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Upper Westchester

Many northern sections of the county feel far removed from the more suburban parcels to the south, some with grand estate homes on large tracts and others with carefully restored homes dating back to before the Revolutionary War.

Bedford is home to large country properties with abundant luxury, privacy and security. About 40 miles north of Manhattan's Grand Central Terminal, the 14.4-acre property at 340 Croton Lake Road owned by actor Bruce Willis offers panoramic views of the Croton Reservoir from the five-bedroom, 8,958-square-foot main home, and from the adjoining 8.2-acre property with three homes, which is also for sale. The main property, on the market for \$8,695,000, includes a saltwater pool and pool house, tennis court, four wood-burning fireplaces, exercise room and an octagonal observation room. The large home office comes with a drop-down projection screen, and the master bedroom suite, with a sitting room and a balcony, has a soaking tub with reservoir views.

"The views are the main thing here, along with the condition of the property — with another three homes in a lot next door, all currently part of this compound but being sold separately," said **Ann Cutbill Lenane**, associate broker with Douglas Elliman Real Estate. "It feels almost like a mountain property, with a wonderful garden and outbuildings, but it is close enough to the city to not feel remote. To have staff quarters in one building, a separate in-law or guest home in another, and a standalone office in a third, is a rare find."

In Pound Ridge, 284 Stone Hill Road is a Nantucket-style colonial, built in 1997 on 7.03 acres, with six bedrooms and seven bathrooms. Fully renovated inside and out last year, it has a new Christopher Peacock kitchen with quartzite counters, six-burner Wolf range, double oven and two Miele dishwashers; a wood-beamed family room with a floor-to-ceiling stone fireplace; three additional wood-burning fireplaces; a turreted private office; and a redone master suite.

The 7,835-square-foot home is listing for \$3,050,000. "It's located on a shared drive with two other homes, so it lives like it is on a private road overlooking a pond in the back," said Amy Smith-Sroka, associate broker with J.B. Fee Sotheby's International Realty. "The views from the patio and master bedroom to the backyard, with mature trees and the pool, are protected by wetlands, so no one could build there."

Conyers Farm is a gated estate area in Armonk, on the Connecticut border. The 14,066-square-foot French-style chateau at 4 Cowdray Park Drive, built in 2002 on 13.29 acres, is listing for the recently reduced price of \$2,862,990. The seven-bedroom, nine-bathroom home has indoor and outdoor pools, a two-story reception room, a summer kitchen, and a sauna.

The New York Times

Last Call at George Plimpton's Party Pad



This photo from 1963 captured the literary scene at a cocktail party given by George Plimpton, one of the founders of *The Paris Review*. He is seated at left. *Cornell Capa/Magnum Photos*

By Bob Morris

March 2, 2018



Of all the raucous parties in the apartment Sarah Dudley Plimpton shared with George Plimpton before [his death in 2003](#), she loves the one on Sept. 10, 2001, the most.

"Paul McCartney came," Ms. Plimpton said, "and sang, 'I Will' to me, my favorite Beatles song." She also got into an argument with Bill Murray about a comedian he didn't think was funny.

That party, on the eve of a day that would end parties for a long time, was given for Billy Collins, the popular poet. He was one of countless writers celebrated in the storied East 72nd Street home that had also once housed the cramped offices of [The Paris Review](#), founded in 1953 by Mr. Plimpton, Peter Matthiessen, William Styron and others. The offices of the magazine moved downtown years ago, but embedded memories from the old glory days live on.



Last Wednesday, a farewell party was held in the Upper East Side apartment, filled with literary luminaries and a well-stocked bar. *Rebecca Sneyne for The New York Times*

Ms. Plimpton, a youthful woman now of a certain age, raised twin daughters in the apartment with her much older husband, the patrician raconteur, ringleader and fireworks lover.

She now owns a home in Santa Fe, N.M., and will be listing with [Douglas Elliman](#) in the coming weeks and leaving Manhattan.

"Just after the Q train opened, the greatest thing to happen to me since George," she said.

On Wednesday, she gave a Last Call party in honor of the magazine's 65th year.



Sarah Dudley Plimpton, left, plans to sell the apartment and move to Santa Fe, N.M. "I always worried we'd never have enough room, but something about this place absorbs everyone who comes in," she said of the countless parties held there. *Rebecca Smeyne for The New York Times*

Dick Cavett, who nursed a drink by the well-stocked bar, recalled a barbed conversation with Norman Mailer about mutual frustrations with publishers. Gay Talese, nattily dressed in a pinstriped suit, remembered Jackie Kennedy encountering an unseemly landfill-like heap for depositing her fur. "She shook her head and said, 'Oh my, George, that bed,'" he said.

While Mr. Talese, the author of "[Thy Neighbor's Wife](#)," did not comment on the #MeToo climate, Rose Styron remembered a night many decades ago when Terry Southern, the hard-partying satirical writer, propositioned her as a young, married woman.

"He told me I was the only woman in the room he hadn't already slept with," Ms. Styron said.

She told him to get lost, but with more amusement than alarm.

"We were smart young women who took literature seriously," said Jeanne McCulloch, a former managing editor of *The Paris Review*, now a writer on its board of directors. She remembered, in addition to mailbags of submissions, laying out interviews that had to be cut up and taped together on the pool table. And, of course, prodigious flirting at parties.

"But as a young woman, I never felt threatened by anything I couldn't handle," Ms. McCulloch said.

Respect, she added, dominated those parties more than anything, and it seemed to dominate Wednesday's party as well. That, lots of booze and plentiful old-school canapés on trays served by besieged waiters pushing through the crowd as if onto a rush hour subway.



Mr. Plimpton's former office, used as a coat room for the party, includes the 1963 photo by Cornell Capa, which was taken for Life magazine. Rebecca Smeyne for The New York Times

Some guests wondered why there weren't many younger or even middle-aged star authors, agents or editors in attendance. Maybe it was because there was lingering discomfort after the recent resignation of the quarterly's last editor, Lorin Stein, who faced [sexual harassment allegations](#). Maybe it was an event for staff and supporters, not talent.

At any rate, it seemed more a night about the past than the present, more wake than woke, yesterday's rather than all tomorrow's parties, as Lou Reed once wrote and Nico sang with the Velvet Underground.

"I remember first coming here when I was Kurt Vonnegut's editor at 24," said Morgan Entrekin, the publisher of Grove Atlantic books. "It was a rite of passage."

Christopher Cerf, a composer, producer of children's television and the son of [Bennett Cerf](#), the celebrity editor who died in 1971, said that arriving at the apartment brought tears to his eyes. "I don't remember this room being this small, it always felt so much bigger when I was young," he said.



A poster by Andy Warhol, of a bill he signed and enlarged from a liquor store (it was made out to The Paris Review), hangs in a corner. From left: Weller Hlinomaz, Starling Irving, Laura Plimpton and Lisa Gustin. Rebecca Smeyne for The New York Times

Time can distort, it seems. Memories burst like fireworks, linger and eventually fade into dark skies over an ever-transitioning city that has to make way for the new and the next.

"But no matter where I go," Ms. Plimpton said after giving a speech from the stairs and urging everyone to get back to drinking, "someone tells me they were at a party in my home."

Even, one would assume, in Santa Fe.