

CORDELIA DE CASTELLANE
FLOWER COUTURE



FROM MY GARDEN TO MY HOUSE

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THE DREAM WORLD OF MY GARDEN

There are undoubtedly many more feelings in this garden
than there are flowers.

In a very personal way, the particular period of Covid brought me face
to face with mourning my father, who had died a few months before.
It's here in this garden that I've poured out my grief. It seems that working
the earth can be the best psychologist in the world. I believe this is true.

Flowers have always been my best friends; I can't imagine a home without
flowers. The idea of having a garden full of these pretty ladies appealed
to me a lot, with their inimitable color palettes, their grace,
and their fragility. All this at my fingertips.

I spent a lot of time in the middle of mountain meadows when I was
growing up. My grandmother and I used to make herbariums with flowers
pressed inside huge dictionaries—when those books weren't balanced
on my head for perfect posture, as she liked to do, or to measure myself
or look up each word that I discovered in books. Perhaps, in the end,
words and flowers grew together with me.

The world of gardening has plunged me into a new life. I'm a woman
in a hurry—impatient and controlling—so I'm learning to become patient
and to observe what nature decides for me.

I am afraid of insects and spiders, and earthworms disgust me! But suddenly
I put my hands in the earth and delight in finding myself covered in mud.

I quit the Instagram fashion show accounts without a care, and now
I follow all the landscapers and gardeners for advice. I'm discovering
a garden community that I love far more than any magazine cover or fancy
dinner. This is how I discovered Milan Hajsinek, who would go on to design
the garden of my dreams with the finesse that I am known for. I recognize
that I don't know much about it, but I'm learning and persevering every day.

At last I've joined Christian Dior in his passion, and the prints inherited
from Emanuel Ungaro have become even more meaningful to me. Nature
takes pride of place in my creativity. My life is more relaxed, which allows
me to focus on what I love most after my family and my imagination.

This garden has transformed my life.
There's nothing extraordinary about it;
it is small and pretty, but it's given me a passion.
I'll take you there. There are so many secrets
and there is so much love behind my little wooden gate.



BOUQUETS MY WAY

As with everything in my life, I make my bouquets by feeling. I am not a florist—far from it—which is why I like to work with the best people, like the famous Parisian florist Éric Chauvin or my talented English friend, Willow Crossley.

I make my bouquets in the country on Friday evenings or early Saturday mornings. It's probably my favorite appointment of the week. I put on some music, gather the flowers together like small groups of friends having fun, and dive into my own world.

There are big flowers, small flowers, pretentious flowers, arrogant flowers, fragile flowers, ugly flowers, and very beautiful flowers.

You have to appreciate and balance it all—like everything in life. Mind you, when I say “balance,” I'm not fond of bouquets composed at the same height like a sphere. I don't like anything too slick. I only know how to make bouquets in vases or baskets, not without a container like florists do.

Here are some little sketches showing my weekend bouquet-making routine. The bouquets often turn up in my little Coffee Flower Shop or in the prints I design for Dior. I photograph them and zoom in on them. I steal everything from them—from their shapes to their colors to their hearts. They're too beautiful to let go.

FIG. 1

Sheaf

I really like to keep the shape of the flowers simple. I always enjoy the asymmetry of a bouquet falling over the edge of a mantelpiece. They're also pretty on the corners of high furniture.

FIG. 2

Rustic

Naturally, this is what I do most often. High, tall, and free, with bold combinations from the morning's pickings. I play with heights and colors, and I imagine great conversations.

FIG. 3

Wreath

Inspired by the Middle Ages, when wreaths adorned large village festivals and celebrations. I love wreaths for Christmas and made with mimosa or spring flowers too. I often tie a bow on them and hang them on doors in the country; they can be made with dried flowers and used all season long.

FIG. 4

Couture

I hate round bouquets, which are too perfect for my flowers. These ladies are too temperamental, so I call my more structured bouquets “couture,” usually arranged with roses from the garden. I like them small, in tumblers and small vases. I also love this shape for peonies.

FIG. 5

Wild

I sometimes come across incredible branches, tall grasses, and unexpected wild flowers on my walks. If it won't damage the natural order, I use my pruning shears, gather my finds under my arm, and place them in a large, heavy vase that supports their weight. These huge wild bouquets often take up all the light in the room.

FIG. 6

Flowing

The *atelier flou* is where flowing haute couture dresses are made. Don't imagine an untidy bouquet when you read that word. A flowing bouquet is poetic. Extremely precious flowers are chosen and positioned carefully in a vase, with contrasts in the height and spacing so that each one can shine.



FIG. 1
Sheaf

FIG. 2
Rustic



FIG. 3
Wreath



FIG. 4
Couture



FIG. 5
Wild



FIG. 6
Flowing



ELEVATING MY FLOWERS

There are no rules for showcasing these beauties.

I like to use all kinds of vases and containers. Of course, I have a passion for wicker cachepots, old antique flea market baskets, glass or ceramic carafes, my grandmother's large soup tureens, gravy boats, and Clichy vases I've collected.

Anything but the obvious, though a big, beautiful vase is always fun for my maxi-bouquets when I go crazy! I have a penchant for blown glass or crystal bud vases set on tables. I see them like beautiful knights that make the flower ladies dance.

Since I was very young, I've been collecting little hyacinth vases that I just love. Dior makes them in all sorts of colors. They work for round, soft bouquets in the bathroom or on bedside tables, especially with garden roses or peonies.

The porcelain teacup too ... I make little arrangements with flowers I happen to find on the ground. I think I'm totally old-fashioned. I like flowers that are out of fashion, forgotten. For a long time, I was the only person with a passion for dahlias and irises in faded, almost aged colors, and sunflowers that remind me of the pretty farmhouses I knew during my childhood in Switzerland.

I'll transform anything as long as it can hold water, and if it's not watertight, I place a glass inside, even one the size of a shot glass.

Cups become vases for lilies of the valley set on tea trays or in baskets; bunches of snapdragons in shades of pink. Sometimes it all falls apart ...

I prefer not to count certain things in my life, like my vases, my plates, or my glasses. Champagne glasses make lovely containers for wildflowers, for example. When I have trouble making them stand up, I use my flower frogs (the secret behind everything) or chicken wire to make my large bouquets appear fuller.



Corolla



Small Bottles



Russian



Stemmed Glass



Faceted



Flute



Bubble Carafe



Pumpkin Pitcher



Periwinkle



Galileo



Cleopatra



Butterflies



Diamond



*Bell-shaped
Bud Vases*



Flora



Bamboo



Tokyo



Amaryllis



Valencia



Directoire



Gourd



Dragon



Acacia



Floréal



Dragonfly



Orchid



Wisteria



Iris



Narcissus



Jasmine



Hyacinth



Physalis



Victoria



Empire



Amphora



Garden Basket



Wicker



Reed



Easter



*Watering
Can*



Soup Tureen



*Porcelain
Teacup*



Braided Jug



Gravy Boat



Farmhouse Jug



MY FAVORITE FLOWERS

FIG. 1

Anemone

Messenger of the winds, the anemone blooms gracefully in the spring light. Its delicate petals as fragile as silk capture ephemeral beauty. A flower of renewal, it reminds us that every moment, however fleeting, is a wonder to be savored.

FIG. 2

Cornflower

Humble flower of the fields, the cornflower offers its azure petals like an echo of the sky. A symbol of tenderness and memories, it embodies the simple, discreet beauty of the end of spring.

FIG. 3

Iris

With its majestic colors, the iris adorns the cover of my book. Its delicate petals capture light and catch the eye of the curious passer-by. Symbolizing wisdom and hope and inviting us to discover the ideas hidden within each page.

FIG. 4

Hyacinth

Exuding an intoxicating fragrance, the hyacinth, with its clusters of flowers, from a deep blue to a delicate pink, rises gracefully, celebrating the joy of loving and dedication. It illuminates sunny days, heralding joyous beginnings.

FIG. 5

Daffodil

Golden glow of the first spring flowers, daffodil rises like a ray of sunlight over an earth still asleep. Its luminous petals herald the rebirth of nature, celebrating joy and sharing. It invites hearts to awaken to the beauty that is reborn all around.

FIG. 6

Peony

Delicate opulence, the peony blooms in silky balls of rich, bewitching color. Its intoxicating scent evokes love and beauty, recalling the sweetness of memories and the intensity of emotions in life's precious moments.

FIG. 7

Lily of the Valley

With its fragrant white bell-shaped flowers, lily of the valley symbolizes gentleness. It embodies Christian Dior for me, and his iconic collections, symbolizing luck and happiness. Its delicate notes whisper promises of renewal and love, celebrating the beauty of simple moments with a touch of refinement.

FIG. 8

Tulip

Garden queen, the tulip blooms gracefully in an array of shimmering colors. With more than one hundred varieties in my garden, they recall joy and passion dancing in the breeze. The flower of love and friendship, the tulip reminds me that every moment deserves to be celebrated.



FIG. 1
Anemone



FIG. 2
Cornflower



FIG. 3
Iris

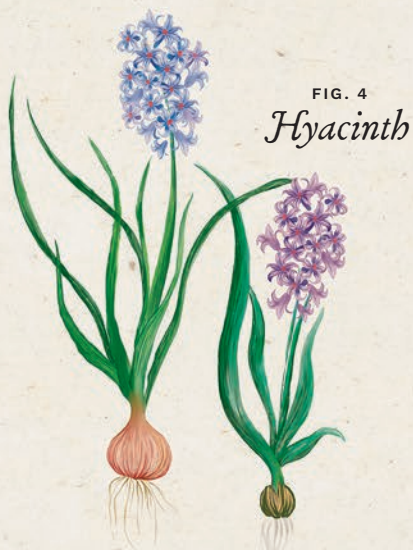


FIG. 4
Hyacinth



FIG. 5
Daffodil

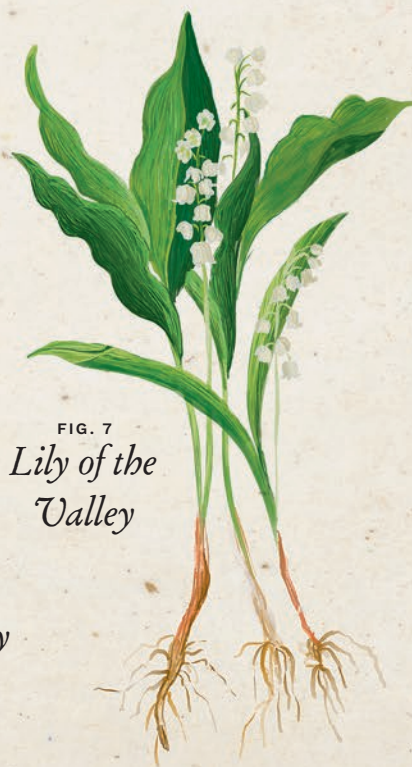


FIG. 7
Lily of the Valley



FIG. 6
Peony



FIG. 8
Tulip