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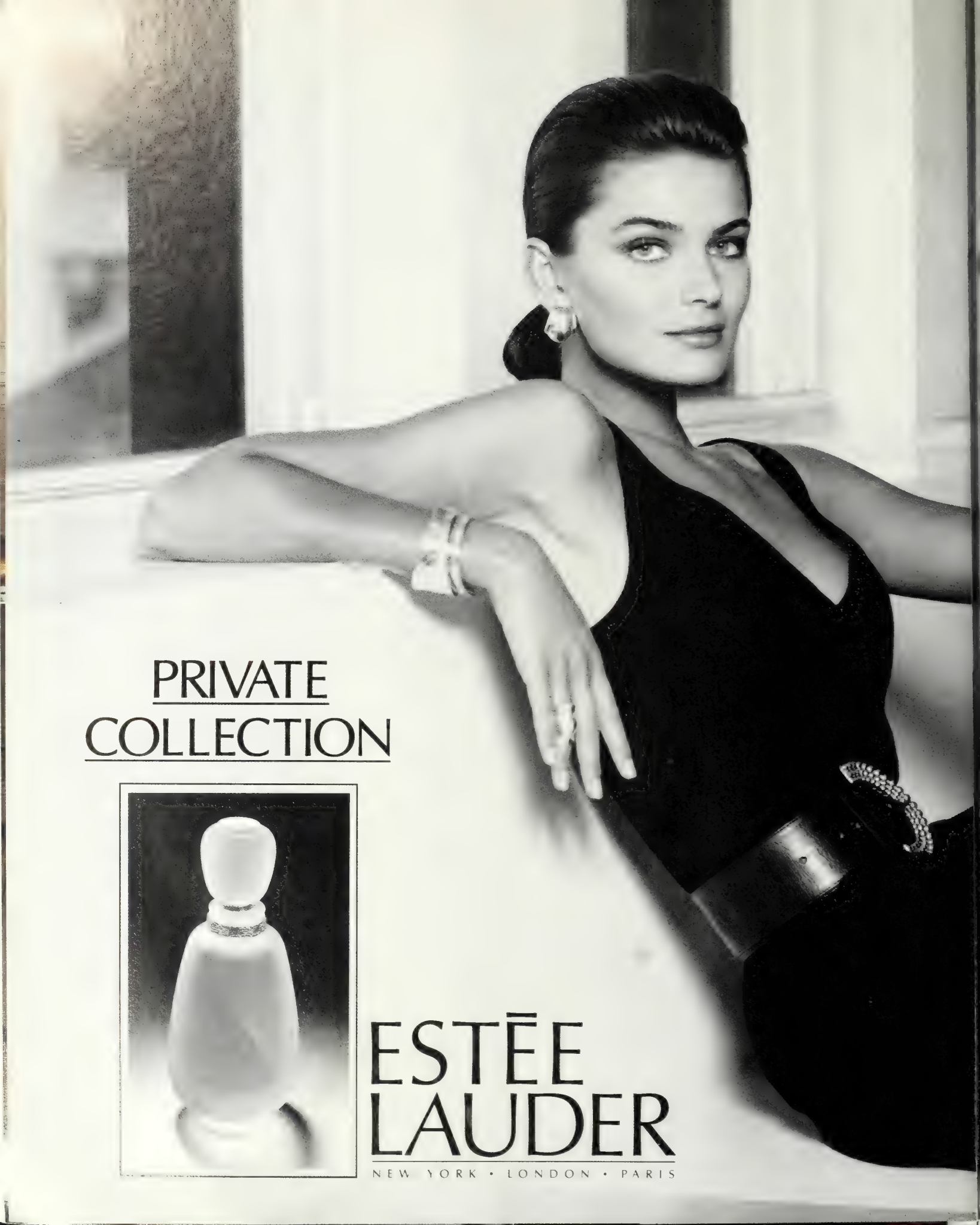
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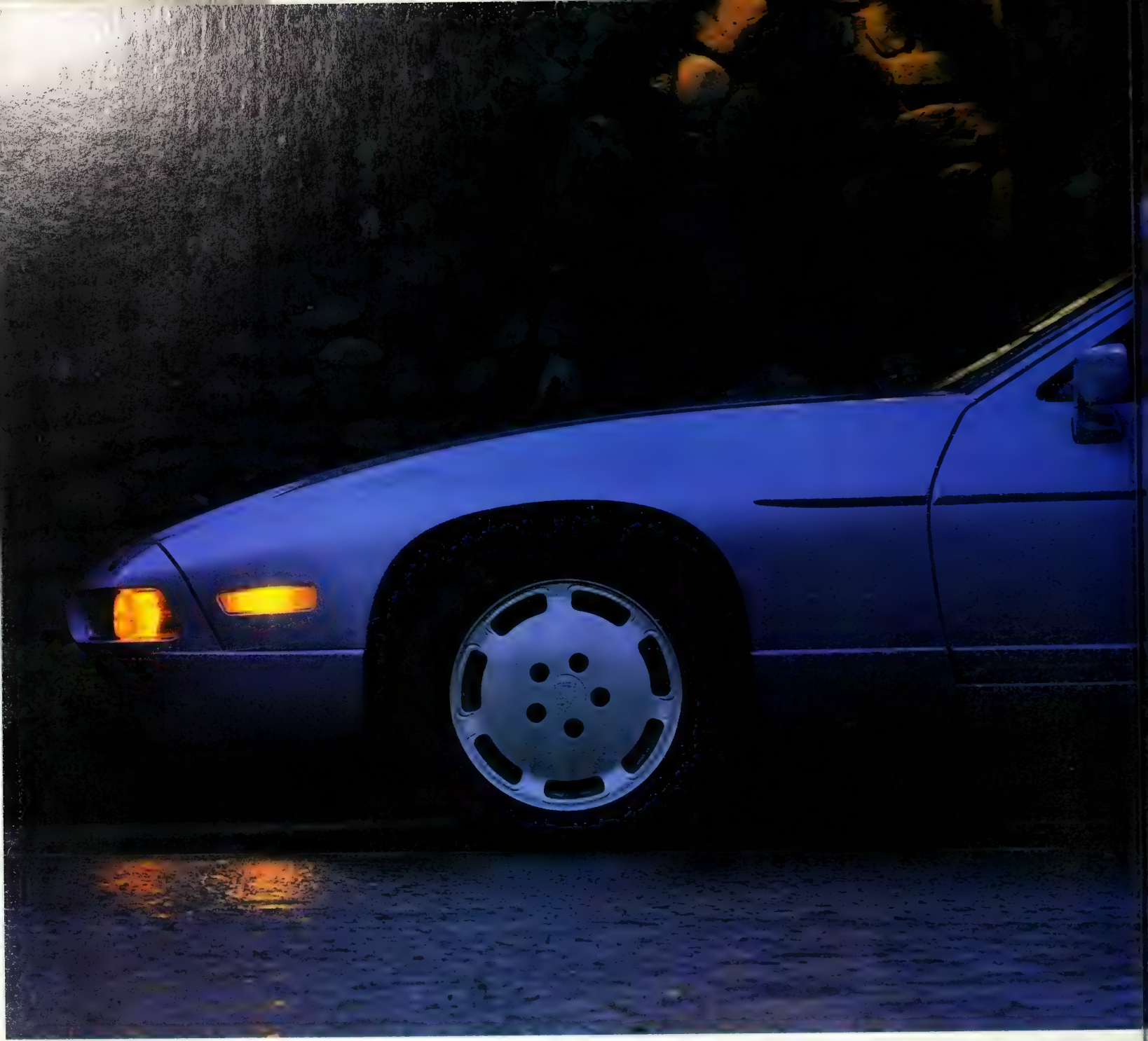

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The luxury car designed not just to be admired, but to be driven.

PORSCHE

HOUSE & GARDEN
NOVEMBER 1988
Volume 160, Number 11

HG

COVER
The kitchen of Bruno Chambelland's ancestral château in the Vendée region of France. Page 200. Photograph by Thibault Jeanson.

A turn-of-the-century Italian-style coffee table from Rose Cumming is the focal point of the sitting room in Clara von Aich's small apartment. Page 132. Photograph by Michael Mundy.

A scenic view of the topiary garden started by Horatio Hollis Hunnewell in the 1850s. Page 194. Photograph by Mick Hales.


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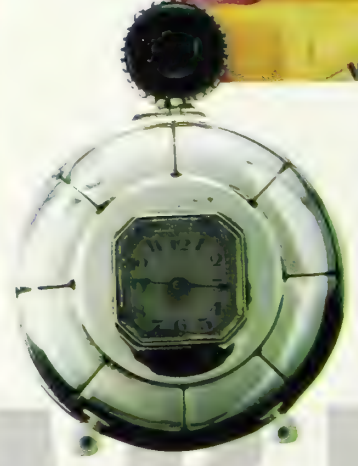
It's all the Raj, the jewel in the crown for those in the know on what's new in antiques. On page **46** Amicia de Moubray's report on Anglo-Indian. Photograph by Edward Addeo.

Rose-print linen on a graceful méridienne chair, page **214**, takes on the aura of time in the "tea-washed" tones that make big fabric news now. Photograph by Michael Halsband.

The glory of Veronese, grand master of the Venetian Renaissance, is revealed on page **162** in a show previewed by Rosamond Bernier and Olivier Bernier. Photograph courtesy National Gallery, London.

A dazzling house b Arquitectonica, page **17(** brings a fresh gust of the ne Miami style to the shores c Lake Michigan. Charle Gandee doesn't quite believ the architects' modest clair that "it's just a plain Moder house." Photograph b Tim Street-Porte

Forgotten after its fifties heyday, Miami Beach makes a surprising comeback on page **108** as a smart travel destination for the young and the hip. Photograph by William Waldron.



Renowned for the sleek chic heft of its classic Art Deco silver, the French house of Puiforcat, page **37**, comes to America with much to take a shine to. Photograph by Christophe Dugied.

NOVEMBER

BAKER'S NORTHERN ITALIAN COLLECTION *draws from Italy's richest historical periods—the Renaissance, Baroque, Rococo and Neo-classic. In an inspired mix of styles, the collection displays both the region's passion for complex form and its sense of whimsy in design. Offerings showcase Baker craftsmanship in elaborate carving, the contrasting use of veneers, and artist-signed painting on cabinetry. Each selection mirrors the spirit and bravado of the Italian character.*

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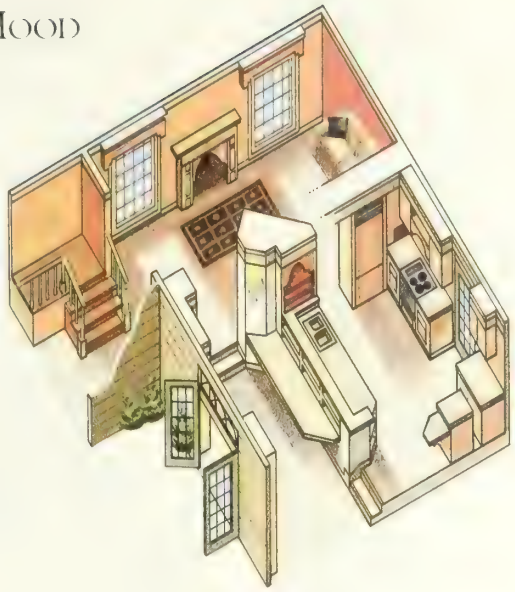

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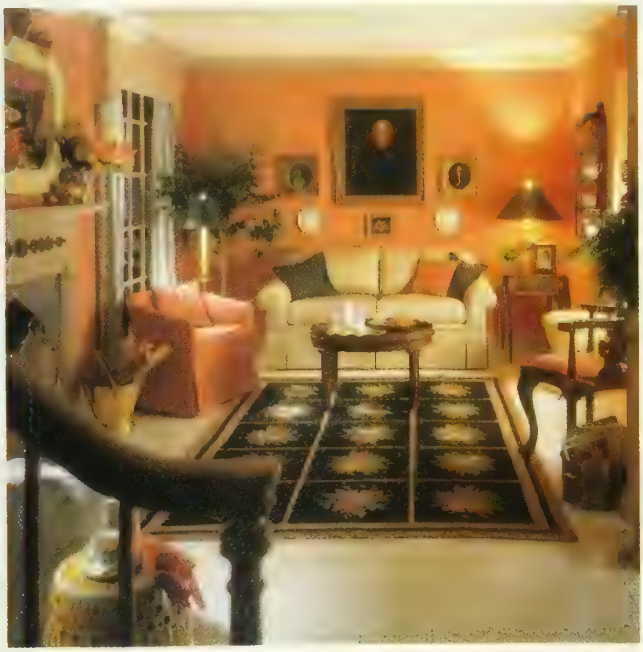

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Dressed For The Ball
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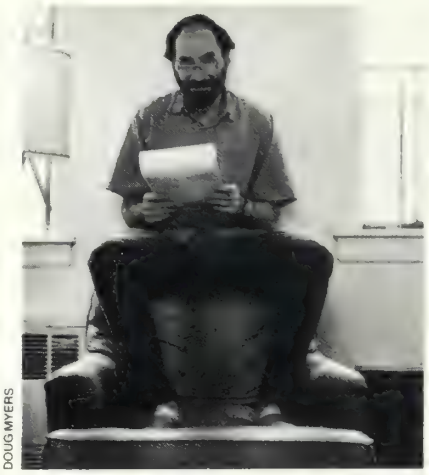
CONTRIBUTORS NOTES

JOHN RUSSELL

"Writing about the Powells was a labor of love—we've been friends for almost forty years," says John Russell, seated to the left of Violet and Anthony Powell. The chief art critic of *The New York Times*, Russell is also at work on a collection of essays to be published by Abrams next fall. Titled *Reading Russell*, the book will be about "unexpected and strange subjects," including Russian drama, French biography, luggage, wisteria, and veteran Italian actresses.

ROSAMOND BERNIER



DOUG MYERS

LEWIS GROSSBERGER

Lewis Grossberger was so inspired by the design books he reviewed for HG this month, he's now "planning to do a design book myself. I'll start with my own squalid hovel and do stories on the not-so-exquisite houses of America. I think the field is wide open. Of course, I don't have much furniture, so I'll have to devote an entire chapter to one couch, but I'll photograph it from all angles." He's also the "media person" for *7 Days* and rules over the fourth estate.

BARBRA WALZ

"My relationship with Betsey Johnson has always been a joyous one," says photographer Barbra Walz. "I've photographed her before and after her daughter Lulu was born and through many house changes." Walz photographs the fashion designer's latest residence for this month's HG.

Walz included Betsey and Lulu in her books: *The Fashion Makers* (Random House, 1978) and *Starring Mothers: Thirty Portraits of Accomplished Women* (Doubleday, 1987). And when she's not on assignment for magazines such as *HG* or *Vogue*, Walz can be found on movie sets shooting stills for features such as *Running on Empty* and *Working Girl*.

THOMAS HAYES

CLINIQUE

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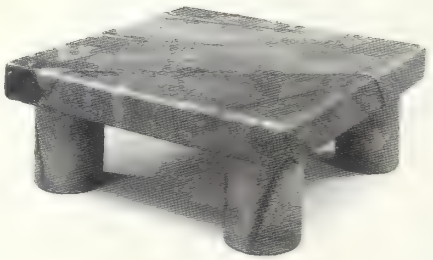
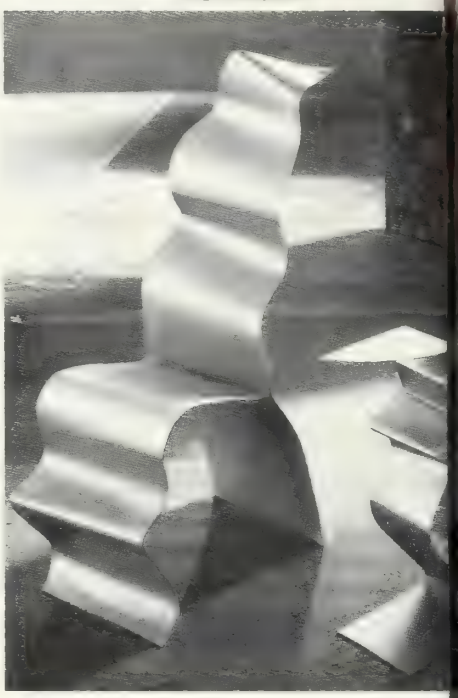


Buckaroo Cocktail Table

Ron Mann



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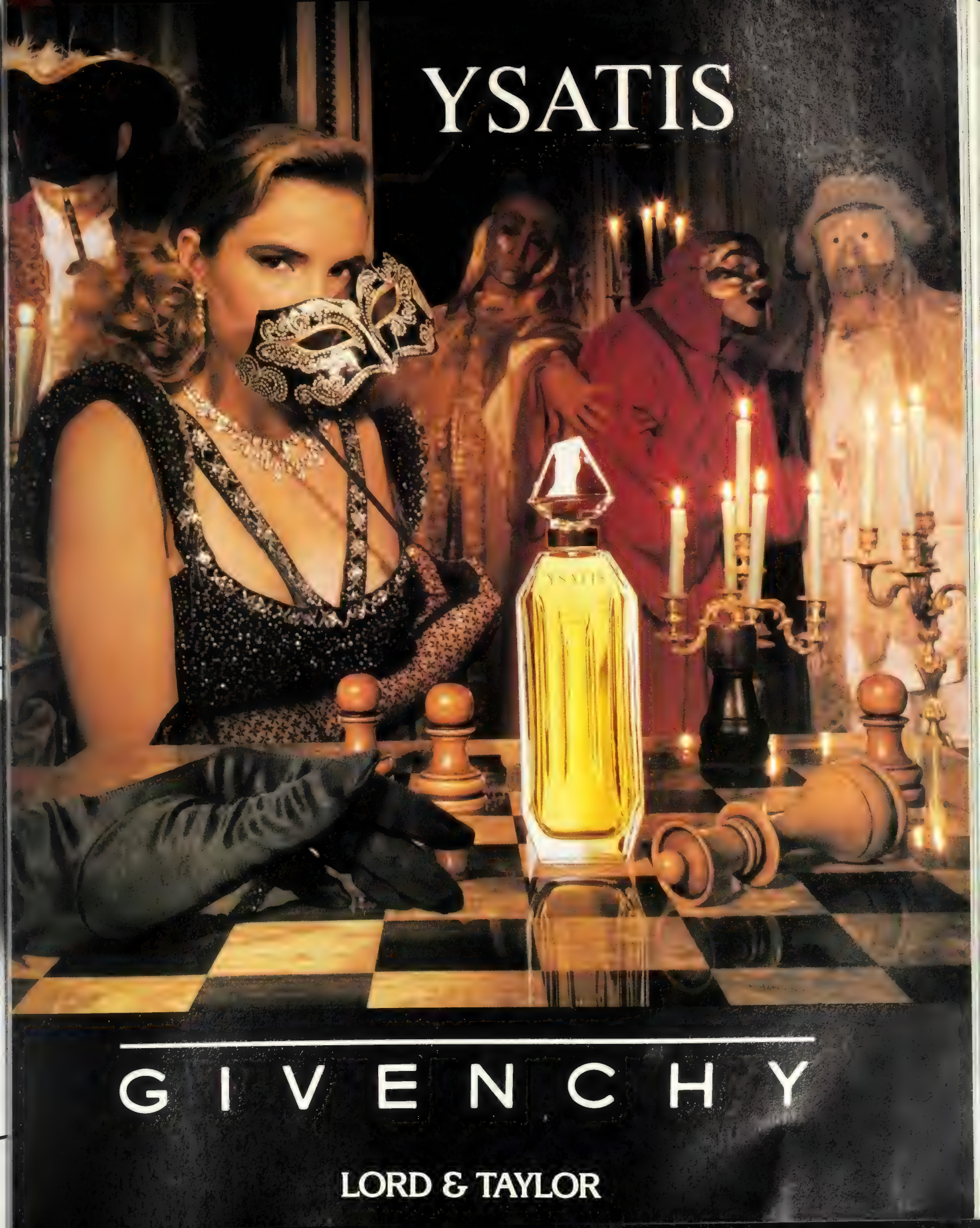
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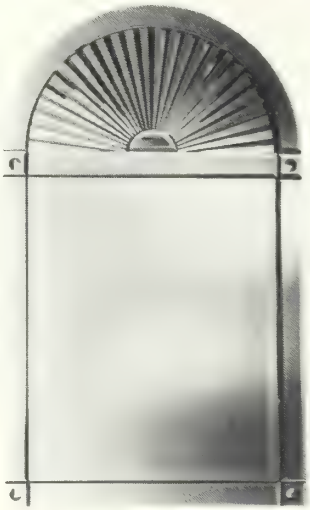

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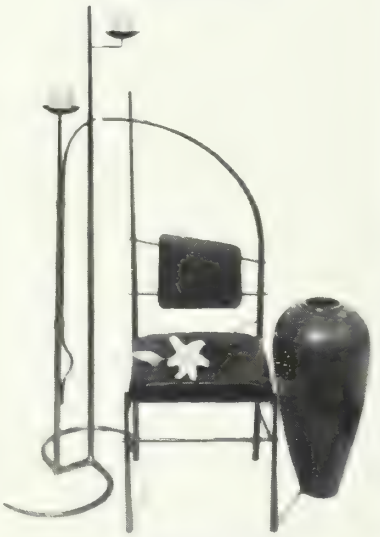

A New Resource

Amy's Bedroom

It was as much a gift for my husband and me as it was for the person for whom it was intended, our sixteen-year-old Amy. She wasn't home from school yet when it arrived, the bedroom she always wanted. An hour later, I heard the front door open and shut, then a distant greeting as Amy went up to her bedroom. I waited for her to run down the stairs calling for me as I knew she would, but, instead, the house was quiet. I found her sitting on the bed, holding one of her new ruffled pillows, crying. I sat next to her and held her and realized, as I need to now and then, what a gift she is to us.

CONTRIBUTORS NOTES

PASCAL CHEVALLIER

DEBORAH WEBSTER
Paris editor Deborah Webster loved doing the story on Bruno Chambelland and his reacquired family château. "One of my passions is going to auctions in Paris," she says. "Spending three days with Monsieur Chambelland, an auctioneer at Hôtel Drouot, put me on the inside track." A transplanted Pennsylvanian, Webster has been in Paris for eight years and now covers Europe for HG.

GINA PARHAM MUNDY

MICHAEL MUNDY
"I learn about photography by working," says Michael Mundy, who does a lot of both for HG. This month he photographed the small apartments, a job that caused him to rethink his definition of small. "If those are small apartments, then what word would describe mine?" Rarely at home these days, Mundy has been chasing both presidential candidates for *¡Hola!* magazine.

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"Never trust a man who lavishes expensive gifts upon you," my Mother always said. "Unless you really like him."

She told me a lot of things about men, my Mother. And she was almost always right.

But this man was no typical man. This was a man in a million. A man who seemed very fond of me.

It had started only six weeks ago when I was stuck in row 12 on one of those seemingly endless flights that stop in Guam on their way to Tokyo.

In seat 12F, alongside of me, was an elbow that seemed intent on straying across the armrest the entire flight. It was his elbow.

By the time they served lunch I was halfway to falling in love.

Over the next two weeks I saw him just about every day. So when he asked me to join him for a trip out of town, it wasn't really a surprise.

After a long and leisurely lunch at a remote Country Inn, my man took me for a walk into the garden.

"This is for you, and for our days to come," he whispered in my ear as he handed me a package about half the size of a shoe box.

I undid the wrapping paper and revealed a beautiful calfskin jewelry box. With bated breath I lifted the lid.

And there it was, the diamonds glistening in the late afternoon country light, the most exquisite watch you've ever seen.

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Silver Polish

Puiforcat, the French sterling of choice since the days of Art Deco, gets set for America

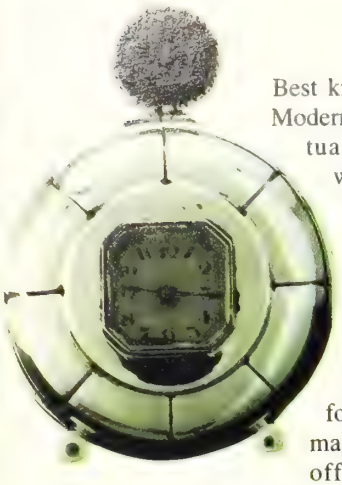
Timeless, handcrafted, pricey, and worth it'' might well be the motto at Puiforcat, the French firm that proudly—and with a touch of Parisian-style hauteur—carries on a 168-year-old tradition of producing classically sumptuous silver.

Until now it required a trip across the ocean, relentless ferreting in antiques stores, or a well-timed visit to an exclusive gift shop to uncover Puiforcat's most prized pieces, but late this October the company opens its first American boutique. Located on Madison Avenue in a space decked out in Art Deco, the shop will feature only original Puiforcat designs—including recently introduced Limoges porcelain, jewelry, and leather goods—and, of course, a stellar selection of both contemporary and period silver. As a salute to its roots, Puiforcat will also star in the exhibition ''L'Art de Vivre: Decorative Arts and Design in France, 1789–1989,'' a French Revolution bicentennial celebration on view in New York March 30–August 6, 1989, at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum.

Stylized floral detailing perks up a 1922 silver coffeepot.

CHRISTOPHE DUGIED

design



Best known for its streamlined Modernist designs, Puiforcat actually has an enormously wide-ranging repertoire that dates back to the company's founding in 1820 as a humble cutlery shop. It wasn't until the turn of the century, however, when director Louis Victor Puiforcat hit upon the idea of making convincing knockoffs of historic museum-quality pieces, that Puiforcat took a giant leap in status. The traditional collection that resulted was quickly given an energetic update by Louis Victor's son, Jean.

A veteran of France's youngest volunteer corps in World War I and member of the French ice hockey team at the Antwerp Olympic games of 1920, Jean Puiforcat was already a family hero when he began his technical apprenticeship at the shop after the war. He quickly made a splash with his sleek geometric—and decidedly unhistoric—designs. "His is the silverware of today—but with the quality of perfection which harmonizes with many periods," proclaimed *Arts & Decoration* magazine in 1929. The acknowledged master of Art Deco silver, he applied his functionalist vision to everything from soup tureens to saltcellars to incense holders. Yet unlike the Bauhaus artist-cum-craftsman of his time, he never tried to create for mass production. Minimalist yet tactile—thanks, perhaps, to his studies of sculpture—his works are unencumbered by excessive decoration. Instead they are comparatively bare, patterned only by the black marble knobs, vermeil studs, alabaster finials, sycamore and rosewood bases, and crystal handles that are integrated into the forms and essential to their function.

"When Jean designed something, he truly went back to the drawing board and managed to eradicate all ideas of what silver should look like," says Kevin Tierney of Sotheby's silver department. "His artistic daring became his triumph."

Reviving this somewhat forgotten triumph while maintaining Puiforcat's pristine standards has been the focus of Eliane Scali since she bought the firm five years ago. "Puiforcat was very well known in France, but it was sleeping a bit," she says. Today Puiforcat's atelier is filled with the din of fifty craftsmen who handwork all of the silver from its earliest stage as a flat slab ("It looks like a stick of chewing gum," says one Puiforcat executive) to its final buffing by hand ("three girls upstairs polishing with agate stones"). To create flatware, the silver slab is mashed thin by a hand-operated heavy roller and then put into a die that, like a waffle maker, impresses the pattern onto the silver. Excess silver squeezes out the sides like dough and is filed off. The piece is then chiseled, burnished, tapped, and tooled before polishing. Total elapsed time for one fork: eight hours.

Wood and steel mallets, often covered in leather, are used to form Puiforcat's plump hollowware objects. The silversmith's workbench is a tree trunk covered in sheepskin parchment and wool flannel. Oval shapes are eyeballed for symmetry, and circular ones are perfectly molded against a spherical mandrel that rotates on a lathe. Surprisingly, silver is extraordinarily fragile—it will shatter if struck twice in the same place unless it is reheated.

The use of these age-old techniques, long since abandoned by other silver houses for increased mechanization, is what enables Puiforcat to manufacture its 180 flatware and 10,000 hollowware patterns, ranging in style from Louis XIII to Art Deco, and also

Rounded octagonal silver clock with studded ebony ring handle from 1923, above left.

Silver coffeepot, left, with vermeil bands on base and ivory finial and handle, 1937. Right: Rosewood stem is cut away to show three silver rings on 1935 flared silver cup.

Six-sided silver lamp, right, with fluted details and step-motif base, 1925.

CHRISTOPHE DUGIED

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what drives up Puiforcat's heady prices. A sterling teaspoon starts at $125, and a five-piece place setting costs $1,200–$1,290. The ceiling price for Puiforcat? No such thing, but there is a tureen that required six hundred hours to complete and bears a price tag of $120,000.

To make Puiforcat available to a wider audience, however, Scali recently introduced a translation of the eighteenth-century scalloped-flatware pattern Richelieu into silverplate—breaking with an all-sterling tradition but winning the first International Tabletop Award in 1987. Also going silver plate is Biarritz, a Deco flatware pattern engraved with deep vertical grooves. Renamed Chantaco, it runs a much less expensive $198 per five-piece place setting. But just how does the silver plate compare with sterling? Extremely well. Even Cyril Naphegyi, the president of Puiforcat USA, admits it's difficult to tell the difference and that the sterling isn't much heavier.

Clearly the time is right for Puiforcat to make itself available. Judging from the stampede of collectors at Sotheby's last spring offering four- and five-figure prices for chunks of Andy Warhol's collection of vintage Jean Puiforcat, American tables are all set for silver à la française.

Glenn Harrell

CHRISTOPHE DUGIED (3)

Silver knives, above left, from the 1920s and '30s, including Cannes (fifth from right), the pattern Jean Puiforcat himself used. Left: View of the Puiforcat workshop in Paris. Above: Steel hammers for shaping slabs of silver.

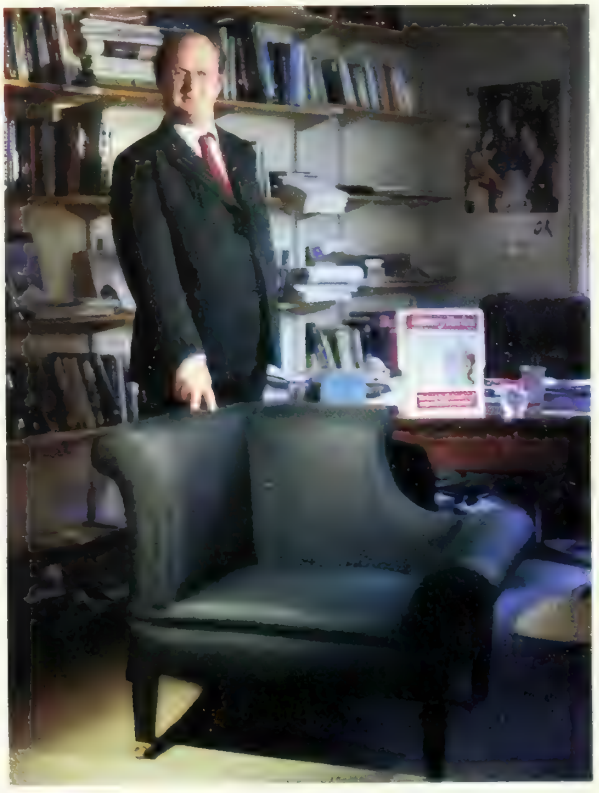
Chair of the Month

Auberon Waugh puts poets in their place—a classic by Sir Edwin Lutyens

For years I was a poor scribbler, then I became editor of the *Literary Review* in London. Now I can indulge my Napoleonic fantasies. Sir Edwin Lutyens saw a picture of Napoleon sitting in a chair like this one, so he copied it for himself. He liked it so much he put two miniature versions into Queen Mary's dolls' house in 1924. Now his granddaughter, Candia, is selling full-size reproductions. She looks quite dishy in them. I don't.

It is no good as a desk chair, so I allow office visitors to sit in it—mostly aspirant reviewers and poor poets who come to sell their pathetic wares. Occupying this chair is their little moment of glory. They have no conception how ridiculous they look. It is sitting thus they learn that the *Literary Review* pays $9 per poem. Rather too much, in my opinion.

Auberon Waugh takes a critical stance toward Sir Edwin Lutyens's Napoleon chair, reissued by Lutyens Design Associates, £1,595, at Harrods, London.



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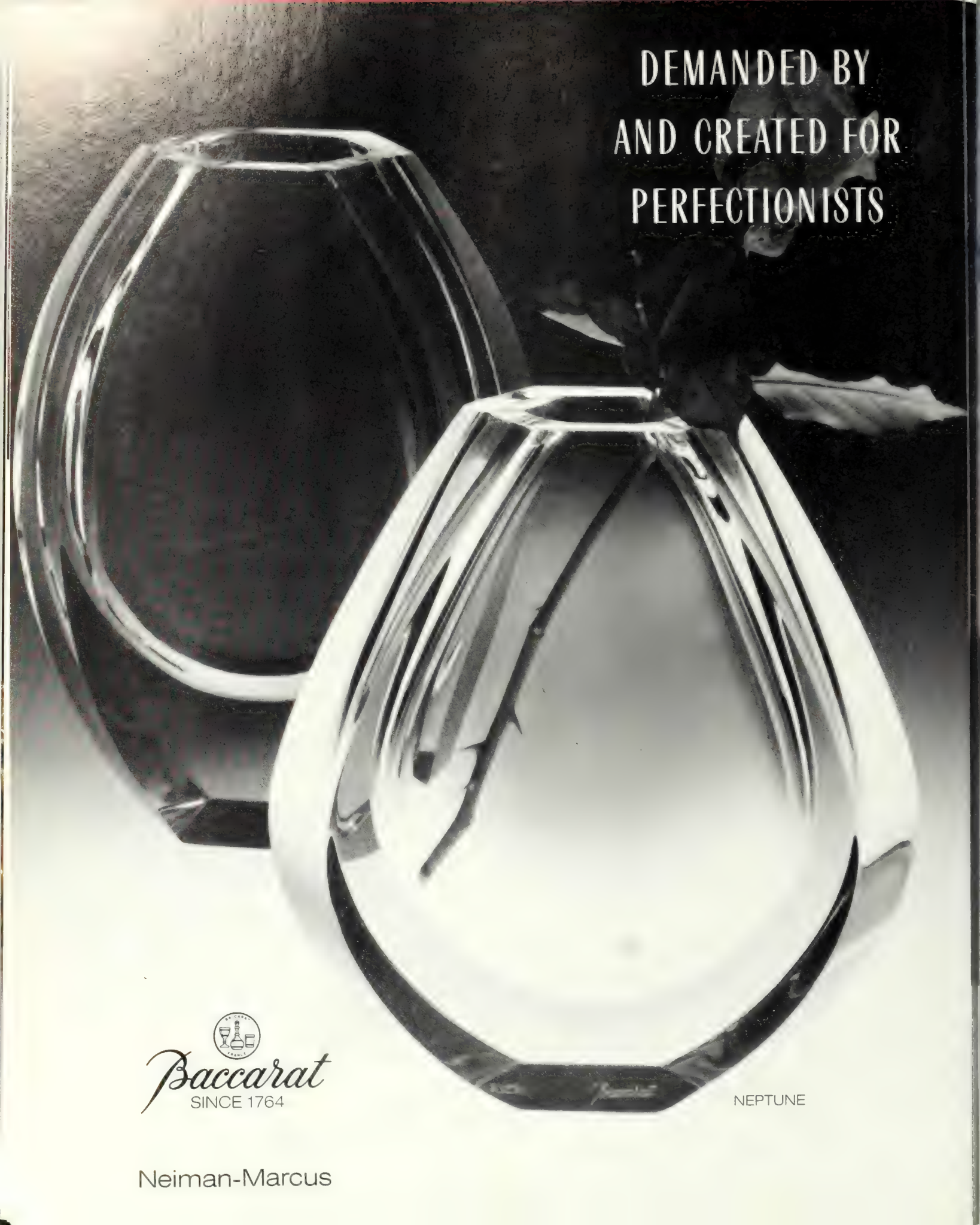
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Raj-matazz

Furniture, fabric, and fashion celebrate the splendor of India

Ever since the first British East India Company trade ships sailed home in the early seventeenth century overflowing with sacks of aromatic seasonings, dyes, and bolsters of fabric, India has had an enormous influence on the decorative arts of the West, not least for the introduction of chintz (from the Hindu word *chhint*, meaning variegated dyed cotton) and paisley, said to have evolved from an ancient fertility symbol.

Aristocratic English Georgian cognoscenti indulged their Indian leanings by dotting their parks and gardens with follies and pavilions in the Hindoo style, an amalgam of both Mughal and Hindu architectural detail. And many English nabobs on returning home built themselves whimsical Raj-style country estates. Warren Hastings, governor of the East India Company, even supported his Gloucestershire house with caryatids in the form of Indian women. Lord Clive ransacked his way through India during the eighteenth century; later his son transferred the booty to Powis Castle in Wales, where Clive descendants staged elaborate garden parties in the chintz tent that originally belonged to Tipu Sahib, Sultan of Mysore.

Today's interiors, whether Minimalist or opulent, are being spiced up with the chic dark ebony Anglo-Indian chaise longues and

The Clive Museum at Powis Castle in Wales, top, showcasing luxuries looted from 18th-century sultans. Left: Oeafus-Parel Regency mother-of-pearl inlaid armchair, by James H. Harris & Co., available from Luten Clarey Stern, NYC. Below: Kiang wallpaper by Lef Impressions for Boussac of France. Above: Lanvin's evening gown made from an 1850 Kashmir shawl.

COUNTERCLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: NATIONAL TRUST


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chairs made in the nineteenth century for colonials who loved to loll, as well as with their contemporary counterparts accented by mother-of-pearl flowers. And panels from Tipu's tent, now reproduced by Tissunique of London, have been transforming even the humblest rooms into a maharaja's fantasy.

It's no coincidence that sari-inspired outfits in paisleys and floral brocades are the runaway hits of this year's fall-winter couture collections. Far from just a passing fad, they're the latest examples of the Western world's four-hundred-year love affair with the rich exoticism of India. Here we show a selection of exciting images and objects either styled after or carried away from the great subcontinent.

Amicia de Moubray

Ebony and paisley are transforming humble rooms into a maharaja's fantasy

Mother-of-pearl flowers accent James H. Harris & Co.'s Anaclypta Garden mirror, top left, and Emanuel Ungaro's silk brocade frock coat. Left: A lacquer and mother-of-pearl box, also by Harris.

Ebony-and-cane chaise longue, above, made in Sri Lanka in 1820, from Harrington Antiques, Southampton. Gianfranco Ferrè's sequin-embroidered sari, right, against a c.-1725 detail, top right, from the chintz tent of the Mughal sultan, Tipu Sahib. Details see Sources.

COUNTERCLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: EDWARD ADDE O; MICHEL ARNAUD; EDWARD ADDE O; MARK

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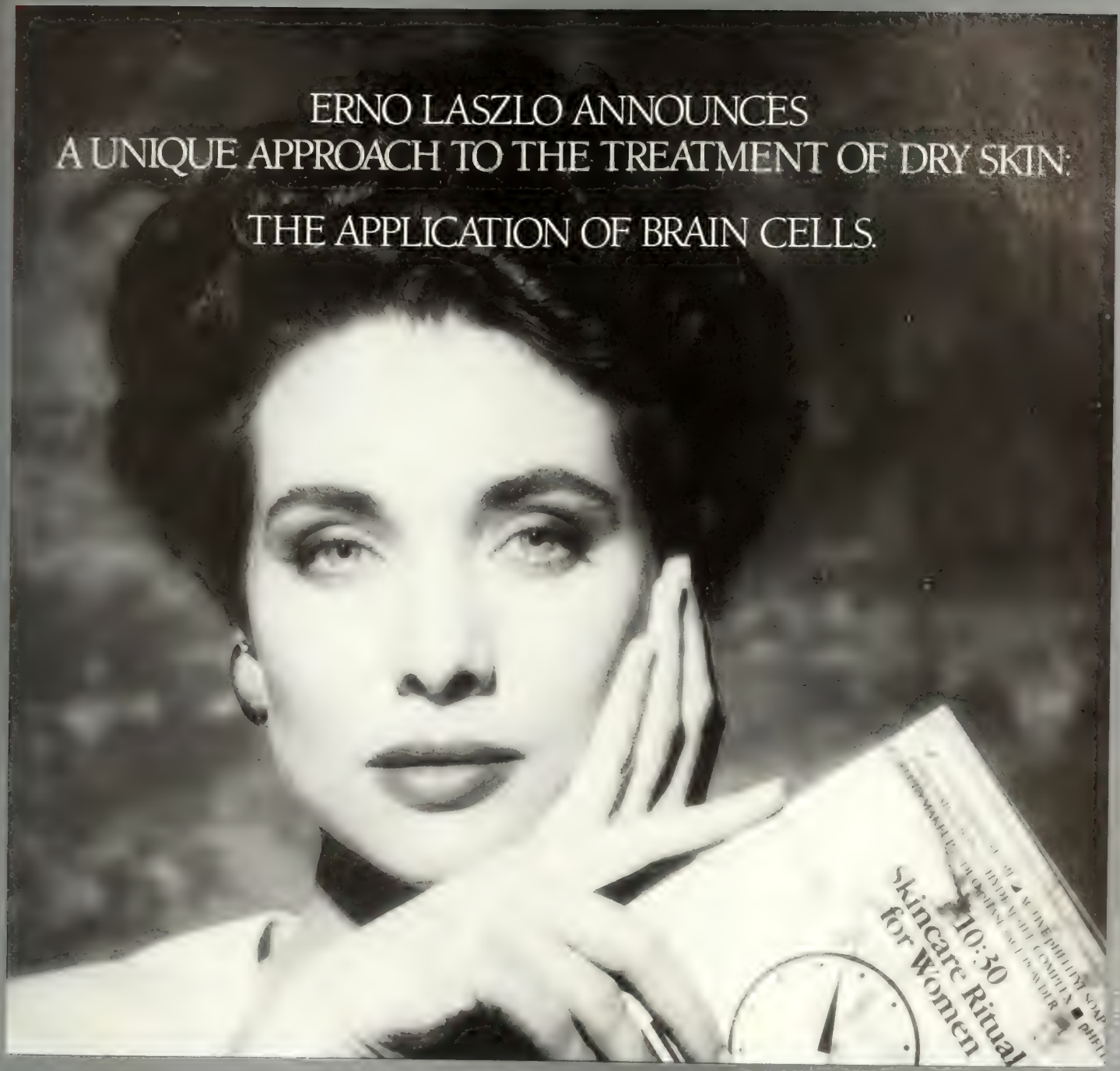

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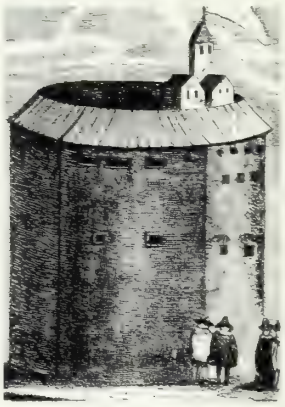
The 1988 Tokyo Globe Theater, left, was modeled on the 1614 Globe Theater, below, originally situated on the south bank of the Thames.

Globe Trotting

Architect Arata Isozaki re-creates Shakespeare's Globe Theater—in Tokyo



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: TAISUKE OGAWA, JAPAN ARCHITECT COMPANY; BETTMANN ARCHIVE; TAISUKE OGAWA, JAPAN ARCHITECT COMPANY; BETTMANN ARCHIVE; BETTMANN ARCHIVE

From Van Gogh's *Sunflowers* to Brooks Brothers' button-downs, there appears to be no end to the Japanese yen for things Western. The latest and surely the most dramatic example of this extraordinary cross-cultural consumerism is the new Tokyo Globe, a contemporary restaging of Shakespeare's legendary theater—374 years and 6,218 miles from home.

Although precious little in the way of visual documentation survives on the original Globe, Arata Isozaki, aesthetic mastermind of the new theater, nonetheless decided it would "probably be no good to simply produce a half-baked modernization." Instead the Tokyo-based architect—best known in this country as the designer of the Palladium nightclub in New York and the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles—opted for the less-forgiving tack of creating "as faithful a reproduction as possible."

Isozaki's goal notwithstanding, liberties were taken. For example, the seventeenth-century Globe was built of wood and was partially open to the sky, whereas the Tokyo Globe is clad in salmon pink concrete and completely enclosed. Yet the basic plan of a thrust-stage theater housed in a faceted cylinder with jaunty gables peeking over the roof has been adhered to, which ensures that this Japanese translation is no latter-day farce. **Charles Gandee**

Architect Arata Isozaki, far left, incorporated his new theater into a series of public plazas and formal squares he designed. Left: The complex enlivens the ground-level area around three nondescript condominium towers (photographed with a fish-eye lens) that are conspicuously not of his design.

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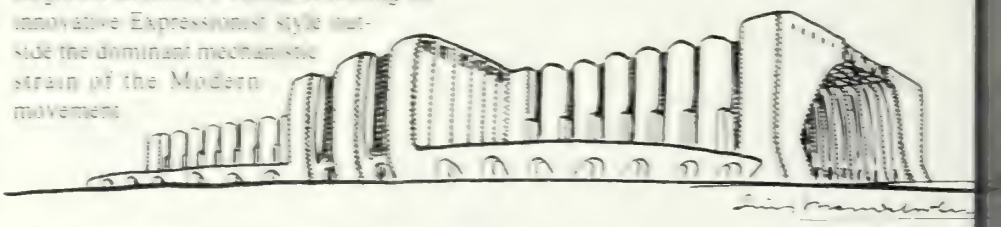
Expressionist Energy

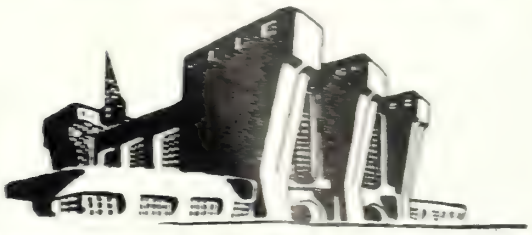
The sensuous side of Modernism bursts forth in a fascinating show on the designs of Erich Mendelsohn

Mendelsohn enjoyed great but brief success in Germany during the twenties. In the squat Einstein Tower in Potsdam, he exploited architecture's capacity to express emotion by creating lavalike plasticity through the use of concrete-coated molded brick that is both organic and biomorphic. In later buildings he adopted a more machinelike mode of Expressionism—what he called "functional dynamics." Ribbon windows fly around corners, cornices leap out from facades, and sensuously rounded forms huddle together. Sweeping horizontal thrusts, strong enough to evince a smile from Frank Lloyd Wright, and a lively monumentality are part of what makes Mendelsohn's architecture and drawings so compelling.

Glenn Harrell



The 1926–28 horseshoe-shaped Universum Cinema in Berlin, top left, looks more like a flying saucer than a theater. Above: A 1914 project for a grain elevator



One of the architect's many futuristic factory designs—a drawing for A.E.G., Germany's largest electrical-appliance company

Volumetric massing distinguishes Mendelsohn's sketch of an imaginary American high-rise. Inspired by a 1924 trip to the United States, the design differs strikingly from the soaring concrete-and-glass towers that dominate city skylines today.

My sketches are only notes, the outlines of fleeting visions," wrote architect Erich Mendelsohn during World War I. His furiously scribbled fantasy projects, created during long hours of guard duty on Germany's eastern front and exhibited in 1919 at Berlin's Cassirer Gallery, express the same emotional vigor that his buildings do. Spirited, highly abbreviated—some might even say unintelligible—and bulging with three-dimensional mass, these frozen images (with others from throughout his peripatetic career) will be the subject of an exhibition at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum in New York. "Erich Mendelsohn: Architectural Drawings," October 18–January 8, 1989, is sure to enthrall viewers with this often-forgotten architect's vision, revealing an innovative Expressionist style outside the dominant mechanistic strain of the Modern movement.

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Back to Nature

Young artists are infusing a new vitality into the venerable genre of landscape painting

Painting landscapes is a tradition that suffers an image problem. It tends to be regarded, however unjustly, as quaint, unchallenging, perhaps a little dated. The quiet pastures of Daubigny, the fuzzy forests of Corot, the rocky cliffs of Courbet—as much as we may admire these images, they simply don't have the glamour or daring we've come to expect of major art. Has the course of art ever been altered by a landscape painting? Of course Cézanne's depictions of Mont Sainte-Victoire are an obvious example. But no one would describe Cézanne as a mere landscapist, for his subject was not trees and mountains so much as art itself.

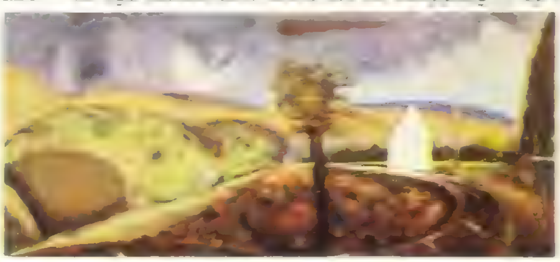
Chuck Connelly creates a sense of menace in *Mailman*, 1987.

April Gornik uses imaginary landscapes, such as in *Light Passing*, 1988, to explore the qualities of light and space.

Back in the 1950s, the heroic years of American art, no one was more resistant to landscape painting than artists themselves. Jackson Pollock, asked once whether he worked from nature, declared with memorable bravura, "I am nature!" His comment confirmed the myth of the modern artist as a self-styled visionary who had better things to do than sit around watching sunsets. As the years passed and succeeding generations of Pop artists, Minimalists, and Conceptualists dominated the art scene, it wasn't just landscape painting—it was painting itself—that seemed [illegible] enterprise.

But such is no longer the case. To visit the New York galleries is to know that landscape painting is back on the map. While some of its practitioners are rightfully obscure, others are commanding impressive reputations. Do these artists, most in their thirties, constitute a school? Well, as Courbet once wrote, "There can be no schools; there are only painters." Courbet may have overstated the case, but it's nonetheless true that the current landscape painters do not consider themselves a group, have no manifestos, and arrived at their respective styles on their own.

There is, of course, a certain irony in the notion of artists painting landscapes in an age memorable more for its shopping malls, superhighways, and polluted waterways than its scenic vistas. Nature in a sense has become an abstraction, existing more vividly in our fantasies than in our daily lives. Or so it would seem, judging from the work of today's new landscapists. You won't find these painters toting their easels out-of-doors and working en plein air. For the most part they work from their imaginations, conjuring up visions of a lost world.



In his *House and Thicket*, 1987, Gregory Crane evokes a world in constant motion.

"I'm basically a city person and most of the things I learn about nature, I learn from the media," says artist Michael Zwack. "I don't think I've ever seen a real rainbow. I've seen them only on television." Zwack, who lives and works on the fringes of New York's Chinatown, is known for lush, moody landscapes based on photographs he clips from magazines. His *Purple*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Heart evokes a faded snapshot rather than the living world. "My tourism takes place inside my house," Zwack explains. "I sit here looking at magazines."

David Deutsch, who divides his time between upstate New York and Manhattan, similarly believes that nature can no longer be experienced directly. One need only take note of the tape recorders, transmitter towers, and other electronic devices tucked between the trees in many of Deutsch's landscapes to know that his meticulous pastorals are not exactly Eden. Deutsch is known for paintings which are long, narrow, and bent into a concave arc so that they actually stand away from the wall. The format reminds him, the artist says, of childhood afternoons spent gazing at the dome of a planetarium.

Has nature lost out to technology? Mark Dean would answer in the affirmative. His *Elephant Rocks* is a small dreamlike painting that shows about a dozen boulders lying in a parched orange desert. It could be a prehistoric scene or a field decimated by radiation; it could be the moon. The painting was inspired by a trip Dean's family once made to a geological park in Missouri. "It struck me as a strange middle-class pilgrimage," he says of the outing.

While Mark Dean and others look to nature primarily as a symbol of loss, a handful of artists still believe a century of industrialization hasn't sapped nature of its vitality. Gregory Crane, who visits southern Vermont, occasionally ventures out-of-doors to sketch the local scenery, but the paintings he undertakes back inside his studio bear little relation to his surroundings. Crane's landscapes abound with whimsy and appealing sentiment. Clouds do somersaults, leaves dance in circles, tree branches leap upward like flames. The wind is always blowing. "I like things to move," Crane says. "Everyone has their own sense of realism and that's mine—that things are alive and relate to each other and blow around."

Chuck Connelly would surely agree the woods are abuzz with action. His rich agitated way with paint, reminiscent of Chaïm Soutine, can impart high drama to even a patch of grass. In *Mailman*, thick, thrusting strokes of green pigment swarm uphill toward the figures, threatening to engulf them. Menace lurks everywhere.

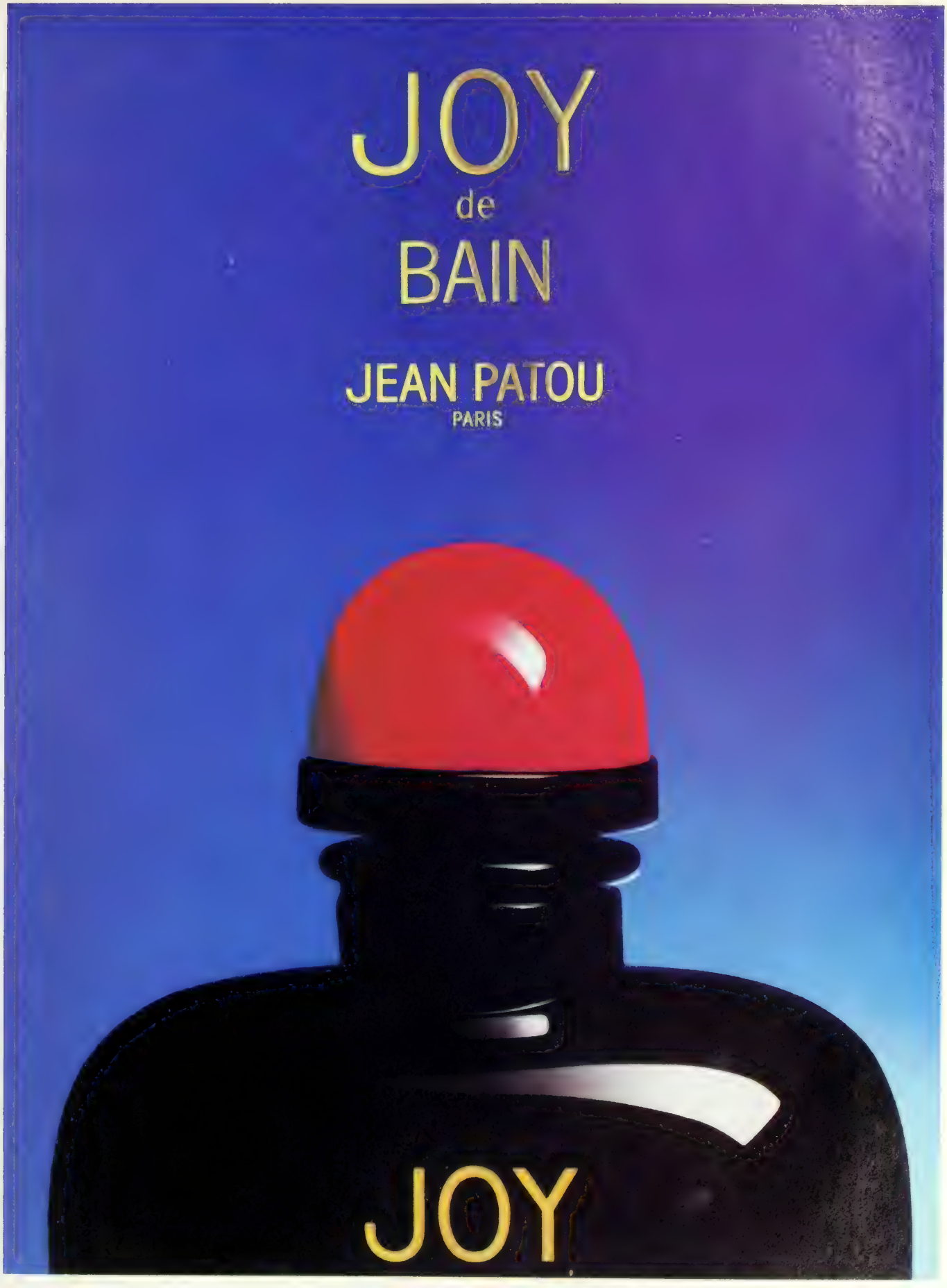
Of all the landscape painters at work today, surely none is more conservative than April Gornik. She is known for pictures that evoke the panoramas of the Hudson River school. Yet Gornik, unlike her predecessors, has no interest in celebrating the grandeur of nature; she wouldn't agree with Frederic Church that God can be found under every leaf. Gornik specializes in vast quiet spaces rendered with hallucinogenic clarity. In *Light Passing*, a wall of clouds forms behind a flat pasture, creating a vault of empty space. Gornik's landscapes belong to an imaginary world where people are nowhere to be found and the sense of isolation is almost surreal.

The new landscape artists don't make up a school but bring a heightened, highly personal approach to nature. Michael Zwack's 1987 *Purple Heart*, top, looks more like a faded snapshot than a living world. Center: David Deutsch's pastoral *Untitled*, 1985, painted on curving paper and canvas, is not exactly Eden. Above: Panel from Mark Dean's *Search for Strange Formations: Our Journey to Elephant Rocks*, 1984, was inspired by a trip to a geological park.

Like many of her colleagues, Gornik came of age in the 1970s, when Conceptualism prevailed and artists were forsaking oils and canvas in favor of more impersonal materials. "The last thing I imagined," she says, "was that I'd ever be painting recognizable landscapes." Yet over time she came to see that light and space were her true subjects, and that landscape offered a convenient vehicle with which to explore them.

The resurgence of interest in landscape painting doesn't necessarily mean that the artists producing it are eager to have their work examined within that context. As David Deutsch says, "I'm uncomfortable showing with landscape painters, and I don't like the label. It's always been associated with the picturesque, with mindless, nonthinking Sunday painting." Why does the stigma still persist? Perhaps that's a question for academics to ponder. The rest of us might simply content ourselves with the welcome revival of one of art history's most venerable—and underrated—traditions. **Deborah Solomon**

FROM TOP: COURTESY CURT MARCUS GALLERY; COURTESY BLUM HELMAN GALLERY; COURTESY SHARPE GALLERY



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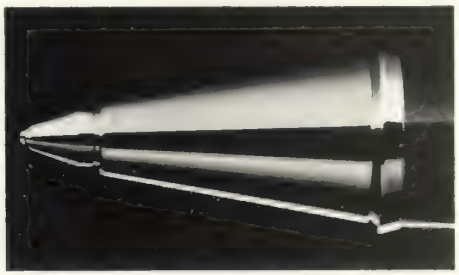

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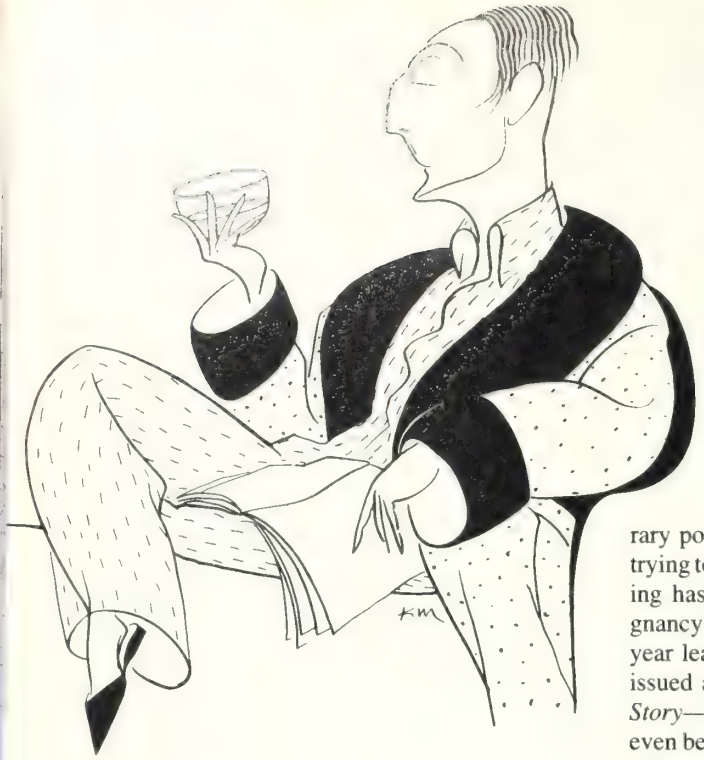

Paying the Price

Buying his first house. **Stephen McCauley** learns there's no such thing as a good deed

I knew, even as I was signing the papers to purchase my house, that I was making a big mistake. I wasn't cut out to be a homeowner the way I wasn't cut out to be an astronaut or a figure skater. I grew up in the suburbs where everyone I knew, and wanted to rebel against, owned a house—my parents, all their friends, my relatives. My ambition as a child was to live in a rented apartment. My godmother lived in a rented apartment. She was tall and thin and read racy novels and smoked cigarettes without exhaling. According to my mother, her diet consisted exclusively of blueberry muffins. At one Christmas dinner she'd sat in silence listening to another of my father's lengthy war stories and then stubbed out her Tareyton and said quite loudly, "Oh, please." With those two words she became my secret childhood idol. When asked why, upon the death of her husband, she'd sold her house and moved into a studio apartment with a fold-out bed and a tiny kitchenette, she'd answered, "I have better things to do with my time than worry about the gutters and the goddamned lawn."

"Oh, boy," I thought. "Me, too."

In the fourteen years between moving out of my parents' house and buying my own, I rented apartments with a vengeance. Close to a dozen of them. There isn't one I don't think of with some degree of fondness, no matter how run-down and shabby. I loved moving into each of them, taking complete temporary possession of all that empty space and trying to put some personal stamp on it. Renting has all the fleeting sweetness and poignancy of a brief doomed love affair. A one-year lease is a little like the death sentence issued at the beginning of that novel, *Love Story*—the end is acknowledged before you even begin.

I don't own much in the way of furniture or anything at all that might, even generously, be labeled "art." But as long as I was renting, that didn't matter. The walls themselves were always different, so what I hung on them seemed to change character from year to year. How exotic an antique bedouin shirt looked in the living room of an apartment under a funeral home in Burlington, Vermont; how chic in a bedroom looking out over West End Avenue; how warm and homey in the painted kitchen of a roomy apartment in Cambridge shared with two no-nuke lacto-ovo-vegetarian political organizers.

A house is supposed to do its job (provide shelter) in dignified silence. This one was making too many demands

I enjoyed all those brief doomed love affairs, was temporarily devoted. Worry about the gutters and the goddamned lawn? Surely you must be joking. Exploding toilets, bursting pipes, peeling paint, and collapsing walls could all go barely noticed. And then it was simply a matter of calling the person who had the misfortune of owning the building and getting him to fix it.

But fate conspired against me. Two years ago I moved into a wonderfully dark and gloomy basement apartment in Cambridge, a delightful pit of a place with inadequate heat and zebra-striped wallpaper on every vertical surface. It was (owing to a string of personal disasters) my third move in eighteen months. On my tenth day of tenancy I was awakened by the sound of a stake being driven into the ground above my bedroom. I climbed on a chair to look out the window and saw a grinning, uniformed Century 21 realtor pounding a FOR SALE sign into the lawn. Shortly after, the building was sold and I was evicted.

I went looking for an apartment in a spirit of defeat and, of course, was defeated. Economic prosperity had turned Massachusetts into a renter's nightmare. In Boston, condo conversion was the rage. Apartments were scarce and expensive. I was past thirty. The glamour of sharing housing with strangers, cooking a weekly meal for six, living with people who actually slept on futons, had faded long ago. A realtor friend (a notorious optimist) sat me down with a calculator and a pad of paper. "These are the figures," he said, "the facts." For less than the average monthly rent, I could be paying off a mortgage on my own house. "Equity," he said. "Investment. Security."

"The gutters," I thought. "The goddamned lawn."

In the end I was done-in by reason. I swore off the promiscuity of renting. I needed one stable element in my life—why not a house? Why not a gray clapboard Victorian with gingerbready brackets, bay windows, and a screened porch?

The day of the closing (never was an event so appropriately named), I walked to the lawyer's office with the realtor friend. I went to the bathroom to wash my hands and saw a woman draped in blue and bathed in an eerie light perched over the soap dispenser. I fell to my knees. In return for an earthquake, a heart attack, one well-timed and well-placed lightning bolt, I would go back to the Catholic church, give my money to Saint Jude, never look at, let alone covet, my neighbor's anything.

It wasn't enough. The vision faded. I went

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and signed the papers and was helped out of the building.

Taking possession of all that empty space seemed ominous now. True, there was no chance of eviction, but neither was there a lovely, touching one-year lease, a legal option to leave. The rooms seemed unsatisfied with my paltry furnishings. An antique bedouin shirt looked just silly in every room. Suddenly, I was tired of seeing it.

But there were other considerations, more profound than aesthetic ones. The house was built in the 1860s. An inspector with an attractive haircut had declared it sound. I found it to be otherwise.

There was a rainy morning when I went into the dining room and noticed that the paint on the walls was oddly puckered. I touched my finger to one of the bubbles, and it burst open. Water poured out. The roof was leaking, and rain was seeping down inside the walls.

If I were renting I would find the house charming. And the landlord would find the plumber

I called to get a service contract on the oil burner. The person who came to look at it doubled up with hysterical laughter and left without explanation. Two days later there was a peculiar rumbling in the basement, and the house was unusually cold.

The bathtub faucets turned into water-jets, the soil started washing away from the foundation, the front steps were rotting.

"Take it easy," the optimistic ex-friend realtor advised. "Assign yourself a project a week."

I'm not skilled at household projects. A house is supposed to do its job (provide shelter) in dignified silence. This one was making too many demands. I didn't trust it. I fancy myself a writer, a person with better things to worry about than a house. But I didn't have time to worry about anything but the house—the funny noises that indicate something's amiss and the terrifying silences that hold the potential for the ravages of insidious decay such as gnawing carpenter ants, corroding pipes, loosening mortar. This house has its pleasures. There are beautiful hardwood floors in the living room and the kitchen, an ancient bathtub standing on clawed feet, and views, from the top floor, of the Boston skyline and the roads and bridges surrounding the city. If I were renting, I would find it all charming. And the landlord would find the plumber.

I keep hoping the subway will come through my neighborhood and transform it into a more desirable one. Then I'll be able to sell. (Investment.) But there are no signs of that happening soon. Not long ago I heard that a 24-unit apartment complex is going into the postage stamp–size lot which abuts my property. I was concerned about the loss of privacy, the noise, the congestion. The developer told me not to worry. As planned, the building will not face my house. I will see only a forty-foot blank brick wall.

I could rent the place to someone else, but I know quite well I'd still cringe every time it rains, thinking about the downspouts. I want a divorce, not a trial separation. I want long, languid afternoons in a rented apartment with time to worry about nuclear war and the greenhouse effect and my lack of ambition rather than afternoons and mornings and evenings spent tearing out my hair over the lawn, the lawn and the goddamned gutters. John Glenn is an astronaut, Debi Thomas is a figure skater, and my parents and all their friends and my relatives are homeowners. I knew that I would never make the Olympics or fly to the moon, so I never even tried. How foolish to attempt to make it as a homeowner.

Last month I saw my godmother for the first time in a very long time at the funeral of a great aunt. She's quite old now and has lost a good deal of her jaunty style. She was forced to give up cigarettes and she eats normal meals, claiming she can't stand the sight of a blueberry muffin. I was surprised to discover that she's no taller or thinner than any number of other women in my family. I don't know if she still reads racy novels, but she told me that she'd given up on my very unracy novel after the first fifty pages because she found it "disturbing."

We talked for a while about subjects that seemed appropriate to the occasion, and then I asked her about her latest apartment.

"Wonderful," she said, "like the rest of them."

Then she told me she was dating a man who lived "down the hall" and was ten years younger than she is. "What about you?" she asked.

I told her I'd bought a house.

She frowned.

"Equity," I said. "Investment. Security."

And then she looked at me with some of the old spirit I remembered and said, "Oh, please," and I knew what had to be done. ♠

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Paper Palaces

Lewis Grossberger looks beyond the lush photographs of the newest style books and what he finds is not a pretty picture

Polly Adler, in her wisdom, instructed us that a house is not a home. This left open the question of what exactly a house is. Now at last we have the answer.

A house is a book.

At least it seems that way. Gradually, inexorably, our planet is being taken over by growing mounds of books containing large glossy pictures of houses and the furniture therein.

After purchase the books themselves go inside houses and *become* furniture. Their job, as best I can figure, is to sit atop coffee tables and look as exquisite as possible along with the rest of the decor. It's hard to see what other purpose a house book could serve.

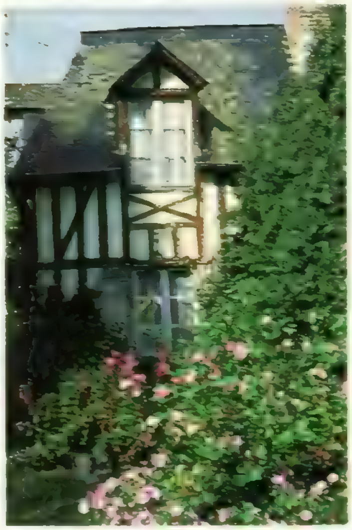
To generate decorating ideas? This would be the cliché answer, the glib answer, the easy answer. I reject it. Look, by the time you've accumulated a large enough number of house books to work with, you've probably spent your whole decorating budget. These books are *priced* like houses, too.

Maybe the real appeal is a kind of vicarious breaking and entering. The voyeuristic reader can slip inside a lot of richly appointed dwellings she ordinarily would not be invited into and ogle the fabric to her heart's content. She, because I assume, not sexistly, I hope, that more women read house books than men. Perhaps they do so in revenge against husbands who sit around poring over all those innumerable books on baseball statistics.

It's also possible that house-book readers may be frustrated tourists because there's a strong travelogue element here. You can read Italian houses, English houses, Irish houses, French houses. Just how far will this trend go? When they use up Europe, will the house writers and photographers start casing the yurts of the Gobi, the cellars of Saskatche-

The photographs in these books are relentlessly dazzling, picturesque, vivid, and unforgettable. Left: A spiral staircase from *Laura Ashley at Home*. Above: The terrace of a villa, in Conci dei Marini, from *Italian Country*.

The drawing room, below, of a Georgian house in Dublin, from *In The Houses of Ireland*.



A 17th-century manor house, from *Pierre Deux's Normandy*.

The blue-washed threshold to a summer house on the island of Seriphos, from *Greek Style*.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT: GUY BOUCHET; GILLES DE CHABANEIX; GUY BOUCHET; WALTER PFEIFFER; COURTESY LAURA ASHLEY

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wan, the gazebos of Madagascar, and the vestibules of Transylvania?

I wouldn't be surprised. These are adventurous people. As Walter Pfeiffer confesses in **In the Houses of Ireland** (Stewart, Tabori & Chang, $45), "Drawn by a desire to know the secrets of hidden places, I have succumbed to the temptation to follow a winding lane, to ignore a 'no trespassing' sign, and wonderful images stay with me."

Very interesting. Does that mean Walt goes creeping in windows to learn the secrets of hidden places? Does he ever get caught ignoring those no trespassing signs? He never says.

Maybe the real appeal of these books is a kind of vicarious breaking and entering

But if the houses have secrets—two I personally would like to be let in on are why so many of those Irish houses contain marble busts and why so many of the busts have been deposited in fireplaces—so do the books about them. There seem to be a lot of unwritten rules in this peculiar branch of literature.

The no-human rule, for instance. Now obviously somebody lives in all these houses. But rarely are we permitted to glimpse them. Oh, occasionally they're mentioned in the text, or there's a teeny little snapshot in a corner. Why is this? Page after page of unpopulated rooms leaves you feeling empty, as though you went from restaurant to restaurant and never got any food.

Leafing through them is like inspecting the photo album of an invisible family. The writing, subordinate to the photographs, is essentially captions. House-book writers must spend most of their time describing things and therefore possess a vast supply of glowing modifiers. In **Greek Style** (Clarkson N. Potter, $35) by Suzanne Slesin, Stafford Cliff, and Daniel Rozensztroch, for instance, we are constantly in the presence of the dazzling, the picturesque, the unforgettable, the vivid, the lush, the verdant, the romantic, the spacious, the luxurious, the unique, the noble, the charming, the glorious, the beautiful, the simple, the warm, the inviting, and since this is Greece, the whitewashed. It gets to the point where finally you yearn to see a little of the sleazy, the shabby, or the squalid.

But I keep fixating on those lost residents. They become mysterious, like the Aztecs or other vanished civilizations. Where in God's name *are* they? Did the tyrannical photographer order them out of their own house? Are they hovering nervously just off camera, worrying that the klutz will knock the turn-of-the-century Venetian amber candlesticks off the marble-topped Louis XV gold-leaf console? Or do the perpetrators break into the houses and do their dirty work when the occupants are on vacation?

A corollary to the no-human rule is the no-life rule. Just as you seldom see humans, you see little evidence of their existence. These are houses without telephones, TV sets, microwave ovens, chests of drawers, or closets. Bathrooms hardly exist, and if you see a kitchen, it's insanely neat—no spills, no dirt, no muss of any kind. Not a child or a dog anywhere in sight nor a doily out of place. Never.

Obviously this is a fantasy world. Everything is perfectly gorgeous. The colors are radiant, and the photos are all impossibly beautiful. The houses are more like museums than actual lived-in dwellings. So what's wrong with that? Nothing much, except that the effect is so soporific it's hard to stay awake. Maybe the appeal is to frustrated homemakers who dream about how lovely their home would look if they could just eliminate the husband, the pets, and the kids.

For me house books would be more interesting if I could see the inhabitants getting up in the morning, running around in their underwear, taking showers, brushing their teeth, arguing, washing the dishes, changing the wallpaper, or whatever it is people do in these overdone edifices after the photographers depart. Wouldn't that be more fun than staring at the walls?

"On Sunday night," we read about a "densely accessorized but not overwhelming" sitting room in **Pierre Deux's Normandy** (Clarkson N. Potter, $35). "Friends come to have coffee here in front of the fire before they return to Paris." Well, come on—don't just tell us about it. Let's see who these caffeine suckers are. It's a *picture* book, for crying out loud. Show us.

The one form of life we do get a strong sense of is former life—that is, history. In house books old is good and the past is summoned up as often as possible.

"The appeal of the central Italian landscape—its gentle brown hills sprinkled with stone farmhouses, long rows of cypresses, and fortressed hilltop cities that turn golden at sunset—is just as intense today as it was when Giovanni Boccaccio extolled its languorous splendor in the *Decameron*," writes Catherine Sabino in **Italian Country** (Clarkson N. Potter, $35.). A couple of pages later she says, "Today many parts of Tuscany appear the same as they did in Goethe's time." (Sabino is better than most on showing people, and she likes to work in food, too.)

History can be highly entertaining as well as enlightening. In **The Town House** (Bantam Books, $34.95), by Chippy Irvine and Joe Viesti, I learned where the name Seattle came from. It was from an Indian chief, Sealth. The early citizens, who had been calling the place Duwamps (no wonder they wanted a change), had to pay royalties to the chief for using his name—even though they never got it right.

The Town House bops all around the country, stopping at everything from a Victorian Painted Lady in San Francisco to Bauhaus contemporary in Chicago to a Greek Revival row house on Beacon Hill. What do we learn from all these far-flung domiciles? That no matter what city or century you go to, you will find houses. People just can't seem to live without them.

Of course, you have to keep in mind that the history in house books is mainly a history of the rich. Their housing lasts longer than that of the poor, which tends to be bulldozed for shopping malls.

History lessons are not the only extraneous information found in house books. The authors toss in all sorts of other trivia, from recipes to design tips to pretentious literary references. And there are controversial opinions, too. Reading Tricia Guild's **Design and Detail** (Simon & Schuster, $35), I learned that the "imaginative use of pipings and trims can add contrast, humor and definition to a color scheme." This forced me to confront the startling fact that I'd somehow managed to spend my entire life without ever having allowed the subject of pipings and trims to enter my mind, a lapse I now deeply regret.

But then Tricia Guild is more given to practical advice than the average house-book writer and leads you through the house room by room, explaining why she chose this fabric instead of that one, when to cover a floor with coir or sisal matting and, of course, how to lay piping. I plan to start as soon as I can get a load of piping delivered.

In two books that I examined, not only did I encounter houses that are books, I met people who are stores—namely Laura Ashley and Pierre Deux. I was amazed to discover that Laura Ashley had been a real person—I'd always thought she was a Madison Avenue invention like Betty Crock-

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er or the guy on the Quaker Oats package.

But if you assume from the title **Laura Ashley at Home** (Harmony Books, $30) that you're going to be reading about one adorable little house, you are sadly mistaken. Laura had houses everywhere. She and her family lived in Wales, in France, in Belgium, in the Bahamas, and elsewhere, and wherever they settled, you could always count on Laura to redecorate the place. The woman simply could not leave a room alone.

Leafing through these books is like inspecting the photo album of an invisible family

The book is a kind of houseography, documenting the results of her mad compulsion to decorate. "Why not live with swags and tassels?" was an important element of Laura Ashley's philosophy, and indeed it's a question every bit as pertinent today as it was the day she said it.

I will not attempt to shield you from the stark truth that Pierre Deux is really *deux* men named Pierre. *Pierre Deux's Normandy* represents the second stage in a scheme to produce a Pierre Deux house book about every corner of France, and at this point there is little we can do to stop them. But the Pierres range farther afield than most of their competitors, giving us the outside of Normandy as well as the inside. You get to see all sorts of odd French things—cows, humans, snow on the ground, monks hanging around abbeys, weird Norman headdresses, and also *faitages*, which are elaborate ceramic ornaments cunningly fashioned in shapes such as animals, fruits, and geometric forms and then stuck up on the roofs where no one can see them. I have never understood the French.

Visually I would say that the book is sumptuous and beautiful except that it would be redundant because all house books are. Is this because only sumptuous and beautiful houses are chosen? Or because only champion photographers are chosen? Or is it just that any time you send a decent photographer into a house where vast amounts of money have been spent, you automatically end up with exquisiteness? I'll have to think about that one for a while.

But the more I think about this whole unlikely phenomenon, the clearer it becomes that what's really going on here is some unhealthy pathology involving furniture. Furniture and bric-a-brac are obviously the core of these books no matter how the authors try to disguise it by dazzling us with history, geography, food, and piping. Let's face it: we're dealing with furniture porn. These are people who get just a little too excited at the sight of an overstuffed Victorian chintz ottoman that also functions as a bathtub.

In *In the Houses of Ireland*, Walter Pfeiffer describes the case of a woman obsessed with restoring a big old house in Dublin: "The house comes first; money that might otherwise be spent on holidays and other luxuries is swallowed up by the house's appetite not only for timber, plaster, and other basics but for finer things—porcelain, chandeliers, paintings."

Sure, blame the house.

OK, it's all a little sick, but I'm an open-minded guy—and anyway we all have our dark little secrets, don't we? Tell you what: as long as the house bookers don't try to force their way into my place some night and turn it into someone's coffee table, I won't call the cops. I'm willing to close my eyes to this whole nasty business. ▲

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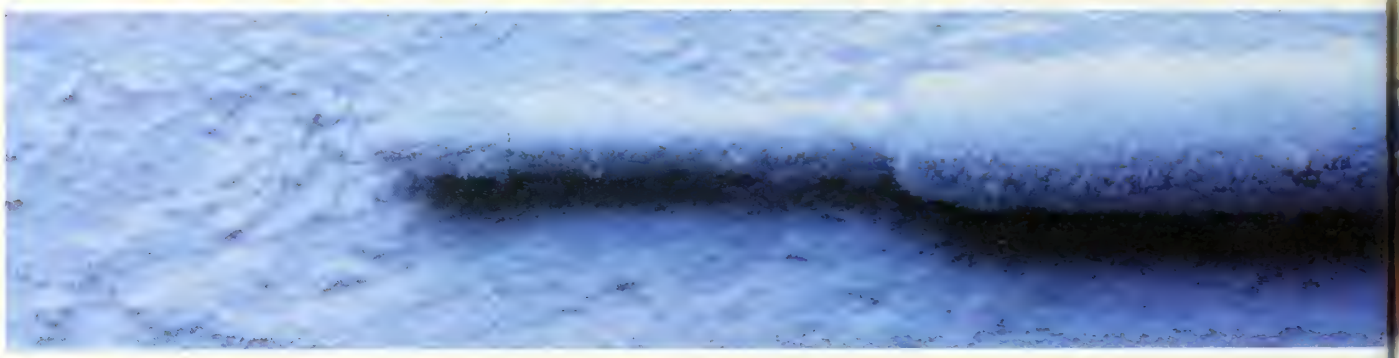

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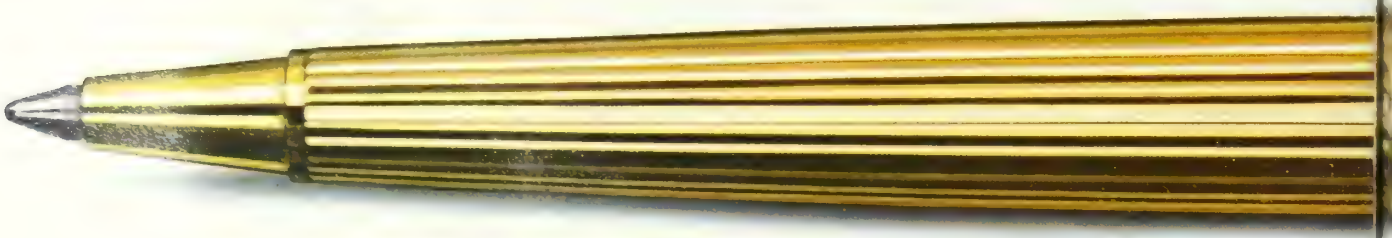

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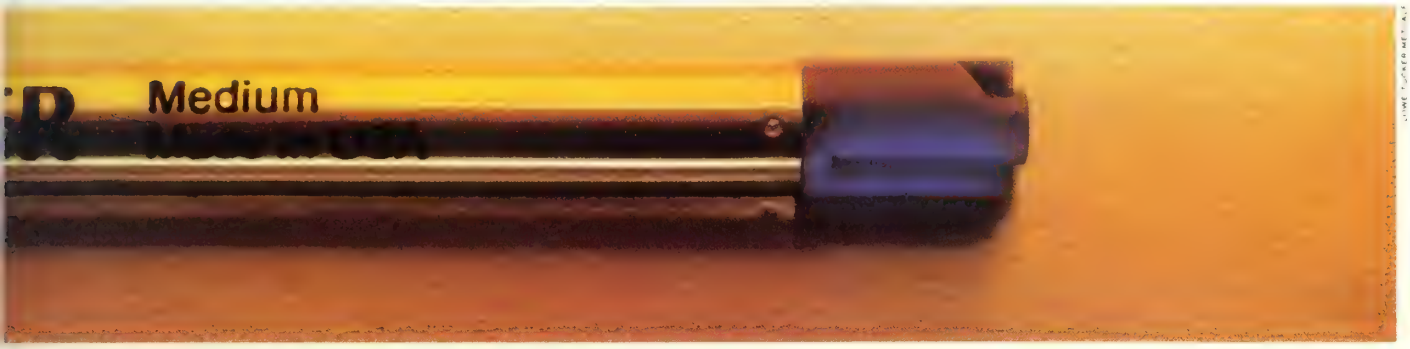

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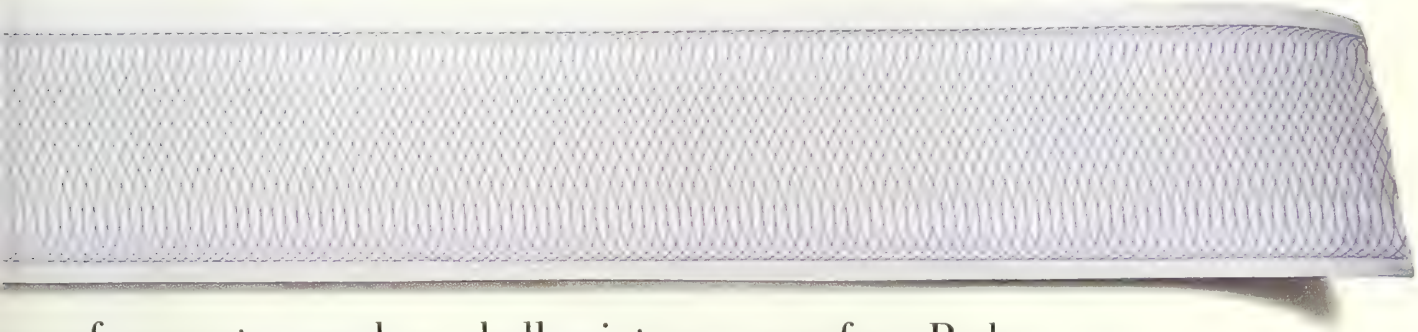

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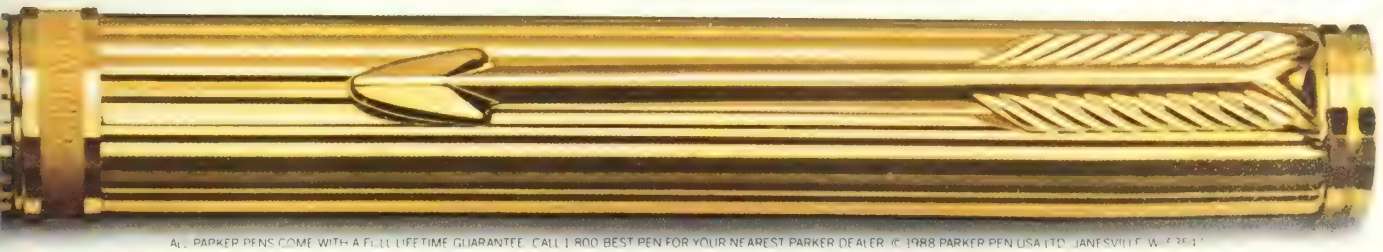

Plastic Passions

Unlikely collectors are lending cachet to some outrageous artifacts of the 1950s—plastic purses. **James Reginato** reports

"Look at this!" shouts Robert Gottlieb gleefully. "What demented mind produced this?" Gottlieb, editor in chief of *The New Yorker*, is not referring to some unsolicited manuscript that has crossed his desk but to one item in his five-hundred-piece collection of—believe it or not—plastic handbags.

Just when you thought everything possible had been subject to collecting mania, plastic handbags have, it seems, arrived. Yes, we're talking about those clunky hard-edged models that enjoyed a brief but truly dazzling flowering in the 1950s.

"They're so bizarre, so unlike anything else, beautiful in such a ridiculous way," Gottlieb explains. Although he first purchased one nearly a decade ago, several years elapsed before the bag bug really bit. His epiphany arrived one morning when he came upon a group at a flea market. The variety here, he realized, was infinite—practically.

As he would eventually learn, a handful of manufacturers, located almost exclusively in New York and Miami, produced hundreds upon hundreds of different styles each year throughout the fifties. Materials, colors, shapes, designs, ornaments, and manufacturing methods evolved with the passing of each season. As the decade wore on, the bags became increasingly complex and even outlandish. In what Gottlieb interprets as "desperate attempts at novelty," the bags became ever more encrusted with a variety of materials—rhinestones, colored glass, shells, pearls, mirrors, metallic objects. Shapes grew equally varied: there were bags that suggested camel saddles, guitars, reliquaries, lunch pails, pagodas, bow ties, even coffins—Gottlieb owns one complete with fake flowers under its clear dome. Some offered snappy built-in compacts and cigarette cases; others matching radios, shoes, and belts.

But by 1959—which Thomas Hine, author of *Populuxe*, which takes a look at life in America during the 1950s and '60s, calls the "high-water mark of craziness"—many of these styles had become somewhat impractical, and thus began what would be a very quick end. As Gottlieb sees it: "With how many outfits could a woman carry a gray coffin? With overspecialization came decline."

What on earth could have inspired such delightful lunacy? In postwar America old-fashioned was out and modern was in. "In 1950 sporting a plastic pocketbook was an easy, highly visible way for a woman to look up-to-date, even fashionable," says Gottlieb.

Robert Gottlieb's bedroom, left, holds the world's largest collection of plastic handbags. Below: Frank Maresca, at left, and Gottlieb.

Felicia de Chabris, left, clutches part of her collection of 1950s purses. Below: Cloth daisies are embedded in the clear plastic handbag she found at a Chicago flea market.

According to Hine, "They relate to the decade's celebration of artificiality. They were an avant-garde statement of plastic as plastic. Before, the material generally masqueraded as something else."

"They reflect an energetic design moment when anything could be tried—not by 'artists' but by craftsmen and merchants," Gottlieb explains. But the most touching thing about the bags, he feels, is that they were used: "At one time each of them was a highly personal, even intimate, domestic object."

Although the claim hasn't exactly been certified, there is little doubt that the world's largest collection of plastic handbags is housed—enshrined, really—in the bedroom Robert Gottlieb shares with his wife, actress Maria Tucci. There, from floor to ceiling, wall to wall, thin glass shelves are lined with nothing but handbags, all arranged loosely, according to color: there are rows of chartreuse, pistachio, amber, and pink, with more sober black and white.

This extraordinary collection, however, might never have reached its current proportion had it not been for a chance encounter

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several years ago at a New York Pier Show where a dealer had the good sense to introduce Gottlieb to Frank Maresca, a fashion photographer, a dealer in American primitive art, and probably the only person whose passion for plastic bags equals Gottlieb's.

Within five minutes the two agreed to join forces; eventually, as Gottlieb puts it, their collections merged. "Bob conned me out of my bags," Maresca explains. "But he does have visiting rights," counters the editor, who adds sternly, "What he *doesn't* have is separation rights."

This month the duo is revealing all in *A Certain Style: The Art of the Plastic Handbag, 1949–1959*, a volume for which Gottlieb has produced the introduction and Maresca and Edward Shoffstall the photographs (not quite coincidentally, it's published by Knopf, where Gottlieb was recently editor in chief). To celebrate, Barneys New York will have an exhibit and sale of a number of the prized purses, through October 22.

For both men the thrill here has come from charting new collecting territory. "There are no experts in this field," Gottlieb says with satisfaction. "So I suppose that what we say goes. No one is saying a Vermeer is better than a Rubens here." Maresca adds: "There are no price guides, either. Prices change virtually every week, in fact."

Although Gottlieb prizes the bags largely for their kitschiness, Maresca adores them for their formal qualities. "I look at them as pure forms of sculpture," he says, "judging them by their shape and color. They were so inventive for their time, even more so than cars. The 1950s, from a moral point of view, were very conservative, but these objects are so outrageous and innovative. It's almost as if handbags were the focus, the outlet of the period's energy." Indeed, he concludes, everything "came to a point with the bags. They're icons of the fifties."

"Like all '50s things," says Barbara Johnson, "they're incredibly ugly and strange"

If any greater authorities than Gottlieb and Maresca exist on this subject, none are stepping forward. Such an honor has been gained only by dint of diligent research: ransacking the New York Public Library's files of *Handbags & Accessories*, the industry trade magazine ("Fount of much of our knowledge," Gottlieb writes), and even flying to Miami to interview Morty Edelstein, whose company, Patricia of Miami, produced some of the most inspired creations.

From twenty paces Maresca and Gottlieb can easily distinguish a Patricia (really bizarre, generally mottled or marbleized green or yellow with a curlicue clasp) from a Wilardy (the classiest—very ornate, almost baroque) and from a Lewsid Jewel (the "most demented"—frequently they resemble weapons, in weight as well as look).

Boldly, the two collectors proclaim they will not stop until they have one of everything. In the sphere of plastic bags, however, it's not easy to draw that line. "But then there's the joy of finding the same bag in five colors," says Gottlieb, who exposed his strong acquisitive streak even as a child when he collected everything from stamps to *The New York Times*—stacks and stacks of them. Nowadays he gathers almost anything that might loosely be termed popular culture—"Don't call it kitsch around me," he warns—everything from Scottie dog lamps

and ashtrays to videotapes of American movies from the 1930s and '40s. His office is adorned with a nearly life-size portrait on satin of Joan Crawford.

To some it might seem peculiar that the editor has selected his bedroom—in his Manhattan town house—as his bags' venue. To Gottlieb, it makes perfect sense: "I'm a person who lives in bed. I do all my reading there. Maria, on the other hand, gets up in the morning and is off and running." This is fortunate since, as her husband understatedly writes, she "doesn't totally grasp the charm of this collection." "They do leave me a bit bewildered," Tucci confesses, "but I have my blue-and-white china downstairs."

Felicia de Chabris, a designer of jewelry and interiors, who has collected forty bags over the past few years, takes a slightly less museological approach. Although her bags are also displayed on shelves in her bedroom, along with hats and Barbie dolls from the sixties, she routinely carries hers, frequently to great effect. "Strangers stop me on the street all the time and tell me they look great."

For de Chabris it all began while accompanying her husband, sculptor Peter Reginato, on one of his hunts for fifties furniture, lunch boxes, and George Nelson clocks, which fill the couple's SoHo loft. She was smitten the moment she spotted the black Wilardy, whose top was encrusted with pearls (faux), shells, and glitter—all probably applied, she later learned, by the bag's original owner, who would have received a kit "to finish" the purse. De Chabris feels that this lends the piece a folk quality.

"I thought it was just so bizarre I had to have it. I said to Peter, 'Isn't it great?' "

"It's hideous," he replied.

Since then her husband has come round—he's even bought her a few. Her collection now boasts most of the big names: Patricia of Miami, Llewellyn, and Rialto. On a recent shopping trip she was thrilled, however, to discover a bag marked TANO OF MADRID—MADE IN SPAIN. "I thought they were all made in America, but since the label was in English, it must have been made for export to America." De Chabris buys many of her bags to coordinate with particular outfits.

At this point, de Chabris has no trouble discerning a cheap model from a prime example. "I can tell by the catch," she divulges. "On the expensive ones they were much more thought-out." Aside from the obvious value the bags have to her wardrobe, she says there's a simple reason she collects them. "I've always liked plastic. It's what you grew up with—and it never ages."

Occasionally, Barbara Johnson, probably one of the country's busiest collectors, turns her eye to plastic handbags. "It's my frivolous side," she explains. Although she's best known for her top-ranked folk-art pieces, she has also acquired everything from John Lennon's T-shirts to George, a 188-year-old tortoise owned by Queen Victoria.

"Like all fifties things," she says of the bags, "they're incredibly ugly and strange." She does concede that the decade produced a few beautiful objects, like Thunderbirds, a 1956 model of which she owns. As for bags, says Johnson, who came to this country as a student from Switzerland in the early sixties, "the uglier the better. They have a perverse charm, especially when out of their natural environment. I wear them with really elegant modern clothing and they look fabulous. The contrast is great."

Although opinions over use and appeal clearly vary, one thing everybody agrees on is that plastic handbags aren't getting any less expensive. Chabris, who began collecting

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Gottlieb and Maresca pay an average of $50, though they will go over $100, sometimes considerably so. Gottlieb confesses that whenever he travels, he scours antiques malls, vintage clothing stores, flea markets, and garage sales in whatever city he is in.

Although Felicia de Chabris has never met Gottlieb and Maresca, she has recently become intrigued with the duo. "All the dealers I visit, when they explain why their prices are going up, say, 'Well, there's a book coming out on these, you know.' " What's more irksome is that the two continually manage to hit

"With how many outfits," asks Robert Gottlieb, "could a woman carry a gray coffin?"

sources she finds first. "They're always one step ahead of me," she says ruefully.

Many dealers report that the most frequent purchasers of plastic bags today are women under thirty. "They think the fifties were great because they weren't there," believes Barbara Blau of Philadelphia's Two by Four. Betty Lopez, at Pasadena's Holly Street Bazaar, concurs. "To the girls today the fifties are an ancient time—like the 1890s. They like the bags because they're what their mothers carried."

Ironically, Robert Gottlieb does not recall seeing plastic handbags while the 1950s were actually happening. Certainly, he says, *his* mother never carried them. Thomas Hine surmises that they might be like the Philco Predicta TV set—the model that exposed its tubes. "It was a great commercial flop, but today you see one in every book on the period and in every 1950s shop. Plastic bags may be one of those things that seem more important to us now than they were then."

Joan Kron, editor in chief of *Avenue* magazine, who remembers carrying one of these curiosities—"It looked like a breadbasket"—as a newlywed in Philadelphia, argues that she and her peers did recognize their import: "In the 1950s, plastic was an exotic material. Plastic handbags were a part of the promise that all our lives were going to be better through chemistry."

Robert Gottlieb at this point declines to speculate further: "I have no aspirations to profundity on this subject. They're just charming." ♠

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NOTHING IS SO RARE AS PERFECTION.

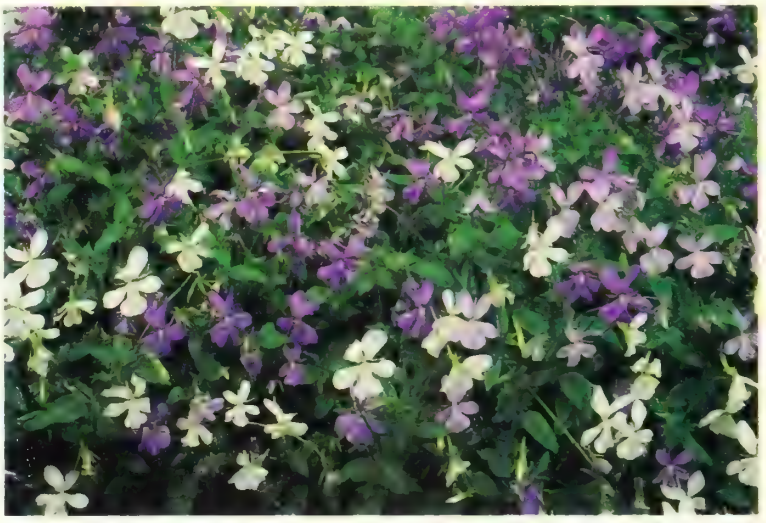
Seeing Violet

That harbinger of spring, the old-fashioned viola, can also bring charm and color indoors this winter, says **Katherine Whiteside**

Legend has it that Zeus created violas as food for his lover, Io. He had changed the poor girl into a heifer to conceal their affair from his wife. Perhaps it is this deceit that began the tangled web that enmeshes the names connected with this genus.

Strictly speaking, violas, violets, violettas, and pansies are all violas. As one botanical scholar tried to explain, "The difference between a pansy and a viola is a question that puzzles many a garden lover who is not enlightened by the statement that while all pansies are really violas, not all violas are suitable for classification as pansies."

Two major species existed before the frenzy of viola breeding that occurred just after the turn of the nineteenth century: *Viola cornuta* arrived from Switzerland in 1776 and *V. tricolor* is the ancient Johnny-jump-up or heartsease, native to Europe.



Viola cornuta is easy to grow and blooms from April until frost.

Before 1800 violas were not considered ornamental, but a British naval officer, who left active duty under a cloud and practiced gardening for therapy, was soon to change this. Lord Gambier turned to flowers for solace, but all credit for successful flower breeding on his estate rightfully belongs to his gardener, T. Thompson. In 1835, Thompson crossed the native *V. tricolor* with another wild viola to create 'Iver Beauty', the first show pansy. This blue-faced flower immediately stirred Victorian sentiment, and a fad was soon in full force.

By 1841 there were four hundred named varieties of show pansy, and the Hammersmith Heartsease Society arranged its first show. The English had very strict rules guiding one toward breeding perfect show pansies, and it was this rigidity that perhaps led the Belgians to develop the fancy pansy. The French were not far behind. Soon a pan-European passion for pansy breeding was uncontrollable. Blooms grew so enormous that the flowers could no longer hold their faces out of the soil, and pansies became suitable solely for the show table.

At this point, a younger generation of gardeners began clamoring for flowers with better garden effect. Dr. Charles Stuart of Berwickshire commenced crossing show pansies with *V. cornuta* to start a new garden-worthy race. He named them tufted pansies, but for some obscure reason the gardening world simply refused to call Dr. Stuart's creations by the name he preferred. Much to his chagrin and everyone else's confusion, these plants became generally known as violas.

When one feels like giving up on growing violas, etc., for fear of never being able to find the way through such a confusion of names, it is time to take advice from a confident Yankee. In 1885, Elias Long wrote "*Viola cornuta* and *Viola tricolor* are hardy plants of highest attractiveness . . . easily grown, very ornamental, and inexpensive."

V. cornuta has been called horned pansy and horned violet. It seems that this name confusion will rear its ugly head again and again, so perhaps it is best to call this flower *V. cornuta* and nothing else. These sweetly scented, long-spurred flowers—pale blue, mauve, and white—were praised by William Robinson for their wonderful habit of "waving everywhere like thousands of little banners." This alpine native will bloom intermittently from April until frost. It is easy to grow, and if protected by shade will make a ground cover by producing verdant mounds of leaves.

V. tricolor is the pansy Shakespeare said was for thoughts (probably from the French *pensée*). Old Johnny-jump-up has more than two hundred common names, including heartsease, herb trinity, three-faces-under-a-hood, love-in-idleness, pink-of-my-Joan, kiss-me-at-the-garden-gate, and tittle-my-fancy. *V. tricolor* also holds the record for the longest folk name, meet-her-in-the-entry-kiss-her-in-the-buttery.

This dainty plant has combinations of yellow, purple, blue, cream, and white on its small flowers. The dark lines on the face, called honey guides, recall Milton's "Pansy freakt with jet." *V. tricolor* is a short-lived perennial, best grown in rich soil and cool shade. Rotate plants every few years to avoid root disease; otherwise, just deadhead for continuous bloom. Johnny-jump-up makes a wonderful houseguest. Before the first frost simply transplant him into a pot and place on a sunny windowsill. The plant will bloom intermittently throughout the winter. ♠

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3 egg yolks
1 roaring fire
¼ cup pre-cooked shrimp
1 recording "Scheherazade"

Sleep late. Poach whole eggs. *Build fire to chase away the gloom*. Mix egg yolks, lemon juice and Grey Poupon Dijon Mustard in blender at low speed. Add melted butter until sauce is thickened. *Put on "Scheherazade."* Heat shrimp and slice brioche. *Open Browning's Sonnets to "How do I Love Thee?" and mark place with long-stemmed rose.* Place two poached eggs and warmed shrimp on each brioche. As the final touch, pour Grey Poupon Dijon Sauce over top. *After dining, curl up with sonnets, gaze out at the rain and hope it never ends.*

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Meet Me in Miami

Old folks home or hip resort?

Charles Gandee hits the beach

Miami's South Beach boasts the largest collection of Art Deco buildings in the world

For a long time when I thought of Miami Beach, a certain poignant image would come to mind. I saw an army of little old ladies in sneakers heading determinedly up Collins Avenue to take advantage of Wolfie's Early Bird dinner special: 4:00 P.M. to 7:00 P.M. nightly; $5.95 to $10.95; soup, entrée, beverage, and dessert included.

Prompted by rumors of what people with money invested in a place invariably call a renaissance, I decided to test my mental picture of Miami Beach against the real thing. I booked a room in a hotel that some trendy friends recommended—figuring that if trendy friends are good for anything, it's to give advice on such things as hotels—and headed south to south Florida.

An uncharacteristically tranquil moment on the beach that doesn't close until midnight.

What I found was that the little old ladies in sneakers are still there, all right—just as I knew they would be. (As a young desk clerk rather callously explained, "They're like barnacles, they hang on.") Except for periodic excursions to the drugstore and the delicatessen, however, they seem to maintain a low profile along the beach, preferring to watch the traffic go by from neat rows of aluminum folding chairs set out on the terraces of dusty old hotels advertising LOW MONTHLY RATES

But nowadays in Miami Beach, watching the traffic is more interesting than it sounds, because, in addition to the twelve courtesy vans from Mount Sinai Medical Center that cruise the neighborhood, there are shiny new BMWs, Porsches, and Jaguars, as well as many of the goods and services that tend to follow such upscale motorcades.

Miami Beach is perhaps the only resort in America that has staged more comebacks than Peggy Lee. Although public response to earlier efforts has been a consistently underwhelming "Is that all there is?" this time around Miami Beach may just have another hit after all.

The Miami Beach that is the object yet again of developers' attentions and tourists' affections is in fact only a very small wedge of the island between 1st Street and 15th Street, from Ocean Drive to Bay Drive. It's called South Beach, and it's easy to recognize because unlike the area to the north—where kitsch fifties dinosaurs such as Morris Lapidus's incomparable Fontainebleau Hilton Resort reign—it is made up of modestly scaled, but outrageously ornamented, Art Deco hotels built in the 1930s. The 400-plus period pieces lining South Beach's streets form the largest collection of Art Deco architecture in the world—a distinction that caught the eye of the National Register of Historic Places, which designated the area a Historic District in 1979.

History and the current renaissance notwithstanding, there are entire blocks in the Deco District, as preservationists like to call it, that have that painful long-suffering look of neglect—like an abandoned Art Deco amusement park that still seems to echo with the slightly eerie sounds of some long-forgotten summer.

But never mind. Signs of life can also be heard. A fair number of the old hotels and apartment houses have been hosed down and painted up to welcome the current influx of European tourists as well as a decidedly hipper version of those infamous snowbirds from the north, and there are a host of new

The candy-colored Beacon Hotel on Ocean Drive was designed in 1936 by architect Harry O. Nelson.

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restaurants and clubs to feed and entertain them. There is also Miami's spectacular beach where the only problem is the occasional wayward Frisbee that unexpectedly sets down on some bathing beauty's blanket.

The Clevelander's poolside bar is a popular watering hole.

If it's luxury you're in the market for, stick to Palm Beach. South Beach is funky, not fancy. But if you're looking to slow down—and I do mean slow down—this could be the place. For those of you who are in the mood for a few sleepy days in the sun and who do not, as it turns out, have a trendy friend to turn to for advice, the following guide, however abbreviated, should come in handy.

There may be literally hundreds of hotels in South Beach, but there aren't twenty that you'd want to spend a night in. Stick to the ones along Ocean Drive—which, true to its name, faces the ocean—and, above all, trust your eye. A good rule of thumb: if you wouldn't want to sleep in the lobby, you wouldn't want to sleep upstairs since things tend not to get better as you ascend.

At the present moment the hotel of choice is the **Cavalier** (1320 Ocean Drive). Managed by Don Meginley of Art Deco Marketing Corp., this 44-room hotel is frequented by a slick New York fashion crowd as well as by a fair number of French and German travelers. But except for the bottle of Evian in every room, don't expect luxury. You'll carry your own luggage, get your own ice in the basement, and they seem not to have even heard of room service. The rooms to ask for are the ones with the oceanfront views: 202, 203, 302, 303. A double is $95–$125, a suite is $135–$165, and a ten percent service charge is added on (for reasons not entirely clear). Bring a few rolls of quarters because the Cavalier doesn't provide parking, and the Miami Beach meter maids are more than generous with their $10 tickets.

Three hotels adjacent to the Cavalier have recently been taken over by Art Deco Marketing Corp., so if the hotel management organization continues its pleasant and relaxed standards of service and decor, you'll do just fine at either the 43-room **Cardozo** (1300 Ocean Drive), the 14-suite **Carlyle** (1250 Ocean Drive), or the 44-room **Leslie** (1244 Ocean Drive). Room rates vary, but expect to pay $80–$105 for a single or double room and $100–$265 for a suite, depending on the season and the view.

Farther down the drive, **Waldorf Towers** (860 Ocean Drive) also looks perfectly respectable. Although the clientele isn't quite as hip as at the Cavalier, sometimes not-as-hip is not a bad thing. A double room goes for $50–$80, a suite $100–$150. **The Clevelander** (1020 Ocean Drive) also appears to be thriving. It draws a Fort-Lauderdale-during-spring-break-style crowd, has a noisy outdoor bar, and boasts weekly rates of $150–$200. As my mother always said, "You get what you pay for."

For those with a little more money to spend, $60–$120 a night, the recently reopened **Park Central** (640 Ocean Drive) is worth your attention. The 51-year-old hotel has just undergone an extensive renovation, and owner Tony Goldman is even considering offering room service from the popular in-house restaurant, **Lucky's**.

In terms of physical sustenance, South Beach runs the gamut. On the modest side there's **Mappy's** (1390 Ocean Drive), a great little Cuban greasy spoon that serves a sensational breakfast for $2.15 before noon, as well as the best 75-cent café con leche in town. On the not-so-modest side there's a host of restaurants offering fancier fare. Along Ocean Drive you could do worse than **Café des Arts** (918 Ocean Drive). This tiny little oasis offers the option of alfresco dining, and the food, though not cheap, is first-rate. A few blocks away, **The Strand** (671 Washington Avenue) has been a hot spot since it opened in 1986. Catering to a chic, artsy clientele, it's one of those see-and-be-seen sort of places. The food is OK, but the lavatory is the best-designed this side of Philippe Starck's Café Costes in Paris.

Café des Arts, perhaps the best alfresco dining on the beach.

Though it's a little hot in Miami for heavy Italian food, if you're in the mood **Osteria del Teatro: Ristorante Arte Deco Italiano** (1443 Washington Avenue) is the place. An enormous presentation of desserts greets you at the door, old-world waiters suggest the veal chop—you get the picture.

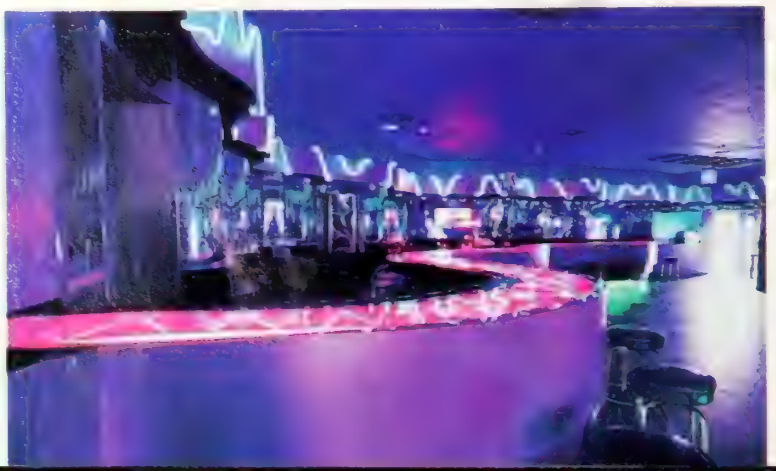
Hervin Romney designed the new Burger King in an updated Deco style.

Joe's Stone Crab at the tip of the beach is a venerable local institution that dates back to 1913. It's only open from October to May, and during the season you can expect to wait on line—they don't take reservations.

The current star of the South Beach restaurant scene is **Scratch** (427 Jefferson Avenue). Housed in a former Rolls-Royce garage, the trendy eatery is a little bit of L.A. brought to Miami. In addition to a sinuous concrete bar that picks up steam as the night wears on, Scratch also offers that nuisance of luxury—valet parking. Order the Tequila Monster Shrimp, and walk.

If you're on a budget or just in a hurry, there's always the **Burger King** a few

Rolling Stones guitarist Ron Wood has a hit with Woody's, his trendy nightclub on Ocean Drive.



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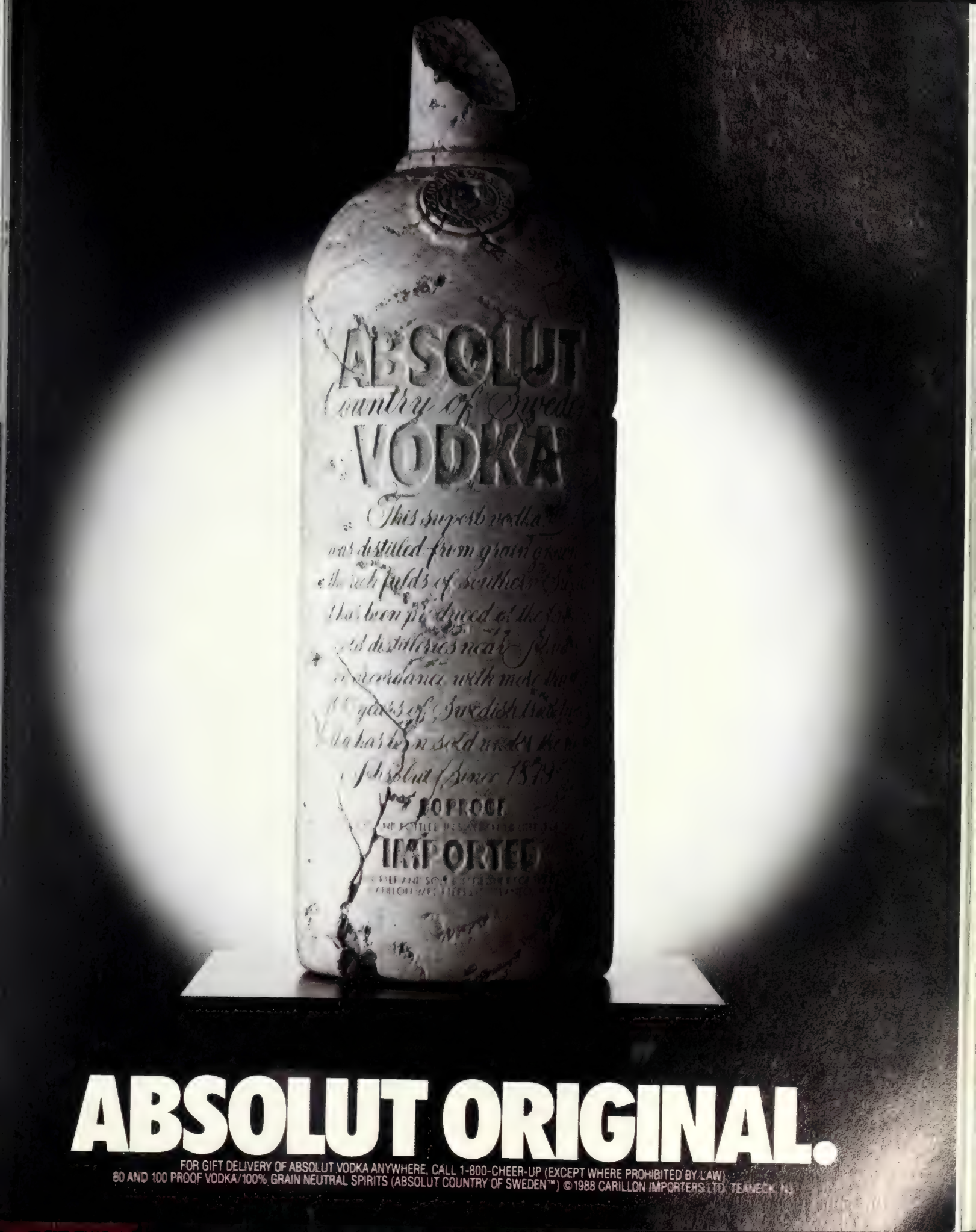

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enough to drive wielding passports as their IDs. But don't be discouraged, they'll let you in even if you're only young at heart.

The best-known late-night entertainment on the beach is **Woody's** (455 Ocean Drive). Rolling Stones guitarist Ron Wood owns the flashy club designed by Barbara Hulanicki, and though it's a little heavy on the neon, the crowd doesn't seem to mind. According to the word on the street, big-name performers occasionally drop in to play a set or two, although when four different people independently mentioned the same Bo Diddley performance, I got the impression that this didn't happen every night.

A short hike up the beach is another popular hot spot called **Club Nu** (245 22nd Street). You can't miss it because the exterior is covered in Kenny Scharf–style graffiti. Inside, the place has been decorated in something called the Mysteries of Atlantis, which changes every four months. What doesn't change is the sweaty dance floor and the staff's uniforms: one-size-too-small boxer shorts for the beefcake waiters, more exotic wear for the I'm-with-the-band-style waitresses (lots of lace but little else). Tipping seemed undeservedly heavy.

Disco didn't die, it just packed up and moved to **1235,** an old Deco movie palace (1235 Washington Avenue). On a hot night some 2,000 merrymakers can be seen shaking their booty here amid lasers and strobes. Ah, to be a dancin' fool. It's loud and it's rowdy, but if you're in the mood it's great. A word of caution: to avoid embarrassment, would-be John Travoltas are advised to call ahead. The week I was there, Thursday night was reserved for the under-21 crowd; Friday night for the gay crowd. Who knows what the agenda will be when the club's new owners reopen its doors on October 27?

Paris Modern (550 Washington Avenue), the latest addition to the local scene, got off to an inauspicious start last July when the Miami Beach fire department moved in and moved the opening party out onto the street. The situation is under control now, and Paris Modern is off and running with its small downstairs dance floor illuminated by a bank of video monitors and upstairs lounge where there's a lot of come-hither posing.

Compulsive shoppers will have a hard time with South Beach since there's almost nothing to buy. There is one lively little shop called **Wham Bam of Amsterdam** (437 Washington Avenue). Originally it was just Wham Bam but people misconstrued the name. It specializes in posters and postcards and also features a satellite branch of artist Keith Haring's New York City Pop Shop. Other than that, you're pretty much limited to decking yourself out for the topless beaches, which, as it turns out, is an easy enough affair. For women this means a trip to a place called **Chocolate Bikinis** (119 Fifth Street); for men this means a trip to a place called, believe it or not, **Beach Balls** (129 Fifth Street). The unisex swimwear of choice, for better or for worse, is a very small triangle of fabric with lots of straps attached. Locals call it a tonga. Use your own judgment. ♠

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Heaven on Wheels

With the newest luxury models, reports **Jon Etra,** you may be more pampered in your car than at home

Americans have always cared about their cars almost as much as their lovers. Sometimes more. Understandably so. Considering the time spent in a car in certain parts of the country, it's obvious who's really living with whom. And once you concede that a truly beautiful car need never lose its looks, be taken out to dinner at Lutèce, bought the latest Saint Laurent, or talked down from a screaming Bolivian Marching Powder fit in the restrooms of M.K., it's no great feat of ratiocination to conclude that a Jaguar XJ6 is a wonderful thing.

Car manufacturers have not been oblivious to this. They have done their best to make the automobile just about as close to heaven as possible, figuring, quite correctly, you'll be more than happy to pay the extra few bucks now for a little nirvana on wheels while you're waiting for the more encompassing stationary version some years and astral planes hence.

Jaguar, while we're on the subject, is working on a D.A.T. (digital audio tape) system. The only major drawback at present is the poor selection of D.A.T. tapes. Once there's a good supply you can bet Jaguar will be ready. Most in-car air-conditioning controls do nothing about the humidity. Cooling takes the moisture out along with the heat. Jaguar restores a natural amount of ambient humidity—there's a choice of three levels—to the cooled air, preventing your pores (especially if you've got that rain-caressed British skin) from drying out.

Rolls-Royces have separate air-conditioning for upper and lower parts of the car

Of course, if you are indeed British you will probably want your feet warm even as your head is cooled. In that case you had best get a Rolls-Royce. Rollses have separate air-conditioning for the upper and lower part of the car for any exigency of climate or preference. Owners seem more than happy with this arrangement and rarely suffer the air inside to be contaminated from without. Drivers in fact became too comfortable. A sensor that flashes at potential icy conditions had to be installed to alert occupants of the cold, hard realities of the world.

Peugeot addressed this very problem by providing an AM/FM stereo cassette system that picks up the local weather band—as well as TV channels. And because you are probably off to the mountains for winter sport, the front seats are electrically heated and the rear center armrest (on the 405 S and Mi 16 models) conceals a trapdoor to the trunk. Skis, poles, indeed anything long and slim (Daryl Hannah) fits right in.

The Mercedes stereo system has other features. A circuit remembers and restores the last tone setting used on AM, FM, or tape. And as the car goes faster the sound level increases to compensate for increments in wind and road noise.

For gadgets, the BMW 750iL is the winner. It comes with a hands-free cellular telephone. Program in the names and numbers of the people you want, then just tell it to get you Trump and you're ready to wheel and deal. The climate controls can be set separately for each side of the car (driver and passenger) and the ventilation system can be programmed to operate while the car is parked. For instance, it can turn on half an hour before you plan to be back. No more opening the door to hell in the summer-time. When the reverse gear is engaged, the right outside mirror automatically tilts downward to provide a view of the curb for parallel parking. Don't you wish you had that when you took your driver's test!

Simplification may be the next great outcry. Nissan designed a Sony CD player to be compatible with the space configuration and cubic volume of their cars. Thirty-four graphic equalizers are tuned automatically, eliminating all the little levers they found nobody ever got exactly right. Toyota put the most frequently used buttons—for temperature and fan—on a little drawer. Settings less often utilized—low, medium, high, defrost, etc.—are tucked away inside.

In their FXV-II car, actually built and working, a personalized card will set the seat and steering-wheel position, radio and CD player to predetermined preferences. The entire roof is glass impregnated with liquid crystals which can go from clear to opaque as desired. Transparent ceramic conductive film in the glass defogs, defrosts, receives radio and TV signals.

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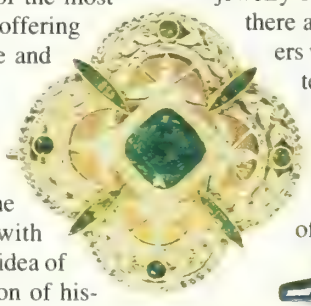
Jewels Rush In

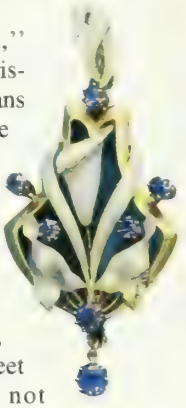
Glittering pieces of history are about to go on the block, says **David Lisi**

Even in this season of unprecedented interest in jewelry at auction, many budding collectors remain daunted by the salesroom and its twin obstacles of expertise and expense. Yet which of us has not already begun his own personal collection—be it with a wristwatch or a diamond? Indeed, jewelry has emerged as one of the most popular areas of collecting, offering something to tempt every eye and every checkbook.

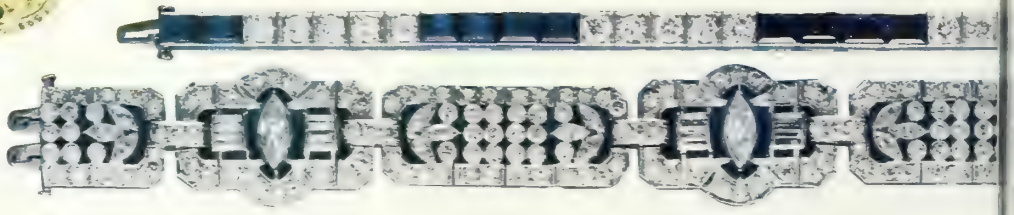


It was the $50 million sale of the Duchess of Windsor's jewels, in 1987, which is widely credited for reviving the popularity of jewelry sales with private buyers, rekindling the idea of fine jewelry as a representation of history and romance. Since then, several important records have been set at auction, most notably for diamonds. In the shadow of last fall's stock market crash Sotheby's New York sold a 54.99 carat diamond, the Porter Rhodes, for $3.85 million, followed by Christie's next-day sale of a 64.83 carat D flawless stone for $6.38 million, topped yet again in April by another, smaller Christie's diamond at $7.48 million and an 85.91 carat diamond at Sotheby's for $9.13 million. More important, however, record prices and renewed interest have brought exceptional examples of past craftsmanship to the block from private consignors and estates at prices that are still a bargain relative to contemporary jewels bought at retail.

"The market is strong right now," says François Curiel, head of Christie's jewelry department. "Americans have not stopped buying despite the stock market crash a year ago. There are many people who are jewelry lovers, but of course, there are also those customers who think of jewelry in terms of investment. I hate to think that way, but I have yet to meet a client who does not have this at least in the back of his mind."



From top: Opal horse brooch with diamond and ruby bridle; garnet and turquoise bow brooch; enamel and sapphire pendant; emerald and diamond brooch; diamond and sapphire bracelet; diamond bracelet; platinum watch; opal, pearl, and diamond necklace.



"Buying top-quality jewelry is often the best value," says John Block, director of Sotheby's jewelry department. "I don't recommend buying jewels as an investment. The market can fluctuate radically. It's not a sound way to invest money, but then, you can't wear municipal bonds to dinner." Both men agree that buying jewelry is a personal affair, and the best rule of thumb is to buy quality, buy rarity, and buy what pleases you. They also point to areas that, even in today's active market, seem undervalued. "I prefer 1940s pieces," says Block. "Different colors of gold were used in the designs rather than platinum, which was a rationed war material, so they created interesting jewelry with different types of gold and small precious stones or large semiprecious stones. The 1950s jewelry has recently been rediscovered and hasn't been exhibited or written about. I also recommend for serious collectors Renaissance jewelry, which is rare but also important as small pieces of design history."

Curiel, meanwhile, cautions that although bargains are increasingly hard to find, rare old Golconda diamonds from India are the gems to buy—because they will probably be impossible to locate in another ten or fifteen years—as well as much estate jewelry that comes up every season at auction. "You must not be afraid to buy at auction," says Curiel. "If dealers

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city, and they do, you know you will have to pay at least five percent more than them."

"We have some great pieces that can be had for less than what you can find from a dealer," says Katherine Tuttle of Christie's East. "Our best buys are in single-stone diamond rings and antique settings. For someone looking for old European-cut stones, I don't think there is really anywhere they can go but at auction, and personally I feel that some of these pieces are superior to the work produced today. The old European-cut and mine-cut stones are more brilliant to my eye and have a character and charm you don't find in contemporary pieces." These sales also offer assistance for buyers,with experts providing the same services they do for major sales. "If I were buying," says Tuttle, "I would only buy at auction. There are often lots that are overlooked which turn out to be great buys." Tuttle points to watches, especially old Rolex and jeweled pieces, as an area where private collectors can benefit at auction.

"When I speak to collectors, I tell them to attend as many of our sales as possible because you never know where that special piece will appear," says François Curiel. "Even if you are only looking for something below $10,000, you should not ignore the larger sales because we try to divide them in terms of style, not value." Of course, those wishing to sell through Christie's or Sotheby's can write or call either Curiel or Block with a description or an old appraisal or even a photo of the piece. Both will arrange an appraisal free of charge.

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November 15–16: Impressionist, Modern art
November 18: Books and manuscripts from the estate of John F. Fleming
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November 7: Jewelry West (Beverly Hills)
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Amazing Glazing

Dukes, duchesses, and blind earls have prized Worcester porcelain for centuries. **Stuart Greenspan** joins them

The quest for porcelain and the secrets of its production obsessed all of Europe from the fifteenth century onward when the first examples, exquisitely translucent and painted in a blue-and-white palette, arrived from China. Intent on breaking the Chinese china monopoly, European courts began pouring money into clay and kiln experimentation, prompting a heated competition that at times became vicious: each factory's achievements—or, more often, lack of achievements—affected the glory of its royal patron to such an extent that jealous kings were known to smash entire services manufactured by one of their rivals.

In 1710, after years of costly and frustrating experimentation, the Meissen factory near Dresden did succeed in approximating Oriental porcelain. For this, Augustus the Strong, elector of Saxony and Meissen's Maecenas, is remembered today rather than for his other notable accomplishment—fathering 350 children. In France true porcelain—as opposed to faience, a traditional glazed earthenware heavier and cruder than porcelain—did not appear until somewhat later at Saint-Cloud, Vincennes, and finally at Sèvres under the generous patronage of Louis XV—or, more accurately, the royal mistress and tastemaker, Madame de Pompadour.

Most English factories had less regal origins. The earliest were founded in 1744 by businessmen interested not so much in prestige as in the prices they might charge. Secrets of production were sold or stolen from one workshop to another, though only a handful managed to flourish. Few in England or even on the Continent surpassed the Worcester factory in skillfully balancing extraordinarily beautiful decoration and function, which is, after all, the primary purpose of porcelain.

Still in operation, making it Britain's longest-lived manufacturer of porcelain, Worcester was established in 1751 in central England, after its directors bought the stock, effects, and secret manufacturing process from Benjamin Lund in Bristol. Boosted by Lund's experiments, Worcester was a success from the start, thanks primarily to the Cornish soaprock used to produce a glaze uniquely impervious to boiling liquids—in other words, Worcester pots don't crack. (Like all other porcelain they do, however, chip.) The factory's emphasis on useful wares also gave it an edge.

The early years at Worcester, 1751–83, are frequently known as the Wall period, named for John Wall, a physician and one of the original partners, whose stint as director of the factory actually was only four years, 1772–76. Still this was Worcester's golden era—a period of innovations and peerless workmanship—before standardization robbed the product of some of its freshness.

The initial shapes of Worcester pieces

A vignette from Aesop's fables ornaments a rare basket, above, c. 1770, from Earle D. Vandekar.

Apple green vase and lozenge-shaped dish, above, from the Marchioness of Huntley service, c. 1770, from Leo Kaplan. Left: A pastoral scene painted on a jug, c. 1765, from Art Trading.

Japanese-inspired vases, above, c. 1770, Quorum Antiques. Left: Tea set, c. 1765, from Leo Kaplan.

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were inspired by contemporary silver and Oriental porcelain. To satisfy the demand for Rococo and chinoiserie ornament, the factory produced countless pieces molded with leaf designs, intricate rocaille motifs, and full landscapes in low relief. Decoration in underglaze blue and brilliant lacquer colors was either copied directly from Chinese models or inspired by the Meissen factory's versions of Oriental themes. Designs ran the gamut from simple motifs of flowering branches and swooping birds to busy Japanese Imari and Kakiemon abstractions.

The influence of Sèvres is apparent in the magnificent range of ground colors that Worcester made its own. Yellow, ranging in tone from pale to a brilliant sulfur, was the first and rarest, joined at the end of the 1760s by convincing equivalents of Sèvres's apple green, claret, and turquoise. Color was applied either in solid masses or in delicate fish-scale patterns, sometimes further embellished with gilt.

Today some of the most coveted Worcester productions come from the so-called named dinner services that were either made for or have come to be associated with specific personalities. The late-eighteenth-century Duke of Gloucester service is reputed to have been designed for William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, third son of the Prince of Wales, who was clearly a naturalist at heart. His seventy pieces crawl with insects offset by peaches and plums painted with such accuracy one can imagine a farsighted duchess poking her fork into the china.

The sometimes offhand manner of dubbing a pattern—a practice of later scholars, not of the company itself—has led to some amusing mix-ups. The famous Blind Earl service was named for the Earl of Coventry, who is said to have enjoyed running his fingers over the lovely leaf-molded surface he could no longer see. Still in production, it was introduced at Worcester in the 1750s—more than twenty years before the hunting accident that caused the earl's blindness. Similarly, the gilt-laden service named for Lady Mary Wortley Montagu came into being years after she was around to enjoy it.

The passion that greeted porcelain upon its arrival from the Orient is nevertheless very much alive. Of all English ceramics, American dealers unanimously point to Worcester as the most popular. Not only has Worcester maintained the highest standards, it also exists in abundance, unlike the work of so many other early factories. Even eighteenth-century examples—distinguished by the superb quality of their detailing—are easy to come by at auctions and antiques shops.

Except for the rarest pieces, Worcester remains relatively affordable: a c.-1765 blue-scale coffee cup, teacup, and saucer painted with Japanese flowers can be had for $650; a 1770s apple green vase patterned with exotic birds is in the $3,500 range. Few examples are priced over $5,000, although a pair of plates from the Duke of Gloucester service recently went for $38,500 at Sotheby's. Still going strong, Worcester remains the embodiment of the English temperament, sturdy, useful, elegant but never ostentatious—and it knows how to hold its tea. ♠

Editor: Sarah Kaltman

Worcester Porcelain

Antiquarian Shop
Box 61898, Sunnyvale, CA 94088
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Arion Antiques
1065 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10028
(212) 772-1230

Art Trading
305 East 61 St., New York, NY 10021
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(212) 737-3775

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ETERNITY
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PERFUME

EDITOR'S PAGE

NOVEMBER 1988

Nowhere is the late 1980s interest in decorative detailing more evident than in one of its particular realities of living—the small apartment. Where ten years ago the response to limited space was pared-down and sleekly modern design, today's solution is richly accented with objects and effects that all but mask restrictions in size. To be sure, there's a certain restraint—merely, perhaps, to keep the spaces navigable—but the well-fitted cabinets and squared-off furniture of the recent past have given way to more personal expressions of style. In Grand Illusions, this month's lead story, we feature six people—from a photographer to an interior designer—all visual by profession, whose small apartments reflect this cavalier new approach to space. What makes these apartments interesting for us all—even if our own circumstances mirror those of auctioneer Bruno Chambelland and his splendid French château, shown on pages 200–211—is the discernment with which each piece of furniture, every object, has been chosen. In a sense the limitations of size have made these living places microcosms of current good design.

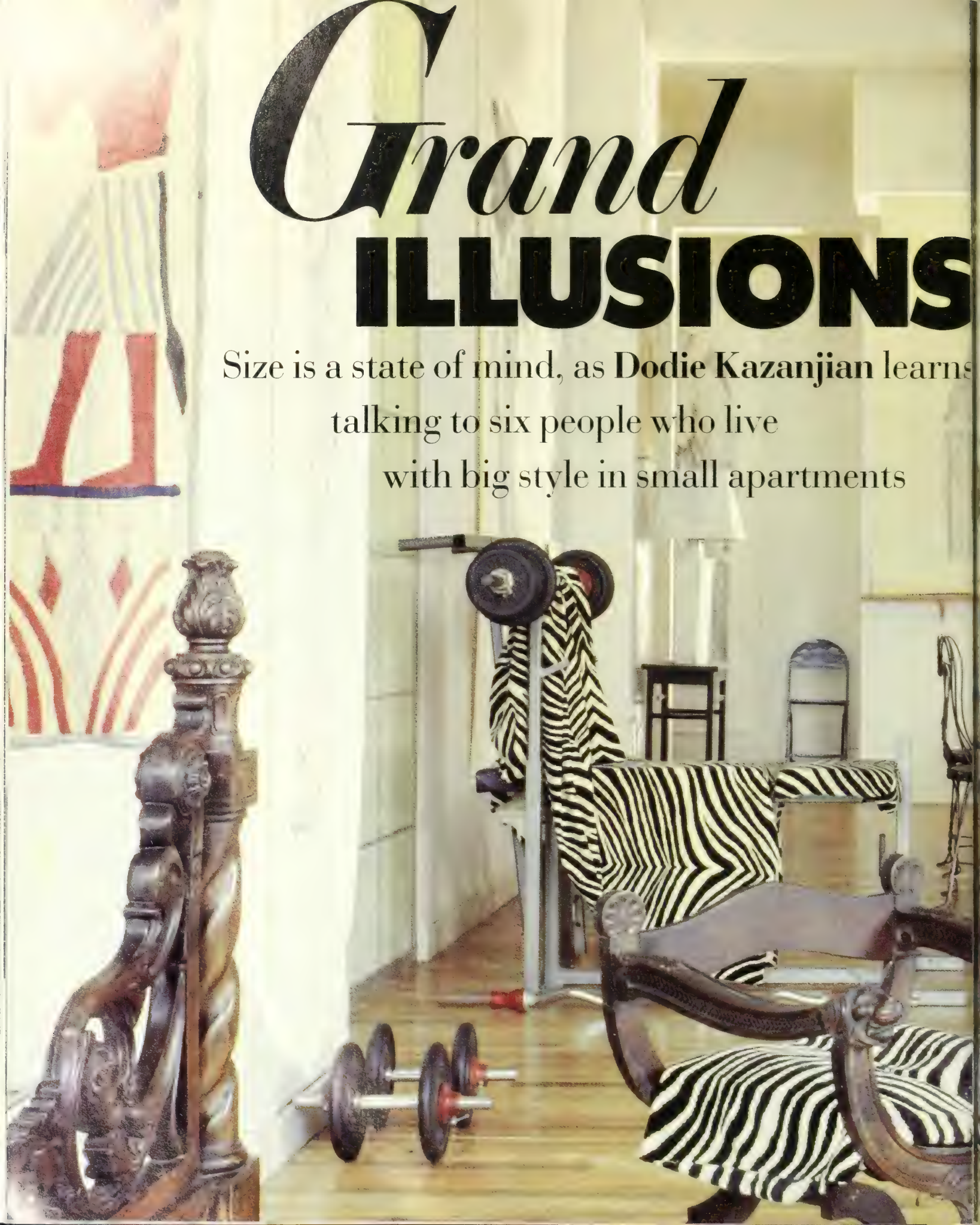
In this small apartment a ...or in the living ...m adds a glint ...f gilt amid the ...sually draped furniture.

Nancy Novogrod

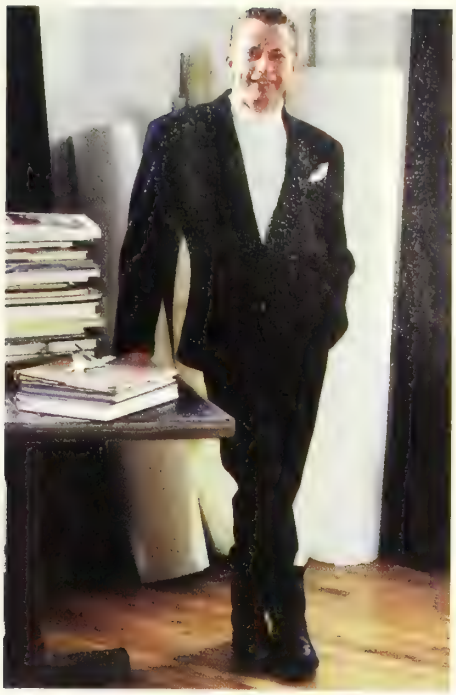
Editor in Chief

Grand ILLUSIONS

Size is a state of mind, as **Dodie Kazanjian** learns talking to six people who live with big style in small apartments



A turn-of-the-century Italian carved chair is covered in secondhand zebra-patterned velvet, as is Smith's barbell bench. An early American twig table is topped with a brass statue base. The tourist-trade Egyptian wallhanging was bought on London's Portobello Road. The chest of drawers is a trompe l'oeil work in progress.



Graham "Cracker" Smith leans on an old wood-and-steel restaurant table. His small loft is a mix of antiques, secondhand pieces, and objects found on the street.

It's nice to have things that are very simple, or so extraordinary they're amusing, or so beautiful they're wonderful to look at.

—Graham Smith


LUSIONS

Living largely in a small space is an art—it takes style and imagination and sometimes luck. But city life often requires ingenuity. It's the way you deal with such a space that shapes the quality of your life.

Graham "Cracker" Smith, an English painter who lives and works in an 1,100-square-foot one-room loft in downtown Manhattan, always requires a big table and a big bed. "Those are the essentials for me," he says. "You have a place to entertain and a place to sleep. Then everything else happens around that."

It helps that his ceilings are 13 feet tall and there's an alcove for the bed you don't see when you enter. And he made the windows seem tall and elegant by starting one piece of blue linen at the floor on one side and then twisting it around an ordinary café-curtain rod—"I wanted it to look like a knitting needle through the top"—ending up at the floor on the other side.

"If you have big blousy curtains, it reduces the space," says Smith, who moved into his apartment at the beginning of this year. "But long thin ones make the windows taller, and they don't fill up the space. When I first walked into this apartment, I realized that was the kind of feeling I wanted—long and thin."

Smith is an all-purpose painter: "I paint canvases. I do large drawings. I do trompe l'oeil work. I paint textiles. I do furniture—I work with Mark Hampton on furniture a lot. I do decorative painting on walls. I paint anything." His versatility leads to frequent shifts and changes in his own living space. "I like the idea of things not being static," he says.

Aside from the table and bed and two bulky Edwardian club chairs, his furniture is light and airy: "I wanted there to be only sticks of furniture—so the space was always there." Old American ice-cream parlor chairs surround the table because "they're functional and pretty and you can see through them." A large papier-mâché light bulb, mounted on a small leggy table, divides the dining and sitting areas.

An English Victorian oak bed, left, is flanked by damask-covered screens. The painting is by Smith. Far left: An engine-turned steel lamp from Secondhand Rose, NYC, sits on a junkyard table. The collage is by Sue Curtis.

A painted and varnished floor canvas by Joseph Melland, above, in front of two Edwardian velvet armchairs from Margot Johnson Gallery, NYC.

An American folk-art chair, above, from Kelter-Malce, NYC. Below: A Victorian marble and cast-iron lamp and an 1834 book of Chippendale designs.

Everything in Richard Lambertson's apartment serves a dual function. The 19th-century fainting couch easily becomes a guest bed. The coffee table is a turn-of-the-century alligator suitcase on a Japanese tea tray.

MICHAEL MUNDY

Smith surrounds himself with basic accessories: hotel silverware, white cotton sheets and napkins, and white plates. "I can't bear anything that has design on it or is fussy or pretentious in any way. It clutters the mind as well as the space."

Uptown a little from Graham Smith, on Park Avenue South, Richard Lambertson has made a "convertible" out of his 350-square-foot apartment.

"When I want to entertain, I pull it all out, clear the surfaces, move stuff away, and I entertain," says the 37-year-old creative director for Geoffrey Beene.

Everything is functional and has a dual purpose. The side chairs become dining chairs. The console table, with a leaf, seats eight in the middle of the 13-by-14-foot leopard-carpeted living room. The nineteenth-century fainting sofa collapses and becomes a spare bed.

Does this convertible lifestyle make Lambertson nervous? "I'm used to it. It's New York. I choose to live where I live. So you learn to live within that. I could live in New Jersey and have eight, nine, or ten rooms and probably pay less for rent. But it's a matter of sacrifice."

There's a place for everything. His clutter is imaginatively organized. A Directoire-looking chandelier rests on the floor under the console table as a piece of sculpture, and Fiesta ware plates in the kitchen cabinet stand in what looks like an old record rack, making them easier to retrieve.

Lambertson uses textures and graphics—dots, stripes, and plaids—as well as large and small pieces in his apartment. "People sometimes think they have to get small things for a small place," he says. "I did a combination."

There's an empty frame on the wall, and the frame of a three-paneled Louis XVI screen. Is that to give the illusion of space? "I have a hard time with art. I like these frames as pieces of sculpture. In a small space, if the art isn't really good, it's horrible. And I can't afford good art."

Lambertson has made his tiny 10-by-11-foot bedroom a place where anyone would love to be. "It reminds me of a bathhouse in the summer in Lido," he says. "In the morning the light pours in and you see stripes and you wake up feeling like you're in a cabana."

Gregory Richardson lives in a 12-by-18-foot room where the ceilings are the standard 8 foot 3 inches high. But he has managed the space in a way that gives this

Lambertson leans on an eccentric French leather-and-wood chair from the 1940s. The leopard-print carpet is from Einstein Moomjy.

Nothing is precious. Everybody sits on the sofa. But I can make it very precious, put out all my delicate things and just enjoy it on my own.

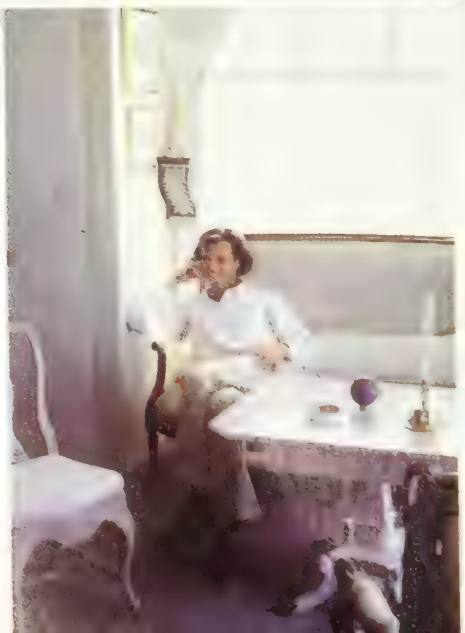
—Richard Lambertson

Lambertson's attention to detail is exemplified by the Hermès scarf pillow cover, far left, which he had quilte in Geoffrey Beene's workrooms. Left: The paint and gilt cherub are flea market finds; the Louis XVI chair is from Tepper Galleries, NYC. Above: Lambertson's still life inclu objects from fruit stands a flea markets: 19th-century British tartan boxes and napkin rings; a mahogany and-ebony box from Berg Goodman; apples purcha on a recent trip to Japan.

Grand ILLUSIONS

The 19th-century boxes—one of tortoiseshell and two of porcupine, ebony, and ivory—and a red-and-gold chopstick rest from Japan, far right, sit below a watercolor dated 1805. The twig table is from Cynthia Beneduce, Antiques, NYC. Right: French Directoire chairs in the bedroom beneath a photograph of Vizcaya in Florida and an antique Italian cherub.

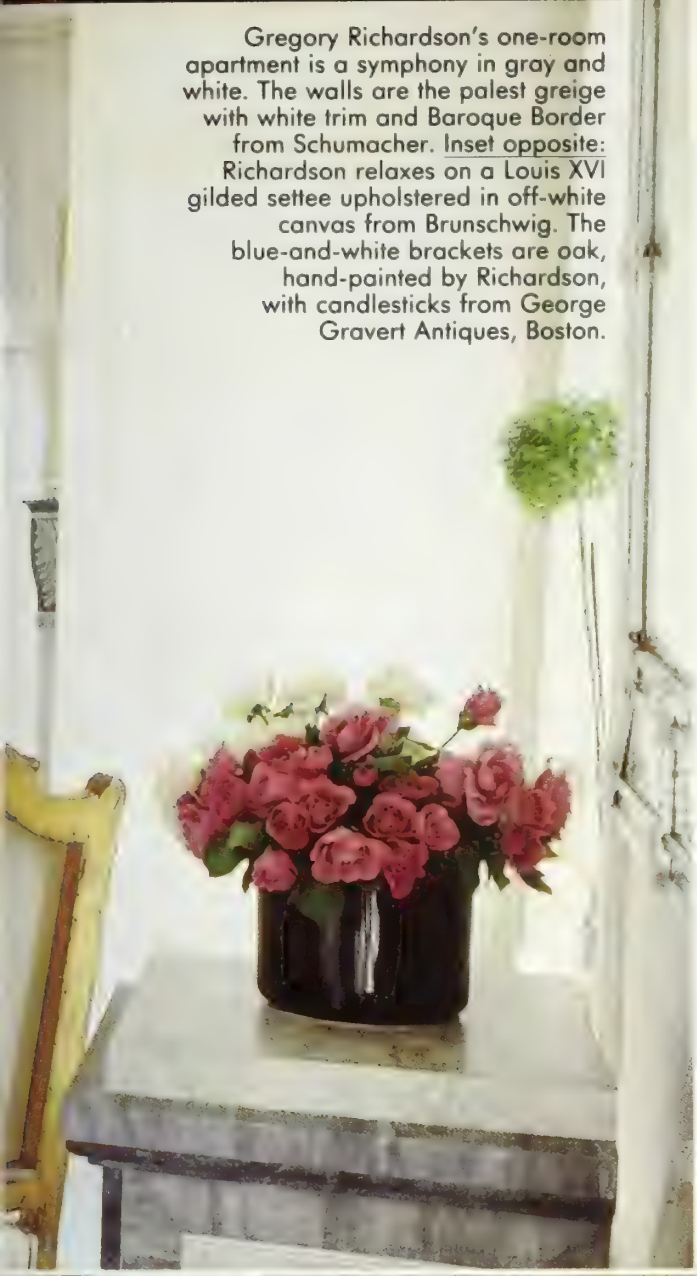
MICHAEL MUNDY



You have to control color in a small space, or it quickly becomes a rainbow.

—Gregory Richardson

Gregory Richardson's one-room apartment is a symphony in gray and white. The walls are the palest greige with white trim and Baroque Border from Schumacher. Inset opposite: Richardson relaxes on a Louis XVI gilded settee upholstered in off-white canvas from Brunschwig. The blue-and-white brackets are oak, hand-painted by Richardson, with candlesticks from George Gravert Antiques, Boston.



Arched windows give an illusion of spaciousness. Above: A 1930s console painted by John Andersen. Below: Two 18th-century Swedish side chairs and an 18th century–style bed from John Andersen & Co., Boston.

MICHAEL MUNDY

room a sense of importance. It helps that the room has four handsome arched windows on three of the walls and that it's on the top floor of an apartment building on Beacon Hill so all the windows reveal wonderful views of Boston. "The problem was making this one tiny room do all the things a living room, bedroom, and dining room do," says Richardson, the 31-year-old senior decorator for William Hodgins in Boston.

The entire apartment, including kitchen, bathroom, and closets, comprises 300 square feet. "Greg's apartment is about as small as you can get if you want to live attractively and not feel like a crazed person," says Hodgins.

Hodgins thought Richardson was absolutely mad to buy a four-poster almost half the size of the room, until he saw it installed: "It was when he bought the bed that the room started taking shape." It has moved all around the apartment. Wherever it sits, Richardson says he "can lie in bed and reach into the fridge for a drink."

He painted the walls the palest, palest greige and chose a slate gray flat weave carpet. He painted the ceiling a slightly grayed white. "I wanted to eliminate the walls, floor, and ceiling to make the room seem limitless, nothing stopping your eye, ethereal. I wanted to make the objects and architecture of the windows what you see."

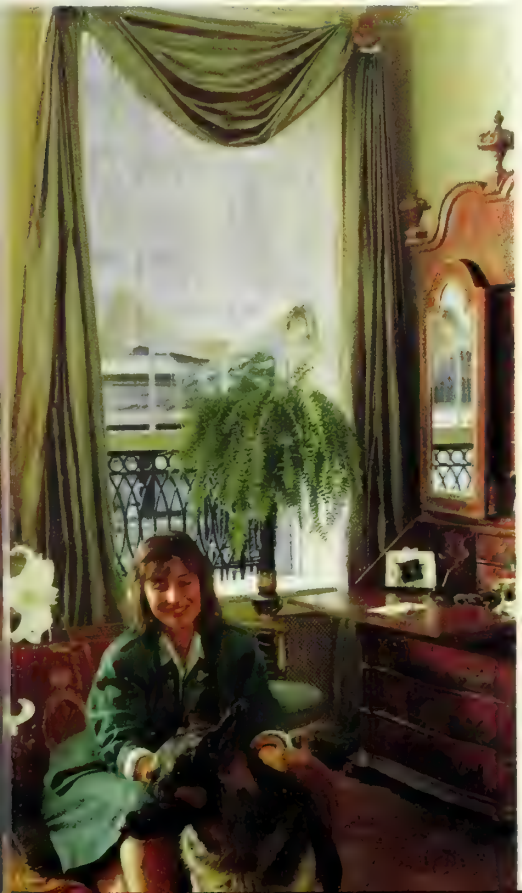
"If I were working at home all day, I would get claustrophobic," says Clara von

Clara von Aich has transformed a 19th-century ballroom into the perfect living room. A mirror made from an 18th-century Hungarian picture frame rests on the mantelpiece flanked by two 19th-century gilt candelabra. The 19th-century Viennese pageboy globe lamp was bought at auction.

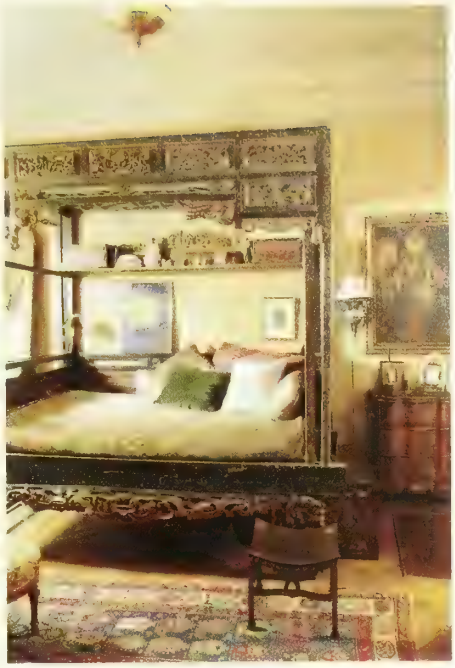
You really need another place to be all day in order to live here.

—Clara von Aich

Clara von Aich, below, and her German Shepherd, Betyar, next to an early-18th-century Venetian secretary from William Doyle Galleries, NYC. Right: Flowers abound in an heirloom oil painting and a side chair in its original velvet upholstery.



Aich's apartment has the feel of a Venetian palazzo. The Victorian velvet settee and chairs came from Phillips, NYC. A vase from Pottery Barn sits on a turn-of-the-century Italian-style coffee table from Rose Cumming. The curtains are Thai silk with gilt tiebacks. The 19th-century plant stands are wood and gilded plaster.



An 18th-century Chinese opium bed from Djakarta is covered with pressed velvet from Christian Schlumberger. The carpet is a Bukhara.

Aich, referring to her grand but small one-bedroom apartment off Fifth Avenue on the Upper East Side. "You really need another space to be in all day in order to live in a small place."

A Hungarian-born photographer whose first job was with Hans Namuth, Clara von Aich spends her days either on location or at her large downtown studio. For the past four years she has spent her weekends at a close friend's 160-acre farm.

Her flat is about 900 square feet, but it was once part of the ballroom of a Stanford White building and has a marble fireplace, 14-foot ceilings, and all the moldings you'd expect in such a room. "This was originally the grand ballroom, which is the *bel étage*, as they say in Europe," says Aich. "The first floor is always the most elegant, so I was lucky."

She decided now was the time to use her enormous Chinese opium bed, which had been sitting in pieces in her studio for the past three years. Since the bed filled most of the bedroom, she elected to cut an opening into the dividing wall and added two large vintage French doors found on the Lower East Side.

"I wanted a Venetian palazzo here on a small scale. My friend Ronald Grimaldi at Rose Cumming and I found a couple of terrific artists at the Manhattan firm of EON. We got the walls the broken rust color of an

MICHAEL MUNDY

MICHAEL MUNDY

Off-white curtains, left, in Cowtan & Tout fabric complement the cantaloupe walls of Justine Cushing's living room. The furniture is covered in chintz from Lee Jofa and draped with traditional American quilts from Quilts of America and Thomas K. Woodard, NYC. The sisal carpet is by Stark. Above: Cushing beneath a 1961 Richard Avedon photograph of her sister Lily Kunczynski.

In an apartment this size you can have your favorite objects around you and feel very queenly.

—Justine Cushing

A glint of gilt appears in a delicately carved mirror and the lining of a marble fireplace. The clock, candlesticks, vases, and andirons were family possessions. The Dutch delft jars are from R. Brooke, NYC.

Family heirlooms mix with modern pieces in Cushing's foyer, which doubles as a dining room. A photograph of a mural by her grandfather, Howard Gardiner Cushing, hangs above the antique dining table; the dining chairs are from Swaim. The gold-washed bowl is from Gordon Foster, NYC. The straight-backed chairs against the wall are also family possessions.

old faded palazzo. Then we chose the sky," she says, referring to the Rococo cloudlike ceiling.

Thinking big, as she was told to do, she purchased an enormous eighteenth-century red-lacquer secretary at the William Doyle auction house, where "prices are still somewhat affordable." Then she got up her courage to bring in her huge velvet Victorian sofa.

But what can make any small room seem grand, she says, is a charming entry approach. In her case it's the sweeping marble Stanford White staircase that leads to her front door. It's public space, but she thinks of it as *her* stairway.

Justine Cushing lives and works in a two-bedroom apartment on the second floor of a four-story Upper East Side brownstone. It's a family building. Her aunt, the artist Lily Cushing, lived on the third and fourth floors in the 1940s and '50s. Her cousins Mrs. Arthur Schlesinger Jr. and Mrs. Anthony West lived there. And Justine lived in the building with her mother and sister. But since 1970, when she started out as an interior designer, she's had the second floor to herself. The rooms are small but the ceilings are high.

"The sitting room is square, very classical, very simple, and balanced," says Cushing. She had no dining room, so she placed the dining table in the foyer and turned the second bedroom into her office.

"Small spaces are wonderful, because you can make them like a little jewel. You can have everything just as you like it. It can be as fancy as can be. That's why I think it's wonderful to move from a big ancestral house to a little space."

She wasn't afraid to use color on the walls in her small apartment. Except for her foliage-papered blue bedroom, she had the entire apartment stippled orange: "It gives me such a lift. I wish I made the whole place the same color."

Of course, small is relative. "My place is certainly not small by New York standards," says George Shackelford. "But by the grandee standards of Houston, I live in a small space."

Shackelford has been in his apartment in the Southampton section of Houston since 1984, when he left Washington, D.C., to become assistant curator of European paintings and sculpture at Houston's Museum of Fine Arts; he is now curator.

"I wanted my apartment to have an open, not terribly cluttered feeling," says

A restful mood in the bedroom is established with shades of blue. The walls are papered with a foliage pattern. The curtains and bedhangings are Havering Stripe from Cowtan & Tout. Stars quilts are from Thomas K. Woodard, the chinoiserie box from R. Brooks.

George Shackelford in front of a 1760 series of mezzotints by Thomas Frye which hang in his dining room.

I like a somewhat open feeling. As Elsie de Wolfe says in The House in Good Taste, *never be afraid to store ornaments.*

—George Shackelford

MICHAEL MUNDY

In the bedroom 19th-century furniture and rich colors establish a stately mood. The sideboard is American Empire, the vase and silhouette, 19th century. Beneath the sideboard is a marble-top tabernacle

In the living room the furniture is draped in white. The gilt mirror is American Empire from McGregor & Co., Houston; the mezzotint is of Queen Charlotte of England by Thomas Frye. Inset opposite: A late-19th-century English ebonized-wood and glass screen and a rush-seated armchair complement a pair of painted and gilded Art Deco chairs..

MICHAEL MUNDY

A tasseled tablecloth over the arm of the sofa adds color and a sense of luxury.

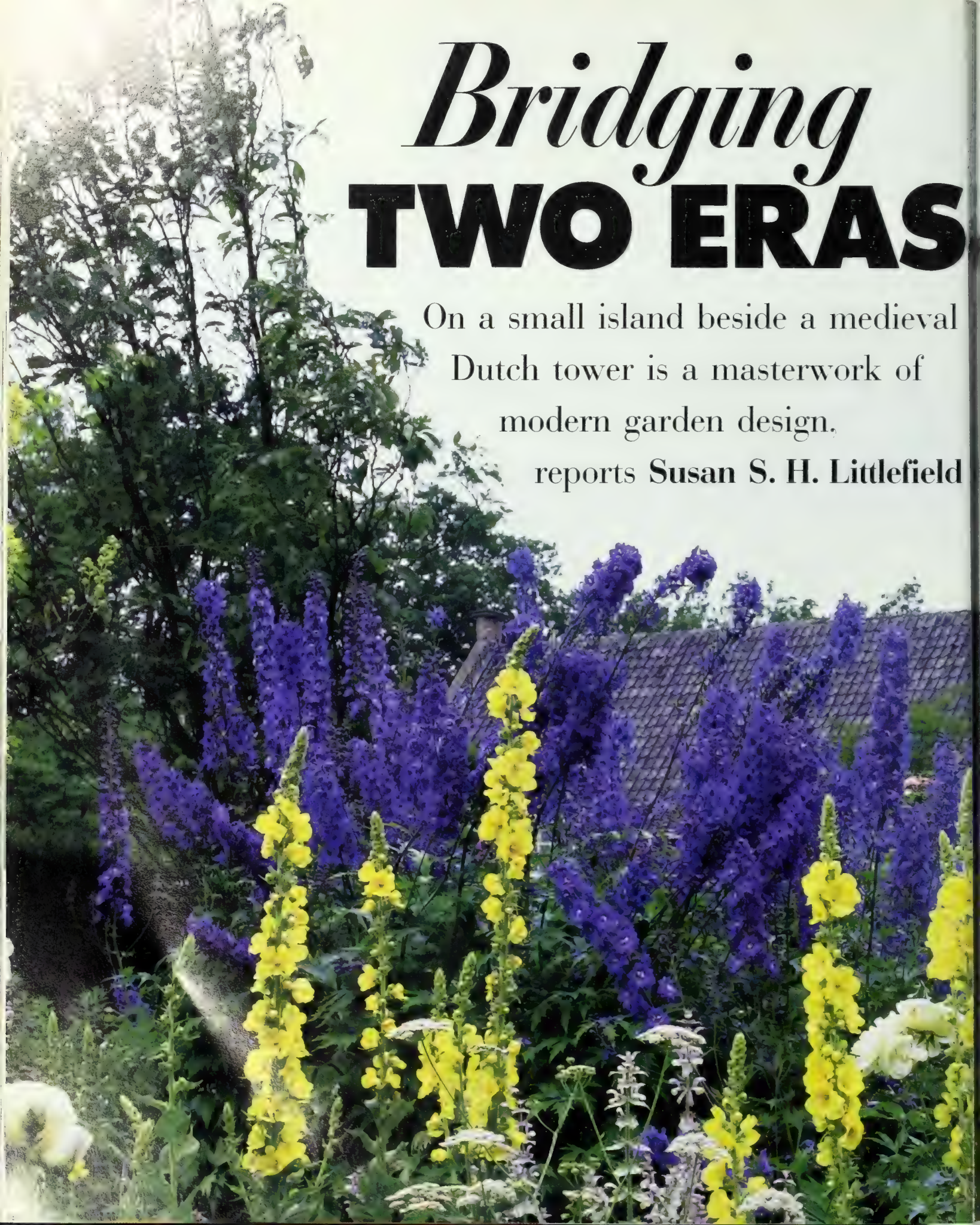
Shackelford. He took up the carpet that was there and painted the walls a pale pearl gray that's nearly white. He sought a sense of empty rooms with relatively few objects. "I keep all my books at my office in order not to have bookshelves everywhere."

His nineteenth-century furniture and Neoclassical pieces were obviously created for much grander spaces. "I simply pulled them out of context and put them into *my* context. Physically they fit just fine," says the 33-year-old curator.

It's not that Shackelford doesn't appreciate the opulent Denning and Fourcade look. "What I didn't do was use wallpaper and lots of curtains and load all my furniture into one room and make a very nineteenth-century manor environment out of it. I like that kind of stuff, but to have done that to an apartment like this would have been absurd. So I've kept it relatively simple and put things out to their best advantage in a way that pleases me."

A lesson to anyone confronted with the prospect of living in a small space. ▲

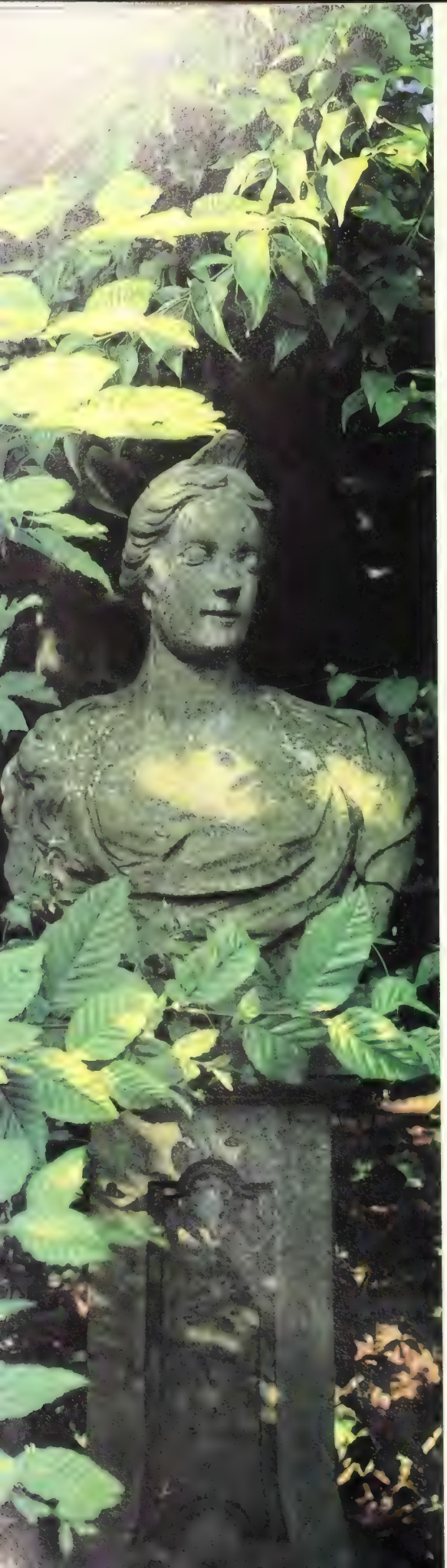
Decorating Editors: Jacqueline Gonnet, Amicia de Moubray, and Carolyn Sollis



Bridging TWO ERAS

On a small island beside a medieval Dutch tower is a masterwork of modern garden design, reports **Susan S. H. Littlefield**

A 13th-century tower rises above spikes of delphinium and verbascum in the nursery garden. Old-fashioned roses bloom throughout the garden.



The landscape around Utrecht is linear and quintessentially Dutch: low and level, cross-hatched by a network of fields and tree-lined canals. Buildings need not be tall to provide a striking counterpoint—the tower at Walenburg is just three stories, but that height and a venerable history make it a dominant feature in the local landscape. The tower is one of six built in the thirteenth century to defend the village of Langbroek.

In 1964, after generations of neglect, its picturesque silhouette caught the eyes of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Canneman. She was a garden architect, he an architect, and together they had restored houses and shaped gardens throughout Europe. He was drawn to the crumbling tower; she to the land—two small water-rimmed plots, one barely large enough to hold the tower and an attached house, the other a bit larger and ideal for a garden.

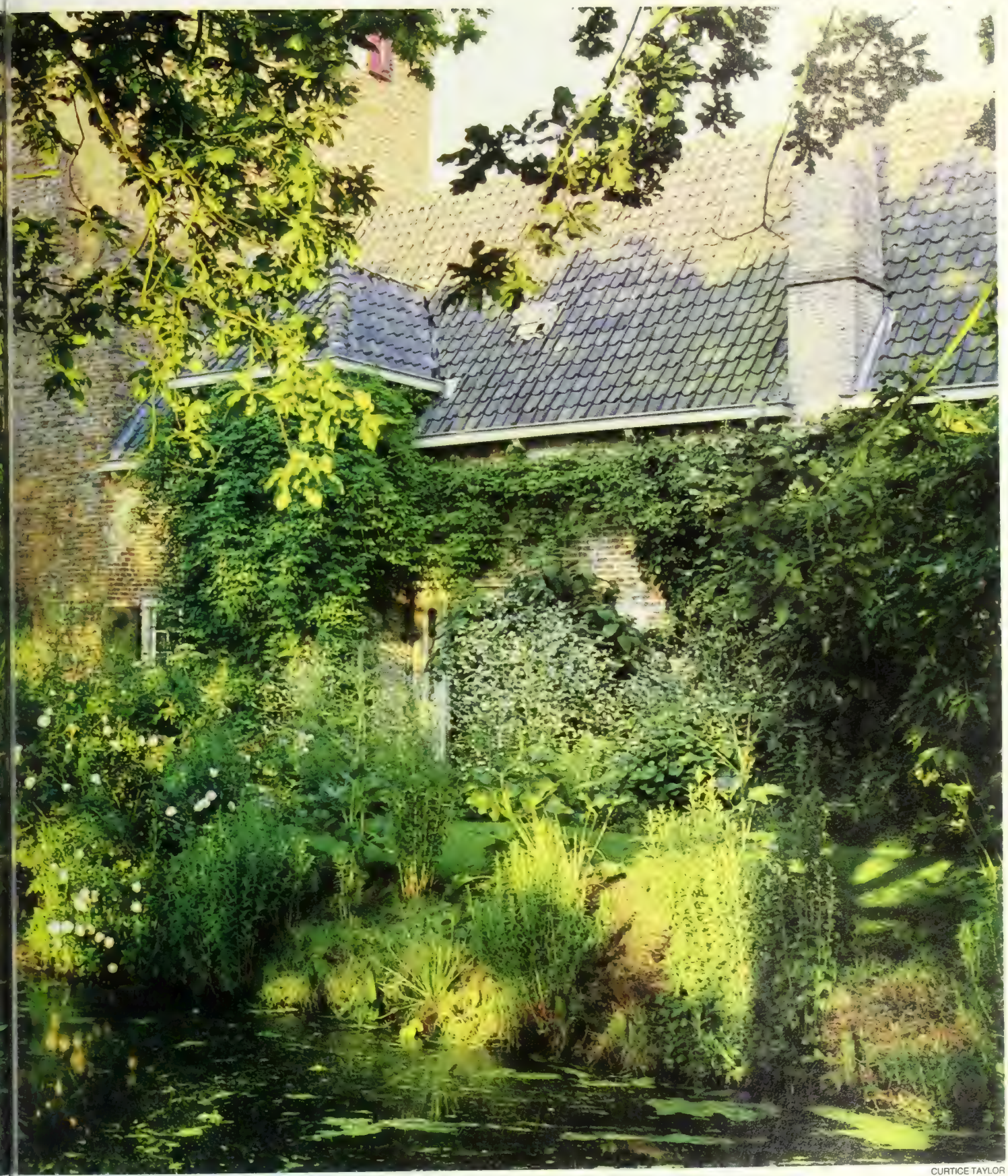
The place suited the Cannemans perfectly. They arranged a long lease from Count van Linden van Sandenburg—whose family had owned the land since the eighteenth century—and set to work on what would prove to be a complicated and far from restful retirement project.

Mrs. Canneman's challenge was to create a garden that would complement the medieval tower that her husband was restoring and successfully weave the two plots into one coherent plan. She began with a traditional four-square pattern set around a central axis leading from the base of the tower. Hedges that transform the squares into rooms provide protection and a pleasing sense of privacy in the otherwise open landscape and create distinct spaces that shelter a rich variety of plants.

The plan's primary lines are evergreen—yew hedges punctuated with conical uprights. The secondary lines are deciduous, marked with sheared beech. The central axis squeezes between broad borders brimming with campanula, astrantia, Japanese anemones, and coarse rosettes of bergenia.

Diana, left, set in a leafy bower becomes the focal point of a garden view. In midsummer her pedestal is hidden in a mantle of pink clematis. Right: A footbridge leads across the moat to the vine-covered house.

A bridge covere



CURTICE TAYLOR

ith lichen provides a passage over the moat


ERAS

Seen from the tower, the velvety evergreen of yew accents the central axis. Flowers and vibrant gardens give to the left rose and flower gardens to the right.

Two bursting borders contain flowers from all over Europe

Shrubs add interest in spring and fall. The path opens to a round room where four elms (*Ulmus minor* 'Wredei') provide shimmering yellow accents against the deep greens of the grass and hedges. Three cross axes are terminated by Classical busts; the fourth is anchored by the tower.

The nursery garden, near the tower, is filled with herbs, roses, hollyhocks, and delphinium. In the white garden four viburnums (*Viburnum plicatum* 'Mariesii') around a circular bed echo the garden's overall plan. The rose garden contains a rich collection of old-fashioned species and varieties grouped by type.

The fourth room is a broad lawn flanked by delphinium, allium, thalictrum, and true geraniums blooming between drifts of roses and clematis. Here Mrs. Canneman's design is particularly effective: rather than repeat the pattern of contained rooms, she broke the yew hedge and opened a view to the low wing of the house. This simple omission ties the entire island garden back to the house and tower. Because of its structure and Mrs. Canneman's brilliant eye for texture and colors, the garden maintains a cohesive unity—despite the six hundred varieties of disparate trees, shrubs, and perennials she combined on a site of less than one acre.

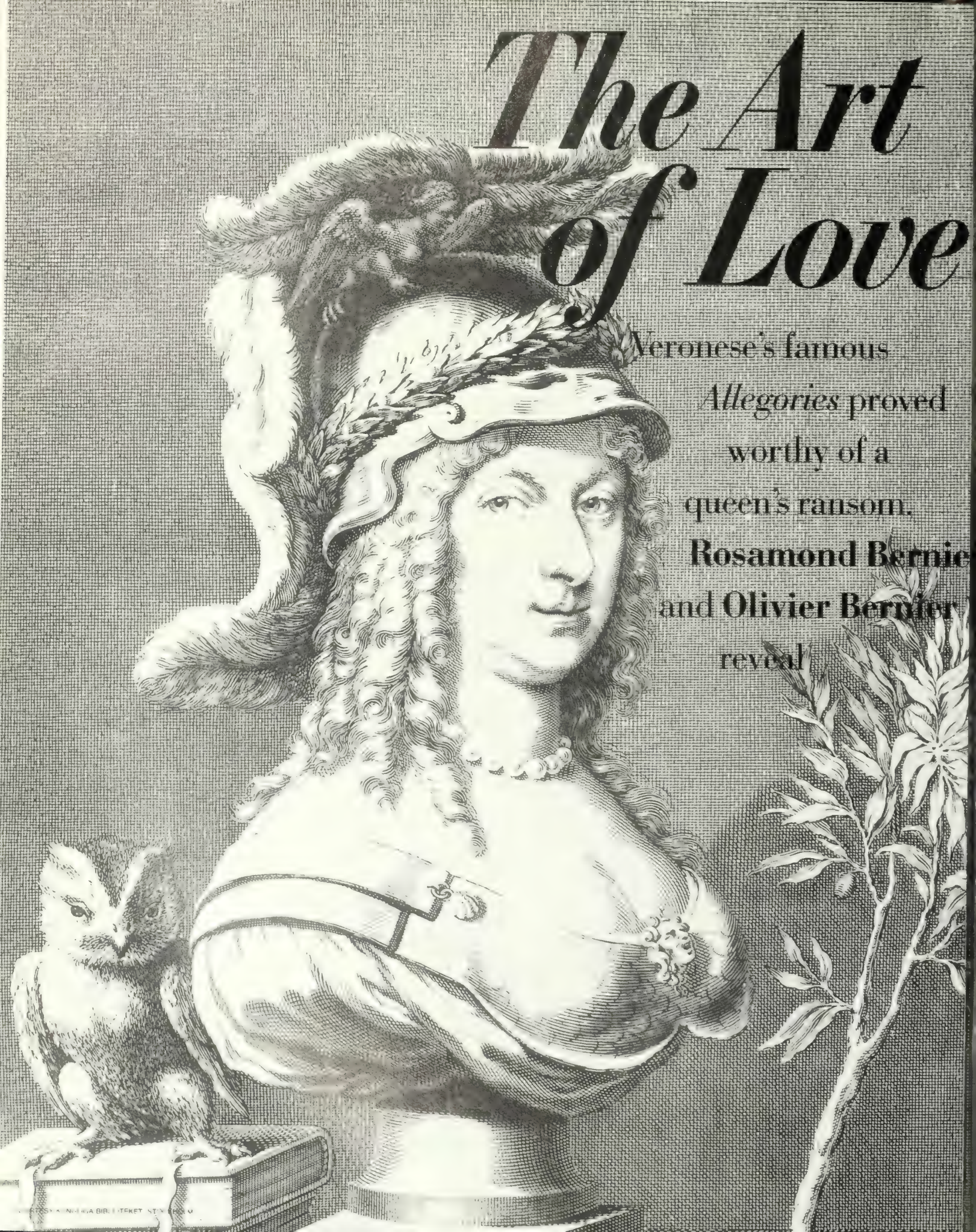
The Cannemans devoted nearly twenty years to the transformation of Walenburg, and in an effort to ensure the garden's success, they helped establish the Netherlands Garden Foundation before their recent deaths. Now that Count and Countess van Linden have moved back into their restored property, they are maintaining the garden to the exacting standards set by Mrs. Canneman. Each year, in association with the foundation, they open the garden for several days, sharing the scent of old roses and a glimpse of garden genius with admiring visitors. ▲

Editor: Senga Mortimer

Campanula-filled borders, above left, line the central path. Left: Delphinium and roses lead to a building that bridges the moat. Right: A stand of feathery aruncus marks the transition from the border to trees beyond.

The Art of Love

Veronese's famous *Allegories* proved worthy of a queen's ransom. **Rosamond Bernie** and **Olivier Bernier** reveal



Christina of Sweden, opposite monarch, art collector, and later staunch Catholic, depicted as Minerva, goddess of wisdom, in a 1649 engraving by Jeremias Falck. This pairs Veronese's Venus and Mars, c. 1578, once in Christina's collection.

She knew just what she wanted—paintings by the great Italian masters—and she had no scruples. If looting was easier than buying, then instructions went out to her generals. "Take good care to send me the library and the works of art," Queen Christina of Sweden wrote when her troops stormed Prague in 1648, "for you know they are the only things of importance to me."

Today great international exhibitions have replaced these more robust transfers, but there can be no doubt that Christina would approve anyway. "The Art of Paolo Veronese, 1528–1588," on view at the National Gallery in Washington, D.C., from November 13 to February 20, 1989, was organized to mark the four hundredth anniversary of the great painter's death. It will not only gather just the kind of masterpieces that most thrilled the royal collector but will also include three paintings she owned.

That Christina should have so loved Paolo Veronese's work is no wonder: in it the golden light of Venice and a feeling for sumptuous, harmonious color come together with the most appealing kind of sensuality. Following in Titian's footsteps, yet master of a distinctive and highly seductive style, Veronese was also familiar with northern Italian Mannerism. It was from Giulio Romano and his work at the Palazzo del Tè in Mantua that the young artist from Verona (hence his name) learned about startling effects of perspective, bold composition, and the importance of the figure as an architectural element. That, together with the use of a shallow space, which pushes the figures toward the front plane, make Veronese very much a man of his time. His originality, however, comes from his ability to combine all this with a typically Venetian taste for the good life and all its pleasures.

All through his work colorful brocades and sumptuous velvets, made more dazzling still by gold embroidery, jewels, and pearls, remind us that the Most Serene Republic knew just how much fun luxury can be. In a city where more was often better and splendor was the order of the day, art was expected to contribute to the pleasures of the senses. In Titian's case rich diffuse color pleases the eye. But with Veronese there is a dramatic shift in palette: clear silvery tones and the brilliant light reflected on fabrics and human skin define a universe in which youth and beauty are the norm.

There is nothing boisterous in all this: Veronese's world is always refined, aristocratic. The lush blond beauties who look at us from his canvases never let us forget that they are patricians. Neither as distant as Giorgione's Dresden *Venus* nor as boldly inviting as Titian's nudes, the women in Veronese's work are often splendidly dressed; even when they are not, their golden complexion and their self-assurance invite respect as much as lust.

This can be seen clearly in the four canvases of the *Allegories of Love*, now in the National Gallery, London, and the *Venus and Mars* at the Metropolitan Museum, which all belonged to Queen Christina. We do not, in fact, know just what is going on in the *Allegories*. The titles first appeared in an eighteenth-century inventory. What is more certain is that the series was ordered by the Holy Roman Emperor Rudolf II, that it was designed to fill the four corners of a ceiling—hence the slightly skewed perspective—and that it was meant to be pleasingly erotic.

Whether it is the young woman, holding hands with one suitor while she is receiving a note from the other in *Infidelity*, the bare-bosomed observer in *Disillusionment*, the lovely reclining nude in *Respect*, or the splendidly dressed patrician in *Happy Union*, the figures are indeed sensual and inviting. That the emperor should have ordered these paintings and that Queen Christina should have yearned for them is wholly paradoxical. Neither of these august figures was given to anything like loose living; both, in fact, appear to have stayed away from sex altogether.

This small peculiarity did not prevent Rudolf II from being the most enlightened collector of his time. The head of the Austrian branch of the house of Habsburg, he lived in Prague and surrounded himself with one of the most spectacular collections ever assembled. Although his taste in contemporary art was a little odd (his two favorite artists were the ultra-Mannerist Spranger and Arcimboldo, who made portraits out of accumulations of fish, flowers, and vegetables), there was nothing he did not like when it came to great paintings:

from Dürer to Titian, Cranach to Raphael, he yearned after every masterpiece. He was also a singularly ineffective (and childless) ruler. By the time of his death in 1612 he had become a recluse in his own palace; his vast dominions were governed by a more conventional brother.

That, too, was something he had in common with Christina. She found she so disliked the constraints and obligations of a ruler's life that she renounced the crown. That the young queen hidden away in the frozen north, like the emperor in his Prague palace, should have longed for the light and sensuality of Venice is hardly surprising. Indeed, unlike Rudolf, Christina cared nothing for German or Netherlandish painting. Typically, upon receiving her booty from Prague, she wrote to a Roman correspondent: apart from thirty or forty paintings of Italian origin, "I discount them ALL." More astonishing is the fact that this child monarch, who was brought up in a primitive country, turned out to be one of the most brilliant and civilized people of her time.

Although she was only 27 when, in 1654, she left her throne and Sweden, she had already made a name for herself as one of the most unusual people alive. There was her peculiar appearance, for one thing. It was not just that she dressed unconventionally, wearing a man's coat over a woman's skirt, a man's wig, and unusually heavy makeup. She also shifted in the most bewildering manner from majesty to amiability, from deep philosophical conversations to terrifying outbursts of rage. She refused to marry and announced that she had fallen in love with one of her ladies-in-waiting, the beautiful Ebba Sparre, but treated it all as a joke. Then there was her extraordinary intelligence. When she realized no one in Stockholm could keep up with her, she brought in the great French philosopher René Descartes and exhausted him by both her quickness of mind and her habit of getting him out of bed before dawn to discuss Aristotle. No wonder she was called the Minerva of the north and was often pictured with the attributes of the goddess of learning and philosophy.

Most important, of course, there was the collection. She bought avidly, anxiously, throughout her life, always worrying lest someone else would get the paintings she coveted. Unlike her throne, there was no question of giving up her collection. When she left Stockholm, her Italian paintings went along. Even when on occasion she found herself penniless, Christina always refused to sell even a single work of art.

It was quite a while, in fact, before she settled down with her ten Veroneses and proceeded to buy four more. First, she wandered around northern Europe, stopping to see another famous collection, that of the archduke Leopold Wilhelm in Brussels. Then she moved on to France, startling the young Louis XIV and his court in the process. She could, it was immediately clear, be the best of company. She spoke perfect French, was immensely cultivated, and could shine in any conversation, but she also had a savage side the French found difficult to accept. It was in France in 1657, after returning from a stay in Rome, that she had one of her envoys, the marchese Monaldeschi, killed because she considered he had betrayed her. Thereupon it was intimated to her she had better move on. That was all right: having already converted to Catholicism before her first trip to Rome in 1655 and having been received by the pope with all the deference due a monarch, she decided to settle there.

Renting the Palazzo Riario, she finally had her collections uncrated. The four *Allegories of Love* were set in the ceiling of her most splendid room, the Sala dei Quadri. The other Veroneses joined them—two of these, *Hercules and Wisdom* and *Virtue and Vice*, are now part of the Frick Collection—and so did her Titians, her Correggios, and other assorted masterpieces, displayed throughout her *(Text continued on page 230)*

Legend has it that Veronese included a self-portrait, inset detail, in a 1561 fresco in the Villa Barbaro, Maser, Italy. Right: Detail of study in pen and brown ink for the *Allegories of Love*. Opposite: The Palazzo Riario in Rome, home to Christina and her art collection after her abdication in 1654.

COURTESY DEPARTMENT OF DRAWING, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART
INSET: ART RESOURCE

Veronese's four *Allegories of Love*, c. 1576, were most likely commissioned by the Habsburg emperor Rudolf [illegible] the Hradcany Castle in Prague. Above: *Allegory* [illegible] (Unfaithful)

His clear silvery tones, the brillian

skin, define a universe in whic

Queen Christina took possession of the *Allegories* in 1648 during the Swedish invasion of Prague, part of the Thirty Years War. Above: *Allegory of Love II (Disillusionment)*

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outh and beauty are the norm

After Christina's abdication the *Allegories* hung in the Sala dei Quadri at the Palazzo Riario. Above: *Allegory of Love III (Respect).*

The women are often splendidly dresse

complexions and self-assuran

Cardinal Azzolino inherited the *Allegories* after Christina's death. The paintings were eventually acquired by the National Gallery in London. Above: *Allegory of Love* (*Happy Union*).

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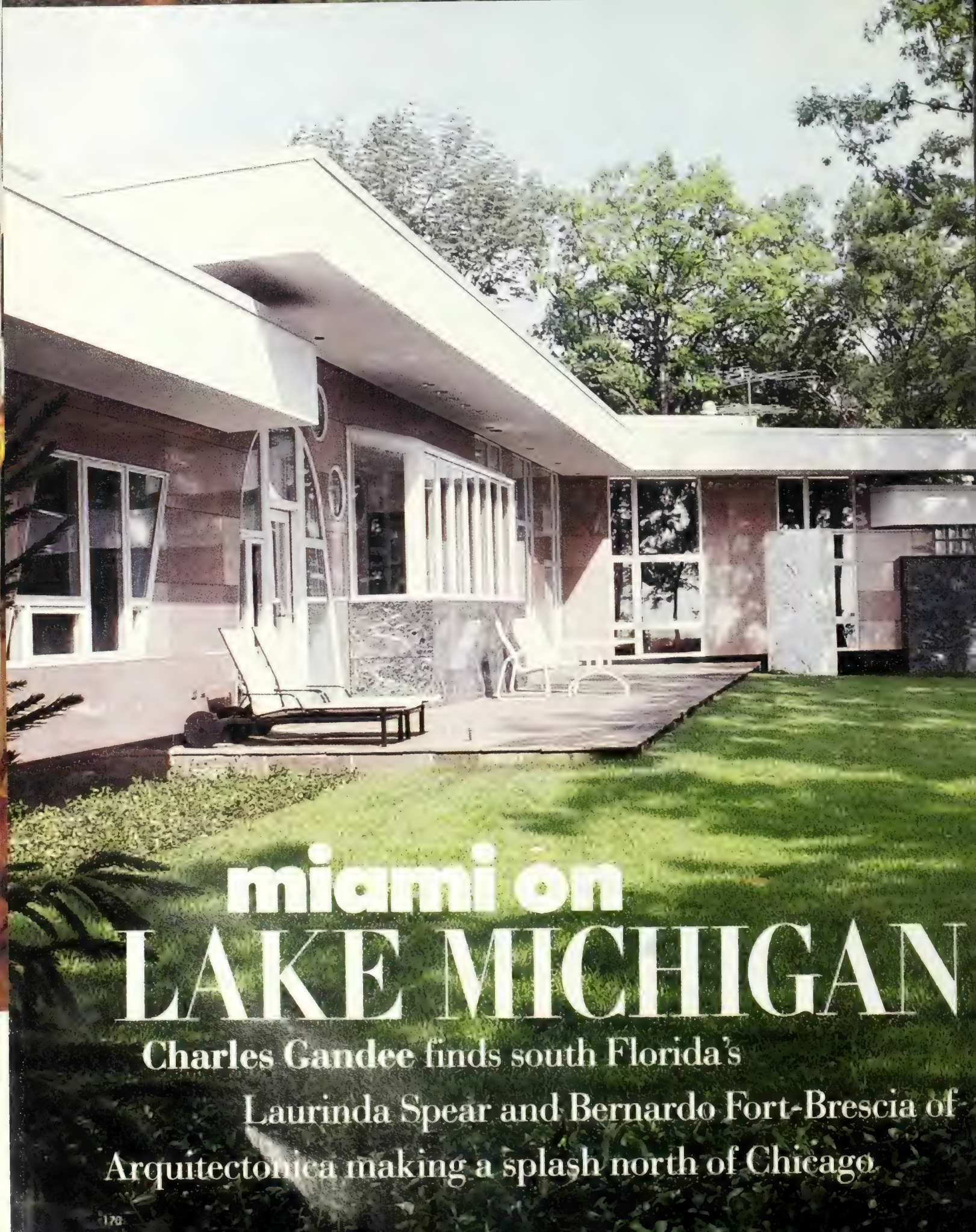
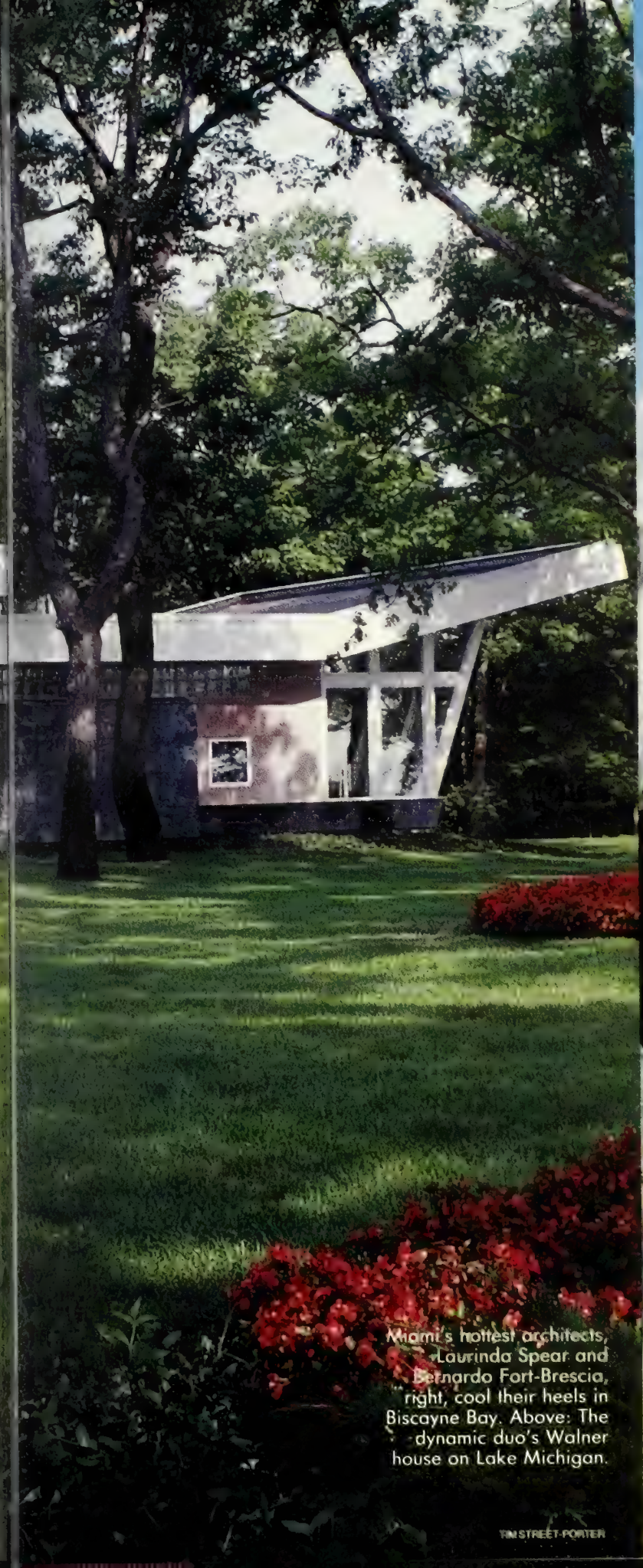


miami on LAKE MICHIGAN

Charles Gandee finds south Florida's Laurinda Spear and Bernardo Fort-Brescia of Arquitectonica making a splash north of Chicago

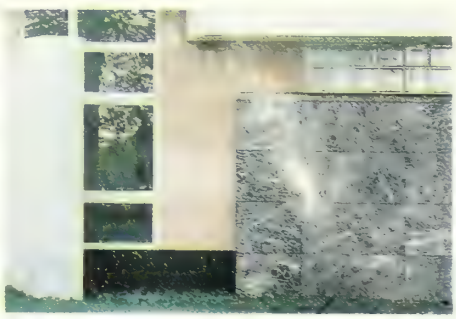


Miami's hottest architects, Laurinda Spear and Bernardo Fort-Brescia, right, cool their heels in Biscayne Bay. Above: The dynamic duo's Walner house on Lake Michigan.

TIM STREET-PORTER

A slip-and-slide roofline and an anything-goes assortment of windows, above, help ward off the potential boredom of a one-story house, according to architects Spear and Fort-Brescia.

The master bedroom is housed in a flip-top glass box, above, reminiscent of a vintage Dairy Queen. Left: The indoor pool is situated in a simpler stucco box adjacent to the main entrance.



Although the exterior, right, is primarily clad in Carolina pink granite, various panels and planes of black Marquina, green Tinos, and white Fantastico marble have been utilized to animate the façades.

Architect Bernardo Fort-Brescia is trying to be modest, but he's failing. Miserably. "We have no pretensions about creating a movement of any sort, we're just humble followers of Modernism." Laurinda Spear, Fort-Brescia's wife, partner, and, by his own admission, the more talented designer of the two, snaps out of her characteristic languor and bursts into peals of laughter. "Oh, Bernardo," she gasps between guffaws. Fort-Brescia hesitates, looks stricken, grins a guilty caught-in-the-act grin, then shrugs as if to say, "You can't blame a guy for trying."

It's heartwarming, somehow, to watch Bernardo Fort-Brescia fail at something—even if it's only at being modest, because in the eleven years since the Peruvian boy wonder with the ebullient personality and killer business instincts hit Miami like a hurricane, he has refused to relinquish his viselike grip on success. The vehicle for Fort-Brescia's vaunting ambition is Arquitectonica, the architecture firm that he, Spear, and three friends who subsequently went their own way founded in late 1977.

Although young architects tend to start slow and build small, Arquitectonica started fast and built big. After making a stop-the-presses debut with a sizzling pink house for Spear's parents, the partners designed a trio of flamboyant high-rise condominiums they erected in rapid-fire succession along Brickell Avenue, forever changing what was once a lackluster Miami skyline. The best of the three is the Atlantis, a surreal reflective glass tower with a full-grown palm tree, watermelon-red corkscrew stair, and brilliant blue Jacuzzi situated in a giant square void carved out of its heart. (If you can't quite picture it, tune in to *Miami Vice* Friday nights—the building is featured in the opening credits.) Always in a hurry, Spear and Fort-Brescia designed the Atlantis on a paper napkin one evening over dinner at a kitsch Cuban restaurant called Versailles in Miami's Little Havana. Fort-Brescia and Spear were both thirty. When the architectural press reviewed the young duo's handiwork, the glowing article was entitled "Rich and Famous."

Arquitectonica's meteoric rise caught architecture's old guard off guard. Retaliation was as swift as professional envy is powerful. "Of course, they're successful," sniffed old-enough-to-be-their-parents competitors. "Fort-Brescia's family owns Peru!" (It's not true, of course. Fort-Brescia's family doesn't really own Peru—at least not all of it.) In addition to the personal assaults, the firm's work naturally received its share of criticism. After all, at a time when Postmodern historicism reigned supreme, who knew what to make of Arquitectonica's daredevil rendition of anything-goes Modernism? "Cheap thrills" was a particularly popular response; "pure sensationalism" was another. One desperate-to-be-clever critic even went so far as to explain: The difference between Arquitectonica's architecture and serious architecture is "the difference between a Twinkie and a truffle." To the architectural intelligentsia, the difference between a Twinkie and a truffle may be important, but to most developers and clients it is not. Fort-Brescia and Spear themselves have never addressed the criticism, personal or professional—preferring, as they do, building to talking.

"It violates a lot of conventional thinking about a house on Lake Michigan," confesses Fort-Brescia

A monolithic marble fireplace acts as an anchor for the open-plan living room where seating options include Mies van der Rohe's classic Barcelona chairs from Knoll and Torso chairs from Atelier Internationol. Arquitectonica patterned the carpet after a legal pad, complete with doodles in honor of owner Harvey Walner, an att

A pair of shark-fin windows look down on the entrance to the Walner house, above, where a black marble wall with a jagged white marble crown ushers visitors through the sandblasted-glass double doors depicting scenes from outer space. Below: The wall continues inside where it helps shield the living area from view.

It will undoubtedly come as sad news to Arquitectonica's detractors to hear that Spear and Fort-Brescia are more successful now than ever, thank you very much. In addition to a bustling home office in Miami, the firm has established outposts in New York, Chicago, and San Francisco and employs 65 designers who currently toil on buildings in twelve states and, not surprisingly, Peru. So much for the flash-in-the-pan theory.

The latest project to be completed by Spear and Fort-Brescia is a house on Lake Michigan for Harvey Walner, a personal-injury attorney, and his wife, Barbara, an inveterate art collector. Arquitectonica beat out 25 other firms culled from the nation's A-list for the job. "We wanted to build something fabulous," explains Harvey Walner, which explains the choice, since fabulous is what Arquitectonica does best.

"It violates a lot of conventional thinking about a house on Lake Michigan," confesses an unrepentant Fort-Brescia, who can't remember whether it was he or Spear who first drew the Z-shaped line across the 2.9-acre lakefront site that became the big idea, as architects like to say, behind the Walners' house. And he's right. Conventional thinking would tend not to produce a zig-zag-zig plan, a series of one-size-too-large flat roofs, and an I'll-take-them-all approach to window options. Although to many the effect of Arquitectonica's aesthetic antics is a somewhat nostalgic return to the racy architecture of the late fifties, Spear bristles at the suggestion. "We don't especially like the fifties," she says in that decisive tone of voice that effectively ends all discussion.

To ensure that their sculptural composition—whatever its vintage may be—appears dynamic, rather than static, Spear and Fort-Brescia animated the house's façades with discrete volumes and planes of varying materials that add an extra visual punch. "We didn't want it to be boring," dryly notes Spear, as if there was ever a chance. "We wanted it to appear to be moving," adds Fort-Brescia, though to make sure that it doesn't, Arquitectonica clad the house in a quarry's worth of pink granite.

In the true Modern spirit, the Walner House interior is open and free-flowing. Arquitectonica's insouciant furniture and carpet designs provide a spirited foil to the owners' more sober collection of Modern furniture classics by such masters as Le Corbusier and Mies van der Rohe. An additional dimension to the house's interior is provided by the Walners' wall-to-wall collection of contemporary art by, among others, Francesco Clemente, Gilbert & George, Nancy Graves, Sol LeWitt, Robert Mapplethorpe, Mimmo Paladino, Philip Pearlstein, Larry Rivers, and Ed Ruscha.

As I was making my way out of Arquitectonica's Coral Gables office, Fort-Brescia, who had been quite animated up to this point, assumed a rather meek disposition. Perhaps he was fearful that he'd been too aggressive, too self-important, too wildly enthusiastic about Arquitectonica's work—which, of course, he had. So he decided, wouldn't you just know it, to take one last stab at modesty: "It's just a plain Modern house." Spear smiled. ▲ *Editor: Heather Smith MacIsaac*

Artist Francesco Clemente supplied the rough-hewn medicine cabinet in the powder room. The hand-carved marble pedestal sink is from Sparta Marble.

"We didn't want to be boring,"
notes Spear—as if there
was ever a chance

The children's television room features a pair of roly-poly Solo chairs from Ligne Roset against a backdrop of confetti windows.

In the breakfast room, above, Warren Platner's wiry side chairs from Knoll complement a vintage fifties dining table by Isamu Noguchi. Left: A medley of one-of-a-kind windows enlivens the indoor pool.

TIM STREET-PORTER

Portuguese angels hover over the archway in the Chantry's front hall, papered with grand military motifs.

In Perfect HARMONY

Anthony and Violet Powell, left, on their terrace. Above: The view from Violet Powell's study window. The Powells built the slate-top table using old stairway balustrades as legs.

A gimlet eye for detail and a rich appreciation of history distinguish the English country house shared by writers Anthony and Violet Powell. **John Russell** pays them a call

CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES

When I first went to stay with Anthony and Violet Powell, rather more than thirty years ago, they had only recently left London and gone to live in the country. It was known that they'd found a pretty house, built in the 1820s, with a nice bit of land, an artificial lake, and some grottoes. But where exactly was it?

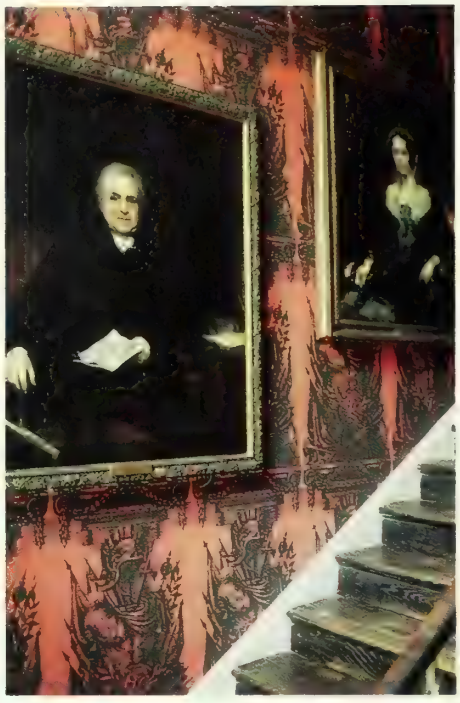
Bent over the Ordnance Survey map of the region in question and delighted by the perfection of its engraving, I soon became aware that this was inmost England—an area in which English place names took on their full and wayward sublimity. In what other country could one pass in an hour or two from Stoke Trister to Compton Pauncefoot, from Fifehead Magdalen to the Devil's Bed & Bolster, from Cricket Farm to Murder Combe, and from Vobster to Upper Vobsten?

The British railways at that time had not yet been streamlined. Trains nosed their way through the landscape in conversational style, pausing at stations now long extinct. There were hours therefore to look forward to the weekend ahead. Then as now, Anthony Powell and his wife were delicious companions, ever ready to act upon a principle he later set down in his memoirs—that "one of the basic human rights is to make fun of other people, whoever they are."

Which of them is the better at this pastime it would be difficult to say. But it is often evident that he measures the innate absurdity of this person or that against the dictates of the novel form. "Simply extraordinary!" he always says of some bizarre coincidence in human affairs. ("Extraordinary" on such occasions seems to run to sixteen syllables.) "But of course one could never get away with that in a novel. No one would believe it."

I also had time aboard that unhurried train to remember the day—indeed the exact moment—when I became addicted to

In the library, family portraits hang prominently against striped-and-dotted wallpaper. Though his identity is subject to some dispute, the young man above the fireplace may be Violet's ancestor, the first Duke of Marlborough.



the novels of Anthony Powell. In the spring of 1947 I passed the night in the little harbor town of Newhaven on the English Channel coast. In my pocket was a ticket for the steamboat that left for Dieppe the next morning. The hotel was grim, the dinner absurd, the bed penitential.

Before going to sleep I opened a copy of *From a View to a Death*, a prewar Powell that had been recommended to me by one of the author's sisters-in-law. Something in the completely original tone of voice in which it was written made me banish all thought of the 25-watt lamp by which I was trying to read. And at the perfectly contrived climax of a lengthy, circuitous account involving a horserace, I laughed so much that I fell out of bed.

Anthony Powell at that time was not yet the author of *A Dance to the Music of Time*, the twelve-volume series of novels that was to give me along with countless others, an auxiliary life, no less real than my own, to slip in and out of at will. For years I have never let those books out of my sight.

When I saw something of the Powells, in the London of the early 1950s, the first volume of *Dance* was doubtless in full germination (it appeared in 1951). At that time they both seemed quintessential Londoners. He was born in London, by his own account, "on 21 December 1905, the winter solstice (''tis the year's midnight, and it is day's'), feast of the sceptical St. Thomas, cusp of the Centaur and the Goat." He also tells us in his memoirs that for a long time after his marriage in 1934 to Lady Violet Pakenham, they looked on ex-

Clockwise from top left: Lady Violet Powell's dressing table with a violet theme. Portraits of Powell ancestors John and Margaret Nixon. Anthony Powell's dressing room, with an Empire bed and quilt sewn by Violet; among the rows of pictures, a Max Beerbohm and several Charles Conders. A collage by Anthony Powell covering the entire cloakroom. Powell's portrait by Augustus John above the dining-room sideboard. Right: A visitor's bedroom at the Chantry with portraits and miniatures of Powells and Pakenhams on the wall.

istence anyplace else but London as exile. Living at number 1 Chester Gate, on the edge of Regent's Park, they had all around them the incomparable townscape that had been run up by John Nash in the 1820s.

Where practicalities were concerned, however, this period was the very nadir of life in London. Nothing worked. No one would come to fix it. Everything was in short supply, and almost everything was of wretched quality. People coughed and ached year-round and came to dread the tall staircases, floor after floor, that were integral to Georgian design.

The Powells had across the road an unspoiled and archetypal London pub, the Chester Arms, which was much favored at lunchtime by fugitives from postwar housekeeping. Still, this was an era in which the dream of a place in the country, no matter how long dormant, suddenly became compelling. In 1950 a legacy from one of Powell's aunts made it possible for them to think seriously of leaving London. After seeing candidates by the discouraging dozen, they settled on a house called the Chantry, not far from Frome, in Somerset.

Though *(Text continued on page 228)*

In the billiard room, right, World War I German and French helmets rest on *The Boy's Own* annuals from the 1910s and copies of *Burke's Landed Gentry*. Above: Sheep graze near the Chantry's front entry.


Hughes

Trivial Disputes

Jeffrey Steingarten confers with top international food experts to solve conundrums of cuisine from pasta to pots to paella

Two or three times a year, large slices of the food world convene to chew over the crucial issues of our day. For those of you too distracted to attend this year's Oxford Symposium on Food and Cookery or the Conference on Gastronomy of the American Institute of Wine and Food in New York, here are the eleven most important things I learned.

Q. Did Marco Polo really introduce pasta to Italy from China?

A. Don't be silly. When the Arabs conquered Sicily in 827, they brought noodles with them, and some Sicilian pasta dishes still bear Arab names. Marco Polo did not travel to China until the thirteenth century. Jane Grigson, cookery writer at the London *Observer* and author of many terrific cookbooks available in this country, told the AIWF Conference on Gastronomy that the Marco Polo canard was probably hatched in the 1920s or '30s in an advertisement for a Canadian spaghetti company.

Los Angeles food writer and linguist Charles Perry, whom I met at Oxford, has found traces of pasta in ancient Greece, in two Latin words borrowed from the Greek, and in the Talmud. Are noodles leavened or unleavened? He concludes that Italy knew the noodle long before the Arabs arrived.

How strong is the scientifically ideal cooking pot? If your pot is not stronger than 1,000 newtons, it will deform when you drop it. If stronger than 1,000 newtons, it may deform your foot when you drop it

Q. How did people cook before the pot was invented?

A. The subject of this year's Oxford symposium was "The Cooking Pot," but my secret interest was in cooking before the pot. Cooking was discovered about 40,000 years ago, but ceramics have been around for only 9,000. I have often wondered how dinner was prepared in the meantime. After some desultory research on pre-pot cooking, I provisionally decided that for 30,000 years, while mankind awaited the invention of the pot, we all simply barbecued.

As it turns out, nothing could be further from the truth. Owing to an inexplicable and near-tragic error, I was appointed chairman of an afternoon seminar on the Chinese cooking pot at the Oxford symposium where, in order to draw attention away from my ignorance on the subject, I posed my question about cooking before ceramics. Experts on the prehistoric Basques in France and Spain and on the hunting and gathering Indians of the Pacific Northwest pointed to a nearly universal pre-pot method for poaching meat and poultry. Waterproof vessels were carved from wood or woven like baskets from reeds and branches or sewn together from animal skins. These were filled with water and red-hot stones from the fire, food was added to the boiling water, and before you knew it, dinner was ready. Not surprisingly, early Chinese ceramics were given the shapes of animal skins.

Q. When was the pressure cooker invented?

A. 1680.

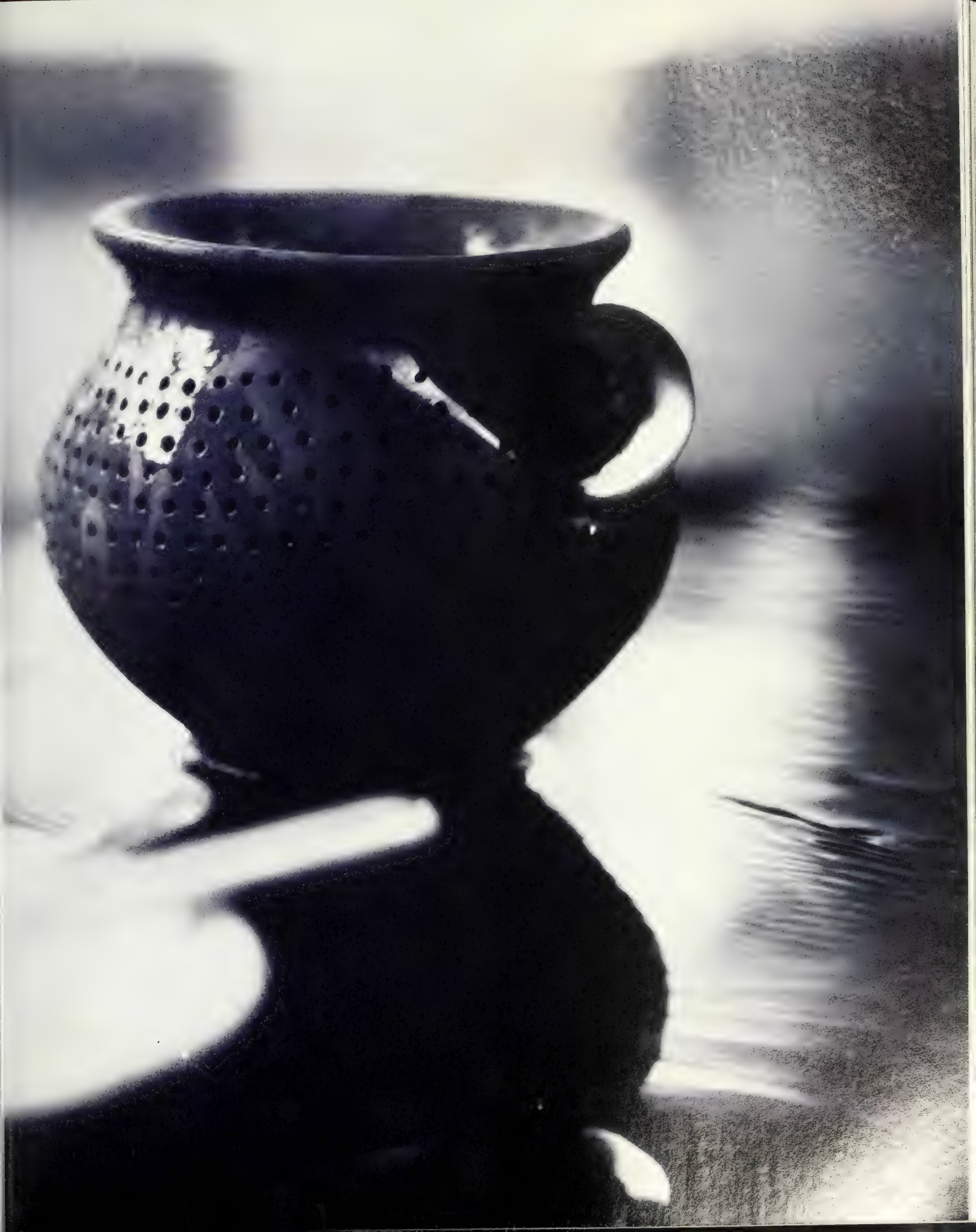
Q. How did the cantaloupe get its name?

A. New plants were often presented to the pope upon their arrival in Europe, and the cantaloupe was no exception. Cultivated in the papal vegetable gardens of Cantalupo in Sabina, this sweet orange-fleshed melon spread first among the church's monastic farms and then to the rest of Europe.

As Alessandro Falassi, professor of anthropology at the University of Siena, explained in his keynote address to the AIWF conference, the network of papal properties, with their uniform methods of farming and cooking, was one of the few unifying influences on the diverse regional foods of Italy until Pellegrino Artusi published his famous *La scienza in cucina* in 1891, the first attempt at an Italian cuisine.

Q. In the days before people had clocks, how did recipes specify cooking times?

A. An Anglo-Norman recipe from the 1200s instructed the reader to cook her chicken for *(Text continued on page 224)*



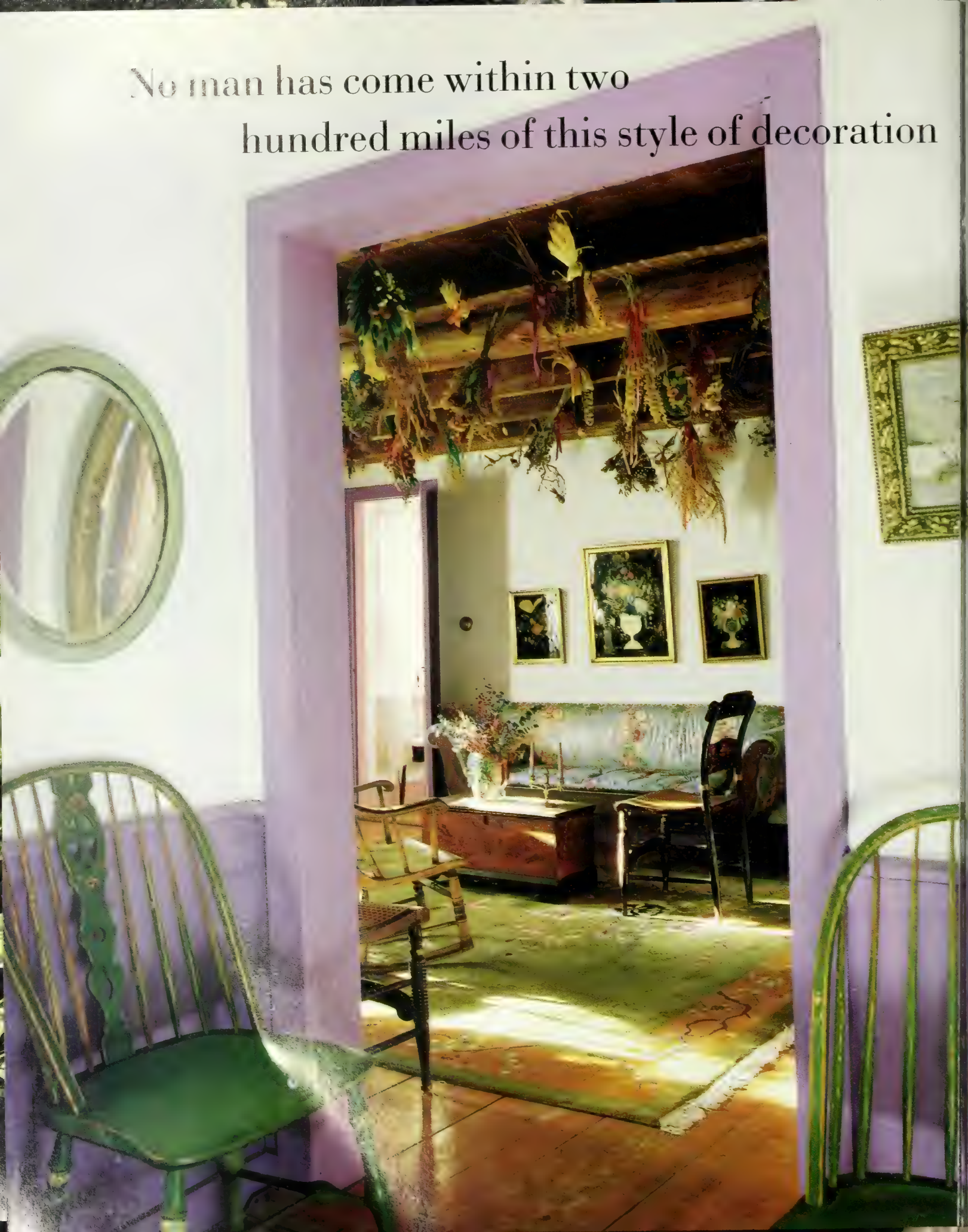
dressing up the COUNTRY

Bright colors and feminine touches have followed fashion designer Betsey Johnson from Seventh Avenue to Columbia County, reports ***Liza Campbell***

Betsey Johnson and her thirteen-year-old daughter, Lulu, in front of her 1810 house in upstate New York. Both are dressed in classic Johnson and bulky fall sweaters.

BARBRA WALZ

No man has come within two
hundred miles of this style of decoration



The living room, left, has the original 1810 floorboards, plaster walls, and beams. Sofa is covered in a favorite chintz, Marie Amelie, from Rose Cumming. Trio of turn-of-the-century paintings are flowers painted on glass then backed in tinfoil. Sponged blanket box doubles as coffee table. Winter landscape in foreground is laced with mica chips. Above left: Kitchen hutch stores collection of ceramics.

All modern conveniences, such as toaster ovens and stereos, hide in cabinets when not in use. Above right: Lavender-edged fish plate on antique spoon rack matches dining-room trim. On seeing the tinted photograph of Dutch children in national dress, the designer remarked that they "look like the lineup of my next collection." Left: The "happiest room in the house—the kitchen" uses sixty-year-old gas stove and sink.

Two years ago Betsey Johnson got sick to death of spending her weekends in New York and started looking for a country retreat. She found what she needed in a quiet corner of Columbia County near Hudson, a city that lost the competition against Albany for state capital by one vote and has since remained in tranquil obscurity.

Both Betsey's designs and her tiny dollhouse are perfectly logical extensions of her own eccentric character. Betsey has an explosion of curly maroon hair, a lightning-flash tattoo on her chest, and black bicycle-spoke eyelashes. She wears her own naughty-but-innocent dresses over white climbing boots; her impact on local farmers goes unrecorded.

The original structure, tucked behind a white picket fence in dense deciduous woodland, was built in 1810 and lived in by Dutch workers. These days, the woodwork is highlighted in mauve, and the little windmills in the garden hint that the cottage has passed into a rather different pair of hands.

"This little Shangri-la reminds me of my Connecticut roots. It's the absolute opposite of the way I live in the city where I have a very modern apartment."

When she bought the house, the kitchen was full of knotty pine cupboards and the rest of the place was a brown and beige affair complete with vinyl-tiled bathroom. "I put it all together in four months. I was crazy about the house. Now I have the equivalent of writer's block and am at a total loss—I haven't bought anything for a year." If she had, it is hard to imagine where she would put it, as the whole house is crammed to the bursting point. Betsey is like ten magpies.

The kitchen is dominated by two hutches and a large old-fashioned ceramic sink. The red Irish hutch is stuffed with painted trays and children's lunch boxes. "The shop owners tell about where the pieces come from, but I don't care about history—they're not real antiques. Nobody serious about cupboards would ever get cupboards this color," she said, pointing at her green-and-cream Welsh dresser with paint so old and cracked it looks, perhaps, as if it had been rescued from a fire. These shelves are awash with china figurines, flowery plates, and Chinese pots all collected on her whirlwind tours of local antiques shops. The floor is scattered with rag rugs and the windows, like those in the rest of the house, are hung with lace. Few of the chairs match, but the overall effect is charming and extremely feminine. No man has come within two hundred miles of this style of decoration.

BARBRA WALZ

The front hall doubles as a dining room with its lace-covered table and pea green Windsor chairs. The hall also contains perhaps the most important piece of equipment in the house: the iron potbellied stove with its decorative relief of women harvesting. The stove heats the whole house, including the upstairs attic bedroom, through a grill in the living-room ceiling.

In the living room the bouquets of dried flowers overhead are joined by a collection of birdcages. Another collection, one made up of Indian dolls, clutters the mantelpiece. "I found two at first, but as soon as you decide you want to start collecting things, they become impossible to find." The original Indian couple have been joined by several more squaws, some braves, a witch doctor, a photograph of the chief of the Peyote tribe, and a pair of firedogs in the shape of braves in warbonnets. And although there is a sofa and rocking chairs nearby, the living room is not often used. "I wanted it to be cozy with lots of things around, but I found the couch so hard you can't even sit on it; so we tend to live in the kitchen and in my bedroom, where the television is."

A black wooden staircase leads to two attic rooms, one a dumping ground for Betsey's creations and the other, the main bedroom, with gray floorboards, a brass bed covered with a well-worn quilt and cushions embroidered with roses, and a collection of children's clothes. "You'd think I had a three-year-old. I just love scaled-down things, which really sums up this house. My parents say, 'Betsey, you'll be moving out of this house, this is the first of many.' But I don't think I will house-climb to a higher status, you know. I like this place because it's where Lulu and I get to spend a little time together, quietly." ♠ *Editor: Gabé Doppelt*

A peek into the master bedroom, above, shows the flowered dresser and an early American silk painting. Left: An antique chiffon dress on door. Opposite: The guest room, once a christening room, has early American quilted chintz cover on bed, hooked rugs, and twig table. At the foot of the iron bed are Betsey's sheepskin clogs, a favorite hat, and child-size chest.

Family trees

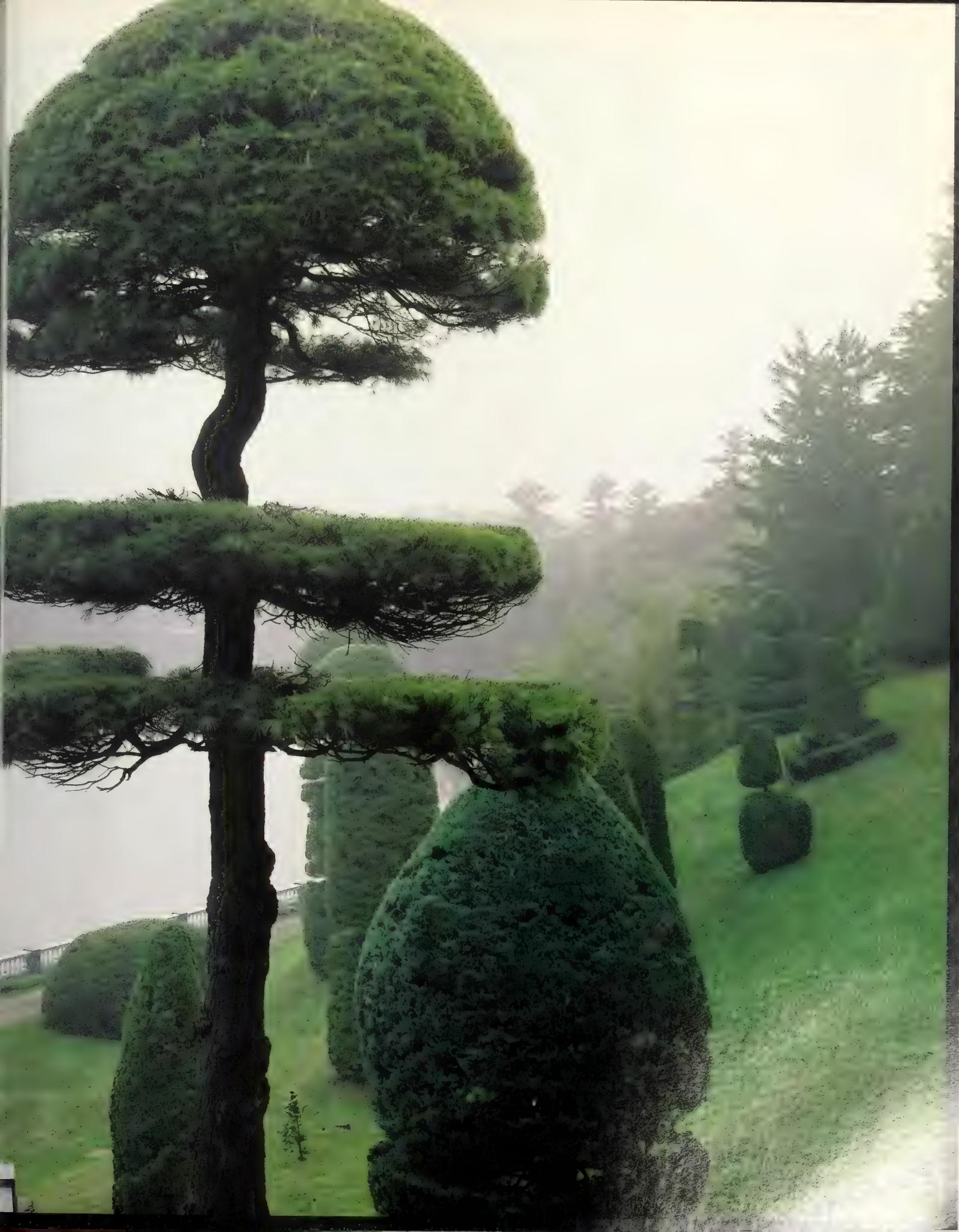
For nearly a century and a half the Hunnewells have tended their garden, transforming native trees into an arbor of fantasy, writes ***Alan Emmet***

Beginning in 1844, even before he built his country estate at Wellesley near Boston, Horatio Hollis Hunnewell had a special tree planted for each of his eight children. From the beginning trees have been the most important feature of a garden that has flourished for almost a century and a half under the care of a single family. Considering changing tastes, shifting mores, and rising taxes, the survival of such a place seems improbable.

In front of the house two trees stand out, even in this arboreal Eden. One of these turns out not to be a single tree after all, but a whole family, the rooted offspring of the trailing branches of a weeping beech probably planted when the house was new. The

The native white pines on the steep bluff overlooking Lake Waban were first trimmed into their distinctive shapes by Horatio Hollis Hunnewell in the 1850s and are maintained by the family today with the aid of a rented cherry picker.

MICK HALES



MICK HALES

The garden, above, as seen in Guy Lowell's book *American Gardens*, 1902, when the topiary trees were smaller and more numerous. Opposite: A garden pavilion, part of the extensive series of walks and parapets built in the Italian style.

original tree is long gone, leaving a circular domed temple, a baptistry of beech, formed by a tracery of interlaced gray trunks and branches. The present owner, Walter Hunnewell, the fourth generation in a direct line of descent, trims the tips of the branches just enough to prevent their forming roots. The great white oak nearby, the oldest tree on the place, was there in the 1840s when Hollis Hunnewell began to turn a flat, scrubby, worn-out pasture into a garden.

"We seldom use the original name now," Walter Hunnewell explains, "since both the college and the town are called by it." Wellesley, chosen by Hollis Hunnewell in honor of his wife's family, has been the name of the college since its founding in 1875. The town took the name in 1881 as a tribute to Hunnewell, its chief benefactor.

The principal advantage of the site when Hollis and Isabelle acquired it was the view over lovely Lake Waban. With aplomb and a natural aptitude, Hunnewell himself laid out the grounds. Around 1850 he began to build his Italian garden on the steep bluff below his house. He shaped a series of terraces—seven eventually—with a flight of seventy steps descending to the edge of the lake. On the terraces he planted trees, closely clipped into geometric shapes.

Writing about the Italian garden years later, Hunnewell made it seem the inevitable solution to his landscaping problem, unique though it was in the United States. The slope was too steep for flowers, he said, and unpruned trees would have hidden the lake from view. He attributed his inspiration to the gardens of Elvaston Castle in Derbyshire, although the grounds there were entirely flat. Hunnewell's site is both more Italian and more dramatic.

The terraces in the garden have held as many as 250 trees but contain fewer now since the trees have grown. When English and Irish yews did not prove hardy, Hunnewell and his head gardener developed their own crosses with tougher yews from Japan. They pruned larch, hemlock, arborvitae, and other trees into cones, globes, and pyramids. The Hunnewells may have been the first to clip the native white pine. The pines are the most striking of the trees, the tallest with fat horizontal discs of soft glaucous green foliage encircling their trunks. Five men used to spend two months each year on long hand-held ladders clipping the trees. Today, with a rented cherry picker and all the family pitching in, the job is done in a week.

Two steep ridges form a narrow curving vale, the banks of which proved ideal for

Hunnewell's pinetum. His aim, he wrote, was to collect and plant every conifer, native and foreign, that could survive the cold New England winters.

In later years Hollis Hunnewell tried to ease the burden on his heirs by simplifying maintenance wherever he could. He forced himself to remove some precious old trees in order to preserve a view or to allow other trees to develop fully. He continued to plant additional, rarer trees: cryptomerias, torreyas, *Thujopsis dolabrata*. He struggled to develop a hardy strain of the blue Atlas cedar. He loved his trees and was pleased with what he had been able to accomplish over fifty years.

With a continuity remarkably parallel to the family succession, there have been only four head gardeners since 1850. The current one, John C. Cowles, who has held the post for twenty years, may supervise a staff smaller than his predecessors', but it is also less rigidly stratified.

Walter Hunnewell believes that in at least one respect maintenance is better than ever. In the old days, when the walks and parapets in the Italian garden were lined each season with tender trees in tubs and century plants in pots, the terrace banks were mowed with scythes. Now a rotary mower makes a smoother greensward. John Cowles, using a rope, guides the machine along the steep banks just as though he were walking a dog on a leash.

Orchids are Walter Hunnewell's favorites among the potted plants. He and his wife, Luisa, lived and worked in Mexico and South America for many years and collected orchids in the wild. *Stanhopea oculata*, which smells to Hunnewell like the candy counter in a five-and-ten, shares a warm greenhouse with others of his finds. Cattleyas flourish in a cooler house.

The brick wall of another greenhouse is covered with the dangling pink and white bells of lapageria, a flower Walter Hunnewell's father particularly liked. Walter himself brought these plants from Chile. Along one *(Text continued on page 230)*

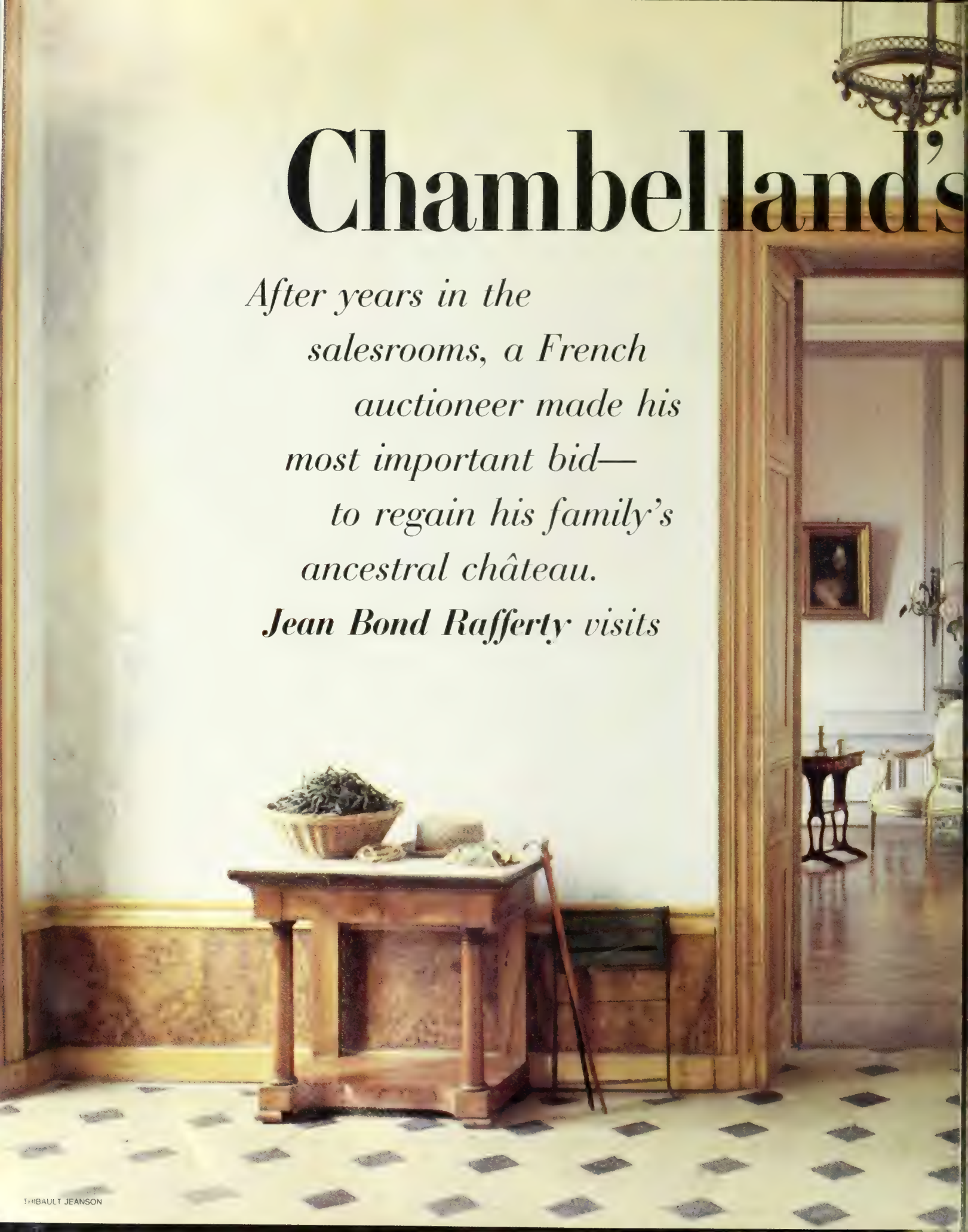
A flight of seventy steps, closely bordered by geometrically shaped yews, descends the steep bluff through a series of seven terraces, culminating at the edge of the lake.

MICK HALES

Chambelland's

After years in the salesrooms, a French auctioneer made his most important bid—to regain his family's ancestral château.

***Jean Bond Rafferty** visits*



THIBAULT JEANSON

Recaptured Past

The majestic château, left, was originally a fortress. Above: Chambelland on his tractor. Below: Baccarat crystal finial caps the newel post of main staircase.

In the midst of the Vendée, the very portrait of what French politicians like to invoke as *la France profonde*—deepest France—it's not hard to pick out Paris auctioneer Bruno Chambelland standing by his black Rolls-Royce in the station parking lot of La Roche-sur-Yon. But appearances can be deceptive. For Chambelland, buying a small château here—a region that could claim a Michelin red rocking chair for utter tranquillity—was a definite homecoming, not a city slicker's country caprice.

"It's a very old house—its origins were as the largest fortress on the Luçon plain under the Knights Templars in the thirteenth century," he explains. "The house was sold to one of my ancestors in 1409 and was in the family until 1840, when another ancestor sold it. The family had suffered badly during the Revolution, and their fortune never really recovered."

Chambelland remembers peering through the gate at the house as a child. "Both my grandfather and father tried to buy it, but it was never for sale." When the owner died in an accident in 1979, Chambelland jumped at the chance to bring the house back into the family.

"Everything had to be redone," he recalls. "It had been unlived in for thirty years, and it was beginning to rain inside the house." His decorative plan? No plan. "I wanted not to do a decoration but rather to give the impression of a family home that had always been lived in, where one finds two centuries of furniture, eighteenth and nineteenth century, and

"I wanted to give the impression of a family home that had always been lived in"

A door concealed in the gold drawing room opens onto the back hallway where the walls are trompe l'oeil stone. Like most of the furniture in the house, the Neo-Gothic banquette comes from the Hôtel Drouot in Paris

Fields of nasturtiums and poppies spill over their boxwood borders. Inset: Homemade preserves and fresh parsley are at the ready on a shelf in the kitchen. Right: Monsieur Marteau, the château's gardener, on his way to pick vegetables for dinner.

The furniture in the drawing room, above, is a mix of 18th century and Empire. The tapestry is a 17th-century Aubusson; the crystal chandelier is Charles X. An 18th-century games table is set for chess. Left: In a corner of the room, hydrangeas from the garden, a bronze satyr, an African mask, and a 17th-century painting by an unknown artist.

"In an auction, an object is sold every sixty seconds. You describe it, estimate it, sell it. One very quickly gets an eye"

even some twentieth-century pieces such as the library by Garouste and Bonetti, who are close friends. I wanted it to seem as if each generation had left its contribution of furniture and style, spiced with a touch of exotica, like my African masks, and linked, I hope, by a unity of taste—mine."

Acquiring furniture and objects when one is a successful auctioneer poses no problems. French law forbids his buying in his own sales, but the Hôtel Drouot in Paris is the headquarters for all sixty Paris auction firms. "It only takes fifteen or twenty minutes to do a complete tour of the rooms at Drouot when one is in the habit," says Chambelland. The bulk of the furnishings was acquired in three years. "It all comes from Drouot, without exception," he announces. Well, almost. Some of what he refers to as exotica was picked up on his travels, including the portrait of an Indian maharaja he unearthed in a small Indian village and carried, wrapped in a blanket, on and off trains for the rest of his trip.

To tour the house is to marvel at the multiplicity of objects that come on the block: a Régence cartel clock, a seventeenth-century Aubusson tapestry, an oversize Charles X crystal chandelier, and a mix of eighteenth-century and Empire furniture in the best French château tradition in the gold drawing room where Chambelland spends most of his time. A striking nineteenth-century panoramic decorative screen depicting an Italian scene in grisaille is the most arresting feature of the entry. A grand piano reigns in the music room under the aristocratic regard of a bust thought to be Marie Antoinette. The lacy wooden screen, which serves as the false ceiling in the billiard room, was culled from the sale of the effects of an Indian restaurant.

The dining room is so diverting it is hard to concentrate on the food. A life-size mounted wild boar standing on its hind legs offers a wooden tray holding silver cups. The chestnut-and-mocha tromp l'oeil boiseries—freshened by repainting—are festooned with stag's heads and antlers from the sale of the hunt trophy room of a château in eastern France. Two high-back cathedral chairs have been metamorphosed to incorporate serving tables. Red-patterned upholstered high-back dining chairs complete the Neo-Gothic ambience.

A guest bedroom, above left, is decorated with wallpaper and a swagged frieze from Mauny. The diamond-shaped window is called an oeil-de-bouc, or goat's eye. Above right: The music room is furnished with an 18th-century tapestry settee and chairs. A plaster relief of the duchesse de Berry decorates each of the four corners of the ceiling. A bust of Marie Antoinette ornaments the mantelpiece.

Although it appears quite special, the house's mix of styles and periods is, according to Chambelland, a reflection of a turn-of-the-century French furnishing craze: "In 1900 it was the fashion all over France to furnish the bedroom in Louis XV style, the drawing room in Louis XVI, and the dining room in Henri II."

Chambelland disclaims any exceptional mastery of the auction system in accumulating what he terms not extraordinary furnishings. Most French auctions, unlike American sales, are mixed, including fine antiques as well as bric-a-brac and personal effects. "There are really bargains," he claims. "Over 3,500 objects are sold at Drouot every day, not to mention 400 cars a week." Yes, Drouot was the source, too, of the black Rolls and a vintage Renault 4CV, which he keeps in the country.

"It's a question of eye," he says. "In an auction an object is sold every sixty seconds during which you describe it, estimate it, and sell it, all the while keeping track of what's next. One very quickly gets an eye."

Chambelland's visual prowess is also evident in a sophisticated flair for flamboyant color. Sun-gold yellow gleams from the walls in the drawing room, is echoed in an umbrella sprouting from a pale blue china stand in the entry, glistens in the taffeta curtains in an upstairs sitting room. Red-and-white candy-striped wallpaper, with its swagged frieze specially ordered from the connoisseur's wallpaper shop Mauny, brightens a guest bedroom. Royal purple upholstery sets a regal tone in the music room. Plaster *(Text continued on page 228)*

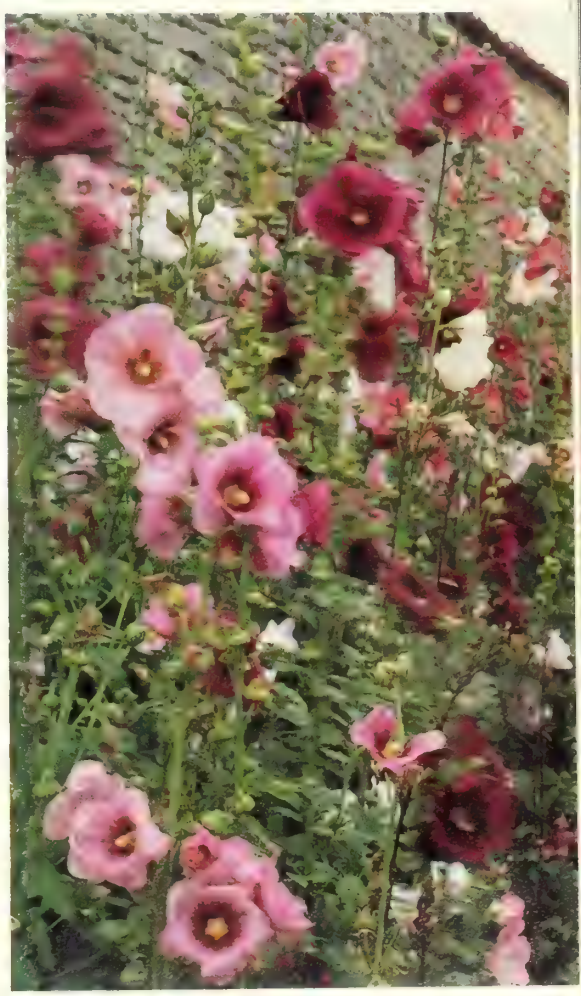
The back hallway contains an African mask, a piece of Persian armor, and a 17th-century statue of Saint Rémy.

A variety of copper pots and an antique stove in the kitchen. The rabbit is a pet brought from Paris.


Chambelland

Stone pillars and cast-iron urns, above, mark the entrance to the château. Right: Madame Pubert returns from the bakery with a fresh baguette. Far right: Mermaids ornament the rails of the main staircase, built in 1830. Below: The polished rusted-iron bookshelves were designed by Garouste and Bonetti. The spiked ball that ornaments the standards is part of the Chambelland family crest.

"Houseguests come in a constant current for long weekends, which is what is needed in a big house like this"



The bed in a guest room, top, is draped with mosquito netting. Above: Hollyhocks bloom against a stone wall. Left: Accoutrements of country life: hats for sun protection and sturdy shoes for walks in the Vendée.

HG

Cowtan & Tout's Jamesington—in green and ivory and in brown and beige—on a pair of Swedish armchairs, c. 1785, from Florian Papp, NYC. All upholstery by Ronald Jonas Interiors, NYC.

Linen Unfolds

Floral linens in a subtle new palette add punch to sophisticated furniture

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RITZ

A celebration of style and taste by

YVES SAINT LAURENT

Sackville from Clarence House on an Italian Baroque stool, early 18th century, from Florian Papp.

Eclipsed in recent years by the popularity of glazed chintz, linen is rapidly becoming de rigueur for any stylish interior, modest or palatial. Though traditionally relegated to clumsy country furniture, the cloth has recently appeared bearing full-blown flowers and scrolling vines in a subtle "washed tea" palette that adds vigor to everything from the contemporary to the baroque. The muted bouquets of the Jamesington design from Cowtan & Tout are the perfect mates for a pair of eighteenth-century Swedish armchairs embellished with gilt rosettes and acanthus leaves, and M.R.H. Cloth's Dorset Rose adds new panache to the Tumbleweed chair by Rose Tarlow–Melrose House. What's more, these linens have staying power—as well as being pretty, they're eminently durable and practical.

Amicia de Moubray

Roses by Bennison Fabrics, London, on Parler Deux méridienne chair, above, by Karges, which is available as a matching pair. Below: Green Suffolk Leaf by George Spencer Designs on a late-19th-century French duchesse brisée from Yale R. Burge Antiques, NYC.

Dorset Rose by M.R.H. Cloth on the Tumbleweed chair, above, available from Luten Clarey Stern, NYC. Right: Andrea by George Spencer Designs, London, on the Mellon fire stool by Ronald Jonas Interiors. Details see Sources.

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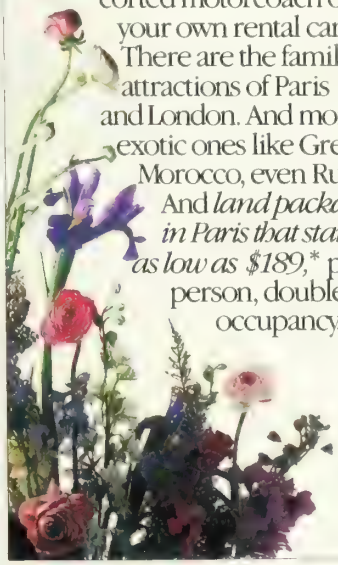

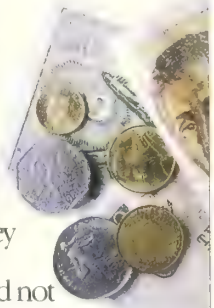

Another advantage of our Fly A✈Away Vacations is they are at a set U.S. price. You need not worry about changes in European currency affecting what you'll pay.

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One look and we think you'll like what you see — Europe. From a distinctly American point of view.

***Restrictions:** Price is valid through 3/31/89 and is per person based on double occupancy for 6 nights. Price is subject to change without notice and does not include air fare, taxes or surcharges. Package requires 30-day advance purchase and reservations. Hotel subject to availability on certain dates. Warranty details available upon request. (IT8AA1*FTPP6N)

AmericanAirlines

Something special to Europe.

Designers on Call

Department stores *do* have everything—from sofas and chairs to designers to tell you what to do with them

For the person who doesn't know much about interior design but knows what he likes, or the person who is unsure of what he likes, much less how to put it all together, a band of interior designers with scores of projects under their tape-measure belts and hundreds of Rolodex cards and color swatches at their fingertips is only a phone call away. Tucked away in the back corners of furniture floors of major New York department stores are interior-design studios offering reasonable rates, extensive experience, access to designer-only sources, and—out-of-towners, fear not—no New York hauteur. These designers will go as far and wide as you are willing and able to send them.

B. ALTMAN

At B. Altman, the dowager of Manhattan department stores, the furniture floor and interior-design studio are sleeping giants. The calm, even lifeless atmosphere s[illegible] over a floor of mostly traditional furnitur[illegible] real state of affairs, for the joint [illegible] jumping. "Business has more than d[illegible] in the past two years," says Tanny Far[illegible] who d[illegible]cts the interior-design studio, overseeing four other designers in Manhattan and one at the Short Hills, New Jersey, store who handles all of the Garden State.

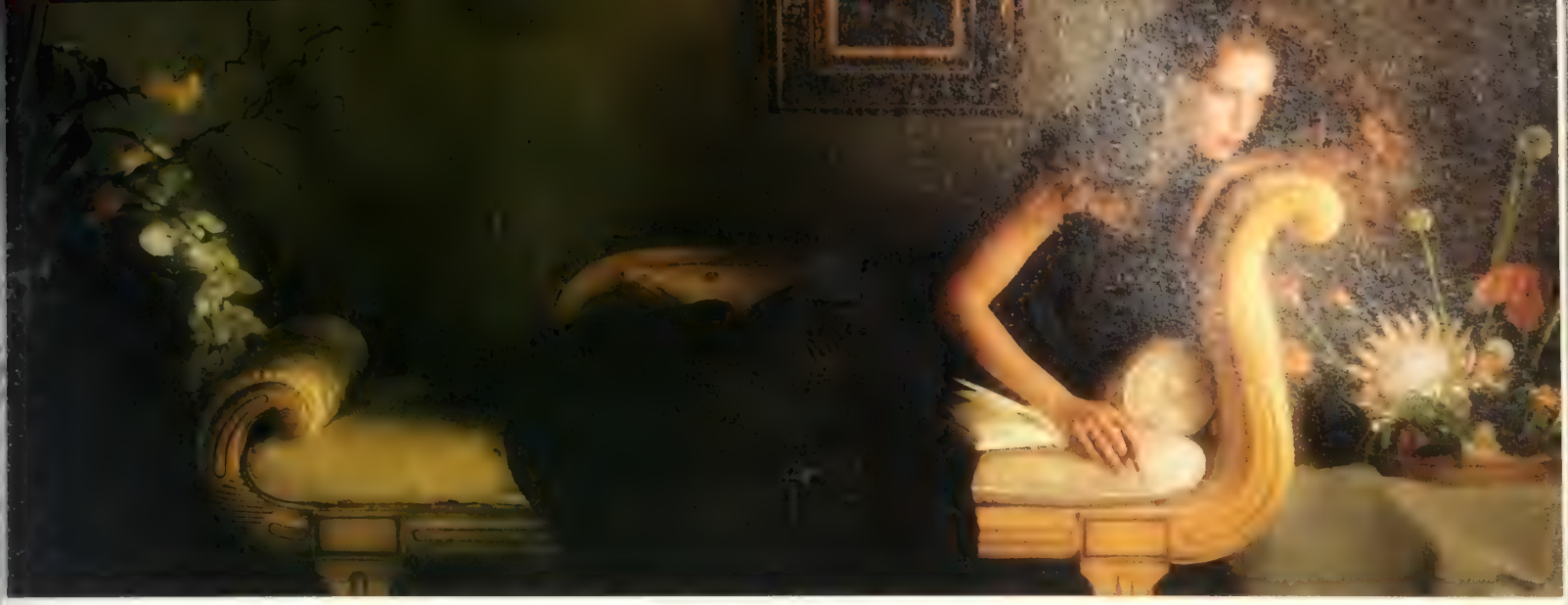
"The spring of 1987 marked the first time in twenty years that we had model rooms, which has greatly contributed to the interior-design studio's success," says Farah. "Before the model rooms, clients were not able to see what kind of service was available or the type of setting our interior designers could create in a client's home. The interior-design studio now offers clients the use of expanded resources to interpret their design needs in a more successful way." In-house designers put together the seven model rooms using merchandise from such companies as Baker, Kindel, Kittinger, Ralph Lauren, and Hickory Chair as well as from outside the store. The looks, like the clientele, fall roughly into three categories: classic, updated traditional, and contemporary, or as B. Altman prefers to label it, transitional.

The movie *Wall Street* inspired Richard Knapple's model room, left, tied into Bloomingdales' storewide theme of Hollywood.

The model rooms that were opened at the store in October feature new furniture from the exclusive Mark Hampton Collection by Hickory Chair, Baker Northern Italian, and new fabrics from Scalamandré, Kravet, and Stroheim & Romann. To get in on the surprise action at B. Altman, a $500 retainer, with $350 applied to a minimum purchase of $5,000, will secure for you a designer who can draw from a substantial store inventory of upholstery and drapery to carpeting and accessories and lead you into fun and trouble in the showrooms outside the store palazzo at 34th and Fifth.

Modern mingles with traditional in two naturally lit rooms on Bergdorf Goodman's seventh floor, top and right.

MICHAEL MUNDY



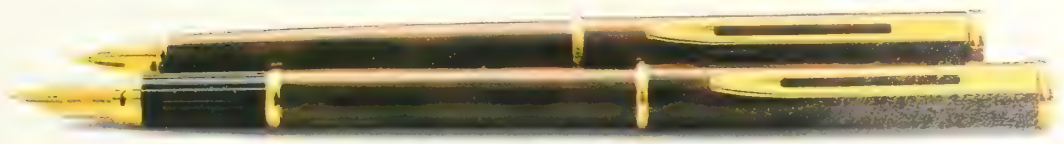
I gave up chocolates. I gave up espresso.

I gave up the Count (that naughty man).

And his little house in Cap Ferrat.

The Waterman, however, is not negotiable.

I must have something thrilling with
which to record my boredom.



Pens write. A Waterman pen expresses. For more than a century, this distinction has remained constant. In the precise, painstaking tooling, for example. In the meticulous balancing. In layer upon layer of brilliant lacquer. Or worn gilded with precious metal. Those who desire such an instrument of expression will find Waterman pens in a breathtaking styles, prices and finishes.

WATERMAN

PARIS

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HG CONNECTIONS is a directory designed to give you easy access to advertisers who appear regularly in House & Garden and offer additional information about their fine products and services. To order: Circle the number on the attached card that corresponds to your selection and complete the form as requested. Send to: HG, P.O. Box 1608, Riverton, NJ 08077-9908.

ART & ANTIQUES

1. **America's International Exposition of Fine Arts and Antiques:** Unparalleled in scope, this prestigious international antiques show has received a reputation for its elegant style and high standards of quality. Over 90 participating dealers. Handsome 4-color catalog available for $10.00.
2. **Lalique:** For the most complete selection anywhere of Lalique crystal, visit our Galerie, 680 Madison Avenue (61st Street), NYC. Call to order that hard-to-find piece, (212) 355-6550, or send for free brochure.
3. **Mill House Antiques:** In a glorious setting, 17 showrooms filled with English and French antique furniture, chandeliers, accessories, and works of art, replenished by frequent buying trips to Europe. Closed only on Tuesday. Free brochure.

HOME & DESIGN

4. **Allmilmo Corporation:** Fine cabinetry and furniture custom manufactured for the highest standards provide an extraordinary array of interior design possibilities for every style of living. Catalog $10.00.
5. **Armstrong World Industries:** Surprised! That's what you'll be by the sheer variety of Armstrong no-wax floors—hundreds of patterns and colors to choose from at a wide range of prices, even many you can install yourself. Information packet contains planning guides, brochures on most Armstrong lines, and color photographs of beautifully decorated rooms. Free.
6. **Century Furniture Company:** Brochures illustrating the British National Trust Collection, Oriental, French, Country English, contemporary, and traditional wood collections, and a variety of upholstery and occasional chair-styles are provided by Century Furniture Company. $3.00.
7. **Christofle:** France's premier silversmith since 1830 offers exquisite silverware, superbly crafted sterling silver, and 18-karat gold jewelry. "Christofle Bijoux," at the Pavillons Christofle in New York City, Beverly Hills, and Chicago. Free brochure.
8. **Country Curtains:** Curtains in cotton muslin or carefree permanent press. Some with ruffles, others with fringe or lace trims. Also tab curtains, lined and insulated styles, balloons, festoons, lots of lace, bed ensembles, and more. Free catalog.
9. **Cuisinarts:** Whatever you're making in the kitchen, Cuisinarts can make it easier. For our color brochure on our entire line of food preparation appliances and cookware, circle #9. Free.
10. **DuPont Corian:** Creating with Corian. A 20-page color brochure with photographs and suggestions for beautiful and practical ways to use Corian. Free.
11. **Edgar B. Furniture:** The Edgar B. catalog of home furnishings features bedroom, dining room, upholstery, and library/office furniture in traditional and contemporary styles. Each customer is assigned a personal sales consultant. Brochure $15.00.
12. **Ethan Allen:** If you're thinking of redecorating an entire room or just buying one chair, the new 240-page Ethan Allen TREASURY is a must. Just send $10.00.
13. **Frank Lloyd Wright Decorative Design Collection:** Beautiful, full-color catalog features over 75 reproductions of FLW designs, authorized by the Frank Lloyd Wright Foundation. Furniture from Atelier International/Cassina; art glass windows from Oakbrook-Esser Studios; fabrics, wall coverings, and rugs from Schumacher; china, crystal, and silver from Tiffany & Co. $60.00.
14. **Fredrick Cooper:** The splendor of Frederick Cooper is excerpted in this color flyer that shows 16 lamp designs from the exquisite Fredrick Cooper Collection of hand crafted lamps, chandeliers, and decorative accessories. $1.00.
15. **Gaggenau:** The Difference is Gaggenau. Complete full-line booklet $5.00.
16. **General Electric:** GE offers a way to make building a custom kitchen appreciably easier—Monogram built-in appliances. Send for our 32-page catalog on the complete Monogram line of appliances, including the only built-in dispenser refrigerator and a fully electric downdraft cooktop. $2.00.
17. **Gorham:** Creates the perfect table-setting illustrated in our full-color brochure, which features fine china, crystal, sterling and stainless flatware. Let us help you create that setting in your home. Free catalog.
18. **Harden Wishmaker Brochure:** A dramatic presentation of solid cherrywood and upholstered reproductions for living room, dining room, and bedroom. Brochure $2.00.
19. **Haviland:** The finest name in French Limoges porcelain. Our legendary attention to detail has been a Haviland tradition since 1842. Send for our full-color brochure of the many beautiful patterns available. $1.00.
20. **Hekman Furniture:** "Obviously, Hekman" is a full-color flyer, that shows and describes many of the outstanding pieces from the Hekman furniture collections. Available in leading furniture and department stores, Hekman is widely known for its unique use of woods, finishes, and quality. $.50.
21. **Henredon Upholstered Furniture:** A comprehensive [illegible] designs—from refined traditional to casual contemporary. Many designs can be made by-the-inch to meet specific space needs. Brochure $4.00.
22. **Howard Miller Clock Co.:** Enter Howard Miller's world. From traditional grandfather clocks to the ultimate in contemporary designs, Howard Miller—more than clocks, a life-style. Catalog $5.00.
23. **Jacuzzi Whirlpool Bath:** Provides the ultimate in whirlpool bathing. Experience luxurious hydrotherapy in any bath or spa selected from the full-color catalogs available. Decorating ideas included. Free product catalog.
24. **JD Fabrics Ltd.:** Offers the latest decorating statements in fine upholstery and wall-covering fabrics. From a museum collection of Southwest patterns, classic English Country designs, versatile textures, to imported tapestries. JD Fabrics has become a quality source for leading designers and architects who rely on the eminence of [illegible]
25. **John Widdicomb Company:** John Widdicomb investment-quality furniture—a splendid, authoritative lustrative tour of the traditional hand skills employed [illegible] Brochure $10.00.
26. **Kentucky Wood Floors:** Presents a broad line [illegible] product line offers Custom Classics, Custom Bord Plank and Parquet in domestic and exotic wood spec for that special residential accent area. Brochure price list $2.00.
27. **Kohler Co.:** Bath and Kitchen ideas from Kohler complete set of full-color product catalogs covering ba and whirlpools, showers, lavatories, toilets and bid kitchen and bar sinks, faucets and accessories. Plu 68 page full-color idea book, Bath Persona, desig to help you plan and create your bath with Koh Price $7.00.
28. **Kreepy Krauly® Automatic Pool Cleani System:** Over half a million pool owners worldwide on Kreepy Krauly® because it automatically vacuums scrubs walls, floors, and tiles. Eliminates hand-vacu ing. Free brochure with facts and photos.
29. **Laura Ashley by Post:** Romantic designs in fash and for the home with an English accent. Enjoy a full of fashion and home furnishings catalogs and a Christ Gift Guide. Subscription refundable with first purch $5.00.
30. **Lenox China and Crystal:** Full-color broch features traditional and contemporary patterns in Len China dinnerware and Lenox Crystal stemware. Plus chures for Lenox China gifts, Lenox Crystal gifts, Lenox Chinastone® versatile casual dinnerware. $5.0
31. **Lilypons Water Gardens:** Enjoy tranquil w lilies, darting goldfish, splashing water in your gar this year. Let Lilypons show you pools, aquatic pl goldfish, and the works to make your dream come Catalog $5.00.
32. **Lunt Silversmiths:** Offers a complete full-color chure of their active sterling flatware patterns at request. Free.
33. **Maintenance-Free Fence Brochure:** A num Fences by Jerith offer the appearance and prote of wrought iron without the maintenance. Jerith's fe cannot rust and repainting isn't necessary. Send $.2 brochure
34. **Mannington Mills:** Luxurious flooring with a tenance-friendly edge can be yours with Mannin Resilient Floors' exclusive "Never-Wax" advantage. brochure provides selection and care tips for top-qu sheet vinyl flooring. Free.
35. **Martex Video:** "*A Visit to Le Jonchet*"—experi the country home of Hubert de Givenchy through a and beautiful video tour. Visit rooms filled with impo artworks and view the Givenchy bed and bath colle inspired by this historic château. Send $9.95 for VHS home video cassette.
36. **Marvin Windows:** Catalog contains 72 pages color installation photographs, construction and en saving features, as well as tracing details. Product tured include Marvin's entire line of wood and clad- windows, sliding and hinged patio doors, as well as th line of high-performance windows, The Magnum S Free 4-color catalog.
37. **The McGuire Company:** Large 68-page with 87 color pictures featuring our classic collecti the premier rattan designs. Also shown—designs McGuire Special Collections: Bamboo Tables, Or Hardwood, Teak, Suga Cage, Cane Wicker, Palasan Zambales. $5.00.
38. **Nancy Corzine:** A furniture catalog for the ir designer in everyone. $35.00.

neida Silversmiths: [illegible]

sborne & Little: Leading English designers of fine [illegible]

oggenpohl USA: [illegible]

aynor Garage Doors: [illegible]

eed & Barton Silversmiths: [illegible]

obert Allen: [illegible]

oche-Bobois: [illegible]

odolph, Inc.: [illegible]

olscreen Company: [illegible]

oyal Copenhagen: [illegible]

ue de France: [illegible]

Schumacher & Co.: [illegible]

ligh Clock Catalog: [illegible]

mallbone Inc.: [illegible]

he Spiegel Catalog: [illegible]

homasville Furniture Industries, Inc.: [illegible]

ropitone Furniture Co.: [illegible]

Val Saint Lambert Crystal: [illegible]

Vertical Blinds: [illegible]

Wamsutta: [illegible]

Wood-Mode Cabinetry: [illegible]

SPECIALTY ITEMS

AT&T: [illegible]

Capability's Books: [illegible]

Koh-i-noor, Inc.: [illegible]

Sunbrella® Canvas Fabrics: [illegible]

Talbots: [illegible]

TRAVEL

Admiral Cruises: [illegible]

Air France: [illegible]

Bermuda Department of Tourism: [illegible]

Boca Raton Hotel and Club: [illegible]

The Breakers: [illegible]

British Airways: [illegible]

71. **Costa Cruises:** There's only one way to cruise the [illegible]

Hotel Diva: [illegible]

La Costa Hotel & Spa: [illegible]

Las Vegas Hilton: [illegible]

Ma Maison Sofitel: [illegible]

Palm Beach Polo and Country Club: [illegible]

Pierre Marques: [illegible]

Quail Lodge, Carmel, Ca.: [illegible]

San Diego: [illegible]

Scandinavia, The Undiscovered: [illegible]

Studio Cosmyl Beauty Spa: [illegible]

Westwood Marquis Hotel and Gardens: [illegible]

Williams Island: [illegible]

WINES & SPIRITS

Kahlua Recipe Book: [illegible]

Pimm's Cup: [illegible]

Remy Martin Cognac: [illegible]

BERGDORF GOODMAN

Bergdorf Goodman makes up for having no interior-design service by presenting not only one of the most select collections of mostly small furnishings for the house but also one of the loveliest environments in which to shop for such treasures. The attractions of the seventh floor lie in a floor plan that uses a broad corridor accented at regular intervals by furnished rotundas linking a series of domestically scaled rooms. But what really reinforces the homelike environment BG strives for is a feature offered by no other department store—abundant natural light.

Through an atelier-style skylight facing east, daylight pours in to brighten the Café Vienna, a charming refuge for lunch or tea, and to highlight an area where contemporary machine-made and handmade objects are arranged. Running along the north side of the floor are a line of small multipaned windows which afford postcard views of Fifth Avenue, the Plaza, and Central Park and which admit daylight to rooms housing fine linens, a bath and scent shop, and the Kentshire Gallery selection of antiques.

Bergdorf has a top-of-the-line bridal registry, stationery department, traditional china crystal/silver and gift departments, design classics area, and chocolate and gourmet food alcove, but a few exclusives are worth a special mention: the dried arrangements and fragrance products by Kenneth Turner of London and the ultrafine paisley products by Etro of Milan.

BLOOMINGDALES

In spite of its rather obnoxious claim that "it's like no other store in the world," Bloomingdales has a point. For furnishing a house or apartment, embassy or executive office, Bloomingdales offers one-stop shopping that can't be beat and a team of designers whose professionalism thankfully counters the insipid and consumerist attitude of the Bloomingdales spokeswoman.

The scope of design on the furniture floor ranges, according to Eileen Joyce, director of interior design, from "spare modern, to elaborate traditional." In addition to carrying name brands such as Baker, Henredon, Lane, and Leathercraft, Bloomingdales produces its own lines of furniture, such as its Cherrywood Biedermeier collection, designed by the furniture design staff and manufactured in Italy, and its rattan furniture made in the Philippines.

Clients taking advantage of the interior-design studio do not, however, have to limit their selection to what is on the floor. Bloomingdales draws heavily from its close neighbor, the D & D Building, as well as from a wide range of other showrooms and sources. Though most of the projects involve private residences, the studio routinely does executive offices and model and corporate apartments from Tokyo to Colorado to the Caribbean. All that's required is a minimum budget of $5,000, which, not surprisingly, is well below the average budget, and a fee of $500, which is credited once the budget is spent. There is a $150 fee for a home visit plus travel expenses, if any, and there are higher fees for budgets upwards of $25,000.

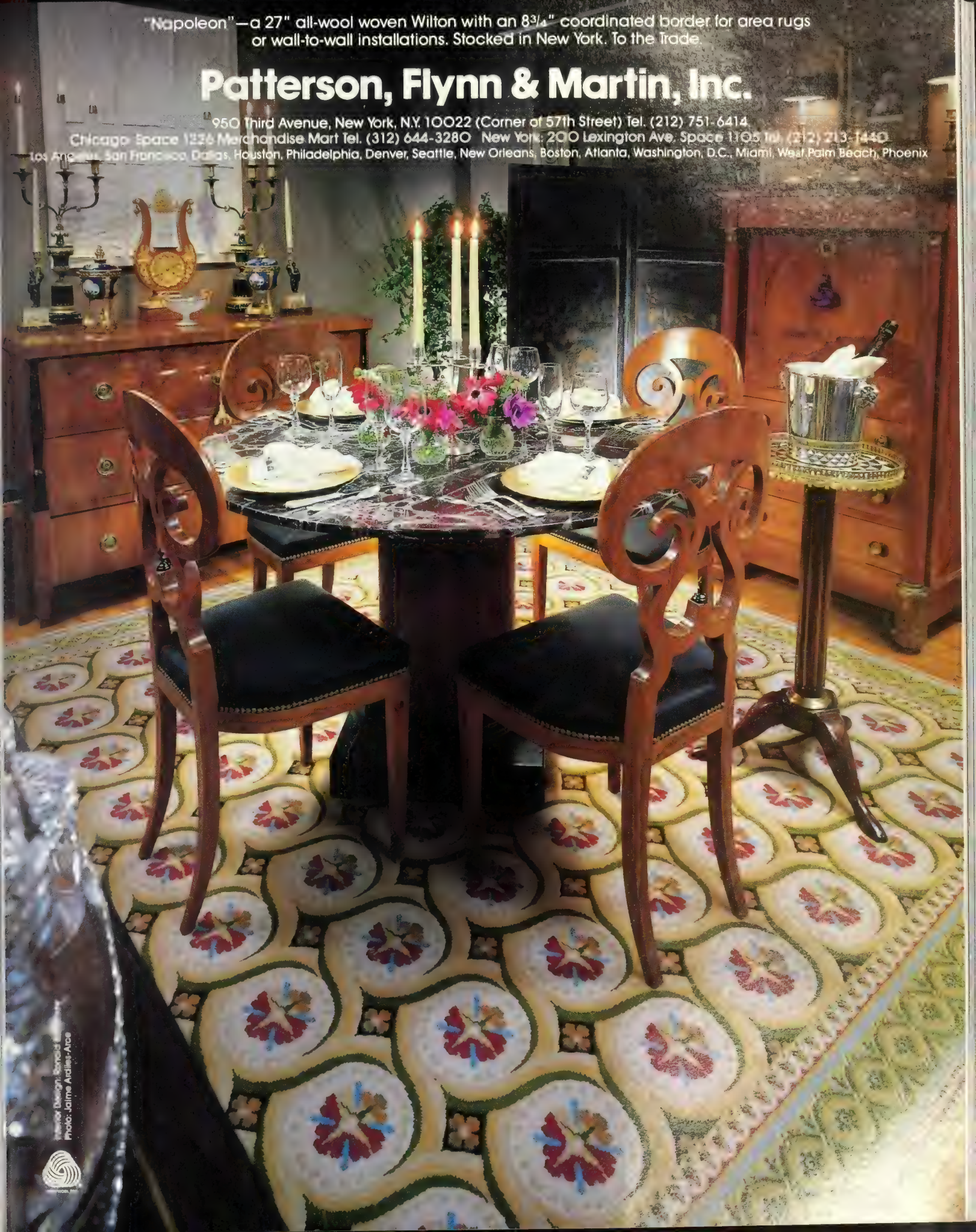
During a client's initial meeting a design coordinator will suggest a good match—in terms of style and personality—of designer to client. But the best way to get a handle on the style that is Bloomingdales is to swing by the model rooms once every six months. Executed by Richard Knapple, vice president in charge of interior design, and Barbara Deichman, in charge of the furniture floor and model rooms, the stage-set rooms are tied in with storewide themes such as Hollywood or China and, whether or not you need to redecorate, are the best theater value in town.

LORD & TAYLOR

The interior-design studio of Lord & Taylor operates in much the same fashion as that of its friendly rival down the avenue, B. Altman. The studio here dates back to the 1920s and is currently made up of six designers headed up by director Mary Moore. She conducts the first meeting with the client where she tries to match the client to an appropriate interior designer. Clients sign a retainer, a $300 fee against a minimum purchase of $5,000. The next meeting between the designer and the client takes place in the client's home where a floor plan is approved. Then, depending on the way you view shopping, the fun or agony begins.

Like the other department stores, Lord & Taylor's model rooms change twice a year, guided by the skillful hand and eye of Winston Miller. What is on the floor is mainly traditional, about one-fourth contemporary with furniture companies such as Baker, Hickory, State of Newburgh, Lee, and Meyer Gunther Martini well represented. Lord & Taylor no longer carries rugs or fabrics, but its designers do have access to all outside showrooms. The best-kept secret of this store is its antiques department, which, though small, features an especially fine selection of Scandinavian and English furniture chosen by buyer Kendra Hillman. ♠

Heather Smith MacIsaac


"Napoleon"—a 27" all-wool woven Wilton with an 8¾" coordinated border for area rugs or wall-to-wall installations. Stocked in New York. To the Trade.
Patterson, Flynn & Martin, Inc.
950 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 (Corner of 57th Street) Tel. (212) 751-6414
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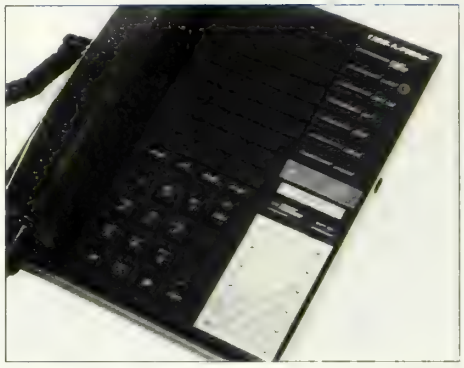
Los Angeles, San Francisco, Dallas, Houston, Philadelphia, Denver, Seattle, New Orleans, Boston, Atlanta, Washington, D.C., Miami, West Palm Beach, Phoenix
Interior Design: Ronald Photo: Jaime Ardiles-Arce



Telephone answering devices, from left, Executyne 2010, Code-A-Phone 5890, Cobra AN-8516. Below: PhoneMate 7300.

Microchip Messages

Today's answering machines do more than just record—they actually talk to you

Nowadays having a human being answer the telephone is the exception rather than the rule. Today's answering machines do more than just take messages; in a microchip-generated voice that sounds like a polite-but-tired robot, many new machines tell you how many calls you've had and then ask if you would like to erase, save, or listen to the messages. And since the microchip has no moving parts, the odds for a mechanical breakdown are far less likely.

Practically every function the telephone answering device (TAD) is capable of performing can be executed by remote control, and in most cases the access code is something no longer assigned by the manufacturer. For example, an older answering machine might have had an access code of 5 randomly assigned by the manufacturer. Now, as a security measure—like your bank card—the TAD owner programs the two or three digit code as often as he or she likes. The problem of what to do when the phone rings and you are not near the answering machine has also been solved. Many TADs can be turned off with the press of a button on the nearest extension. Here's a selection of sleek new models:

Executyne 2010 Electra-Phone Answering System This great-looking machine has telephone push-buttons that double as function keys for TAD, extension-phone control, and message stacking—calls are played back two seconds apart, meaning no more long pauses ($199.95).

Code-A-Phone 5890 The many features include a microchip for outgoing messages and tape for incoming; time/day stamp (digital voice states time of each call), 24-number one-touch dialer, message forwarding (alerts you at another phone that you have a call), and a private-message feature that allows you to leave information for a specific caller. Caller must know the secret code to retrieve the message ($269.95).

Cobra AN-8516 This sleek and simple model uses both microchip and tape, has time/date stamp, extension-phone control, digital message counter and clock ($149.95).

PhoneMate 7300 A chatty machine, it all but talks you through your day. When you use the three-digit remote access, a voice lets you choose between erasing messages and changing your message. Also has time/date stamp, audio clock, and pad and pencil under the lid ($179.95).

Sony IT-A650 This speakerphone (not shown) has a message-alert system that notifies you at another telephone number if there is a message, as well as one-touch speed dialing ($249.95).

All available at major department and electronics stores. Prices approximate.

Gabrielle Winkel

Friday at the races in Sussex.

Observed in Philadelphia.

"Naturally, I lost my shirt. Why should this year be any different?"

"Was Enid there?"

"With her new husband, Mr. Tall and Witty."

"Did she talk about me?"

"Not exactly. But I did detect a note of tragic longing in her eyes."

"Maybe she bet as badly as you did."

Odds are, you'd enjoy a bit of time with your best friend in Britain. With AT&T, it costs a lot less than you'd think. So go ahead. **Reach out and touch someone.®**

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The right choice.

Trivial Disputes

(Continued from page 178) the time it took to walk five or seven leagues (about fifteen or twenty miles), according to Terence Scully's paper at Oxford, "Peculiar Pots in Medieval France." As I have rarely walked five or seven leagues without breaks for lunch and little naps, I am glad to have been born in an age of Duracell batteries.

Q. How can you tell Americans apart from all other peoples?

A. By their measuring cups. "Nowhere else but in these United States does an entire nation habitually and almost exclusively measure dry ingredients with a cup," announced Raymond Sokolov, *The Wall Street Journal*'s leisure and arts page editor who also writes an indispensible column about food for *Natural History* magazine. His audience at the Oxford food symposium could marshal only a few exceptions: Canada, probably Australia, and possibly Iraq, where after decades of British administration some cookbooks specified the Player's cigarette tin as a universal unit of measurement which the servants would not steal or break.

The rest of the world uses scales to weigh its dry ingredients because scales are vastly more accurate than cups for things like flour, cornstarch, and cocoa. Depending on how densely compacted it is, a pound of flour can fill up as few as three cups or as many as four and a half, which means that Americans almost never bake the same cake twice.

How ever did we get into such a pickle? Sokolov proposes the "Conestoga theory" of cup measurement—that "pioneers and homesteaders heading west did not bother lugging heavy metal scales with their weights." But early American cookbooks call for flour by weight, at least some of the time, and it was not until Fannie Farmer's *Boston Cooking-School Cook Book* of 1896, when most Conestoga wagons were rusting in suburban garages, that cup measurement had been universally adopted—on the backward notion that it was more scientific. Marion Cunningham's twelfth edition of Fannie Farmer (1979) gives both cups and grams.

Q. How strong is the scientifically ideal cooking pot?

A. If your pot isn't stronger than 1,000 newtons, it will deform when you drop it. If it *is* stronger than 1,000 newtons, it may deform your foot when you drop it.

Q. Why have you never eaten an Irish cheese?

A. Because you missed the Oxford symposium this year where we sampled six Irish cheeses at lunch one day. You won't find them at your local cheese shop.

While the rest of Europe foundered about in the dark ages, the eighth century was a golden era for Ireland, Irish art, and Irish cheese. Emissaries from the great Irish monasteries were dispatched to the Continent with the secrets of cheese, which according to chauvinistic modern Irish cheeselovers gave many important European cheeses their start.

Despite this proud history, the Irish produced little cheese between 1700 and 1970. Everybody knows they had countless cows—Ireland was the largest butter exporter in the world by 1800—but nobody can quite explain the disappearance of cheesemaking. Myrtle Allen from County Cork, author of *The Ballymaloe Cookbook* (soon to be published in a U.S. edition), ascribes it to the wholesale shift in landholdings between 1650 and 1700, when the Catholic Anglo-Irish aristocracy were vanquished by Oliver Cromwell and William III and ended up landless. The new Protestant elite could not or would not make cheese, which had to await the early 1970s for its comeback. It was then that two university graduates inherited a little farm on the west coast of Ireland, decided to live there full-time and, using a Muenster-style recipe they had reclaimed from Europe, began making a pink creamy washed-rind cheese they call Milleens. Other cheesemakers followed.

Myrtle Allen brought some little wheels of Milleens to the Oxford symposium, along with the firmer and milder Gubbeens, a delicious Cooleeny Camembert—which won first prize at a Dublin agricultural show—and my favorite, Cashel blue, an unctuous veined cheese that at the time struck me and my palate as nearly world-class.

Q. Who invented surf 'n' turf?

A. Please see the next question.

Q. What is the food of the moment?

A. Catalan cuisine. All the portents are favorable. Atheneum has published Colman Andrews's beautifully written cookbook of that name. Barcelona will be host to the 1992 Olympics. And the AIWF conference devoted an afternoon and a lunch to the subject.

Catalonia is the region of northeastern Spain around Barcelona comprising four provinces and over six million inhabitants. The Catalonians, haunted by memories of their medieval Mediterranean empire, speak of *els països catalans*, which stretch from Valencia all the way to the Sardinian city of Alghero, where the people still speak and eat Catalan. The food is often monochromatically brown, deeply flavored, and very salty, its fats are lard and olive oil, and its ingredients are salt cod and shellfish, rabbit and game, garlic and anchovies, eggplants, peppers, almonds, hazelnuts, pears, and figs. If the Catalonians have a national dish, it is the ragout of chicken and shellfish called *mar i muntanya* (surf 'n' mountain), a medley traceable to the Romans, who occupied Catalonia for seven hundred years. Following the fall of Rome, the Visigoths moved in and, after them, the Moors—and these are the ancestors of Catalan cuisine. If you think the Catalonians spell Spanish words in a funny way, that is because Catalan is not a Spanish dialect but a language in its own right.

Q. What will next year's food of the moment be?

A. My candidate, admittedly a longshot, is Visigoth cuisine. The Visigoths ruled Europe from Gibraltar to the Rhone for 250 years after the fall of Rome, until the Arabs forced them out of Spain in 711. History has dealt the Visigoths an unfair hand, picturing them as rude barbarians vaguely connected with the destruction of ancient civilization. Sure they were, but consider their accomplishments. Their laws, written in Latin, strongly influenced South American jurisprudence. They became Christians as early as the sixth century, setting a fine example for the later Spanish Inquisition by forcing the Jews to accept baptism in the year 600. And most important, their sweet-and-sour cooking left its mark throughout southwest France and Iberia, especially in Catalonia. Yet you will search in vain for a Visigoth cookbook or restaurant. It is the last undiscovered cuisine of Europe and deserves an airing.

Q. Have you ever eaten an authentic paella?

A. I doubt it. There are four rules for making a real Valencian paella. It must be cooked outdoors, by a man, over a fire of vine cuttings and citrus wood. It must contain only chicken and rabbit (no lobsters crawling all about). The grains of rice must be three millimeters long, like the arborio rice you use in risotto. And you must add either twelve snails or two sprigs of rosemary but not both. Has any of your paellas met these tests?

One of the final sessions at Oxford was a seminar conducted by Lourdes March on paella, which means both the wide shallow pan and also the food you cook in it. (Lourdes wrote *El libro de la paella y de los arroces*, published in Madrid in 1985, and is collaborating on a book about olives and olive oil with Alicia Ríos.) She began with the history and etymology of paella and its symbolism as an "ancestral rite of cyclical fecundation of the earth" performed away from the kitchen and thus away from the feminine hand. Then she attacked false paellas and their jumble of

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ingredients that "have nothing to do with the well-balanced and true formula," which she proceeded to reveal.

The rest of us were skeptical on several points. Few of us had ever met a paella we'd liked. And how can two sprigs of rosemary substitute for twelve snails, we asked. As would often be the case over the next few hours, Lourdes humbled the skeptics among us. In Valencia, when you catch snails for your paella, you feed them rosemary for a few days, both to purge them and give them flavor. Herbs from the sunburned gardens of Spain are so intense that twelve snails contribute all the rosemary you need. Why bother with a fire of vine cuttings and citrus wood? Lourdes explained that as the cooking liquid evaporates from the wide surface of the pan, it mixes with the smoke and then condenses back, bestowing an indispensable flavor to the dish.

Paul Levy, a transplanted American who is food and wine editor of the London *Observer*, author of the very funny *Out to Lunch*, and one of the pillars of the British food world, lives in a seventeenth-century farmhouse ten miles northwest of Oxford with his wife, Penny, who publishes art books, and their two daughters. When the symposium was over, Paul and Penny invited ten of us back to their farm, where Lourdes March and Alicia Ríos adapted their ancestral rite of cyclical fecundation to the Oxfordshire terrain. Paul had a good supply of plump corn-fed chickens, but the only rabbit in sight was Leonard Woolf, a family pet. When Penny guarded Leonard Woolf against our offers to dress him for the pot, Lourdes settled for Paul's frozen pigeons. Paul had neither collected snails from his garden nor gorged them on herbs, so Lourdes sent one of us off to pluck some branches from Paul's pungent rosemary patch.

We gathered round as Lourdes and Alicia meticulously leveled Paul's U.S.–made barbecue so that the oil and broth would lie perfectly even in the pan and lit the fire of vines and apricot branches, and finally, in a desperate act, an old crate. For the next two hours they composed the paella, dispatching the rest of us now and then on vital errands to other parts of the garden and the farmhouse. First the fowl were browned all over in olive oil. Green beans and chopped tomatoes were added and sautéed for a few minutes, and the heat was reduced. To say that the heat was reduced is to summarize a complex process in which Lourdes made the rest of us reach into the dense billows of smoke obscuring the paella, the barbecue, and most of Lourdes to pull out some of the flaming wood. Tedious micromanagement of the fire continued throughout the hours of cooking. My slacks and jacket lost their bouquet of Valencia-on-Thames only after two dry cleanings back home.

Paprika, some broad white beans in their cooking liquid, and additional water now went into the pan. Lourdes had brought the dried beans from Spain, and Alicia had boiled them indoors before the fire was started. Lourdes and Alicia called them limas, but nobody else agreed. We argued aimlessly about whether they were really dried favas, butter beans, or broad beans, until Lourdes silenced us all with their Latin classification, *Phaseolus lunatus*, which Paul nicely translated as moon beans. When I returned to the hotel that night and opened the *Oxford Book of Food Plants*, I realized that Lourdes had tricked us, because *Phaseolus lunatus* covers all the eligible candidates.

After an hour, when the chicken and pigeon were tender, Lourdes and Alicia added the two sprigs of rosemary, some powdered saffron, and a little salt, mixed them around, and removed about two cups of the dark liquid. Vine cuttings were added to enrage the fire, and a kilogram of rice was sprinkled evenly over the broth. After ten minutes of vigorous cooking the fire was damped, and the simmering continued for another ten minutes until the rice was just al dente. The reserved broth was added in small doses as the rice swelled, just as when you cook risotto.

All of us were ravenous, but Lourdes let the dark reddish brown paella stand for five minutes as the grains of rice absorbed more flavor and loosened from one another. Our conversation, which had degenerated into a cross-cultural comparison of methods for cooking udders among the English, Romans, Mexicans, and Yemenite Jews, ceased as soon as we began to share the true Valencian paella. The rice lining the bottom of the pan was browned and crusty, the meat was tender and deeply flavored. Everything was imbued with the smoke of vines and fruitwood and the aroma of rosemary, and the *Phaseoli lunati* were, well, incomparable.

Max Lake, an Australian doctor turned winemaker, broke out a case of his best Australian red, and when no more than half of it had been drunk, one of the British writers among us revealed that, at the age of sixteen on a vacation in Spain with her parents, she had been courted by El Cordobés, perhaps the greatest bullfighter who ever lived. ▲

Chambelland

(Continued from page 203) reliefs of the duchesse de Berry in four corners of the ceiling commemorate her 1832 visit in an attempt to rally the Vendée to revolt against the Louis Philippe regime. Although he denies harboring royalist sentiments—maître (the French auctioneer's appellation) is a "very Republican title," he points out—Chambelland admits he won't be participating in next year's bicentennial celebrations of the French Revolution: "The Vendée suffered terribly during the Revolution. One out of three houses were burned down, and one inhabitant of four was killed. It was a stronghold of royalist resistance, and the people have remained very traditional."

The twentieth century has made inroads into the house with designs by Garouste and Bonetti. These include a lamp and a green bronze display cabinet for his pipes and polished rusted-iron bookshelves set against the bare stone walls in the former salle de garde of the ancient donjon, the oldest part of the house.

Otherwise, modern obsessions get short shrift. "I'm anti–swimming pool, antibeach, and antisuntan," he states. The country pleasures here are as old-fashioned as the Vendée itself—gardening, reading, country walks, and bicycle rides.

Books fill two libraries, bound volumes and hardbacks in the winter library off the drawing room, paperbacks and lighter reading in the Garouste and Bonetti summer bookstacks. The books, too, are auction prizes. "Things you never would find in a bookstore," he says, like the story of Élisabeth, sister of Louis XVI, complete with royal seals, or the eight-volume memoirs of Casanova he has just finished reading.

Houseguests "come in a constant current for long weekends, which is what is needed in a big house like this." They happily pitch in with gardening projects, such as helping plant the labyrinth of cherry laurel and thuja Chambelland designed with the help of a friend, Christian Louboutin, who is both a shoe designer and landscape artist. Life and dress are casual. "In summer we're outdoors until ten p.m.," though occasionally in winter he might give a more formal party.

Chambelland shuns the role of local luminary. "I have enough of that in Paris. I flee invitations and social life here. The locals may see me in my Rolls, but they also see me on my tractor collecting wood. I don't like playing the chatelain." But with the reopening of the house, the unspoken complicity that existed between village and château has been renewed. "Though no one in my family had lived here for 140 years, they knew immediately who I was," he says. Old customs are maintained. "It's traditional for village couples to pose for their wedding photographs in the château garden, and they were happy when I restored the house after so many years of neglect." When he was on a trip to India during a harsh winter and the radiators froze, workers came from the village to take them apart, piece by frozen piece, before a thaw brought disaster.

"I feel completely at home in the Vendée," says Chambelland. "I grew up here, and I've always adored the country life, the fields and woods." He contrives to divide his time evenly between Paris and the country, spending Saturday through Monday, two weeks at Easter, three weeks at Christmas, and five to six weeks in the summer here. "It works out to one day out of two over the year." The park and garden, which had been overrun by farmland, are priorities. "I want to re-create an English-style park in the spirit of a hundred years ago."

Inspired by a hundred-year-old Ginkgo biloba tree, which dominates the front of the house, he has begun planting rare varieties—an Osage orange tree, an oak-leaved hydrangea. He has installed allées of pink and white chestnut trees behind the house and clumps of maritime pines and poplars which have shot up along a small brook running through the estate.

White butterflies hover over the garden, an English-style mélange of nasturtiums, roses, and dahlias in overflowing beds edged in box. There are hollyhock borders, clusters of iris, and a superior potager with rows of lettuce, tomatoes, cucumbers, asparagus, peas, violet string beans (which turn green in cooking), and a Vendéan vegetable called poirée whose leaves are eaten like spinach, its roots grilled. This is the cosseted domain of Monsieur Marteau, French gardener à l'ancien, a great favorite with château guests for the variety of his gardening attire. "He changes four times a day," says Chambelland. "He has a different outfit for each job: one for cutting the grass, one for pruning the roses, for turning over the vegetable garden, harvesting the fruit."

Country life spills over into the interiors. Off the bedroom wing a narrow stone spiral staircase is currently off limits because a pair of owls has hatched three babies in the tower. A pet rabbit—a Parisian transplant—roams wild in the kitchen. That country staple, the dog, is missing, but a visitor's approach is signaled by the piercing gobble of an imposing turkey who shares the front terrace with a strutting rooster.

Château days begin at seven and often include a postlunch siesta "like the local farmers, who don't work between noon and five, but start again in the evening," Chambelland explains. "The Vendée is the beginning of the south and is very southern in habit."

This flavor of the relaxed French country life is a far cry from the tumultuous afternoon sales at Drouot. "But I'm not at all a Parisian," exclaims Chambelland. "In Paris I'm an immigrant worker." After a 140-year gap, the Chambelland family is back home. ♠

Editor: Deborah Webster

In Perfect Harmony

(Continued from page 172) dated from the same decade as the Regent's Park terraces, it was not at that time what realtors call "a showplace." Running water and electric light had the status of exotic and precarious novelties. During World War II, the Chantry had sheltered successively some bombed-out families, a school with apparently zero attendance, and a chocolate factory. Such was the density of the bramble, laurel, elder and long grass all round the house that many people who had looked over the wall at the edge of the property were of the opinion that the house must no longer exist.

In the choice of the Chantry, as in its eventual decoration, the householders' delight in historic detail, and in particular their predilection for family portraits, found an outlet. A French interviewer recently described the portraits in question as "awkward and sepulchral," but to the Powells they are living presences whose every quirk is known.

As genealogists, they are both in the Olympic class. Violet Powell's family tree is so luxuriant that she became versed, from the nursery onwards, in tables of descent. In Anthony Powell's case, the passion was certainly not inherited. "My father found family history uncongenial to a degree. Regarding his own advent into the world as a phenomenon isolated from the mainstream of human causation, he was not merely bored by genealogy, he was affronted. Unlike my father, I have always found pleasure in genealogical investigation. When properly conducted, it teaches much about the vicissitudes of human life, the vast extent of human oddness."

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In Perfect Harmony

an ancestry that can be traced without fakery or interruption to a Welsh lord called Rhys the Hoarse who died in 1234 at the age of 65 from wounds received while storming Carmarthen Castle, it would be possible to look back in complacency upon an eight-hundred-year lineage.

But although he did once say that "it must be agreed as incontrovertibly smart to have been compared to King Lear a century or more before Shakespeare standardized the story," no one was ever less likely to boast of such things than he. He loves to entertain with tales of forebears who went bankrupt, were accused of physical assault, and wound up in prison (even if for one day only). Of the member of his mother's family, the Dymokes, who acted as king's champion (a spectacular but largely rhetorical role) at the coronation of Richard II in 1377, he will say only that "it looks very much as if that whole business of King's champion might have been a put-up job."

Even the stylish portrait of the first Duke of Marlborough over the fireplace is quietly undercut. "As he was an ancestor of Violet's, it's all right for him to be here. But there are people who say that the costume is the wrong date, and that it may not be him at all, but some Frenchman or other." Remarks of this sort are followed by a grin of delight at the macédoine of fact and fun that runs throughout the house.

The Chantry in its present well-developed state bears the mark of both its owners. "Tony has undergone only two conversions," Violet Powell likes to say. "One was early on in our marriage, when he stopped liking modern tubular furniture." From that epiphany there followed the large commodious, handsome, but by now often well-worn pieces of Empire furniture that could until quite lately be bought for almost nothing.

"The second conversion was to wallpaper." Wallpaper did not sit well with tubular furniture in London, but in the country both Empire furniture and family portraits seemed to call for it. But what kind of wallpaper? Though not normally given to flamboyance, Anthony Powell went up to London and bought a dark sonorous broad-ribbed paper for the library and, in time, a festive military motif, all piled trophies in black on mulberry red for the staircase.

People said, "Now the Powells have gone too far." But they hadn't. Those papers give weight, in the one case, and a glowing brilliance on the other. Both by inheritance and as a result of his own war service, Anthony Powell holds the British army in awe, though with a very sharp eye for its occasional absurdities. In the Chantry military prints hang against yellow wallpaper speckled with blue, and plumed military helmets sit on top of bound sets of *Chums* and *The Boy's Own* annual of many decades ago. In earlier years, when Powell was writing his *Dance* in an upstairs room on a typewriter dating from the year 1931, a visitor might notice, ever near at hand, a small autographed photograph of Field Marshal Montgomery with a group of foreign military attachés, at a late stage in World War II with their liaison officer, Major A. D. Powell.

The Powells are kept informed of today's goings-on both by their own children and grandchildren and by a vast much-ramified cousinage. An accomplished biographer and memoirist, Lady Violet has a sense of period that is quite as acute as her husband's. Occasionally he will feign to be an antic old-stager: "I never cared for decimal coinage. What's good enough for Charlemagne was good enough for me." But fundamentally they both watch and wait for the moment at which "the present becomes the immediate past," to be discussed and dissected with a relish undimmed by time. If, for example, Violet Powell makes a quilt, it is made up not of Victorian patches but of scraps of early Laura Ashley.

Memories are long in this house where the Army List of 1798 is as vivid as the newly arrived London *Times* and we sometimes ponder the fact—awesome among today's galloping actualities—that our host's grandfather was born in 1814, the year before the battle of Waterloo put Napoleon out of business. But then the Chantry, like the countryside in which it stands, is inmost England, and never more so than now. ♠

Family Trees

(Continued from page 199) bench tender Malaysian rhododendrons offer clustered blooms of delicately shaded yellow and salmon. There are pots of clivia, oleanders, chrysanthemums, and fig trees. A search for a ripe fig is fruitless. "Everyone loves them," he says.

Other members of the Hunnewell family continue to live nearby, as Hollis Hunnewell hoped they would when he built houses for each of his seven surviving children. Only one is no longer lived in by Hunnewells. It now serves as the Wellesley College Center for Research on Women. Brothers, sisters, and cousins all work hard to keep the place going.

The chief glory of Wellesley is the pinetum. Walter Hunnewell walks among the magnificent trees, his own well-thumbed plan in hand, checking on his favorites, picking up a broken branch here, uprooting an unwanted seedling there. As a boy he worked here with his father. The trees are old companions whose habits and idiosyncrasies he knows well. Most of the pine trees are labeled—an unending task—and Walter Hunnewell knows their ages.

After walking around the Hunnewell place for several hours one chilly day, one is reminded of a remark Hollis Hunnewell made in 1899 in reference to his trees. "No Vanderbilt, with all his great wealth, can possess one of these for the next fifty years, for it could not be grown in less time than that." ♠

Editor: Senga Mortimer

The Art of Love

(Continued from page 161) apartments. That still was not enough. Christina never stopped buying, in the process gathering enough great art to fill a good-size museum.

It was also in Rome that Christina found the second great attachment of her life: having loved the beautiful Ebba Sparré in her youth, she now formed a relationship, the exact nature of which is not known, with Cardinal Decio Azzolino. It was to the cardinal she left her entire collection at her death in 1689. Knowing how she felt about it, one cannot imagine a greater proof of respect and affection. The cardinal, however, died within two months of his friend; slowly the paintings passed into other hands. Most were eventually bought by British collectors from whom, in turn, both the Metropolitan Museum and the Frick acquired several Veroneses.

Today there could be no major Veronese exhibition without Christina's paintings, and that is as it should be. When a great artist and a great collector come together in this way, their conjunction, even after three centuries, has something to say to the art lover in every one of us. ♠


The Elegant Touch
G. DURAND
France

Sources

STYLE

Page 46 Oeafus-Brel Regency chair, $3,225, by James H. Harris & Co., to the trade at Luten Clarey Stern, NYC (212) 838-6420. Kiang wallpaper, 27" wide, $72 roll, by Lef Impressions, to the trade at Boussac of France, NYC; Curran, Atlanta, High Point; Ostrer House, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; DeCioccio, Cincinnati; Decorators Walk, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Washington, D.C.; Todd Wiggins, Dania, Miami; Newton-Edwards, Laguna Niguel; Janus et Cie, Los Angeles; Delk & Morrison, New Orleans; Taggart-Zwiebel, Philadelphia; S. C. Smith, Phoenix; Sloan Miyasato, San Francisco; Jane Piper Reid, Seattle. **50** Anacylpta Garden mirror, $3,990, and geometric-motif box, $1,950, by James H. Harris & Co., to the trade at Luten Clarey Stern (see above). Cotton panel from Tipu's Tent at Powis Castle is reproduced by Tissunique of London, to the trade at Classic Revivals, Boston; Rist , Washington, D.C. Chaise longue, $7,000, from Harrington Antiques, Southampton (212) 794-1076.

GRAND ILLUSIONS

Page 137 Wildlife carpet, $117 sq yd, from Einstein Moomjy, NYC, Lawrenceville, North Plainfield, Paramus, Whippany, New Jersey. **140–141** Furniture painted by John Andersen & Co. (617) 542-1515. Baroque Border, 3¼" wide, $6 yd, and Assab ribbed carpeting, $30 sq yd, both to the trade at Schumacher, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, High Point, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. Settee and chair in Capri Plain Canvas, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. Long pillow on settee in Rialto, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. Curtains of Davos, 59" wide, $140 yd, to the trade at Scalamandré, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Washington, D.C. Monoprints in window niche by Joyce Zavorskas, $85–$210, at Cummaquid Fine Arts, Cummaquid (508) 362-2593. Bedspread of Bilbao, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). **141** Chair pillow in Keswick, 54" wide, $72 yd, to the trade at Stroheim & Romann, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. Swedish chairs in Flax Narrow, 54" wide, $35 yd, to the trade at Kirk-Brummel, NYC, Chicago, Los Angeles, Miami, Troy, Washington, D.C.; Ernest Gaspard & Assoc., Atlanta; Walls Unlimited, Boston; Patton Wallcovering, Cleveland, Columbus; Hargett, Dallas, Houston; Blake House, Denver, Laguna Niguel; JW Showroom, Philadelphia; Thomas & Co., Phoenix; Le Tapisseur, Pittsburgh; Lawrence/Green, San Francisco; Jane Piper Reid, Seattle. Taffeta fabrics on bed pillows: ivory Charme (against headboard), 50"–52" wide, $128 yd, to the trade at Scalamandré (see above) and blue Verona, 49" wide, $81 yd, to the trade at Rose Cumming, NYC (212) 758-0844. Chintz pillow on bed in Marie Amelie, 53" wide, $126 yd, to the trade at Rose Cumming (see above). **145** Punta di Diamante on bed, 51" wide, $106 yd, at Christian Schlumberger, NYC (212) 879-5530. **146–147** Curtains of Diagonal Rep, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, NYC; Travis Irvin, Atlanta; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago, Troy; Rozmallin at Baker, Knapp & Tubbs, Cleveland; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Denver, Houston; William Nessen, Dania; Kneedler-Fauchère, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Croce, Philadelphia; Wayne Martin, Portland, Seattle; Mark B. Meyer, West Palm Beach. Rhododendron chintz on sofas, armchairs, and floor pillows, to the trade at Lee Jofa NYC, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Curran, Atlanta, High Point; Fortune, Boston; Howard Mathew, Denver; Tennant, Detroit; Fibre Gallery, Honolulu; Duncan & Huggins, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; James Goldman, Seattle. Sunshine and Shadows quilt, c. 1910, on sofa by window at Quilts of America, NYC (212) 535-1600. Nine Patch Variation, c.1930, quilt on right sofa at Thomas K. Woodard, NYC (212) 794-9404. Natura carpet, $58 sq yd, to the trade at Stark, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Troy, Washington, D.C.; Shears & Window, Denver, Laguna Niguel, San Francisco; Designers Showroom, Seattle. Child's chair at far left in Bermuda Coral, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above). Armless chair in Albi Plain Glazed Chintz, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above). Sofa pillows in buttercup-yellow and sapphire strié Shan, 40" wide, $75 yd, to the trade at Jack Lenor Larsen, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Washington, D.C.; Duncan & Huggins, Philadelphia; Wayne Martin, Portland; Zeising, Troy. On cocktail table: papier-mâché and lacquer dish, $595 at Charlotte Moss & Co., NYC (212) 772-3320, and cranberry glass carafes at R. Brooke, NYC (212) 628-3255. **147** Green marble vases, at R. Brooke (see above). **148** Dutch delft jars, c. 1720, at R. Brooke (see above). Dining chairs, style #416, $450 ea COM, by Swaim, High Point, call (919) 885-6131 for dealers; upholstered in Albi Plain Glazed Chintz, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see above). 14k-gold-washed bowl by Steven Stuart, to order from Gordon Foster, NYC (212) 744-4922. **149** Havering Stripe, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above). Stars quilt, c. 1925, at foot of bed and Stars quilt, c. 1890, on top of wicker basket, at Thomas K. Woodard (see above). Chinoiserie box on wicker cabinet, at R. Brooke (see above). Berries carpet, $84 sq yd, to the trade at Stark (see above).

MIAMI ON LAKE MICHIGAN

Page 173 Barcelona chairs, $5,500–$6,500 ea, depending on leather, at Knoll International, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Minneapolis, Philadelphia, Phoenix, St. Louis, San Francisco, Seattle, Washington, D.C. Torso chairs, $5,700 ea, to the trade at Atelier International, NYC, Chicago, Houston, Los Angeles, Washington, D.C. **174** Ebony-finished ashwood chair by Arata Isozaki, $2,340, at SunarHauserman, call (800) 727-5711 for dealers. MR chairs by Mies van der Rohe (no longer available in cane), $1,150 ea, at Knoll International (see above). **175** Hand-carved marble pedestal sink (style #226), $5,900, with dimension basin set in brushed chrome, $840, at Sherle Wagner, NYC; Standards of Excellence, San Diego; to the trade at Jerry Pair, Atlanta, Miami; Holly Hunt, Chicago; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Houston; Kneedler-Fauchère, Denver, San Francisco, Seattle; Morton Block, Philadelphia; Wayne Martin, Portland. **177** Solo chairs, $645 ea, at Ligne Roset, NYC, Atlanta, Cleveland, Columbus, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; Adesso, Boston, Chestnut Hill; City, Chicago; Metropolis, Minneapolis; Current, Seattle. Dish table by Michael Norris Designs, $520, at Michael Graham, Ventura (805) 653-1444. Warren Platner chairs, $1,420 ea COM, at Knoll (see above).

DRESSING UP THE COUNTRY

Pages 188–189 Tiered skirt, $42, at Betsey Johnson, NYC, Los Angeles, Miami, San Francisco, Venice Beach. **190–191** Rose Cumming's Marie Amelie on sofa (see sources for pg 141).

HOMEFRONT/ESSENTIALS

Page 212 Pair of c.-1785 Swedish armchairs, $29,000, at Florian Papp, NYC (212) 288-6770; upholstered in Jamesington linen, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see sources for pgs 146–147). **214** Counterclockwise from top left: Baroque stool, c. 1720, $12,000, at Florian Papp (see above), upholstered in Sackville linen, to the trade at Clarence House (see sources for pg 140). Tumbleweed armchair by Rose Tarlow–Melrose House, $4,800, to the trade at Luten Clarey Stern, NYC; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; Hargett, Dallas, Houston; Shears & Window, Denver, Laguna Niguel, San Francisco; Todd Wiggins, Dania, Miami; Randolph & Hein, Rose Tarlow–Melrose House, Los Angeles; upholstered in Dorset Rose linen, 56" wide, £24 m, at M.R.H. Cloth, London 730-2877 and after November at M.R.H. Cloth, NYC (212) 734-8027. Mellon fire stool, $3,900, to the trade at Ronald Jonas Interiors, NYC (212) 691-2777; upholstered in Andrea linen; 147 cm wide, £38 m, to the trade at George Spencer Designs, London 235-1501. Duchesse brissée, $5,700, at Yale R. Burge Antiques, NYC (212) 838-4005; upholstered in Suffolk Leaf linen and cotton fabric, 140 cm wide, £32 m, at George Spencer Designs (see above). Parler Deux méridienne chair, $1,920, by Karges Furniture, call (800) 252-7437 for dealers; upholstered in Roses linen and cotton fabric, 122.5 cm wide, £42 m, to order at Bennison Fabrics, London 730-8076.

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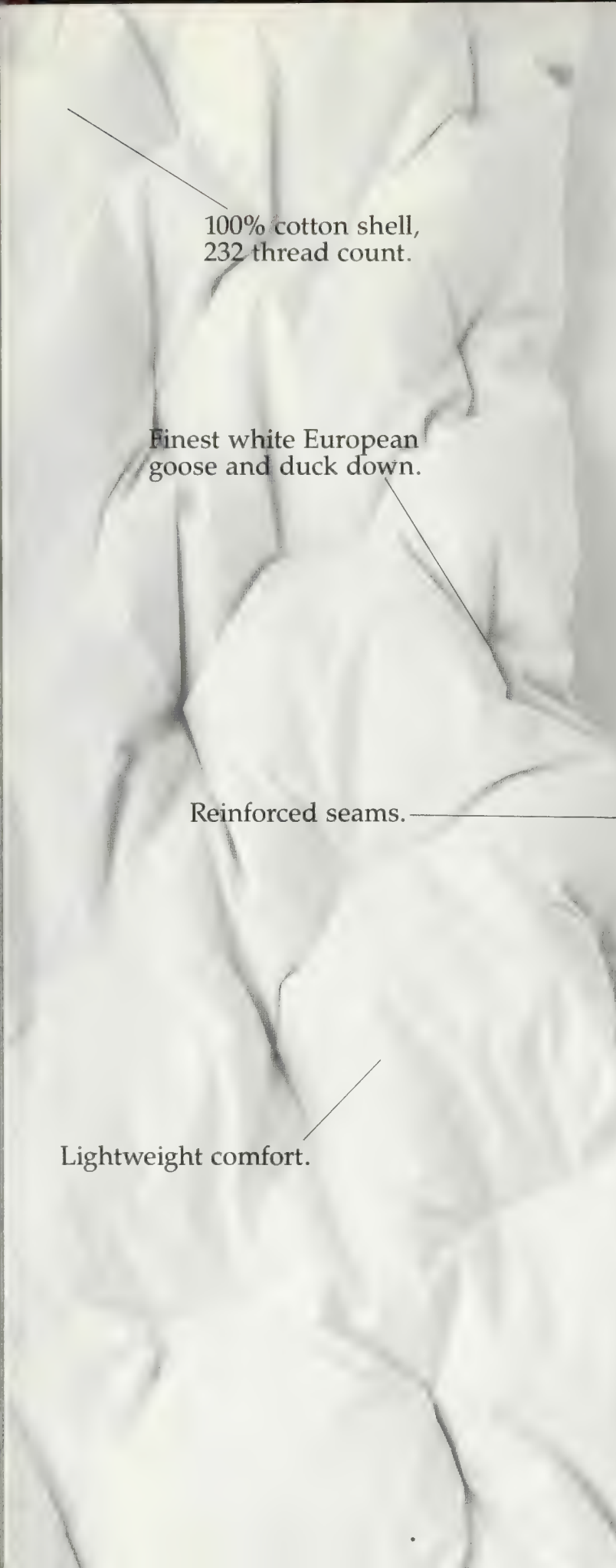
House & Garden (ISSN 0018-6406) is published monthly by The Condé Nast Publications Inc., 9100 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills CA 90212. PRINCIPAL OFFICE: 350 Madison Avenue, New York NY 10017. Bernard H. Leser, President; Eric C. Anderson, Vice President–Treasurer; Pamela van Zandt, Vice President–Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Beverly Hills CA and at additional mailing offices. Subscriptions, in U.S. and possessions, $24 for one year, $46 for two years; in Canada, $38 for one year, $74 for two years. Elsewhere, $43 for one year, payable in advance. Single copies: U.S. $4, Canada $4.50. For subscriptions, address changes, and adjustments, write to House & Garden, Box 53916, Boulder CO 80322. Eight weeks are required for change of address. Please give both new address and old as printed on last label. First copy of a new subscription will be mailed within eight weeks after receipt of order. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash. Magazine Registration File No. 9016. For further information about anything appearing in this issue, please write to House & Garden Reader Information, Condé Nast Building, 350 Madison Ave., New York NY 10017. Manuscripts, drawings, and other material submitted must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. However, House & Garden cannot be responsible for unsolicited material. **Postmaster: Send Form 3579 to House & Garden, Box 53916, Boulder CO 80322. SUBSCRIPTION INQUIRIES: Please write to House & Garden, Box 53916, Boulder CO 80322 or call (800) 525-0643.** Address all editorial, business, and production correspondence to House & Garden Magazine, 350 Madison Ave., New York NY 10017.



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GANDEE AT LARGE

Philip Johnson is the most famous architect in the world. and no one knows it better than Philip Johnson

PHILIP JOHNSON IN PRIVATE

The first time I met Philip Johnson was in 1980. He was 74. I was 27. I called him on the telephone, told him I wanted to write an article on his New Canaan, Connecticut, estate, and asked if we could meet for a chat. "Come on over," he said. So I went.

Riding up in the elevator to Johnson's 36th-floor office in the Seagram Building, I was elated: "At last," I thought, "I'm meeting the most famous architect in the world."

When I arrived, a receptionist ushered me to a seating area where I had my choice of four Barcelona chairs. I chose, and then I sat for the next 45 minutes. I looked at the Frank Stellas on the walls, I admired the Manhattan skyline out the window, but mostly I just sat.

The man himself finally appeared and escorted me to a room where, he said, we could "talk." But then when we were settled, Philip Johnson did an odd thing. He pulled out the requisite implements and began giving himself a manicure. We talked while he clipped.

Maybe Philip Johnson desperately needed a manicure that particular morning eight years ago, or maybe he was bored. Or maybe he was just trying to make the point that he was Philip Johnson, and I was not. I don't know.

I do know, however, that when the tenth fingernail had been dealt with, Johnson arose. The manicure was over. And so was the interview.

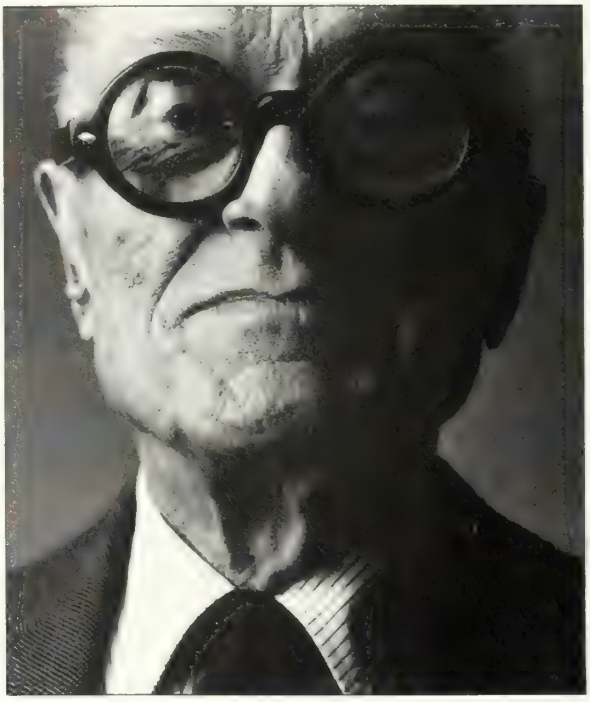
Perhaps I should have been insulted by Johnson's peculiar behavior. Perhaps that was his intent. But I wasn't. At least not after I gave it some thought. I was amused. It seemed so deliberate, so self-conscious, so stylized in its way. It seemed, in other words, so very much like his architecture.

PHILIP JOHNSON IN PUBLIC

In 1983 I received an invitation to a dinner in Johnson's honor at the Four Seasons. Black tie. The Municipal Art Society was giving him an award. It was never made clear for what. Bianca Jagger and Andy Warhol were there. Blanchette Rockefeller was there in what for then was a very short dress. It was one of those nights.

Johnson was radiant that evening, squiring Jacqueline Onassis around the room. He looked genuinely moved when she read her speech: "His talent, wit, and energy make us all the richer."

Included in Johnson's acceptance was a tirade against the city of New York for its ill-conceived beautification effort in the South Bronx. (The city was inserting trompe l'oeil geraniums and curtains into the broken windows of derelict buildings.) I thought it odd that an architect who had never shown any professional interest in public housing suddenly would, but all the women with the serious jewelry and all the men with the serious money didn't seem to notice.



Johnson was radiant, squiring Jacqueline Onassis around the room

The Municipal Art Society later sent me a photograph from that evening, an eight-by-ten glossy of Johnson and Jacqueline Onassis arm-in-arm. He was beaming with pride. She was smiling that enigmatic smile.

PHILIP JOHNSON REVISITED

Last winter it was announced that Johnson would be mounting an architecture exhibition at New York's Museum of Modern Art, and my editor announced that I was doing the story. I called him up. He said, "Come on over."

Johnson had moved from the Seagram Building into a new office in a new building he designed a few blocks away. There were no windows in the reception area, the Stellas had changed to Warhols, but the Barcelona chairs looked familiar.

I was ushered into a small room where I turned on my tape recorder.

JOHNSON: What did I read of yours the other day?

GANDEE: The Frank Gehry piece maybe.

JOHNSON: In what? In Frank Gehry's book?

GANDEE: No, in *Architectural Record*?

JOHNSON: Oh, *Record*.

GANDEE: It was about Frank's new restaurant. And about his interest in fish.

JOHNSON: I didn't read it.

GANDEE: You didn't read it?

JOHNSON: No. I just saw the byline and I said, "Oh, I think I've seen that name before."

Johnson and I talked for a while about his exhibition, about the current state of architectural affairs, about this and that. I asked him about Rem Koolhaas, one of the seven architects he had selected for inclusion in his show at MOMA.

GANDEE: Have you seen Rem's Netherlands Dance Theater?

JOHNSON: I've never seen it. Have you?

GANDEE: Yes. I went.

JOHNSON: Why don't we talk about the weather?

GANDEE: You don't like it?

JOHNSON: Well, I don't know. I wouldn't stop to see it.

GANDEE: I'd stop. If Rem builds something, I want to see it.

JOHNSON: Oh, you're damn right.

And then an associate interrupted us to say that Johnson was needed in a meeting. "Well, I'll be off," said the most famous architect in the world. "It was a pleasure to have met you."

Charles Gandee

ERIC FEINBLATT