrating complex affects that appear intuitive, Rose is engagingly frank in explaining how and why she made them: from positioning a mirror in the hall in the perfect spot "for reflecting the winter garden and checking yourself," to asking the painters to layer "thin washes of distemper over the original stripped walls until the feeling was just right" and noting that the shadows of angels' wings on the steam room wall look even prettier when softened by steam.

Rose has adopted the same mix of instinct and precision to arranging—and regularly rearranging—the art, furniture, and objects that fill the house. Her children's paintings and drawings are hung alongside those of Francis Alÿs, Gerhard Richter, Wilhelm Sasnal, and Rudolf Stingel, and her childhood piano stands in the drawing room with a nineteenth-century Thomas Hope chair. Many of the objects were made by designers whose work she has collected for years: W.A.S. Benson's clocks, Fortuny silks, Loetz glass, and Edmund de Waal's pots. Equally important to the house's spirit are Rose's favourite wooden milking stools, a moses basket awaiting her grandson's next visit, and stacks of the family's favourite board games. It is thanks to Rose's deep knowledge of design and the sophistication with which she applies it that the sumptuous mansion James Rannie Swinton built for show now evokes warmth, elegance, comfort, ease, and fun.

INTRODUCTION
BY ROSE UNIACKE

I fell for this house years before we bought it. There was a magic. But it was too large, too damaged, and most definitely too big a project. My husband, David, and I walked away; it would be madness to take it on. But it never left me. I thought often about how I might tame its space just enough to become liveable. Three years later, it was still there. Nobody else would touch it, and we took the plunge.

The house was the home and studio of James Rannie Swinton, a Scottish society portraitist, who commissioned the architect George Morgan to design it. Completed in 1860 on an empty plot of land that Swinton bought on Warwick Square in Pimlico, it shares a lovely, big communal garden near the river. Warwick Square was built in the late 1840s by Thomas Cubitt, the master builder of much of Belgravia, Bloomsbury, and Pimlico, who lived at number 66. I don't know why Swinton wanted this building to be so utterly unlike the rest of the square, which is typical of Cubitt's terraces of stucco-clad vertical houses, or why he was allowed to do it. The story goes that he was rather well connected, so he just pushed on with building the house he wanted—lateral, rather than vertical, and clad in brick, not stucco.

The whole building was designed around the north-facing window in Swinton's painting studio. Leading to the studio is a typical Victorian gallery space with a domed glass roof, designed so his visitors could walk past his paintings on their way through. Off the studio was the room where his paints were mixed and stored. Swinton's living quarters were at the back of the house.

An interesting part of the history of the house—maybe the high point—was when it became the home of another artist, Iain Macnab, who was a Scottish wood engraver. In 1925, he opened it as the Grosvenor School of Modern Art, running things for the first five years with the help of Claude Flight, a pioneer of linocut printing. Macnab's wife, Helen Wingrave, taught dance in the school.

The school was progressive, open to both men and women, with no formal curriculum and students studying when and what they wanted. Linocut and woodblock printing as the art forms we know today was reinvigorated here, and much was done to revive the art of printmaking in general—alumni from the school became known as Grosvenor School artists. We have a small set of original black-and-white postcards of the school, showing rooms filled with students at work at their easels, or in Helen Wingrave's dance classes. There is such life in the pictures. The building looked so inviting, spacious, and open. A beautiful shell, and, in it, artistic endeavour. For me it was important to keep a sense of that atmosphere.

The Grosvenor School closed in 1940. During the war the house was bombed, and the domed roof of Swinton's gallery was damaged. We're not sure how much of the rest of the building was damaged, too. The last owner ran the building as an exhibition space for thirty years, and with the adaptations for public visitors and heavy white paint covering up much of the original detail, it had taken on the feeling of an institution. A lot had disappeared. A painted canvas commissioned for the dining room ceiling was missing.

In the basement the house had been carved up into flats. The floors and most of the windows were gone, but some of the original fireplaces were still there, along with window shutters and all of the detail in the big rooms. Some really superb work had survived—plasterwork in particular.

We started by stripping everything out, so we could see what was left of the original features and how the house felt when completely bare. Layers of thick whitewash had been applied over and over for years and never sanded, so everything was horribly lumpy. It took a great deal of time to dry-scrape the house to reveal the finer details—we even found hints of red silk on the library walls, on which Swinton's paintings were probably hung. I wanted to assess everything in its rawest form before deciding the concept and feel.

Once we'd stripped it, the house was sublime. It felt like an abandoned palazzo, with extraordinary volume in the rooms, and wonderful layers of distressed colours from years of decoration. I thought that if we did a little bit of work, we could simply live in it and exist in the space in the raw, but as we started to restore and refresh everything, an interesting and exciting energy started to develop, and the restoration work became really important.

It took three months to clean and restore the intricate plasterwork in the ballroom, in the course of which the real beauty of it slowly emerged. Within the hall wall supporting the stair, we were fortunate to find a fragment of stone, proving that there had once been a significant stone staircase there. So we were able to get permission to reinstate it. I looked all over London for examples of period cantilevered stone staircases as we started the research—sometimes even craning my neck to look through other people's hall windows. The restoration and correct replacement of missing period detail was essential, and in the structural reordering of certain areas, we accurately remodelled cornicing, skirtings, architraves, doorframes, and arches, and where windows and shutters of the house were remade, the details had to be correct for the period. But after that I wanted to add a fresh contemporary flavour, without the house losing its period identity.

I was determined to retain—and I hope you can feel it—a real sense of the empty house, a sense of the space in its very simplest form. But it couldn't be cold or daunting or too grand, and it had to welcome.

I love emptiness. I am interested in the value of negative space and how negative space changes when it is in relation to the other spatial influences. Fullness, emptiness, and how it works in a building. How space guides and leads and how it can make you feel—what is too empty? The entire volume of a room matters. Plain space can be sad, but it can also be very powerful, uplifting, or soothing and restful. In the way that an anteroom acts as a moment of repose before entering a room, open space can do the same within a room itself. An empty wall can feel undone, or it can feel like a strength.

So, I wanted enough emptiness for us to read and enjoy the bare architecture. At the same time, I was interested in reducing the grandeur, simplifying it. The scale of the house could easily have been overwhelming and it is heavily adorned. By treating it lightly, I hoped to let its spirit speak while still having a family home in which to live and work. It feels as if Swinton commissioned the house with similar aims in mind. It was very much a place intended to empower him in his work as an artist, but he also had a clear view of the enjoyable way in which he wished to live here.

I couldn't forget the palazzo feel of the house in its first emptiness, an atmosphere of low light, the patina of age, a building peeled back, but not so much that it felt abandoned. I don't like that feeling at all, in life or in buildings. I wanted to engage with the grandeur but I also wanted to reimagine it. I thought I could cross it with something restrained and monastic.

Typically, in a nineteenth-century house of this stature, the details—elaborate friezes, cornicing, mouldings—would have been highlighted. It's likely they would have been painted in contrasting colours, and the ceilings gilded or painted pale

to raise them. All would have been richly adorned—in order to be seen and, literally, to decorate. I wanted to restore the detail and also give it a new expression and a fresh flavour.

One colour throughout each room with no contrasts frees you to enjoy the detail and the architectural shape with just the play of light and shadow. There is movement and patina naturally, and a dry, chalky feeling. Each room is one complete box of colour. We layered thin washes of distemper over the original stripped walls until the feeling was right, so that the house offers again an unobtrusive beauty, an invitation. Just as it did when it was the Grosvenor School.

The furniture must invite, too. It's important to bear this in mind early on. I like to work out where the heart of a room will be, and how it will flow, so furniture thoughts come early. In terms of style, it should be interesting in some way, and in order to root the house, some of the pieces would need to reflect the place and period. So it made sense to start with English furniture of the nineteenth century. I favoured plain, with a simple beauty. Once the house was moored in this way, I would be able to steer a more eclectic path and I hoped the combination would be exciting. Furniture was to be used only where it was needed, where it would allow the space to breathe.

As important as the furniture was the art. This house was, after all, built for art. It has been both made and shown here since the beginning. The rooms were made for it. I wanted works that were arresting, full of feeling but not overwhelming. A human touch.

But as much as I wanted to highlight its architectural merits and its relationship with art, it was also important that the house was a home that could really be used, not just looked at. I have never been interested in the overly precious or self-consciously designed. I am interested in how life works in a space—the energy of it, and how it makes you feel. Is it adaptable? Can it stimulate, relax? Can you breathe, can you think? Can you do the things you want to do—does the space encourage you? I wasn't interested in an art gallery or a museum of furniture that couldn't be touched and enjoyed. But I also love elegance. I am alive to the challenge of how all these things can combine.

My interest in design probably goes back to my childhood, when we lived outside Oxford in an early almshouse that my parents extended in the 1970s with the help of a local architect. The contemporary extension attached to the old seventeenth-century house worked beautifully, and the simple shift from one mood to another was cleverly handled and I have never forgotten it. Oxford obviously had an impact on me, as I grew up around the historic buildings in the city, as did living in a house done up by my mother that was without ostentation, not grand by any means, but very comfortable and elegant. My mother has good taste, and she has influenced me a great deal. Growing up, I spent a lot of time making things. I painted my bedroom with murals and I was endlessly rearranging the furniture, too. The order of things mattered. Sometimes I would even get up in the night and move furniture around.

I studied philosophy at university and then worked in a furniture restoration workshop in London, which was up the road from where I lived in Chelsea. The studio had looked intriguing from the outside, and I walked in one day and asked for a job. They specialised in the restoration of painted, gilded, and lacquered furniture, and it turned out to be a first-class studio. I found myself not just surrounded by, but also working on, wonderful things. It gave me an understanding of quality and of how good furniture is made. I then went on to learn to gild. So later, when the children were young, I worked as a restorer, painter, and gilder, while renovating a dilapidated house that became our family home. After moving to France in 1994 I spent a lot of time in French markets, sometimes sending furniture back to London for my mother to sell in her antiques shop. When we returned to London, I took a job with her, styling her shop and helping with the buying. People would come in and ask me to check this or that piece of furniture, and let them know if it was placed correctly or whether they should change it. Then one day someone came in and asked me

to redo their flat. So I set up a small office in the basement of my mother's shop and my business grew from there. I slowly started to deal in furniture myself, opening my first shop on Pimlico Road in 2009.

I opened the shop in order to show antiques and collectible furniture, but in an open, modern way—with clean space to allow things to breathe, and to be seen. The antiques shop of old was often overstuffed and perhaps for the uninitiated a bit intimidating. By now we had bought the house and restoration works were in full swing. There were many pieces I could picture but couldn't find, so I began to design and make my own furniture. This was the birth of Rose Uniacke Editions, which are still selling in the shop today.

Alongside my interest in the old I have always looked to the new. My collaborations with expert makers have been the backbone of all my design projects, not least in furniture-making. Working with first-class marble-workers, stone-masons, cabinet makers, and metalworkers, with a real sense of the traditional craft in their own practice, is always so exciting. I love the process of building a team for each project, with people whose work is thoughtful and exceptional and inspiring, and who can understand and interpret ideas and help shape them. Also, marrying traditional technique with new ideas and ways of crafting things can yield something fresh. At home, I wanted to express the contemporary within the framework of a traditional building to make the house feel current, but without losing its period heart. So much needed to be restored or remade, and many of the people that came in to help in various artisanal ways then, I still work with today. The detail, and the craft, is so important. The hinges, the window hardware, the refinement of the details, from air vents to light switches. They're all essential, of course, and properly designed; these details can be discreet enough to be almost invisible.

I spent a great deal of time trawling salvage yards searching for lost things and materials. The weathered old terracotta tiles in the winter garden were a happy find, so too was the aged English limestone on the kitchen floor. It took several years to find everything we needed. The York stone in the garden came from an English reclamation yard, and the marble basins from Europe. We found marble baths, a Regency roof light that we used in a bathroom, taps, a tarnished copper shower head that hangs in the steam room, and many other things. There is a beautiful marble stoup hanging on the winter garden wall that sits beneath an old tap and provides water for the watering. All the lost fireplaces were replaced with found period examples, and many of the hearths use the last pieces of a gloriously pretty veined marble that is no longer quarried. It's such a pleasure to breathe new life into retired materials.

With a strong sense of the concept it was vital to find an architect who spoke the same aesthetic language. I needed just the right person, and I chose Vincent Van Duysen. He has a sensitivity I liked, and I thought he'd completely understand what

I was trying to do. Although our natural styles are different in many ways, I had visited his own house in Antwerp and it had stayed with me. It was a soulful house, and he felt like a rare find. He has good, understated taste and a brilliant eye, and an interest in art. I saw a real human touch in his work, and a clear understanding of the beauty of empty space. He was the right choice, and an inspiration.

There were many important structural decisions to be made. One challenge was to find a way for the house to flow again. George Morgan's original design had a beautiful flow between the rooms, but that had completely disappeared with all the changes over the years. Doorways were blocked and the gallery space that greets you as you come to the house had lost its point, so we needed to repurpose much of the house and rethink the way it functioned. There was a great deal to do.

Vincent had the great idea of turning Swinton's portrait gallery into an indoor garden. After the original domed roof was bombed in World War II it was replaced in the 1970s by a white, heavy, boxy thing. I loved the idea of making the gallery into a garden room—a winter garden—but it was very challenging and took time to evolve.

I asked Tom Stuart-Smith to design the garden, the terraces, and the winter garden. His gardens are romantically wild and have an effortless feeling yet are deeply considered, and he was such a good collaborator. I completely trusted him. There wasn't much of an outdoor garden, just a slither across the back of the house, and we had to make a lot out of a little. Tom created a garden that works beautifully; he raised the level in a transformative way and suddenly the garden came towards the house. We laid old York stone as it would have been. It feels wonderful now, very elegant, thoroughly bedded in, and as if it has always been so.

Inside the house, Tom was tasked with working out how to create the indoor winter garden in which plants could flourish with light available only from above. He wanted bold contrasts of texture, using wild plants adapted to low light. Much research followed, and Tom and I went together to meet the aptly named Jim Gardiner, who was then running Wisley, the Royal Horticultural Society's garden in Surrey, to ask his advice about how to make the room work in terms of temperature and humidity. Rather simply now, of course along with a rather less simple heating and cooling system, we always have two large buckets of water sitting in the corners to keep the room moist.

When the Victorian dome was dismantled to start work, we found the original rafters—a happy discovery, as we thought they'd been lost when the room was bombed, and the glass was replaced. We hand-cleaned them, very carefully, with wire brushes and replaced the glazing with fish-scale glass—typically used as the roof glazing of nineteenth-century greenhouses. I've always loved this style of greenhouse roof and had been keen for an opportunity to make one. I love the way the overlaps become

defined by weather over time. Without the dome, the scale and the proportions of the room completely changed into something much more like a courtyard than a Victorian picture gallery. I'll never forget the day David and I walked into that room after its ceiling dome had been removed. The walls were suddenly stretching high up to the sky, the original brick was really beautiful and, with the rafters exposed, the room suddenly made sense. Its age was visible, and the feeling was wonderful. There was no doubt at all in my mind that it should stay exactly as it was. The new shape gave it a feeling of the outdoors, but with some protection; and seeing some of the actual bones of the house, and leaving them showing, felt like a wild relief in a way—something completely unexpected that would give the house new character. An organic process is crucial: things can develop and totally change direction in the most unexpected ways if you are open to it.

London is so densely built that it is unusual for even the grandest houses to have much space in front of them, but ours has beautiful views of a church and the surrounding trees. It's much more like a country house in that respect. So I didn't want grand waxed floors—but I didn't want a barn interior either. I wanted high-quality reclaimed wood that reflected the age of the building. I'd had a picture of the flooring in my mind for a while, and I was lucky enough to find it exactly, when we visited a workshop in Belgium. Here were beautiful reclaimed wide oak boards from the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, which were ideal. They looked, once they were laid, like a work of art.

I liked the idea of having something strong, beautifully crafted, of the period, with just a touch of frivolity to announce the mood of the house as you enter. So, coming through the front door, the first thing you see is a bench made in 1860. Focusing, in the beginning, on English furniture, particularly of the nineteenth century, rooted the house and gave it some cohesion, which in turn allowed me a freedom to explore different periods and mix things up, without losing the conceptual essence.

I have always loved and collected furniture, and we built on that existing collection. We bought across the centuries, looking back and forwards as we do in life. The furniture, as I move things regularly, will always be a work in progress, as will the art. The house lives, and changes, and I think that is important. We might move things according to needs and interests, or according to the seasons, sometimes paring back rooms in summer. Pieces come and go as my interests shift and develop. Although I am a furniture dealer by trade, looking at furniture every day isn't why I collect: I collect because it thrills me. However, there is a particular mood in this house that required something from both the art and the furniture, and it was important to honour that. It wouldn't have worked to push against it too hard.

Wood is such a perfect material. It forms the heart of the furniture collection here. There is a great deal of wood in all forms. I love looking at it, I love what it can do, and I love the patterns and warmth it offers. There is also a lovely relationship between the furniture and the bare floor. There is an early twentieth-century bench by the swimming pool, of a very plain design but with a natural timber edge, made of ash. Its form is simple and delicate, looking back to the vernacular of a much earlier time. The pattern of the grain is so vivid and pretty. When I pass it, I always stop and look.

However, English eighteenth- and nineteenth-century pieces, of strong, elegant form and simple design, are the backbone of the collection, and importantly, often the wood itself is the star, with its depth of colour and patina. There are Regency library chairs, mahogany coaching tables, burr oak cricket tables, George III hall chairs, and ebonised spoonback chairs. My favourite spoonback sits demurely in our bedroom, next to the fireplace. Alongside these are many more modest utilitarian wooden slabs and root tables. I needed some furniture to be easy to move and not precious, so things can be where you need them, when you need them: simple milking stools as roaming tables, for example.

Then, for a different spirit, I looked to some of the giants of twentieth-century French design: Jacques Émile Ruhlmann, Le Corbusier, Jacques Adnet, and Eyre de

Lanux all lent something deeply elegant, or in the case of Charlotte Perriand's lights, pure mechanical perfection. They were a perfect foil for the sobriety of the English pieces. As was the glorious sculptural furniture of Diego Giacometti with its moments of pure fantasy.

There are a couple of Danish makers, Kaare Klint and Poul Henningsen, who reference earlier periods in design and in light, whose pieces worked perfectly in this house. They provide a bridge from the classic to the modern. Klint's early pieces, referencing Georgian furniture in the 1920s, felt appropriate. His students were tasked with studying, and perfectly drawing, period chairs. His masterful Red Chair, designed in 1927, has such a strong classic presence and an ease. Together with the simple draper's table that I adapted from an original, it's a happy family, I think, combining comfort, utility, and beauty. I am not concerned about this table—hot pans can sit happily on it. That was the point. I have little interest in overly precious furniture, and I like the patina of age, and signs of life.

Poul Henningsen loathed electric light, and I can empathise. It can ruin an atmosphere. I wanted a quiet light here and the combination of early nineteenth-century lanterns with softly shaded lamps and Henningsen's groundbreaking design was interesting to me. He was a perfect fit as he insisted that the bulb should never be visible, and the many layers of shades spread the light in a softened glow, quite like an oil lamp. These lights shed gentle light, but also sit so comfortably as beautiful objects, too.

Throughout, period lanterns, which were some of the first things I bought, do the same job as the period benches in the entrance. They have a quiet functionality, and strong form. They are mixed, for fun, with the charm of early twentieth-century Lalique, and the playfulness of French and Italian chandeliers. A sprinkling of late nineteenth- and early twentieth-century English makers such as W. A. S. Benson, Ernest Gimson, and Christopher Dresser—some of the central figures of the Arts and Crafts movement—add interest with their expressive brass work.

I designed many pieces for the house—whenever I couldn't find what felt right. For my bedroom I took a tiny detail from the Indian lights hanging in the cloakroom downstairs and married it with a more contemporary stem. I wanted the lights to emerge from the wall in the simplest, thinnest way possible with a classical touch. The design had a plain quality that worked well for the house, and followed the principle of just one colour throughout. It was the first light I designed and still sells in my shop today. I made some adaptations of it by softening the stem into a curve, where the curve related better to the room. I made most of the upholstered furniture myself, designing a handful of sofas and armchairs to give different moods to different spaces. Mixing these with the clean shapes and quality of wood of the Regency library chairs lent an interesting flavour to this earlier period.

The mirrors are mostly Queen Anne and Georgian, and sober—all have their original plate glass, with its wonderful quiet, grey quality—mixed with twentieth-century whimsical Bugatti and the more decorative nineteenth-century Venetian.

Occasionally I treated the rooms as if the ceilings were lower than they are, the scale of things smaller than one might expect, to humanise. Then in the studio, to remind us of the height of the rooms, I used a tall column of pictures running up from floor to ceiling. For fun and as a nod to the scale.

There are a lot of intentionally empty spaces—above fireplaces and whole walls that would typically hold pictures. To calm and deconstruct. I think these understated elements are the things that make everything work as a whole. It might be the thing I think is most important. Then the architectural flourishes, and the shapes of the space, and the mixes of furniture can give their best but relax at the same time.

Art was an integral part of the whole. If I look at the house as a large canvas for self-expression, the art, its beauty and how it relates to the whole, plays a vital role. Sometimes it is literally the very strength of the room, sometimes just a lighter gesture or something playful. But it's always a display of beauty and emotion, an expres-

sion. David and I bought things we loved, that moved us in some way, that we wanted to live with. But never with a specific wall in mind, as I think that approach can be very compromising. It's impossible to define what draws one to something, and I can't explain what makes something beautiful to me and, in this house, what exactly it was that made a picture right for a particular wall. It was instinctive. But throughout, in some way, I was trying to allow the spirit of the house to come through—so the natural raw space is always visible should you care to look for it.

The original heavy stone stairs still lead us down to the basement, and it's plain and magnificent, with the treads undulating wildly now from years of use. Its monastic spirit and natural movement led the feel down here, so this floor is intentionally much more modern and simple. Vincent and I spent a lot of time reconfiguring its layout, to make it work properly and flow well, and to make the most of the tiny outdoor courtyard in the corner.

With its unadorned mood, it was important to make sure this floor felt like it was a part of the house upstairs, and I tried to do this with the lighting, and with the wall texture. I found a lovely example of a small and sober period lantern in a neighbouring shop on the Pimlico Road, still with its original rippled glass, and used it as a model for the light we used throughout. The walls are tadelakt, so they have movement in them naturally, the rippled light throws pretty reflections onto that surface, and the energy is softened and very gentle. I think it's the one thing that allows this more contemporary floor to work with the classic house upstairs. And the lighting is only where you need it. Not too much of it, not fully consistent. The Potence wall light by Jean Prouvé—a brilliant long task light design from 1947, lights the fireside sitting room here, and gives an interesting imbalance.

The furniture is mainly twentieth century here. It is cleaner in spirit—a contemporary feel with simple rooms, still one colour throughout, but no skirtings or cornicing. One bathroom is panelled for a period feel. Apart from that, we kept the design very clean, so the elements of the room would speak for themselves.

Objects are important to me, although I don't feel the need to put them everywhere. There are specific places where things might sit. I don't think every surface has to be filled. I treat a table just like a room. It might be empty. It might have a single

lamp and perhaps an object or two, but I like to feel the shape of the table bare and unadorned, so the objects are highlights. Sometimes I will just use a tall object, like the vases in the studio, to raise the height of the bookcase on which they are standing.

I love to collect all sorts of things. I've been doing it all my life: antiquities, glass, ceramics, pottery, the eighteenth-century drinking glasses that we use in the kitchen, textiles. A beautiful object or a piece of fabric can do so much. Sometimes I might treat pieces of furniture as objects—just to be seen and admired. Like the chair by Gerald Summers in the drawing room, which enjoys being looked at. We don't really use it, but it sits rather regally alone (though it is small it is of the simplest and most excellent, groundbreaking design).

I still move things around, but much less often at night. I move everything: furniture, objects, and art, and I look at the different moods created. Sometimes it could be pieces from very different dates and countries that reflect each other, or the mix of form with colour, or a chair beneath a painting or in front of a bare wall. I like ancient objects with contemporary pieces, sometimes looking at the broad influence of the ancient on modern design, or just enjoying the beauty for the sake of it. I like how things change in different company. I like the relationship between things.

If you look above the dining room fireplace—which is an astonishing thing in itself as it has a window above it, and there is a mirror hidden within the frame that you can wind down in winter—at the moment you'll see a turn of the century clock by W.A.S. Benson, and above that a couple of Edmund de Waal's porcelain pots mixed in with some eighteenth-century Japanese porcelain. They sit so happily together. There are also two handmade sculptures of birds by the Swiss artist Ugo Rondinone. You can see and feel his hand pressing into the birds to shape them. I always imagine that the birds have just flown through the window and I smile at their sweetness.

There are so many stories embedded in the bones of this building, and in the furniture and the art—our stories and those of others. I like to imagine them. What lives did these chairs and tables live before? What did these walls see? I can pass a piece of art and imagine the artist at work, the love and the struggle, just as Swinton and the students of the Grosvenor School loved and struggled here during the house's beginning. All these stories, and ours, breathe an atmosphere into the rooms.

THE HOUSE

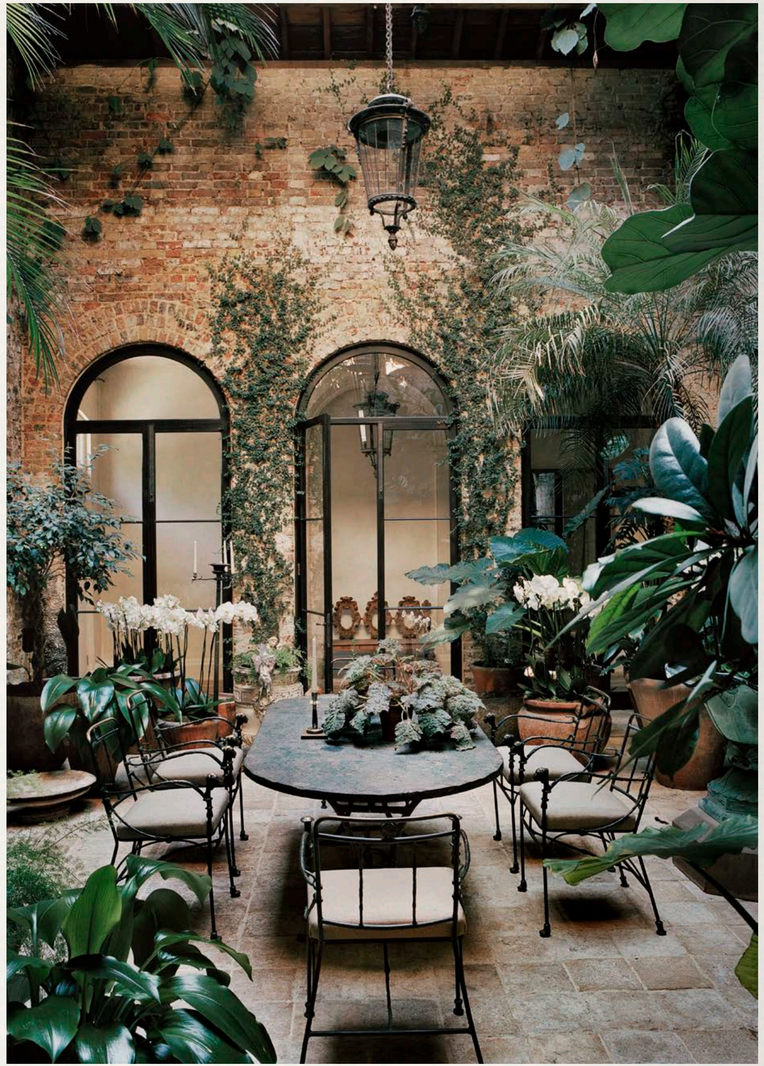






First Hall

In the hall there is a pair of oak benches
by William Burn, which were made
for Fonthill New Abbey in 1860, the year
the house was completed. The first thing
you see when you arrive reflects the period of
the house and in some way its frivolity.
I like the feeling of their presence against the
plain empty walls and unadorned arches.
A pair of Ernest Gimson wall sconces
are lit with candles. A large mirror for
reflecting the winter garden and checking
yourself. Nothing unnecessary, no clutter.
And the winter garden that greets
you immediately is the surprise and
the entertainment.



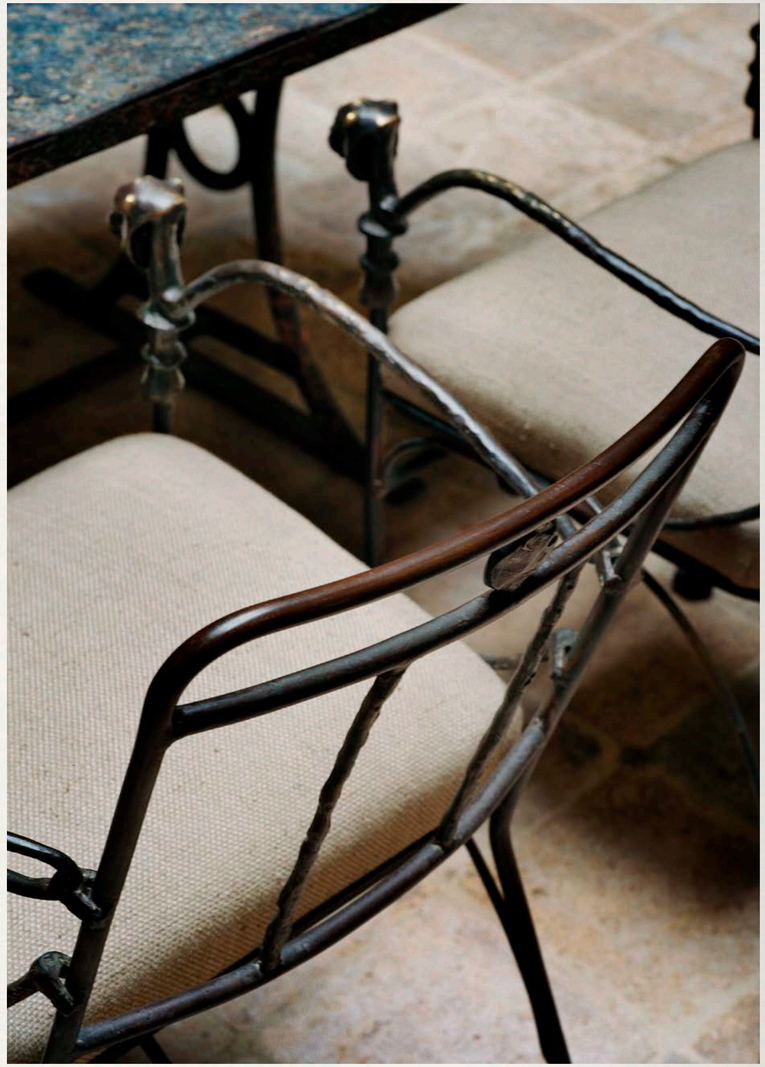


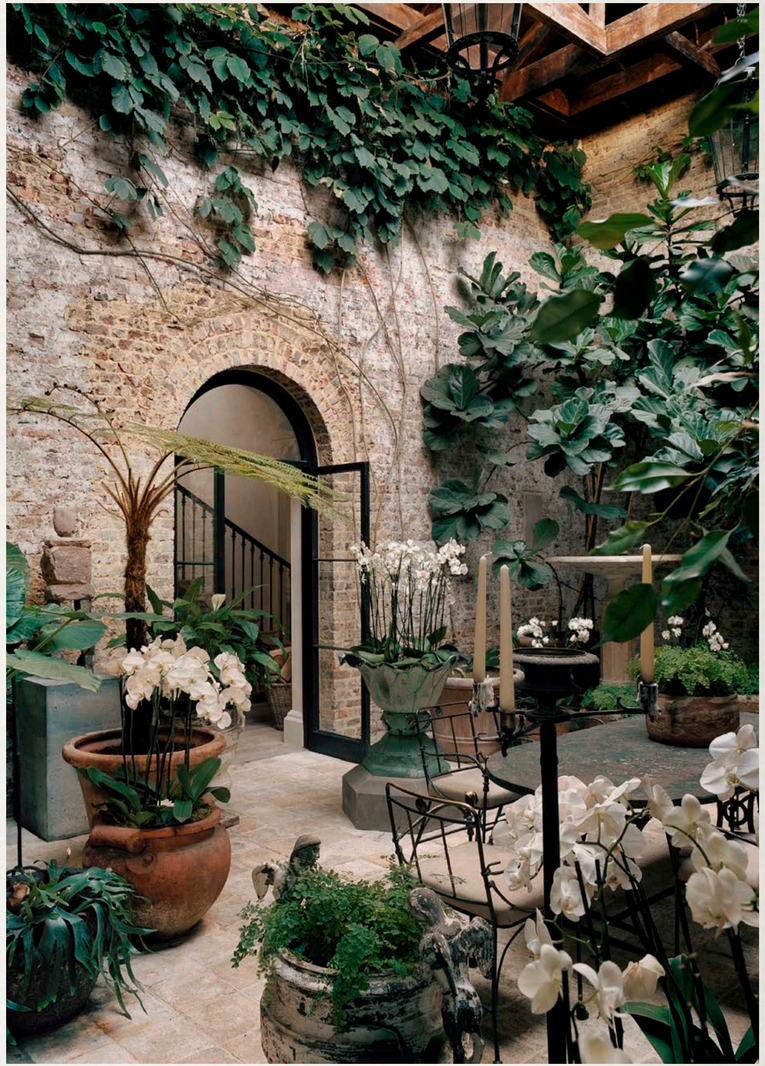


Winter Garden

Stripped bare and reclaimed by nature. Wild planting. Candles. Theatre. Creating the antithesis of what you might expect from the outside. And with some understated rarities that completely change the mood. A late nineteenth-century marble fountain sits in the corner and the sound of water makes the room. Secret brick door made by set-builders leads to the studio.



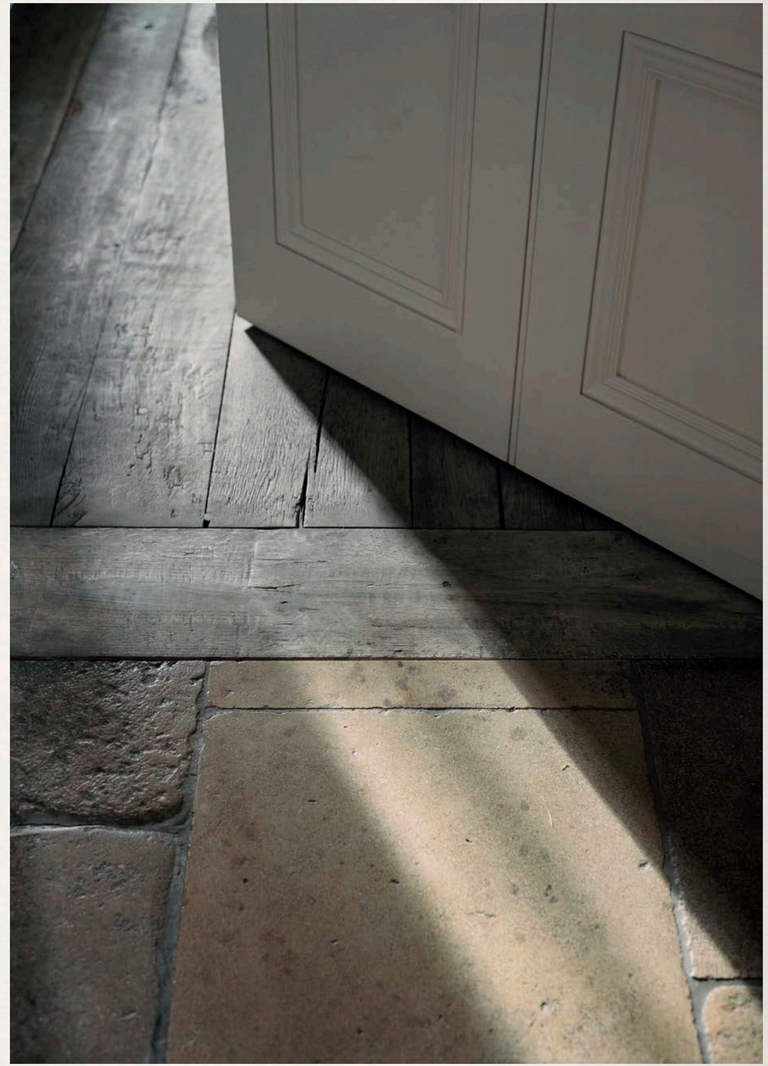


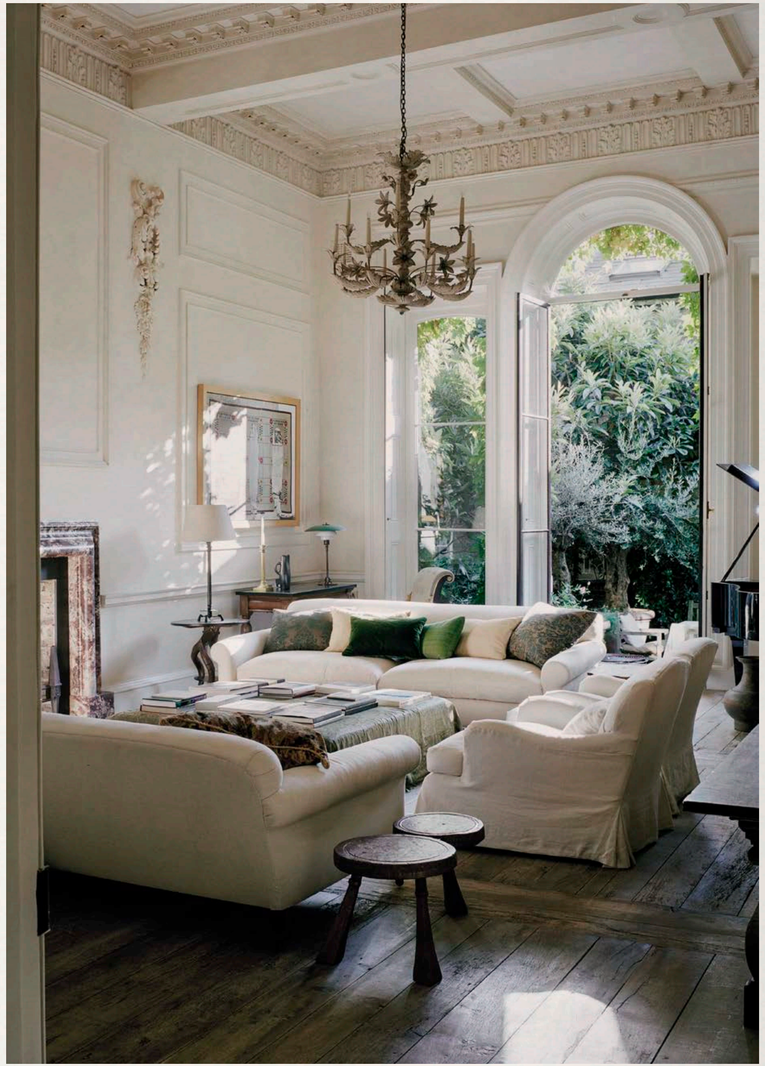




A late nineteenth-century
Japanese bronze planter filled with orchids
holds the entrance, leading you in.
Diego Giacometti chairs sit around a simple
garden table. A granite sculpture by
Ugo Rondinone sits behind the planting,
tonally blending. Hiding, waiting
to be found.









Drawing Room

The drawing room started with my childhood piano, and the large black Glenn Ligon *Stranger* painting. Big fire. Intimacy and comfort. Very deep sofas invite informality. Broken rules here. Balance, no symmetry. The Tuscan refectory table, placed off-centre, works because of the piano next to it.

Lots of oddities. Two sculptural single armchairs of completely different form, sitting at either end. One a nineteenth-century chair by Thomas Hope, the other an early English modernist chair by Gerald Summers. The void over the fireplace is one of the details I love particularly, empty space relaxing the rest. Log fire.

Mix of objects and drawings sitting on the table anchored by the Glenn Ligon painting above. It is a piece with such a strong material density that objects almost float around it.

Often this table is the first stop when we bring in something new, and things change here regularly. Here, a fifteenth-century marble tabernacle sits surrounded by various treasures: pre-dynastic vessels, a large Warring States Chinese urn, a piece of Lalique glass, and a group of Francis Alÿs drawings. Displayed casually, so nothing assumes greater importance than anything else.

Whatever is on the table, I am interested in the natural beauty of things and how, when displayed in this way, the eye is drawn to different things at different times, and there is a sense of discovery.







Colours reflect those of the garden,
drawing the garden in. The walls:
layers of colour washed over the raw strip.
I was looking for the dry feeling of an
old white. Wonderful, intricate plasterwork
on the cornice and ceiling, so elegant
and peaceful with no highlights.
The light and shadow do it all. Wall colour
and frieze reflected in the chandelier,
and its form echoes the garden and
the plasterwork.

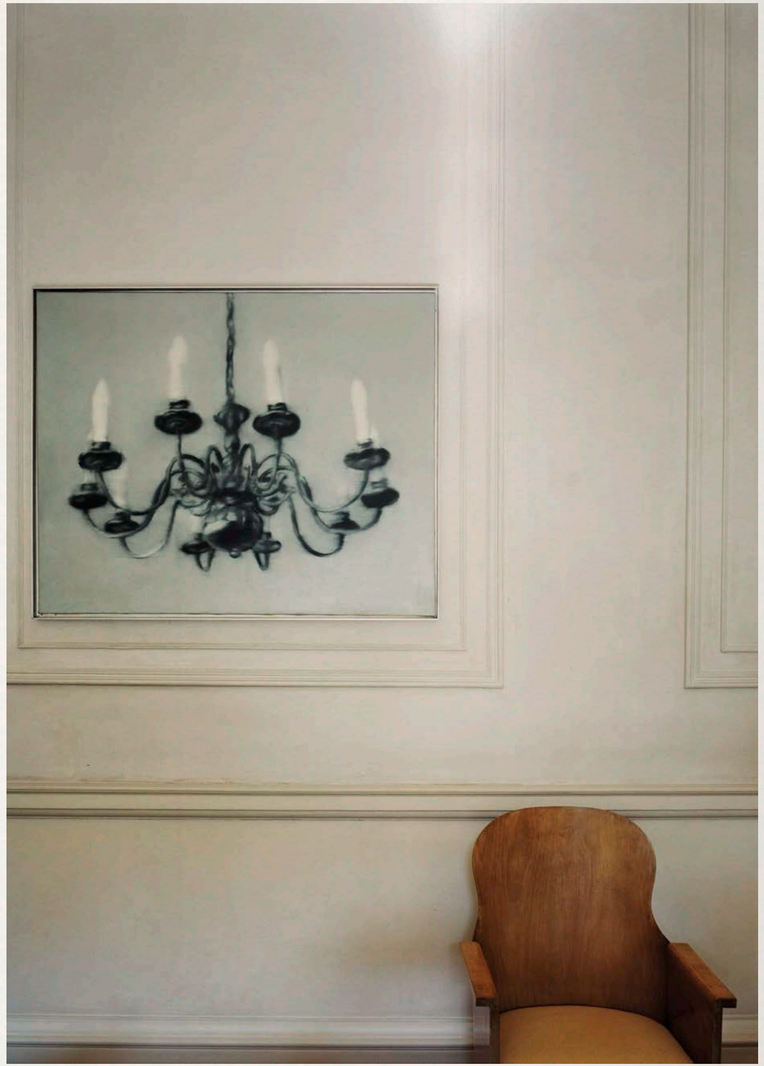


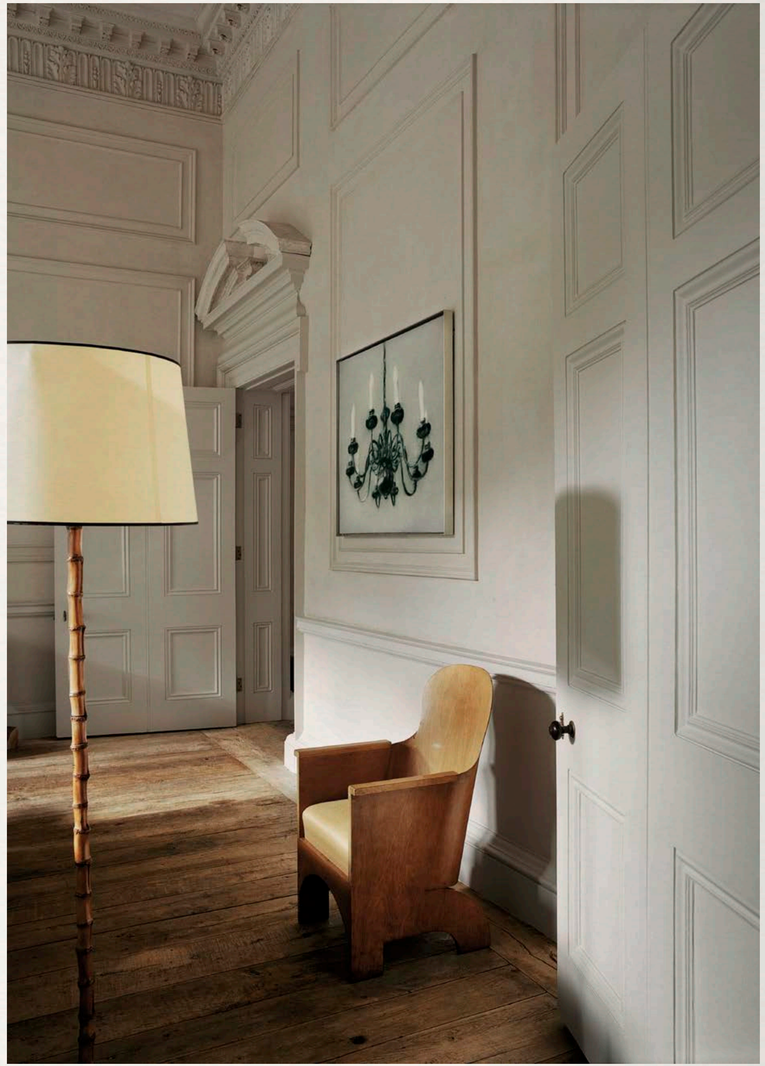




Painting by Gerhard Richter, 1965.
Its utter beauty and strength allow it to be
alone here, and the absence around only adds.
The painting echoes the chandelier,
by Maison Bagues, which in turn echoes
the plasterwork above.

Fireside chair by Gerald Summers, 1933,
sits as sculpture beneath.

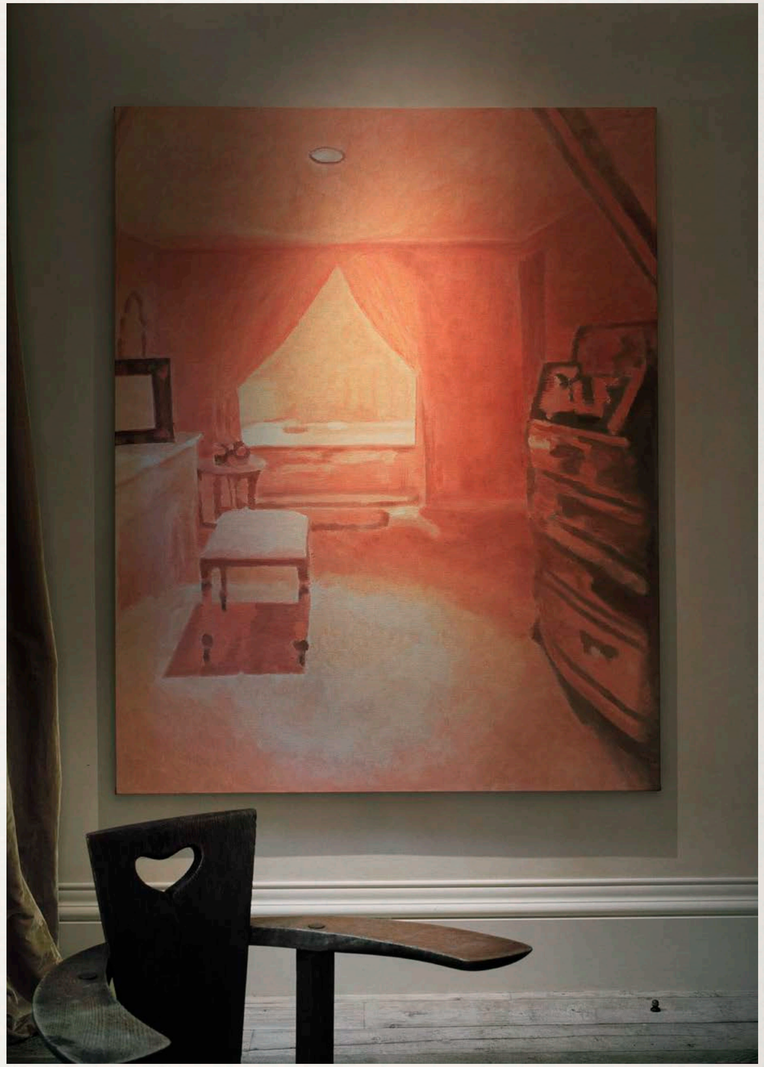






Hall

John Soanian views through arches to light.
Many circles and echoes. A flow around
the table. Here you can feel the scale and the
clear intention of George Morgan.
Very open so as to appreciate the architecture
fully, with the Carl Andre copper floor-piece
leading to the circle, which holds
the hall with a minimal gesture.
A nineteenth-century lantern and mirror,
against a twentieth-century work of art.
We reinstated the fireplace here and
its log fire is regularly burning and warms
the welcome. It makes the hall.







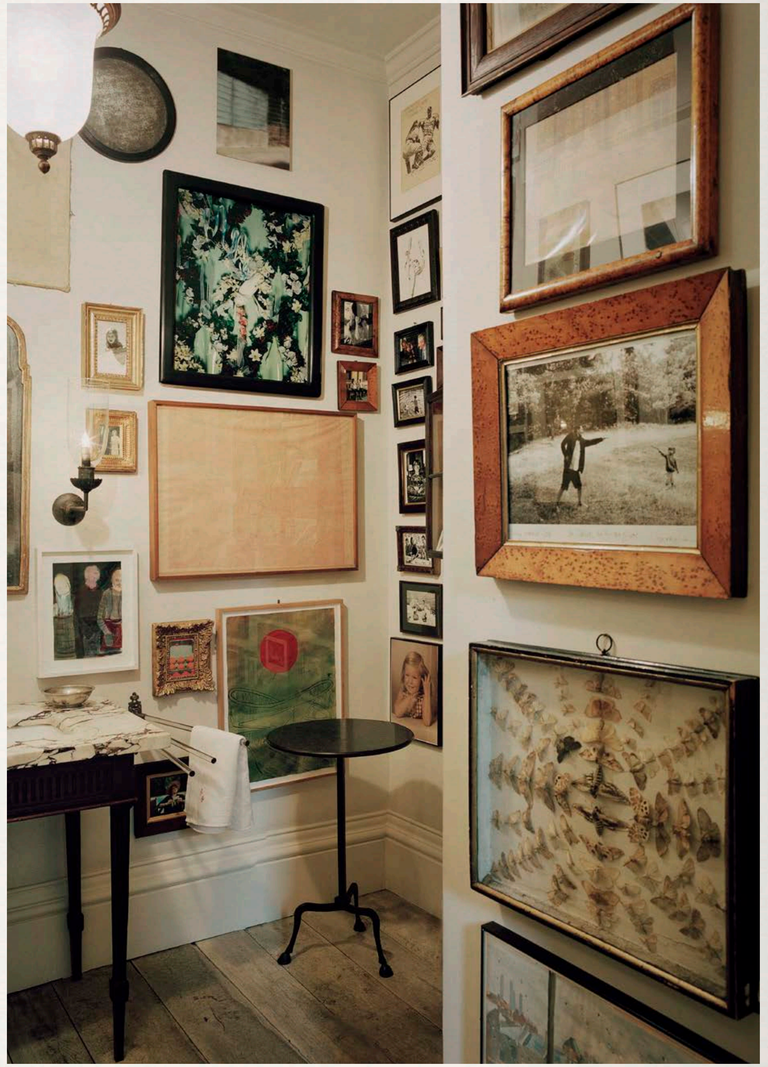


Ante Room

I love ante-rooms—they offer a moment of repose. We sometimes eat or work here by the fire—can't think of anywhere in the house we haven't had supper. Antique curtains here on both windows—silk damask on one and a silk velvet on the other. Pinks and yellows. Warm. I placed a mirror in the sight line from the winter garden.

Cloakroom

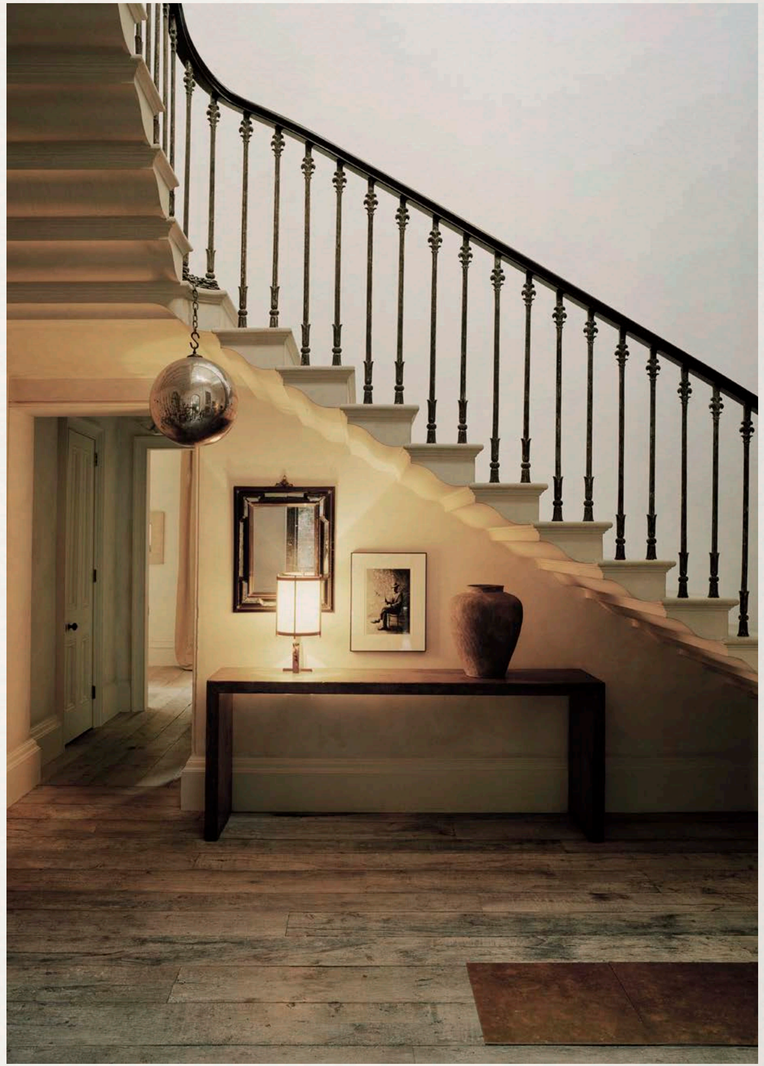
Crowded with salon-hung family pictures and other things we enjoy. The photographs in the Regency cabinet that hangs on the wall change regularly.

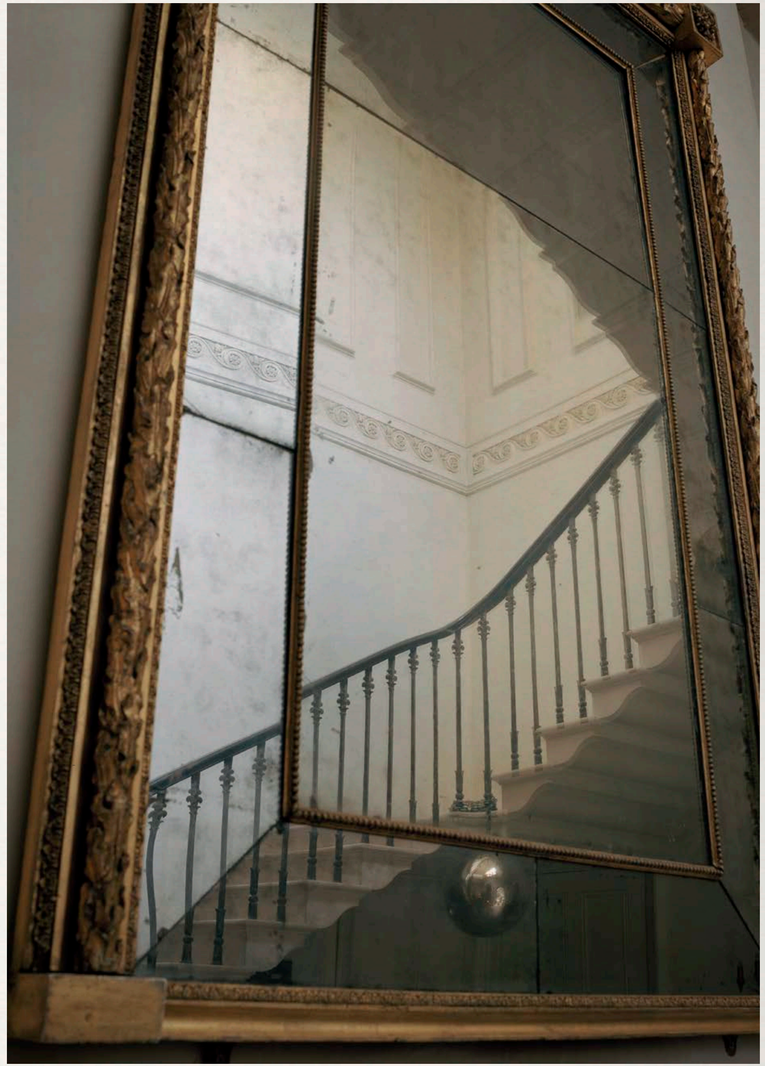






Under the stairs sits an early sixteenth-century Chinese table, and a Chinese terracotta vase, fifth to third century BC. On the wall hangs a Josef Koudelka photograph, with a late nineteenth-century Italian mirror. Different heights reflecting the stair above. Lit softly by a lamp by George Nakashima. The witch's ball went up one Christmas and has never come down.







Dining Room

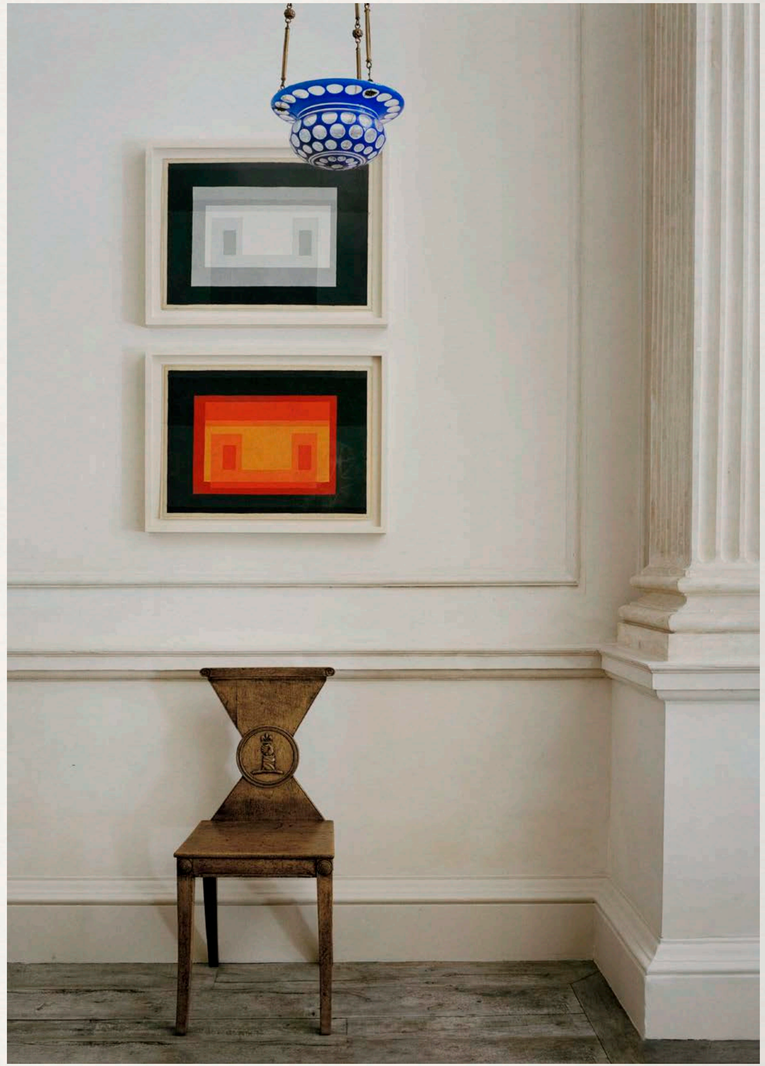
Relaxed dining, with informal dining table, made from an original draper's model. Kaare Klint chairs made in 1930—early period of Klint when he was looking back at Georgian makers.

Columns left raw—the original strip exposed.

Yayoi Kusama's *Infinity Nets* (2000) above the dining table is such a strong force. I find it beautiful in its mesmerising quality. It feels uplifting, calming, unpretentious, and has the strength to hold the room.

Josef Albers's *Adobe Variants* (1947), with a Swedish glass hanging light from the 1850s, hang above an angular English Regency oak hall chair. The mix of vivid colour, shape, and form feels playful.









Painting by one of my daughters leans against a neo-classical mirror. The marble table with a cluster of antiquities and a spun brass lamp. Palazzo influence. A pair of modest W. A. S. Benson candlesticks on the draper's table.

Rudolf Stingel's *Untitled* (2004) sits over a black marble table of my design. Colour, play. Not too polite. Gold reflecting the mirrors. Echoes of colours all around the room.

A clock by Benson reflecting shapes in the mirror behind, with Japanese porcelain. Sublime colour.

Cycladic head and torso, with a Picasso maquette of a bearded man (1954). Slate carvings by one of my sons sit behind.





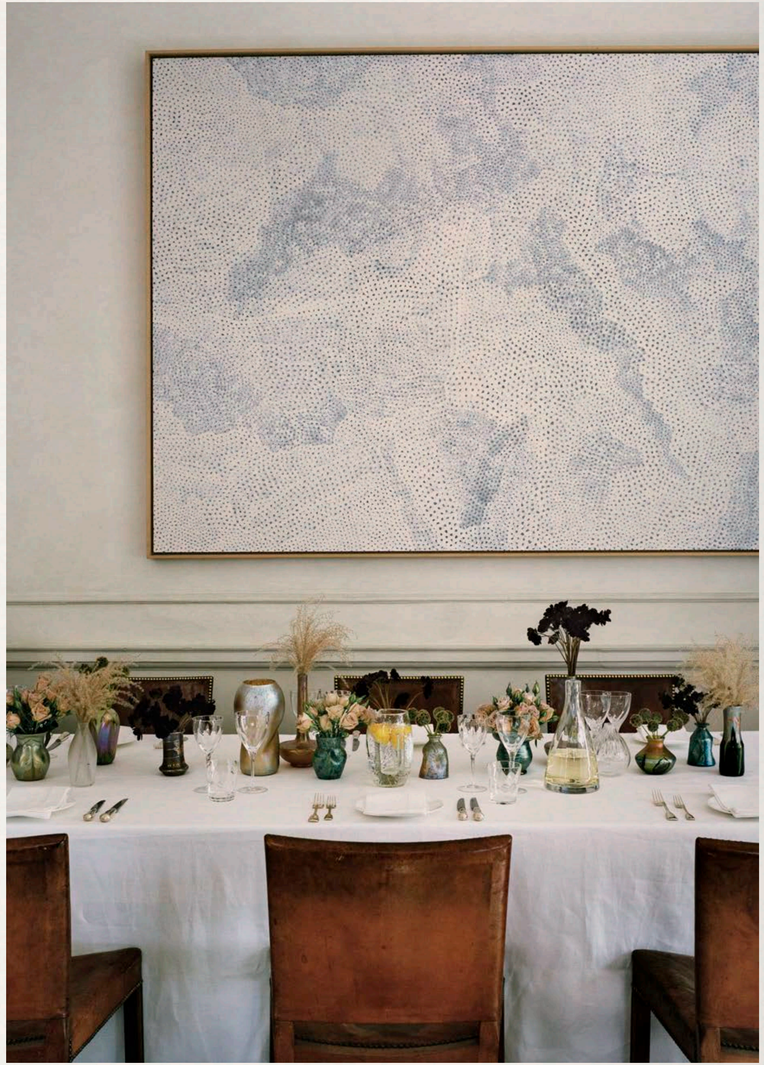
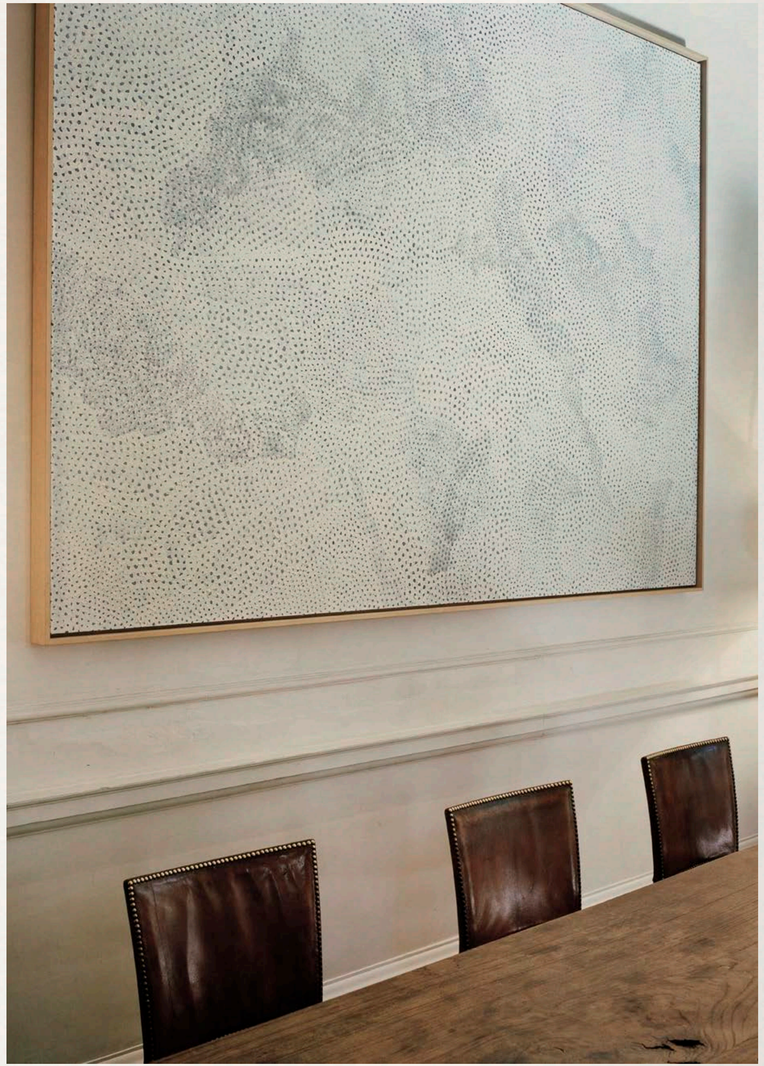
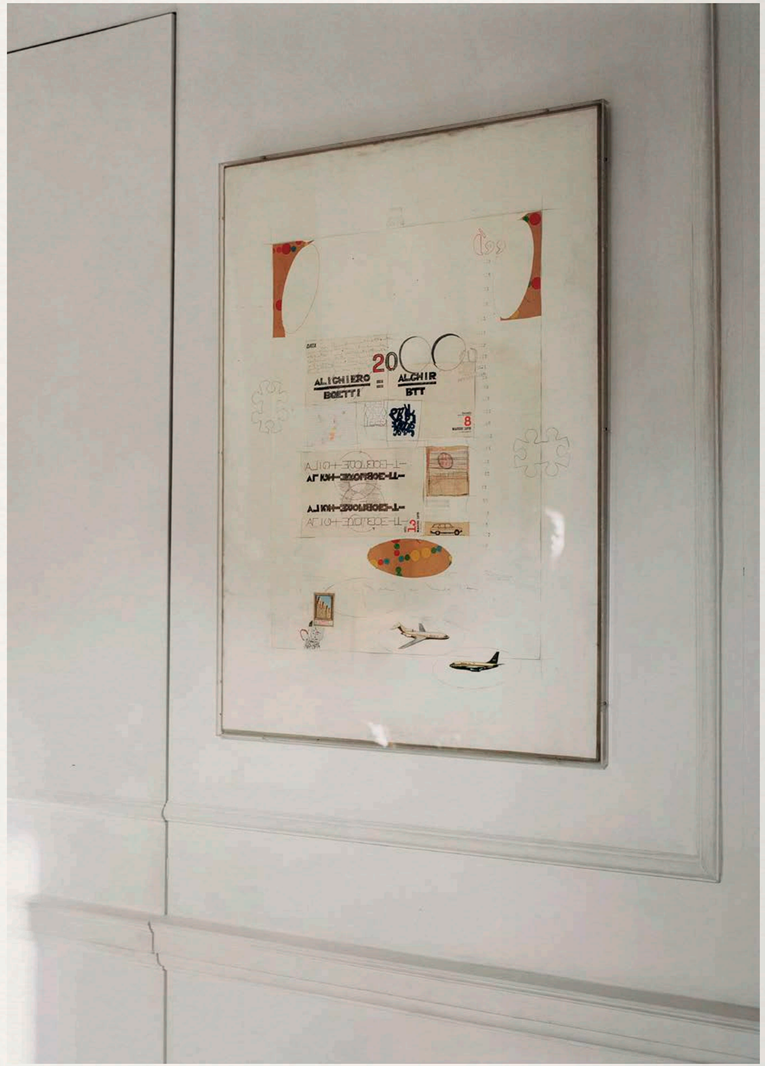




Table becomes glamorous for parties,
dressed with Loetz, Tiffany,
and contemporary Japanese glass.

Alighiero Boetti's *Untitled* (1980)
sits quietly, reflecting all the colours
of the room.





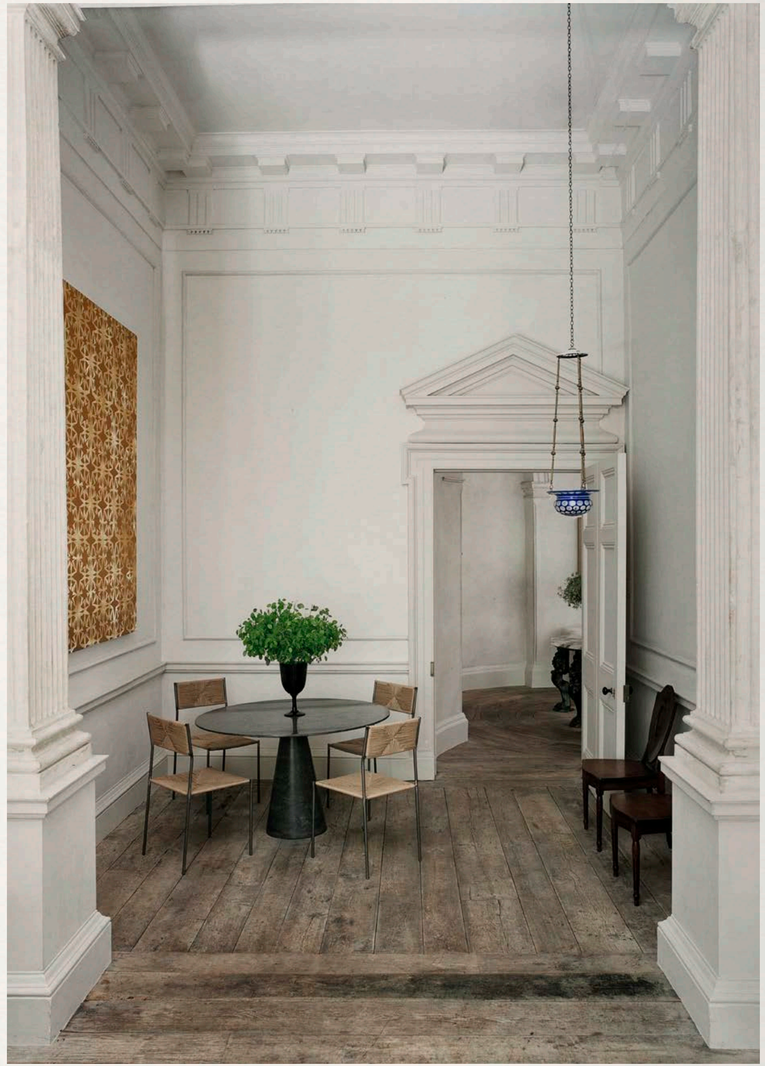




An old wooden stool that I am particularly attached to and asked a local foundry to cast in bronze. I wanted to capture in time with all its nooks and patina of age.

Lamp by Felix Agostini lighting the dining room.

Green colours inside and out. *Bronze Bird* by Ugo Rondinone as if hopped in from the garden.





Kitchen

Originally I designed this room around an eighteenth-century painted breakfront cabinet that filled the wall. This kitchen came five years later, taking out the central island in favour of a small breakfast table. The original cone lights retailed by Syrie Maugham from the 1930s inspired the ones we make in the shop. I love the imbalance of them — one is hung slightly higher than the other. An abstract painting by Ryan Sullivan takes centre stage and gives a colourful energy to the room and allows it to feel less like a kitchen. Open shelves. Hanging pans. A walk-in fridge is hidden behind the jib door in the corner.

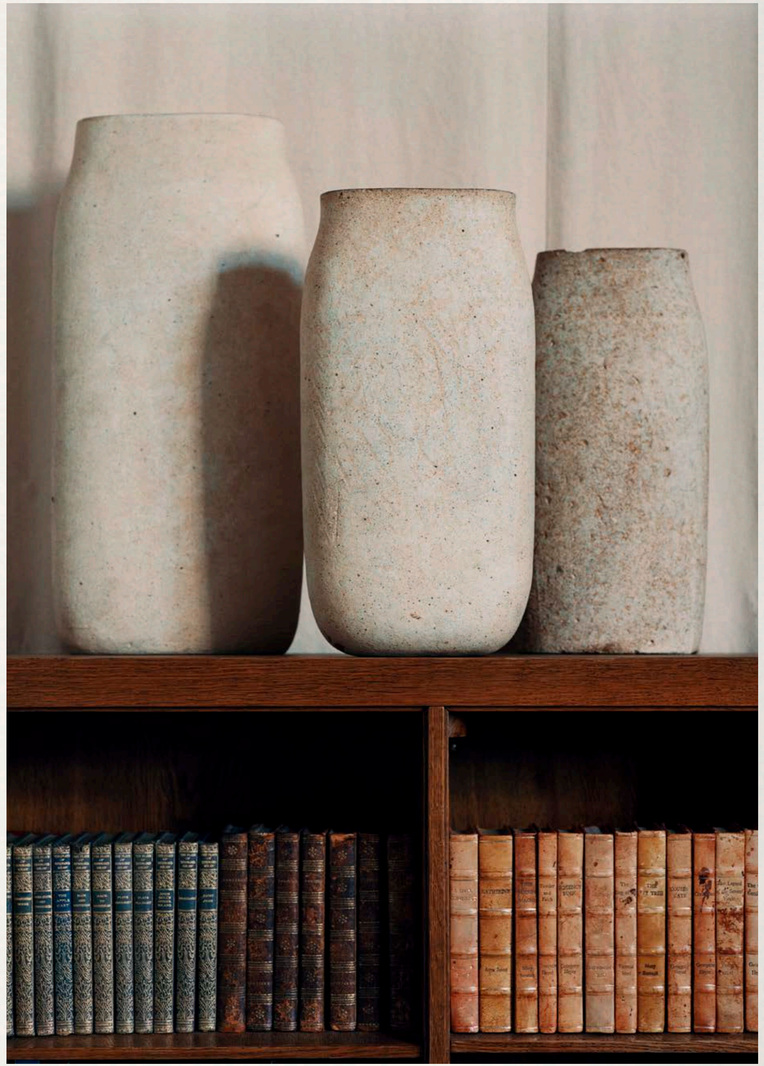


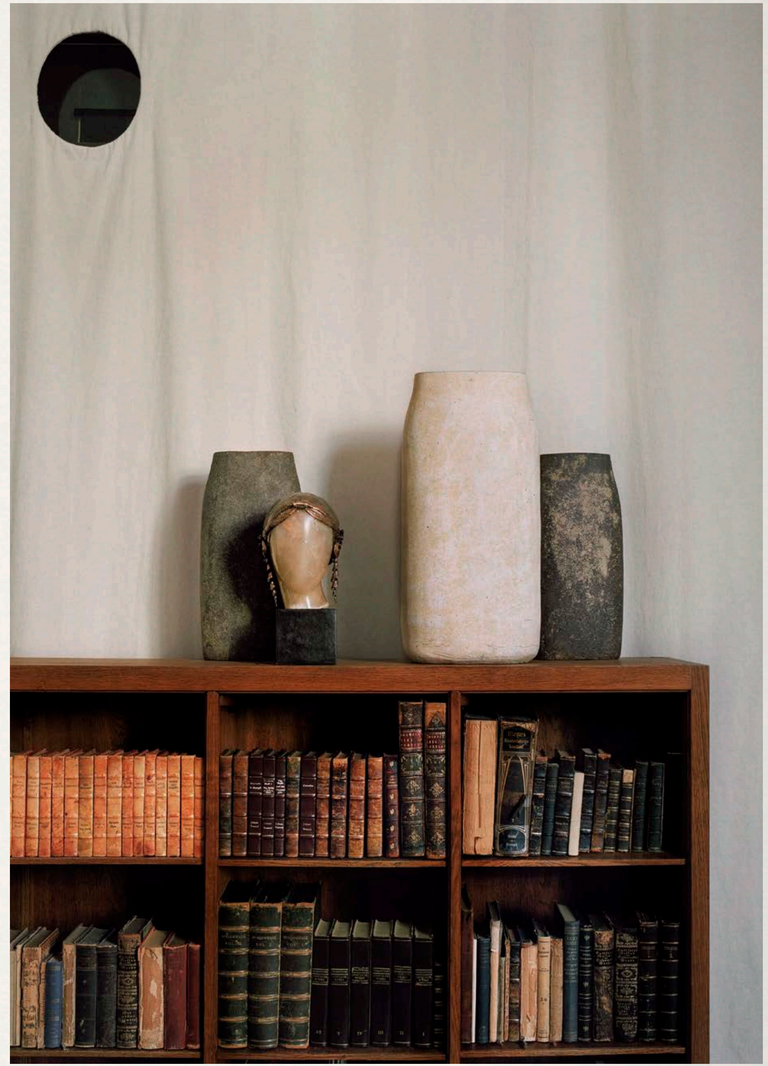




The Studio

Walls upholstered in rolls of painter's canvas as a nod to its origins as an artist's studio, and also its reincarnation in the 1920s as the Grosvenor School of Modern Art. Creative heart of the original house. I wanted the essence of the studio to stay but for it to function in lots of ways—as a cinema, a large table for projects, books, and a card table for games—and fireside sitting. Doing room. The furniture moves depending on what's happening. Sofa the colour of fire. The bookcases are the constant. The vertical hang of Friedrich Kunath's series of untitled black-and-white photographs, and the Genoese chandeliers, suggest the height of the room. Everything else is low-slung to feel comfortable and domestic. No grandeur.









Ceramic eggs by Pol Chambost, and
a Mughal red sandstone vessel.
Limed oak box with quartz handle by
Marc du Plantier that holds our playing
cards for regular card games.

Many organic natural materials.

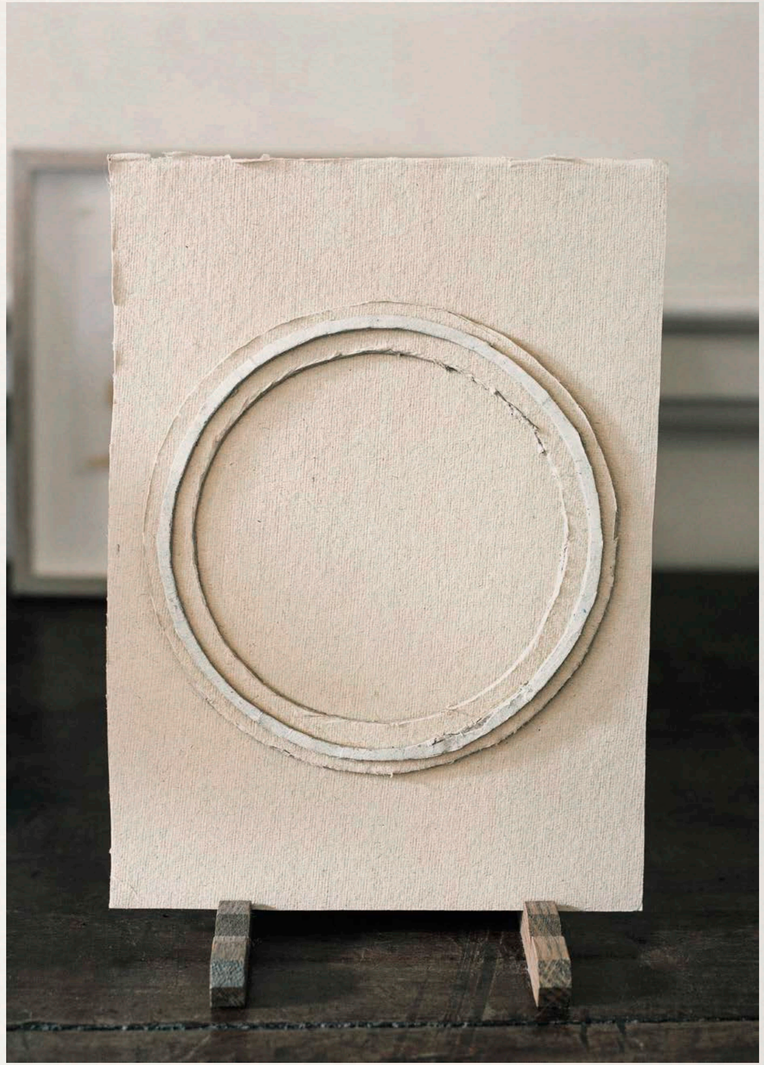





ARCHITECTURE
MODERN
GENESIS

Natural things here: desert rose and wood sculpture, burl wood tables, sheepskin on Arctander chairs. Nineteenth-century green glass vase.

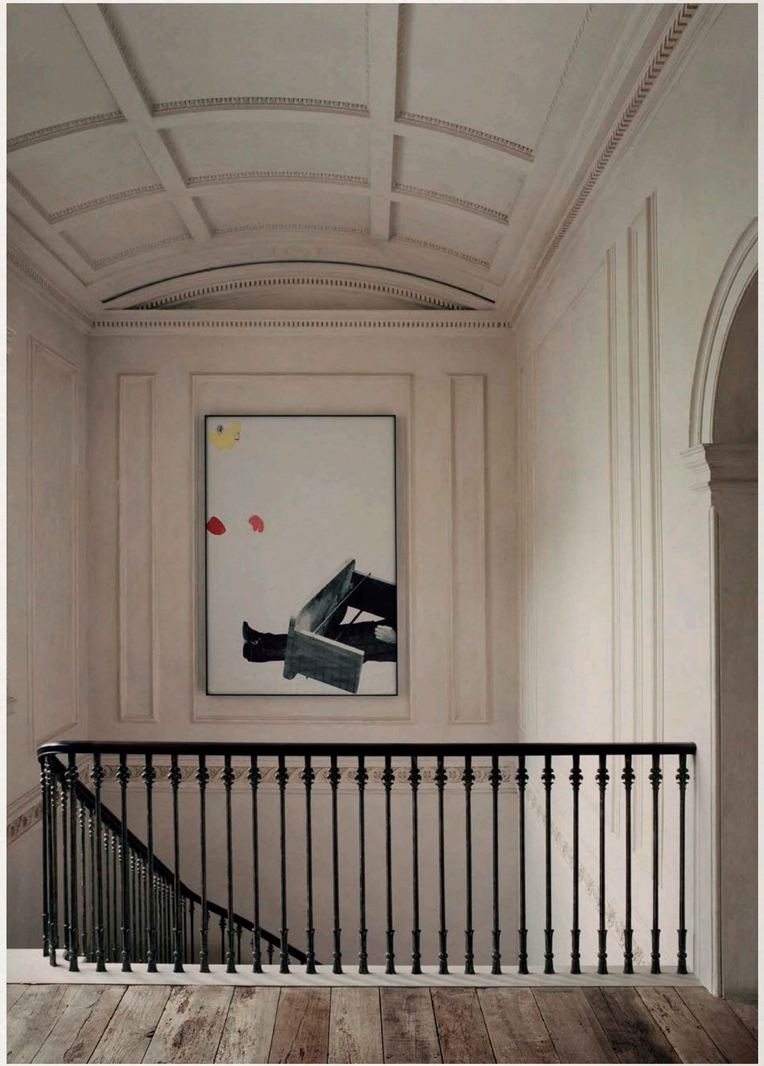


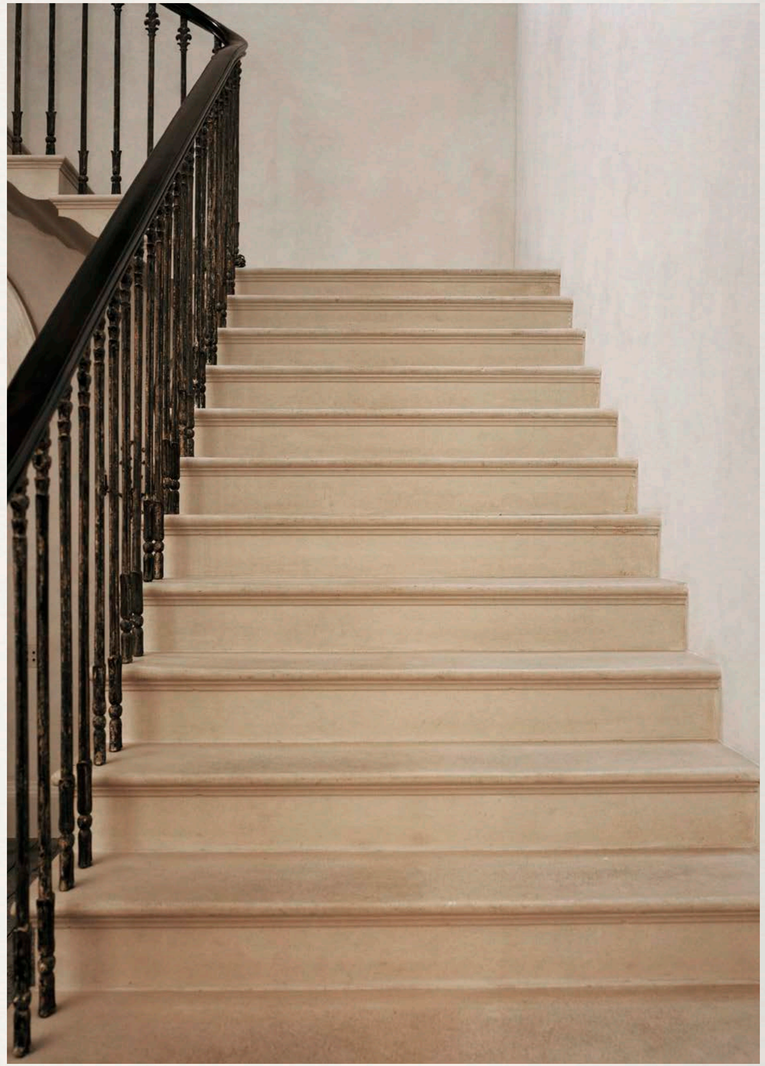


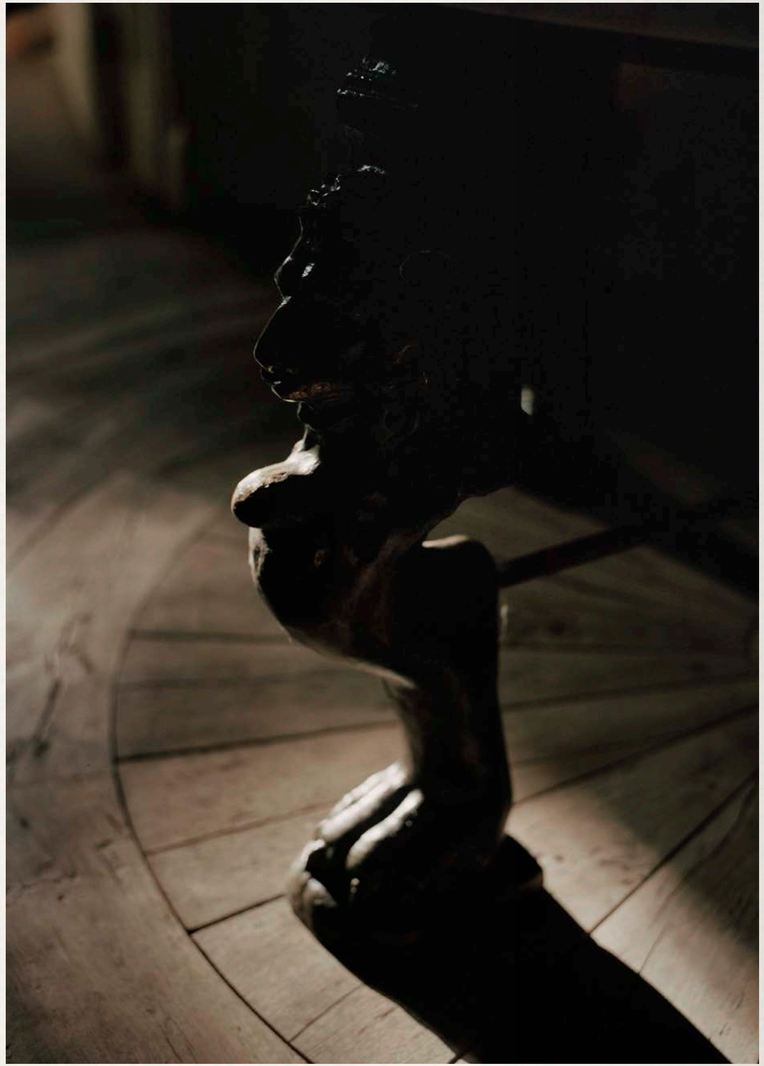


A picture made for me by one of
my sons for my birthday.

The work table is by Eyre de Lanux.
Its pink Saint-Gobain glass is so soft.
The pottery vessels on the bookcase
are made by Paul Philp, a contemporary
British ceramicist. They sit around
an alabaster head with copper hair, made
by Joseph Morcom. The hole in
the canvas wall-hanging surrounds
the projector lens—a simple way
to hide the projector without doing
anything fancy.







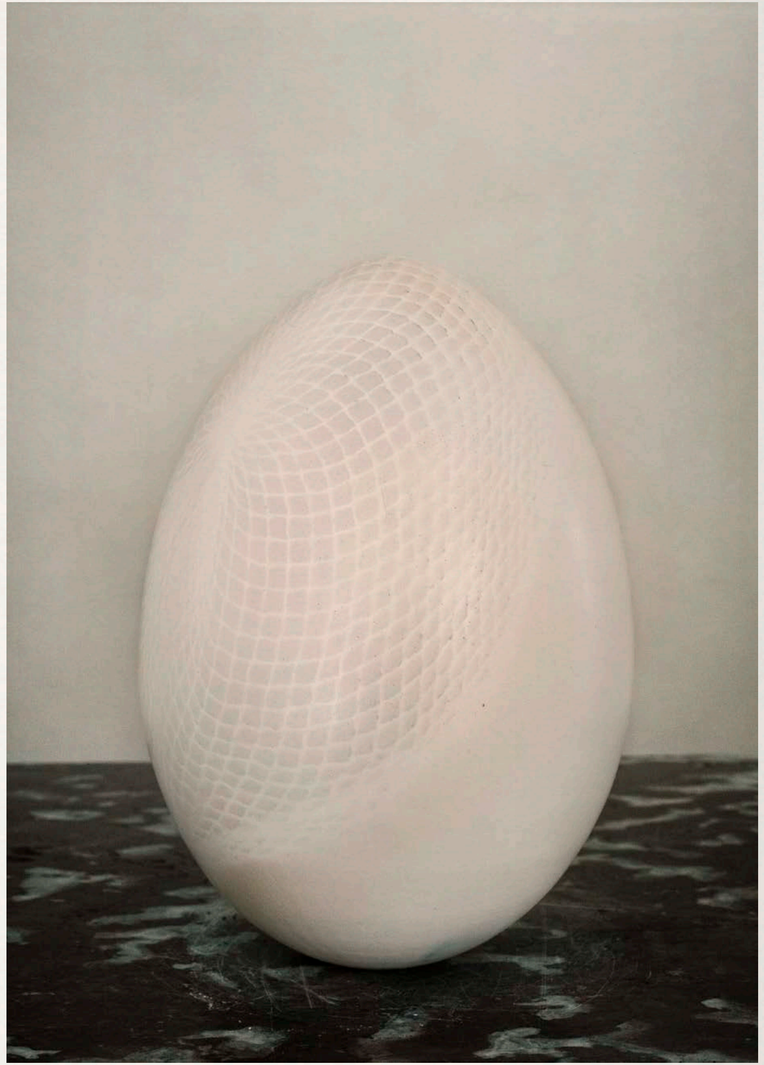


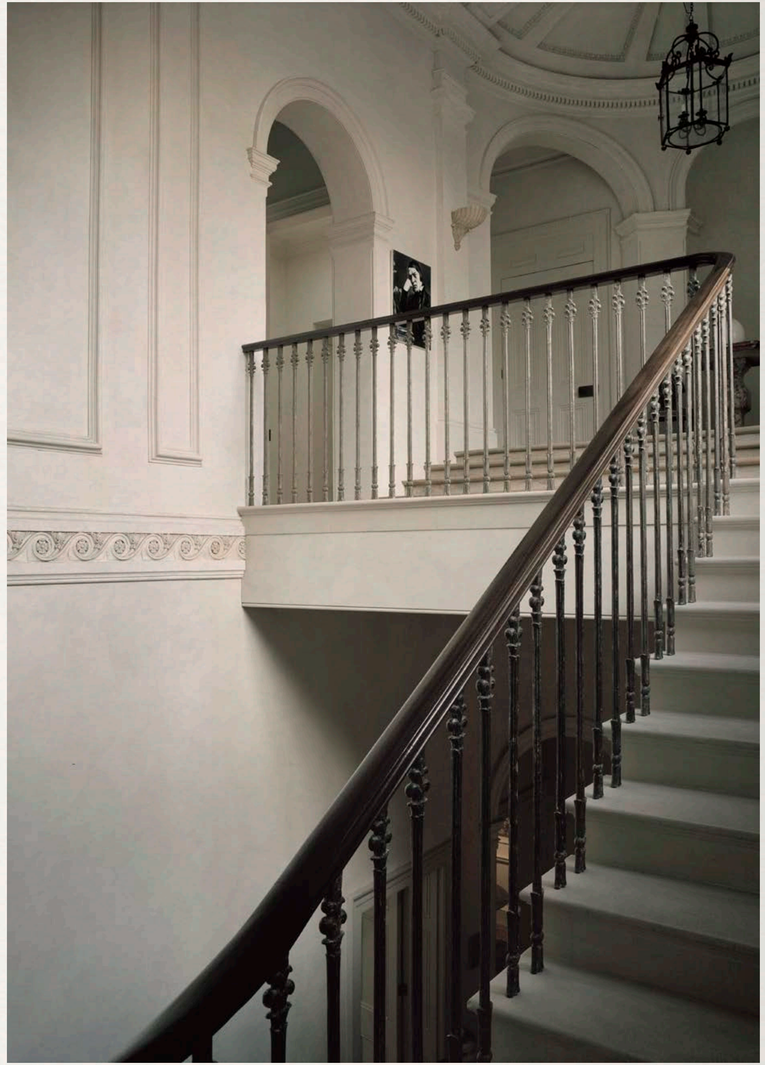
The Landing

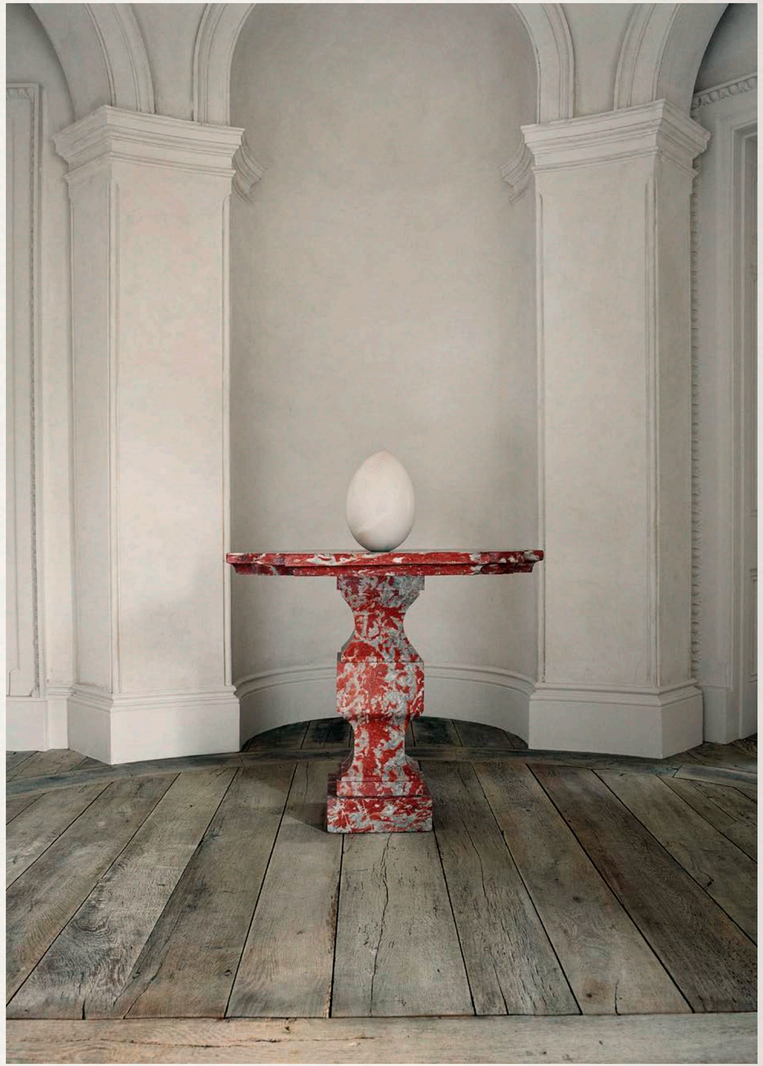
Almost empty—so the architecture speaks for itself. Mannerist with a few architectural flourishes. The John Baldessari piece, *Noses and Ears* (2006), a photograph overpainted with collage elements, is three-dimensional. Over the stairs it is the one strong gesture, and its playfulness takes all the seriousness out. It is literally filling the void, but allowing the emptiness around to breathe, and I like the tension of it. On the seventeenth-century baroque table, with its marble top, is a Ramie Madoura egg, with a netting pattern pressed on top, from the 1970s. It reminds me of the ceiling flourishes above.

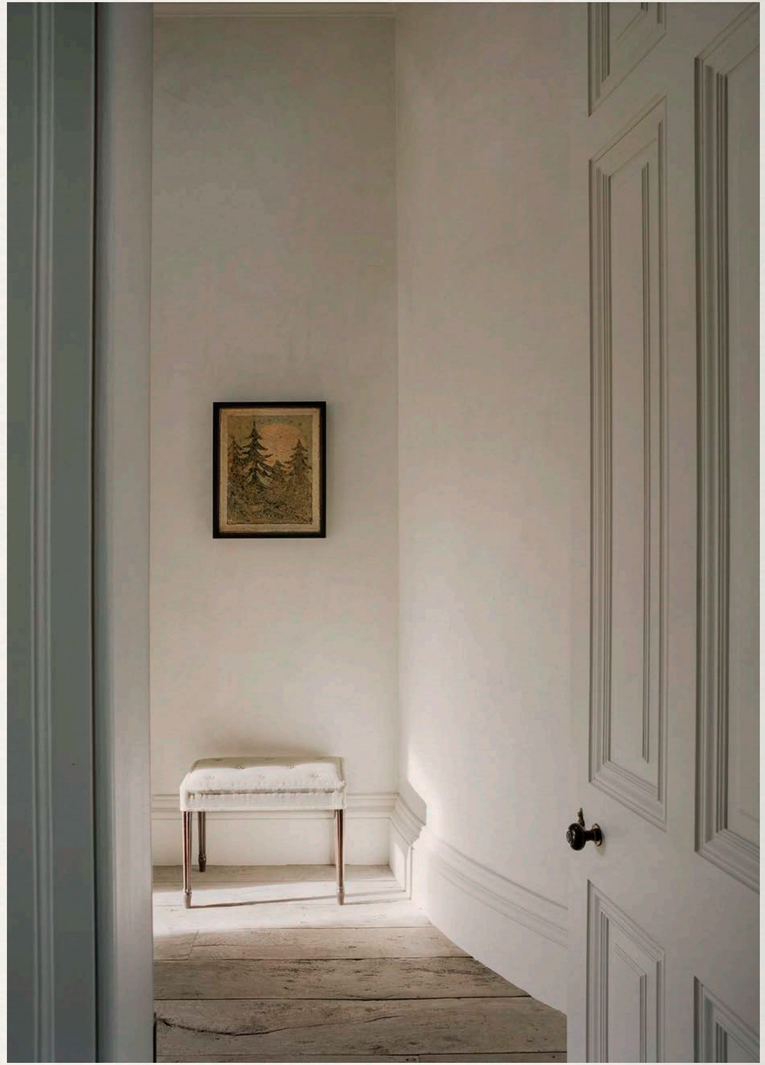
The spindles on the staircase are cast from an original on the back stairs, reflecting the plasterwork frieze.

Lighting is important here—the odd highlight with a gentle light. It's meant to feel calm.











Bedroom

This room is often filled with light.
I stood in this space one morning, in the sunlight, and it was suddenly obvious where we should sleep, and several rooms were then combined. More symmetry here—a pair of early cushion mirrors, pairs of tables—reflects the pair of us. It's a tranquil space for sleep. Monastic, no colour, but strong, not too polite. Plain raw plaster wall. Leaning photographs.

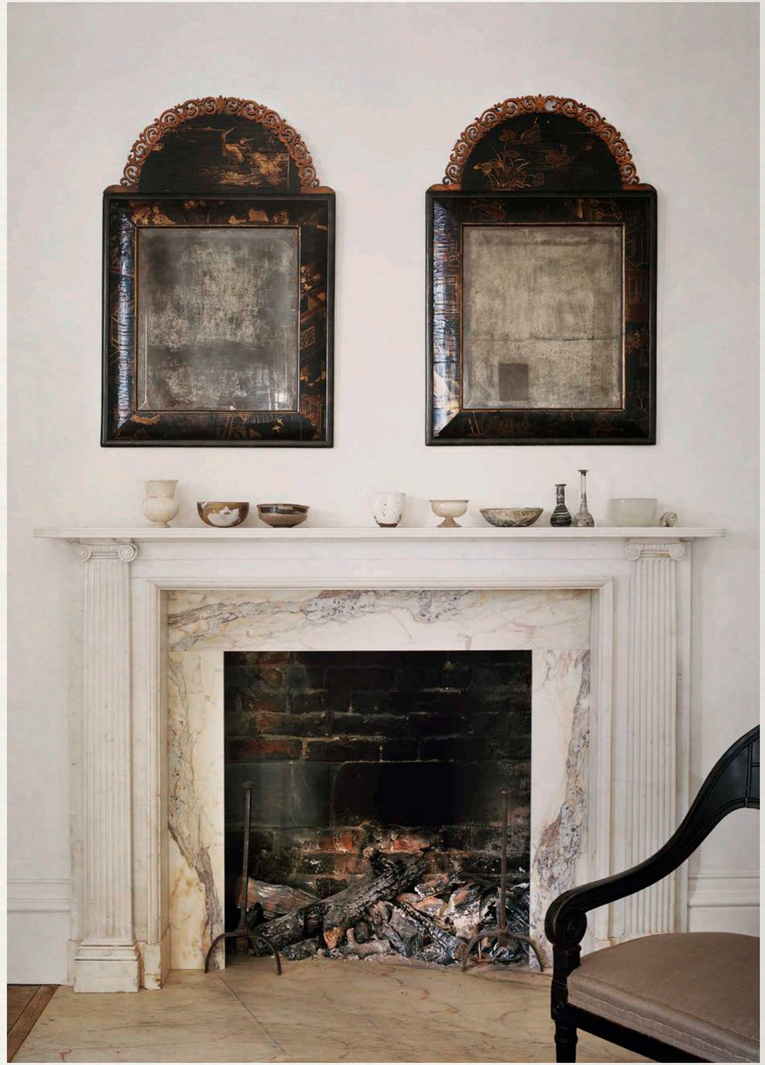






A John McCracken black resin plank
sits almost behind the door—unexpected
and casual. Attitude in an empty space.
Unadorned, like the room.

Ancient glassware from the fourth to
first centuries, with a twentieth-century piece
by Carlo Scarpa, on the fireplace mantle.
A pair of seventeenth-century lacquer
cushion mirrors above—not to dominate,
but to ground the room.







Bathroom

One of my favourite rooms. The ante-room to the original ballroom. This is a sitting room with a bath, shower, and basin within it. It's a very pale pink all over.

Richard Prince Joke painting over the fireplace. We sit here by the fire often.

Argentinian masks from the twelfth century sit by the basin. Keeping watch.

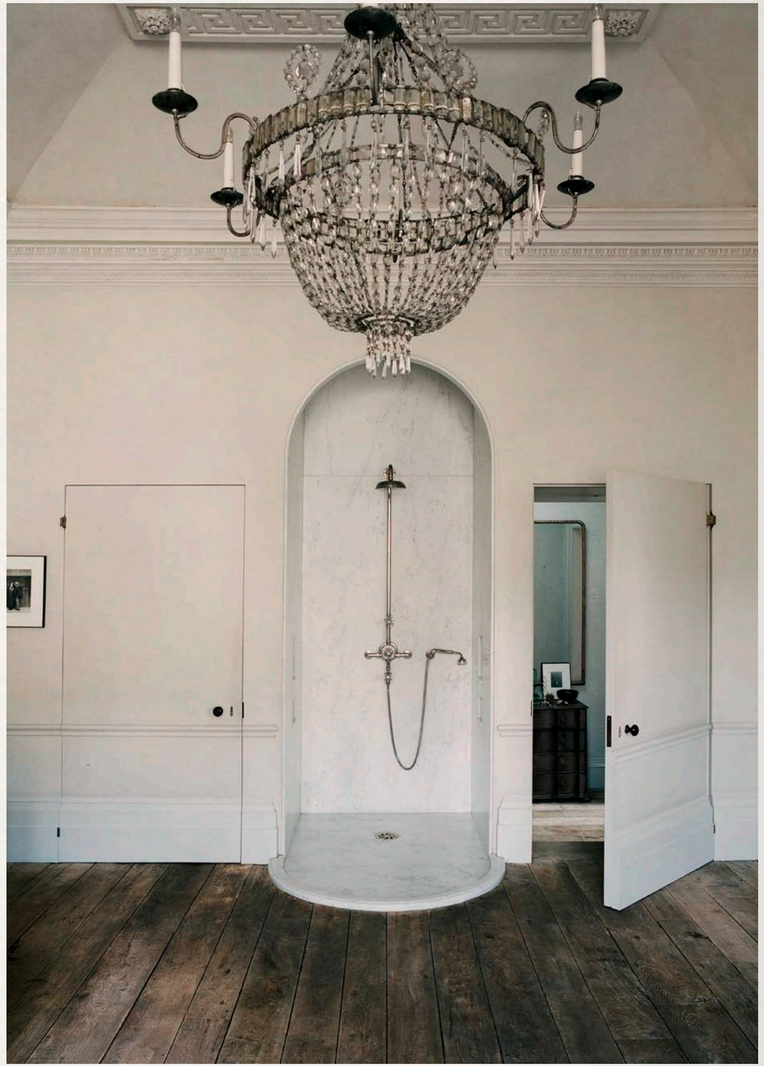


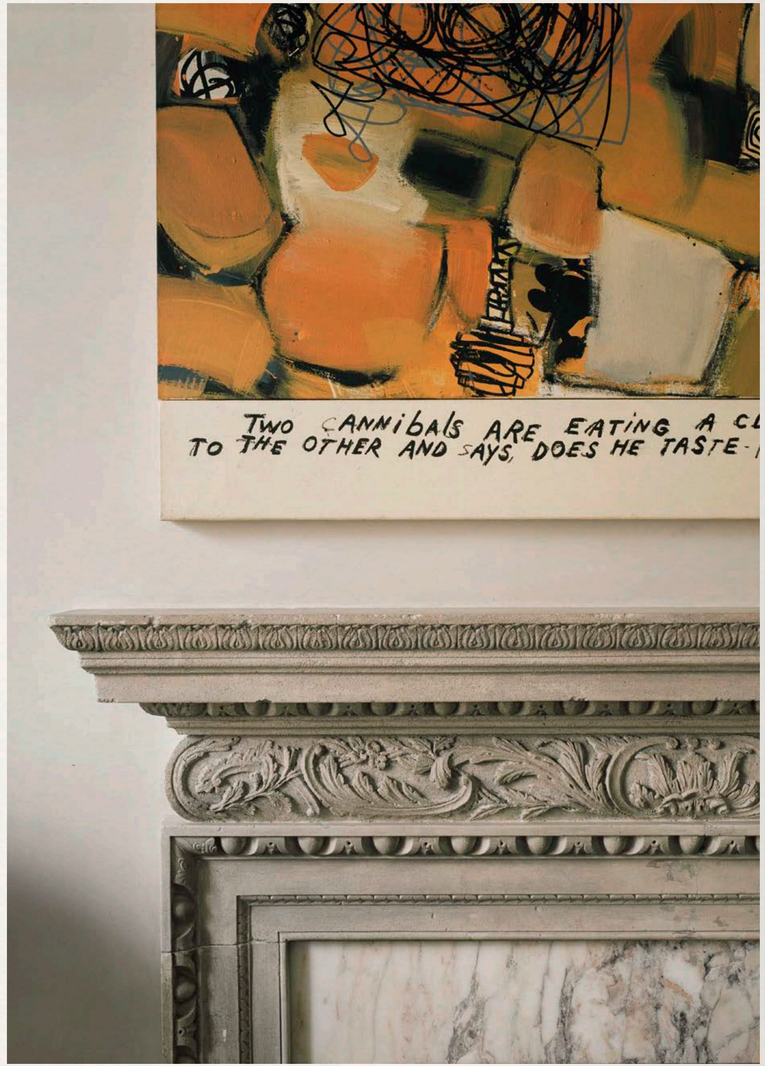




An old marble bath and towel rail, both found in a reclamation yard, sit by the window. The early column added a touch of Roman bathhouse to the space.

Open shower with a pretty view towards the window.









A drawing of an egg by Don Brown sharing
shapes and colour with the marble Solomonic
column, twelfth to fifteenth century,
and the plasterwork and the wall-light above.





The Study

The ballroom in Swinton's original house, more textured but still one colour, to relax. The volume is immense and absorbs colour, so sunshine yellow doesn't take over. The high ceilings brought down by the yellow silk. Yellow holding the sunlight in and keeping it through the evening. Drawing the beautiful colours out of the Mughal carpet. The art and furniture monochrome with some gilt highlights. Another nod to original grandeur. It's a private space.

The Poul Henningsen copper-shaded lamp on the desk, stands out stylistically. The flooding of light downwards is a theme of Henningsen's work, the shades giving a more natural glow in the same way as the light bouncing off the curtains. It's a simple repetition of the theme of the room itself and plays on light.

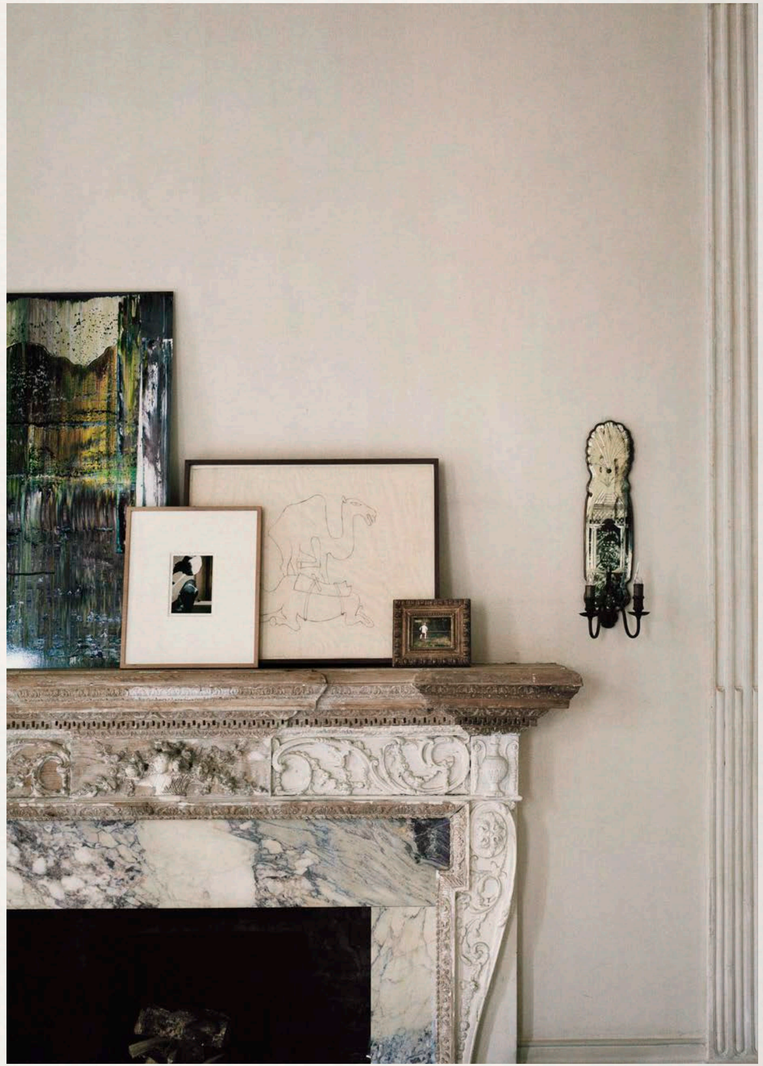
Irreverent Sarah Lucas self-portrait. It balances the window and frees the fireplace from having to hold the room completely. The same effect at the other end—the doorway disappears into the wall without its details highlighted.

The architecture is meant to have an ethereal quality—colour, movement, but no formality. Light and shadow.

Two ebonised chairs on either side of the octagonal partners' desk, all three from the Regency period. The desk reflects the shape of the room.

Leaning pictures on the fireplace are easy to move around, and are regularly changed.

Coaching table set up in the window for dinner.









Seventeenth-century Mughal carpet bringing extra colour. Sharp contrast with the painting and chair. Open space, no need to overfill.





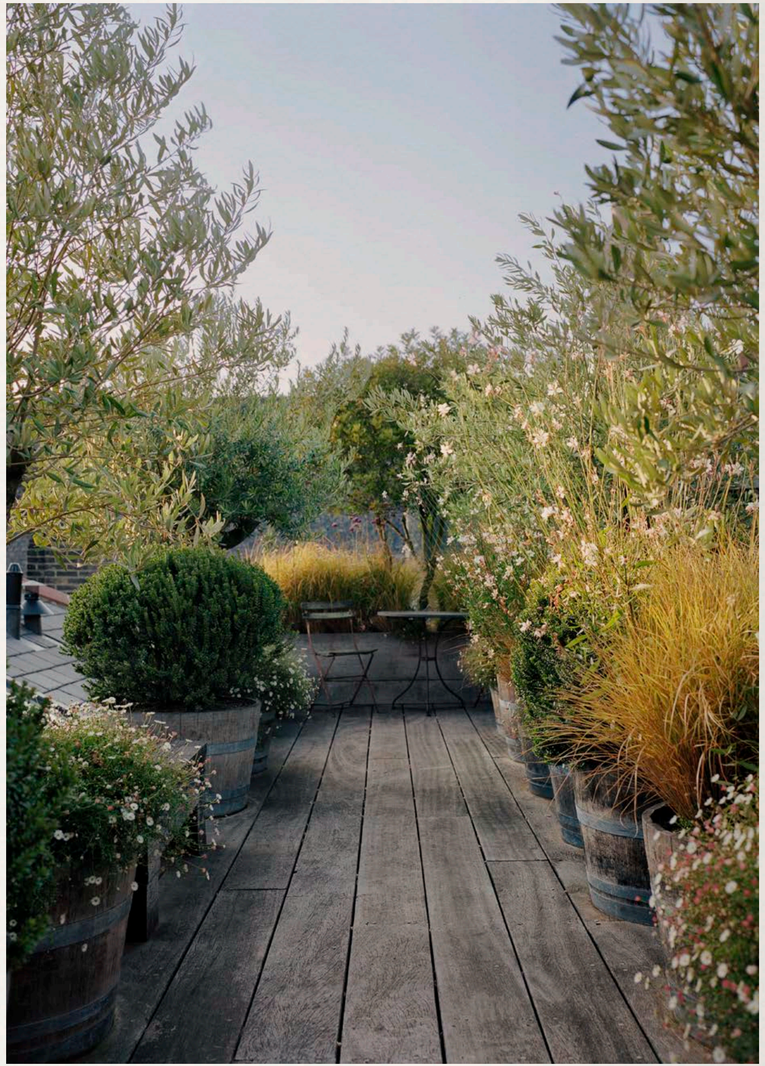




Shapes in the chair are in the carpet, too.
Soft curves. Nineteenth-century crystal light
almost growing out of the burl wood table.

Reflections and arches and layers. Peaceful.
The open space does the work. Schumann
by Wilhelm Sasnal—a contemporary take on
a classical portrait, reflecting the themes
of the house.



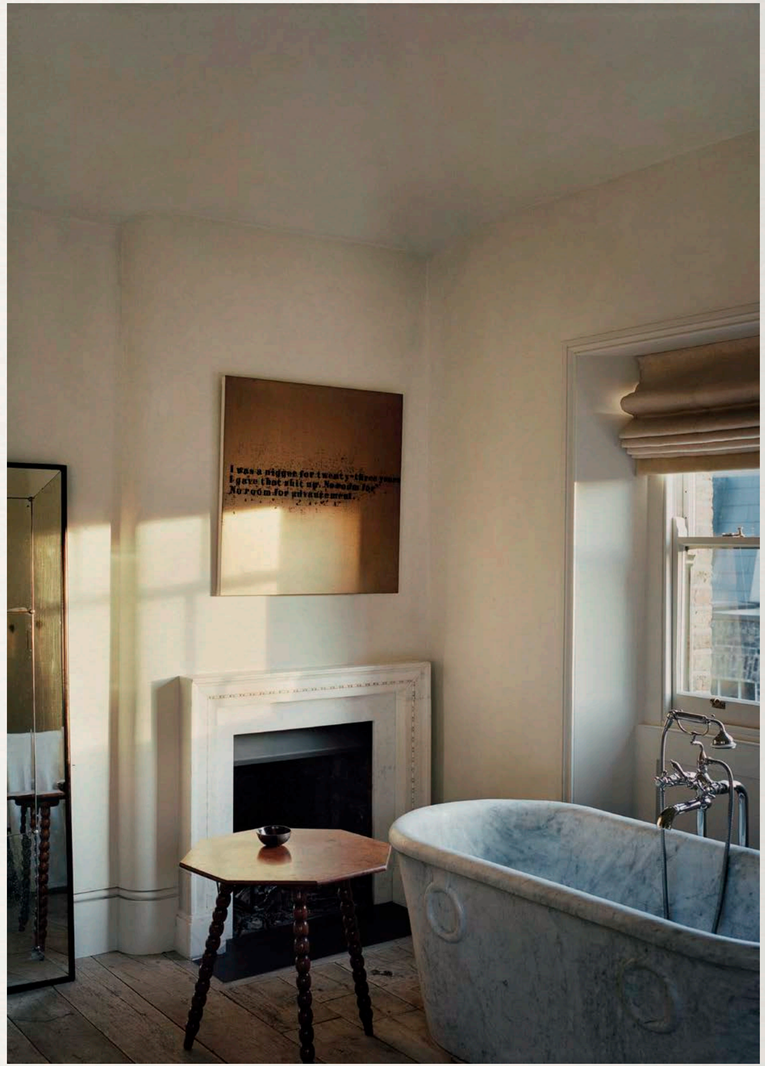


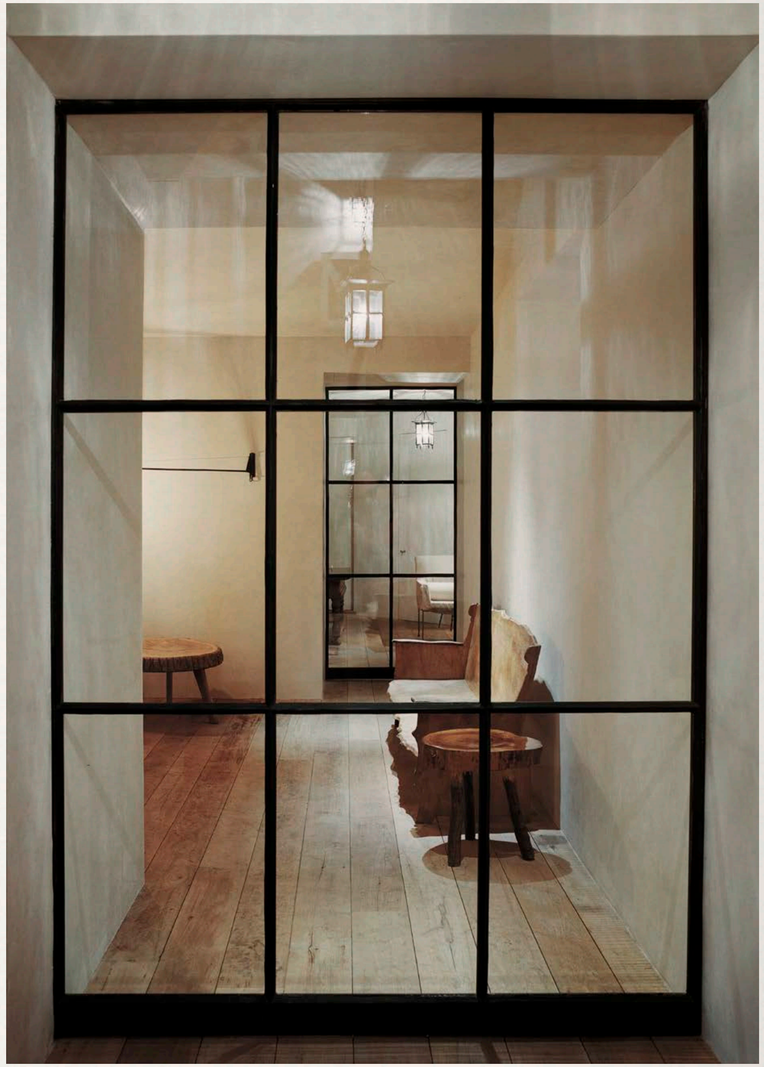


Attic Bedroom

Top floor attic room is a favourite summer bedroom. Opened into eaves. Soft yellow. Lovely and light, views from the bed are especially good as the terrace is raised. Curved corners to soften. Antique Fortuny fabric on the bedhead. Fortuny fabrics used in many rooms as a nod to palazzo grandeur.

Terrace with outdoor shower. I found a shower head in a local reclamation yard and built a shower around it with copper piping. Little fridge at the end of the terrace. Lovely spot for sunbathing.





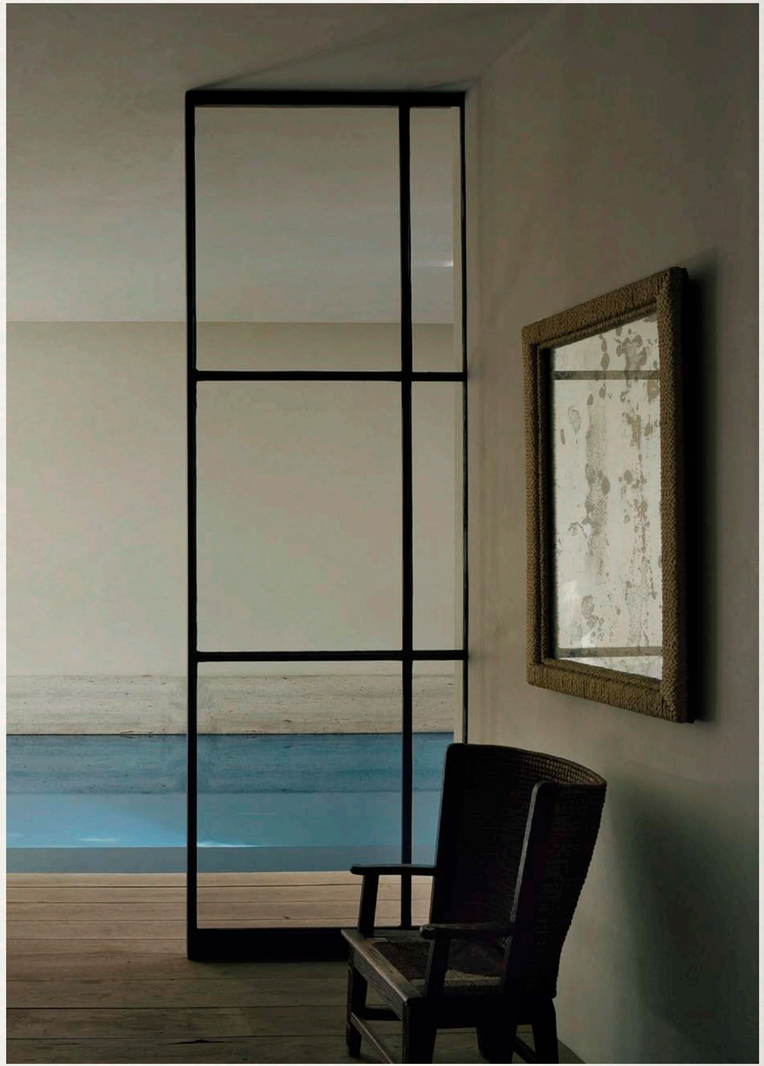


Basement

More contemporary energy here, with texture and fragmented lighting as the key link to upstairs—both from the wavy glass and from the water, and again bouncing through the glass doors, softening all the time. I love finding ways to soften energy. Views through doors feel more open. Twentieth-century furniture on this floor almost entirely, but not rigidly so—there are antique marble basins everywhere, and some Regency pieces. The Orkney chairs by the pool were made in 1900—woven with straw, as wood wasn't available on the islands. The curves helped keep out the draught. I like the sense of protection they offer.

A sculptural wood slab I found in a woodyard leans against the wall.







Daylight on the pool. Old teak floor.
Textured wall enhanced by dappled light,
reflects the more complex decorative
feel of the body of the house upstairs.

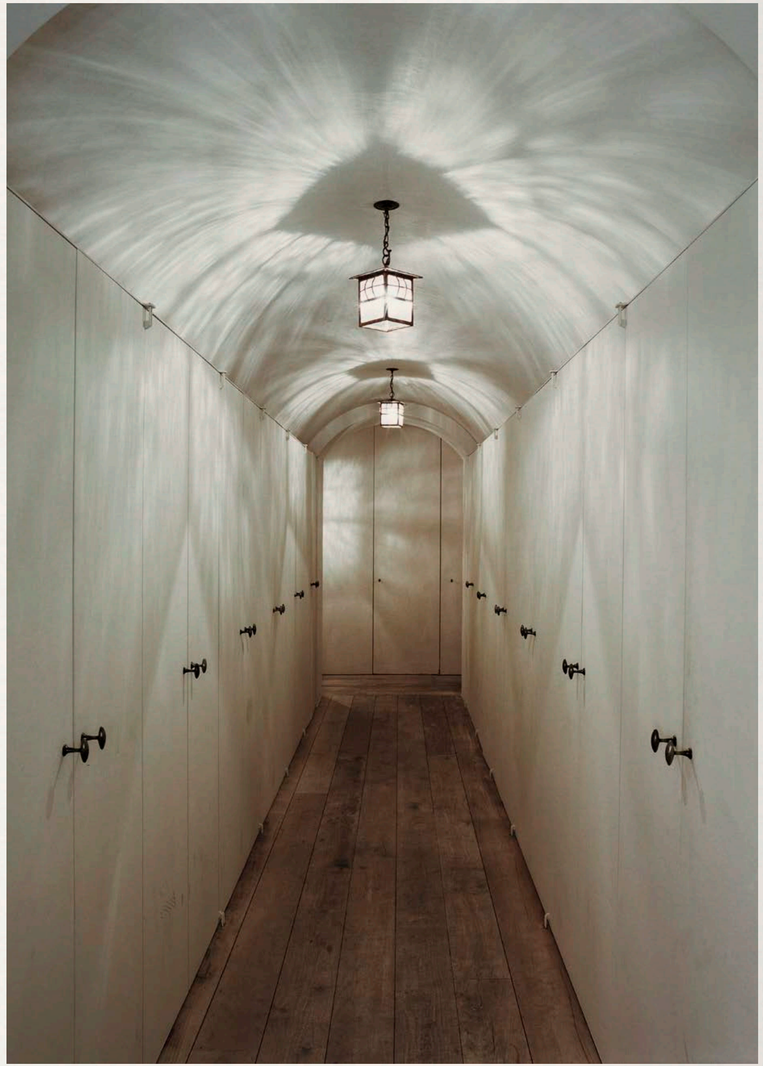





EVERLAST

A work by Banks Violette. Candlelight
on the stairs.

Gym with no mirrors feels more natural.
Corridor of cupboards with curves
and light. Reminds us of the arches upstairs.
Monastic. Repetition. Functional.







Hot tub, carved stone,
sitting in a small vine-covered garden.

Doors open from the gym,
lovely to have fresh air and so much light.
Air and light. The courtyard also opens
to the swimming pool.

Angel wings created by the single light
throwing shadows on the wall in
steam room. The patterns are even prettier
through the steam, designed to
make you feel happy.



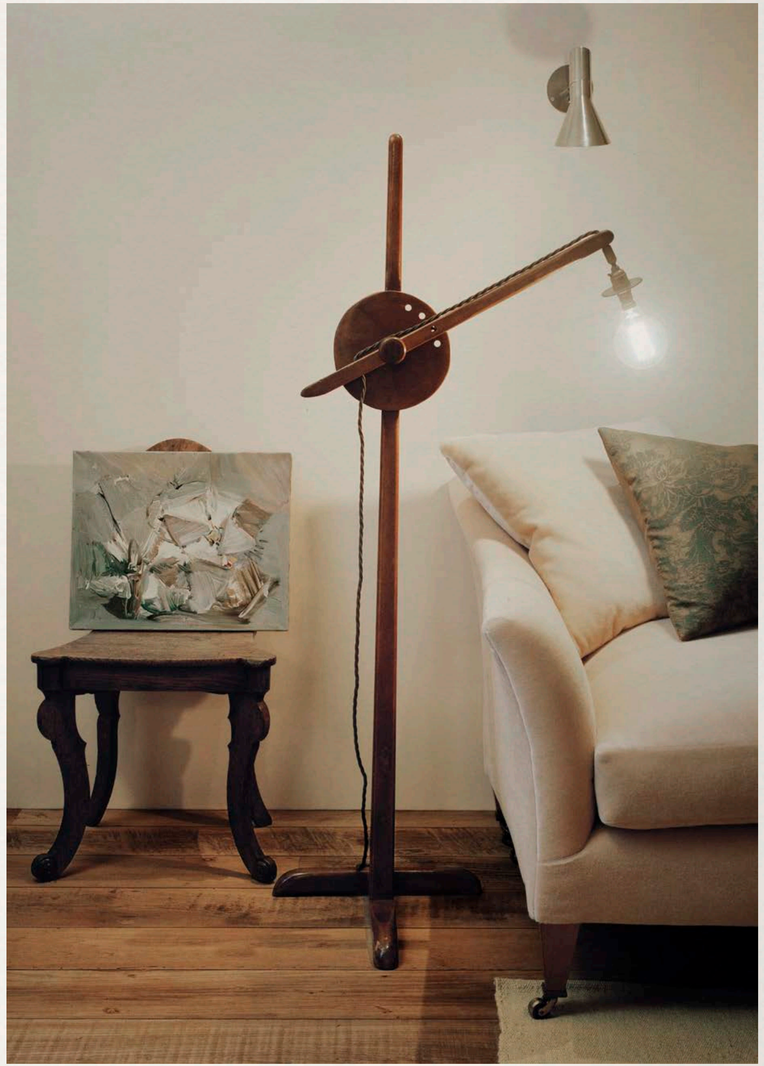




Pink Shower

Bathroom and shower room
in two vaults. Enormous shower filling
one vault, rather exotic, but simple.

Leftover bits of marble from the hearths
made the border around the edge of
the floor. Wall lights designed for the house.
Blackened throughout so there is no visible
detail to draw the eye. Bronze stool.

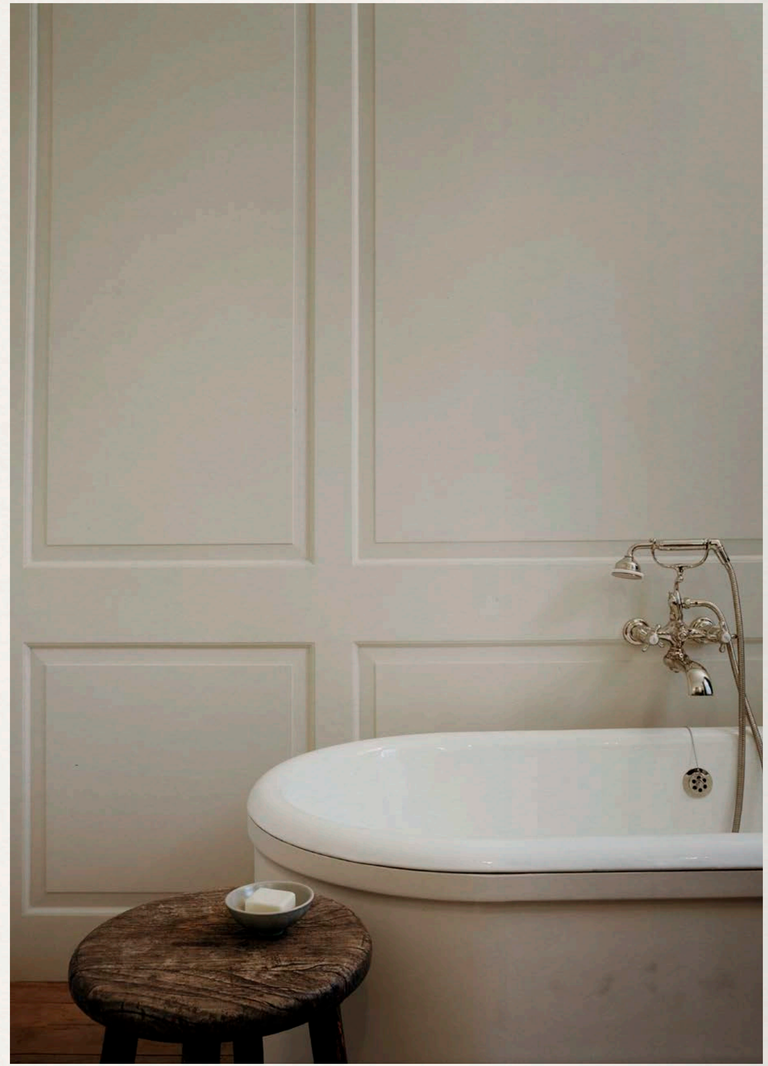


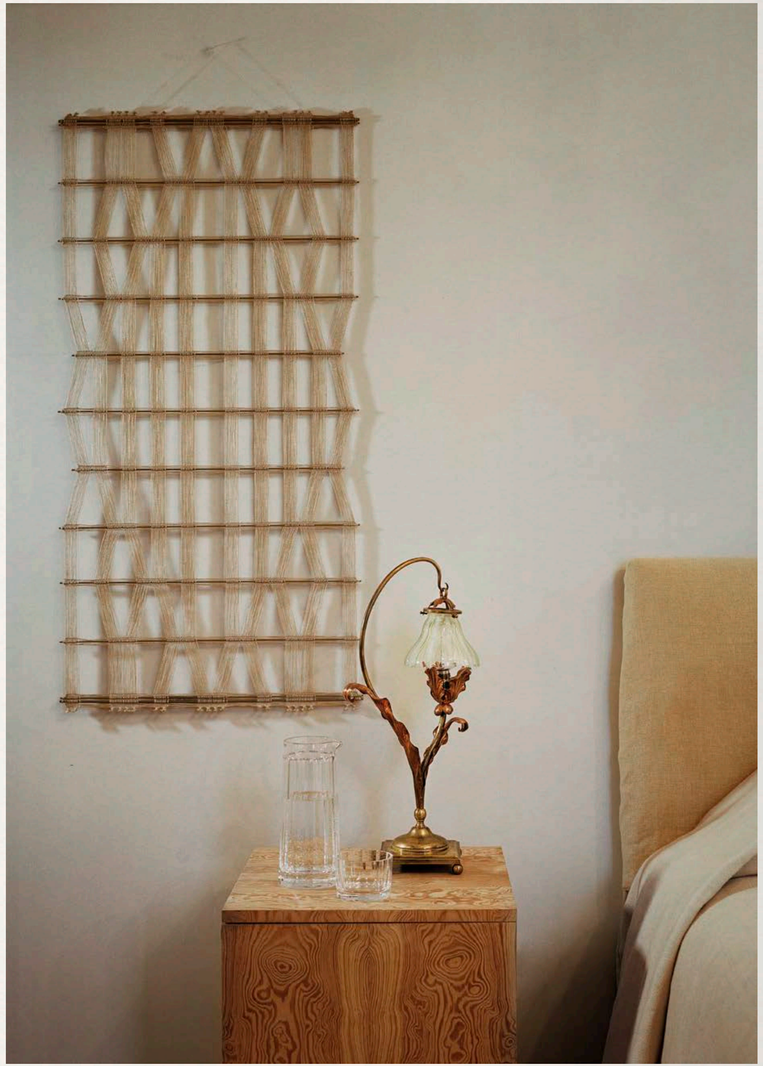


Pink Bedroom

A contemporary take on a classic country-house bedroom. Chintz replaced with pink mohair, and mahogany with rattan. The four-poster a simple polished-steel frame. Lots of strong colours mixing but soothing. A couple of pieces of Georgian/Regency furniture—a reminder of the more classical house upstairs. Pink fabric on the walls for luxury, and a panelled bathroom.







Red Bedroom

The wall hanging by Peter Collingwood
is a favourite.

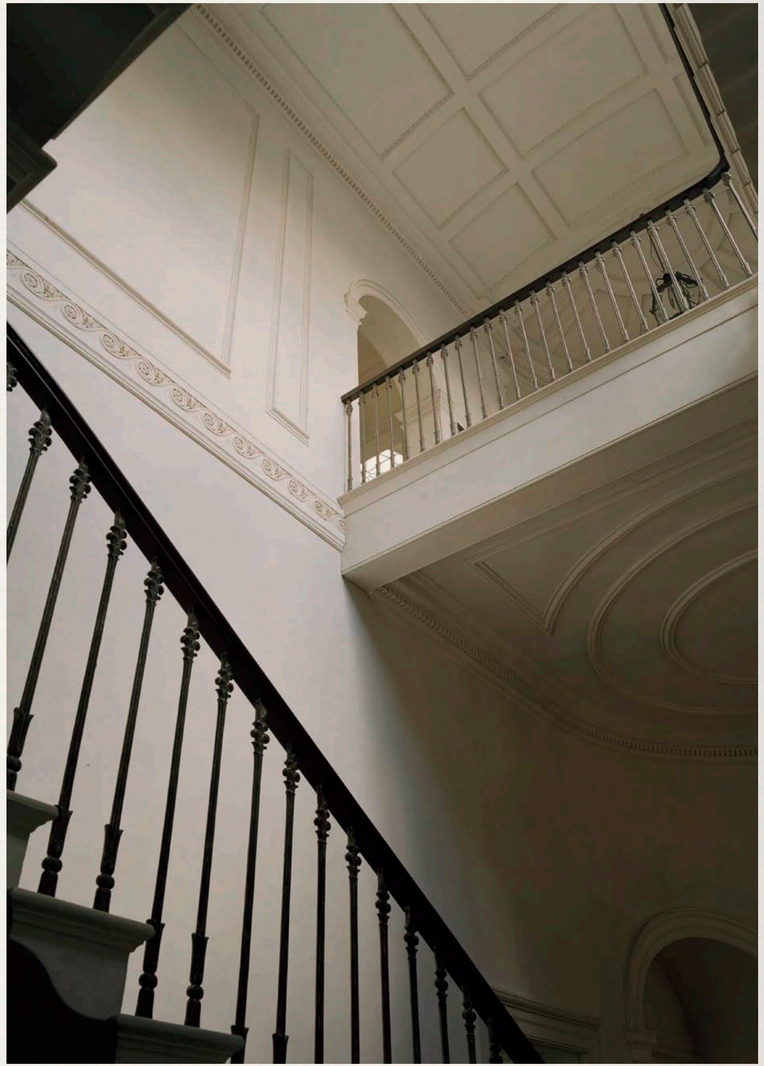
Mathieu Mategot metal lamp from the 1950s,
in combination with Loetz and W.A.S.Benson
table lamp. Swirling colours.

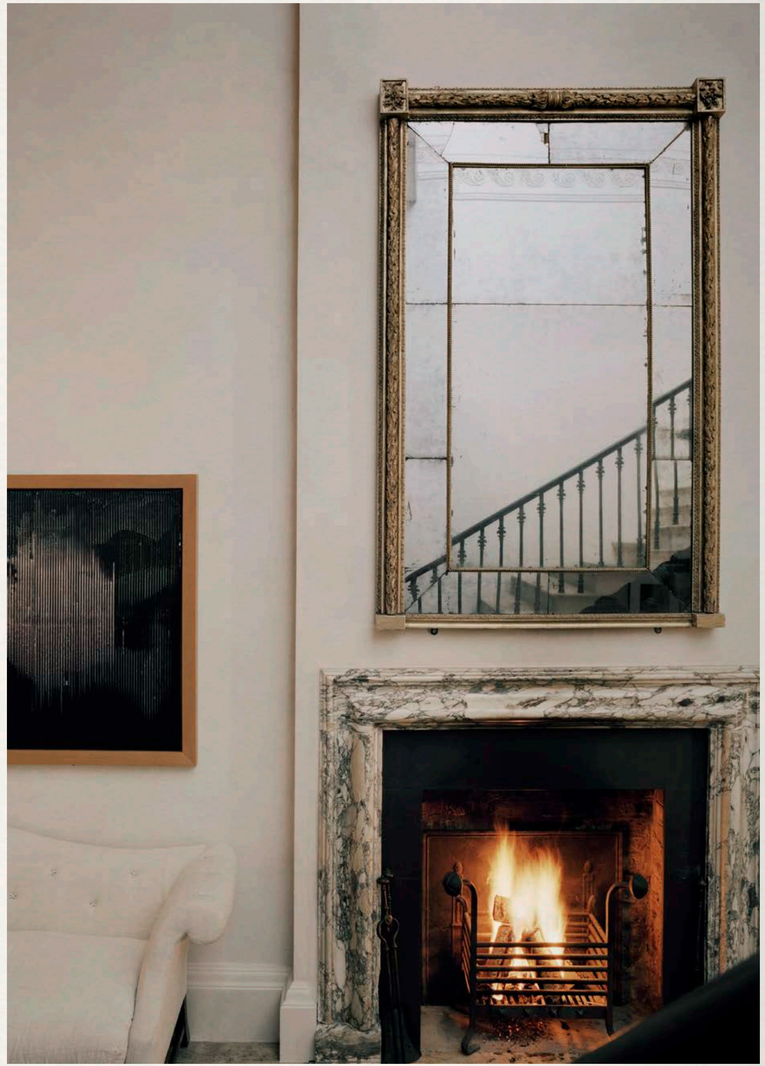





DOMAINE FONSOT

Long basement corridor leads you on with pictures and lights. I love the soothing repetition of it. Texture on the wall and ceilings exaggerated by the reflections from the wavy historic glass. Curves. Look inspired by early French cellars, but with wine cases on rolling tracks for ease.



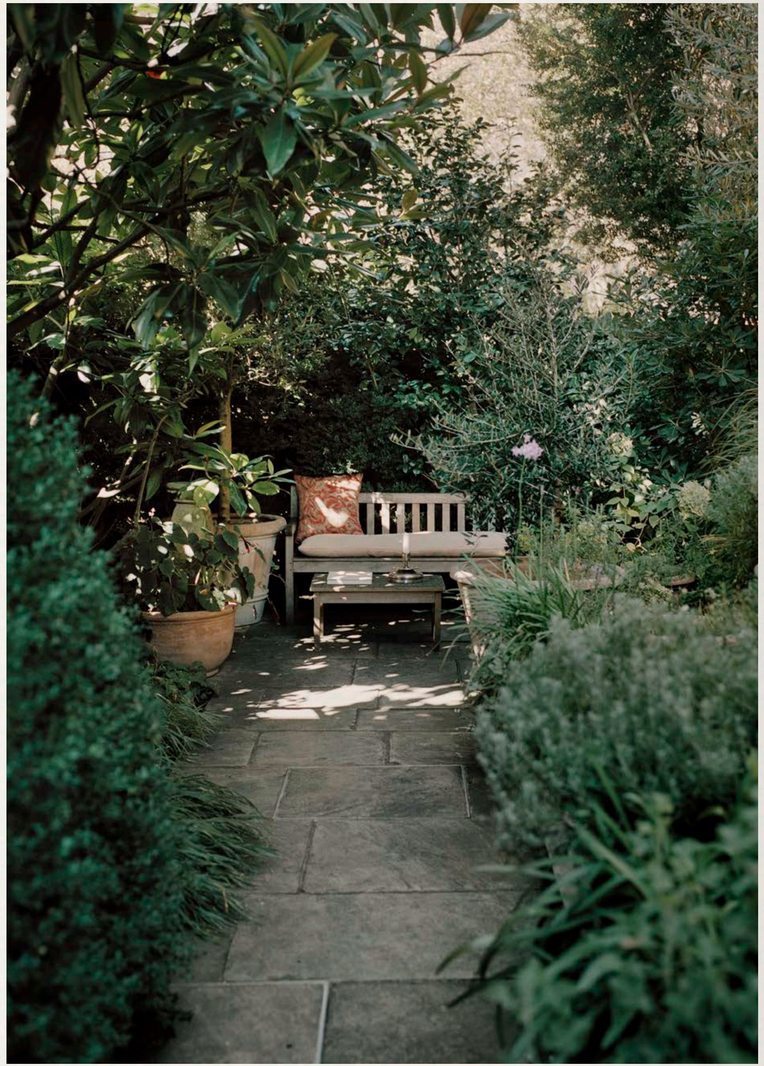






Garden

Peaceful and serene with a pretty view of the church spire. Feels like it's always been like this. Reclaimed York stone, as it might have been. An antique Chinese cast iron brazier sits on the ground by the table—it serves as a barbecue. The benches have been in every house I have ever lived in.

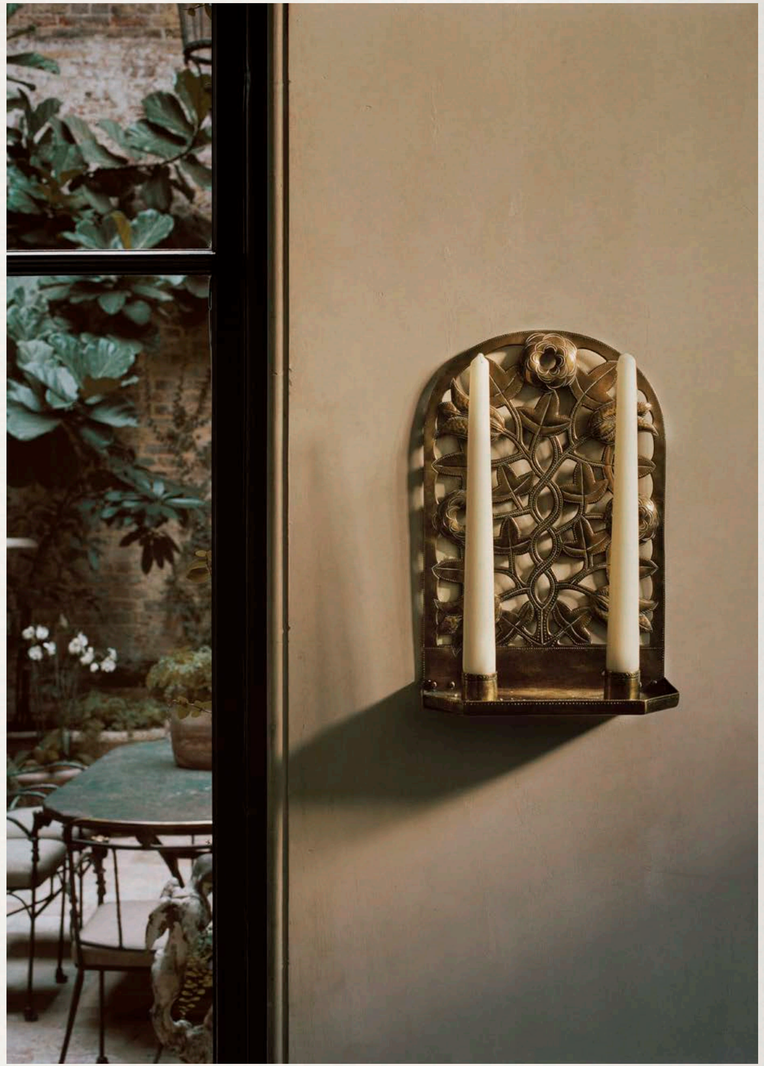








The winter garden dressed up
for dinner.





A CONVERSATION WITH TOM STUART-SMITH

Q. Why did you choose to work with Rose on her home garden project?

A. We shared some friends in common, and I knew Rose through her work and was so impressed by her ambition for this wonderful house.

Q. What was your initial brief? How did it change during the course of the work?

A. The brief was to make the garden feel lived in, but also to find that difficult fusion of the modern and the romantic. I think the vision stayed clear, but the specifics changed. It was quite a complicated, lengthy project, but we held on to the core ideas from start to finish. That is a tribute to Rose's clarity of vision for the house.

Q. When you began work on the project, what were the principal challenges? And the opportunities? How did you address them?

A. The biggest challenge was that the back garden was sunk in a hole. It was very private but dark and set three feet below the main rooms of the house. We made the bold decision to lift the whole garden, so it would be just a couple of steps below floor level. This was transformative. The decision to make the winter garden was a wonderful idea to bring so much light and life into the house. To make it work well, a lot of light was needed, hence the entire roof has been made of glass.

Q. The winter garden is one of the most surprising and enticing elements of the house. How did the structure of the space need to be changed to accommodate it? How did the design and planting scheme evolve? Which type of plants were best suited to it? Were there any setbacks?

A. The winter garden is such a dramatic flourish, but by having just top light and being kept habitable it is on the edges of what is tolerable for some plants. Initially we had a few plants like Yucca rostrata, which demanded too much light. They didn't thrive. Also, for a time there was a lot of dust coming off the walls, which the plants didn't appreciate. Gradually the dust settled, and importantly, the plants were sprayed more with mist to help them thrive. The fountain is really key for keeping up the humidity. Rose and I worked together on the spatial planning, but the choice of furniture was entirely hers.

Q. Similarly, how did you approach the design and planting of the main garden?

A. I wanted it to be lush and enveloping, with strong textural contrasts and a touch of classicism, but never too much symmetry or order. All the materials are unpretentious and generally have some patina to them. We used a mix of terracotta and stone planters, and beautiful reclaimed York paving stones with very narrow joints. The challenge in the garden is that everything grows so fast and shades out the lower layers. I also seem to remember a resident pet rabbit that took a liking to anything within nibbling distance.

Q. What changes have you and Rose made to the gardens since they were first planted?

A. It has been a gradual evolution. Nothing has changed radically, but there are a lot of quite large plants in quite a small space, so the challenge is to keep the light coming in. I hope they will be the sort of gardens that just get better with time.

ROSE'S HOUSE
BY FRANÇOIS HALARD

Light, refinement, softness, space, clarity, sensitivity: these are the impressions that come to mind when I think about my first visit to Rose's home; it was spring.

I remember that day. The sun was barely visible. Once having entered through the small door, I saw the winter garden to the right, filling the walls of the brick room with its lush vegetation. Behind the large ferns I could just make out the stone figure by Ugo Rondinone. In the middle of the room were the armchairs with lioness heads by Diego Giacometti. I remember the hall with the sculpture by Carl Andre at the foot of the stairs. It was on the ground and reflected in a large English mirror. I remember the yellow silk damask curtains and the painting by Luc Tuymans pierced with an orange reflection. In the dining room, Picasso's little head reasoned in front of a Cycladic figure. There was also a Regency armchair in front of a photo by Sarah Lucas in Rose's large study, and on the mantel, Gerhard Richter's painting brushed against a drawing by Le Corbusier. Finally, a work by John Baldessari masterfully occupied the large white wall at the top of the staircase.

I remember a living house where we could hear the laughter of children and the footsteps of Errol, the house dog, who followed me like a faithful assistant from room to room, always ready to pose.

I have been back several times to capture the spirit of this house and translate the balance between art and architecture. I wanted to take a journey around light, also revealing the richness of whites and neutral tones, and to establish a correspondence between space and objects, paintings and furniture. I tried to capture through photographic writing every piece, every detail, so that it could become this book.

After each visit, this project began to become more obvious to Rose. Several years later, the book has become a reality.

A CONVERSATION WITH VINCENT VAN DUYSEN

Q. When did you first encounter Rose and her work? And how did your collaboration with her on the house come about?

A. Rose's house is the fruit of a distinctive and intense collaboration of two kindred spirits. Our work together started when Rose's attention was caught by my own house, a neoclassical nineteenth-century building that had originally housed notaries' offices in the centre of Antwerp, Belgium. She fell in love with its tones, materials, understated elegance, and desaturated hues, which matched her aesthetic. Shortly after, she got in touch and asked me to help her to bring back to life a grand, nineteenth-century mansion in Pimlico, London, originally built as the home and studio of the Scottish portraitist James Rannie Swinton.

Q. What made you decide to accept the commission?

A. I sensed that Rose and I were both epicures who loved life and beauty, and had a penchant for similar aesthetics. I agreed to work on the project thinking that we could both benefit from such a joint effort.

Q. There are parallels between your work and Rose's, but you each have strong and singular design sensibilities. How did you forge a working relationship to work together on the house?

A. My intervention, under Rose's attentive supervision, was based on rethinking the architectural scale and spatial character of the building while helping carve a family house out of it. The original structure featured specific historic elements that needed to be preserved and highlighted, such as the outstanding drawing room with its beautiful mouldings. Being a promoter of Belgian craftsmanship, I brought on board a couple of Flemish artisans as well.

Q. What did you see as the principal challenges of the project and how were they resolved?

A. Obviously, the undertaking was not without its fair share of challenges. One was dealing with the huge scale of the house, which looked more like an institution than a home. Another challenge was respecting its DNA while stripping the building down to its bare bones, inserting an amazing pool and the Winter Garden at the entrance and embedding a garden around it as designed by Tom Stuart-Smith. We also had to create a rooftop experience through the meticulous renovation of mouldings and adding historically inspired elements, like chimneys and open fireplaces, which were directed by Rose, who has exquisite taste in unearthing such things.

Q. How did you find the collaboration with Rose?

A. Rose is a unique person. She has a strong personality that permeates her creative vision. The latter, of course, mingles with her antiques world background. I recall her being very critical and analytical, two traits that complement my character. During our collaboration, nothing was ever taken for granted: I remember situations during which tension dissolved into creativity and into mutually agreeing on congenial solutions.

Q. How would you describe the outcome of your work with Rose on the house?

A. The outcome is the evolution of what once were fixed architectural bones, which are now optimised and converted into a new spatial reality to enhance family life. It is a house characterised by an organic juxtaposition of pure architecture and exquisite furniture.

Q. How has your collaboration with Rose influenced your subsequent work?

A. Such a vast and classic residential project will forever be imprinted on our collective memories and will inspire me, Rose, and our work for years to come.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

With this book, I offer a view of our house, and have tried to convey the intention and the journey. This is the first time I have turned my hand to making a book, and it has been such an illuminating and exciting process. There is so much to consider in every aspect of the design and execution. I am very grateful to all the people who have helped bring it into being. In particular, I would like to thank:

François Halard for his lyrical and atmospheric photographs, which so sensitively express the essence of the house in this book.

My publisher, Charles Miers, for showing an interest in my work in the first place, and for his insight and support in all aspects of the project, and also editor Giulia Di Filippo, and production director Maria Pia Gramaglia.

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Alice Rawsthorn, the design writer whom I most admire, got me talking about my work in a way that helped me express myself. I am indebted to Alice for all her support and for her flattering foreword.

Laura Beatty and Rupert Smith who helped shape, structure, and edit my writing with such expertise, and gave me excellent feedback and encouragement.

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The many exceptional craftsmen whose expertise and talent were invaluable. The house would not be what it is without each and every one of them.

My incomparable team at Rose Uniacke, without whom I would get nothing done, especially Guy Tobin, for the conversations that helped me organise my thoughts, and Nick Moore, for handling the business side of this book with such care that I never had to worry.

My mother, who gave me a start in so many ways. Her effortless good taste and her resilience have always been an inspiration.

My husband, David. He and I set out on this creative journey together, and it has always been the greatest pleasure sharing it with him. His constructively critical eye challenged me in ways that always shed new light. Luckily too, he puts up with furniture being sold from under him.

And, of course, thank you to my children: Harper, Hector, Olive, Florence, and Robie, who constantly inspire me and have run around this mad house for years and brought it to life and made it a home, in so many ways that no amount of work could ever do.

This book is in honour of my family.

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