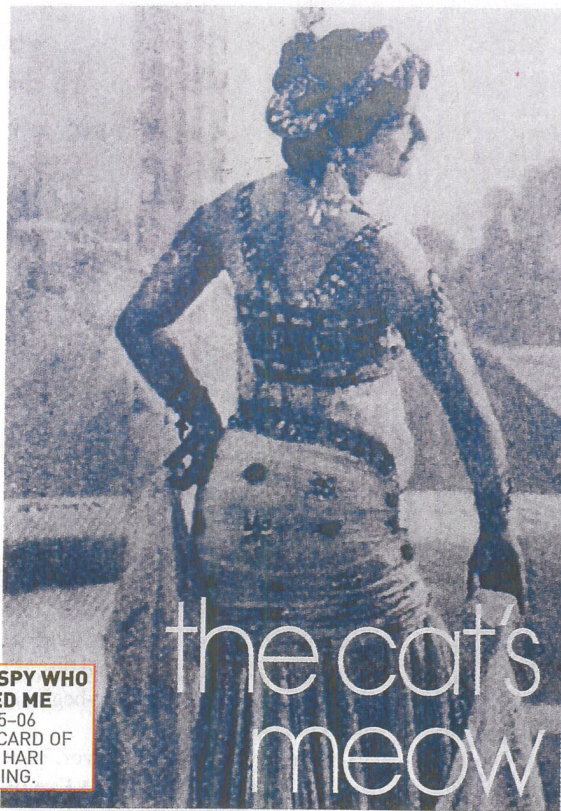


AROUND
THE
WORLD



THE SPY WHO LOVED ME
A 1905-06
POSTCARD OF
MATA HARI
DANCING.

*A slew of new books pays
tribute to the Jazz Age.*

frontrunning sexual mores to daring architectural innovation, the Jazz Age swept away hoary notions of Victorian restraint. A hedonistic breeze blows through **Uncommon Arrangements: Seven Portraits of Married Life in London Literary Circles, 1910-1939** (Dial Press), Katie Roiphe's perceptive look at such "marriages à la

mode" as that of H. G. Wells, who set up house with both his wife and his longtime mistress, Rebecca West, or the scandal-causing ménage à trois involving the writer Radclyffe Hall, who described "the infinite sadness of fulfilled desire." Frank Lloyd Wright became the unwitting darling of the tabloids when, as a married father of six, he ran off with



from the tale of an Arctic village beset by progress to a family saga set in '80s Tehran, late-summer fiction is all about being transported. Canada's Hudson Bay forms the dramatic backdrop of Kevin Patterson's **Consumption** (Nan A. Talese/Doubleday), which finds a beautiful Inuit woman in exile in her own culture. Jean-Paul Dubois evokes the Toulouse suburbs—and invites comparisons to Updike—with **Vie Française** (Knopf), a tale of a beatnik turned househusband. Kate Christensen takes the New York art world's legend-making machine down a notch in **The Great Man** (Doubleday), in which a famous painter is eulogized by the women he leaves behind. Dalia Sofer's psychologically resonant debut, **The Septembers of Shiraz**, follows the fate of a gem dealer and his family in the aftermath of the Iranian revolution (Ecco). And the glamorous facade of a distinguished Jewish clan in London crumbles after a wedding-day disaster in Charlotte Mendelson's incomparably arch **When We Were Bad** (Houghton Mifflin).—M.O.

Mamah Cheney, a tragic affair reimagined in Nancy Horan's debut novel, **Loving Frank** (Ballantine). But perhaps no one embodied the beautiful-and-damned spirit of the time better than the subject of **Femme Fatale: Love, Lies, and the Unknown Life of Mata Hari** (William Morrow), in which author Pat Shipman makes a convincing case that the Dutch-born, West Indies-influenced exotic dancer, executed for espionage in 1917, was in fact the scapegoat of a demoralized France.

Postwar Paris and the ruthlessly competitive atelier of Coco Chanel come to glamorously gritty life in Gioia Diliberto's novel **The Collection** (Scribner), told from the point of view of an ambitious young seamstress, while David Leavitt's **The Indian Clerk** (Bloomsbury) is a fictional take on the pivotal collaboration between Cambridge mathematician G. H. Hardy and the enigmatic prodigy Srinivasa Ramanujan. Meanwhile, on the other side of the pond, America's richest man was occupied with the construction of a dynastic seat on the Hudson River. **The House the Rockefellers Built: A Tale of Money, Taste, and Power in Twentieth-Century America** (Henry Holt), by Robert F. Dalzell and Lee Baldwin Dalzell, captures the sense of aesthetics and noblesse oblige in the home's design. And a host of Gatsby-worthy abodes fill the pages of Gary Lawrance and Anne Surchin's **Houses of the Hamptons: 1880-1930** (Acanthus Press), recalling East Egg summers of plein air festivals, natatoriums, and croquet on the lawn. —MEGAN O'GRADY

Courtesy of Pat Shipman, still lifes: CHRISTOPHER COPPOLA

THE FINER THINGS

In the wake of the ubiquitous \$1,400 handbag comes Dana Thomas's **DELUXE: HOW LUXURY LOST ITS LUSTER** (The Penguin Press), which traces the evolution of European fashion houses from exclusive, manufacturing-minded ateliers to multibillion-dollar megabrands engaged in the business of "selling dreams." Dropping in on such mogul personalities as Bernard Arnault and Miuccia Prada—as well as a Guangzhou counterfeiting operation—Thomas's astute social history argues convincingly that accessibility has forever tarnished long-cherished status symbols. But, of course, the truly chic always find ways of distinguishing themselves.—M.O.



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