



WHAT'S COOKIN'?
Proprietress Pierson
hangs with Pearl the
bulldog in one of Lazy
Meadow's vintage-
style kitchens.

The love shack

Roam if you want to, but when you're ready to settle in for the night, pull into the quirkiest motel in the Catskills—Kate Pierson's Lazy Meadow

By **Jorge Arango** Photograph by **Todd Selby**

Hop in my Chrysler—it's as big as a whale, and it's about to set sail! We're headed down to where the love honey flows: Kate's Lazy Meadow Motel, a '50s-hip crash pad opened two months ago by Kate Pierson of B-52's fame. The bouffant-topped, eyelashes-to-there rocker is getting her Leona Helmsley on with a getaway that's as colorful and vibrant as one of her rowdy band's gigs.

"It's something I kind of fell into that I thought would be fun—certainly more fun than stocks!" Pierson says. "I spend 50 percent of my life in hotels, so I wanted to create my idea of what a home away from home should be." The result is some funky lodging that's "definitely not boring," she says. "Most hotels, if not downright offensive, are just kind of neutral."

Neutral is a four-letter word in Pierson's vocabulary. While there's no glitter on the highway to signal your approach—though that might be a characteristic flourish for the wild grand-opening bash she plans to throw this summer—you're not likely to speed past Lazy Meadow without doing a double take. A few miles west of the Woodstock exit on Route 28 in Mount Tremper, the four-unit main building, which was designed as a motel around 1962 but had fallen into disrepair, practically explodes out of the woods in barn-red drag. A pair of two-story cabins sit half-hidden in the trees. Around the nine-acre, creek-front property, the singer has created a wild planet of multicol-

ored metal-drum planters, garden gnomes and light posts topped by variously tinted globes.

Pierson, who lives in nearby Woodstock, first happened upon the site in 2002 and quickly grew enamored of the local flock of goldfinches, the mountain views and Esopus Creek. On an impulse, the self-described "nature girl," who had never considered becoming a hotelier, purchased the land—and commenced refurbishing. She teamed with designer William Stewart to jazz up the knotty-pine-clad rooms with psychedelic combinations from the outer limits of the color wheel. Two other friends, ceramists Phillip Maberry and Scott Walker (their former cabin was the setting for the "Love Shack" video), installed similarly eye-tickling bathroom tiles and backsplashes behind the sinks.

It's unlikely you'll see the redhead herself if you book a stay at Lazy Meadow; far-flung musical commitments (the band still makes the rounds) prevent that. But her presence is surely felt. While on tour, Pierson has been able to pick up truckloads of midcentury furniture, art and accessories to outfit the six existing units. "I wanted to make each one a '50s dream suite. There's a kitsch factor," Pierson admits, "but it's not totally kitsched out." Some furniture flashes forward to the '60s and '70s, and other objects are more of-the-moment offerings (Todd Oldham bedspreads, melamine wares from Cynthia Rowley and Ilene Rosenzweig's Swell collection for Target). Upstate painter Marko Shuhan's work hangs in some rooms on consignment.

Each of the six units has two bedrooms, a common area and two bathrooms. They also

come with fully equipped kitchens—one is done up in turquoise, another in strawberry-ice-cream pink—where you can boil up a little rock lobster with your friends. Pierson decided against opening a spa, restaurant or bar onsite; she'd rather encourage guests to shake their honey buns and explore nearby Phoenicia or Woodstock, get a massage up the street at Emerson Spa, shop at a farm stand for dinner fixings or glide down the Esopus on an inner tube. If you decide to stay in, you can stock the fridge and then hit your room's video library for one of its unabashedly B titles, like *Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!* or *Tougher than Leather*.

Service, as you would expect, is laid-back. "You're not going to have someone breathing down your neck, saying, 'Our pleasure,'" promises Pierson, who is looking for a full-time manager. "It's more for the independent traveler, for people who want to be in nature but with all the comforts of home." She plans to someday add a lodge, gardens by landscape designer Dean Riddle and, for guests who prefer a more rustic experience, a cosmic wagon train of Airstream trailers with a view of the burbling Esopus. Not that you'll be roughing it—Oldham, Maberry and Walker have agreed to outfit at least two of them. In the meantime, Pierson will drop by whenever she can, she says, "and dip my toes in the creek."

5191 Rte 28, Mount Tremper, NY. Rates range from \$150 to \$225 per night. For more information, call 845-688-7200 or visit www.lazymeadow.com.

PHOTOGRAPHS: DARLAN KENNER



A FINE VINTAGE
Midcentury furniture and knickknacks—along with a population of quirky lawn ornaments—help to keep Pierson's signature on every inch of the motel's grounds.

