

HOUSE & GARDEN  
December 1984



3 9042 01793651 6

# HOUSE & GARDEN

MAGAZINE OF CREATIVE LIVING

DECEMBER 1984 \$4.00



ARLINGTON

6 1984

LIBRARY



ASHLING\*

POWERSCOURT\*

SHEILA\*

MAEVE™

## Modern Art.

A tradition that is forever contemporary. Is it a paradox? Perhaps, but such is the case of Waterford stemware. It is the art of today, although its values are of centuries past, and are passed on from generation to generation.



LISMORE\*

Born in fire, blown by mouth & cut by hand like a rare diamond, Waterford crystal is the art of the timeless. Forever modern, Waterford graces your table like no other crystal. It is the one & only.

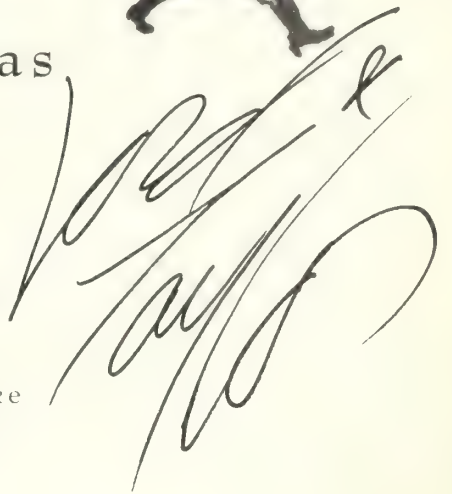
# Waterford®

Authentic Waterford is now signed. Free booklet. Waterford Crystal, 295 Fifth Avenue, NY10010.



ome to

# The American Christmas



Our celebration of giving and sharing has more gift ideas than ever before—specially presented in ways that will make your American Christmas a joy.



## Christmas Shops abound.

Each a cornucopia of imaginative suggestions—for favored men, women, children, and for favorite homes.

Discover Lord & Taylor Christmas exclusives in gift collections throughout our stores.

Spend the day with us—join your friends for luncheon, tea or a late snack in our restaurants. Let a Lord & Taylor Red Rose Shopper lend a hand—with personalized service and inspired gift ideas. Ask about our Gift Certificates—they're always welcome.

## Come to the American Christmas

at any of our forty-two stores: in New York, New Jersey, Washington/Maryland, Virginia, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Illinois, Texas, Georgia, Michigan, Florida.





A perfume bottle with a decorative stopper and a red ribbon, set against a dark background with the text 'ESTÉE LAUDER CHRISTMAS 1984'. The bottle is made of clear glass and contains a golden-yellow liquid. The stopper is a light-colored, possibly frosted glass, with a scalloped, leaf-like design. A vibrant red ribbon is draped across the front of the bottle, adding a festive touch. The background is dark, with a subtle glow around the bottle, highlighting its shape and the liquid inside. The text 'ESTÉE LAUDER CHRISTMAS 1984' is printed in a clean, white, serif font in the upper right quadrant of the image.

ESTÉE LAUDER  
CHRISTMAS 1984

December 1984

# HOUSE & GARDEN

THE MAGAZINE OF  
CREATIVE LIVING  
Volume 156, Number 12

## A GIFT TO A GARDEN

*The clipped greenery of Villa Gamberaia dressed in a rare snow*  
92

## A FEAST OF THE IMAGINATION

*José Vilela's topiary fantasy in a room by Arnold Copper*  
94

## A CELEBRATION OF MYSTERY

*Intimate views of figures from an extraordinary Neapolitan crèche*  
98

## THE MONGIARDINO STYLE

*In his own Milan apartment, the distinguished designer exploits  
and celebrates the crafts of decoration*  
By John Richardson  
104

## LARTIGUE'S ENGLISH SPRING

*A portfolio of views taken this May, a few weeks before his ninetieth  
birthday, by the great French photographer Jacques-Henri Lartigue*  
118

## FRENCH AND IRREVERENT

*Tony and Susan Victoria's apartment gives new life and youth to a  
collection of French eighteenth-century furniture*  
By Nancy Richardson  
132

## FACETS OF PERFECTION

*Richard Meier's latest house demonstrates why its architect remains the  
master of modern architectural form*  
142

## QUINN ESSENTIAL

*Art collectors Joan and Jack Quinn subscribe to the theory that there's  
never too much of a good thing/By Martin Filler*  
152

## HAYES ON THE HUDSON

*For more than fifty years, Pretty Penny in Nyack has been home to the  
first lady of the American stage/By Judith Thurman*  
160

## PURE SPACE IN NEW DELHI

*Pupul Jayakar's restored Lutyens bungalow is home for a collector's  
choice of Indian arts/By Rasik*  
170

## IN PRAISE OF PROSPERO

*The very civilized country life of Sir John Gielgud*  
By Molly Keane  
178

THE EDITOR'S  
PAGE 10  
By Louis Oliver Gropp

ALL ABOUT  
STYLE 14  
By Nancy Richardson

THE DEALER'S  
EYE 22  
Healthy Decadence  
By Michael Boodro

AT THE TABLE 38  
A Vintage Spat  
By M.F.K. Fisher

TRAVEL 52  
Serenissima in the Snow  
By Jason Epstein

COVER  
Detail of the Angels' Glory  
thirty figures by some of the  
best 18th-century  
Neapolitan artists, part of  
the crèche of La Fundación  
Bartolomé March Servera,  
Palma de Mallorca, Spain.  
Photograph by Jacques  
Dirand. Christmas  
portfolio begins on page 92.

ON DECORATING 62  
Chintz Charming  
By Mark Hampton

BOOKS 68  
Big and Glossy  
By Francis Haskell

GARDEN  
PLEASURES 74  
Antique Flowers  
By Thomas Christopher

COLLECTING 84  
Crèche Course  
By Linn Howard and  
Mary Jane Pool

JOURNAL 194  
Art, Architecture, Design



For contemporary furniture, handmade  
and collectable, visit a McGuire showroom.  
For a color folder of new Palasan Collection,  
send \$1.00 to McGuire, Dept. HG12-84,  
11 Vermont Street, San Francisco, CA 94103.

Other showrooms: Los Angeles, New York,  
Dallas, Boston, Miami, Atlanta, Chicago, Seattle,  
Denver, Portland, High Point, Washington, D.C.  
International: Belgium, Canada, France, Greece,  
Great Britain, Italy, Switzerland, West Germany.

**McGUIRE®**

# HOUSE & GARDEN

## Jewels for your table

Brilliant cuttings and clean-line elegance. Smooth, polished rims and flawless bowls. Exceptional clarity, exquisite simplicity in stately lead crystal. Send 25¢ for complete illustrated folio of this outstanding collection and the name of your nearest retailer. Schott Zwiesel, 3 Odell Plaza, Yonkers, New York 10701



  
Cristallerie  
Zwiesel

LOUIS OLIVER GROPP  
Editor-in-Chief

Editors DENISE OTIS, MARTIN FILLER Editor-at-Large ROSAMOND BERNIER  
Art Director LLOYD ZIFF Consulting Editor JOHN RICHARDSON  
Senior Editors BABS SIMPSON; JACQUELINE GONNET decorating;  
NANCY RICHARDSON; JOYCE MACRAE West Coast  
European Creative Director MARIE-PAULE PELLÉ  
Architecture Editors ELIZABETH SVERBEYEFF BYRON, senior; HEATHER SMITH MACISAAC  
Decorating Editors KAAREN PARKER GRAY, CAROLYN SOLLIS,  
CLARE RUTHRAUFF, LYNN BENTON MORGAN  
Managing Editor JEROME H. DENNER  
Articles Editor SHELLEY WANGER Copy Editor MARY ALICE GORDON  
Senior Feature Writer ELAINE GREENE  
Copy Associates DUNCAN MAGINNIS, GABRIELLE WINKEL  
Associate Art Director KAREN LEE GRANT  
Designers JAMES HOLCOMB, RICHARD PANDISCIO  
Picture Editor THOMAS H. McWILLIAM, JR.  
Editorial Production Manager NEIL DAVID LONDON Art Editor CAROL KNOBLOCH  
Editorial Coordinator LORNA DAMARELL CAINE  
Assistant to the Editor-in-Chief JILL ARMSTRONG CITRON  
Editorial Assistants CHRISTINE COLBY, JESSICA FITZPATRICK,  
LESLEY GUDEHUS, BARBARA HAWKINS,  
AMY McNEISH, JEAN DEMAREE ROTH  
Reader Information MARGARET MORSE  
Los Angeles Editor ELEANORE PHILLIPS  
Contributing Editors OSCAR DE LA RENTA;  
DOROTHEA WALKER San Francisco; MARILYN SCHAFER San Francisco;  
GWENDOLYN ROWAN WARNER Santa Barbara; DODIE KAZANJIAN Washington, D.C.;  
DORIS SAATCHI London; MARY-SARGENT LADD Paris;  
BEATRICE MONTI DELLA CORTE Milan;  
MARIE-PIERRE TOLL Mexico City; JOHN BOWES-LYON International  
Editorial Business Manager WILLIAM P. RAYNER

WILLIAM F. BONDLOW, JR.  
Publisher

Advertising Director DONALD J. KILMARTIN  
Marketing Director TIMOTHY W. KNIPE Advertising Manager ROBERT NEWKIRCHEN  
Executive Editor ANNETT JOHNSON  
Beverages/Tobacco Manager BERNARD L. FIELD  
Retail Manager ANGIE MILLER  
Promotion Creative Director SONDA MILLER  
Promotion Art Director DEBORAH A. NICHOLS  
Promotion Manager ANNETTE MARTELL SCHMIDT  
Promotion Copywriter ALICE MCGUCKIN

New England RICHARD BALZARINI, Statler Building, Boston MA 02116  
Southeast DENNIS W. DOUGHERTY, 1375 Peachtree St. N.E., Atlanta GA 30309  
Southwest JOHN H. REOCK, 4 Cevico Lane, Hot Springs Village AR 71901  
Midwest PETER M. SEXTON, 875 North Michigan Ave., Chicago IL 60611  
West Coast PERKINS, SPERLING, VON DER LEITH & JONES INC.,  
4311 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles CA 90010; 417 Montgomery St., San Francisco CA 94104  
Florida METROPOLITAN PUBLISHERS INC.,  
2500 South Dixie Highway, Miami FL 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa FL 33629  
Canada METROPOLITAN PUBLISHERS INC., 3 Church St., Toronto, Ont. M5E 1M2  
France JOHN H. LIESVELD, JR., 284 boulevard St. Germain, Paris 75007  
Italy MARVA GRIFFIN, via Tasso 15, 20123 Milan

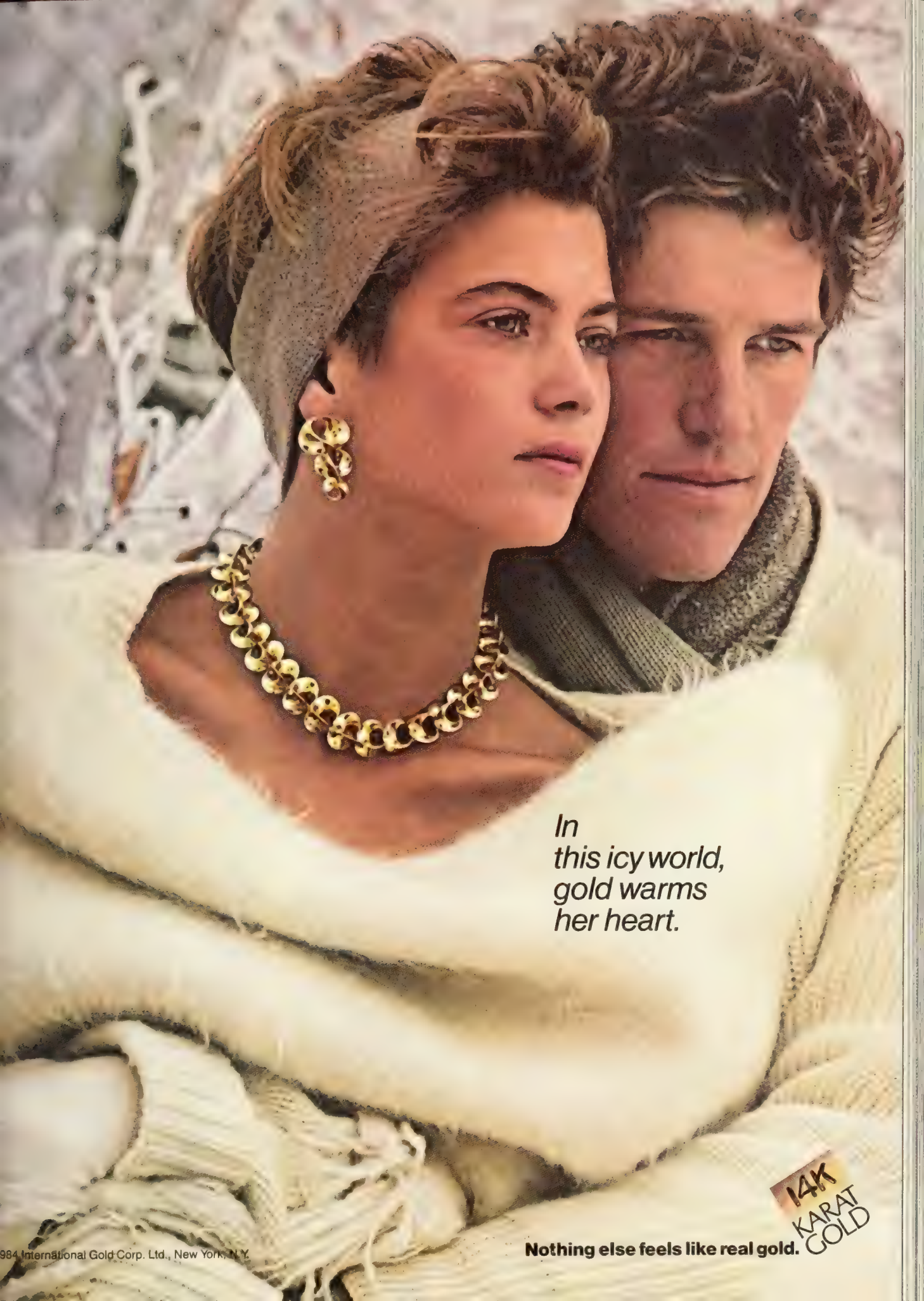
Corporate Marketing Director ECKART L. GÜTHE  
Condé Nast Limited: Director NEIL J. JACOBS

BRITISH HOUSE & GARDEN Vogue House, Hanover Square, London W1R0AD  
FRENCH MAISON & JARDIN 8-10, boulevard du Montparnasse, Paris 75724/Cedex 15  
ITALIAN CASA VOGUE piazza Castello 27, 20121 Milan  
BRAZILIAN CASA VOGUE BRASIL Av. Brasil 1456, C.E.P. 01430-Jardim America, São Paulo  
AUSTRALIAN VOGUE LIVING 49 Clarence St., Sydney, N.S.W. 2000

HOUSE & GARDEN is published by The Condé Nast Publications Inc.  
Condé Nast Building, 350 Madison Ave., New York NY 10017  
Chairman S.I. NEWHOUSE, JR. President ROBERT J. LAPHAM  
Vice President BENJAMIN BOGIN Vice President HAROLD G. MEYER  
Vice President-International DANIEL SALEM  
Vice President-Business Manager JOHN B. BRUNELLE  
Vice President-Corporate Resources FRED C. THORMANN  
Vice President BERNARD H. LESER Vice President RICHARD SHORTWAY  
Treasurer ERIC C. ANDERSON Secretary PAMELA M. VAN ZANDT  
Circulation Director PETER ARMOUR  
Editorial Advisor LEO LERMAN

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN  
Editorial Director





*In  
this icy world,  
gold warms  
her heart.*

**14K  
KARAT  
GOLD**



## THERE'S ALWAYS A TIME AND A PLACE FOR A BULOVA CLOCK.

Choose from a collection of over 200 fine clocks, each with the perfect combination of fashion and technology that has made Bulova® America's leading name in clocks.

IT'S BULOVA CLOCK TIME EVERYWHERE.

## CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

**MICHAEL BOODRO** is a contributing editor of *Express*, Manhattan's review of architecture and design.

**THOMAS CHRISTOPHER** is a free-lance writer and a horticultural consultant for Columbia University.

**SHEILA DE ROCHAMBEAU** is an editor who lives in Scotland and France.

**JASON EPSTEIN** is vice-president and editorial director of Random House.

**M.F.K. FISHER** is the author of *The Art of Eating*, *A Cordial Water: A Garland of Odd and Old Receipts to Assuage the Ills of Man and Beast*, *With Bold Knife and Fork*, and, most recently, *As They Were* and *Sister Age*.

**MARK HAMPTON** is an interior decorator. Among his many projects is the restoration of New York's Gracie Mansion.

**FRANCIS HASKELL** is professor of art history at Oxford. His books include *Patrons and Painters: Art and Society in Baroque Italy*; *Rediscoveries in Art: Some Aspects of Taste, Fashion and Collecting in England and France*, and *Taste and the Antique*, with Nicholas Penny.

**LINN HOWARD** supervises the assembly of the Angel Tree each year at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. **MARY JANE POOL** is a former editor-in-chief of *House & Garden*.

**MOLLY KEANE** published eleven novels between 1928 and 1956 under the pseudonym M.J. Farrell. In 1981 she wrote under her own name the best-selling novel *Good Behaviour*, since followed by *Time After Time*.

**RASIK** is the pen name of a connoisseur and champion of Indian crafts.

**JOHN RICHARDSON** is the author of books on Braque and Manet. He is currently at work on a biography of Picasso as well as a book entitled *Sacred Monsters* about the New York scene.

**JUDITH THURMAN** is the author of *Isak Dinesen: The Life of a Story-Teller*, which won the 1983 National Book Award for biography. She is now working on the script for a documentary about the poetry of Emily Dickinson.

When your eyes tell you you're in a room  
but the scent tells you you're in a garden  
where cypress and wild flowers grow,

look for the flame of the candle by Rigaud.



**RIGAUD**

Made in Paris in four different scents. Available at BERGDORF GOODMAN

## THE EDITOR'S PAGE

On Christmas Eve you will always find our family among the throngs at The Riverside Church in New York City for the traditional service of Nine Lessons and Carols there. Its chancel filled with clusters of tall bare evergreens and banks of bright red poinsettias, its long aisles lit by candles, friends of long standing among the many gathered in its immense nave, it is part of our celebration of the mystery and magic of Christmas.

Mystery and magic permeate the pages of this December issue, and helping us with our Christmas tidings are the angels that adorn The Metropolitan Museum of Art's tall blue spruce every year. Those angels have now been lovingly recorded in a new book, *The Angel Tree*, with photographs by Elliott Erwitt and text by Linn Howard, who supervises the assembly of the intricate display that amazes and delights thousands of visitors to the Met each Christmas season, and Mary Jane Pool, a former editor-in-chief of *House & Garden*. Our excerpt from it begins on page 84, while figures from another Neapolitan crèche add to the magic here and on page 98.

Two earthbound angels are Helen Hayes and Sir John Gielgud, whose stage presences have enriched the lives of countless theatergoers over the years. We think you'll find as much magic offstage as on when you see our photographs of Pretty Penny, the house on the Hudson that has been home to the first lady of the American stage for more than fifty years, page 160; and then visit with us the country estate of Sir John Gielgud, page 178. Molly Keane's piece on Sir John set me to reading her novel *Good Behaviour* once again.

That all the world's a stage is more than amply illustrated by two special stories in this issue: one is John Richardson's piece on The Mongiardino



A Neapolitan angel from the collection of La Fundación Bartolomé March Servera in Palma de Mallorca, photographed by Jacques Dirand.

Style, page 104, with photographs of the distinguished designer's Milan apartment by Oberto Gili; and Martin Filler's story, *Quinn Essential*, page 152, on collectors Joan and Jack Quinn, with photographs by Henry Bowles and portraits by Helmut Newton and Antonio.

Richard Meier was this year's winner of the prestigious Pritzker Prize for Architecture. *House & Garden* over the years has published work by all of the winners in the six years of its existence—Philip Johnson, Luis Barragán, James Stirling, Kevin Roche, I. M. Pei, and Meier—and we are pleased to include these photographs by Ezra Stoller of Meier's most recent house, page 142. A handsome design, it demonstrates once again why this architect remains at the top of his profession.

Originated during Prime Minister Indira Gandhi's state visit here in 1982, The Festival of India 1985–86 will celebrate Indian culture in the United States. The festival's principal organizer is Pupul Jayakar whose restored Lutyens bungalow, page 170, provides a preview of the kind of choice Indian art and artifacts we will be seeing in the months to come. Adding to the interest in things Indian will be the forthcoming television series *The Jewel in the Crown* in mid December on *Masterpiece Theatre* and *A Passage to India*, the David Lean-directed film based on E. M. Forster's classic novel by the same name, which will be released in mid December.

And so angels and their miracles, earthlings and their fantasies abound in the pages of this issue, put together in the hope that from a variety of rich traditions you will find a measure of the awe of this particu-

lar season. Last year a magical gift for me was a poem written by Helen V. Boucek, the mother of a friend I tucked inside her Christmas card, entitled *The Tree*, it read:

'Gray is all theory  
Green and Gold  
The flaming Tree of Life . . .'


Before it settles to its winter sleeping  
Blazes to our sight  
Proclaiming deathlessness  
In transformations too marvelous  
to imagine:

Grubs to butterflies  
Snakes to angels  
Men to gods  
And God to Man again.

This miracle happens in the dead of winter.

Lou Gropp

Editor-in-Chief



DISCOVER  
THE SENSE  
OF  
*Remy*



**REMY MARTIN COGNAC**

EXCLUSIVELY FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC.  
Imported By Remy Martin Amerique, Inc., N.Y., N.Y. 80 Proof.





*Wishing you a warm and wonderful Holiday Season*

*Ralph Lauren*

# ALL ABOUT STYLE

By Nancy Richardson

■ CANDELABRA MANIA On a Proust-inspired dinner table in New York last spring: a forest of late-nineteenth-century eight-light gilded candelabra made a dazzling structural framework for big bouquets of old-fashioned flowers. In September at Vaux-le-Vicomte, the French palace that is the direct design antecedent for Versailles, the mood came straight from *Le Nôtre*: another long party table, this time with four baroque candelabra in silver and a dense underplanting of miniature faux orange trees in silver pots. Moral: Rent candelabra if you don't own a whole forest or try a fantasy in a candelabra shape like Ronaldo Maia's fantasy in moss, birch twigs, and orchids, *right*. ■ WHAT'S IN A FRAME Recently museum curators, decorators, and dealers have been making the point that the frame is an important part

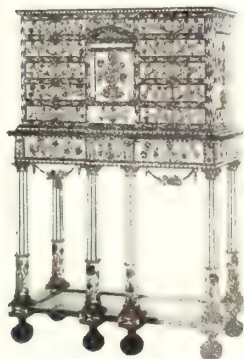


Faux candelabrum



Francis Bacon's  
*Triptych '83*

of the message in any work of art. And sometimes, a frame is the point altogether. In the Lehman Wing at the Metropolitan Museum, empty or damask-lined Renaissance frames hang on the wall to be admired for themselves. In the André Meyer Galleries, the elaborate gold frames of late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century pictures are thought of as blinders that intensify the viewer's response to the picture. Nevertheless, few recent paintings by serious artists get more than minimal framing. So much more outstanding, then, are the handsome gold moldings that complete Francis Bacon's *Triptych '83*. Together with the vivid and lyrical pomegranate red, against which his typically demanding imagery floats, the framing gives this work startling elegance as—heretical thought—decoration. At Marlborough Gallery, London.



Rare ivory cabinet  
at the Victoria & Albert



■ BOULLE IN REVERSE Especially in the seventeenth century, the most advanced decoration was carried out in small rich rooms that were meant to provide a more intimate setting than the huge reception rooms they opened into. In a tiny white

PHOTOGRAPH OF CANDELABRA BY PETER MAUSS/ESTO, THE TRYPTICH, COURTESY MARLBOROUGH GALLERY, LONDON; CABINET, VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON





CLINIQUE

## ALL ABOUT STYLE

Italian set designs



room in the Paris apartment of Louis XIV's brother the duc d'Orléans, the walls were covered with white watered-silk hangings bordered in gold and silver. There were ten green-stained chairs upholstered in green brocade with gold flowers, as well as ebony-and-silver cabinets. The most beautiful thing in the room, however, was a small ivory cabinet enriched with a floral marquetry made by the king's cabinetmaker, Pierre Golle, the predecessor of André-Charles Boulle. The cabinet has just been bought by the Victoria & Albert Museum in London where it is already on display. The V & A's deputy keeper of furniture, Simon Jervis, delights in this delicate evidence that in the age of Louis XIV not all taste was dour and magnificent.

■ **STYLISH EXHIBITIONS** Architectural drawings, watercolors of interiors, designs for furniture, schemes for ceilings and carpets have fascinated the art market for the last five years. Now dealers are seeking out new categories. This year Gavin Henderson of the Clarendon Gallery, London, is exhibiting eighteenth-century inn signs at the Thomas Galdy Gallery, New York, until December 1. Wheelock Whitney is offering a group of nineteenth-century Italian set designs from the period when the Italians influenced all Europe in such matters. These appealing works by professional set designers for specific productions are skilled but not pedantic, take your breath away for a moment and demand no more. The ones I like best are those where the artist's imagination completely outweighs his education and travels. The exhibition consists of sixty examples ranging from the high classical tradition to a picturesque style favored at a more romantic moment a hundred years later. Each frame is painted to resemble a different stone like marble, porphyry, or granite. 123 East 62nd St., NYC, until Dec. 15.

■ **WRIGHT RECOGNIZED** In 1972 the Metropolitan Museum bought an entire house in Wayzata, Minnesota, on the eve of its scheduled demolition. Built in 1912-14 by Frank Lloyd Wright for his friends and patrons the Francis W. Littles, it is one of the largest of Wright's

Prairie houses. The museum installed the main living room of the house in its American Wing in the spring of 1983 thereby becoming the first major museum to install a twentieth-century period room. Now the Met has consigned a six-panel bay window (\$60,000-\$80,000) and two skylight panels (\$4,000-\$6,000) from the Little house to a sale of

American Decorative Arts at Christie's, Friday, Dec. 14. If the windows make their estimate, they will equal prices paid for seminal eighteenth-century architectural elements and mark the market's recognition of Wright as America's leading architect.

■ **PLUSH PUPPIES UNDER GLASS** As it gets harder to

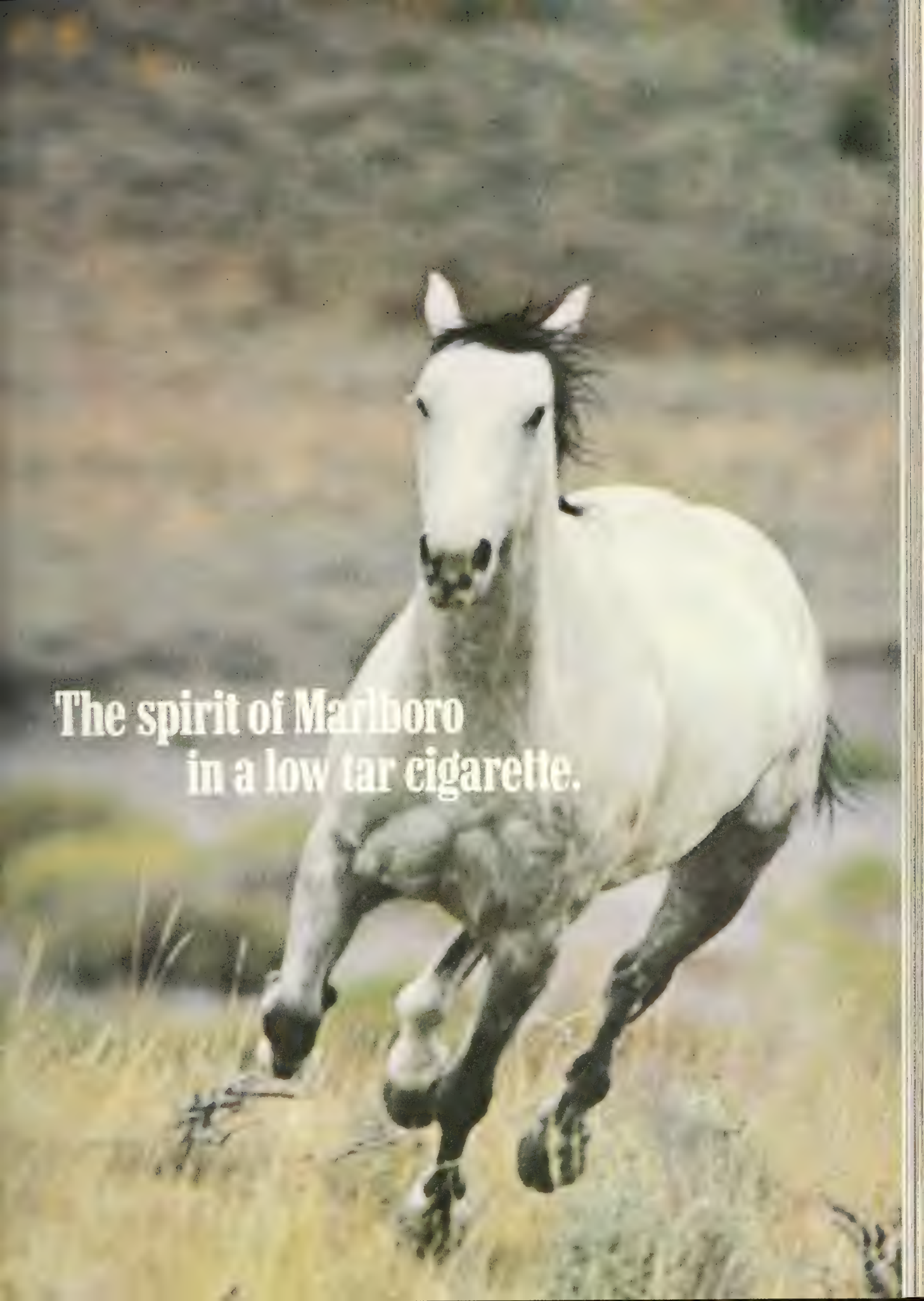
Needlework gone fuzzy-wuzzy



High-style design for sale



PHOTOGRAPHS OF SET DESIGNS BY GAVIN HENDERSON; NEEDLEWORK PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER MAUSS; ESTO HIGH-STYLE DESIGNS, COURTESY CHRISTIE'S

A white horse with a dark mane is running through a field of tall grass. The horse is captured in mid-stride, with its front legs extended forward and its back legs pushing off. The background is a blurred landscape of dry grass and shrubs, suggesting a natural, open environment. The overall tone is warm and dynamic.

The spirit of Marlboro  
in a low tar cigarette.



Marlboro

A cowboy wearing a white hat and a bright yellow jacket is riding a brown horse. He is holding the reins and has his left arm extended. The background is a blurred, natural outdoor setting.

# ro Lights

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar '84



The \$64,000 question.

find animal paintings at nursery picture prices, alert collectors have turned to nineteenth-century framed amateur needlework of children and animals. The two on page 16 are a combination of a flat gros point and Berlin work which stands out in relief and gives animals a stuffed toy look. A Trevor Potts.

■ GET IT You couldn't possibly imitate the successes of Mario Praz's survey of the history of decoration or his sensibility, but with some very special credentials you might, oddly enough, make some improvements. And so enter a book a professional lifetime in the making and several years in the works—done in his spare time—by the Keeper of Furniture and Woodwork at the Victoria & Albert Museum. *Authentic Decor* (Viking) by Peter Thornton (just appointed Keeper of the Soane Museum in London) is a hundred-dollar, four-hundred-page survey of the four hundred years that make up the modern period. It is dense, literate, not without humor, and has the advantage and goal of being comprehensive but never exhausting. The book is divided into fifty-year segments, each one divided into four sections: an overview of the era—its mood, the major houses, clients, professionals, characteristics—e.g., an emphasis on ceilings or upholstery; the planning and arrangement of rooms; the architectural shell; loose furnishings.

At the end of each section comes a bank of as many as fifty illustrations, many from the V & A's outstanding archive. They are for the most part presented in color—conversation pieces, genre paintings, designs for chimney pieces, watercolors of artists' rooms, proposals for ceilings and walls done by everybody from Adam to Zuber, plates from fashion journals and a bathroom painted on a fan.

Many writers on decoration and design reveal their likes and dislikes by the emphasis they give certain periods. To his credit, it's hard to tell where Peter Thornton's taste lies. He is neither obviously Anglophile or Francophile about the eighteenth or nineteenth centuries, when the leadership in fashionable taste was passing back and forth from France to England. He also discusses what went on in Holland, Germany, America, and the Scandinavian countries, commenting at one

point that the Dutch version of French taste was often more to the rest of Europe's liking than the French original. In charting the local variants Thornton argues the view that fashions in interior decoration from the beginning have been international phenomena cutting across all borders. It is basic to first plot the international development" before turning to regional styles.

Following Thornton's linear treatment of the evolution of taste and being satisfied with his ample explanations, I still longed for more, for topics that didn't fit the organization of the book. Thornton glances off a tantalizing subject when he allows, in an aside, that the Chinese drawing room at Carlton House and much of the Brighton Pavilion marked the last flowering of Chinese taste in Europe until 1930. Oh to have a chart of the development of that taste—a chapter's worth—or a chapter on the recurring interest in Gothic architecture and motifs, or the Greco/Roman-Renaissance-Pompeian/Etruscan-Neoclassical progression for that matter. But if certain themes don't fit the book's development and the introduction leaves one hanging in its thesis that it is the density of material that differentiates the look of interiors from one period to the next, the top man at the top museum rewards patient reading with bits of hilarity:

"In Paris (late eighteenth century) people of a particularly amorous disposition sometimes had a plate of mirror-glass set into the domes of their beds but this practice was less eagerly adopted after Calonne, the Minister of Finance, was nearly cut in half when the glass fell out of the tester of his bed. The precise circumstances do not seem to be recorded. . . ." And if as you laugh you wonder if it's not possible to get the gist of decoration in the last four hundred years in a simpler way, I have a recommendation. It is the work of another Englishman. Osbert Lancaster wrote and illustrated *Homes Sweet Homes* (John Murray, London) in 1939. He uses not a single date, starts—one page and one satirical drawing to a period—with Norman, and ends up subdividing the twentieth century into categories such as: Ordinary Cottage, Cultured Cottage, Stockbrokers Tudor, Functional, Even More Functional. Seventy-nine pages and as many laughs. □



The \$20.00 answer.\*

To send a gift of Drambuie, call 1-800-238-4373. Void where prohibited by law.  
\*Approximate price 750 ml bottle, which will vary depending on location of purchase

# HEALTHY DECADENCE

Barry Friedman has a fine eye for the best of the bizarre

By Michael Boodro

Behind an imposing façade on 82nd Street, half a block from the Metropolitan Museum, beyond a heavy mahogany door and up a shadowy, darkened stair several black doors confront the visitor, none clearly identified as the entrance. Once inside, all is hushed under high white ceilings. Draped French windows shield against the light and elaborate plaster moldings weave around wall panels containing small canvases, pastels, and watercolors. On ornate tables rest large bronze figures and carved stone bas reliefs. The gallery assistant is elegantly dressed and accommodating with a slight, untraceable accent.

It's an atmosphere appropriate to the artworks and exhibitions that have earned Barry Friedman Ltd. its reputation during the past five years. The gallery specializes in the refined, mysterious, slightly decadent, and even morbid art of *fin-de-siècle* artists, the Pre-Raphaelites and the Symbolists and their far-flung contemporaries such as Hodler and Knopff, as well as the sinuous, convoluted, and often dark decorative arts of the same period.

In fact, the only incongruous element in this rarefied retreat is the owner himself, Barry Friedman, who bursts forth from a back office, wearing a faded olive mechanic's jump suit, grinning widely, his hair and beard neatly trimmed. He seems almost to relish the fact that his presence is so unexpected, almost disconcerting, as he launches into the story



Above: Barry Friedman in Breuer's Wassily chair, 1928. In front of Rossetti's portrait of Alexa Wilding, and Franz von Stuck's of Tilla Durieux, below, left to right, chairs by Bugatti, Hoffmann, c. 1906, Mackintosh, 1904, Wagner, 1902.



of how such a young man has become a fixture in a rather small, rather precious field of the art market and how and why he is expanding beyond the area that has made his reputation. In October, for example, he opened an exhibition of fifty years of chair design. Breaking into new territory is, it turns out, a pattern Friedman has been following since his college days.

He grew up in Manhattan where, he says, "My mother was a dealer, basically in general antiques. She did a lot in souvenir spoons. But I *hated* antiques stores. Whenever we'd go to one, either upstate or in New Jersey, I started screaming. I wouldn't go in. I'd wait in the car. But then I was something of a juvenile delinquent. I was even in a street gang," he states proudly, knowing full well how absurd it sounds now as he sits in an elegant twenties chair. "I was quite a hippie in college. I went to Pace. I started the S.D.S. chapter on campus while I avoided the draft. I was in college a long time. I stayed there to

get a deferment. I took twelve credits, the minimum you could get away with. I had hair down to my waist and a beard almost as long. But I was always a middle-class kid, so I kept it neat. I wore it in a ponytail."

And it was while in college that Friedman took the step that would lead to his present career. "I bought something," as he succinctly puts it. "It was an iridescent glass vase in the style of Loetz and cost \$8. I loved it." While attending college Friedman also managed to





## THE 1985 CHRYSLER FIFTH AVENUE LUXURY WITH THE UTMOST RESPECT FOR YOUR MONEY.

Chrysler Fifth Avenue may cater to the rich, or those in comfortable circumstances. But never... never the foolish. Because with all its inherent luxury, it chooses not to ignore value.

For example, it is the only luxury car at its price that gives you a 5-year/50,000-mile Protection Plan.\* It also has established an impressive record in resale value. One that compares favorably with Lincoln and Cadillac.\*\*

Its list of luxury items that come standard is a tale unto itself. Outstanding features crowd the list, but we will not bore you with a complete detailing of all 49. Here are a notable few:  
Authentic V-8 power • Power features that strip away the drudgery of driving • Air Conditioning • Anti-noise barriers for a deep inner quiet • Full 6-passenger room with plush-pillowed comfort.

Chrysler Fifth Avenue. It just may be the best luxury car value in America today. Buy or lease one at your Chrysler-Plymouth dealer. Buckle up for safety.



**Chrysler. Best built, best backed American cars.†**

\*Whichever comes first. Limited warranties on powertrain and outer body rust-through†. Deductible applies. Excludes fleet leases. Dealer has details. \*\*According to recent NADA reports. †Lowest percent. †NHTSA safety recalls for '82 and '83 models, see your dealer in North America. †Best backed based on warranty comparison of competitively priced cars.



Oneida's new Libretto pattern in flame polished, full lead crystal and 18/8 stainless. Complete services and open stock at fine stores.



# ONEIDA

The silver cube. Our silversmiths' mark of excellence. Made in America.  
For a free brochure write Oneida Silversmiths, P.O. Box 1, Oneida, New York 13421.

THE ART OF  
LIVING WELL

Ayres Studio  
of Interior Design  
under the direction of  
John Chesteen, F.A.S.I.D.,  
with studios in  
Indianapolis,  
Cincinnati,  
Fort Wayne,  
South Bend and  
Merrillville



*LS Ayres Looks Forward*  
Over 100 Years in Indiana; Now with Five Stores in Cincinnati

"Take me to Bal Harbour  
or take me home."



From St. Tropez to Majorca to Puerto Vallarta, there are any number of elegant resorts where people seek out the sun and a world of sensual pleasures. But in all of the Americas, there is only one place that blends the sun and the sea with the flair of an

international shopping festival.

Bal Harbour  
An exclusive enclave of international resort elegance, on the ocean between Miami and Ft. Lauderdale.

Write today to:  
Bal Harbour Village,  
655 96th St., Room REC,  
Bal Harbour, FL 33154.

Phone toll free:  
1-800-327-6990  
Florida toll free:  
1-800-432-5816

*Bal Harbour*  
Where  
Europe's Riviera  
meets the  
Florida Gold Coast

### THE CHOICE IS YOURS

Mallory's offers an alternative to retail prices on the most prestigious names in furniture. Discerning clients appreciate the scope of collections available. All at modest prices of course.

You may order Mallory's catalog - - quite helpful if you are still debating styles. Or, send for specific catalog libraries.

It's nice to have a choice.

*Mallory's*

P. O. Box 1150 -- 2153 Lejeune Blvd.  
Jacksonville, N. C. 28541-1150

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
STREET ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_  
STATE \_\_\_\_\_  
ZIP \_\_\_\_\_ PHONE \_\_\_\_\_



TOLL FREE QUOTES: 1-800/334-2340

I'm interested in dramatic savings on fine furniture. Enclosed is my check for:

- \_\_\_ \$2.00 Mallory's Catalog
- \_\_\_ \$6.00 Leather Catalog, Samples
- \_\_\_ \$15.00 Eighteenth Century Catalog Library
- \_\_\_ \$10.00 French Catalog Library
- \_\_\_ \$10.00 Contemporary Catalog Library

Only mail orders accepted for catalogs. Orders outside the Continental United States add \$3 postage fee for every \$5 increment.

51284

## THE DEALER'S EYE

work full-time as a rather bohemian C.P.A. for a Greenwich Village boutique/restaurant. "They called me J.C. for Jesus Christ, because of my hair and beard." Friedman feels this early business training was a great help in his own career, but more importantly, it gave him enough disposable income to buy a bit more period glass. "I remember distinctly once," he recalls, "I found four vases by Loetz myself. I could have all four for \$80. But I didn't have the money. I had to pay it over time. I also sold one or two vases I had bought before. I remember on one I made a profit of about \$5." That, too, was a harbinger of the future.

"You have to understand," he continues, "these vases were a very big part of my life. I played with them every night. I handled them a lot. On weekends I would go up to Massachusetts looking for more things. Then I started working as a runner, buying and selling to other dealers. I got into that initially by putting an ad in the *Times*.

"I only did it to finance my collection," he says. "I remember very well when I bought my first piece of Tiffany, from Helen Eisenberg. It cost \$80. Of course, I only had \$20." Friedman remains impressed by the generosity and helpfulness of the dealers he was involved with at the time. "I remember once I found a piece of Loetz for about a hundred some-odd dollars. This was in October and I really couldn't afford it until the following April, when I gave my tax return. I gave them a \$20 deposit, but they let me take the piece. I was shocked. They didn't even know me."

In 1968, he decided to chuck his job. "I started business as a dealer, running back and forth. If I wrote out a check for a hundred dollars to buy something, I had to immediately run out and sell something to cover the check. That went on for about a year." At this time, Friedman quite shrewdly began expanding into small Art Deco objects and jewelry, several years before the market took off.

In 1969 he opened his first shop, a booth in an antiques center. It cost \$275 a month, with electricity. I didn't know where I'd get the money. Fortunately, Art Deco started catching on. In May 1970 he opened Primave Gallery on Madison Avenue and 68th Street, with his then wife Audrey Friedman, specializing in Deco, tur-



**The vertical blind for the privileged few.**



Those who live well  
decorate well. With Levolor  
Verticals in fabrics, aluminum  
and new, non-halogenic plastics.  
Exciting colors, weaves and finishes.  
All fire retardant. At fine stores  
everywhere. Unfortunately, not everyone  
can acquire them.



Calvin Klein

FRAGRANCE FOR MEN



Calvin Klein

FRAGRANCE FOR WOMEN

of-the-century decorative arts, and some Victoriana. "I left in 1973, and again started dealing privately, miscellaneous stuff, Nouveau, Deco, and some Symbolist work."

Friedman's interest in Symbolism had begun when he saw Charles Allan Winter's *Fantaisie Égyptienne* in Boston. This large, ornate painting of a nearly naked Cleopatra figure perched on platform shoes and holding a large boa constrictor would later serve as a kickoff for a major survey of American Symbolists at NYU's Grey Art Gallery in the fall of 1979. It was the first painting Friedman ever acquired. "When I got it home, it was so big I said to myself, 'God, what did I do?'" What he did was launch into an extensive study of the Symbolists and Pre-Raphaelites, the start of a long and fruitful association. "In 1974, I bought my first Dante Gabriel Rossetti pastel. I still have it."

In the fall of the same year, he also began dealing in antique posters, again shortly before this market took off. "The problem was that none of the European and uptown dealers would come downtown," says Friedman of this short-term stay in his West Village quarters. So the following year he moved to an apartment at 82nd and Madison, in the same space his gallery now occupies.

This rather picaresque tale is indicative of why Friedman is regarded as somewhat of a maverick among the trade. He seems to emphasize unwritten rules of the art trade by breaking, superseding, or simply remaining oblivious to them. Friedman didn't apprentice with a master, didn't spend years working for a museum or a gallery, nor did he pursue formal study. Perhaps most damning, he refuses to specialize. Friedman acknowledges almost gleefully his out-of-the-ordinary status. "I took my first and only art course my last term in college. But I loved it. So what did I do all those years? I read a lot. I have a library you wouldn't believe, books and books and more books. And a ton of magazines. I read everything." He proudly points out some overloaded shelves adjacent to his office. "And this isn't the half of it. I have a file on every object. I love doing research," he states proudly.

It is the wide range of styles, periods, and objects that fascinate him which

have made Friedman so unique, not to mention so successful. He is unable to articulate what instincts have led him to an interest—and an investment—in areas that within a few years would capture the imaginations of a much larger public, gaining him not only numerous clients but large profits. He has seen Art Nouveau, Art Deco, period posters, and now Symbolist works achieve much wider popularity and higher prices. "I just feel it," he says of his prescient choices. "I love it."

Nor is this a process which shows any sign of abating. Now that the market for fifties furniture and decorative objects is attaining new popularity, it turns out that Friedman has been collecting it for years. "I've always loved the fifties. I've always lived in two worlds, the turn of the century and the fifties. I love fifties cars and music as



Tamara de Lempicka's *La Bohémienne* behind Carlo Mollino's 1949-50 chair.

well. I used to have the most beautiful '57 Studebaker. Even back in 1973 my East Village apartment was done entirely in crazy fifties furniture and objects." Now Friedman has a large country house overlooking the Hudson that is a repository of his favorite pieces from the period. "I feel not the least bit of favoritism," he says of his seemingly scattershot interests and tastes.

Indeed, he is happy to show off his back storage room, formerly his dining room, now stuffed with an incredible assortment of both precious and slightly absurd objects, including an Elsie de



Weather can turn a healthy skin into a sensitive skin.

BIO-PROGRAM

Weather is the culprit behind most cases of sensitivity. And, in truth, it's the hostile climate, more than time, that prematurely ages skin.

Now Stendhal offers skin optimal security as it provides care that increases a skin's fitness so it's better prepared to combat the ravages of sun or cold. Bio-Program helps sensitive skin develop a new outer weather tolerance and inner moisture balance. Now anywhere you live, you can expect a soft, moist, resilient skin ready to defend itself against its surrounding climate.



Stendhal  
PARIS

Superior skin care with a French accent.

MAY D & F

1-800-4-1-1 Marketing, Inc.



# Wamsutta

Indulge yourself in the luxury of Wamsutta®...  
After all, it's one-third of your life.



Concerto™ By Emanuel Ungaro 180 thread count percale/blend of 55% Celanese Fortrel® polyester/45% combed cotton.

## THE DEALER'S EYE

Wolfe Lucite-and-leopard-skin chair, a Magistretti chair, and Bugatti's original dining-room set, which rests upon a Léger carpet. An original Mackintosh chair jostles a George Nelson desk. A Joe Colombo chair of 1963 stands near an Ico and Luisa Parisi sideboard from the fifties, over which hangs a Ferdinand Hodler painting. All share space with a large thirties futuristic robot and an original Wurlitzer jukebox. "I enjoy good kitsch," Friedman says simply.

The exhibition of chair designs from 1900 to 1950 that opened in October (with accompanying scholarly catalogue) seems another departure for the gallery, except that Friedman personally has a collection of more than four hundred chairs. "I have two store-rooms full," he says matter-of-factly. "You open a door and chairs fall out. I'm planning to open an annex nearby to sell good fifties pieces and Bauhaus originals by appointment. I also have an enormous fifties glass collection.

Eventually, as with everything else, I may have to start selling some of those pieces as well."

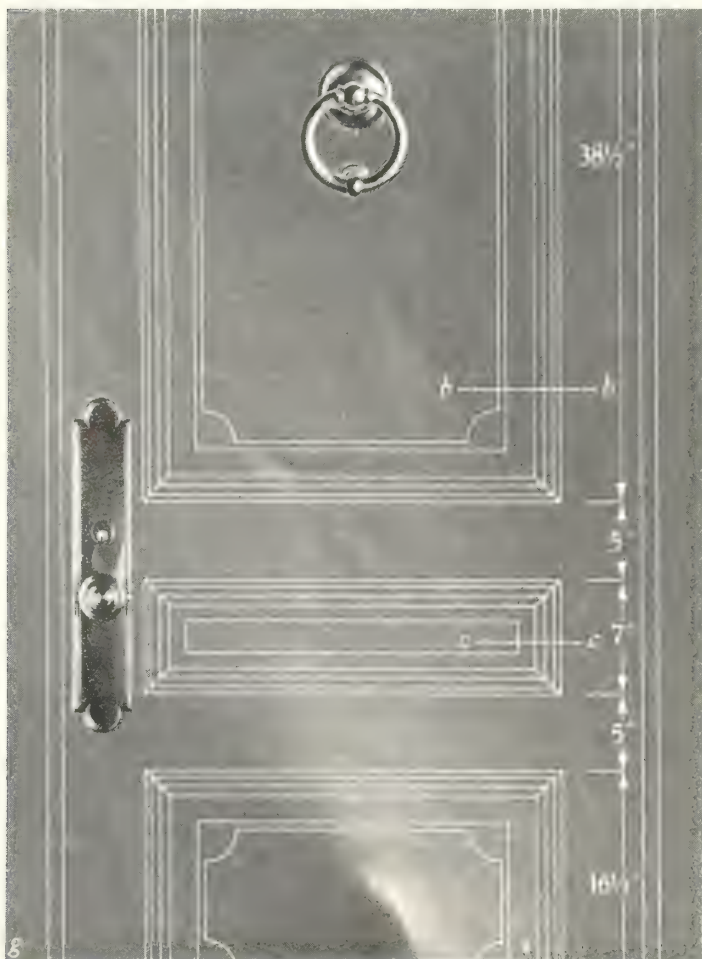
Chairs hold a particular appeal, Friedman believes, "because they sum up the design of a period. It's like one word, one object, that says it all. Chairs are a good size." The exhibition will consist of fifty or sixty examples, including originals by Guimard, Van de Velde, Mackintosh, Breuer, Chareau, Hoffmann, and Aalto, as well as several lesser-known but fascinating designers. Never one to do something by half-measures, Friedman is planning a complete revamping of the gallery space to accommodate the complex installation. "You won't recognize the place," he says.

As he prepares to change into a suit for lunch with a German client in a neighborhood restaurant, Friedman pauses to contemplate his own energy and the unorthodox methods that have kept him ahead of several markets and have upset more than a few old-school

professionals.

"I've always made a good collection," he says, smiling. "First it was four-leaf clovers when I was a kid, then baseball cards, and stamps and Indian-head pennies. And I did it on a quarter-a-week allowance. I collected records from the fifties and old jazz. I still have my Beatles lunch box. I collected fifties clothes when I went through my brief punk stage. I took after my mother. But as my collections change, I change, too. I was into neon clocks. I just sold my big collection of plastic radios. I collected Lempicka years ago, and Casandre posters."

At the moment he is considering tackling contemporary art as well, with an exhibition contemplated for next spring. He is expanding his involvement in Bauhaus design. "Just say I'm interested in good design of the twentieth century." While not strictly accurate, anything else might prove too limiting to apply to the ever-changing Barry Friedman. □



### The best laid plans of architects and designers begin with P.E. Guerin.

At P.E. Guerin, we've always approached accessories as focal points. The critical highlights that make a room. Or break it.

Which is why discerning designers have been coming to us for over a century and a quarter for faucet sets, doorknobs, pulls, finials, fixtures and more. All, of the most exquisite design and exceptional execution.

Browse through our catalog. Send \$5, name and address to: P.E. Guerin, 23 Jane Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10014. And if you don't find exactly what you want, we'll search among our thousands of custom models, or develop something totally unique... just for you.

## P.E. GUERIN, INC.

*At home in the finest homes...  
for over 125 years.*

*1982 Award by Classical America.*



Believe in magic.

Magie noire  
PARFUMS  
LANCÔME  
PARIS

# Continental Mark VII, Bill Blass Edition.

A luxury car  
that rewards you  
by going beyond  
just being luxurious.

What distinguishes the Continental Mark VII Bill Blass Edition from the more pedestrian breed of luxury car is a matter of taste and technology.

Mr. Blass added thoughtful touches throughout this remarkable automobile. Subtle tones and specialized upholstery. And while these fashionable stylings may not improve the way

this Mark VII move certainly annoys your

The Bill Blass Mark VII is not rewarding to however. The response power of its electronically fuel-injected 5.0 liter is also coming in the fa



Call 1-800-233-3333

smooth over life's bumps, a truly novel approach. We've combined the technologies of nitrogen-filled shocks and struts with an Electronic Air Suspension that allows you to literally ride on a cushion of air. Electronic Air Suspension levels the Mark VII

automatically and compensates for irregular passenger or luggage load conditions.

This automobile also comforts you psychologically by adding to your sense of security. Select models come with an Anti-Lock Brake System that uses magnetic sensors and an electronic

microcomputer to monitor individual wheel speed. These technological elements work together to prevent wheel-lock in emergency stopping situations. The result is a level of control and maneuverability while stopping not achievable with conventional brakes. It also stops shorter on virtually any road surface.

The Continental Mark VII  
Bill Blass Edition.

Its impressive array of automotive attributes can lead you to only one conclusion. The luxury of performance has its rewards.



LINCOLN  
Lincoln-Mercury Division 

DALL' ITALIA...CON AMORE  
FROM ITALY ... WITH LOVE

ROMA COLLECTION  
DESIGNER PAOLO BARRACCHIA



ROMAN DÉCO ITALIA  
PRESENTS

ROMAN DÉCO OF NEW YORK INC.  
200 LEXINGTON NEW YORK, N.Y. - PH (212) 683-2390 SUITE 1112  
TLX 6973049 ROMAN UW

LOS ANGELES, ARTEBELLA (213) 659-6197

WEST PALM BEACH, FRAN MURPHY (305) 659-6200  
SAN FRANCISCO, CHALFONTE (415) 621-6901  
ATLANTA, HENRY-BENGER GALLERIES (404) 237-8052

MIAMI, E.G. CODY (305) 374-4777  
DALLAS, WAITMAN MARTIN (214) 651-0611  
HOUSTON, WAITMAN MARTIN (713) 622-0511

ph. M. NERONI - ROMA

Elsa Peretti.  
Tenth Anniversary.



**TIFFANY & CO.**

NEW YORK • FIFTH AVE. & 57TH ST. • BEVERLY HILLS • CHICAGO • DALLAS • HOUSTON • BOSTON • ATLANTA • KANSAS CITY • SAN FRANCISCO  
TO ORDER CALL 800-526-0649 • ©T & CO. 1984

# A VINTAGE SPAT

Breaking the gender barrier in the macho world of wine-tasting

By M. F. K. Fisher

Although I have known very few men of letters intimately, excluding my husbands, of course, Angelo Pellegrini is the only one I have ever shared a spit-bucket with.

Perhaps the nearest I ever came to this was one noontime in a heat-spell in New York, in about 1944, when I waited a long time for Somerset Maugham to get up from his luncheon rendezvous with a handsome blonde and then sat as soon as possible on his chair. It was warmer than the weather, almost hot from his plump old bottom, and I felt it voluptuously through my whole being, like fine tea or perhaps a noble Chambertin sat upon and in, rather than drunk as common mortals would absorb it.

And sharing a bucket at the Pomona County Fairgrounds with Angelo Pellegrini, in about 1946, was even headier. . . or perhaps I should say soul-shaking. He detested me.

It was at the Los Angeles County Fair in Pomona. To please an old good family friend, Harold Richardson, I had agreed to be one

of his crew in the first serious public wine-judging south of Sacramento, from whence had come all our official vinous nods until then. Of course we were frowned on, by anyone south of Santa Barbara, for stepping on hallowed tradition, but Harold felt that the time was right, and he asked a mixed lot to meet with him at the Fair Grounds "down south." I was the only female there, and in fact the first of my sex ever to be on a California wine panel, as far as I know.

Of course it was very hot in September, and I dressed for coolness and changed my usual personal habits only by cutting out all soap and toothpaste and lotions for two weeks; I did not smoke anyway, but I stopped any tea-coffee-wine-booze for five days before the judging. In other words, I was a Good Girl, a white Anglo-Saxon non-Christian.

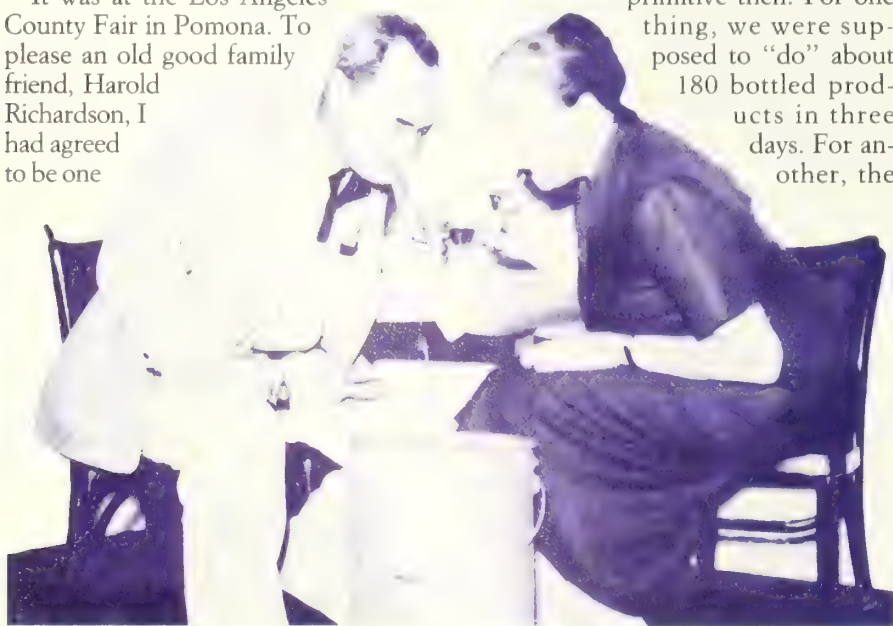
The equipment for judging was very primitive then. For one thing, we were supposed to "do" about 180 bottled products in three days. For another, the

"judges" were seated two by two at a long table with of course the bottles on-hand and the sparse glasses in front of each one and then a bucket, a plain old five-gallon bucket, between each pair. No dentist-office neat installations!

The first day we judged white wines. The second we whipped through reds. The third and final day we did fruit wines in the morning and brandies after lunch, and toward the end of that day we swallowed quite a bit, instead of spitting it hopefully toward our partners and fairly deftly into our shared buckets.

I had a hard time spitting in public at first. I knew I would have to when I accepted Harold's invitation, because I had watched wine men do it nonchalantly in Burgundy and Switzerland. But they were always *men*. I had never seen a woman do it, probably because they had never gone into the courtyards outside their husbands' wineries when anyone was there. I did not count there as a woman, being a foreigner and by nature invisible anyway. But in Pomona, when I had to spit like a man facing my companion across the bucket and trying to guess what he thought of the wine we had just let swirl and unfold in our separate mouths, I was at first almost appalled at myself. I was nearing forty, and I had never done such a thing as *spit*, except in a closed private space, and alone.

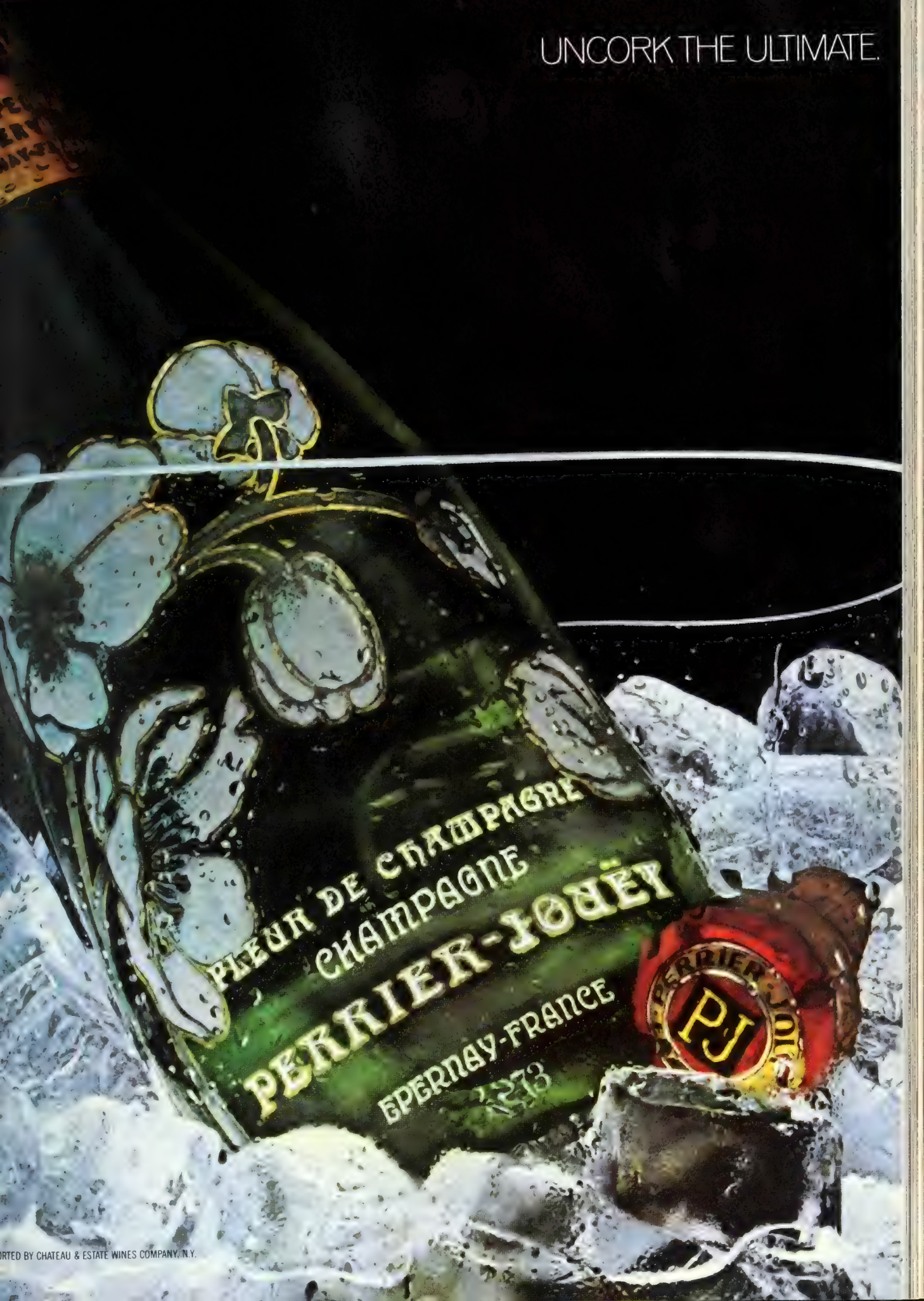
My partner was Angelo Pellegrini. At least, that was what was marked on our cards and announced in the sheets Harold had sent to each judge. I admired Angelo very much, and felt awed that I would actually meet him at Harold's little gatherings. I reread *The Unprejudiced Palate*, and felt more strongly than ever that it was the first true statement I had yet read about living as it can and should be in the west.



Angelo Pellegrini and M.F.K. Fisher sharing a bucket at the Los Angeles County Fair



UNCORK THE ULTIMATE.



Announcing

THE NATIONAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY

# CIVIL WAR CHESS SET



Richly detailed portrait sculptures of great American heroes  
—in solid pewter, solid brass and fine enamels.

A heirloom chess set to be enjoyed for generations.  
Created by the world-famous craftsmen of The Franklin Mint.

THE NATIONAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY is dedicated to bringing the excitement and power of American history—as well as its significance—to people in every part of the land.

It is in keeping with this purpose that the Society is about to issue its own Civil War Chess Set. A dramatic tribute to the heroes of both North and South—and a work all the more intriguing because the playing pieces include richly detailed three-dimensional *portrait sculptures* of the great Generals of Union and Confederacy, captured for the ages in solid pewter, solid brass and fine enamels.

This extraordinary new chess set will be crafted to the highest standards of quality and historical authenticity. The National Historical Society has appointed The Franklin Mint to create the sculptures, each of which will be a new and original design. Some figures will be shown standing, some seated, some kneeling, some mounted on horseback. And each figure will be painstakingly crafted of solid pewter, hand-finished, then set atop a solid brass pedestal base embellished with a circular band of richly colored enamel—*blue* for the soldiers of the North, *gray* for those of the South.

Every sculpture, moreover, will be so rich with authentic detail that only the artists and master craftsmen of The Franklin Mint, steeped as they are in the tradition of *precision coinage*, could have achieved it. Indeed, every nuance of facial expression, uniform and weaponry—right down to the buttons, braiding, sabers and carbines—will be depicted with meticulous accuracy.

Thus, The National Historical Society's Civil War Chess Set is also a magnificent collection. A triumphant achievement in portrait sculpture—and the ultimate in micro-detailed miniaturization.

ALL FIGURES SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE



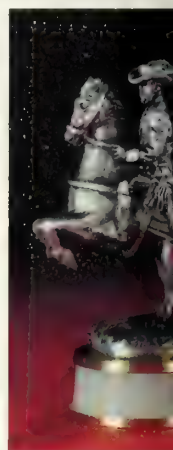
Major General  
William Tecumseh Sherman  
BISHOP



General in Chief  
Ulysses S. Grant  
KING



General in Chief  
Robert E. Lee  
KING



Major General  
J.E.B. Stuart  
KNIGHT

Available only by direct subscription. Issue Price: \$17.50 per sculptured chess piece.  
Limit: One complete set per subscriber. Please enter your subscription by December 31, 1984.



This handsome pewter-finished chessboard and fitted presentation case will be provided as part of the set.

**A dramatic showpiece  
for your home or office**

The chessmen themselves are scaled so that each one will suit the function assigned to it in the game of chess. And the handsomely crafted, pewter-finished playing board has been sized with equal care. Specially fitted, to also serve as the cover of the case which will house all 32 playing pieces, the board completes a presentation so attractive that the chess set will be played and displayed with pride and satisfaction. A Certificate of Authenticity, and specially written reference materials, will also be provided.

Exhibited on a table or cabinet in your living room, family room, den or office, this is a possession certain to evoke both admiration and respect from all who see it. A unique tribute to unique Americans. A work of heirloom quality, that will bring you endless pleasure through the years. And a chess set eminently worthy of being passed on from generation to generation. The subscription rolls are now open. The work may be obtained *only* by direct subscription, with a limit of one complete set per subscriber.

The chessmen will be issued to you at the attractive price of \$17.50 each, with the specially designed playing board and protective case provided at no additional charge. As a subscriber, you will receive two sculptured pieces every *other* month. You will, however, be billed for only *one* chessman at a time—a total of just \$17.50 per month. In addition, you will have the option to complete your set earlier, if you wish—but you will be under no obligation to do so.

Here, then, is a work that will bring lasting pleasure to chess enthusiasts, history buffs, collectors of military miniatures—to anyone who appreciates our nation's heritage. Indeed, it is an unmistakably American chess set, that will make a dramatic addition to any room. And an exciting showpiece that will be displayed, enjoyed and treasured by each succeeding generation.

To acquire The National Historical Society Civil War Chess Set, no advance payment is required. But please note that the accompanying Subscription Application is dated and should be returned postmarked by December 31, 1984.

SUBSCRIPTION APPLICATION\*

© 1984 FM

The National Historical Society  
**CIVIL WAR CHESS SET**

*Please mail by December 31, 1984.*

The National Historical Society  
c/o The Franklin Mint  
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

Please enter my subscription for The National Historical Society Civil War Chess Set, consisting of 32 chessmen.

I need send no money now. I will receive two new playing pieces every *other* month, but will be billed for just one piece at a time—\$17.50\* per month—beginning when my first shipment is ready to be sent. I will receive the fitted presentation case and pewter-finished chess board at no additional charge.

*\*Plus my state sales tax and \$.50 per chessman for shipping and handling.*

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

ALL APPLICATIONS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE

Mr./Mrs./Miss \_\_\_\_\_

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State, Zip \_\_\_\_\_

**Limit: One complete set per subscriber.**



*Obviously*  
**HEKMAN**

Send 50¢ for our full color pamphlet to Hekman Furniture,  
1400 Buchanan SW, Grand Rapids, MI 49507



**Two's Company**

A matched pair of crystal flute champagnes with rich purple-hued bowls set on pale pink stems. For yourself. For a special friend. Elegantly gift-boxed. Height 9". The pair: \$39.90 plus \$2.00 shipping.

Toll free: 1-800-524-0082. New Jersey: 1-800-874-3400.

Major credit cards accepted.

**CHRISTOPHER STUART GALLERIES**

Send for brochure: 177 Main Street, Dept. 187, Fort Lee, N.J. 07024

HG3

ern coastal America that I love. It did not occur to me that I would have to spit in front of this Pan-like man. And for a while it looked as if I wouldn't.

I sat alone at my slot and pretended to taste a few white wines, and watched how my neighbors acted, and eventually learned how to eject the juices without dribbling, before Harold hurried in from his office with a short dark furious man fuming alongside. Introductions were impossible as Harold's replacement put us through our paces and we gradually got into our own rhythms of tasting, marking, moving along through the rows of unmarked bottles. Beside me Angelo inhaled and swirled and swished noisily, and spat contemptuously almost everywhere but into our bucket, our private shared spittoon.

He was plainly in a gigantic rage.

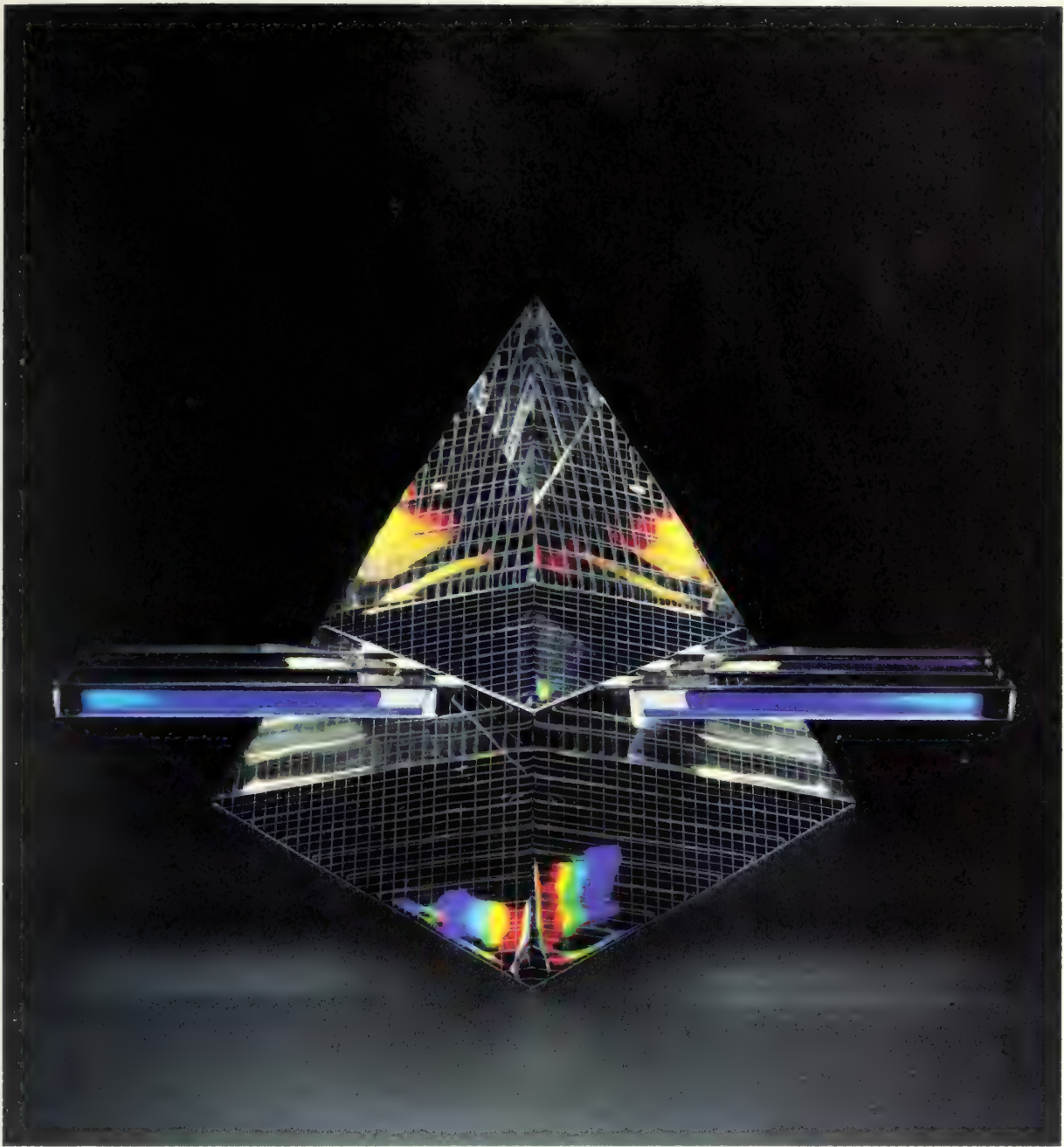
And at noon, after one of the most miserable mornings of my life, Harold told me that Angelo had roared into his office a few minutes before the judging and had said that he would never consent to have a woman present at a wine-tasting, much less sit next to *him*. He swore in two or three languages and was noisy in every possible way. He was, in other words, an insulted Italian, than which . . .

Harold, in his own more decorous way, was furious at having his actions called whatever Angelo called them, and finally he assumed all his legal sternness and said *put up or shut up*, and Angelo agreed to sit by me for one day.

But after lunch he stormed into Harold's office again and said that he could not go on. He was leaving for Seattle *this afternoon*.

Harold, by now smooth and silky and in general the successful criminal lawyer trying his most important case, had no need to counter-question his client to discover that not only was the person appointed as his fellow wine judge a female, but that she *smelled*. She smelled of *perfume*. She was plainly unfit to sit next to a highly qualified and respected wine man—author—*bon viveur*, a true American but also a living example of good Italian sensitivity and general machismo. "She must go," he said, "Or . . . I go. She stinks."

Of course all these painful stormings were a painful interruption to Harold's plans to direct and cosset and teach



## An Interval of Time

One in a series of crystal sculptures based on the idea of passage in time and space from one state of being to another. *An Interval of Time* is in the collections of the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, and the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, Lausanne. By Peter Aldridge. Length 17". \$27,500. An edition of fifteen. Signed Steuben.

Steuben Glass, 715 Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022.  
1-212-752-1441. Steuben is part of Corning Glass Works and has been since 1918.



# STEBEN GLASS

# Hot baths, zinc other secrets



Cars, like people, live longer when their bodies are well taken care of.

And few bodies are better prepared to face the years than the body of a Volvo 760 GLE.

The #1 killer of a car's body is rust. So Volvo employs the #1 antidote: zinc. 32 square feet of sheet metal in every Volvo body takes a hot bath in liquid zinc, resulting in a coating three times thicker than you'll find in most other cars.

Then, after a thorough cleansing, an inspection, and a rub down, the Volvo body is ready for painting. (A process so impressive, other manufacturers of imported cars have come to our plant to observe it.)

It starts with another bath, this time in a vat of primer. An

# reatments, and at prolong life.

Electric charge is sent through the car's body, fusing paint to metal. Next comes something most other car makers leave out: a layer of special chip resistant paint is applied to the car's most vulnerable areas: flying stones hurt the most: below the beltline. Then come four more layers of paint, sprayed wet on wet to create a deep, lustrous finish. Next the car is undercoated inside and out. Finally, a special anti-corrosive gel is injected into closed areas like roof pillars to prevent rusting from within. As those other car makers will tell you, the whole process is laborious and takes hours. But when you want a car to last as long as a Volvo, there are no shortcuts.

© 1984 VOLVO OF AMERICA CORPORATION



## The 700 Series by Volvo

# M.I. Hummel

## The Benchmark Since 1935

In half a century, handmade "M.I. Hummel" figurines have been often imitated, but never matched. Goebel of West Germany alone is authorized by the Siessen Convent to make figurines according to the drawings of Sister M.I. Hummel. Only a figurine bearing a Goebel backstamp and the artist's incised signature is authentic. So don't be misled by copies from places like Taiwan. Insist on the authenticity of "M.I. Hummel," the world standard for craftsmanship and quality. For more information, send \$1 to Goebel, P.O. Box 525, Dept. HG412H, Tarrytown, N.Y. 10591.



# Goebel

Bringing quality to life since 1871

## AT THE TABLE

and in general bend his first selectec jury to his enological will. It was his show. He was supposed to be out there leading his flock, not closeted with a wild-eyed sputtering Italian professor. It was probably self-survival that got him to seat Angelo beside me again, still unintroduced and openly sneering, but able to function as a wine judge. (He still spat before I did, and in several directions, and never looked at me nor spoke.)

I was plainly unfit  
to sit next to  
a highly respected  
wine man—author—bon  
viveur, a living  
example of good  
Italian sensitivity.  
“She must go,” he said,  
“Or I go. She stinks”

After work that night, Harold took me to dinner and, as soft-voiced and gentle as always, told me that Angelo Pellegrini, the man I so admired for his vital literary style, said I smelled. “To me, you do not,” Harold added firmly, and I told him of my ascetic preparations for his unprecedented panel of wine judges, and he smiled approval in his usual avuncular-paternal manner, and said something like “Carry on!” We finished our unusually dull meal saltless-sauceless-wineless for our palates’ purity and next day’s scheduled reds, and parted without visible tears.

It was a bad day, but at least Angelo was there the whole time. He never looked at me nor spoke, but his spitting was spotless. Whenever Harold picked up our scorecards he smiled a little, because we seemed to be marking the same things about the same bottles.

The next day was the last, thank God. I had never lived through such a miserable experience. My female honor felt bruised by the dark unsmiling man sitting with such obvious impatience and distaste beside me, sharing the same horrid bucket for our public rinsings, sucking in his breath when-



# SUPER POWER, SUPER CLEANABILITY, SUPER EASY-TO-USE, SUPER RESULTS.

## INTRODUCING THE CUISINART® DLC-7 SUPER PRO.

It is the best food processor we've ever made for its size. It can do so many things so well, so quickly and so easily it should answer

the best on the market—gives you perfect slices, without torn edges, virtually every time.

And the new Super Pro

accommodates all of our optional extras, including our two unique new discs; an 8mm slicing disc which can make thick, juicy slices of tomatoes, without breaking the skin, plus thick, even slices of everything from bread to meat, both raw and cooked; a 3mm square julienne disc that prepares the ingredients for salads and stir-fried dishes evenly, accurately, in seconds.

**SUPER RESULTS.** The proof is in the pudding... or the bread or the chili, hamburger, moussaka, pies, soufflés, pizzas, purees, soups, or any of the thousands of dishes you would never have even tried before, or dishes you can now make in a fraction of the time it used to take you and with even more satisfying results.

The DLC-7 Super Pro, the best food processor ever made for its size by the people who make the best food processors.

any questions you have about whether a food processor could really make you a better cook while spending less time cooking.

**SUPER POWER.** The Super Pro has a new powerful and efficient motor that can do things other food processors can't do. It can knead up to four pounds of bread dough or five batches of 3½ pounds each, one after the other, without overheating or stalling. It can chop two pounds of meat at one time, in 30 seconds.

**SUPER EASY TO USE.** The same extraordinary engineering that went into making the Super Pro so powerful and efficient makes it even easier to use. The new, radically improved Cuisinart Large Feed Tube is *much* more convenient. Now, you don't even have to turn it. A totally new locking system lets you work it with one hand. So you can make whole, precise slices from foods as large as tomatoes, potatoes, oranges and onions, with even less effort than before.

The slicing disc—beyond question



**SUPER EASY TO CLEAN.** *Put everything but the motorbase in the dishwasher!*

**MORE INFORMATION.** For recipes, more information about our food processors, cookware and our magazine, "The Pleasures of Cooking", write Cuisinarts, Inc., 411 (I) West Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, CT 06830.

### Cuisinart® Food Processor

For a store near you call toll free:  
(800) 243-8540



Louis XV giltwood stool.  
French, mid-18th century.  
21" long, 15" wide, 16" high.

35 EAST 76th STREET Carlyle Hotel NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021 (212) 288-5179

ever I had to lean toward him so that I would not pollute his pristine taste-buds with my stench. I prayed for patience to get through the fruit wines, through the raw brandies, and away.

When we went into the plain bleak room, the glasses and first bottles and buckets were set out, and we placed ourselves, but Harold and Angelo were not there. In about ten minutes they hurried out and almost ran toward me, so that I stood up anxiously: was it bad news about my little girls, my ailing mother? Angelo, flashing a beautiful boyish giddy smile, bowed low over my hand, and kissed it passionately. Harold almost danced around us. Probably all the other judges, middle-aged respected medicos and tycoons and physicists, looked on with bemused patience, ignorant of our little drama, as Angelo begged me to forgive him for his cruel actions and Harold explained patchily but almost as passionately that Angelo's motel soap smelled, and therefore he smelled, and especially his hands smelled. *I did not.*

The rest is obvious. Years fell from my shoulders, and I was young, beautiful, desirable. Angelo was alive beside me, as only a healthy Italian can be. We spat in unison into the suddenly attractive puddle of fruit juice and water we shared, and a newspaper paparazzo from Los Angeles shot our jets in mid-air meeting just above the bucket. And halfway through the long last afternoon tasting of brandies we all began to *swallow*, and ignored most of the other rules, so that before we all parted after a fine meal of heavily spiced delicacies and plenty of our best bottles from the first two days, I was *carissima* forever, to the Pan of the Pacific coast, Angelo Pellegrini.

I still am, with the full consent of his wife, and the tacit agreement of scores of other fellow females in every direction from Seattle. Now and then Angelo remembers me, and sends me a clipping of something he has written, or a picture of his prize pumpkin, or a blurred snapshot of a new grandchild, all askew but eminently handsome and healthy because they came from Angelo Pellegrini: from him, the great god Pan of this Western world. □

VALLI & COLOMBO INTRODUCES THE

## Italian Touch

unique accents for every door and decor

For truly coordinated interiors of classic beauty... Valli & Colombo lever sets combine brass and natural woods or designer colors for their new "Italian Touch." The perfect touch! See them at your designer's showroom or write for a free catalog today.



Model 137 RR in Porcelain White. Also in Ebony, Cardinal Red and Almond Brown.



Model 132/8 in Rosewood. Also in Oak, Green Onyx, Tortoise Shell, Porcelain White and Ebony.



Model 133 RR in Tortoise Shell. Also in Oak, Rosewood, Green Onyx, Porcelain White and Ebony.

**Valli & Colombo**  
(U.S.A.) INC.

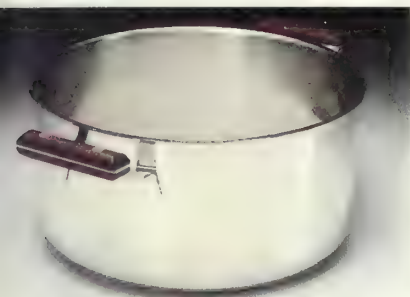
P.O. Box 245, 1540 Highland Ave.  
Duarte, CA 91010 • (818) 359-2569

# CAN SOMETHING THIS BEAUTIFUL BE PRACTICAL?

To answer merely "yes" is an outright understatement.

Cuisinart® Commercial Stainless Cookware, designed to withstand the rigors of professional restaurant use, can take an awesome amount of everyday cooking and cleaning punishment.

Its high luster won't fade. Ever. It's easy to clean — just wash with detergent and water, with an occasional scrub from a plastic scouring pad. And dishwasher detergent can harm it.



After 10 years of heavy use, this Cuisinart pot (from our Commercial Stainless Cookware collection) is almost as beautiful as the day it was made.

You will find Cuisinart Commercial Stainless Cookware to be the most rugged, durable, practical cookware you have ever owned. You will also find it comes with a virtually unheard-of 50 year warranty.

A PERFORMANCE THAT LIVES UP TO THE NAME CUISINARTS.

We believe our Commercial Stainless Cookware to be the finest cooking utensils ever created.

The specially constructed sandwich bottom (a thick copper disc bonded between two layers of stainless steel) distributes the heat quickly and evenly, sideways as well as upwards. This eliminates hot spots and provides constant heat over the cooking surface.

Meats brown evenly. You can use the same pan to cook lacy crêpes, omelets, hamburgers, steaks or chops. Soups, risottos, ragouts, paellas can be started over a burner, then continued in the oven. And the absence of hot spots minimizes the risk of



curdling and scorching when preparing sauces and other exacting combinations.

FOR MORE INFORMATION.

For easy and interesting buffet recipes, and more information on both our Commercial and Original Cookware Collections, our food

processors, cookbooks and magazine, "The Pleasures of Cooking," write: Cuisinart, Inc., 411 (I) West Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, CT 06830.

**Cuisinart®**  
**Stainless Cookware**

For a store near you, call toll free:  
(800) 243-2996.

# SERENISSIMA IN THE SNOW

The secret pleasures of Venice at Christmastime

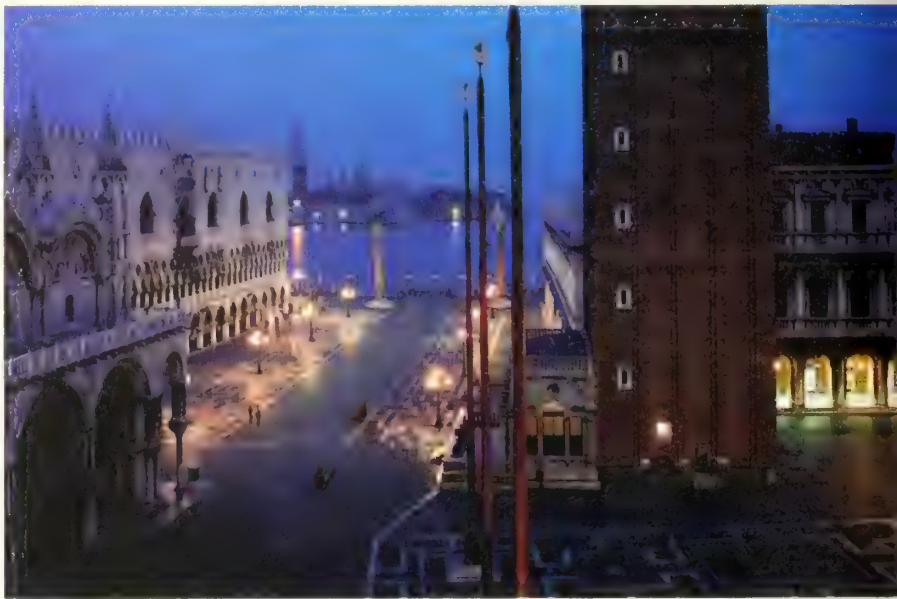
By Jason Epstein

At Harry's on Christmas Eve the white-coated bartender, lit from above like a principal actor, places two perfect ice cubes in a gleaming water glass which he fills from a glass pitcher, holds the glass of ice water for an instant to the light, cocks his quattroceto head at his workmanship and places the glass on the bar, then turns to another customer, a smile of inquiry having replaced the concentrated gaze of the previous moment. Outside, the *calle* is nearly empty, its square paving stones wet from the cold fog off the canal, glistening in the light that spills from Missoni's window a few steps away where the sweaters and scarves tempt the eye downward to the mesmerizing rows of zeros printed on the discreet easels beneath them.

The Piazza San Marco is also deserted. The light from the Procuratie Nuove and from Caffè Florian barely penetrates the chill mist and to see the shadowy domes of the Cathedral one must walk half the length of the square. Between the Cathedral and the clock

tower a solitary Christmas tree twinkles in the milky darkness. Except for the poinsettias in the lobby of the Gritti Palace Hotel, where the guests are mostly Americans, there are no other seasonal decorations. Christmas in Venice is a domestic holiday, and even the churches are somnolent. The great winter celebration here is Carnevale two months away, and during Christ-

mas week the windows of the mask makers' shops are already full of Pulcinellos, Harlequins, and Pantaloonos. The pagan heart beneath Venice's Christian vestments prefers the lean days at the end of winter when the season of the new lambs is at hand and barely acknowledges the northerner's delight in the rekindling of the sun after the long midwinter night.



December nights in Venice: a view, *top*, of San Marco and the Doges' Palace; *left*, Caffè Florian on Piazza San Marco; and, *above*, on the island of S. Giorgio, Palladio's S. Giorgio Maggiore.

In the warmth of Harry's Bar as the small downstairs room fills up for the evening, the animation both soothes and exhilarates. Harry's father, a Veronese who had been a waiter at the Grand Hotel, opened the place in 1930, named it for his backer, Harry Pickering, an American playboy, and then named his son Arrigo after the bar or the playboy or both. It is this son who now runs the place, spruce in his blue suit and red tie, alert as a sparrow to the minutiae of his surroundings.

Space in Venice is precious, reclaimed from the lagoon inch by inch over the centuries so that even the dead, except for those rich enough to

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

SOFT PACK 100s FILTER, MENTHOL: 3 mg. "tar", 0.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Competitive tar levels reflect either the Feb '84 FTC Report or FTC method

NOW. THE LOWEST OF ALL BRANDS.



3 mg



Now far and away the lowest.



*St Charles*

Functional Elegance for Every Room



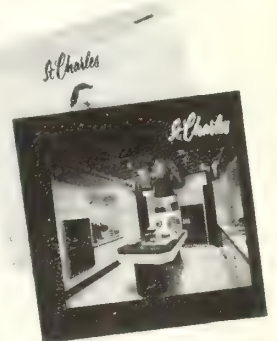
When you visit our showroom, you'll understand why St. Charles is regarded as, simply, the best.

Beneath our fashionable exteriors, you'll discover engineering details as practical as they are imaginative—a big part of why we are so adroit at making a room so stunning, so sensible.

There are other reasons of course. Every kitchen is custom designed. There is a nearly limitless assortment of colors, textures, styles and materials. Perhaps most importantly, the installation occurs with dependable ease.

A St. Charles dealer can make every room in your home this elegant, this intelligent.

Visit a St. Charles showroom and receive a complimentary brochure. Or send \$8 to St. Charles Mfg. Co., St. Charles, IL 60174. Please include mailing instructions and the name of this magazine.



## ARIZONA

Finch Associates—  
Kitchens & Interiors  
2222 N. 24th St.  
Phoenix, AZ 85006  
(602) 244-8808

Kitchens of Distinction  
1940 East Winsell Street  
Tucson, AZ 85719  
(602) 623-5891

## ARKANSAS

Creative Cabinetry  
8218 Cantrell  
Little Rock, AR 72207  
(501) 225-1107

## CALIFORNIA

House of Kitchens Inc  
1325 Solano Avenue  
Albany, CA 94706  
(415) 525-9576

St. Charles Fashion Kitchens  
& Baths  
7426 Girard Street  
La Jolla, CA 92037  
(619) 454-9133

St. Charles of Los Angeles  
8660 Sunset Boulevard  
Los Angeles, CA 90069  
(213) 655-7812

Kitchens by Meyer, Inc  
15405 Los Gatos Blvd., #103  
Los Gatos, CA 95030  
(408) 358-4152

Kitchens by Meyer, Inc  
278 Castro St  
Mountain View, CA 94041  
(415) 968-8318

Carefree Kitchens, Inc  
453 N. Anaheim Blvd  
Orange, CA 92668  
(714) 634-4601

Kitchens, Inc  
1617 18th St  
Sacramento, CA 95814  
(916) 441-4414

Aegean Bath & Kitchen  
Design Center  
4373 University Avenue  
San Diego, CA 92105  
(619) 563-4196

Continental Kitchens & Baths  
340 West Portal  
San Francisco, CA 94127  
(415) 661-6776

Landsberg & Associates, Inc  
101 Henry Adams Street  
San Francisco, CA 94103  
(415) 864-5151

L. & W Home Center  
8812 Las Tunas  
San Gabriel, CA 94776  
(213) 287-1131

Lampert Incorporated  
1241 Andersen Dr  
San Rafael, CA 94901  
(415) 454-1623

International Design Center  
4093 State Street  
Santa Barbara, CA 93110  
(805) 967-1113

The Studio/Kitchen, Bath and Tile  
104 E. Montecido  
Santa Barbara, CA 93101  
(805) 965-8555

The Cabinet Gallery  
1585 Botelho Drive  
Walnut Creek, CA 94596  
(415) 930-7410

## COLORADO

Kitchens at the Depot, Ltd  
76 S. Sierra Madre  
Colorado Springs, CO 80903  
(303) 635-3619

Kitchens by Kline  
2640 East Third  
Denver, CO 80206  
(303) 399-5802

## HAWAII

Kitchen Center of Hawaii  
250 Ward Ave  
Honolulu, HI 96814  
(808) 521-7447

## IDAHO

St. Charles Northwest  
516 S. 9th Street  
Boise, ID 83702  
(208) 345-8123

Kitchen Classics  
560 S. Arthur  
Pocatello, ID 83201  
(208) 232-0432

## IOWA

St. Charles Kitchens  
by Friedl, Inc  
1013 Mt. Vernon Road S.E.  
Cedar Rapids, IA 52403  
(319) 366-7122

NDS Company  
3839 Merle Hay Road  
Des Moines, IA 50310  
(515) 276-5500

Modern Materials Company  
514 Iowa Street  
Sioux City, IA 51102  
(712) 277-2432

## KANSAS

St. Charles Fashion Kitchens  
of Kansas City  
4920 Johnson Drive  
Shawnee Mission, KS 66205  
(913) 432-3636

The Kitchen Place, Inc  
1634 East Central  
Wichita, KS 67214  
(316) 263-2249

## MINNESOTA

St. Charles Kitchens  
by Contardo  
926 East Fourth Street  
Duluth, MN 55805  
(218) 728-5171

St. Charles of Minnesota  
5010 France Avenue South  
Edina, MN 55410  
(612) 926-2778

## MISSOURI

Glen Alsbaugh Company  
9808 Clayton Road  
St. Louis, MO 63124  
(314) 993-6644  
(Also see Shawnee  
Mission, KS)

## MONTANA

McPhee Cabinetry  
435 E. Main St  
Bozeman, MT 59715  
(406) 586-1709

The Cabinet Company, Inc  
900 8th Avenue South  
Great Falls, MT 59405  
(406) 727-0860

Creative Kitchens  
160 2nd Avenue E N  
Kalispell, MT 59901  
(406) 257-8220

Creative Kitchens  
224 Central Avenue  
Whitefish, MT 59937  
(406) 862-5757

## NEBRASKA

Nebraska Custom Kitchens  
4601 Dodge Street  
Omaha, NE 68132  
(402) 556-1000

## NEVADA

Pioneer Kitchens & Baths  
669 E. Moana Lane  
Reno, NV 89502  
(702) 826-1900

## NEW MEXICO

Creative Kitchens, Inc  
503 State Avenue N.W.  
Albuquerque, NM 87102  
(505) 242-8474

## OKLAHOMA

Kitchen Interiors  
2761 N. Country Club Drive  
Oklahoma City, OK 73116  
(405) 843-9363

Imperial Kitchens  
3301 S. Harvard Avenue  
Tulsa, OK 74135  
(918) 749-7317

## OREGON

Neil Kelly Co  
804 N. Alberta  
Portland, OR 97217  
(503) 288-7461

## TEXAS

Regency Bath & Kitchen Showroom  
4508 Lovers Lane  
Wellington Square Shopping Center  
1-40 & Georgia  
Amarillo, TX 79102  
(806) 353-5559

Cabinetry by St. Charles  
2712 Bee Caves Road  
Suite 122  
Austin, TX 78746  
(512) 327-6959

Brad Pence Company  
4508 Lovers Lane  
Dallas, TX 75225  
(214) 750-0271

St. Charles by Droste  
6505 Camp Bowie Blvd  
Fort Worth, TX 76116  
(817) 763-5031

St. Charles Fashion Kitchens, Inc  
3413 E. Greenridge  
Houston, TX 77057  
(713) 783-7780

Dick Sowell Appliance Mart  
304 East Highway 83  
McAllen, TX 78501  
(512) 686-6591

Norm's Kitchen Center, Inc  
1404 S. Oakes  
San Angelo, TX 76903  
(915) 653-1566

St. Charles of San Antonio  
15677 San Pedro  
San Antonio, TX 78232  
(512) 496-6719

St. Charles Designs, Inc  
3203 S. Loop 363  
PO Box 1283  
Temple, TX 76503  
(817) 774-7113

## UTAH

Craftsman Kitchens & Baths  
by St. Charles  
2200 S. Main St  
Salt Lake City, UT 84115  
(801) 487-1041

Miller's Professional Kitchen  
Designers  
640 E. Wilmington Avenue  
Salt Lake City, UT 84106  
(801) 467-0222

## WASHINGTON

Landsberg & Associates  
5701 Sixth Avenue South  
Seattle, WA 98108  
(206) 762-9132

St. Charles by Contardo  
of Spokane, Inc  
South 104 Freya  
Spokane, WA 99202  
(509) 534-5410

## WYOMING

Kitchens by Gardcrafted  
300 W. Yellowstone  
Casper, WY 82601  
(307) 265-2548

Kitchens by Gardcrafted  
120 N. Sixth E. Suite 202  
Riverton, WY 82501  
(307) 856-2811

## INTERNATIONAL

ST. CHARLES INTERNATIONAL  
610 Enterprise Drive  
Oak Brook, IL 60521  
(312) 654-4560



**MONTBLANC**  
*Masters  
 in the Art of Writing*<sup>TM</sup>

Traditional perfection flawlessly combines beauty and performance in truly luxurious writing instruments from the Classic Group. Softly gleaming gold-plated trim, polished black finish. Fountain pen with 14 kt. gold nib and matching ballpoint. At fine pen counters everywhere.

In the U.S. Bloomsbury, NJ 08804 ©1983  
 MONTBLANC is a Registered Trademark  
 of Montblanc-Simplo GmH

afford their own plots, stay in their little marble drawers on the cemetery island of San Michele for only a dozen or so years before their bones are taken to an ossuary farther out in the lagoon. Yet so harmoniously are the buildings, the canals, and the pedestrian areas sublimated to sky and water that the tight Venetian spaces manage to seem generous. Especially in winter Venice is like a cozy ship at sea. Nowhere in Venice is this illusion of roominess within a confined space more ingeniously contrived than at Harry's, where under a low ceiling the tables and chairs are a quarter less than the normal size, the waiters spin and pivot as they carry their dishes amid the crowds waiting for tables at the end of the bar and prance on their heels like Spanish dancers as they bound with their trays down the nearly vertical gangway from the upstairs kitchens. A young waiter deposits a wedge of cake before a diner; an older hand, troubled by a failure of symmetry, takes a second to interrupt his own errand and points the cake directly at the diner's chest. Like Venice itself, Harry's is a triumph of precise gestures, as practiced as the turn of a gondolier's wrist as he spins his prow 45 degrees to make the inconceivably tight maneuver from one narrow canal into the next.

During the Christmas holiday when the busloads from the north who crowd the city in summertime are back at their jobs and the tourists come singly or in pairs or in snug little Japanese or American families, Harry's is nonetheless crowded and not simply with tourists. Arrigo offers a discount to favored local customers whose presence, like that of the miniaturized furniture, reduces the center of gravity, domesticates the place, makes one feel at home—what Henry James meant by “That queer air of sociability, of cousinship, of family life which makes up half the experience of Venice.”

The other half is quite another matter for though Venice is surely “an immense collective apartment. . . where voices sound as in the corridor of a house, where the human step circulates as if it skirted the angles of furniture and shoes never wear out,” it is also a university whose curriculum is itself. Venice is best studied in wintertime when the towering Caneletto skies over the Lido alternate with days

so thick with fog that the façade of Santa Maria della Salute cannot be seen from the Piazzetta across the canal; the *vaporetti*, their radars spinning, feel their way from landing to landing and the unlit galleries at the Accademia are dark by noon. On such days as these Venice becomes its own essence, for not only have the miasmas of tourists lifted but the more robust Venetians have closed their shops and restaurants and departed for Cortina and Barbados, leaving the city to its more characteristically sedentary occupants.



Doges' Palace looming out of the winter fog

The least erotic of cities in season, Venice out of season is chastity itself, as if the reproductive impulse had long since subsided along with the city's commerce. Four centuries ago, the Serene Republic taxed the earnings of 11,654 registered prostitutes and required this source of revenue to show its ankles and bosoms to the trade so that the bridge over the canal where they worked was called Ponte delle Tette. But now even the spicy pasta made with olives, capers, anchovies, and red pepper known throughout Italy as *puttanesca* is called *Andalusia* in Venice. The ambience that seduced Casanova, Byron, and poor von Aschenbach has gone. The young assert themselves in more promising places, at their jobs on Terra Firma or at school in Padua. In winter especially the city belongs to connoisseurs of lost empires gently dissolving. “They are easily moved and often affectionate,” Lawrence said of these Venetians, “but they rarely have any abiding passion of any sort,” and that was sixty years ago. Today one wonders about Lawrence's “rarely.”

This sobriety would be grim if Venice were simply another resort out of season, undressed and past its prime. But the sexlessness in fact clarifies and sharpens the senses as when a musical



# Lenox Crystal.



**A world apart. Let it express your world.**

The Lenox Deep Cut Crystal Collection. From \$20.00 to \$200.00.

**Lenox China and Crystal**

Lenox, Lawrenceville, N.J. 08648.

Prices shown are suggested retail prices only. © Lenox '84

# Solarize<sup>™</sup> your Home

Enjoy "OUTDOOR LIVING -  
INDOORS"  
With a Beautiful  
Four Seasons Solarium  
Room Addition



## An ideal solution to add space, a great outdoor feeling and value to your home.

Here's the perfect way to reduce the stress of modern living and bring nature back into your life. With a Four Seasons Greenhouse you can enjoy the glorious glow of the sun by day...the twinkle of stars by night. Nature is always with you!

Four Seasons is in a class by itself—for flexibility, beauty and durability... unique BUILT-IN SHADING SYSTEM PROVIDING SUN CONTROL, PRIVACY AND INSULATION (R-5).

### SYSTEM 4 FEATURES

- Window Quilt<sup>™</sup> motorized shading in 48 decorator colors.
- 100% thermally broken heavy aluminum frame features new double drain leak-proof water run-off design.
- Factory insulated glass—including tempered curved insulating glass.
- Patented **Pow-R-Vent<sup>™</sup>** cooling.
- Bronze or white finish standard.
- Nationwide localized dealer service.
- Complete installations available.

Your Authorized Four Seasons Dealer will be happy to assist you when planning your room addition.



© 1984 FSSP



**FOUR SEASONS  
GREENHOUSES**

Mil. S. Environmental Products Corp.  
426 Smith Street  
Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735 (516) 694-4400

CALL TOLL FREE—1-800-645-9527 FOR  
FREE COLOR CATALOG WITH NEAREST DEALER  
Please allow 3 weeks for delivery  
Dealer Inquiries Invited

passage will now and then seem to disengage itself from the business of the concert hall and the exertions of the performers and autonomously thrill the ear. On Christmas morning the Frari is all but empty except for some tourists huddled by an animated crèche at the entrance, listening to recorded carols. But there is no one in the sacristy and in the stillness Bellini's triptych rises from its aesthetic and even its doctrinal setting and, serenely indifferent to the viewer's own interests, conveys an almost Asiatic confidence in the certainty of its baffling assumptions. The effect is awesome, humbling, and momentarily illuminating, as if the intervening centuries had fallen away and one were no longer surrounded by the domesticity Henry James described but by quattrocento Venice in all its proud power, "la plus triomphante cité que jamais j'aye vue," according to a French visitor who described the city a decade after Bellini completed his altarpiece.

This clarity persists throughout the winter afternoon dimmed only briefly by a lunch of *porcini* and a bottle of Tokay at Montin's on the Saint Barnabas Canal behind the Accademia where Venetian families seated in parallel rows at long tables eat their Christmas salmon. Later that day as the fading light in the Campo Morosini shades the Gothic doorway of the church of Saint Stephano, the eye catches the terrified features of a small child standing alone, stuffed into a quilted snowsuit so that his arms project almost perpendicularly. In an instant the flushed and quivering face collapses from dread into miserable incredulity and then into a worse terror while at the child's feet a flock of pigeons, oily as rats against the paving stones, circles and darts for crumbs. Separated from her besieged child by these birds and oblivious to the hideous drama from which a lifetime of mistrust seems likely to follow, an American mother calls robustly, "Come on, Phil. Come with me."

Prospective Christmas visitors should know that winters are often mild in Venice, like the one just past, but they can turn bitter for days at a time, so that ice sparkles on the lagoon, and on cold mornings from a window on the Grand Canal one may see blocks of ice drifting by. Depending on the vagaries of the moon, Venice can also

flood in winter for a day or two at a time, as it did just before this past Christmas when the Piazza was two feet under water on December 22. At such times gondolas may float to the doors of the Cathedral, though the more usual transit is by way of temporary catwalks called *passerelle* that are stored between floods on the pedestrian ways like bare banquet tables or lifeboats. But the fleeting inconvenience of the *acqua alta* is trivial compared to the invigorating tranquility of a Venetian Christmas when one's main exertion is craning the neck and narrowing the eyes to make out a Tintoretto in the fading light or climbing to the portico above the Cathedral's great doors to see the bronze horses, now safe from the corrosive air in a small room under the northernmost dome.

With the theaters closed for the season, evenings are over by the time one finishes dinner. The holiday parties to which visitors are likely to be invited tend to be joyless and stiff. The rich have gone elsewhere. Vespers at the Cathedral provides the main, perhaps the only, New Year festivity. A cheerful priest, not young but with the face of a boy, keeps time with two erect index fingers like matched metronome as he sings the service, wagging his head in time to the music as a quartet of ancients, barely ambulatory in their sumptuous robes, chant in the choir behind him under the great gold and jeweled altar screen. The listeners are transients, their origin betrayed by their guidebooks—Venedig, Venise, Venezia.

In summertime, one can spend most of a day on Torcello, the all but deserted island at the northern edge of the lagoon where the first settlers of Venice established themselves a thousand years ago, driven to their watery refuge by invaders from the north. But in winter Torcello's ninth-century basilica is likely to close or be dark by noon, and visitors will be disappointed in their desire to see the great God-bearing Madonna who stares through unblinking Byzantine eyes at the Doomsday mosaic across the nave with its snake-ridden skulls and roasting sinners, and Saint Michael, floating above them separating the saved from the damned.

Torcello's outdoor restaurant, run by Harry's Bar, is also closed for the season so that in winter, if one happen

# clarence house

40 EAST 57 STREET NEW YORK THROUGH DECORATORS AND FINE STORES



to be exploring the lagoon, one goes for lunch instead to Burano, the island of lacemakers and fishermen, with its painted houses of red and yellow, orange and blue. Burano is only a short ride by boat from Torcello and in summer its restaurants—among the best in Venice—are likely to be overlooked in favor of Torcello's more glamorous arrangements. Though Burano is hardly more than a village, its inhabitants are said to speak in five distinct accents—the remnant of a polyglot past. The women sell lace to tourists from their shops on the Piazza Galuppi, dropping their prices almost without provocation if the rare wintertime customer seems likely to buy. The restaurants, on the other hand, have no trouble attracting customers for their grilled fish fresh from the lagoon, their pasta laden with squid or mussels, their sardines and eels and their version of *tiramisu*, the ubiquitous Venetian custard dessert, probably a relic of Austro-Hungarian hegemony, for its fussiness seems out of keeping with the simplicity of the

Venetian menu.

The vivid, almost Caribbean look of Burano softens in the early winter sunset and the painted houses along the narrow canals convey a poignant domesticity that is positively enveloping. Through a lace curtain, caught by the breeze at an open window at street level, a young man can be seen, leaning back in his chair before a music stand, practicing complex scales on his clarinet as the magenta sky reflected in the canal turns dark.

In summertime, 150,000 tourists a day cross the jammed causeway that connects Venice to the mainland, but in wintertime the traffic is light and the swift passage by car to Terra Firma is like awakening in a strange room. By car it is only an hour or so to Padua on the old road along the Brenta Canal, where Palladio built his summer palaces for rich Venetians; and from Padua the trip to Verona, with its promise of truffle tart at the Twelve Apostles, is only a half hour on the autostrada. In Padua, Giotto's Scrovegni Chapel is

empty except for a dozen or so English tourists whose sententious leader describes the frescoes as if he had memorized the passage in Hugh Honour's guide to Venice and the Veneto. "Early in the fourteenth century Scrovegni commissioned the chapel and ordered the frescoes to atone for his father's having been a moneylender," the Englishman recites, pointing to the panel over the entrance where the usurers are tied to bags of money. "You see how vivid these human figures are for the fourteenth century: how dramatic—how human—their expressions are: how three-dimensional. It would take Venice a century and a half to learn these humanistic techniques," he goes on. Giotto was anticipating the Renaissance, as Dante would also do, while the Venetian painters with their flat Byzantine icons were still in the Middle Ages, still tied to the East where individual lives didn't count for much. "By the beginning of the fourteenth century," he continues, departing now from Honour's text, "history had begun to move westward and would soon leave Venice behind just as the New York painters after the war left Paris behind."

How presumptuous of him, I thought, to believe that history moves like the sun from east to west, shining now on this city and then on the one beyond. But he had a point. On the eve of its farthest imperial reach Venice had already spawned its successors to the west and was probably bound even then to end up a Disneyland for romantic valetudinarians, who would one day subside along with their treasured city into the lagoon.

A few days later I was reminded of this Englishman's brutal theory of history's westward progress as Arrigo Cipriani, the proprietor of Harry's Bar, showed me the school he is building in Venice to train cadres of pastry chefs and establish them across Italy all the way to Milan and perhaps beyond in little cafés spun off from Harry's itself. His idea, probably as old as Venice, was, like the Englishman's, that the future belongs to the West, but if this is true, then the converse—that history belongs to the East—is perhaps also true, which may be why Henry James, among so many others of his kind, thought of Venice as a domestic place, as home. □



## It's like sable for your bed.

A luxurious down comforter from Scandia Down Shops pampers your body like nothing else. Whether you choose this extravagant Quintessa, or any of our seven others, you won't find our kind of quality, affordability, or value, in any ordinary store.

But we probably wouldn't find you there, either.



Write for our catalogue of other fine bedding products, including feather and down pillows, exquisite linens, wool sleeper pads and comfy feather beds. Send \$3.00 to Scandia Down Corp., P.O. Box 88819, Seattle, WA 98188. Scandia Down Corporation is a nationwide network of franchised shops.



KOUROS.  
Les dieux vivants ont leur parfum.

*The newest fragrance for men from Yves Saint Laurent.*

Parfums  
YVES SAINT LAURENT

# CHINTZ CHARMING

From Mrs. Pepys to Mrs. Parish, smart decorators have known there's no better way to brighten a room than with cotton prints

By Mark Hampton

The other day, I was discussing some schemes for the redecoration of a room with an English acquaintance and she hit me with one of those remarks calculated to put you immediately on the defensive. "Only Americans use chintz in grand houses," she said. "In England, chintz is strictly for cottages." My Anglophilia and its attendant affectations are a constant source of annoyance to my family; my children cringe when I say "loo" or "drawing room." Nevertheless, I am a compleat Anglophile, and it is understandable that I bridled at the chintz accusation. It was like being caught eating my salad with the fish fork, and it is really wounding when the accusation is simply wrong.

Chintz is a word of many odd connotations, some of which are negative—need one point out the epithet "chintzy"? The word itself originally meant a sort of printed Indian cotton. It is, in fact, derived from the Hindu word *chint*. In the seventeenth century, Mrs. Pepys had a study lined with it. In the eighteenth century, clothes as well as furnishings were made of chintz. By the early nineteenth century, it had gained enough status to be used in the so-called best rooms of the house. Still, to a large number of people today, chintz is a material that should be confined to bedrooms or small sitting rooms or, to people like my English friend, to cottages. Cottages, indeed! All you have to do is look at any number of great English houses to see that they are full of rooms with chintz curtains and chintz-covered furniture.

There is, for instance, a marvelous sitting room at Penshurst Place that typifies the sort of room we all mean when we talk about the "English Country House Style." The manor itself is fourteenth century. The room in question was gothicized in the early nineteenth century by Biagio Rebecca, and the



In a large city apartment, Denning & Fourcade used one chintz for the lower walls, another for seating.

decoration seems to have been going on ever since. The ceiling is mock Tudor. The chandelier is Louis XV, the paintings are Dutch and Italian. There is an enormous George I red-and-gold églomisé mirror, and the sofas are covered in, of all things, chintz. Castle Howard and Chatsworth are full of

ravishing rooms with tremendous chintz curtains and furniture, some from the Regency period and some decorated in this century. Desmond Guinness's Leixlip Castle near Dublin has yards of chintz in practically every room. In short, chintz has been around for a long time. If it was used originally as a poor substitute for finer materials, that was long, long ago. For many years, it has been used for its own special appeal.

Part of the charm of using cotton chintz in a grand room is treating it as though it were a material of great value, trimming curtains, for example, with fringe and rosettes and cording that one would more often reserve for far richer materials. The effect, although appropriate to the scale and ornamentation of important rooms, is a great deal less serious than what you would achieve by using damasks and velvets and brocades, and avoiding too much seriousness is a means of arriving at what to many of us is a desirable quality of informality and coziness, especially when we are decorating on a large scale. As Geoffrey Bennison said to me recently, "Why not be cozy?" State Rooms, for the most part, are not terribly cozy or terribly useful. The very fact that they were not used much accounts for their having survived as often as they have through history. The really interesting rooms, and the really comfortable rooms, are the ones that are lived in, and those are the rooms that wear out and are lost to us.

The London firm of Colefax and

# MERIT

## ULTRA LIGHTS

A world of flavor in an ultra light.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1994

Kings: 4 mg "tar," 0.3 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar '84.

Fowler, which just celebrated its fiftieth anniversary, must surely be credited with some of the current enthusiasm many of us share for English glazed chintz. The genius of the English decorators of the last fifty years lay in their ability to breathe life into the rooms they decorated, rooms that were often overwhelmingly grand architecturally. Rather than return those rooms to strict interpretations of their original states, filled with Genoese velvets and heavy brocaded silks, the most brilliant and influential of the English decorators looked for inspiration to the rooms that had evolved over the years through constant use and habitation. Having refined this style of careless informality, they then dubbed it the undecorated look. The warmth and color and simplicity of chintz played a big role in the development of this style. Nancy Lancaster, John Fowler's partner after Lady Colefax retired, was quoted a year or so ago as saying, "In everything, you want to understate; don't do everything to the last

detail. Let other people's imagination work. Many rooms have been spoiled because people don't know when to stop." The luxury of Mrs. Lancaster's rooms may not look understated to our eyes, but in fact they exude a sense of comfort and fresh color that belies their true grandeur. They are incredibly inviting, and they are understated, given their context. Chintz, of course, is one of the means used to achieve this understatement. It is very pretty, it is not intimidating, and it has colorfulness that is always refreshing.

Understatement can be a euphemism for simply not having enough of whatever it takes to make a thing look finished or as good as it should. But properly handled, the elusive technique of understatement in decorating enhances the offhand mood that makes a room welcoming. As a friend of mine once said, "I hate a room where the only mistake in it is me."

American decorators, like their English counterparts, have leaned on the use of chintz to accomplish a welcom-

ing atmosphere for many decades. The stories of Elsie de Wolfe and all the chintz she used at the old Colony Club are by now legendary. Rose Cumming, whose memory still lives on in the shop that bears her name, is also remembered for the delicious hand-blocked chintzes that she recolored and carried in her shops on Madison Avenue and Park Avenue. Her house on West 53rd Street had the prettiest chintz bedroom in the world, filled with giant hollyhocks in shades of blue and mauve. Dorothy Draper made cabbage roses printed on chintz her trademark. In Ben Sonnenberg's house on Gramercy Park—a house that was an unparalleled feast for the eyes—Mrs. Draper created a screening room/party room with red flocked stripes on the walls and rose-covered chintz chairs by the dozen that made you never want to go home. Ruby Ross Wood, Marian Hall, Eleanor Brown—they all used chintz wherever and whenever they felt like it.

More recently, Sister Parish has been the torchbearer for the sort of decoration that is so deeply rooted in the traditions of grand English houses. Mrs. Parish, whose friendship with Mrs. Lancaster and Mr. Fowler goes back over forty years, was even, for a brief time after the Second World War, affiliated with the London firm. Her rooms with their lavish use of chintzes have had an enormous effect on an entire generation of American decorators, who have been inspired to return to the English sources for further instruction and inspiration. One of the many lessons to be learned from Mrs. Parish's rooms is that by using chintz in place of richer, more ponderous materials, you are able to use more elaborate pieces of furniture without sacrificing the desired effect of inviting warmth. Gilded furniture, which symbolizes stifling formality to many people, takes on an entirely different mood when combined with chintz. If not humble, it at least assumes a degree of modesty that makes it seem appropriate in everyday spaces.

In a funny way, the English Country House style is all a game of addition and subtraction. In a really grand room, you have to subtract in order to make it comfortable. In rooms with less important architecture, you have to add in order to arrive at that pleasant degree of richness. Whether you are



"MUSICAL ANGELS" 7 1/2"  
24% LEAD CRYSTAL, SATIN FINISH

Authenticity guaranteed by the distinctive Lladro trademark on the base

Available at: Murat—Westwood, New Jersey Phil's—Binghamton, New York Colbert's—Amarillo, Texas Little America Gift Shop—Salt Lake City, Utah Rostand Jewelers—Sunland, California William Andrews—Burlington, Mass. Tiara Gifts—Wheaton, Maryland, and fine stores everywhere.

© 1984 Weil Ceramics & Glass Inc.

Exclusive importers Weil Ceramics and Glass Inc., Dept. HG-12225 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10010





# Kentshire

KENTSHIRE GALLERIES 37 E. 12TH. ST., NEW YORK, NY, 10003 (212) 673-6644.

Remember your home for Christmas.

We offer major collections of English furniture, paintings, and accessories on eight gallery floors.

America's legendary resource for professional buyers of English Antiques. **Kentshire**

toning down overly formidable architecture with simple furniture, or bolstering prosaic architecture with fancy furniture, the perfect leavening agent is chintz. Antique carpets, whether needlepoint or any of the large category of loomed rugs, seem fresher when there is some light-hearted chintz nearby. And, of course, the possibilities of mixing in spots of color are limitless given the broad palette that makes up most chintz colorings. Still, there are no set formulas. You can always experiment.

We have all seen rooms with one chintz slipcover in the midst of furniture covered in more sober materials and that one casual touch breaks the seriousness of the whole scheme. In other rooms, a few such casual pieces of furniture and some pillows may be all that is required. Elsewhere, chintz can be confined to the windows, surrounding the room with a uniform pattern. Finally, the entire room can be covered in it, including the walls. Leaf through any book of room designs from the Regency period and you will

find the most extreme and enchanting proposals for tented rooms or draped rooms or any number of extravagant plans for the use of chintz—not by the yard but by the mile.

In the showrooms of Brunshawig & Fils, Clarence House, Cowtan & Tout, Rose Cumming, and Lee Jofa, to name only five companies known for dealing in chintz, there are some 900 different versions, not counting colorways. It would be fun to know the grand total of all chintzes available. Within the genre, there are types and colorways to suit every mood and every need. Some are large-scale and imposing and clearly date back to loftier eras of decoration. Some are small-scale and can be used for less demanding roles, including lining curtains or covering backs of pillows or small chairs. There are designs that are eighteenth-century rococo and Neoclassical. Victorian chintzes, typical of that endless span of time, can be Gothick, or bucolic with dogs and wild boars, or geometric, or saccharine with moss roses—the

works. The influence of Chinese silks and wallpapers is constant in every period. Occasionally, detailed brocade patterns are translated into chintz designs down to the last leaf and tendril. I cannot think of a single period of decoration that has not provided us with its corresponding chintzes. There are even Art Deco patterns that remind one of Clarice Cliff ceramics.

On top of this mountainous supply, there are additional ways to achieve certain effects. If the glaze is stiff, a criticism I sometimes hear, any place that does preshrinking can simply wash it off. This is particularly helpful if you are trying to redo part of an existing room but not all of it and do not want the new piece or pieces to stand out. Also, if the background color is too light or too sharp, a good dyer can correct that with a tea-colored dye. This, of course, also washes off the glaze. I suppose some people are still intrepid enough to do the dipping in tea themselves, if the yardage is small.

Then there is always the question of quilting, a practice I avoid. I am reminded of those Connecticut farmhouses in forties movies (Connecticut was, of course, on the back lot at MGM), with their huge bow windows, fieldstone chimneys, and white, shaggy carpets. I believe the living room was always sunken, and there were double doors everywhere with Loretta Young or Joan Crawford floating through them. Anyway, the furniture in those rooms was always puffy, quilted chintz. Perhaps for that reason, I always associate quilting with rooms that belong in make-believe country houses. (Does the Duchess of Devonshire quilt her chintz? I don't think so.) Quilted materials certainly become more bulky and less flexible.

One of the original reasons for the popularity of chintz must be the fact that it was once so economical. The prices of today's versions of chintz prevent me from characterizing it as a particularly thrifty substitute for something else. But that is the whole point. It is not a substitute. It is a wonderful, durable, beautiful material. It can be used anywhere. It can be bought anywhere. If the name bothers you, call it glazed printed cotton. But never accuse it of being out of place. □

Sarreid

For a catalog of treasures, send \$2 to Sarreid, Ltd., Dept. H-2, Box 3548, Wilson, NC 27896

# Christian Dior

MAQUILLAGE



*Neiman-Marcus*

in shades that conquer.  
Marvelous Dior.

on lips on nails

In the silhouette of you  
colour bursts forth



## BIG AND GLOSSY

Some highly visible new books in the field of art history

By Francis Haskell

## JACOPO BELLINI: THE LOUVRE ALBUM OF DRAWINGS

Introduction by Bernhard Degenhart and Annegrit Schmitt  
George Braziller, 148 pp., \$80

## THE GOLDEN AGE—DUTCH PAINTERS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

by Bob Haak  
Harry N. Abrams, 536 pp., \$65

## VICTORIAN PAINTERS

by Jeremy Maas  
Abbeville Press, 272 pp., \$49.95

## AMERICAN IMPRESSIONISM

by William H. Gerds  
Abbeville Press, 336 pp., \$85

## MATISSE

by Pierre Schneider; translated by Michael Taylor and Bridger Strevens Romer  
Rizzoli International, 752 pp., \$95

The two splendid albums of drawings—now in London and Paris—compiled in the middle years of the fifteenth century by the Venetian artist Jacopo Bellini are among the most mysterious works that have come down to us from the Italian Renaissance, for they fulfill no discernible function. They are not related to any known paintings by Jacopo Bellini himself or by his greater sons Giovanni and Gentile; nor do they provide records of architectural details, animals, and so on to serve as models for other artists: for this reason the title of “sketchbook” which is often given to them is entirely misleading. Most of the drawings are complete compositions of secular or religious subjects, arranged in no very obvious sequence, but they often contain the most inexplicable and haunting features. It is now generally (but not wholly persuasively) believed that the volumes were intended to constitute finished works of art in their own right. Be that as it may, the present facsimile edition of the Paris album—which because of its fragile condition is inaccessible to all

John Singer Sargent, *Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose*, 1885–86, The Tate Gallery

but a very restricted number of scholars—makes a book of quite extraordinary appeal, as well as usefulness—and the usefulness is enhanced by a learned, if somewhat austere, presentation by the two leading authorities in the field.

Those peasants carousing in taverns or women going to market, though easily accessible in art galleries throughout the world, are (we now know) also

much more mysterious than we used to think, and Bob Haak's very richly illustrated survey of seventeenth-century Dutch painting is probably the first general account to make known to a potentially wide public the substance of many heated controversies that have recently been enlivening scholarship in this once-placid field. These concern the degree to which exaggerated emphasis has been placed on that “home-



LET'S GET IT TOGETHER...BUCKLE UP



High goal.



All out is the only way you go. And it earns you the rewards of success. So you drive the distinctive, elegant 1985 Seville. A car that goes all out to achieve your high goals for luxury travel. A car for those like you who choose to go first class all the way.

1985 Seville

Best of all...it's a Cadillac.



OFFICIAL CAR OF THE UNITED STATES POLO ASSOCIATION

ly, bourgeois realism" which has always enthralled lovers of Dutch art. In the first place, it has been argued, there was far more (and far better) grand historical, allegorical, and mythological painting than has usually been acknowledged; and, in the second place, what has seemed like realism for its own sake (as in the nineteenth-century concept of the term) was usually intended to be a form of half-disguised moralizing (warnings against lechery, greed, drunkenness, and so on), whose imagery was often drawn from arcane emblem books, popular literature, punning, and other sources with which the ordinary art lover is hardly very familiar. Haak takes a balanced line on both issues, and although his comments on individual pictures are not very exciting the extraordinary riches to be found in his book (which has an extensive bibliography) make it both useful and attractive.

To make a very convincing case for

the merits of English and American nineteenth-century art (even when not judging them by the standards of the Italian Renaissance and the Dutch Seventeenth Century) is not easy, except as regards a very few, very familiar names. Jeremy Maas's book was first published in England a few years ago and cannot therefore take into account the huge mass of material that has appeared since then (some of the most interesting is due to his own subsequent researches). His well-illustrated book nonetheless includes many attractive (and many more bizarre) pictures by minor artists, often in private collections; and the arrangement by themes (fairy painters, the effects of photography, and so on) enables him to break away from the more conventional and boring type of art history and to provide observations which will intrigue social-, psycho-, and other historians.

The quality of the best American Impressionist painters is far superior to

almost all equivalent English painting of the period, but it would surely be difficult to deny that, apart from local piety, one of the main satisfactions to be derived from Professor Gerdt's very full and well-illustrated discussion of their work comes from observing the varying degrees of intelligence, imagination, and success with which they absorbed French examples. Much of the English painting to be found in Maas's book is so exceedingly "provincial" that it has acquired the distinction of eccentricity. American painters showed themselves far more receptive to the best European art, but—with only a few outstanding exceptions—their own paintings constantly recall the superior models from whom they sought their inspiration.

With Matisse we return to Paris itself. Pierre Schneider's very long book devoted to him is neither a strict biography nor an orthodox monograph, though it contains a vast amount of material about both his life and works. Much of it consists of meditation—sometimes of a very personal kind—on the nature of his paintings. Thus of *La Danse* and *La Musique* he comments (of course among much else) that "it is in my own response that I must try to find the key to them. They grip me, they lift me off my feet. I am dazzled by these two paintings, almost blinded." On occasions this approach serves the valuable purpose (so often ignored by art historians) of reminding us that paintings should indeed grip the viewer. There are times, however, when the attempt to understand (and to explain) the nature of Matisse's art leads to a statement such as the following, which is surely much more confusing than helpful: "Thus, in elaborating a picture, Matisse called on not one but two principles: the law of contradiction and the law of repetition. A picture is not read as A/B, C/D, E/F, etc., but as A/B, A'/B', A''/B'', and so on." Fortunately the 880 illustrations, of which 230 are in color, allow us (if we choose or have the capacity) to judge the value of such statements for ourselves, and this—combined with Schneider's wide and deep knowledge of this greatest of twentieth-century painters—makes the book a genuinely desirable one. □



## The ultimate style and source book for reviving past glories

Whether you're rescuing a classic American house or reinterpreting Victorian design in a new house, here is your guide to the best of all possible worlds. *AMERICAN VICTORIAN* looks at masterpieces of home design and decoration from Maine to California in breathtaking photographs. It depicts exteriors, interiors, woodwork, stained glass, wallpaper, fixtures, fabrics and furniture. It is both a magnificent source and an inspiration for anyone interested in this golden age of American design. 260 photographs, 60 in color, index.

# AMERICAN VICTORIAN

by Lawrence Grow and Dina Von Zweck

At bookstores or call TOLL FREE (800) 638-3030



Harper & Row

# Kahlúa & coffee



**Oooh.** Because only Kahlúa tastes like Kahlúa, what it does to coffee is warming and wonderful. Just: splash an ounce of Kahlúa in your favorite coffee (decaffeinated's fine too). And do send for our recipe book. It's brimming with delicious Kahlúa ideas. And it's on us. Kahlúa, Dept. C, P.O. Box 8925, Universal City, CA 91608. Pssst: Kahlúa is beautiful to enjoy... beautiful to give. If you'd like extra recipe books to give with it, we'll be happy to oblige.

©1983 Kahlúa® 53 Proof. Maidstone Wine & Spirits Inc., Universal City, CA

# Ligne Rosset



Model TOGO  
Design Divisorio

## AN AMERICAN SCENE WITH A FRENCH ACCENT

- CHICAGO**  
City  
213 W. Institute Pl  
Chicago, IL 60617  
(312) 664-9351
- DETROIT**  
Garman's  
29145 Telegraph Road  
Southfield, MI 48034  
(313) 353-9880
- BOSTON**  
Abesso  
114 Newbury Street  
Boston, MA 02116  
(617) 267-5520
- DALLAS**  
Forsy's Dallas Inc.  
1032 Rossin Street  
Dallas, TX 75207
- HOUSTON**  
Ligne Rosset  
The Beachfront Center  
of Houston  
5120 Woodway Drive  
Houston, TX 77056
- MIAMI**  
Ligne Rosset  
4001 NE 2nd Ave  
Miami, FL 33137  
(305) 573-6493
- MINNEAPOLIS**  
Int. Design Center  
100 Second Ave. North  
Minneapolis, MN 55401  
(612) 341-3441
- NEW YORK**  
Ligne Rosset  
200 Lexington Ave  
New York, NY 10016  
(212) 685-1099
- WASHINGTON**  
Ligne Rosset  
300 D St., S.W.  
Washington, D.C. 20024  
(202) 488-0955

PARIS • LONDON • TOKYO • BERLIN • BRUXELLES • GENEVE • RIO de JANEIRO

For further information, contact ROSET USA CORP./NY Design Center/200 Lexington Ave./New York, NY 10016 (212) 685-2239



# Orchard Blossom



Shown here: Orchard Blossom and Orchard Trellis wallpapered, fabric in Orchard Bouquet.

Warner's new Studio Expressions collection is a veritable garden of floral delights. It has everything from milliflore to bouquets, botanicals, birds and bamboo. There are 25 different designs printed on solid vinyl that is peelable, scrubable, pre-pasted and pre-trimmed. There are borders, and correlated fabrics that are 48" wide in a 50/50 blend of cotton and polyester. Studio Expressions by Warner is available now through interior designers and decorating departments of fine stores.

The Warner Company, 108 S. Desplaines, Chicago, IL 60606  
Showroom: 6-134 The Merchandise Mart, Chicago, IL 60654

All the beautiful things  
happening to walls are by

## Warner

Wall Coverings and Fabrics

# ANTIQUUE FLOWERS

Like treasured old furniture, some of the world's most venerable plants can still be collected and used

By Thomas Christopher

For the gardener with a love of the past or an appetite for the unusual there is nothing more satisfying, more absorbing than collecting antique flowers. These survivors from another age share many of the virtues of other types of antiques; like a Chippendale chair or a Ming vase they are an expression of an aesthetic very different from our own, and their distinctive beauty and grace make them truly irreplaceable. They also provide an immediate, living link with the past. Those who plant an Autumn Damask Rose (*Rosa damascena bifera*) in their garden, for instance, can savor the same perfumed pink blossoms that delighted the Roman poet Vergil almost two thousand years ago, while a bed of the original Sweet Williams will still display the simple charm that it did in the day of their admirer and namesake, William Shakespeare. As with any antiques, however, locating these old-fashioned flowers may require extraordinary persistence and luck, and establishing the authenticity of your finds can involve a degree of connoisseurship worthy of a Berenson or Duveen.

Having chosen a period or a type of flower that intrigues you the first step will be to familiarize yourself with all the available literature. This pursuit may well lead you into unexpected paths; my own work in restoring a turn-of-the-century estate, for example, led to long hours of poring over



Nineteenth-century roses being trained to cover a wall.

dusty, faded nursery catalogues in the attempt to discover just what flowers the architect had at his disposal, and I have since found these colorful relics to be a useful standby in my plant-collecting activities. Léonie Bell, an accomplished plant illustrator and garden writer who is also an expert on the subject of antique roses, has found it necessary in the course of her work to become thoroughly conversant with

nineteenth-century rose growing manuals. *Prince's Manual of Roses*, for example, which was first published in 1846, is an invaluable source since William Prince, a famous New York nurseryman, was able to describe some nine hundred varieties from personal experience, and his descriptions have helped in the identification of many an old rose. Nor is the conscientious collector satisfied with a single source of information, no matter how instructive. Peter Hatch, the horticulturist who is restoring Thomas Jefferson's garden at Monticello, has had the rare good fortune to have at his disposal a detailed journal which the founding father kept of his activities in the garden. Nevertheless he is still supplementing this with material gleaned from other sources such as Curtis's *Botanical Magazine*, an illustrated plant journal of that era.

Sometimes the would-be plant collector may find the documentary evidence very difficult to interpret. Frank Anderson, a specialist on the garden plants of the Middle Ages, has found the illustrated herbals of that period to be a rich mine of information, but to understand them he had to teach himself to read medieval Latin and to decipher the hieroglyphic-like scripts of the medieval copyists. Of course, to someone with a scholarly turn of mind the research can prove as rewarding as the plants. Mr. Anderson, for instance,



**GET READY FOR  
NEW MORE LIGHTS  
100s!**

*New captivating color!  
Glamorous new pack!*



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine  
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

life is so much richer when lived in allmilmö



**Allmilmö proudly presents  
the Finline design.**

When it comes to putting discerning design concepts into practice, Allmilmö has always been ahead of the field. This is clearly reflected in the Finline design... our contemporary pewter grey kitchen which has earned the prestigious "Design '84" Award presented by the Stuttgart Design Center. The Finline design is but a single example of Allmilmö's commitment to advanced technology, old world craftsmanship and award-winning design. All coordinated by your local studio "a" dealer. Find out how Allmilmö can redesign your life for luxury and ease. Send \$10.00\* for our color catalogues to Allmilmö Corp. Box 629, Fairfield, New Jersey 07007.

\*Catalogues available free of charge at all Studio "a" showrooms.

**allmilmö®**  
masters in the art of fine living.



# SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE.

## INTRODUCING A SPEAKER PHONE SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR YOUR HOME.

At last, General Electric gives you a very good reason to replace your main phone. With the GE Speakerphone, you can carry on your household chores while you carry on a phone conversation.

Simply press the Speaker button and you can talk from virtually anywhere in the room, no matter which direction you're facing. The sound transmission is so exceptional the whole family can talk at once, or you can use the separate handset for a private conversation without using the speaker. The Speakerphone will even remember 3 emergency numbers and 9 other numbers you call most often.

All with the assurance of GE quality. Its rugged construction has been rigorously tested. Its high-grade components assure years of reliable performance. And it's all backed up by a full two-year warranty and the GE Answer Center,™ there to help 24 hours a day. (800) 626-2000.

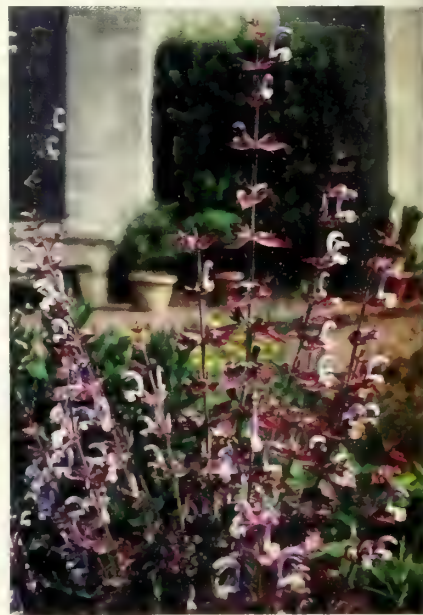
The new GE MAINFONE™ SERIES. The quality rings true.



We bring good things to life.



## GARDEN PLEASURES



Clary sage in the garden at The Cloisters in New York City.



When only the finest will do, it has to be **FREDERICK COOPER**

LAMPS, CHANDELIERS & DECORATIVE ACCESSORIES

Available through interior designers and decorating departments of fine stores.

Frederick Cooper • 2545 W. Diversey Ave., Chicago, IL 60647

FROM THE PAINTER'S PALETTE  
INTRODUCING IMPRESSIONS



**CÉRAËNE**  
THE VERY FRENCH PORCELAIN FROM LIMOGES

MANUFACTURED BY  
A. RAYNAUD  
& CIE.  
DISTRIBUTED BY BALCONY

became so fascinated by the early herbals that he has since written a number of books about them.

The art of the period can also provide vital clues about the garden flowers of remote ages. Peter Hatch knew from reading an account of a visit to Jefferson's White House that the President was an enthusiastic grower of geraniums, but the horticulturist was not certain just which types were available in the United States at that early date. Hatch found the beginning of an answer, though, in a painting that dated to 1801: Rembrandt Peale's portrait of his brother Rubens posed with a geranium. The painting is very realistic, so carefully observed, in fact, that it is possible to determine that Rubens's plant was a specimen of *Pelargonium inquinans*. Accordingly, this flower was awarded a spot in the Monticello garden. An even more dramatic example of the use of art is to be found in the garden that horticulturist Susan Leach has created at The Cloisters, New York's museum of medieval art. To a great extent she has let the collection of the museum itself dictate her choice of plants. Floral motifs from architectural ornamentation, illuminated manuscripts, paintings, even tapestries have been painstakingly analyzed and have yielded a rich harvest of information about the flowers that would have been found around the castles, churches,



'Twas The Night Before.

That magical visitor would surely know the children had been good for goodness' sake. For they had left him a most special gift — a sampling of Godiva® chocolates. Tender morsels all filled with dreams, each resplendent in its golden Belgian heritage. It's no wonder every luxurious gift of Godiva chocolates is indeed a tribute to the fantasy of Christmas.



**GODIVA**  
Chocolatier  
BRUXELLES · NEW YORK  
PARIS · COLOGNE

Godiva Chocolatier, 701 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

## Forgeries, unfortunately, are just as common among the old-fashioned flowers as they are among any other class of antiques

and monasteries of medieval Europe

Having finally determined the exact species and varieties he wants to add to his collection, the antique-plant enthusiast is immediately presented with a new and equally challenging problem: locating a source of this superannuated nursery stock. Unfortunately, commercial nurseries exist to earn a profit, and as soon as a particular plant falls from fashion it is most often summarily dismissed from their catalogues. There are, however, a few delightful exceptions. Old-fashioned roses, in particular, have attracted a fervent band of partisans whose support has led to the creation of a number of small, specialized family-owned nurseries. Very often botanical gardens and horticultural societies preserve stocks of rare and unfashionable plants and sometimes the seeds of antique varieties can be

obtained from them. Occasionally, though, collectors must go to extreme lengths to secure a particularly prized specimen. Deborah Peterson, a New York City garden designer, wanted a frankincense tree for a Biblical garden that she was creating at a synagogue, but to her dismay she found that no nursery in this country stocked them. Even worse, it developed that all the countries to which frankincense is native are hostile to the United States. Eventually, however, she was able to persuade a German friend, a soap manufacturer, to secure a supply of frankincense trees on the pretense that he needed them to produce perfumes for his soaps and relay them to her.

Without a doubt the most enjoyable way to acquire antique flowers is to collect them yourself. Just as the devotee of antique furniture can never pass a

barn without wondering what forgotten treasures it contains, so do I thrill at the sight of an abandoned garden. I found my favorite old rose, a beautiful carmine-pink rugosa, struggling up through the weeds around an old Vermont farmhouse. I took half-a-dozen cuttings, only one of which took root, but this is now a thriving, sturdy bush, the pride of my garden. I never have been sure, though, whether I love this rose so much for its intrinsic beauty or for the memories it revives of that fresh spring morning in Vermont.

Forgeries, unfortunately, are just as common among the old-fashioned flowers as they are among any other class of antiques. These floral forgeries are not usually deliberate deceptions; more often they are just the result of the nurseryman's lack of familiarity with these uncommon plants. Nevertheless, this lack of malice does not make the deception any less annoying, especially since nurserymen generally resist correction. In the course of her search for the Musk Rose, a deliciously fragrant flower which has delighted gardeners since ancient times, Léonie Bell discovered the shrub advertised by English growers as the Musk Rose was not, in fact, the original type. What they were selling was an improved variety differing in many respects from the genuine article. She was able to prove this conclusively by references to the descriptions of two famous seventeenth-century plantmen, John Gerard and John Parkinson. Yet despite all the evidence she was able to muster, it was a full eight years before her view was accepted and the original was reinstalled in its rightful place.

Given these difficulties, why do collectors persist? In part, because they enjoy the challenge. "The quest," as Peter Hatch terms it, the search for these rarities, can become addictive. The patient assembly of evidence, piece by piece, is as fascinating as a detective story and the thrill that greets success is unique. Collectors also persist because the rescue of these plants is worth any amount of trouble. These floral antiques are indeed priceless. They are our living horticultural heritage. □



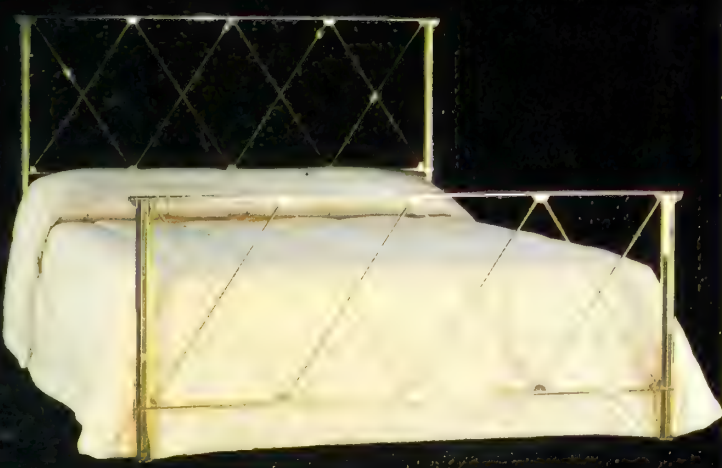


# Fonthill Ltd.

979 THIRD AVENUE • NEW YORK • THROUGH DESIGNERS AND FINE STORES



PAMBOLLETTI & MOIRE STRIPE  
ANTIQUES: DIDIER AARON, NEW YORK



Designer Bella Ross

Bedspreads protected by  
**Du Pont TEFLON**  
soil & stain repeller

# J/B Ross

Superb genuine brass beds and bedspreads for those who unabashedly admit to a love of luxury... who appreciate excellence of design and a precious dedication to craftsmanship.

Available through fine showroom designers, and furniture stores.  
Call 1-800-932-0620 for further information.

**J/B Ross**  
409 Joyce Kilmer Avenue  
New Brunswick, N.J. 08901

# “This is a Magnavox?!”

This is a Magnavox, a Magnavox. Forgive the repetition, but as long as people have trouble associating a sleek, revolutionary Stereo Color TV with Magnavox, we can't be too careful.

Stereo TV is the biggest news since color TV. It's the sound of the future and it's right around the corner. Which is why your next TV ought to be the 19" Magnavox Stereo Color TV. It's completely ready for stereo with a built-in decoder.

Along with our best 19" picture (our high resolution filter sharpens detail as nothing else can), this Magnavox TV is equipped with a stereo amplifier, two woofers and tweeters. Everything it needs to deliver the sweeping grandeur of on-the-scene

stereo sound.

In addition, the Magnavox Stereo TV receives 125 channels, including cable. Rear panel connections hook up to anything from cable broadcasts to video recorders, to video games and external speakers.

The 19" Magnavox Stereo Color TV (along with 19 other stereo models) has all the makings of a complete home entertainment center. If you're big on entertainment, look for our whopping 25" stereo models. You'll know they're Magnavox. You can't miss them.



**MAGNAVOX**  
America's best kept secret.

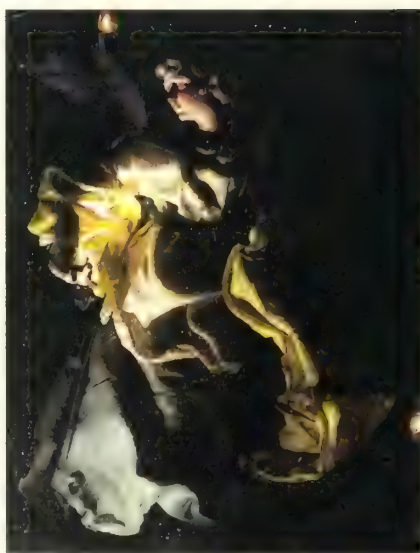


## CRÈCHE COURSE

*The Angel Tree* by Linn Howard and Mary Jane Pool documents Loretta Hines Howard's lifelong passion for eighteenth-century Neapolitan Nativity figures

According to Saint Luke, it was an angel who told Mary she would give birth to the Infant King. At The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, the joy of that Nativity is celebrated each year with a special exhibit of the eighteenth-century Neapolitan crèche figures that make up the Loretta Hines Howard Collection—a giant blue spruce encrusted with man's earthly image of angels and encircled with colorful figures enacting the wondrous events at the manger.

The small crèche figures (the tallest reaches no more than twenty inches) number nearly two hundred. Each one is a treasured work of art. Their flexible bodies are made of hemp, tow, and wire, their arms and legs of beautifully carved wood. Their heads, exquisitely sculpted of terra cotta, are polychromed, in celestial hues or the colors



In the Neapolitan crèche, eighteenth-century artists mixed realistically human figures with artistic ideals of celestial beauty.

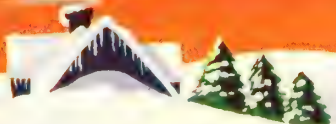
of all the peoples of the earth. They pose and gesture in expectation and adoration. All turn toward the Babe in a setting of columns probably inspired by those of the Temple of Castor and Pollux in the Roman forum—a surprising placement, meant to dramatize the triumph of Christianity over paganism. To see the crèche and tree in the Metropolitan's Medieval Sculpture Hall, in front of the Spanish Choir Screen from the Cathedral of Valladolid, is to experience all the fantasy and realism, mysticism and earthiness, grandeur and intimacy that the Christmas season inspires.

Re-creating the happenings at the crib, or *presepio*, as it is called in Naples, is one of the most tender and enduring Christmas traditions. There are many accounts of early re-creations of the Nativity in crèche form in church



**May your winter be a wonderland.  
Grand Marnier.**

For gift delivery anywhere call 800-528-6148 (except where prohibited by law).  
Product of France. Made with fine cognac brandy 80 proof. ©1983 Carron Importers, Ltd., N.Y.



## THE CARIBBEAN'S MOST SPECTACULAR SETTINGS.

When it comes to the world's finest china and crystal, look for the name Little Switzerland. We're renowned in the Caribbean for carrying the leading brand names at extraordinary duty-free savings.

You'll only find us in three magnificent settings. St. Thomas, St. Croix, and St. Martin.

You'll also find us the best place to shop for the world's best watches and jewelry.

At some pretty dazzling prices.

### Little Switzerland

Known by the company we keep.

## COLLECTING



Even the smallest attendant to the Magi is dressed in the finest silk and gold brocade.

writings and the publications of art historians. And there is a language to be learned. The expression "rocking the child" describes a religious practice in the Middle Ages of rocking a wooden infant in a cradle. The term "Bethlehem" refers to a group of stationary figures presented in a framed case. "Crèche," now a universal term, is a French word from the low Latin *cripia*, which means crib. In German *crèche* is *Krippe*, in Spanish, *pesebre*. In Italian a three-dimensional, realistic depiction of the scene at the manger is a *presepio*. An intimate grouping of the Holy Family is often called a *mistero*.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, constructing and displaying Christmas crèches was an important devotional practice of the Jesuits, which they took with them to the far corners of the world. Jesuit missionaries in Canada wrote in 1642 that their Christmas crèches were a great success with the American Indians. By the eighteenth century, the passion for *presepi* had spread from the churches into houses and palaces. Nesta de Robeck, in *The Christmas Presepio in Italy* (Florence, 1934), paints a lively picture of *presepio* fervor in Naples at this time: "... It is said that four hundred Neapolitan churches annually set up their Presepio and many private houses too had their own 'Bethlehem' on which the owners spent vast sums of money, encouraged to do so by a famous preacher, Padre Rocco, who made the Presepio his particular object of devotion. His influence was enormous... Advent was spent in a frenzy of preparation and Christmas became a social event with people rushing from house to house, church to church, visiting, admiring, criticising each other's Bethlehem. Often the Presepio occupied the whole floor of a house, sometimes even the whole house, different scenes being represented in different rooms and concerts of appropriate Nativity music held in honour of our distinguished guest."

It was the great beauty and inspirational quality of eighteenth-century Neapolitan crèche figures that led Loretta

# Has Hartmann really gone soft?



Yes. And no.

Yes, our Pullman is incredibly soft and giving. So soft you can overpack it and actually watch it expand. And never have to sit on it to get it to close.

But no, it's not so soft that it can't stand up to the beatings and crunchings of airports, and trains, and the trunks of cars. Its uniquely constructed crushable frame just springs right back into shape.

You see, what you don't see is the hard heart underneath it all.

First, there's Hartmann's hard-core miracle—our resilient flexible bottom. It prevents sagging and shifting to assure your clothing comes out the way it went in—uncreased.

Our Soft Pullman has the strongest all-nylon zippers and stitching. The zippers will never rust, the stitching will never deteriorate, and the solid brass padlocks are more than just for show. They last.

As to our inside pockets, they're actually waterproofed compartments that let you slip out of a wet bathing suit and just get up and go. (After you're dressed, of course.)

Soft Pullmans come in all the famed Hartmann covering materials... our famous industrial belting leather, our indestructible walnut fabric, or our 100% nylon fisherman's packcloth.

And, of course, Hartmann still makes a beautifully crafted classic framed "Hard" Pullman, too. Just so you'll have a hard and a soft choice.



**hartmann**

We don't cut corners.

**Du Pont TEFLON®**  
water & stain repeller

Send for a list of your nearest Hartmann dealers, Dept. 12H  
©1984 Hartmann Luggage, Lebanon, Tennessee 37087

Give her diamonds. For all the ways they make a woman feel.



De Beers

*The ring, pendant and earrings featured each contain quality diamonds with a center stone of at least one-quarter carat.*

A diamond is forever.



Quality  
as important in  
diamonds  
in anything else  
you own.

Discriminating people appreciate quality. And the thought of purchasing a home, an automobile, or even a bottle of fine wine that is anything short of what they really want would be unheard of. The same holds true with diamonds. Diamonds of all sizes, whose superb clarity and unique magic enhance your jewelry, no matter what the design. In order to understand the clarity in diamonds, you must understand the 4C's: Cut, color, clarity, and carat-weight. The 4C characteristics determine the value of a diamond.

Your jeweler is the expert where diamonds are concerned. And since this isn't the kind of purchase you make every day, we've prepared an informative brochure on quality diamonds to help you make the right decision.

**C** Diamonds. Think quality first. Consult your jeweler.

## COLLECTING

Howard to start her collection. Her eye for antiques and her interest in religious art began early, on family trips to museums and churches in Europe. In 1924, just before her marriage to Howell Howard, her mother found a small eighteenth-century Neapolitan crèche at Marshall Field's in Chicago and gave it to the bride for her new home in Dayton, Ohio. During her European honeymoon she looked for figures to add to the crèche and began the collecting that would become an important and continuing focus of her life.

Through the years Loretta Howard searched for crèches to add to her collection and to give to family and friends. In 1949 she gave a noble crèche of eighty figures with architectural background to the Benedictine monastery of Regina Laudis, in Connecticut. The crèche had been made for Victor Amadeus, the King of Sardinia, and was presented to him in 1720, the year of his coronation. In 1962 Mrs. Howard was invited by President and Mrs. Kennedy to arrange a crèche at the White House, and she continued to work with the White House throughout several administrations. In 1972 she gave a particularly splendid crèche to the Albright-Knox Art Gallery in Buffalo, in memory of her friend Helen Northrup Knox.

A highlight of Loretta Howard's collection, a crèche called "The Adoration of Angels," was exhibited in Paris in 1952 and brought to her attention by Francis Henry Taylor, who was then director of the Metropolitan Museum. The owner of the "Adoration" was Eugenio Catello, a noted collector in Naples with whom Mrs. Howard had already been corresponding for several years, after having been introduced by the noted art historian Dr. Rudolf Berliner. This crèche contained figures of the finest quality—thirty angels of exceptional beauty made it very desirable. Following three years of letters back and forth, the sale of the "Adoration," which represented three generations of Catello family collecting, was arranged.

Through their correspondence Loretta Howard had become very attached to Eugenio Catello, and she arranged a visit to Naples just to see him. She wrote: "I was met by an interpreter as I spoke no Italian. He took me to Mr. Catello's house where I was

Quality  
at your  
fingertips



Your search for quality ends at the telephone. Call our toll free number for the qualified



jeweler who's a member of the American Gem Society (AGS).

AGS jewelers offer more than elegant, timeless diamond jewelry. They guarantee expertise, truth and integrity. And they are re-examined each year for certification—unique among the professions.



AGS jewelers offer these distinctive designs in a variety of diamond sizes and prices.

Call toll free 1-800-221-9982 (in N.Y., 1-800-522-5229) to locate the AGS expert nearest you and receive a free consumers' guide to quality diamond jewelry.



Quality diamonds from qualified jewelers.

## It is said that four hundred Neapolitan churches annually set up their Presepio

greeted by two very serious young men and a lovely young woman, all in deep mourning. They told me they were Mr. Catello's children and that he had just died. I was very shocked and quite spontaneously asked what had caused his death. They told me, 'joy!' I thought there must be some misunderstanding in the language, so I asked how that could be, and they told me this tale. Some years before, Mr. Catello's father had sold a magnificent crèche to the artist Sert. Mr. Catello heard that Sert was dead so he wrote to his widow in Paris to see if he could buy back the crèche. He never heard from her and then found out that she, too, had died. He was determined to locate the crèche. With the greatest difficulty, he finally found it and discovered it was in perfect condition as it had never been unpacked. He was so overcome with joy, he died. Many of the figures added to the Metropolitan crèche are from this collection."

When the "Adoration" arrived from Italy in 1955 without a traditional architectural background, Loretta Howard devised a way to put the figures into the family Christmas tree with angels swirling up to the top star. The effect was spectacular and was greatly admired. Robert Hale, her teacher at the Art Students League and a curator at the Metropolitan Museum, suggested to James Rorimer, the director, that he ask Loretta Howard to re-create her angel tree at the Museum. And so she did, in 1957 and 1958. After similar exhibitions at the Albright Gallery in Buffalo in 1962 and 1963, and at the Detroit Institute of Art in 1964, she gave the "Adoration" to the Metropolitan for its permanent collection. In 1965 she assembled the first glorious display, which has delighted and inspired millions of visitors. It is the way in which Loretta Howard combined the Neapolitan Nativity with the Northern European Christmas tree—towering tree and encircling figures, glowing lights and joyous music—that makes it a work of art pleasing to the spirit and the senses.

In an article about the collection published shortly thereafter, Olga

Raggio, Chairman of the Department of European Sculpture and Decorative Arts at the Metropolitan, says: "Stylistic comparisons with many signed figures in the collections of Naples and in a documented crèche in the Bavarian National Museum in Munich suggest that about half of the Howard angels should be credited to the best late-eighteenth-century masters: Giuseppe Sammartino (1720–1793), well-known for his monumental sculptures in marble and in stucco, his pupils Salvatore di Franco, Giuseppe Gori, and Angelo Viva, and Lorenzo Mosca (d. 1789), who was employed at the Royal Porcelain Factory at Capodimonte and as stage director of the Royal Christmas Crib.

"A sure theatrical instinct presided over the creation of a Neapolitan Christmas crèche. The world of the exotic was counterbalanced by the more homely world of humble shepherds and simple folk, who act out their emotions and speak the language of the heart. We see some of the shepherds, clad in rough sheepskin clothes, awakened from their sleep by the Angel of the Lord, dazzled by the light that suddenly breaks through the night or bemused by the celestial music that fills the heavens, their faces reflecting their feelings with pulsating vitality and truth. Nothing is conventional here, and the eighteenth century has hardly left us more lively and natural portraits than these. Academically trained artists, sometimes well-known as porcelain modelers—like Francesco Celebrano, to whom, among others, figures like these are often attributed—have abandoned here the formulas of the 'great art' in an effort to achieve that natural expression that was much sought after in Christmas crib figures. The magic of the theater and the warmth of simple, sincere emotions are still today the most endearing qualities of a Neapolitan crèche." □

From the forthcoming book *The Angel Tree* by Linn Howard and Mary Jane Pool to be published November 26 by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. Copyright © 1984 by Linn Howard and Mary Jane Pool. Photocopyright © 1984 by Elliott Erwit/MAGNUM



The Georg Jensen look  
Never did the sweep of time move in such handsome fashion, for both men and women. Designed by internationally renowned Henning Koppel, the quartz movement is encased in anodized steel and strapped with black calfskin leather. \$535/\$550. Send \$1 for more of the look, and where to find it.

**GEORG JENSEN  
DENMARK**

Distributed by  
ROYAL COPENHAGEN PORCELAIN  
225 Fifth Ave NY NY 10010  
(1) 800-223-1275 NYS 212-889-2722

PRESENTING  
**STERLING**



IT'S ONLY A CIGARETTE  
LIKE ST. MORITZ  
IS ONLY A SKI RESORT.

Available in  
Regular  
and Menthol.

12 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

## A GIFT TO A GARDEN

“**A**t Christmas I  
no more desire a rose  
Than wish a snow in  
May’s newfangled mirth;  
But like of each thing that  
in season grows....”

Since before Shakespeare’s time a classical Italian garden has been in season all year long. At Villa Gamberaia near Florence, nature exposes the garden’s clipped green beauty with a rare ornamental snow

PHOTOGRAPH BY BALTHAZAR KORAB







A FEAST OF THE  
IMAGINATION



One winter evening in the reign of Louis XV...“The palace was illuminated inside and out...time went on and still no sign of the King. At last...a very curious procession lurched blindly into the ballroom...yew trees, clipped like those in the garden outside...the King...for once...would be unrecognizable...”

FROM MADAME DE POMPADOUR BY NANCY MITFORD

TOPIARY CONCEIT BY JOSÉ VILELA ROOM BY ARNOLD COPPER PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUSAN WOOD



...Many years after topiary guests attended the famous Ball of the Clipped Yew Trees, an owl, a rabbit, and a deer stepped from their American garden to a quieter affair....





Fruit, garlands, and flowers by José Vilela; topiaries executed by 16th Century Topiaries, Newport; ballroom designed by Sir Charles Allom was redesigned by Arnold Copper for Beechwood at Scarborough, New York. Savonnerie carpet, Dildarian; 17th-century table, l'Antiquaire & The Connoisseur; Régence armchairs, Didier Aaron; wooden columns with bronze urns, Price Glover; William and Mary dining chairs,

French & Co.; American portraits, Hirschl & Adler; 18th-century English consoles, commodes, and Russian silver, Schlesch & Garza; 18th-century knife urns, Stair & Co.; Georgian silver candlesticks, goblets, wine coasters, decanters, and vermeil cutlery, James Robinson. Tea table: 18th-century silver beaker, bell, and Victorian cake stand, Vito Giallo Antiques.



A CELEBRATION OF MYSTERY

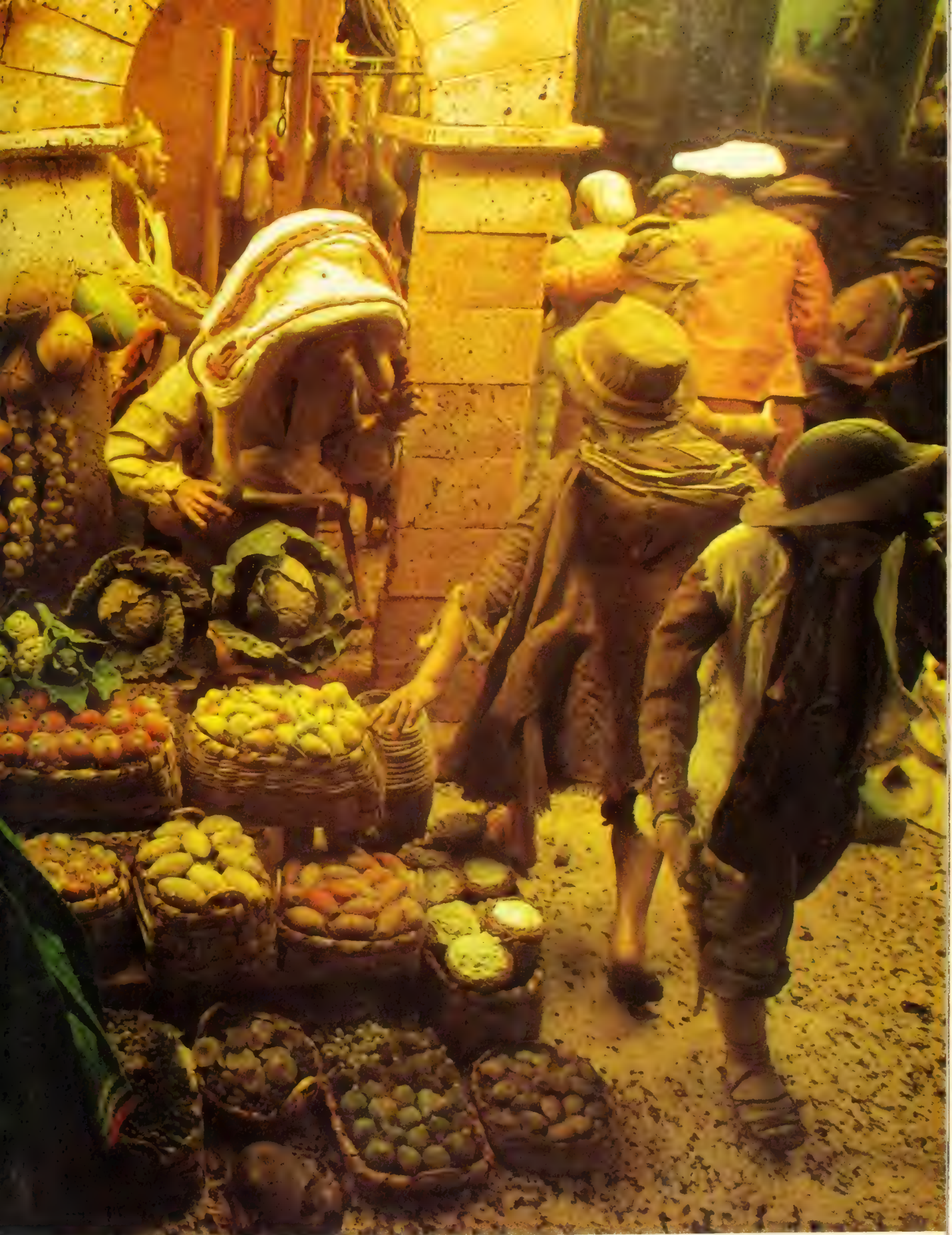


In an extraordinary crèche on the island of Mallorca, man's everyday activities meld with the Child's glorious birth

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES DIRAND



Extolling the miracle with a crèche meant, above



, expressing profound devotion to life itself



Like all the great eighteenth-century Neapolitan crèches, this one belonging to La Fundación Bartolomé March Servera in Palma de Mallorca joyously represents the gathering together of the world itself. Biblical shepherds walk among clearly Neapolitan buyers and sellers of minute produce; pink-cheeked butchers and bakers tend sausages and sweets; Turkish, Moorish, and African Kings ride on elephants, camels, and richly caparisoned horses; and the angel orchestra and choir are augmented by the local bagpiper









# THE MONGIARDINO STYLE

In his own Milan apartment, the master illusionist exploits and celebrates the arts and crafts of decoration

BY JOHN RICHARDSON PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI

I'm not a decorator," says Mongiardino, "I'm a creator of ambience, a scene designer, an architect, but *not* a decorator." Coming as it does from the begetter of some of today's most ornate interiors, this claim might well puzzle people who have not had the good fortune to visit Mongiardino's magical Milanese apartment. For its deliberately *délabré* patina and nostalgic air would suggest that nothing has changed since the end of the last century. Who indeed could blame a casual visitor for assuming that the present incumbent had inherited the apartment—lock, stock, and barrel—not from his parents but from his grandparents and that a visit from a decorator was, if anything, overdue?

In fact Mongiardino bought the apartment as recently as twenty years ago, whereupon he gutted and, in his capacity as an architect, totally remodeled it. Except for a few modest heirlooms, virtually everything is fake—contrived by the owner. But so cunningly has it all been done that the eye no less than the mind is fooled into perceiving the apartment as a miraculous *ottocento* survival—cultivated rooms that evoke the period of the *Macchiatioli* painters. In the circumstances, Mongiardino is quite right to describe himself as "a creator of ambience." Therein lies his artistry.

By way of explanation Mongiardino says that he wanted to re-create the atmosphere of his parents' handsome *palazzo*. He has certainly succeeded in manipulating the time warp, wafting the visitor back, in imagination, to the illustrious circle of Manzoni, Boito, and Verdi. Mongiardino himself enhances this illusion: with his abundant whiskers he actually resembles Verdi in middle years; he has the same blend of authority and geniality and a grand manner that is all the more attractive for being without artistic pretensions or fashionable airs. No wonder one merchant prince after another—Agnelli, Heinz, Niarchos, Rothschild, Thyssen, to name but a few—has put himself and his treasures into these gifted hands. No wonder Mongiardino is the most sought-after (and least available) exponent of the High Style today.

Deceit is Mongiardino's secret weapon. In this respect his work puts me in mind of Degas's astute observation: "a picture is something that requires as much cunning, trickery, and deceit as the perpetration of a crime." One feels that Mongiardino would rather paint wood to look like wood than have to contend with real appearances. A case in point is the set of large bookcases in the main salon: the kind of Neoclassical furniture favored by early-nineteenth-century cognoscenti. What could be more

Renzo Mongiardino, *preceding pages, left*, in front of a 17th-century chest painted to resemble onyx and marble. *Preceding pages, right and right*: In one of two studios in the apartment, samples of tiles, bits of marble, *verre églomisé*, reliquaries, interior renderings by two of his collaborators, and 19th-century engravings of furniture and pelmets adorn the walls.







A corner of the salon, *above*, with an Edwardian leather armchair; two Gothic chairs (one authentic, one a copy by Mongiardino) flank one of a set of painted doors (circa 1800) from a house in Brescia. *Opposite*: Dominating the same end of the salon, a Gothic mirror hangs over a *faux marbre* fireplace designed by Mongiardino, surrounded by reliquaries.

authentic looking? But—trust (or should one say don't trust?) Mongiardino—these bookcases turn out to have been conjured out of deal which assistants have stained and painted and patinated. Thanks to Mongiardino's instinctive understanding of scale and texture and the minutiae of style, his pastiches look more real than the real thing. The same goes for the "eighteenth-century" busts which adorn these "antiques"; they turn out to have been executed twenty rather than two hundred years ago. Don't, however, attribute this passion for illusion to some kind of hang-up but rather to a preoccupation with the overall aesthetic effect, at the expense (so far as his own apartment is concerned) of museum standards of authenticity or quality!

Working as he does for some of the world's most prestigious collectors, Mongiardino has become a past master at displaying his clients' treasures, a past master, above

all, at exorcising the museum taint. But for his own surroundings he evidently prefers furniture that evokes a mood or enhances an ensemble to signed pieces that smack of period pedantry. Take, for instance, the set of well-worn leather furniture that surrounds the fireplace in the big room—furniture that Mongiardino's parents bought in London shortly before the First World War. Hardly the sort of thing one would find in the window of Mallet's or Aveline, but how perfectly its faded Edwardian swagger—shades of Lutyens and Elgar—harmonizes with the faded Italian swagger that characterizes Mongiardino's settings for himself. And how characteristic of a man who admits to preferring things that are the worse for wear, to complete this ensemble with a pouf contrived out of matching reddish leather—leather that has been distressed in the same degree and then appliquéd with a facsimile of the rusty patchwork that we find in the cur-





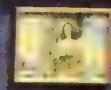
In the front hall, *this page and opposite*, objects mix with empire stool in architectural setting of stucco masonry and trompe-l'oeil coffered ceiling. Obelisk designed by Mongiardino in variety of simulated materials in front of a 17th-century painting from the Genoa palazzo where he grew up.



In Mongiardino's bedroom, vibrant blue damask wallpaper found in Genoa sets off a 19th-century Genoese portrait of children over bed draped in red velvet. Gouaches of interiors over the bedside table are by Lila de Nobili and bookcase to the left was designed by Mongiardino.







tains (authentically old ones: from a grandmother). And again how characteristic of Mongiardino *not* to smarten up his parental chairs with a barrage of cushions that “make a statement.” Far from gilding the lily, as he did to such good effect at the Rothschilds’ Hôtel Lambert, the maestro has been at pains in his own quarters to play things down. Hence all the contrivance that has been lavished on making things look the reverse of contrived.

Whereas most decorators with a fashionable following endeavor to keep the not-so-raw materials of their trade from contaminating their private apartments, Mongiardino makes no bones about wallowing in his work. Evidence of this is everywhere. Samples of stuffs are as likely to be found by a drink tray or on a bedside table as by a drawing board. By the same token the big room has not been devised as a salon for entertaining so much as a study in which to discuss projects and pore over albums and portfolios. Stacks of these cover the surface of the vast table which takes up more than half the area of this vast room—a room that evokes the eighteenth-century rationalism of a *cabinet d’amateur* while also hinting at the nineteenth-century fantasy of Spalanzani’s gallery in the *Tales of Hoffman*.

One of the most attractive—and incidentally most revealing—features of Mongiardino’s rooms is the way he uses the samples, swatches, and sketches involved in his work as decorative elements. The walls of his studio constitute a lexicon of the materials and effects available to him: racks of every kind of tile, silvered panels of *lac à la Mecque*, fragments of *verre églomisé*, bits of marble, engravings of nineteenth-century upholstery and furniture, treatments of interiors by his two closest collaborators, Lila de Nobili (a childhood friend) and Emilio Carcano, and much else besides. The various sections are divided from one another by lengths of gilded molding (“made of plastic,” says Mongiardino, who enjoys “reinventing old skills in terms of modern technology”).

When questioned about the pride he takes in his métier, Mongiardino’s enthusiasm never fails him. He sees art in terms of craft, the past in terms of the present, and declares that his dream is to live in a large house where he and his colleagues can work together on all manner of decorative projects, on the revival of dead or dying crafts as well as on the development of new techniques. “Like a medieval guild,” says Mongiardino, who regards everything he does, even his own apartment, as “a joint effort for which all must share the credit.” This idealism, this lack of worldliness or egotism is closer in spirit to William Morris’s Kelmscott than the Decorators’ Building.

“*Luxe, calme et fantaisie*”—to misquote Baudelaire—would seem to be the keynote of Mongiardino’s work. If

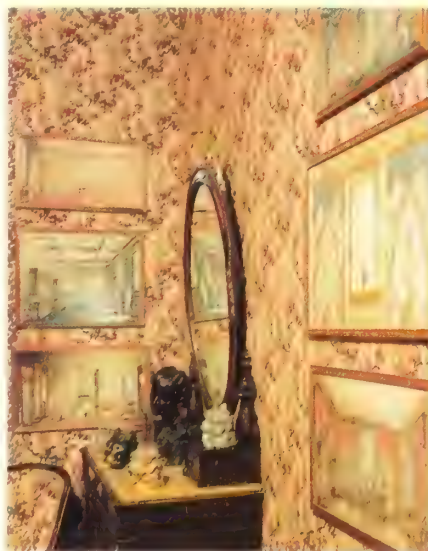
in his apartment the emphasis is more on the *calme* than the *luxe*, this can be attributed to the maestro’s dislike of self-promotion or pampering. He has aimed at devising a far from luxurious décor that matches his reclusive-poetic temperament rather than one that would advertise his skills or serve as a vitrine for his wares. This high-minded approach is evident in the master bedroom, which is fastidious without being precious—what Berenson called “life-enhancing” without being eye-catching. Note the bold use of a damask-patterned wallpaper of an intense gentian blue. This blue—so difficult to use that cautious designers traditionally fight shy of it—holds the disparate elements of the room together besides engendering a celestial, Ingresque light.

And how touching the guest room is in its simplicity and, that rare quality, family piety. Unlike so many contemporary decorators—not to speak of their clients—who seek at all costs to dissociate themselves from their parents’ style (or lack of it), Mongiardino has been at pains to commemorate the joys of his upper-class Genoese childhood. Presided over by a bravura portrait of the maestro’s beautiful mother is the suite of 1880s-ish furniture that graced his parents’ bedroom. Although big (and, by today’s standards, ugly) for the space into which it has been squeezed, this suite “goes” wonderfully well, thanks largely to the way walls, beds, and chairs are covered with the same nineteenth-century floral linen made by Rubelli—a busy little pattern such as Vuillard loved to paint. Bath after bath of tea has given this stuff a look that I can only describe as Jamesian—a look that Visconti might have evoked if he had ever filmed *The Portrait of a Lady*.

Theatrical? Not really. The fact that Mongiardino has executed some marvelous stage settings (including a memorable *Tosca* for Covent Garden) manifests itself in his

more dramatic interiors. But Mongiardino’s theatricality is more a matter of improvisation and above all illusionism. How he delights in metamorphosis for its own sake! Just as a theatrical designer can conjure an ocean out of light projected onto lengths of scrim, Mongiardino transforms Lincrusta into *cuir de Cordoue*, plastic into porphyry and, for all I know, dross into gold. Most imaginative of all is the set of curtains that he devised for Marie-Hélène de Rothschild’s bedroom in the Hôtel Lambert in imitation of a seventeenth-century Herat carpet. These amazingly sumptuous hangings were fabricated out of humble materials like jute and terry cloth, dyed and shaved and appliquéed and subjected to heaven knows what other arcane forms of distressing.

His theatrical sense likewise enables Mongiardino to evoke a wealth of atmos- (Text continued on page 218)



In guest room, *above* and *opposite*, furniture from parents’ Genoa palazzo; 19th-century watercolors hang against Rubelli fabric next to bureau, and a 1913 Boldini-style portrait of Mongiardino’s mother by Maggi, a Turin painter, is above the bed.



---

In the salon Mongiardino designed the bookcases and moldings around ceiling. According to Mongiardino, all the furnishings and decorative elements are pastiches made to his design, except for the patchwork curtains from his grandmother's house.





# LARTIGUE'S ENGLISH SPRING



**A** portfolio of  
views in great gardens and along country  
roads taken this May, a few weeks  
before his ninetieth birthday, by the great French  
photographer Jacques-Henri Lartigue

---

Wisteria, Burford House at Tenbury Wells, *above*. Yew Walk, Sissinghurst Castle, Kent, *opposite*









Along the moat, Sissinghurst



Grove of beech trees, Bowood

**H**ow does one travel with a myth? The answer is simple. With Wellington boots, shooting sticks, maxi umbrellas, and an electric heating pad.

When I was told that I was going to have the job of being Jacques Lartigue's "nanny" during his discovery of English Gardens, I was understandably and suitably thrilled. This ninety-year-old master, who after years of capturing on celluloid changing aspects of French life, the elegant Parisienne, the great artists of the last decades, enchanting children gamboling through the Tuileries, was at last about to open a new leaf in his unending collection of mesmerizing photograph albums: gardens. As I later came to understand his vision a utopian acre of herbaceous border, planted by a fictitious team of Capability Brown, Russell Page, Roberto Burle-Marx, and Gertrude Jekyll, weeded over ten years by invisible hands

and then left abandoned to become a riotous galaxy of color, smells, texture, and glory. A secret haven waiting to be discovered by his probing lens.

But first let me describe my traveling companions. Allow me to start with Florette Lartigue: physically a cross between a Memling and Toulouse-Lautrec's Goulue, the most devoted and loving wife anyone could dream of. Always a thought ahead of her husband, thinking only of his comfort, health, and well-being, his business manager, his muse, interpreter, and public-relations counselor. Next our hero himself: Jacques-Henri Lartigue, one week away from his ninetieth birthday, endowed with a marvelous thatch of snow-white hair, the brightest twinkling blue eyes, the mischievous face of a benign yet enquiring hobbit, a brain like a steel trap, and dressed in the most glorious series of swinging clothes such as Oxford-



*Clematis montana* and white lilacs on a Cotswold cottage

shire, Gloucester, and Wiltshire had never seen before. Dapper, that's the word I need. Canary-yellow jeans to match the glorious fields of flowering rape stretching out to the horizon. Five different colors of rainbow-hued jogging shoes. Sweaters knitted and reembroidered by some of his many "admirers" with shooting stars and constellations. The whole image adorned by a camouflage canvas pudding hat, which for some mysterious reason seemed to make him feel he was blending into the countryside and quite invisible.

To aid and abet us, a charming English photographic assistant, Martin Hill, who although he started the trip without a word of French, and was quite rightly in awe of working with Mr. Lartigue, ended up fluent in that language, but I am afraid convinced forever that all the French are mad.

The plotting of this expedition had been quite carefully timed to coincide with riotous beds of peonies, rampant walls of wisteria and clematis, tunnels of laburnum, and all that the glorious English countryside reveals in early June to the admiring botanist. Alas, this was not to be our lot. Easter having passed in the midst of an epic heat wave, Siberia had its revenge and for the next six weeks it was a moot point whether to turn up the central heating, or to prepare for Noah's immediate arrival in view of the drastic rainfall.

All dressed in ski clothes and gun boots but buoyed up by the weatherman's promise of blazing sun to come we splashed our way down to Sissinghurst, thrilling J.L. with enchanting tales of Vita Sackville-West; the charm and elegance of the lovely white garden he was about to see; the perfection of the world-famed herb garden he was





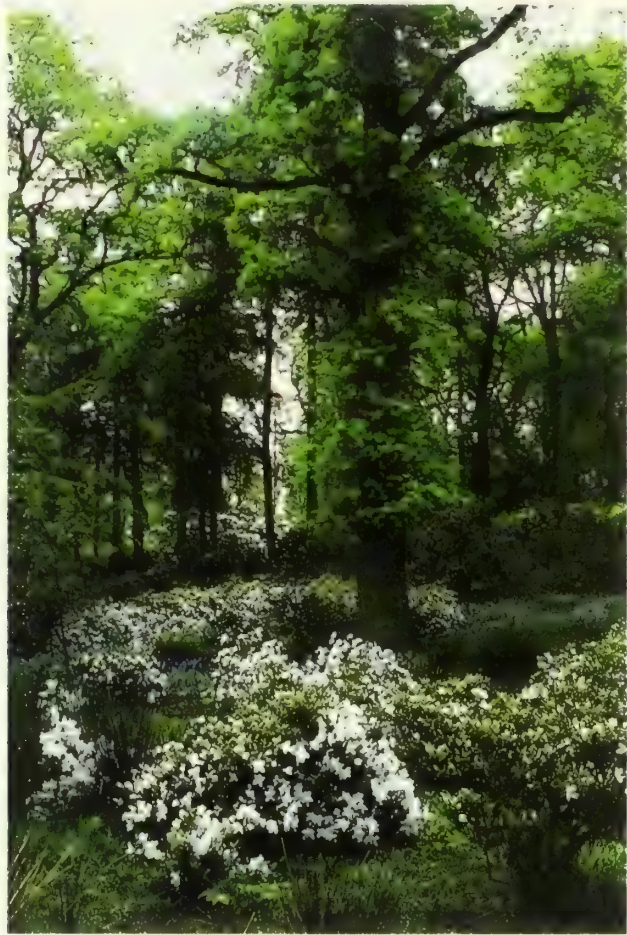
Field of rape between Broadway and Moreton-in-Marsh



A tunnel of trained limes, Hidcote Manor, *above*. The garden known as Delos, Sissinghurst, *below*.

---





A rhododendron walk, Bowood, *above*. View to the pillar garden, Hidcote, *below*.

---









Hosta, wild bluebells, yellow azaleas at Sissinghurst, above. Opposite: In the Nuttery at Sissinghurst, sweet woodruff, *Helleborus orientalis*, *Euphorbia robbiae*, and azaleas under the trees.

about to admire. With ankle-deep mud and a permanent battle to “keep the lens dry” we tottered through Kent, Wiltshire, Gloucester, Worcestershire, and Oxfordshire, eternal hope springing in our hearts each evening as we valiantly listened with unending optimism to the weather reports on anticyclones, mass build-ups, and imminent glorious sunshine only to have our hopes dashed again the next day by sopping cotton-wool clouds one could almost touch.

Everyone was so kind and helpful. The Earl of Shelburne let us drive right through the fifty acres that form Bowood’s amazing azalea and rhododendron park. From there we drove through a countryside of breath-taking beauty. White flowering hedgerows of hawthorn eight to ten feet high bordered the roads. Late-flowering fruit trees dripped in their sodden orchards, and the wind whistled. A glorious spectacle to behold. When the elements overcame the tripod’s strength, Florette was to be seen, a human tripod, clutching her husband around the

waist, her cheek laid lovingly against his back, a stalwart buffer that allowed him to stand up in a gale.

And gale there was. Hidcote Manor, gardening’s Mecca, was lovely, but alas a glorious green mess, not a flower in sight, one month late because of the weather. We were still searching for the riotous profusion of blooms that Jacques had imagined in his mind. Mr. Treasure’s famous clematis were shivering on a sodden wall and Lydney Parte’s woodland paths squelched under a booted foot. Sezincote’s Oriental water garden longed for an Indian sun and in the Priory at Kemerton the herbaceous border remained stubbornly green.

But myths come through. Dear Jacques rushed toward every ray of timid sun, unthwarted by the worst the elements could offer, and having produced a portrait of an English spring—not as he envisioned it but not untypical—returned to France to celebrate his ninetieth birthday in a galaxy of parties. P.S. He has asked if he can try again in July next year. Bliss. □ *By Sheila de Rochambeau*





Ancient beech tree in a bluebell wood, Bowood

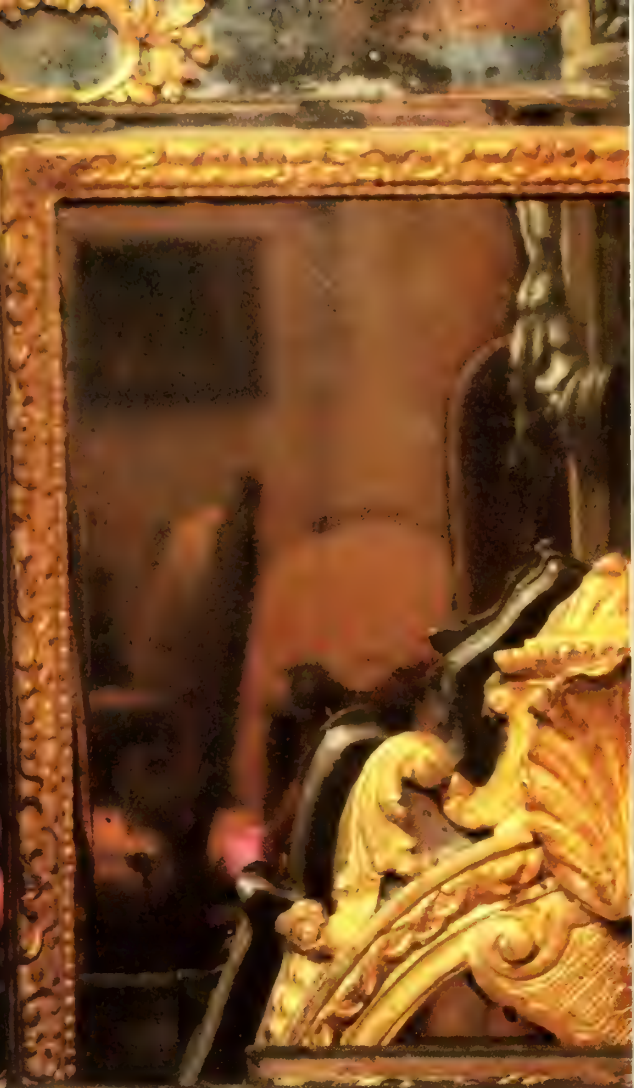


# FRENCH AND IRREVERENT

Tony and Susan Victoria's apartment in New York benefits from a family passion for whimsical and stylish French eighteenth-century furniture first collected by Tony's father Frederick Victoria, and now given new life and youth to suit a young family

BY NANCY RICHARDSON  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI

Detail of carved wood curtains, *right*, that were inspired by an 18th-century theater prop. Next to the curtains is a mirror with its cornice removed and an 18th-century dressed picture. *Above*: French chinoiserie elements—a polychrome terra-cotta stove flanked by a pair of Venetian chinoiserie figures also in terra cotta—dominate one end of Tony and Susan Victoria's living room.





Large Regence and Louis XV furniture, sculptural chinoiserie figures, an eclectic mixture of chairs, and an important collection of clocks furnish the main sitting room.



Certain rooms in the Victoria apartment achieve their effect from the quantities of charming and curious objects they contain as well as from a talent Tony Victoria has for treating most furniture as if it too were an art object. Other rooms such as the hall, *right* and *opposite*, rely on a cool, simple arrangement. A panel from a Louis XVI boiserie and the cellist's chair below it are the first things you see when you come in the front door. *Below*: A Régence chair with a miniature chair sitting in it. The little chair was probably a test done by a journeyman about to become a master craftsman.



The old saying goes that it takes the bones of a garden thirty years to mature, and the same thing seems to be true of certain types of living quarters. This is certainly the case with Tony and Susan Victoria, who have just enlarged and rethought a New York apartment that takes its unusual character from a collection of French furniture, clocks, architectural elements, European porcelain and faïence, and chinoiserie decorations. The collection was started by Tony's father, Frederick P. Victoria, who before World War II established an antiques business in New York.

Fred Victoria responded to French furniture and objects with an intensity that affected the very nature of his business. It has always been a rule that dealers should not compete with their clients by becoming collectors themselves. But Fred was past worrying about such distinctions. He fell in love with his acquisitions, sometimes bringing them straight home, sometimes taking them into the shop. When things sold he kept track of their whereabouts and bought them back several times over a period of forty years. What attracted him was the decorative and unexpected rather than high-ticket masterpiece. He developed this taste in a little-explored area that formed a link between the two well-established avenues for collectors of French decorative arts: French palace furniture and the friendly rustic pieces known as French Provincial. He called his sort of thing *château* furniture, which included, besides oversized armoires and stylish but not fancy desks, big architectural bookcases and







A view of the living room and a smaller sitting room beyond, *above*. To either side of the door between the rooms are a pair of Sicilian 18th-century overdoor panels. They were bought years ago by Fred and Tony Victoria, who enjoyed tracing the various manifestations of the craze for Oriental motifs that fascinated Europeans in the 18th century.

Under the right overdoor is a Sicilian mechanical figure in carved painted wood. Its head, cap, and arms move and its eyes roll with the help of small levers inside the trunk of the figure. Under the other Sicilian panel a miniature table stands on a full-sized one. Against the back of the desk in the foreground is a corner settee with an undulating back probably designed to go with the boiserie of a specific room. A *buffet à deux corps*, a two-part cabinet, gives an architectural feeling to the smaller room. Above it to the left, a Louis XIV bronze chimerical mask is hung up high so as not to frighten the children.

Tony Victoria likes the voluptuous, curvilinear lines of furniture from the first half of the 18th century such as the Régence *bas d'armoire*, *below*. On it Susan Victoria has arranged a still life in which two miniature chairs are objects as much as the faïence, clock, and urns.

A clock and barometer exemplify what has always delighted the Victorias about French clocks. They are first decorative elements and secondly time pieces. The chinoiserie picture may be German from a pavilion of Augustus Rex. Fred Victoria bought it years ago, sold it to a client, and Tony recently bought it back at a house sale in upstate New York.





The bedroom, *left*, is filled with both chinoiserie and real Oriental elements placed against walls covered with Bailey Rose, a chintz available through Cowtan & Tout. The commode is black lacquer of an unusual silhouette made in China in the 18th century for the Dutch market. *Below*: A large trompe-l'oeil painting of a still life in a cupboard is by a Jesuit missionary, Giuseppe Castiglione, who worked in China and is credited with introducing perspective to the K'ang Hsi court. *Opposite*: The dining room, with Asheley Victoria sitting on top of a dining table her father had made from two huge sections of *parquet de Versailles* mounted on the legs from an old billiard table. Next to her is a crystal-and-bronze candelabrum made by Thomire for Catherine the Great's winter palace. Her brother, Freddy, sits in a miniature French chair.

overdoors that had once been part of a boiserie of a country château. He used the overdoors as if they were paintings. He also specialized in faïence and porcelain fruit and vegetables where the design was whimsical from its very inception and in the most exotic forms of chinoiserie. He was crazy about curious chairs, and his interest in clocks was practically obsessive. Though the eighteenth century is well known for comfort, Fred's arrangement of his own rooms was done purely for visual pleasure. Model chairs or miniature chairs were often placed in the seats of rare armchairs not only for the delight of that juxtaposition but also to prevent anyone from sitting down.

Tony Victoria grew up in an atmosphere where the obviously precious and the charming find were both treated as treasures. He, too, grew to love clocks, chinoiserie, porcelain vegetables, and chairs of all sorts. When Fred Victoria died a few years ago Tony was already well-established in the business. And recently he has set about reinterpreting his father's taste for a younger generation. At home that meant moving into his father's apartment from his own smaller one in the same landmark building. In the last years of his life, Fred's apartment had become a small museum to which a few friends were invited virtually one at a time. The apartment had almost an antiquarian quality, and it seemed charmingly far from the present. Tony and Susan wanted to open it up. In the big sitting room that meant changing the color of the walls from a

(Text continued on page 218)





# FACETS OF PERFECTION

Richard Meier's latest house demonstrates why its architect remains the undisputed master of modern architectural form

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EZRA STOLLER

Tucked away on a tiny plot surrounded by towering trees in a venerable residential section of Pittsburgh, the Giovannitti house is Richard Meier's latest exploration of the Purist architectural vocabulary that has been the basis of his designs for the past two decades.





**R**ichard Meier has always remained true to the stylistic principles that guided his career at its outset over twenty years ago. Unlike other international architects of the first rank such as James Stirling, Arata Isozaki, or Michael Graves, he has not gone off in radically new directions but rather has continued to mine the classic Modernist vocabulary, finding in it a degree of inspiration and expressiveness that has led to his peerless mastery of the Modernist mode. No one on the current scene can match his flawless proportional sense, but equally impressive is the way in which he continues to refine the economy of his means even as he develops an architecture of greater complexity and richness. Richard Meier never repeats himself, and he continues to discover new and eloquent ways of using a formal language that some say has become defunct.

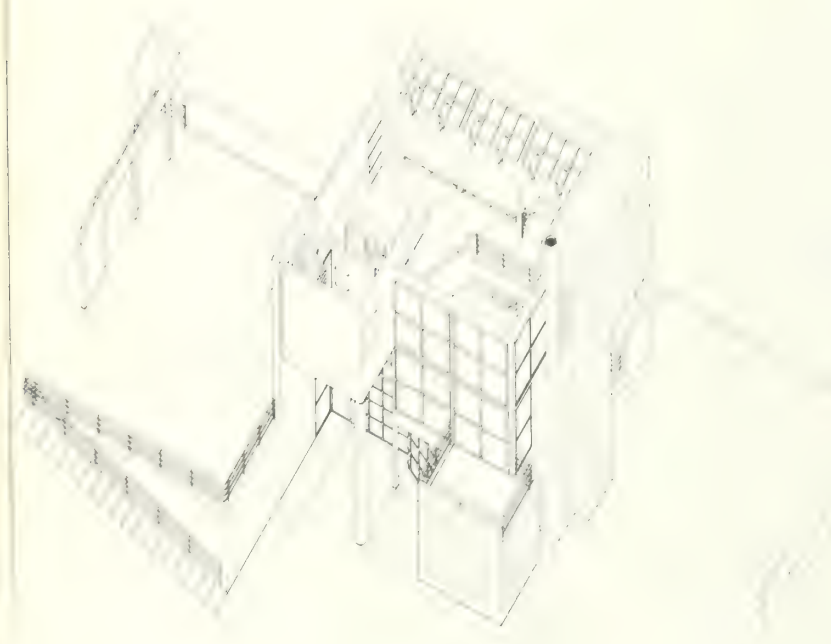
Meier's originality is crystal clear in his Giovannitti house in Pittsburgh, a small jewel that reflects the brilliant afterglow of his triumphant High Museum of Art in Atlanta (arguably the most important public building completed in America in this decade). The preferential place traditionally granted large and official structures in the estimation of critics might tend to obscure the merits of this much smaller private project; historians are unlikely to accord it as significant a rank as Meier's landmark houses of the late sixties or his more recent large-scale projects. Still, it offers irrefutable evidence that his development as an artist is strong and steady, and that the magnitude of his commissions is no accurate index of their excellence.

This is a work of exceptionally high quality, and though at first sight it might appear to be more reiteration than origination (in that it is well within Meier's familiar Purist range), a closer look shows just how great this extraordinary architect's capacity for variations on a theme can be. He is the Mozart of late Modernism, working within a rigid formal system that nonetheless seems for him the perfect stimulus to invention.

Frank Giovannitti, a Pittsburgh businessman, bought a deep, narrow plot in an old estate section of the city, a property closely hemmed in on either side by large houses in traditional Colonial adaptations. Unusually well informed about contemporary architecture, he considered both James Stirling and Arthur Erickson as potential designers for his new house before finally settling on Meier, whose work he had admired for years in design publications.

Unfortunately, in order to raise money for the project (which proceeded in fits and starts with the fluctuation of the client's finances) Mr. Giovannitti sold the rear portion of the already small site, (*Text continued on page 214*)

Set on a steeply sloping site, level with the street at the entry, *above*, and falling away sharply at the rear, *opposite*, the Giovannitti house recalls the early Modern villas seen and admired by Meier in Czechoslovakia as well as his own earlier Smith, Schamberg, and Douglas houses. *Below:* Axonometric drawing shows the house as a methodically "eroded" cube.









The only bedroom, *above*, opens onto a balcony at left, which overlooks the living room on the floor below. Cabinetry is covered in plastic laminate so finely detailed that it resembles lacquer.

*Opposite:* Though quite small, the house seems much larger as a result of Meier's graduated grid system, using modules of two, four, and eight feet as its basic compositional units.







The living room, *opposite* and *above*, seems larger than its relatively modest dimensions because of its double-height ceiling and views out toward tall trees. It is sparsely furnished with a Le Corbusier sofa and armchairs, a frequent Meier choice. On a built-in sideboard (above) is Christofle's reproduction of the S.S. *Normandie* tea service. The study on the balcony (opposite) is centered by Meier's handsome desk, *right*, designed for this house.



the house's design  
and construction.

By combining painting  
and a good portion of  
the house, the space  
combines formal  
relationships and  
openness. Courtesy:  
In the unadorned  
dining room, Josef  
Hoffmann's  
Flemish chairs  
and show the  
influence of turn-of-  
the-century Viennese  
design on Meier's  
recent work.



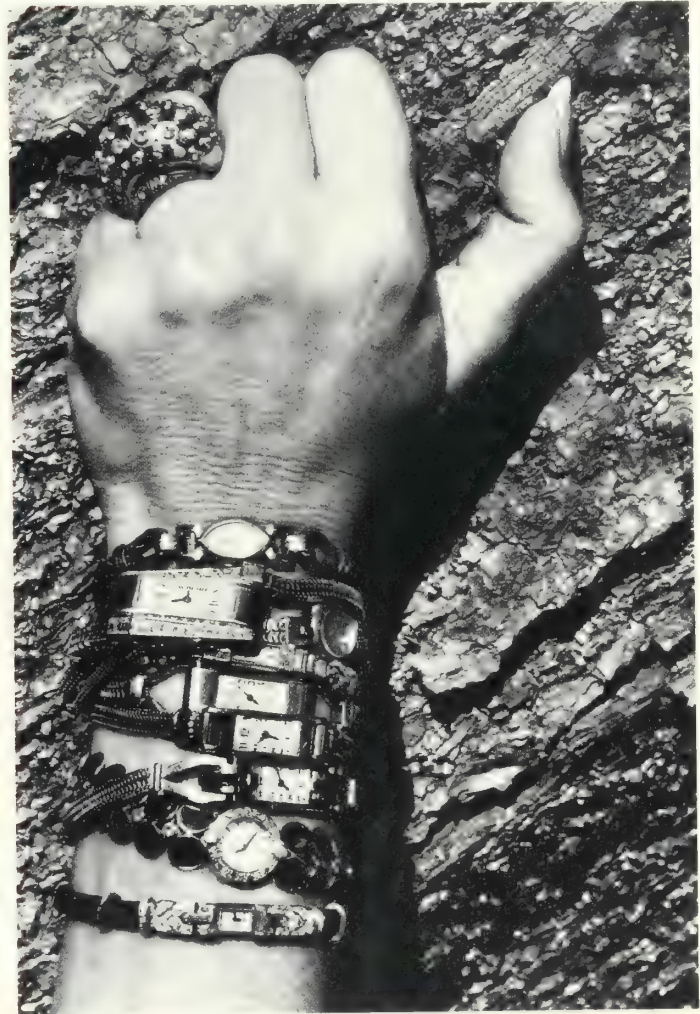






# QUINN ESSENTIAL

In their California house, collectors Joan and Jack Quinn subscribe to the theory that — when it comes to art — there's never too much of a good thing



BY MARTIN FILLER  
PORTRAITS BY HELMUT NEWTON

Joan Quinn, *left*, surveys her dense domestic landscape; at her feet recline her 17-year-old twins, Amanda (in bunny slippers) and Jennifer. Behind Mrs. Quinn, who is wearing a dress by her friend Zandra Rhodes, are three of the more than twenty portraits of her throughout the house. On the mantel and table at left are several examples from the Quinns' large collection of Victorian ornithological specimens. *Above:* Joan Quinn's forearm bedecked with nine of her vintage Cartier backwind watches, which she wears en masse.



Joan Quinn in profile, right, as seen by Antonio. The color of her hair is not artistic license: she often dyes it in vivid hues, inspired by Zandra Rhodes. *Opposite:* Antony Donaldson's *Trapeze Artist* hovers above the entry hall. Directly below it is Tony Berlant's *Rock Man Canyon*, 1969. Ceiling clouds were painted by Joe Goode, blanket on balcony and wall sculpture behind it both by Charles Arnoldi. Stained glass lamp by Handel dates from the twenties.



**O**n the exterior, their house looks much like the other unostentatious Spanish-style structures in one of the older sections of Los Angeles. There is no indication whatsoever that behind the beige stucco walls lurks one of the most astonishing interiors in Southern California, a region of our country not exactly unprepared for unusual concepts in domestic design. Similes somehow fail one here: Ali Baba's Cave seems rather too minimal, *Schatzkammer* not quite abundant enough, Cabinet of Curiosities too run-of-the-mill. What Jack and Joan Quinn have built is an environment that, like some rain forest of the fine and decorative arts, seems to have an atmosphere all its own, an aesthetic ecosystem in which the taste of its owners has attained a kind of elemental authority.

First, there is the art. As Jack Quinn accurately describes it, "Our collection—to put it immodestly—is one of the most definitive historical surveys of Southern California art that's ever been assembled anywhere, including museums. Billy Al Bengston, Ed Moses, Ed Ruscha, Joe Goode, Robert Graham, Ken Price—from the fifties, through the sixties and seventies, and right up to the eighties, you can walk through this house and within five minutes understand the development of those artists from their earliest work to their latest."

That is, if you're not seriously sidetracked by the decorative treasures that surround those paintings and scul-

tures like thick encrustations of marine life on a coral reef. Refulgent Tiffany tiles crowd Victorian repoussé silver soap caddies here, cut crystal perfume vials there. A sofa is heaped with brocade pillows discovered by the Quinns in the Peking Opera's warehouse, and in the corner is a lifesize painted balsa-wood banana tree that they brought back from Bali. Bizarre stuffed birds in bell jars stare at the trophies of bourgeois taste at its most secure: Steuben glass bowls, fine Oriental rugs, and lush, heavy fabrics that have been part of this house—built by Oliver Hardy of Laurel and Hardy fame—since long before the Quinns bought it in 1967.

Solidity and sensation, quality and a quantum leap of aesthetic faith give this remarkable house a sense of continuity not to be taken for granted in Los Angeles. As Jack Quinn explains, "The only way to live with the things you love is to continue to keep them around even when you run out of wall space, or as has happened here, floor space. When we bring something new into the house, nine times out of ten the first place we set it down is where it ends up."

Thus the Quinn house lacks the trendily edited feeling of many of today's art collectors' rooms, which can seem like market reports of what's in and what's out. The Quinns own works by artists whose reputations have peaked, by others who will never be esteemed by the art establishment as highly (Text continued on page 200)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY BOWLES



In the richly cluttered living room, a collection of Victorian soap caddies and birds in bell jars; on the far wall, an untitled canvas by Ed Moses, 1972-73, under the shadow cast by Bryan Hunt's 1976 *Queen Crest*. *Opposite*: Fiberglass bustier by Issey Miyake and paint can by Joe Fay top a corrugated cardboard Rough Edges table by Frank Gehry, 1982. On table behind it, a Laddie John Dill sculpture (front left); a 1984 rock-mounted bronze by Antony Donaldson (top left).





The dining room, *right*, remains much as it was when the house belonged to comedian Oliver Hardy. Among the original features are the wrought-iron gates, Hepplewhite-style dining table, chairs, and sideboard, beige broadloom carpet, and the mirror surrounded by and reflecting painted wall decorations signed Robbie. Curtain fabric by Angelo Donghia is hung from Peking glass bracelets. Sideboard holds a row of Steuben glass bowls. On top of stuffed pheasants under glass, a lineup of ceramic works by Kenneth Price, 1959–80. At the center of the table is Robert Graham's 1978 *Lise Painted*, next to his 1979 *Torso Fragment*. To the left and right are wood maquettes by Woods Davy. Beneath the table, a Serebend rug. *Above*: Another Graham sculpture: his 1973–76 bronze, *Mirror Figure*.





# HAYES ON THE HUDSON



Helen Hayes, *left*, next to a portrait of Queen Mary that she sent to the actress during the run of *Victoria Regina*. *Opposite*: Waterford crystal chandelier found in attic, and lithographs of Queen Victoria's ladies-in-waiting set tone in parlor.

For more than fifty years, Pretty Penny in Nyack has been home to the first lady of the American stage

BY JUDITH THURMAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDGAR DE EVIA

The Hudson River is broad at the level of the town of Nyack, and green on both banks. This is the river of the great nineteenth-century landscapists: of Cole, Cropsey, and Church; and at the end of summer it lies motionless under the haze as under a light coat of varnish.

Helen Hayes speaks of the Hudson as “my” river and takes a deep maternal interest in its well-being. On her desk is a photograph of children swimming in water that only a few years ago was dangerously polluted; she will “brag shamelessly” about the return of the striped bass and the Atlantic sturgeon. The life of the river has run parallel to her own for the past 52 years, a symbol of both continuity and freedom.







You look down to the river through the windows of Helen Hayes's big double drawing room. Her garden, beyond, slopes toward the water in cultivated stages. There is a porch, comfortably furnished, where the visitor is offered tea; then a swath of lawn shaded by an enormous maple and a very rare willow oak, whose crown has grown like a great coxcomb. A little below is a broad terrace of roses, unexpectedly formal—a sort of miniature villa garden. Most of the bushes are now “resting,” says Helen Hayes, “gathering their forces for one last great effort.” But her namesake rose, with its voluptuous peach and yellow flower, is wide awake. “It’s the first to bloom, and it’s somehow always still bearing when the others are giving out. Did you notice that it has no thorns?”

Helen Hayes smiles a little wryly at this fact, as if she regretted her rose’s thornless state. There was a moment in her own life, during the twenties, when she felt the absence of a thorn or two as a deprivation. She was already a successful actress, but “I was nevertheless an over-protected, mother-smothered young thing. When my contemporaries were kicking up their heels and indulging in what was the longest celebration in history, I remained on my strict regimen of work and physical fitness.” It was

not until the age of 27, when she married the playwright Charles MacArthur and moved, four years later, to Nyack, that she had what she calls “my first blooming. In Nyack, I could feel a little racy.”

Nyack was the MacArthurs’ “courting ground.” They sailed west across the Hudson every weekend on the old Tarrytown ferry, which thoughtfully provided a trio of Italian musicians to serenade them. Disembarking, they would head for their favorite ice-cream parlor, and thus fueled, prowl the hilly streets looking for their “dream house.” After a few disappointments and a little “trespassing,” they found it, and Helen Hayes has lived in Pretty Penny ever since. “The pine tree has tripled in stature. My dogwoods are dying. The trees and I have grown old together. Rather melancholy, isn’t it?” She says this with utter cheerfulness.

The spirited and ambitious young Helen Hayes, who felt stifled by her own goodness, might have played the heroine of Edith Wharton’s 1929 novel, *Hudson River Bracketed*. Miss Hayes knew the book when she moved to Pretty Penny. What she didn’t know was that she owned a fine example of a bracketed house. It was a foreigner—the English designer Rex Whistler—who enlightened her. Whistler had done the sets and costumes for one of



Among family pictures and awards, *opposite*, in the basement room Helen Hayes refers to as "Charlie's Domain," after her husband Charles MacArthur, is lithograph of actress Mrs. Fiske, whom she admired.

*Above:* Part of garden planned fifty years ago by Mary Deputy Lamson, with Helen Hayes's favorite roses including one named after her.

*Below:* Helen Hayes engaged in the chore of weeding.







In the light-filled living room, Hudson River landscapes hang on either side of the fireplace. The valances and mirror were in the house when Helen Hayes bought it; the flowered chintz is Bouquet from Kent-Bragaline.





In a corner of the bedroom, *opposite*, an American Empire table holds collection of blue opaline glass; chaise covered in Deborah Logan cotton from Brunswick sits against bookshelves full of family pictures.

*Above:* A photograph of Helen Hayes's daughter, Mary, sits on the window sill in the dressing room.

Miss Hayes's greatest theatrical successes, *Victoria Regina*, and was a connoisseur of the period's architectural whimsies. "Can you find me a Hudson River bracketed if I come to visit you?" he had asked Miss Hayes in London. "Of course," she replied, without knowing if or how she could comply. Whistler thought it exquisitely polite that she had arranged to live in one.

From their earliest days in the house, the MacArthurs set out to acquire the appropriate period furnishings for it. They bought several small paintings by artists of the Hudson River School, and a large number of engravings. Their collection of Victoriana was eventually so choice that they often loaned it to museums. "It was my husband who really knew Victoriana," said Miss Hayes. "He saw its charm even in the thirties, when really smart young couples were throwing out their parents' furniture and doing over their rooms in silver and white, à la Syrie Maugham." Perhaps his fondness for it also had something to do with the need for a counterweight—a rich,

solid ballast of domestic happiness for a fast life lived in the public eye. "Charlie had a passion for authenticity. . . ." Helen Hayes pauses a moment. "I've never been very good at decorating, but I know what makes me happy. A wonderful character in one of Sam Behrman's plays describes a room that has 'the mellowness of anachronism.' I like *that*."

Mellowness is not a static relation to the past, and when Miss Hayes felt it was time for some changes in her décor, she turned to an old friend, the designer Laura Mako. Ms. Mako used lavish Victorian materials: gilt mirrors and plush carpets; lace curtains to the floor; old brocade wall coverings and an exuberance of floral chintz. She gave the rooms a richness of texture without, however, turning them into stage sets. There is a disarray of books and letters in the little green study that Helen Hayes calls "my torture room"—torture because her correspondence is so demanding. Mantels are laden with family photographs; *(Text continued on page 202)*

A portrait of Helen Hayes by Andrew Wyeth's sister, Henriette Wyeth, hangs in the upstairs hallway, *this page*. *Opposite*: Framing the door outside the basement room are Comedy and Tragedy reliefs purchased from the demolition site of the old Fifth Avenue Theatre.







TRAGEDY

COMEDY



# PURE SPACE IN NEW DELHI

Pupul Jayakar's restored Lutyens bungalow

BY RASIK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICK HALES



Lutyens must have sweated under a pith helmet as he pondered on the planting of Jamun, Neem, and Peepul tree seedlings on an arid plain. Today, the romantically designed avenues of New Delhi—his magnum opus—converging on remnant monuments of a bygone era are flanked with a luxuriant growth of Indian trees. The English architect's memory of Constable's country and county homes, coupled with smattering impressions of the architectural ingenuity of the Mughals in coping with India's harsh climatic variation, resulted in the creation of a

The collection of ancient Indian arts and crafts in the sitting room, *opposite*, reveals Pupul Jayakar's role as the great lady of Indian handcrafts. Near painted doors from Rajasthan a bullock-cart top and a platform provide seating. On the platform, embroidered pillows from Bihar, Gujarat, and Rajasthan, and a contemporary terra-cotta horse from Orissa. Dividing the room is a low table holding bronze lamp from the 15th century, a Gupta deer panel, and, in between, two small turbaned heads from the 1st century. *Above:* Pot-bellied Ganesh guards the front door.

hybrid style: structures that could shelter an elegant and somewhat strategically distant "bungalow culture."

In this area of Delhi, set amid tree-lined avenues, nestled a few select residents destined to govern, sprawling lawns for pretty garden parties, and spacious bungalows for temporary residence. The bungalows themselves were therefore made as single units with distinct modular sizes and shapes allowing for very few extensions, other than an annex.

Mrs. Pupul Jayakar, daughter of a senior Indian civil servant, had grown up in an environment where the finer-





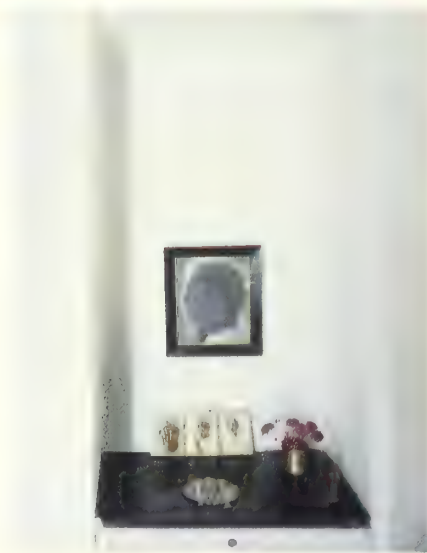
Contemporary Indian furniture inspired by the work of Lazarus is placed in the other half of the sitting room. Traditional satin-textured straw matting provides comfort for bare feet. On lacquered table rest a 5th-century female terra-cotta head and a 13th-century Buddha's hand poised in benediction.



Over the *takbat* or sleeping platform in the bedroom hang two rubbings, the larger of Bodhidharma, the Indian teacher who took Buddhism to China



dining room, 15th-century carved brackets support shelf holding images of Adi Shakti, the first woman, and a Kolam, a magical white drawing



ies of the “bungalow culture” were quite naturally blended with the urge to remain essentially “Indian.” Without pondering on the issues of convergence and nationalities, her life style today reflects a total need to do more with less. And do this she does, with such grace and finely honed senses that its very survival is a tribute to the manner in which she executes her responsibilities. Widely regarded as a mother of the revival of Indian handcrafts and handlooms—the appropriate usage of these skills became for Mrs. Jayakar a deeply personal statement.

Whether she sits in conversation

A cloth *tanka* painting from Nepal hangs in the study, *top*. Stone mantel is home for Rajasthani horse and rider, dated 13th century; to the left, a four-armed Ganesh keeps peace between knife-wielding Earth Goddess and dancing figure. The low chair is an original Lazarus.

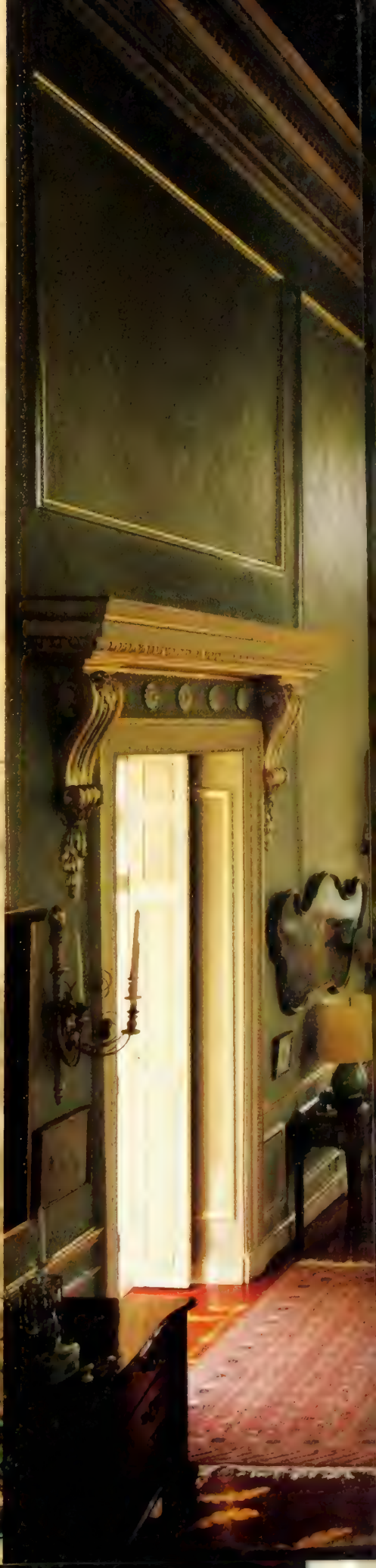
In the alcove stands a majestic painted stucco horse and its headless warrior. *Above*: A quiet area and early photographs of Krishnamurti, seer and teacher. *Opposite*: Detail of an 18th-century Rajasthani religious cloth painting of Krishna and the Gopis dancing in the light of the full moon.

with famous or aspiring scientists and philosophers or is holding a meeting with the numerous functionaries of the Festival of India in the U.S. (of which she is the chairperson and moving force), her house is her work space and her office. Her study can become a family room—even a place to eat and sleep. The large sitting room doubles as a conference chamber, room for intimate parties or a public discourse or even a dance recital.

Mobility of function, an agile sense of renewing the old and redefining space, mark the prerequisites for the interior plan. (*Text continued on page 204*)







# IN PRAISE OF PROSPERO

The very civilized country life of Sir John Gielgud

BY MOLLY KEANE  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY CLARKE

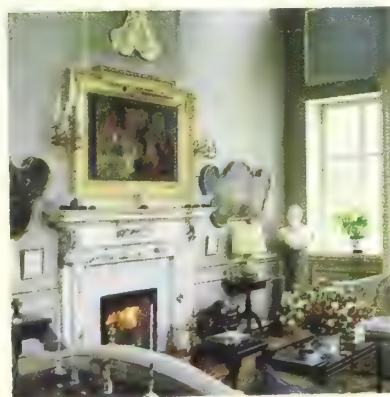


Sir John Gielgud, *opposite* (photographed by Melvyn Gill), actor and, when at home, gardener, here at ease with Augustus Caesar. *This page*: The main drawing room's high windows allow continual variations of light at all times of day. The room is dominated by a late-19th-century brass-and-cut-glass chandelier and is furnished with a cross section of 18th-century antiques—including Georges II and III and Louis XV and XVI.





Sir John oversaw the restoration of the gardens at the South Pavilion at Wotton Underwood, which were originally designed by George London in the late 17th century; *left*, the center parterre combines variegated privets and shrubs. *Above*: Moldings around the staircase and throughout the drawing room are painted in glittery gold and silver. The floor and stairs leading to the library/gallery were hand-painted by an artist friend. George III mahogany side chairs flank door leading to television room; Regency rosewood library table in foreground.



A careful look at the fireplace, *above*, shows the different shades of gray panels as well as a pair of Italian school still lifes, Solomon and Sheba from the school of Hendrik van Balen and five putti masks observing it all.

I find it impossible to disassociate John Gielgud the actor from John, the happy householder, for no one loves and cares for his house with more devotion and discrimination. So let me first write a little about the two houses where I have known him best—homes which do much to explain the man behind the actor.

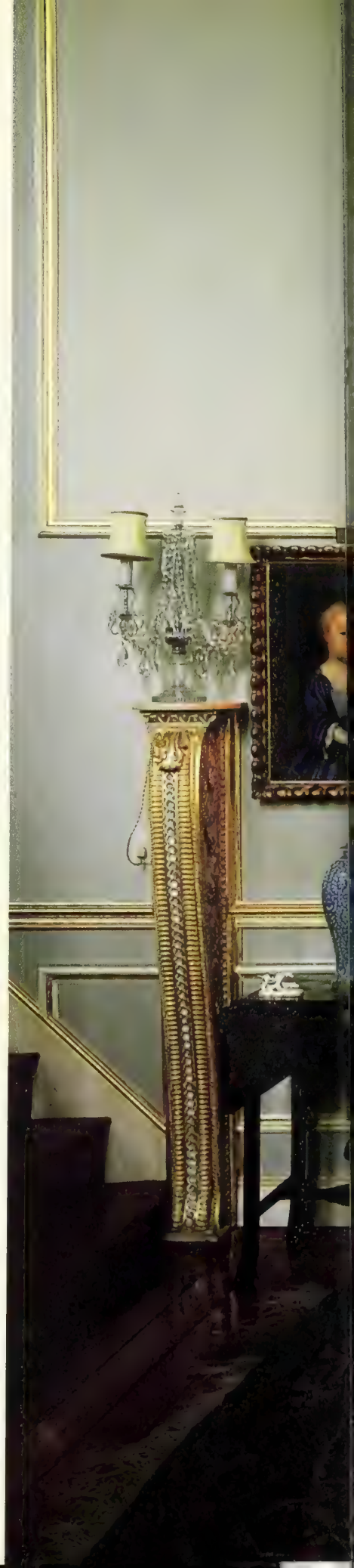
Houses have always been a great importance to John. They are a part of his pleasure in living. And they are his retreats. Sixteen Cowley Street, Westminster, where he lived for many years, was an enchanting eighteenth-century house. It seemed to me to contain and express everything that was John. The small house was full of movement. One went up and down stairs, in and out, from room to different room, discovering treasure big or little. From the entrance hall, half dining room with its long table, by day bereft of dining panoply, a short stair led up to the drawing room, a room to live in, not a shadowed London drawing room. I think of yellow brocade and sunlight and a light-handed arrangement of precious things; his likings explicit in the small Dufy, a statue in a French square, a picture holding an entirety of light and air in its small space. Up another staircase—they are tall small houses on Cowley Street—to John's bedroom, a quiet, unemphasized place—a good place for sleeping. John is a good sleeper. Perhaps that is why he looks, at eighty, so agelessly calm.

Cowley Street, which seemed destined to be forever John's appropriate dwelling, is a ghost of other years—a happy, not a restless ghost as loved houses can be—because he left it willingly and adventurously when he found this wonderful South Pavilion of Wotton House, many miles from London in the heart of the countryside.

One might have thought Wotton rather a preposterous choice for a never-idle star actor of John's years. I think the long drives, early to London and the theater, and late to home, are welcome resting times, and furnish a necessary leisure. His South Pavilion (of which much more in this backwards vision which only grabs at memories) is a wing of one of the classical great houses belonging to the years when grateful countries built for their Marlboroughs. Then they added annexes for domestic offices in proportion and splendor—at least in their façades—equal to



The faces of homely children surround the door leading to the dining room, *right*. Left to right: two children with flowers attributed to Maria Verelst; 17th-century-style wall light with carved winged masks; and two children, the younger on a green cushion, attributed to George Knapton. In the foreground, Chinese sculpture of a woman riding a horse. Tucked under the small table is a marble bust of Napoleon in Roman dress, circa 1800. *Above*: The South Pavilion through the chestnut trees.









their splendid mansions. It is from such a grandiose background that John has originated a spacious simplicity. His house is warm as well as beautiful—though one dreads to imagine the oil bill. But, before I describe the present background, to which his happy age belongs, I want to tell as much as I can perceive about the John Gielgud I have known for fifty years—some trivial memories of the man within one of the greatest and most acclaimed actors of our time. I have neither the knowledge nor the words to write of his career in the theater with any proper degree of critical discernment.

I accept, although I cannot dissect, his genius. The genius which he has is a quality apart—we are ignorant of its genesis. In any case, genius is, nearly always, a misapplied word, a word presupposing a disembodied flight to Achievement while it is more of a twinge in the mind suggesting something unnamed, something no more than a trembling in outer air to be perceived and captured, held like a bird between the hands before it is worked over, in physical stress of mind and bodily exhaustion, until transmitted and presented in such a way that others may acknowledge and feel in touch with the finished creation, and think in our serious complacency: yes, of course we have always *known* that was Benedick or Hamlet, Prospero or Spooner.

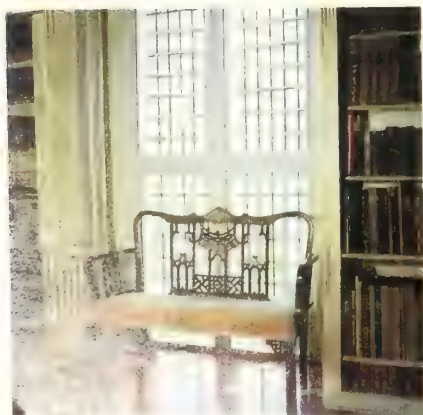
This gift and achievement is John's. The result would be there even if deprived of the dangerous magic of his voice, magic he discounts with typical carelessness: "I'm just lucky to" (Text continued on page 188)



Damask curtains frame the dining-room windows, *left*. Both the Empire mahogany armchairs around the Regency breakfast table and the German satin sycamore chairs date from 1815 and recently were upholstered in Indian chintz. More 19th-century pieces include an octagonal Flemish mirror, giltwood console table with pink marble top, and sconces. *Above*: Flowers both real—freshly picked asters on a George I cabinet stand—and painted with fruit in a still life by Sir Matthew Smith.



Herbaceous borders surround the parterre, *right*. Beyond the pillars, informal plantings and the yew walk. *Above*: Sir John's bathroom is filled with accolades and theatrical paraphernalia including his 1981 best supporting actor Academy Award for *Arthur*, vintage posters, and *Evening Standard* Drama Awards. On the top shelf, a portrait of the actor as Hamlet in the late thirties. *Below*: A Chippendale-style settee in the book-lined gallery of the drawing room.





## IN PRAISE OF PROSPERO

(Continued from page 185) have very good breath control."

The first play in which I saw John was *Richard of Bordeaux*—what a strange transportation for a moony girl from the Irish bogs—where the stuff of her life had only concerned the hunting field, the racecourses, or the price of a horse—to this evening when a sad enchantment was played out before her with an evanescent humor that brought tragedy closer to mind. The play had great skill and humor, and the young John played the young Richard with light-hearted heartbreaking truth. Then Pageants were ordinary little parties, friends were faithful, Death preposterous. The glamour of his looks was marvelously set on that evening in the Motleys' scenery and clothes. Those Motley girls were young then, and so clever with their telling simplicities, pale sets, and clothes that moved easily with the wearers' movements.

Our friendship began on that extraordinary evening because, after the last curtain call, my friend and I and another girl went round to his dressing room to offer embarrassing praises. He indulged our idiocies and accepted us, and that was not the end of the evening. We went on to some forgotten night club and ate and drank and danced. I still remember the slow fox trot, and the thought in my silly young mind: if *only* one of my Irish friends could see me now.

Part of the joy of that evening must have lain in John's warm response and acceptance of other people's talk; the stranger talk is to him, the longer it holds his interest. In the same way that he is an attentive listener he can consider a script, finding the meaning in the lines, concentrating on the punctuation that leads into the meaning.

When talking with his friends he himself has a fearless and agile use of words, irreverent and wonderfully entertaining. There is an ice-clear memory, and a wit accurate as a dagger thrust, but without any small, spiteful comment to twist in a possible wound. His self-appraisal goes far beyond modesty, because it is so very funny—asked not long ago in a fascinating interview with Russell Harty which of his



In the gallery, some of Sir John's books and photographs of friends.

roles he thought his greatest, he answered without an instant's consideration: "Oh, I think I'm best at prigs and bores."

It was three years after that evening with *Richard of Bordeaux* that I went to stay with him at Foulslough, his cottage near Finchingfield. Foulslough was an enchanting house, full of the bleached furniture and blue bed linen of the day, and happiness. It had its apple orchard too.

I had written, with my great friend John Perry, a play. It was a little comedy on how the fox-hunting Irish live in their old, cold houses—and John had committed himself to reading it. I shudder now at my embarrassing insistence on sitting with him—avid for his opinion—while he read. I can still feel my soaring relief at his laughter and then the exciting flash of his quick criticism and constructive suggestion.

"Couldn't you give the old aunt something naughty to do? Perhaps she's keen on racing?" That was the spark which lighted the way toward Margaret Rutherford's wonderful performance as my own dotty Aunt Bijou in a successful little play called *Spring Meeting* in which nobody except John and its authors had very much faith before it opened.

I have a distinct memory of his direction of Margaret Rutherford in *Spring Meeting*. It was her first long comedy part—years before the wonderful Madame Arcati and Miss Marple qualities grew into her great reputation. In her

first playing of Miss Bijou she was a little inclined to lean toward the madness and sadness in the character. I saw John lift her performance by a word, a suggestion until it became airborne—there was something from the wild a tinge of terror conveyed in the naughty-child-found-out and the Grand Dame making a dignified way through her faintly disreputable eccentricities.

His perception of true quality such as hers is immense, a flight of mind. Once he said of Fred Astaire: "Oh, he's *such* a good actor. He could play Hamlet." That he should have so complete an understanding of the fun and the pathos in an Irish life entirely foreign to himself is not really strange when one remembers that he once spoke of acting Chekhov as "being part of a novel, a family, something very intimate." The warmth and industrious insight in his direction of that great author is equally employed in his direction of the work of lesser writers.

When discussing my work with him I have never felt impotent to set my meaning free, his response is so rapid, although it may be in contradiction to my view of the character or situation in question—all angles are there to be construed, accepted, set aside, reaccepted: "Wouldn't it be funnier (or sadder, or more menacing) like this? We'll try it anyway."

I can well remember—though it is a trivial incident in a nonserious little play—a day when rehearsals were not ending too happily, when I was faced with the numbing demand: "Could we have a funny line *here* tomorrow morning?" A merciless finger on the script.

An evening of tortuous mental obstruction for me followed until, at last, I found it. Very good I thought it was, too, as I produced it with smug confidence the next morning and waited for his laugh and commendation.

"Is this the funny line?" A pause while he read it. A further pause, then: "Not very funny, is it, darling?" Unnecessarily unkind, I thought then. Right, I know now. His mind was with the play, not with my susceptibilities.

A writer's mind reaches a static block. His play becomes to him not

You've come  
a long way, baby.

According  
to the  
**THEORY  
OF  
EVOLUTION.**

men evolved  
with fat,  
stubby  
fingers  
and women  
evolved with  
long, slim  
fingers.

Therefore,  
according  
to the  
**THEORY  
OF  
LOGIC,**

women  
should  
smoke  
the

long, slim  
cigarette designed  
just for them.

And that's the  
**THEORY  
OF  
SLIMNESS.**

# VIRGINIA SLIMS



Slimmer than the fat  
cigarettes men smoke.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1984

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar.'84.

Fashions: Georges Rech



## Ever wonder why so many Golden Almond® gift boxes never reach their final destination?

Blame it on the thick milk chocolate in our one-pound gift box. Blame it on the multitude of whole toasted almonds. But whatever you do, don't blame yourself. You're only human.



Once a year in Springtime, there occurs an event in Asia  
that sweater wearers the world over might celebrate:  
*the moulting of the Kashmir goat.*

**T**his event provides the annual supply of cashmere, that rare and wondrous hair of the goat that is to the world of natural fibers what gold is to the supply of baser metals.

Cashmere—the downy undergrowth produced by the Kashmir goat—a material so rare it rewards a climb of the Himalayas. A material we take pains to travel around the world unchanged, except for a C instead of a K when it reaches the Scottish knitting mills which Lands' End haunts to process it. And to make some of the world's greatest sweaters.

**More like wool than any fiber.**

Natural cashmere is brownish in color. It yields itself to the spinning of luxurious, soft, wool-like yarns with a characteristic highly napped finish.

It is highly prized—not least by us at Lands' End and our customers—for its softness, and warmth. It is lighter in weight than wool, but not as durable. As they say, nobody is perfect—not even the Kashmir goat.

**Our cashmeres are rare values.**

Lands' End specifies that our cashmere sweaters be knitted from two-ply yarn, which is extremely fine and close and

extremely soft. By the same token it is a costly material—there being a strict limitation on the total amount of cashmere hair available.

Still, we have managed to lay hold on an encouraging assortment of cashmere sweaters and we've priced them affordably. (We don't haunt those Scottish mills for nothing.)

They include cashmere cable crew-necks with hand-looped collars, as well as sleeveless and long-sleeved V-necks for men and women.

**Seeing is believing and thrilling.**

Obviously you should see our cashmeres

on people and in our catalog—and what could be easier than to get a free catalog simply by dialing our toll-free number (800-356-4444) 24 hours a day. Or sending in the coupon below.

Remember, like everything else in the catalog—from shoes to soft luggage to accessories—your cashmere sweater is backed by our short, sweet, two word guarantee:

**GUARANTEED. PERIOD.**

There is no fine print.

Call now. So next year when the Kashmir goat performs his miracle, you can celebrate in Lands' End style.

**LANDS' END**  
DIRECT MERCHANTS

of fine wool and cotton sweaters, Oxford button-down shirts, traditional dress clothing, snow wear, deck wear, original Lands' End soft luggage and a multitude of other quality goods from around the world.

Please send free catalog.

Lands' End Dept. HH-25  
Dodgeville, WI 53595



Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Or call Toll-free:  
**800-356-4444**

perfect, but changeless. It is in John's sometimes ruthless direction, or perhaps in his supposition that his own perception of the facets of a situation or the shades of a character can be immediately shared with others (the ordinary, who are without his fecundity of imagination), that he can be in difficulty and the actor or writer, left in pain, if respectful, puzzlement.

Perhaps it is his nonacceptance of the black and white in life or in the theater that lets in a new light on obscurities—through his direction relationships fall apart, to come together on a fresh footing and understanding—like morning in a woodland, distances are newly apparent. Characters walk and talk through the distances he has seen. They breathe freely in the new air of life he has given to the written word. This, as a writer, is my experience of working with him.

When John talks about the theater, its past is as clear and living to him (and to us) as its present. He can speak about his great-aunt Ellen Terry as realistically as though she were still alive, and waiting to read a rave or a disparaging notice the next morning. Some of his evocations of her performances are very close to his own charismatic work. He writes of her: "She moved with extraordinary spontaneity—you really believed she was walking on the flagstones of Venice or the fields of Windsor." I find the same quality in his own physical movements as they twine in with, or follow, his speaking voice: the despairing hesitations of Ivanov. Beyond the pleasant, slightly apologetic tone of voice, the menace in his playing of Spooner in Pinter's *No Man's Land* is terrifying. Menace is conveyed through the too-obvious ease of his posture, relaxed, knees crossed, sandaled foot swinging, but the hands are clasped, thumbballs pressed together, holding back, till a fitter moment, the power to destroy.

He must be the least self-centered and most observant actor living. He talks marvelously about other players. His memory is totally accurate, and his descriptions dispassionate and wildly funny. A life style is conveyed in a very few words. For instance, speaking of the private life of a successful actress, "... when not acting she preferred to stay at home and play bridge with her servants." He has the right word in

which to praise in greater or lesser measure.

He has talked and written copiously about the great actors he has known and worked with, or the lesser actors who have interested him, but there is far too little about himself. Listening to him, or reading his books, one is cheated when his greatest successes are passed over, almost as accidents, while he gives unhesitant condemnation to some of his own performances or productions: "... it was a Great Failure." Full stop. Disaster, if it happens, is accepted as his entire responsibility. If any wish concerning the future of his own career is evident, perhaps it is the hope that a film should be made of *The Tempest*, and in it he should play his truest Prospero.

John's home, the South Pavilion, was once the coach and carriage house, part of the stable wing of Wotton. It still contains the quietness of those days of sheeted carriages and broughams and phaetons. When one comes into the vast drawing room one's first impression is of light and flowers, dogs and a big fire, before the beauty of the room dawns through its comforts, and one realizes it is the proper, almost poetic environment for him. Beauty belongs to the room's stature, to its color and right arrangement. There is nothing arrogantly splendid or anything of great ostentatious value; John parted with many of his priceless antiques and pictures when he left Cowley Street. At its far end the room is shortened for a space taken by a little gallery lined by bookshelves, crammed with books. Underneath the gallery there is a comfortable cave: a place for dog's baskets, television, the newspapers, the telephone—all the day-after-day commitments of life.

Although the great saloon and the dining room are both on the grand scale there is nothing of the *palazzo* about them. A warmth possesses and envelops the possible stateliness of the air; pictures are subdued in it, they share in what goes on. Any grandeur is contradicted by a lucid feeling of busy domesticity. This is particularly true of the dining room. One is most happily aware of food: wonderful. And wine: still more wonderful. More often than not there is evidence of some acute and charming thought—a tiny Easter-egg kind of present—not to be eaten then,

but to be carried home by the lucky guest. My last Easter egg was as full of caviar (large and gray) as a hen's egg is full of meat.

Then there is the garden, acres of sunny garden, with the stretching gray wings of the house spread behind it. There is an extended direct formality in this garden; formality that accepts a vista, a temple. It has the stateliness of a ghost pavane before its distances are dissolved into woodlands and long meadows.

Walking through this house and out into its garden one is filled with the happy thought that here Prospero has found his absolute and proper dwelling place; not a cloud-capped tower, or any gorgeous extravaganza of foreign palaces, but an English house. Wotton has withstood time and carried its qualities of beauty and usefulness into our present. There is nothing common here, or mean. John fits very well indeed into the picture. □

Editor: Babs Simpson

Statement Required by 39 U.S.C. 3685 showing the Ownership, Management, and Circulation of HOUSE & GARDEN, published monthly (12 issues) for October 1, 1983. Publication No. 00186406. Annual subscription price \$36.00.

1. Location of known office of Publication is 9100 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, CA 90212.

2. Location of the Headquarters or General Business Offices of the Publishers is 350 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

3. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, and managing editor are: Publisher, William F. Bondlow, Jr., 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Editor, Louis O. Gropp, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Managing Editor, Jerome H. Denner, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

4. The owners are The Condé Nast Publications, Inc., 350 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Stockholder. Through intermediate corporations to Advance Publications, Inc.; The Advance Voting Trust, sole voting stockholder, 950 Fingerboard Road, Staten Island, N.Y. 10305.

5. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

6. Extent and nature of circulation

	Average No. Copies each issue during preceding 12 months	Single issue nearest to filing date
A Total No. Copies printed	743,891	806,133
B Paid Circulation		
1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	89,691	95,000
2. Mail subscriptions	459,114	489,331
C Total Paid Circulation	548,805	584,331
D Free Distribution by mail, carrier or other means, samples, complimentary, and other free copies	65,190	86,811
E Total Distribution	613,995	671,142
F Copies not distributed		
1. Office use, left over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing	19,979	19,991
2. Returns from News Agents	109,917	115,000
G Total	743,891	806,133

7. I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.  
(Signed) William F. Bondlow, Jr. Publisher





*It's what you've wanted  
all along.*

Timeless design. Superb  
craftsmanship. Classic  
furniture for every room in  
your home. It's the genuine  
quality you want in all things,  
here in Pennsylvania House.



**PENNSYLVANIA  
HOUSE**

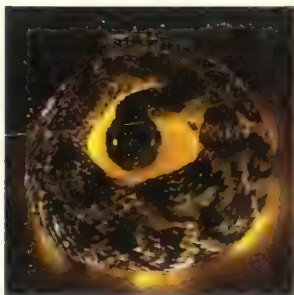
For nearest Gallery 800/621-5199, in Illinois, 800/972-5855.

# JOURNAL

## TIPPING THE SCALES

*Frank Gehry: Unique Lamps*, Metro Pictures, New York, through Dec. 22.

In the eighteen months since the first Fish Lamp was unveiled by the Formica Corporation to promote its ColorCore plastic laminate, architect Frank Gehry's translucent sculptures have quickly become something of an avant-garde status symbol, avidly snapped up by collectors from Philip



Johnson to Michael Jackson. Now the manufacture of these effigies (carried out in the New City Editions "Fish Factory" in Venice, Calif.) has expanded to include reptilians as well, with "scales" of ColorCore, chipped by hand used as the basic surface unit.

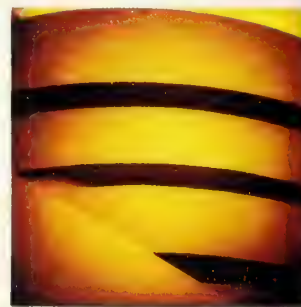
An architect who most

closely parallels the interests of the artists with whom he often collaborates (he and Claes Oldenburg worked on a project for this year's Venice Biennale), Gehry in these pieces goes far beyond the decorative designs of his architectural colleagues. His fish and snakes have a life of their own. *Martin Filler*



## PRINTS OF THE CITY

*Building Portraits*, Manhattan Borough President's Office, Municipal Building, New York, through Dec. 31.



GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1982

Getting a fresh take on New York City is no easy matter for a photographer in the wake of the finest talents of our time, virtually all of whom have essayed that quintessential urban subject. Andrew Garn's approach, as is borne out in the twenty exceptional photos in this one-man show, was deceptively simple. Using a one-dollar Diana plastic camera with a one-element focusing lens,

## BORIS GOOD ENOUGH

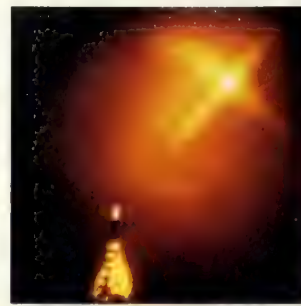
*Boris Anisfeld in St. Petersburg 1901-1917*, Shepherd Gallery, New York, through Dec. 31.

The names Diaghilev and Bakst recall an intensely creative period for Russia's prerevolutionary avant-garde. Other artists active in a group led by Diaghilev, *Mir Iskusstva* (World of Art), are less known—Boris Anisfeld (1879-1973) among them.

Besides designing sets for theatrical productions, including many for the Theatre Ballet Russe, he painted works such as *Bathers*, *Evening on the River Dvina* (1905), right, filled with vibrant planes of

color overlaid with almost overpowering natural motifs. Most of Anisfeld's early work hasn't been seen since an exhibition tour in

1918 when he immigrated to the U.S. Now fifty of these canvases offer stunning testimony to his skills. *Anne Rieselbach*



CHRYSLER BUILDING, 1982

he confronted many of the familiar (and several less-well-known) monuments of New York with the technical innocence of an amateur and the visual sophistication of a born professional. It is a winning combination. *M.F.*

# Canadian Club Classic®

Out of the wood  
comes the  
perfect smoothness  
of the world's first  
barrel-blended 12 year-old  
Canadian whisky.



Barrel-blending is the final process of blending selected whiskies as they are poured into oak barrels to marry prior to bottling.  
Imported in bottle by Hiram Walker Importers Inc., Detroit MI © 1984.



## About Bulls & Bears & Savings Bonds.

According to people in the stock market, bulls are good and bears are bad. But if you're buying U.S. Savings Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan, you don't have to worry about missing a ride on the bull or being devoured by the Wall Street bear.

When the bull is dominant in the market and rates are high, you'll share in those higher returns because Bonds now have a variable interest rate.

And that means there's no limit on how much you can earn.

But if the bear takes over and rates decline, you're protected by a guaranteed minimum of 7.5%. And that's only minimum.

Chances are you'll do a lot better over time.

All you have to do is hold your Bonds five years or more and you can ride the bull and beat the bear.

**Take  
stock  
in America.**



A Public Service of This Publication

There are many ways to say what your company does.



But one way says how well your company does it.



## THE AMERICAN EXPRESS® CORPORATE CARD

To American Express:  
There's no question that the American Express Corporate Card would be an asset to my company's image. But what will it do to help me organize and manage my company's travel and entertainment expenses, sort out business from personal expenses, and provide my company with crucial documentation for tax purposes?

Show me how well you do what you do and maybe we can do some business.


**From:**  
Name \_\_\_\_\_ Title \_\_\_\_\_  
Name of Company \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
Phone (\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_ Number of Travelers \_\_\_\_\_

**Send to:** A. M. Busquet, V.P.  
American Express Travel Management Services,  
P.O. Box 13821, Phoenix, Arizona 85002.

**Or call toll free:** 1-800-528-AMEX. (In Arizona call 602-222-3283)



Travel Management Services



A quiet corner in the heart  
of Bloomingdale Country.

In New York's most sophisticated and vibrant  
location, a superb and elegant hideaway.  
By appointment only. (212) 308-6800

# Trump Plaza

A Cooperative Residence  
47 East 61st Street

The complete offering terms and conditions are available from the Sponsor, Sponsor's Agent - THE EAST COAST COMPANY, 725 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Luxman brings music home to Burt Bacharach and Carole Bayer Sager



The living room of Burt Bacharach and Carole Bayer Sager with the Luxman T-240, K-240 and L-430 High Fidelity Components.



For those whose lives are music, there is Luxman.

Uncompromising Luxman. Precise, elegant  
Luxman. The Luxman of legendary innovation  
and handcrafted quality; of sound  
pure, rich and real. If you value such  
music, Luxman belongs in your life.

For the dealer nearest you,  
call 1-800-257-4631.

*The  
Taste  
of  
Luxury*

**LUXMAN**  
HIGH FIDELITY SYSTEMS



## A work of Sanderson.

English classic and contemporary prints on fabrics and wall coverings. And the William Morris Collection.



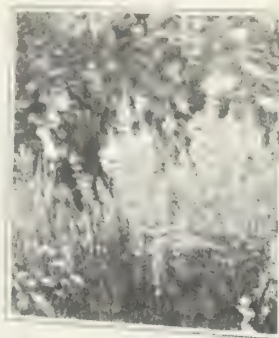
ARTHUR SANDERSON & SONS  
600 D Building, 979 Third Ave. (Suite 403)  
New York City (212-319-7220)



# A Special Invitation to House & Garden Readers



GERTRUDE JEKYLL



COLOUR SCHEMES  
for the FLOWER GARDEN

Introduced and Revised by  
GRAHAM STUART THOMAS

WOOD AND GARDEN

ROSES

WALL & WATER GARDENS

Over 400 spectacular works—many in full-color—have been brought together for the first time in this superb history of house and garden view painting, 1540-1870. The paintings evoke, with immense charm, the settings, gardens, and even the working life of England's great houses. Publisher's Price: \$75.00

Gertrude Jekyll was one of the most passionately inventive gardeners England has ever produced. At last, four of her most admired works—long out of print and prized by collectors—have been reissued, updated for present-day American gardeners by Graham Stuart Thomas. Publisher's Price for the set: \$95.00

Choose one of these  
two magnificent offers  
(a value up to \$95<sup>00</sup>)

FOR ONLY \$19<sup>25</sup>

WHEN YOU JOIN THE  
GARDEN BOOK CLUB

At last there is a special club for gardeners that brings you the most important and useful books in every garden category—selected with the help of America's most distinguished authorities on modern gardening and landscape design.

As a member of *The Garden Book Club*, you'll be offered beautifully illustrated books on garden history and design, invaluable reference works and encyclopedias, hard-to-find technical and specialty books, and how-to books that tackle specific problems of each region in the United States. Your savings are significant—often as high as 30%—so you can build a library of elegant and indispensable gardening books to refer to again and again for inspiration and expert assistance.

Start your membership now and receive the four celebrated classics by Gertrude Jekyll, or the unusually handsome Sotheby Parke Bernet volume, *The Artist and the Country House*.

## The Garden Book Club

Membership Service Department  
250 W. 57th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10107

**How membership works:** You agree to buy four club selections during your first year of membership. You'll choose books from our club bulletin that offers you a wide selection of garden books at least ten times a year. When you want the main selection, do nothing and you'll receive it automatically. If you want any other book listed—or none at all—indicate your decision on the reply card enclosed with the bulletin and return it by the specified date.

Should you ever receive the main selection without having had 10 days to return the card, you may return that selection at our expense. After fulfilling your initial obligation, you can earn a bonus credit with every book you buy. Four credits entitle you to a Bonus Book (most of them available at no extra charge, a few for a nominal sum). Unless you prepay, you will be billed on all orders for postage and handling.

Please enroll me as a member of The Garden Book Club and send me the offer I have indicated below at the special introductory price:

- Gertrude Jekyll's *Colour Schemes for the Flower Garden*, *Wood and Garden*, *Roses*, and *Wall & Water Gardens*—a \$95.00 value for only \$19.95.  
 *The Artist and the Country House*—a \$75.00 value for only \$19.95.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Payment enclosed.  Please send me my introductory offer right away.

Charge my credit card as follows:  MasterCard  
 American Express

Card # \_\_\_\_\_

Expires \_\_\_\_\_ MasterCard Bank # \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

The club reserves the right of membership approval.

HG02

## QUINN ESSENTIAL

(Continued from page 155) as they are by Jack and Joan, and still more by those whom they backed well before they rose to the prominence they now enjoy. Ultimately, it matters little to the Quinns into which of those categories their artworks fall.

That attitude, of course, has been bred by the confidence that comes from having done so well on the whole. For so much of what the Quinns own is of such seminal importance that it would be impossible to think of retrospectives of their most extensively represented artists without major loans from their trailblazing collection. The Quinns are thus a source of envy and bafflement to many aspiring collectors in the Los Angeles area, where Jack and Joan command an almost magnetic field of influence. But as Mrs. Quinn recounts it, the process of amassing their collection wasn't all that difficult. "We usually bought things that other people didn't want," she says matter-of-factly. "In most cases, we knew it was good because we've been able to see a different kind of beauty in things. We've always pushed ourselves to go beyond the ordinary, to be in the avant-garde, and most important, not to be afraid of things that might rub some people the wrong way."

Certainly their timing was right. The years just after their marriage in 1961 were a time of immense creativity for the visual arts in Southern California, with John Altoon, Larry Bell, Billy Al Bengston, Ron Davis, Joe Goode, Robert Graham, Ed Moses, Ken Price, and Ed Ruscha, among others, challenging the hegemony that the New York School had maintained for the preceding twenty years. Taken by the free, open spirit of that new work, the Quinns became collectors, then patrons, and finally confidantes of many of those artists. With their genuine gift for friendship and open admiration for the creative temperament, Joan and Jack soon became very special participants in the emerging avant-garde art world of L.A.

Joan Agajanian Quinn's mother had an intentional oil portrait of her daughter painted when she graduated from high school, and that obscure art-



Jack Quinn photographed in his study by Helmut Newton. Behind him are two canvases by Ed Ruscha from the early sixties; to the right is a corrugated cardboard Easy Edges chair by Frank Gehry, 1972.

ist is likely to be remembered after all because his was the first of some 25 portraits of Joan that now form one of the most recurrent themes of the collection. By California artists as various in their styles as Mel Ramos and Don Bachardy, those portraits as a group seem uncommonly communicative, no doubt because the painters and the sitter have generally known each other so well. The large number of likenesses that she has had made of herself is not necessarily to be seen as a sign of vanity: the more one knows Joan Quinn the more one recognizes that this serial approach is the only way likely to approximate the diverse aspects of her vivid personality.

Joan's physical presentation is of a piece with her artistic philosophy. She has devised an image for herself that simultaneously maximizes her great personal warmth and sets her apart as a supremely self-assured woman not at all concerned with conformity or the expected. In addition to her commitment to the arts (she is a member of the California Arts Council, a founder of the Los Angeles Museum of Contemporary Art, and a sometime exhibition curator) she is also passionate about fashion (on which she has frequently lectured).

Joan Quinn is most often dressed in designs by her friends Zandra Rhodes and Issey Miyake. Occasionally, she will wear pieces by both in quite startling conjunctions of hand-painted, pearl-embroidered chiffon and rough Japanese homespun. Her hair streaked with peacock blue or kelly green, her fingers, forearms, and full bosom aglit-

ter with multiple selections from her large collection of jewelry both serious and fake, Joan Quinn standardly attracts stares for her freewheeling abandon. But make no mistake: Joan Quinn is no mere clotheshorse; a serious student of the couturier's craft, it was she who brought Miyake's stunning "Bodyworks" show to the U.S. last year. And it should also be noted that her clothes enjoy the longevity of her art and objects. She will wear a favorite design for years, and is no more likely to deaccession a dress than a painting. ("We've never bought for investment, trade, or resale," insists Jack Quinn. "We have never, ever, in the past 25 years sold anything we've collected.")

Though the charismatic—even theatrical—persona Joan has invented for herself tends to dominate the surface of proceedings in which both she and her husband take part, there is no question that his complementary constancy and practicality make them one of the most impressively matched teams in art collecting on either coast. Jack Quinn, an attorney who was the youngest president of the Los Angeles County Bar Association (and who represents almost all of the artists whose work he collects), looks upon his supporting role with an admixture of pride and conspiratorial glee. "Joan has a marvelous eye and incredible taste. When you walk into an artist's studio with her, she'll immediately say, 'I like this, this, and this.' Then the artist will ask me, 'Which one did Joan like?' and when I tell him he'll say, 'Oh, no, she always does this to me.'"

However, those artists have the satisfaction of knowing that those pieces will be joining the most distinguished previous examples of their own work, for long ago the Quinns opted for depth rather than breadth. When they first started out, the big California collecting money was still going for the Impressionists, Post-Impressionists, and Fauves that have been popular among the movie moguls since the thirties. Today, some L.A. collectors still shun their leading local lights as being too "provincial," favoring New York-based artists instead. But Jack and Joan have never changed their tune. Their

ollection has something money can't buy: conviction. Whatever the rank ultimately accorded the Southern California School, it seems certain that the Quinns' role as collectors of it will take on a legendary aura.

But meanwhile, we should think of them in their house in the early evening, just before they are about to go out to one of the dozens of gallery openings they attend each season. The living room, in that most outdoor-oriented part of the country, is uncompromisingly interior. Heavy brocade curtains screen what is left of the fading daylight, and the general atmosphere is much more *Sunset Boulevard* than *77 Sunset Strip*. A profusion of potted plants—amaryllis, orchids left in their pink and yellow cellophane wrappers—along with bird-of-paradise lowers in vases and an aviary's worth of taxidermy give the space the eerie air of a jungle. One must pick one's path very carefully through this thicket of objects rich and strange, but any apprehensions are put to rest by the cultivators of this luxuriant and exotic landscape.

"All this self-indulgence is strictly for our own edification and enjoyment," says Jack, and when you see them amid the intriguing evidence of their quarter-century obsession with the arts, you can immediately sense the pleasure that it gives them. The Quinns are perfect examples of the difference between consumption and creation: they've chosen the latter, and thereby have become artists of a sort in their own right. Their medium has been themselves. □ *Editor: Joyce MacRae*



In Jack Quinn's study, a table by Billy Al Bengston is obscured under piles of books.

# SANDEMAN



It's known as the pride of Portugal. Yet for centuries now, it's been as close to the hearts of the English aristocracy as the country weekend.

## PORT

In England it's traditional to buy a vintage Port at the birth of a son, so he can enjoy the Port years later—when he and the wine both reach maturity. But one shouldn't wait for a special occasion to buy and enjoy Port.

Despite Dr. Samuel Johnson's "Claret is for boys, Port for men," Port is not a man's drink exclusively. Many women favor it. And who would not be taken with its full and generous flavor, its natural sweetness.

Port is a remarkable wine, made in rugged northern Portugal. It is ample. Satisfying. The classic drink to end a meal. It's perfect after dinner. No cordial can compare.

For nearly two hundred years Sandeman has been making some of the noblest Ports. And always keeping part of the finest in reserve for the exclusive enjoyment of family and friends. Now they are releasing some of this very special wine. Founders Reserve Port. Vigorous. Dramatic. Urbane. Sandeman is certain that a Port distinguished enough to honor their founder will be enjoyed by a wider circle of friends.

Fine Port is one great wines. Make

of the world's truly friends with it.  
**Sandeman Founders Reserve Port.**



Imported by Chateau & Estate Wines Company, N.Y.

(Continued from page 167) souvenirs and memorabilia have been integrated gracefully with valuable antiques. Nowhere does the house's sense of history feel pedantic or its charm cloying. Helen Hayes is particularly appreciative of this achievement—first, because she is a great actress who abhors an empty gesture; and second, because she is a woman of great naturalness who finds “nothing more exhausting or troubling than a room ‘in perfect taste,’ with everything ‘just so,’ and no allowance made for the unruliness of real life.”

Helen Hayes was married to a man with a fine feeling for the unruliness of



*Pretty Penny* by Edward Hopper, 1939

real life, and Charles MacArthur made high comedy of it. He also sometimes felt the need to escape from his own

precious Victoriana, and for this purpose he built a “barroom” in his basement. At the entrance are two carved panels rescued from the demolition site of the Fifth Avenue Theatre: comedy and tragedy. They are fitting brackets for a room that has the feel of a rather seedy pub frequented by hard-bitten newspapermen. There is an elaborate mahogany bar; wicker chairs covered in the MacArthur tartan; an enormous dinosaur of a console television; and a row of red plush seats—numbers 112–114—from the Helen Hayes Theatre, torn down amid shouts of community protest to make room for the Marriot Marquis Hotel. On the walls are the photographs of “a few friends”: the Lunts, John Gielgud, Noel Coward, Harpo Marx, Fred Astaire, Ruth Gordon, Katharine Hepburn, Lillian Gish, John Drew, and several dozen other great figures in modern theater. “A funny collection of oddballs,” says Helen Hayes.

Her Nyack neighbors thought so. Nyack before the Second World War was a rich, sedate, and terribly “small-minded” town that “hated” the arrival of these boisterous and no doubt wicked theater people. When the MacArthurs began to dig a swimming pool at the foot of their garden, the postman commented—his awe mixed with great unease—that “Hollywood had come to the Hudson.” Miss Hayes couldn't have been more delighted. It gave her that “racy” feeling. “What wonderful bodies have flung themselves into that pool!” Katharine Hepburn liked to practice her jackknife in a brassiere and shorts, and John Barrymore once chilled the water with a truckload of ice to cure a particularly savage hangover. “I felt,” he told his hostess, “just like the fly in a highball.”

Throughout her career, Helen Hayes would always drive home to Nyack from Manhattan after her performances, and during the war years, when gas was rationed, she took the bus. Having to catch it gave her “an alibi” for declining late-night revels. She managed to keep a high-powered career in balance with an unusually happy domestic life: her marriage and her two children—Mary and James, who both became actors. But in 1949, Mary, who was then nineteen, died of polio; her father, who never fully recovered from that loss, died seven

## Tappan brings you the right combination for all your cooking needs.

**Tappan's over/under gas range with self-cleaning Convectionaire<sup>®</sup> oven and microwave.**

How convenient can cooking get? One look at this Tappan over/under gas range and you'll know. Up top, a speedy microwave oven. Below, a time-saving, energy-saving Convectionaire oven. Inside, a waist-high broiler. Plus, the unequalled ease and control of gas-top cooking.

The Convectionaire oven cooks 30% to 50% faster than regular ovens, at lower temperatures, and with no pre-heating. It's self-cleaning too. In fact, the entire range is designed for easy cleaning. And, compared to Tappan ranges with pilot lights, this energy-efficient beauty uses 40% less gas. See it at your Tappan dealer. If you live beyond gas-company lines, call your local LP dealer.



**TAPPAN IS COOKING™**

Tappan Park • Mansfield, Ohio 44902 • 419/755-2011

**Saves you more for your money.**

© 1983 American Gas Association

**New super-efficient gas appliances make America's best energy value even better.**



MERRY  
CHRISTMAS  
AND A

# Gourmet

NEW YEAR



Give a gift that gives a compliment. A gift that says, "You're special." A gift that says, "You deserve the best." A gift of GOURMET.

GOURMET makes good living easy. It's a guide to the best in food and wine. A monthly portfolio of delectable recipes and original menu ideas. A source for the most fascinating travel destinations, delightful restaurants, savvy shopping tips.

GOURMET is a gift that lasts all year long. Give it this year. They'll thank you all next year. Simply return the attached card.

**WHAT A DELICIOUS GIFT IDEA.**

years later. At that point, Helen Hayes decided to move into the city—into an apartment—ceding, in part, to the pressure of well-meaning friends. “Leave the past behind you,” they told me—as if one ever can.” But she listened to them, put her furnishings up for auction, and arranged to sell Pretty Penny to old friends: Herbert Ross and Nora Kaye. “It was very fortunate,” Miss Hayes continues, “that Nora panicked at the last minute. She had never lived in anything bigger than a trunk and the size of the house scared her. How providential that was for me. What would I have done in the city—meet friends for lunch? Window-shop? This house has always given me so much—and so much to do.”

In 1972, Helen Hayes retired from theater. She had literally become allergic to it—the dust in its boards and its backstages. She had also been “in a harness” since the age of five, and “I quite simply had begun to run amok!” Liberated from the inexorable routine of and commitment to eight performances a week, Helen Hayes has “jumped aboard a horse and run off in all directions.” At the age of 84, she has become an insatiable traveler; she remains actively engaged in raising funds for and directing a number of charities—as vice-president of The Actors’ Fund, co-chairman along with Lady Bird Johnson of the National Wildflower Research Center, and as a member of the board of the Helen Hayes Hospital in Haverstraw.

It is, by now, a cliché to remark how gracefully Helen Hayes wears her age, how vital and involved with the world she is. As a spokesperson for her generation, she has just published a book, *Our Best Years*, based on Mutual of Omaha’s radio program of the same name. Her secret, I suspect, is that she doesn’t think of herself as particularly noble or heroic for growing old—for “somehow still bearing when the others have given out.” She puts it simply: “I’m just greedy.” □ *Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet*

PURE SPACE IN NEW DELHI

(Continued from page 176) Fresh flower pots four feet high, brought inside from the garden one day; an object loaned to a museum or shifted, or even sent out, literally, on the lawns to breathe. All this necessitates the use of the barest of immobile or heavy structures. Like a high priest in a Hindu temple who bathes, anoints, and clothes his deities, relocating their position as if they were his children or aged parents, making seasonal offerings of flowers, fruits, and backdrops, Mrs. Jayakar too is constantly conducting her little “play” with her self-taught sense of design. Although she has pioneered the cause of formal design training and has been instrumental in the setting up of major institutional frameworks to support the growth of design awareness, her designer friends would consider that she herself remains the best university to train with.

With the task of creating a living space within the aging walls of the bungalow handed to her in 1981 by the government, Mrs. Jayakar teamed up with a few friends who were as eager as she to see it “the right way, the right way,” to be precise, is an undelineated way, where as one goes along, beauty close-

Classic Leather may be seen at these fine stores.

- ALABAMA**  
Birmingham Wholesale, Birmingham  
Bragg Furniture, Huntsville  
John Curry Furniture, Tuscaloosa  
Town & Country Interiors, Montgomery
- ARKANSAS**  
Hearn's Furniture, North Little Rock
- CALIFORNIA**  
J. H. Biggar, Pasadena  
H. J. Garrett, Costa Mesa  
Don Stephens Interior, Anaheim  
Van Cleave's, Inc., Whittier
- CANADA**  
Fraser Brothers, Montreal, Ontario
- COLORADO**  
Bannister's, Grand Junction  
Howard Lorton Galleries, Denver  
Midwest Furniture, Denver  
Wannamaker & Company, Durango
- CONNECTICUT**  
The Furniture Barn, Cheshire  
Roberts Furniture, Greenwich  
Wayside of Milford, Milford
- DELAWARE**  
Roy Mitchell & Sons, Laurel  
Pala Brothers, Wilmington
- FLORIDA**  
Cox Furniture, Gainesville  
Liberty Furniture, Jacksonville
- GEORGIA**  
Augusta Furniture Showcase, Augusta  
Furniture Craftsmen, Inc., Marietta  
Charles S. Martin Distributing Co., Atlanta
- ILLINOIS**  
Ackemann's Furniture Galleries,  
Crystal Lake
- INDIANA**  
Finke's Furniture Co., Evansville  
House of Lancaster, Indianapolis  
Unfinished Furniture Co., Indianapolis
- IOWA**  
Black's, Des Moines  
Hall Home Furniture, Cedar Rapids
- KENTUCKY**  
Burke Furniture Company, Lexington  
Keach Furniture Co., Hopkinsville  
Kinnaird & Francke, Louisville  
Rysers Furniture, East Bernstadt  
Suff's Furniture Co., Georgetown
- LOUISIANA**  
Dunn Furniture, Shreveport  
Town & Country Furniture, Baton Rouge
- MAINE**  
Rollins Furniture Store, South Portland
- MARYLAND**  
Wayside Furniture, Baltimore
- MASSACHUSETTS**  
Empire Warehouse, Worcester  
Ippolito's Furniture, Lawrence  
Luxury in Leather, East Cambridge  
Penn Furniture Industries, Boston  
Sleep Sofa, Etc., Burlington  
C. F. Tompkins, Salem  
Whitney Wayside, Dennisport
- MICHIGAN**  
Beattie Interiors, Waterford  
Bells of Whitehall, Whitehall  
Classic Interiors, Livonia  
Ditmar's Furniture Co., Grand Rapids  
Markey's, Saginaw  
Estes Furniture Company, Lansing  
Jacobsons Store for the Home, Birmingham  
Jacobsons Store for the Home, Dearborn  
Jacobsons Store for the Home, Kalamazoo  
Klingmans, Grand Rapids  
Lawton Interiors by Design, Marquette  
McLaughlin's American Traditional,  
Southgate  
Rice Furniture, Gladwin  
Robbins Furniture Co., Owosso  
Schwark Furniture, Utica  
Schwark Furniture, St. Clair  
Skaff Furniture Co., Flint  
Sterling Furniture, Warren  
Towne & Country Interior, Bloomfield Hills  
Troost Bros. Furniture, St. Joseph
- MINNESOTA**  
Fletham Furniture & Studio, Minneapolis
- MISSISSIPPI**  
Abram's, Jackson  
Malouf Furniture, Greenwood
- MISSOURI**  
Carafiols, Bridgeton  
Carafiols, Manchester  
Enterprise Wholesale, Inc., Kansas City  
Rust & Martin, Cape Girardeau  
Wheeler Home Furniture, Springfield
- MONTANA**  
Billings Valley Furniture, Billings  
Bloom's Home Furnishings, Helena  
Wagner's Home Furnishings, Missoula
- NEW HAMPSHIRE**  
C. H. Avery, Nashua  
Bridgman's, Lebanon  
Curriers Furniture, Hampton Falls  
Plotkin Wayside, Keene  
Rollins Furniture Store, North Hampton  
Suburban Furniture, Suncook
- NEW JERSEY**  
Autumn House Furniture, Bernardsville
- NEW YORK**  
Croydon Showrooms, New York  
Mt. Kisco Furniture Co., Mt. Kisco
- NORTH CAROLINA**  
Bloom Furniture, Fayetteville  
Carolina Furniture Galleries, Lumberton  
Country Furniture, High Point  
Dawl Furniture, High Point  
The Furniture House of N.C., Salisbury  
Holton Furniture, Thomasville  
Hutchins Furniture, Kernersville  
Moyock Furniture, Moyock  
Priba Furniture, Greensboro  
Sutton Council Furniture Co., Wilmington  
Thomas Home Furnishings, Granite Falls  
Thornton Furniture Plantation, Greensboro  
Wood-Armfield Furniture, High Point
- NORTH DAKOTA**  
Baer's House of Quality, Fargo
- OHIO**  
Brewster & Stroud, Chagrin Falls  
Buckeye Home Furnishings, Cincinnati  
Gilbert Furniture, Ashland  
Rogers Furniture, Maumee  
Shillito/Rikes, Cincinnati  
Spring Mill Furniture, Mansfield  
Stross Dept. Store, Youngstown  
Wayside Furniture, Akron
- OKLAHOMA**  
Beeline Furniture, Jenks  
Cousin's Furniture, Tulsa  
Landsaw's Jamestown, Bethany  
Landsaw's Norman, Norman
- OREGON**  
Leather Furniture Company, Beaverton  
Rubenstein's, Albany  
Rubenstein's, Eugene  
Rubenstein's, Portland  
Rubenstein's, Salem
- PENNSYLVANIA**  
Furniture Unlimited, Quakertown  
Long's Furniture, Roaring Springs  
Wilson's, Sharon
- SOUTH CAROLINA**  
Clemson Decorating Center Inc., Clemson  
Hurst-Sexton Furniture, Sumter  
Prosperity Furniture, Prosperity  
Stuckey Brothers Furniture, Stuckey
- SOUTH DAKOTA**  
Baer's House of Quality, Rapid City  
Baer's House of Quality, Sioux Falls
- TENNESSEE**  
Braden's Wholesale Furniture, Knoxville  
Crescent Wholesale Furniture, Nashville  
Fleming Fine Furniture, Jackson  
Fleming Specialties, Memphis
- TEXAS**  
Brittain's Fine Furniture, Houston  
Cooper Interiors, San Angelo  
Duffy's Furniture & Interiors, Dallas  
Galleria, Dallas  
Hand's Furniture, Corsicana  
House & Table, Dallas  
Howell's Discount Furniture, Beaumont  
Leonard's Colonial Shoppe, San Antonio  
Leonard's Interiors of Austin, Austin
- UTAH**  
Dinwoody's, Salt Lake City
- VIRGINIA**  
Better Living, Charlottesville  
Colony House Furniture, Richmond  
Dayton Interiors, Dayton  
Powell Furniture, Newport News  
Stephenson & Aldridge, Salem  
Virginia Wayside Furniture, Richmond  
Weaver Wayside, Danville  
Willis Wayside, Virginia Beach
- WASHINGTON**  
Arnold's, Bremerton  
The Crescent, Spokane  
Kaufman-Miller, Port Angeles  
Kaufman-Scroggs, Aberdeen  
Ken's Suburban Furniture, Bellevue  
La Z Boy Showcase, Tukwila  
Schultz Furniture, Yakima
- WEST VIRGINIA**  
Boll Furniture Co., Charleston
- WISCONSIN**  
Furniture Galleries of Stevens Point,  
Stevens Point  
Betty Johnson Interior, Thiensville  
Raiton Town Crier, Lake Geneva  
Ross of La Crosse, La Crosse



**Classic Leather . . . a tradition of specialization  
in quality leather upholstered furniture.**

*Over 200 styles from which to choose, and a selection of leather colors that can be correlated to individual tastes and interior requirements. Each custom made to meet the highest standards of craftsmanship, tailoring and attention to fine detail. The long-lasting beauty and durability of leather ensures value year after year.*

*To receive a brochure, please send \$1.00 to  
Dept. C-07, Box 2404, Hickory, N. C. 28603*

**CLASSIC  
LEATHER** Manufacturers  
of Leather Upholstered Furr





## The Continuing Adventure: Chapter 2

# It was a white Christmas in Paris...



Some years ago, a couple we know were in Paris over the holidays.

They celebrated Christmas dinner in a bistro off St. Michel. The husband, inspired by love and champagne, told the waiter to add the

wine bucket to the bill. The waiter drew himself up and replied, in both French and English, that it was not for sale.

The same bucket, with various labels attached, kept showing up in restaurant after restaurant, as if to remind the husband that he could not give his wife the world.

Imagine our friend's delight when, recently, he happened to spot the selfsame bucket in a Pier 1 window. He took it home and proved himself a hero at last.

Our aluminum wine bucket (on the



sideboard at left) is the standard item that one sees in restaurants all over France, licensed to bear the labels of Charles Heidsieck, Ch. Cardier, Monmousseau and other illustrious champagnes. It took us many months of negotiating to persuade all the

necessary officials to let us bring it, for the first time, to America.

It does not surprise us when you (our customers) find in our stores something you recognize from your travels. We know that you share our wanderlust—that many of you have gone abroad and plan to go again.

In the meantime, let us take you on a little tour of the room opposite, with the Christmas buffet.

We found the solid pine table in Udine, Italy. It is made by a family company who manufacture nothing but pine tables. The local pine they use is said to have even more charac-



*In Italy, a Pier 1 buyer negotiates a purchase of white pine furniture.*

ter and color than Scandinavian pine. The white Italian tiles they inset by hand.

The wineglasses are from the Royal Leerdam Glassworks in Holland, where the local sand produces glass of exceptional clarity.

The white porcelain dinnerware comes from Nagoya where our manufacturer recreates classic European designs with a Japanese drive for perfection.

We invite you to make Pier 1 your next stop on this season's shopping rounds.

Not only can we supply you with everything you need for your holiday table (including the table). We can also provide you with an unforgettable gift for someone you love.

# Pier 1 imports®

300 stores. Check the white pages. In Canada shop Import Bazaar.

For shop-by-mail catalog send \$1 to Dept. M-10, 2520 West Freeway, Fort Worth, Texas 76102.



Painted doors from Rajasthan

ly follows function. This means putting aside notions of all standard norms on forms. Fixtures, objects, furniture, textures, styles would coalesce in their common pursuance of excellence. And, therefore, a virile terra-cotta horse, made on the humble wheel of a tribal potter in Orissa, can converse on the same platform with one made ornately in Rajasthan to pull a temple chariot. A tussah-upholstered very easy chair (salvaged from a Maharajah's junkyard) can rest on tightly woven grass mats that run from wall to wall across the floors.

Lazarus, a turn-of-the-century European furniture manufacturer working from Indian inspirations, created furniture that could look only Indian, yet allow for Western-style comfort. Unlike Bugatti's opulent celebration of Middle Eastern skills—this furniture was not too concerned with ornamentation and eccentric form and could hence easily be placed as a little accent in the sitting room with otherwise anonymous walls and floors. Highlights in the choicest art objects Mrs. Jayakar has collected reveal her involvement with the arts over fifty years.

Whether it be the fifth-century head of the Buddha bought with a one-dollar birthday allowance when she was eleven, or the Thai hand of the sage spotted and picked up from a pile at a Cost Plus store in San Francisco, all of Mrs. Jayakar's acquisitions immediately strike a silent rapport with her. "If you really love an object, it grows and grows in its beauty. And this feeling for age . . . as say in the song of a bard or the curve of a pot . . . time could *never* diminish this depth"—she continues. "I have never been able to replicate, imitate, or try to capture the essence of another age."

The qualities of energy and of compassion are the two themes that attract her the most. Like two arms that guide her reach, she chooses on one hand images of the mother goddesses, the sun in a silver ring, the elliptical stone lingas—potent with premordial energy—while on the other a hand in *vitarka mudra* announces the presence of smiling stucco and terra-cotta heads of Maitriya and Bodhisatva, a classic stone sculpture of agile deer listening to the sermon of the sage.

# BUY THIS PAINTING.



A beautiful three-masted schooner gracefully cuts the sea under full sail. Etched in brass, painted in Rembrandt Oils, this piece comes from the finest Dutch Master Tradition.

Remarkably, this work of art is painted on the dial of another masterpiece. A Seth Thomas® original.

These unique dials are handcrafted in the Netherlands under the direction of Jacobus Vandenberg. They are numbered and sent to America. Here, Seth Thomas® artisans marry them to wooden cabinets that enhance their beauty.

Come see the Seth Thomas® Vandenberg™ Collection at fine furniture, clock and department stores. And with your purchase you'll get this magnificent frame free.

*Seth Thomas*®

Seth Thomas  
Division of General  
Time Corporation  
A. Talley Industries Co.  
520 Cambridge Court  
Suttons, Georgia 30080

*Seth Thomas*  
Talley  
Incorporated

# GET THIS FRAME FREE.



See the  
Vandenberg™ Collection  
at the following

## Seth Thomas®

Dealers

**ALABAMA**

Alabama Clock & Gift  
312-832-5625

**LOUISIANA**

Alabama Clock & Gift  
504-834-0222

**MISSISSIPPI**

Lafayette, LA 70506  
338-988-3205

**MISSOURI**

Gerard Furniture Company  
Baton Rouge, LA 70806  
504-926-0250

**MISSOURI**

It's About Time Clock Shoppe  
504-456-6333

**MARYLAND**

Clock Shop II  
301-340-0024

**MARYLAND**

Maryland Clock Company  
301-262-5300

**MASSACHUSETTS**

Clock Shop II  
501-858-7980

**MASSACHUSETTS**

Swansea Mall  
Swansea, MA 02777  
617-679-5000

**MASSACHUSETTS**

Brookline, MA 02146  
617-277-4116

**MICHIGAN**

Eum's Clock World  
Dearborn, MI 48124  
313-563-7345

**MICHIGAN**

Klingman Furniture Company  
Grand Rapids, MI 49508  
616-942-7300

**MICHIGAN**

Malool Sales  
St. Clair Shores, MI 48081  
313-774-2100

**MICHIGAN**

Northville Watch & Clock  
Northville, MI 48167  
313-349-4938

**MISSISSIPPI**

Thomas Furniture Company  
Tulosa, MS 38801  
601-366-7611

**MISSISSIPPI**

Towery Furniture Company  
Tulosa, MS 38801  
601-366-7611

**NEW YORK**

Gimbel's  
New York, NY 10017  
212-664-3300

**NEW YORK**

Roosevelt Field  
Garden City, NY 11530  
516-747-2626

**OHIO**

John P. Sedlak, Inc.  
Cleveland, OH 44120  
216-795-5911

**OHIO**

Oho Country Oak  
Akron, OH 44319  
216-644-6625

**OHIO**

Pierce's Time Shoppe  
Mentor, OH 44060  
216-953-8324

**OHIO**

Suburban Clock & Repair  
Berea, OH 44017  
216-234-4027

**OHIO**

Timekeepers  
Wauson, OH 43567  
419-337-1943

**OKLAHOMA**

Enervations  
Tulsa, OK 74133  
918-664-6680

**OKLAHOMA**

Enervations  
Tulsa, OK 74133  
918-834-3787

**OKLAHOMA**

Enervations  
Tulsa, OK 74133  
918-834-3787

**OREGON**

The Chime & Time Center  
Mountain View Mall  
Bend, OR 97701  
503-382-6200

**ILLINOIS**

Craft Clocks & Gifts  
312-832-5625

**LOUISIANA**

Alabama Clock & Gift  
504-834-0222

**MISSISSIPPI**

Lafayette, LA 70506  
338-988-3205

**MISSOURI**

Gerard Furniture Company  
Baton Rouge, LA 70806  
504-926-0250

**MISSOURI**

It's About Time Clock Shoppe  
504-456-6333

**MARYLAND**

Clock Shop II  
301-340-0024

**MARYLAND**

Maryland Clock Company  
301-262-5300

**MASSACHUSETTS**

Clock Shop II  
501-858-7980

**MASSACHUSETTS**

Swansea Mall  
Swansea, MA 02777  
617-679-5000

**MASSACHUSETTS**

Brookline, MA 02146  
617-277-4116

**MICHIGAN**

Eum's Clock World  
Dearborn, MI 48124  
313-563-7345

**MICHIGAN**

Klingman Furniture Company  
Grand Rapids, MI 49508  
616-942-7300

**MICHIGAN**

Malool Sales  
St. Clair Shores, MI 48081  
313-774-2100

**MICHIGAN**

Northville Watch & Clock  
Northville, MI 48167  
313-349-4938

**MISSISSIPPI**

Thomas Furniture Company  
Tulosa, MS 38801  
601-366-7611

**MISSISSIPPI**

Towery Furniture Company  
Tulosa, MS 38801  
601-366-7611

**NEW YORK**

Gimbel's  
New York, NY 10017  
212-664-3300

**NEW YORK**

Roosevelt Field  
Garden City, NY 11530  
516-747-2626

**OHIO**

John P. Sedlak, Inc.  
Cleveland, OH 44120  
216-795-5911

**OHIO**

Oho Country Oak  
Akron, OH 44319  
216-644-6625

**OHIO**

Pierce's Time Shoppe  
Mentor, OH 44060  
216-953-8324

**OHIO**

Suburban Clock & Repair  
Berea, OH 44017  
216-234-4027

**OHIO**

Timekeepers  
Wauson, OH 43567  
419-337-1943

**OKLAHOMA**

Enervations  
Tulsa, OK 74133  
918-664-6680

**OKLAHOMA**

Enervations  
Tulsa, OK 74133  
918-834-3787

**OKLAHOMA**

Enervations  
Tulsa, OK 74133  
918-834-3787

**OREGON**

The Chime & Time Center  
Mountain View Mall  
Bend, OR 97701  
503-382-6200

**THE OAK MERCHANT**

503-267-7789

**THE OAK MERCHANT**

503-485-6227

**THE OAK MERCHANT**

Grants Pass, OR 97526  
503-478-1641

**THE OAK MERCHANT**

503-772-6342

**THE OAK MERCHANT**

Salem, OR 97301  
503-881-9580

**RIPLEY'S FURNITURE COMPANY**

Tigard, OR 97223  
503-634-4611

**PENNSYLVANIA**

Enervations  
Erie, PA 16503  
814-456-6349

**PENNSYLVANIA**

Apex  
Pawtucket, RI 02860  
401-723-3500

**APEX**

Warwick, RI 02887  
401-739-7000

**TENNESSEE**

The Clock Shop  
Jackson, TN 38301  
901-668-8080

**THE CLOCK SHOP**

Memphis, TN 38117  
901-761-4343

**TENNESSEE**

Broadway Furniture  
Houston, TX 77001  
713-523-0133

**BROADWAY FURNITURE**

Chappell Jordan  
Houston, TX 77004  
713-523-0133

**CHAPPELL JORDAN**

Clocks Etc.  
Richardson, TX 75080  
214-644-3979

**CLOCKS ETC.**

Enervations  
Allen, TX 79603  
915-672-2150

**ENERVATIONS**

Enervations  
Aurora, TX 76003  
806-353-2251

**ENERVATIONS**

Enervations  
Lubbock, TX 79401  
806-793-5588

**ENERVATIONS**

Enervations  
Mesquite, TX 75069  
915-662-2797

**ENERVATIONS**

Hamilton Furniture  
Waco, TX 76703  
817-753-3657

**HAMILTON FURNITURE**

Keyboard Center  
Post Oak Mall  
College Station, TX 77840  
409-764-0006

**KEYBOARD CENTER**

Matter of Time  
Blossarden Ridge Center  
San Antonio, TX 78216  
512-651-5564

**MATTER OF TIME**

Southwest Furniture  
Fort Worth, TX 76104  
817-335-9474

**SOUTHWEST FURNITURE**

Venture in Light & Time  
Midland, TX 79705  
915-697-6084

**VENTURE IN LIGHT & TIME**

**VIRGINIA**  
Clock Shop of Richmond  
Richmond, VA 23226  
804-282-0331

**CLOCK SHOP OF RICHMOND**

Clock Shop of Vienna  
Vienna, VA 22180  
703-938-3990

**CLOCK SHOP OF VIENNA**

Dale City Clock  
Dumfries, VA 22026  
703-221-4600

**DALE CITY CLOCK**

**WASHINGTON**  
A House of Clocks  
Bellevue, WA 98007  
206-746-3330

**A HOUSE OF CLOCKS**

A House of Clocks  
Lynnwood, WA 98037  
206-743-0033

**A HOUSE OF CLOCKS**

Meier's House of Clocks  
South Center Shopping Mall  
Seattle, WA 98188  
206-246-7450

**MEIER'S HOUSE OF CLOCKS**

Meier's House of Clocks  
Tacoma, WA 98404  
206-272-6428

**MEIER'S HOUSE OF CLOCKS**

## PURE SPACE IN NEW DELHI

The bungalows of Lutyens were designed with high-roofed chambers and vaulted ceilings that would allow hot air to rise and pass through little windows near the roof—*roshandaans* (literally—the containers of light). Fresh air would be drawn in through the doors and windows, opening on latticed verandas that often circumambulate the house as a much-needed buffer between the inside and the outside. Mrs. Jayakar's bungalow, however, had unfortunately been lived in many times before by people who did not think twice before converting verandas into cramped rooms with false ceilings and who cherished an odd passion for partitions and colored walls. Stone-and-brick fireplaces had been painted with enamel and covered with layers of whitewash, a bit like what quite a few of us seem to be doing to ourselves!

For today, when plastic-covered couches, velvet curtains, and carpeted floors are hallmarks of status, Mrs. Jayakar's self-imposed constraint on cost makes for an alternative that is more than aesthetic.

Contemporary Indian architecture, making forced statements with concrete, is covered with bougainvillea. Landscapists in doubt put a plant here and a pot there to use up the space. Mrs. Jayakar, instead, plants to walk into clusters for a healing bath. "I plant to converse with the flower and the sap as it rises to the leaf heals me."

The lawn surrounding the house is divided and treated as adjunct to the rooms opening directly on it. The sitting room opens on a patio, with cane chairs and a boundary defined by grass slopes merging with bushes that form the end of the compound. On one end, oleanders, jasmines, and frangipani in a dense and random planting are intended to soon cover the ground with billowing foliage, cascading one on the top of another as in the hill-painting miniatures of India.

The ground wherever it opens will become the pathways through this foliage and will lead to flower beds and votive terra cottas under trees.

Already, birds and squirrels come as close to the house as do the plants; and when the trees grow higher, the sun will probably filter through their unregimented canopy in a way that would have perhaps made Lutyens sweat less! □

Editor: Babs Simpson



It's the only Palace  
in the world  
where the Queen stands guard.

From the glow of the tapers on the 4-foot candelabra to the 100-year-old pastel panels of a royal court in amorous play, Leona Helmsley ensures the grandeur as a promise that each function held in the elegant oval-shaped Versailles Ballroom is one to remember. What better way to lavish her royal family. You. Her guests.

*It's The Helmsley Palace*

455 Madison Avenue (at 50th Street), New York, NY 10022.  
For reservations call in the US and Canada: 800/221-4982  
or in NY, 212/888-1624. TELEX: 640-543. Or call your travel agent.

*The Leading Hotels of the World*®

The only hotel in New York ever to receive the AAA Five Diamond Award ♦♦♦♦♦



*Gold and platinum basins! Well, isn't water equally precious?*

Since it is freely acknowledged that Sherle Wagner faucets make water flow like champagne, shouldn't his bowls be worthy of this magic? Hence, these basins of gold and platinum...each **Sherle Wagner** available in both shapes. Should you care to express your respect for the miracle of water with less glamor, they are also offered in black and white.

© 1983 Sherle Wagner Corp

60 East 57 St., New York, N.Y. 10022, 212-758-3300

For illustrated catalogue send \$5 to Dept HG

SPRINGMAID HOME FASHIONS BY JAY YANG  
WITH KODEL® POLYESTER CREATE  
A NEW DIMENSION IN BEDROOM DESIGN.



"Nemuru" by Jay Yang.

Coordinates include  
sheets/pillowcases/comforter/  
unquilted sham/reversible bedspread/  
quilted sham/rod pocket drapery/  
box pleated bed skirt/decorative pillows/  
towel. In an easy-care percale blend of 65% Kodel®  
polyester, 35% combed cotton.

Springmaid

# The Gift.

## Wrap-up a Krone-A-Phone Compact 1000 Award-winning design. 5-year warranty.

It makes the ordinary telephone a thing of the past. Its unmatched acoustical fidelity and solid-state circuitry delivers a new level of performance resulting in a virtually trouble-free phone.

You also get touch-tone dialing, mute key for privacy and volume-control for the ringer. A snap to plug into any home.

Its award-winning European design is available in a

unique palette of colors selected by trend-setting decorator Mario Buatta.

So why settle for an ordinary phone when you can get it all: dependability, durability, clarity and beauty with the Krone-A-Phone Compact 1000.

Available at I. Magnin, Neiman-Marcus, Lord & Taylor Interior Design Studios, Bambergers and authorized Krone dealers. Call toll-free 1-800-992-9901.



# KRONE

(Continued from page 144) on which the purchaser built a by-no-means-memorable house designed by Venturi, Rauch and Scott Brown. Meier has never had to deal with so restricted a situation, but he approached it with a combination of accommodation and obliviousness, just what was required to resolve the confrontation.

From the street, the Giovannitti house is obviously different from its red-brick neighbors, but its discreet feeling of containment saves it from looking like an alien intruder dropped into these thoroughly genteel surroundings. On the street level, only the two upper stories are visible: the third and lowest floor is at the bottom of the steeply sloping site.

On the middle level, one enters a vestibule that leads into the double-height living room, a dramatic space that looks out onto the magnificent large trees that almost completely obscure the adjacent structures. A stairway upward goes to a bedroom and a study, both of which open onto balconies overlooking the living room, which in turn has a balcony opening onto the dining room on the story below (which also has a kitchen and a small sitting room).

That is all, but it is more than enough. With less than 2,400 square feet (including the garage), the Giovannitti house is considerably smaller than residences customarily designed by high-style architects well into their

careers, since the small private house is most often the province of the younger architect and the less-than-plutocratic client. This scheme, however, is a welcome demonstration of a first-rate talent applied to a commission in which the power of concentration—both in the sense of thoughtfulness as well as reduction—is revealed as it rarely is in contemporary architecture. It seems to be the nature of architects to want to build as largely and lavishly as possible, but the Giovannitti house is convincing proof that considering the opposite might be equally rewarding.

Although the Giovannitti house has a very attractive modesty, it is so exquisitely executed (under the supervision of Meier's project architect, Michael Palladino) that one wouldn't guess that it cost its owner, who also acted as general contractor, a figure so low that it borders on the unbelievable. But that factor diverts our attention from what is really distinguished about this house: its strong sculptural presence, which has all the economy, inevitability, and strength of a mineral formation. Meier describes it as "an eroded cube," in which segments and even whole quadrants have been pulled away from the core and shifted up or down.

The architect's rhythmic handling of the glazed surfaces of the house—windows in modular variations of two, four, and eight feet square, as well as infill of glass block—is echoed in the square porcelain-steel paneling that has become one of his favorite cladding materials. Other portions of the exterior are covered in stucco or a handsome matte-gray tile; Meier's judicious use of each allows us to pick up his formal interrelationships with an ease that makes us appreciate the clarity of his thinking.

Still, as cerebral an exercise as this seems in the faceted perfection of its surfaces, here is a building that will hold our attention long after the houses of Meier's imitators come to look like vacuous approximations of the real thing. There is not an extraneous gesture nor a wasted movement in the Giovannitti house, and though it is small in size, it is large in its significance as the latest documentation of one of our most valuable architectural talents. □ *By Martin Filler. Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron*

Alexandros  
Furs  
By  
Alexandros

One  
more  
beautiful  
than  
the  
other.



This is Alexandros's natural Barguzin Russian Sable. It is made of 70 flawlessly matched skins. It features an elongated tuxedo front—with European sweep.

It is just one of the furs of the Alexandros Collection for 1985. All of them different, but joined together in a continuity of superb design and quality.

And they are "one more beautiful than the other."

Alex Furs, Inc.  
Alexandros Furs

30 West 30 Street, New York, NY 10001 (212) 868-9240

See this sable in sumptuous reality in our showroom. And see it, and the rest of the Collection, in our new full-color brochure: "How To Buy The Fur Coat That Means Only You." It is yours for one dollar.



### The test of the Century.

Century has become the best selling of all Buicks because it has passed the most demanding of all tests: the real world.

Every day, Century's front-wheel drive and MacPherson strut independent front suspension endure rain, sleet, mud, snow and other hazards the road holds. But grace under pressure is only part of the story.

Century is also a car with admirable performance and road manners. Now you can even order an available 3.8-litre V-6 with multi-port fuel injection.

Yet this is a Buick in the grandest tradition, with roomy, comfortable, luxurious interiors, and a great many convenience features as standard equipment.

Century has passed all its tests with flying colors. And it's certain to pass yours.

Buckle up and visit your Buick dealer.

To ask any questions, request a brochure or test drive, call the Buick Product Information Center, 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. Eastern time, weekdays:

1-800-85-BUICK  
(1-800-852-8425).



Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

The Wagon of the Century.



K

O

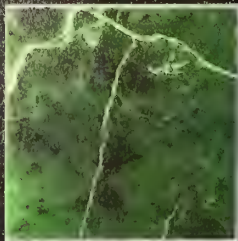
I

U

B

# Jade Intarsia

The Jade Cocktail Table  
Just one of a limited series of important  
products by Jade Intarsia. Available  
thru the accredited trade. For further  
information on Jade products and tile  
distribution, contact our main office.



## Jade Intarsia

A division of Mohawk Oil Canada, Ltd.  
6400 Roberts Street,  
Burnaby, British Columbia, Canada V5G 4G2  
Phone, (604) 299-7244  
In the USA, 1 (800) 663-8352



# PELLON DICKSON ILLINOIS, ILLINOIS RATTAN, CANE WICKER, MADE IN NEW YORK.



NEW YORK:  
306 EAST 61 STREET  
NEW YORK, 10021  
(212) 753-2356

CHICAGO:  
HOLLY HUNT, LTD.  
DALLAS, HOUSTON  
DAVID SUTHERLAND, INC.

DENVER, SAN FRANCISCO:  
SHEARS & WINDOW  
LOS ANGELES, MIAMI, WASH., D.C.:  
DONGHIA, INC.

WEST PALM BEACH:  
ROBERT KYLE, INC.  
SEATTLE:  
JAMES GOLDMAN & ASSOCIATES

DESIGNED BY TOM MCHWELT  
PHOTO: BILLY CLIMMINGHAM  
CATALOG AVAILABLE \$15 (REFUNDABLE)

Everything  
you  
expect  
from  
good  
champagne.

Except  
the  
alcohol.

The taste that won a Monde international quality award is out to win you. Meier's. Sparkling natural grape juice with no added sugar, no alcohol.



**MEIER'S**

Sparkling Non-Alcoholic Grape Juice

(Continued from page 140) sophisticated greenish-yellow which owed a lot of its appeal to a patina of accumulated city dirt to an architectural terra-cotta-pink shade. The new color is meant to flatter people as well as furniture and gilt bronze.

A pair of bold Venetian chinoiserie figures on high pedestals with a chinoiserie stove between them remain where Fred had always had them down in front of two immense windows. Equally essential were some flamboyant but somehow also subtle carved-wood curtains that suited the family fascination with trompe l'oeil. Equally imaginative is the arrangement of the furniture. Knowing full well how actual eighteenth-century rooms look, Tony takes the view that once the elements have been removed from their original context they should be treated as sculpture or objects. The big sitting room has practically no pairs of chairs because Tony and Fred always bought unusual single examples—which they often used as models for their reproductions—for themselves, and pairs for the shop. The big room is home to at least eleven and sometimes fifteen clocks, depending on Tony's mood. Each keeps a different time and chimes or strikes in an agreeably random way which he fosters as the special background music of the apartment. His young children, Freddy and Asheley, come into the two front sitting rooms but not with friends, and certain things have been done to accommodate them—such as hanging a handsome

but fierce-looking bronze baroque mask high on a wall well out of their view, or putting fragile porcelains on mantels and high cupboards out of reach.

Trompe-l'oeil paintings of all sorts—Oriental and European from the seventeenth century to the present—live together on chintz-covered walls in Tony and Susan's bedroom, where an enormous Chinese trompe-l'oeil panel makes an unorthodox headboard for their bed. In the dining room Tony made a table from two big pieces of *parquet de Versailles* which he mounted on old legs, a fantasy that he enjoyed concocting like the curtains in the salon. At the moment the table is surrounded by chairs, each back of a different height, material, and period from 1680 to 1980.

Other parts of the apartment are in various stages of experimentation. Should gray flannel go on the walls of a guest room where the bed is an early Empire camp bed made in steel? Should a bedroom commode stay in the front hall where it can really be seen? Neither Tony nor Susan particularly likes table lamps to light a room, but what will the purists think of all those ormolu-mounted porcelain illuminated by track lighting?

The Victorians relish the process of charting new ground and like most collectors would never be happy with rooms that are completely furnished, finished, and final. Certainly few young couples have such fine things to experiment with. □

## THE MONGIARDINO STYLE

8 7 6 5

(Continued from page 114) phere. Just as a stage designer immerses himself in the atmosphere of a play, Mongiardino says that he immerses himself not just in the architectural nature of the house or apartment he has been commissioned to embellish but in the personality of the clients and the atmosphere they generate around them. In each case the atmosphere is of course very different; hence the variety that is such a feature of Mongiardino's work. As for his own apartment, the *Stimmung* that Mongiardino has evoked is so attractive, so palpable that one is tempted to export slabs of it to this side of the

Atlantic where it might humanize some of our bleaker "*Baubäuser*."

Apropos the international movement, I couldn't resist asking Mongiardino about his rapports with Milan's uncompromisingly contemporary designers. "They used to criticize me," he wryly admitted, "for the solecism of using columns. But now the Post-Modernists are using columns themselves, so they can no longer take that line. And so I may be obliged to move onto something else." What an irony that his traditionalism and nostalgia should have put Mongiardino ahead of the game. □ Editor: Mary-Sargent Ladd