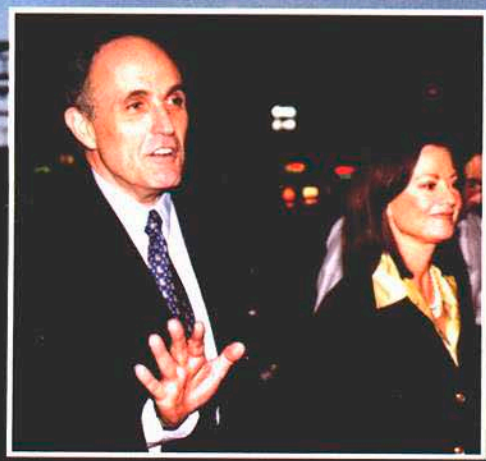


THE
HAMPTONS
PREVIEW ISSUE

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MAY 29, 2000

NEW YORK



RUDY'S LOVES

Tough? Definitely. Mean? Sometimes. Love-struck? Who knew? The mayor's woman trouble. **By Craig Horowitz**

PLUS The Public and Private Donna Hanover **By Lisa Birnbach**

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GOTHAMSTYLE

Module Squad

Some people find spas so relaxing they design their bathrooms to resemble their favorite salon. But why stop there? Heidar Sadeki and Clarissa Richardson of UT, who did the interiors of the Bliss spas and the Brooklyn loft of Bliss barons Marcia Kilgore and Thierry Boue, are introducing a furniture collection based on a piece originally conceived for Bliss. The "O Series," debuting this week at the New York International Contemporary Furniture Fair at the Javits Center, consists of a lounge table (\$2,300), a high side table (\$1,900), and a low side table (\$1,700), available in colors like tangerine, turquoise, hot pink, and lime (\$1,700–\$2,300 at Totem, 71 Franklin Street, 212-925-5506 or at www.oseries.com). Now all you need to re-create the spa atmosphere is a couple of those New Age CDs. WENDY GOODMAN

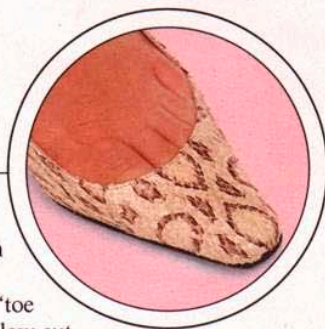
Wheels of Fortune

Having made his name with chairs designed for places like the Paramount Hotel and Canteen, Australian designer Marc Newson has turned to a new kind of seat—the one on a bicycle. Setting out with Danish design company Biomega to create the ultimate aesthetically pleasing bike, Newson devised an ergonomic aluminum model that conceals unsightly gears and cables within the frame. The bicycle, which made its debut at the Milan Furniture Fair in April, arrives this week at Moss (146 Greene Street; 212-226-2190) in a silver-gray finish (\$5,000) and a white finish that glows in the dark (\$3,500). But while Biomega touts the two-wheeler as "the urban bicycle for the discriminating user," it may not have considered the de rigueur accessories for bikes in New York: electrical tape and heavy-link chains. W.G.



Foot Fetish

In a season so crazed for cleavage that women are walking around in water-filled bras, the titillating look is now migrating much farther south. Manolo Blahnik, Prada, and Christian Louboutin are all paying homage to "toe cleavage"—the cracks between the toes—with low-cut styles for summer. "It's the power of suggestion," Louboutin says. "Toe cleavage is the suggestion of nudity." Of course, as with the more familiar kind of cleavage, not everyone is prepared to take that suggestion. "There's plunging necklines," says Kari Sigerson of Sigerson Morrison, which offers a more discreet cleavage cut, "and then there's hooters in your face." DANICA WILCOX



TEST DRIVE

"Are you sure you've got it on the right way round?" asks my boyfriend as I tug and pull my way into Versace's silk scarf of a swimsuit (\$315). "Well, that's how she's wearing it," I mutter, pointing to the toned and tan Gisele in *Bazaar*. A bottle of St. Tropez bronzing lotion later, I'm jiggling my way into an East Hampton poolside party, grasping my right breast to stop it from popping out of the slinky sash. A huddle of bottle-blondes shoot sideways glances at my self-consciously sucked-in stomach, but the looks I'm getting from their dates aren't quite so disdainful, and—as the mojitos start flowing—I'm beginning to enjoy the attention. "What happens if I pull here?" asks guy after guy, eyeing the knot at my neck. Despite my cocktail-concocted confidence, there's one question I'm still too chicken to answer: "What happens if you jump into the pool?" NAN PARRY

