

From Our Editor

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Above: In a room by Neal Beckstedt at the 2017 Kips Bay Decorator Show House. Left: A bathroom in Shaun Smith's New Orleans home. Below: My "before" picture includes fine art, like the work by Nancy Fernald (center), and a color study by my grandmother, one of many painters in my family.



A PAEAN TO
NEEDLEPOINT—
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NEW BACK PAGE.

hat's not to love about a before-and-after story? The visceral relief of watching a misfit space get righted, an ugly duckling turn into a swan. The feeling that you're a few buckets of paint and a Goodwill run away from true beauty. (You probably are!)

I'm a sucker for a white-paint-and-optimism story—there's a terrific one on page 58—but my favorite make-over stories recount a renovation of the mind, like the Chicago couple (page 68) who went on a hunt for a new apartment only to realize that, if they saw a listing for their current place, they'd buy it on the spot. It takes courage and creativity to view with fresh eyes a house you know intimately. Here's a tip: Take a few pictures. That'll help you see your belongings through a new lens.

I'm currently living in both a "before" and an "after." Our bedroom is thankfully an "after"—finally—since I bit the bullet and bought a king-size bed. I dislike them in a small space, though not as much as I dislike feeling a five-year-old wedged between two adults on a queen, so here we are.

But I'm in a standoff with my living room, and it's about more than just design. The conundrum: The look I want to project is at odds with the life I live. I have always been surrounded by art and curios, textiles and doodads, my passions visible for all to see. But I share my space with a curious kindergartner and a baby on the cusp of walking, which is to say, a baby constantly hoisting himself up on something. It's not the ideal moment to display pink Bermudan sand in a glass jar or framed art that leans like dominoes mid-tumble. You wouldn't keep a box of Thin Mints in your house while dieting, would you?

It's time to give this room—and my family!—a breather, but I'm struggling with the thought of scaling back. I feel compelled to wear my originality on my sleeve—heaven forbid a neighbor pops by, looks around, and thinks I'm a bore!

So I'm aiming to renovate my mind, because I know that the creativity is already in me: in the dinners I whip up sans recipe, in my drawings and dance moves, even in the pages of this magazine. It's time to pare back, to hang (not lean!) a few choice paintings and retire the rest. It's not goodbye but so long for now, and I'm betting that the head-space it buys me might just fuel my next creative endeavor.



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BLUE TILE!

SAVVY SHAUN SMITH

DESIGNED AROUND THE RETRO