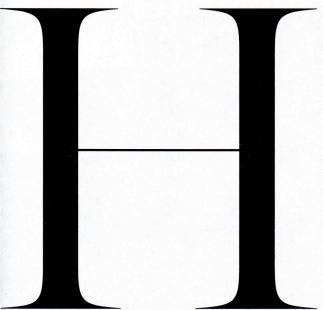
For Emma Roig Askari and her family, paradise is an airy, light-filled haven overlooking the Mediterranean on the island of Ibiza

EXT BY MITCHELL OWENS PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIGUEL FLORES-VIANNA









er husband was adamant: The investment manager would accept any place for a vacation home other than Ibiza, the Spanish island known far and wide for its wild nightlife, hedonistic discotheques, and celebrity sightings. "We started with the Hamptons, then Greece, and then Mallorca, because he plays golf, and it has plenty of courses," says his ebullient wife, Emma Roig Askari, a contributing editor at *Vanity Fair* Spain, a TV commentator for Atresmedia, and a Christie's ambassador. Her secret weapon was simple: to take her recalcitrant husband to Ibiza offseason, "when the valleys are full of flowers and there's beautiful sunlight. Little by little, he got interested."

Three years of diligent searching later, the Londonbased couple and their relieved grown children-"They were so happy that we'd finally decided on something"-found a mountainside to call their own. There, with Rolf Blakstad of Blakstad Design Consultants, an esteemed Ibiza firm founded in the 1950s, they began to build a dream house overlooking the sea and inspired by the island's laid-back traditional style. What eventually emerged was a low, rambling white residence with enough bedrooms for family and friends and enough land to cultivate a garden of largely native Mediterranean plants, courtesy of British landscape guru Tania Compton, better known for her work at English country estates and being the contributing gardens editor of *The World of Interiors*, one of AD's sister publications. "As much as I love our house, the biggest pleasure is the garden," Roig Askari says. "I'm a firm believer in the transcultural: Nothing is better than an expert from one country and culture working on a landscape in a completely different country."

When it comes to houses, though, it's clear that Roig Askari—who decorated this place herself—believes in regionalism but with a twist. "My homeland is very much about wicker," the Valencia native explains. But her pale, sun-tinged rooms—largely complexioned in straw yellows, bleached woods, dusty pink, various shades of white, and dashes of leaf-green—incorporate a mélange of internationalisms that work within a Spanish context. There are midcentury tapestries







ABOVE A PENDANT LIGHT BY GORDIOLA HANGS ABOVE THE KITCHEN ISLAND. THE CHAIRS AND STOOLS ARE VINTAGE. LEFT THE INVITING POOL AREA. OPPOSITE A COLLECTION OF DANISH POTTERY IS DISPLAYED IN NICHES ALONG THE STAIRCASE. "When you're walking around the house, it's like walking through my brain a bit," says homeowner *Emma Roig Askari*.





ABOVE IN THE PRIMARY BEDROOM, A CURTIS JERÉ MIRROR HANGS ABOVE A 1940s FRENCH OAK DESK AND CHAIR FOUND IN LONDON. 1950 CHAIR BY DIRK VAN SLIEDREGT FOR ROHE NOORDWOLDE; MOROCCAN BEDCOVER FROM CREEL AND GOW. OPPOSITE THE BATH'S 19TH-CENTURY MARBLE TUB WAS FOUND IN VALENCIA. VINTAGE FRENCH CHAIR AND TABLE.

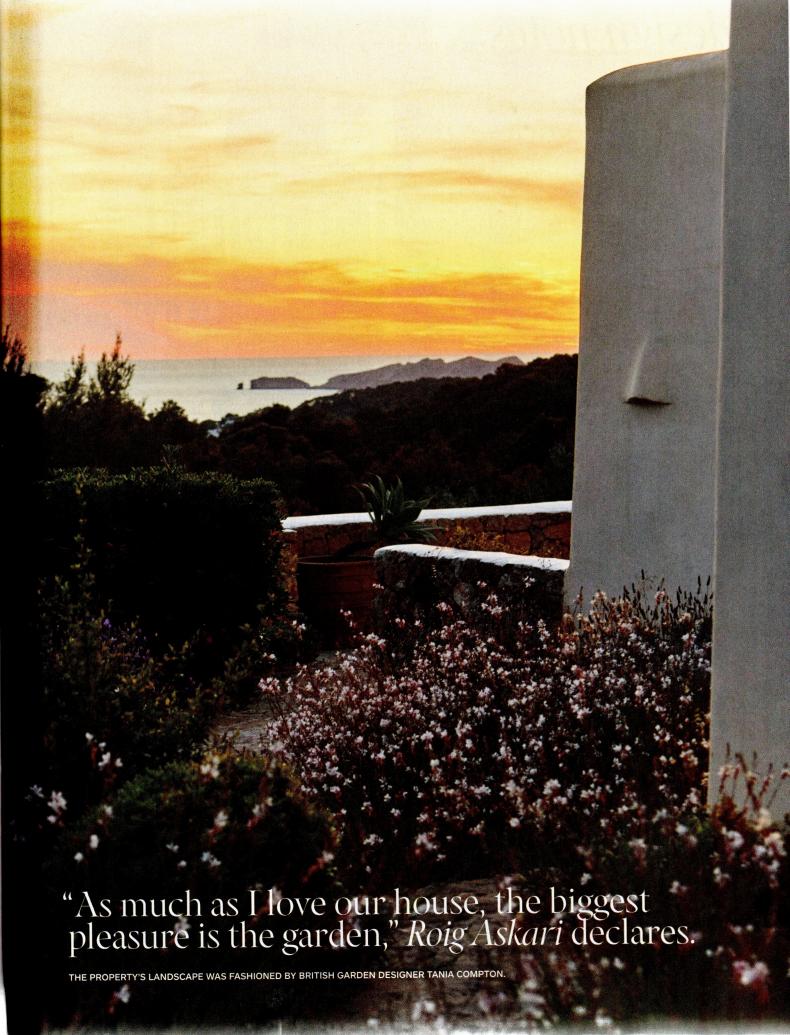
by the likes of Jean Lurçat and Joan Miró, skylights inspired by those in Valencia's Arab bath houses, and, of all things, a sensual staircase modeled after one that the viceroy of vaulting Rafael Guastavino Jr. of Grand Central Terminal fame designed for Pittsburgh's Carnegie Mellon University-only Roig Askari's version is encased in snowy stucco rather than bare red brick. At the top of the staircase is an oculus cribbed from the Pantheon in Rome. "It doesn't have anything to do with Mediterranean culture," she admits of the opening, "but it's one of my favorite things. Light that comes from above is very spiritual."

ROIG ASKARI'S ROOMS ARE SUFFUSED with a magical glow don't worry, UV filters are omnipresent-that changes as it moves from sunrise to sunset, illuminating all manner of worldwide flotsam and jetsam but which, strangely enough, melds with the greatest of ease, given the unerring eye that brought them together and the tonal relationships that smooth out the mixmaster origins. "I did as much research as I could to justify my aesthetic choices," she explains of unlikely details, such as a reproduction Roman mosaic fashioned in the Vatican workshops that ended up in a courtyard. "The Romans conquered the Balearic Islands in 123 BC, from the Carthaginians," she says, so similar mosaics must have ended up in Ibiza. A pause follows, then she adds, "When you're walking around

the house, it's like walking through my brain a bit. Beauty is universal, and Cycladic things look just as modern as anything you can find in a contemporary art gallery. And isn't art history always about interpreting and reinterpreting?" More to the point, though, she says with a laugh, "It all goes together because I like it." That wide-armed acceptance ranges quite widely, from a Tang dynasty camel to Bordallo Pinheiro platters shaped like cabbage leaves to 1950s French pottery to a postwar Osvaldo Borsani coatrack. Small wonder that admiring friends report that every object, no matter how small, no matter how modest, is what Roig Askari considers to be beautiful.

That includes the questionable but fascinating oeuvre of Hungarian artist Elmyr de Hory, one of the greatest forgers of the 20th century, known for sublimely skillful works by superstar painters and for hoodwinking galleries and celebrities. A fake Juan Gris painted by him hangs proudly on one of Roig Askari's walls. "De Hory killed himself in Ibiza, so that's my justification for owning it," she says, adding that "when you put something not that expensive alongside something that is truly expensive, they talk to each other; they are happy together." And for art historians and gallerists who might blanch at the thought of anyone spending money on a de Hory, Roig Askari has a sparky piece of decorating advice that the more straightlaced among us should consider following: "A little bit of tackiness can bring you a lot of happiness."









CHARLOTTE PERRIAND CHAIRS SURROUND A VINTAGE DINING TABLE ARTWORK BY MARK HAGEN