

People are Talking about

editor: Richard David Story



romantic movement

She hears music in the rain of the English countryside. Nina Kotova heard it while she was growing up in the frenzy of Moscow's bustling squares. Today, she hears music in the hushed cobblestone side streets of Greenwich Village.

Three years ago, when modeling lured her onto the catwalks of designers like Karl Lagerfeld and Armani, "I was quite different than the other models," Kotova says. "On the runway, I'd often think of music."

But most often, says the 26-year-old composer and cellist, "I seem to have thoughts on the plane! I'll set aside a book and write down sketches of melodies. It's a nice place to think." *patricia ▶ 130*

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With her soft Russian accent, the soulful eyes of a Sargent painting—and a performing career that whisks her from New York to Tokyo to Australia—Kotova admits that "part of me is a glamour girl. But being a musician takes an incredible amount of discipline and responsibility."

and talent, which Kotova comes by naturally. Having grown up with a mother who had been a child-prodigy pianist and a father who was an internationally acclaimed bassist, Kotova joined the Moscow Conservatory for musically gifted children at the age of seven, adding eight hours of practice to her regular school day. She gave her first public performance at seven and became a soloist at eleven. "My first serious compositions were at twelve. I was practicing and found myself thinking of Picasso," says Kotova, whose mother gave her strong schooling in the arts. "The blue picture of the woman sitting with her back to you—that's my favorite of all—and I wrote down the music."

But inspiration, for Kotova, comes from a range of great masters: the musicians of Rostropovich's generation; her family; and, surprisingly, from American pop. "I respect Madonna," she says. "I think she's a great artist. And Barbra Streisand." Though, she says, listening to them while she was growing up took some creative thinking. "We were not allowed to hear any type of that music in the USSR, not anything pop-cultural at all. A few musicians who happened to travel abroad were able to bring back some LPs. And they were a treasure."

At 21, Kotova earned a scholarship to study at Yale but says, "I couldn't survive. I didn't have a cent to live on." So she moved to New York and continued to perform and compose—and model. For her debut at Carnegie Hall in October, one of the compositions she will perform is "Scenes from the Catwalk." Next month, Kotova's first CD will be released. "A lot of musicians record and then are forever haunted by things they want to fix. I think you record a moment of life, which is always unique, like a pearl. You experience it, then that's finished, and you go on to the next step." —KRISTINA ZIMBALIST



Heard the latest scoop from East Hampton? Plum Sykes reports from the front. **the scene**



dressed in pinks and pistachios waiting for the dressing room and are sent downstairs to the stockroom to change. "I don't believe in VIP dressing rooms, but if I know you, you can change in my stockroom," whispers Stefani.

And what you overhear at Scoop! The conversations that you pick up on amid sleek white counters bulging with Shoshanna tops and dresses: "God, last night was so D-list!" "Can you believe they thanked the caterer?" "Apparently Puffy's only having one party this summer." What with the gossip, the beats of the band Pink Martini rippling in the background, and one glossy girl after another twirling

FASHIMINAS ON THE BEACH (CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT): DESIGNER SHOSHANNA LONSTEIN, SCOOP OWNER STEFANI GREENFIELD WITH LIZ COHEN, AND SERENA BOARDMAN.



EAST HAMPTON—The navy velvet sofa in the window at Scoop Beach has seen a fair amount of action since Memorial Day: Ralph, Gwyneth, Marie-Chantal—and Kimora Lee drapes her giraffe-like legs over it every Saturday. The Scoop sofa is the place to, well, sit this summer.

Hardly surprising, since Scoop Beach is the light, bright East Hampton store that is the latest outpost of the Scoop boutique empire. Scoopies, as Stefani Greenfield, the darkly glamorous owner of the store, calls her clients, are pulled from the ranks of Man-

hattan's junior style royalty. One summery Saturday in Scoop is like a walking, talking Best Dressed List. There's Aerin Lauder, still heavily pregnant, stocking up on Tibetan tunics to wear poolside. She calls up later in the day to order one in every color. There's Alexandra Von Furstenberg and best friend Liz Cohen obsessing about "Curve" skirts. (Curve skirts, for your information, are floor-length pink silk hipster skirts from the super-trendy Los Angeles store Curve.) So obsessed are the two that they forgo the line of twelve very pretty, very thin, very tan girls

ing in front of the mirrors, Stefani Greenfield has created a scene that's more cocktail party than retail. That said, she's doing great business, selling hundreds of her uniquely embroidered jeans, vintage handkerchief tops, and sheer white cotton army pants since opening on May 18. But then Stefani merges style with the social almost seamlessly. She was thrilled when one gent told her, "If my girlfriend ever leaves me, I'll just sit on the couch at Scoop at five o'clock and find a wife." Single ladies take note. □ *patricia ▶ 134*