



NAOMI  
WATTS  
A NEW MOM  
ON THE A-LIST

THE ART  
WORLD'S  
FALLEN  
STARS  
A CHARMED  
COUPLE'S  
MYSTERIOUS  
DEMISE

CALIFORNIA STYLE

HOME SPECIAL

GOLDEN STATE GLAMOUR  
MIXING MODERN DESIGN AND  
CLASSIC STYLE FROM  
SAN FRANCISCO AND SAN DIEGO  
TO THE HOLLYWOOD HILLS

Lehman told his realtor, "Take me back to that house with the tree poking through the roof." OPPOSITE In the entryway, a gold-accented Grosfield House pedestal table echoes the shape of a BDDW mirror hanging above.

# LOS ANGELES AERIE

PERCHED HIGH IN THE HOLLYWOOD HILLS, NEW YORK TRANSPLANTS DANA GOODYEAR AND BILLY LEHMAN'S LOFTY NEST MIXES WORLDLY WHIMSY WITH FRESH, CLEAN DESIGN

BY SALLY SCHULTHEISS  
PHOTOGRAPHED  
BY LISA ROMEREIN





In the living room, a ceramic Jeff Koons terrier vase rests atop a Blackman Cruz glass-and-bronze coffee table, next to a custom sofa from L.A.'s Lawson-Fenning. OPPOSITE The breezy dining room opens to the verdant outdoors, accented with a Kaare Nygaard horse sculpture and a wood credenza from BDDW.



f houses embody life stages—the childhood home; the bachelor pad; the midlife remodel—then Billy Lehman and Dana Goodyear’s light-filled residence hovering above the Chateau Marmont in the Hollywood Hills is most definitely the honeymoon suite. Everything about the couple’s first shared living space has the blush of new romance and the excitement of joining respective passions and interests. It’s a showcase for his art collection and her treasured heirlooms; the furniture is both bold and delicate; and even the landscaping—baby fruit trees and all—feels like a couple in the process of planting roots.

Lehman, a real estate developer who also designed the house, calls it “a mission of love.” A self-proclaimed “dyed-in-the-wool New Yorker,” he moved to Los Angeles after selling his record company to Warner Bros. shortly before

September 11th, 2001. “I felt great from the minute I got here,” he says. “L.A. is an amazing place to remake yourself.” He bought a mid-century house with good bones, checked into the Beverly Hilton and began renovations.

There was only one thing holding him back from taking a full emotional leap into life on the West Coast: He had only months earlier met Goodyear, a poet and staff writer at *The New Yorker* magazine. “But I wasn’t going to be of use to anyone in New York,” he says. Instead, he would spend the next two and a half years coaxing Goodyear into joining him in California, dedicating himself during her absence to the renovation of what would become their beloved dwelling.

Lehman added a second story, a balcony, a rear deck and a swimming pool suspended over the hillside by 30-foot-deep concrete caissons. And, CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

White-cased windows (including this one in the kitchen) are new to the renovated 1952 house. Outside, a larger-than-life hand gesture courtesy of L.A.-based artist Liz Craft, adds a cheeky touch.



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT An impala head—one of Goodyear's hunting prizes—looks onto the master bed; Dana Goodyear and Billy Lehman; Tufts of sedge grass near Goodyear's office; A view from the master bedroom.



As a wedding present, Brooklyn-based artist Barnaby Furnas painted "The Other Way (Flood)" for Lehman's office. OPPOSITE In the library, a zebra pelt souvenir of Goodyear's hunting conquests sits beneath an Ochre "Snooze Chair" from Lawson-Fenning.

"BILLY'S ABOUT STARTING FRESH. I HAD A HOPSCOTCH CHILDHOOD, SO I HOLD ONTO MY POSSESSIONS."





CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT A red vinyl desk and vintage chair lend whimsy to the library; A magazine rack off the kitchen; Warhol's "Muhammad Ali" graces the second-story guest room in the main house; Hand-picked office wallpaper mirrors the curvy branches of Goodyear's framed family tree.



In the second house, Goodyear's custom office desk was created in mutual collaboration between Lehman, Grant Fenning and Brooklyn designer Robert Austin Gonzalez. A retro phone pops against the Colefax & Fowler wallpaper.

after Goodyear moved to Los Angeles at the beginning of 2005, he purchased the adjacent 1,400-square-foot house down the hill—mainly to be used as a writing studio for Goodyear, but also to contain an office for himself and a guest room. A wide redwood staircase (painted Lehman’s own mix of deep grey) now joins the two properties, which are close enough to keep a big party cozy—they held their wedding reception here in May, 2007—yet distant enough to give guests privacy, and, of course, creative solitude for Goodyear.

After entering the property through an inconspicuous doorway of painted sheet metal set into a ficus hedge, the house greets visitors with both openness and irreverence. To the right, a concrete fireplace off the master bedroom warms a cushioned sitting area; straight ahead, a clear glass front door exposes the entryway and beyond; and to the left, *Birdman*, a cast bronze sculpture by L.A.-based artist Liz Craft, gives you the finger. (“It’s our subversive gesture,” laughs Goodyear.)

Inside the main house, the whimsy continues with restraint and elegance. The living room, down four steps from the foyer and under a sloped beamed roof, conveys coziness with a white wool shag rug and folksy pillows with bird images by one of Goodyear’s favorite designers,

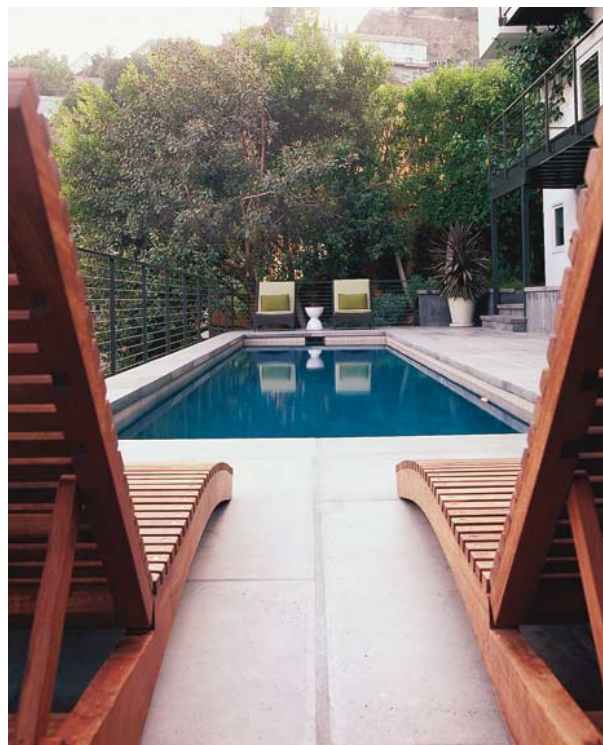
John Robshaw. A custom sofa, long enough for a row of martini-holding revelers or a couple taking afternoon naps, faces the action indoors, while two Hans Wegner “Papa Bear” chairs recovered in leather and corduroy point to the sweeping views of the Los Angeles skyline. Lehman also redid the fireplace in terrazzo—the hearty and costly stuff of institutional flooring—and glammed it up by stirring handfuls of chipped mirror into the mix.

While stained walnut floors run throughout the house, the same luminous terrazzo floods the former garage, which Lehman converted into the dining room. “I got the idea from Neutra,” says Lehman, who has visited several of the architect’s houses. “He did this with garages several times. In one, he had only a flowing brown curtain for a garage door.” Lehman set a row of windows into his door instead, which can be opened—along with the door itself—on warm nights. And the thick hedge provides privacy from the street.

A perfect metaphor for the house (and the two sensibilities of its inhabitants) lies in the master bedroom. A painting by one of Lehman’s favorite artists, Takashi Murakami, hangs over the bed, facing the stuffed head of an impala across the room that Goodyear shot herself. “My father was a hunter, and it was my

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FROM LEFT Wooden Janus et Cie chaises make for prime seating at the serene lap pool; *Kaikai Kiki* by Takashi Murakami adorns the master bedroom. OPPOSITE The main house dramatically hovers above the lower garden.



## MOLTO MURAKAMI

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gig—a nine-year curatorship with what is now the Orange County Museum of Art to assume his MOCA post.

The year is 1990. Schimmel, then 36, is sizing up his new playing field in L.A. It is expansive. On the home front, he and his wife, Yvonne, move with baby Max, the first of their two sons, into a Spanish-style house at the foot of the San Gabriel Mountains. At the office, Schimmel starts planning his debut effort—a blockbuster that probes longstanding myths about the reputed dark underbelly of Los Angeles. He names it “Helter Skelter.”

Dubbed a “succès de scandale” in the media—for its edge as well as its

zeitgeist representation of Charles Manson—the 1992 exhibition features the work of emerging L.A. talents such as Charles Ray, Chris Burden and Mike Kelley, most of whom Schimmel has worked with for years. The art world takes notice. Chic young arts patrons queue by the hundreds.

In Japan, meanwhile, Murakami completes an 11-year Ph.D. in *nihonga* (a late 19th century fusion of Japanese and European painting styles) at the Tokyo National University of Fine Arts and Music in 1993, making initial forays into pop, and marveling over his first-visit-to-New-York epiphany that artists are allowed to have fun. The 28-year-old happens upon the “Helter Skelter” catalog on a newsstand and flips through it. He decides he

wants to do a solo show at MOCA—curated specifically by Schimmel.

“‘Helter Skelter’ was a surprise hit,” says Schimmel of his record Gefen audience to date. “It drew 125,000 people. Takashi saw it as a model for his own ambitions, vis-à-vis having a big international exhibition that remains intensely personal.” The latter seems something of a Schimmel forte. “Takashi is a workaholic, so he’s a bit envious that I’m a family man and a curator and—of particular importance to him—that I’m very successful at it. Whereas I’m envious of the fact that he puts all the chips on the table every time. He’s fearless. Artists who really believe in themselves are the ones who make great art. They know nothing else than total commitment.” ●

## LOS ANGELES AERIE

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first kill,” she says. “He died six months after that hunting trip, so there is a lot of emotion in that for me.” The modern meets the antique; the new acquisition meets the sentimental totem. “Billy’s all about torching the past and starting fresh,” says Dana. “I moved around a lot when I was little, so I hold onto my possessions. They really ground me.”

At the back of the house and to the right of the living room, Lehman and Goodyear converted a second guest room to a library, “which has become

our favorite room in the house,” says Lehman. A childhood portrait of Goodyear’s father hangs in a wall of bookshelves, which also line the entryway—additions prompted by Goodyear. “I like to decorate with books,” she says. “I really needed a jolt out of the mid-century aesthetic,” says Lehman. “After you’ve done it a couple times, all that furniture seems to fit together like Garanimals.”

Down the hillside, citrus trees, artichokes, herbs, an olive tree and other edible vegetation surround the office bungalow. A carpet of pillowy sedge grass fills in the rest. “We had the same philosophy when we planted our gar-

den that we have about Thanksgiving,” says Lehman. “We only wanted things that wanted to be here.”

Goodyear herself surely wants to be here now, and living in this house has undoubtedly sold her on a West Coast existence. “I wanted Dana to have the ultimate office,” says Lehman, who designed her desk himself. She chose the wallpaper behind the bookshelves and searched Los Angeles showrooms before she found the exact antique needlepoint rug in the sitting area—in just the shade of pink she wanted. “I’ll never go back to New York,” she says, smiling. “Unless Billy does. But I don’t see that happening.” ●

## FOLIE À DEUX

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campaign against her, was that Blake had dated Anna Gaskell sometime before Duncan met him.

There’s more, much more to Duncan’s theories. Ronald K. Siegel, UCLA-

affiliated psychologist and author of *Whispers: The Voices of Paranoia*, was struck both by the elegance of Duncan’s writing and the commonness of what he calls her paranoia. “I’ve seen scores [of writing] just like this,” he says. “Paranoia is so common it is difficult to consider a mental disorder. Many peo-

ple are totally functional with it.”

Siegel doubts Duncan was driven to suicide by the terror of her perceived persecutors. Had it gone another way, she could have turned her fantasies into art, as do many writers of science fiction, he says. “She’s not as fearful as she is in love with her own writing

about her fears,” he says. “She’s a very good writer, and you can see her antenna out there, reaching and grasping for these conspiratorial elements in the way screenwriters and novelists do. Paranoia really only means looking below the surface for details.”

USC-affiliated professor of social work John Brekke, who has long worked with the mentally ill, offers a slightly more acute diagnosis (though, of course, one based solely on Duncan’s writings). “These were not benign delusions,” he posits. “This is an undiagnosed mental illness characterized by non-bizarre paranoid delusions. It’s a serious psychosis—a disease in which being bright and creative can actually hurt you.” Brekke suspects Duncan’s paranoid delusions merged with her real-life disappointments in a way that was unbearable. “Who knows if she had a moment of clarity in which she said, ‘Oh god, I destroyed myself and this man.’”

Siegel, the paranoia expert, tends to agree: “She probably suffered from a

tremendous amount of guilt and humiliation. She was caught plagiarizing and made up a story. She tells people she’s working on a movie that doesn’t exist. She hasn’t learned how to deal with setbacks, and her excuse is always to blame other people. Part of her recognized she was destroying herself.”

A close friend of Duncan views her unraveling in a similar fashion. “She had burned so many bridges for herself and for Jeremy that he was forced to take his old job back at Rockstar,” she says. “I knew Jeremy when he first worked there; he was thrilled to leave that job. It had to be really hard for them to go back to New York, to the scene of their former glory. I think Theresa must have felt badly about what she had done to Jeremy’s career and didn’t see anywhere for herself to go.”

Blake’s suicide, meanwhile, remains the more perplexing one. Certainly, he was caught up in Duncan’s theories: Last October, he had prepared a 27-page brief in preparation for a lawsuit against the Church of Scientology. Re-

portedly, in that brief, he named Tom Cruise, Miranda July, Paul Thomas Anderson, Beck and former Viacom CEO Tom Freston as players in the “conspiracy” against Duncan and himself. Whatever he may have believed in the end is not known. One thing is clear: Life without Theresa was not one he desired.

Duncan’s last blog entry, on the day of her death, shows a blurry photo of a woman putting on a mask. She quotes writer Reynolds Price: “A need to tell and hear stories is essential to the species *Homo sapiens*—second in necessity apparently after nourishment and before love and shelter. Millions survive without love or home, almost none in silence; the opposite of silence leads quickly to narrative, and the sound of story is the dominant sound of our lives, from the small accounts of our day’s events to the vast incommunicable constructs of psychopaths.”

In the end, it seems Duncan was unable to construct a story with which she could live. ●

## SHOPPING GUIDE

**ON OUR COVER** Yves Saint Laurent black silk shiny cloqué jacquard coat, \$3,700, Yves Saint Laurent, 212-980-2970; ysl.com. Cartier Love bracelet in 18k yellow gold, \$3,300, Cartier, 800-CARTIER; cartier.com.

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### C FASHION

**Grab Bags, p.29** Marni domesticated lamb leather clutch, \$1,680, Marni, Los Angeles; marni.com. Fendi To You bag, \$2,370, select Fendi; 800-FENDI-NY. Prada Ombre leather clutch, \$1,450, select Prada, 888-977-1900. Jimmy Choo Arad clutch, \$2,525, select Jimmy Choo, 866-J-CHOO-US.

**p.30** Manolo Blahnik Patra shoe, \$830, by special order at Manolo Blahnik, 212-582-3007. Jimmy Choo Calais shoe, \$960, Jimmy Choo, Beverly Hills, 866-J-CHOO-US. Christian Louboutin Eventa Mary Jane, \$645, Bergdorf Goodman, New York, and Christian Louboutin; christianlouboutin.fr. Moschino plaid peep-toe shoe, \$450, Macy’s.

### C HOME

**Ride On, p.43** Carved wood horse heads, circa 1960s, \$4,500/pair, Inner Gardens, Los Angeles; innergardens.com. Oberto Gili *Horse* photograph, \$2,800, Nathan Turner Antiques & Interiors, West Hollywood; nathanturner.com. Williams-Sonoma Home bamboo and leather buckle pillow, \$198, Williams-Sonoma Home; wshome.com. Nineteenth century signed bronze horse doorstop, \$1,375, JF Chen Vault, Los Angeles, 310-559-2436. Ralph Lauren Home Rhineland crystal decanter, \$395, Ralph Lauren Home; ralphlaurenhome.com. Carrot & Stick Press folded horseshoe notecard, \$16/eight; and bespoke horse card, \$300/100, Carrot & Stick Press; carrotandstickpress.com. Tiger & Jones hand letterpressed and stitched horse notecard, \$25/eight, Tiger and Jones; tigerandjones.com. Hermès Cheval d’Orient large porcelain vase, \$1,180, select Hermès, 800-441-4488. Asprey English bone china orange Vide poche, \$295, Asprey at The Beverly Hills Hotel, 310-550-0520. John Derian square decoupage tray of horse script, \$88, Soolip, West Hollywood; soolip.com. Vintage suede wallpaper, price upon request, Walnut Wallpaper & Trim, Los Angeles, 323-932-9166.

### A NEW NAOMI

**p.62** Hervé Léger tube banding dress, \$977, Hervé Léger,

Beverly Hills, 310-275-2550. Chanel cuff, \$1,550, select Chanel, 800-550-0005.

**p.65** Vera Wang sweater, price upon request, and belt, price upon request, Vera Wang, 212-628-3400. Malo camisole, price upon request, Malo, New York, 212-396-4721. Annette Ferdinansen earrings, \$405, and Tenthousandthings square choker necklace, \$600, Metier, San Francisco; metiers.com; and Turpan, Brentwood, 310-451-9500. Long necklace, Watts’ own.

### CORRECTIONS

In the September 2007 issue, “Bespoke Blends” under *Memoire Liquide*, Studio at Fred Segal’s telephone number was misprinted. The number is 866-STUDIO1.



In the September 2007 issue, in “Elegant Escape” *C* featured designer-turned-photographer James Galanos’ weekend retreat. The text and images were excerpted from *Palm Springs Living* (Rizzoli), written by Diane Dorrans Saeks and photographed by David Glomb. The design-conscious book hit shelves in September.

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