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At the heart of the 325i is a new 189-hp,24-valve engine so advanced that it requires little regular maintenance beyond the changing of oil, filters and plugs.

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BMW has always held that the greatest safety feature is a car that enhances the driver's ability to avoid accidents in the first place. Thus, BMW's historic excellence in the areas of suspension, steering and advanced antilock brake technology.

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are unable to avoid a frontal impact, the 325i is also designed to launch an entire sequence of events to help minimize injuries.

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The unique driving character of the original 3-Series is not

only alive in the new 325i sedan, but substantially enhanced.

The rear suspension is so unlike other cars in its class, it's patented. Resulting in improved stability in hard cornering, and a better grip of the road overall.

When it comes to comfort, the 325i is now longer, taller and wider than before. It has firmly supported seats. Left and right temperature controls, to allow for individual preferences. Even a microfiltration system that removes dust, pollen and most odors from the interior air.

Of course, the 325i is also equipped with BMW's four-year/

50,000-mile bumper-to-bumper warranty,* for protection against unexpected expenses, as well as a Roadside Assistance program you can call upon any day of the year, on any road in the U.S.A.**

If you would like to receive literature on the new 3-Series, or be connected directly to your nearest BMW dealer, you need only call 800-334-4BMW.

We also invite you to stop in for a test drive, so you can find out what makes the 325i sedan worth the money from the best vantage point of all: the driver's seat.

THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.

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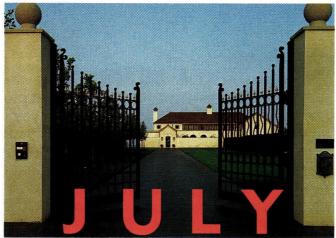
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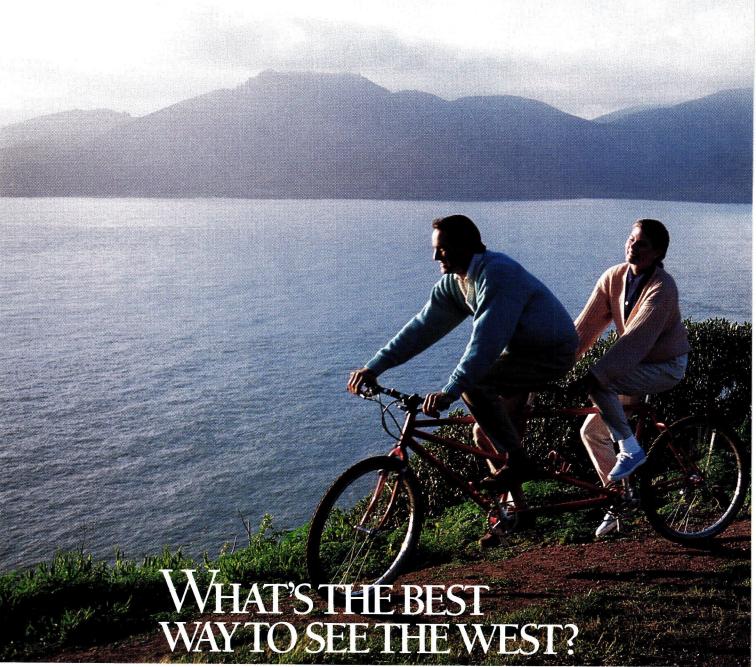
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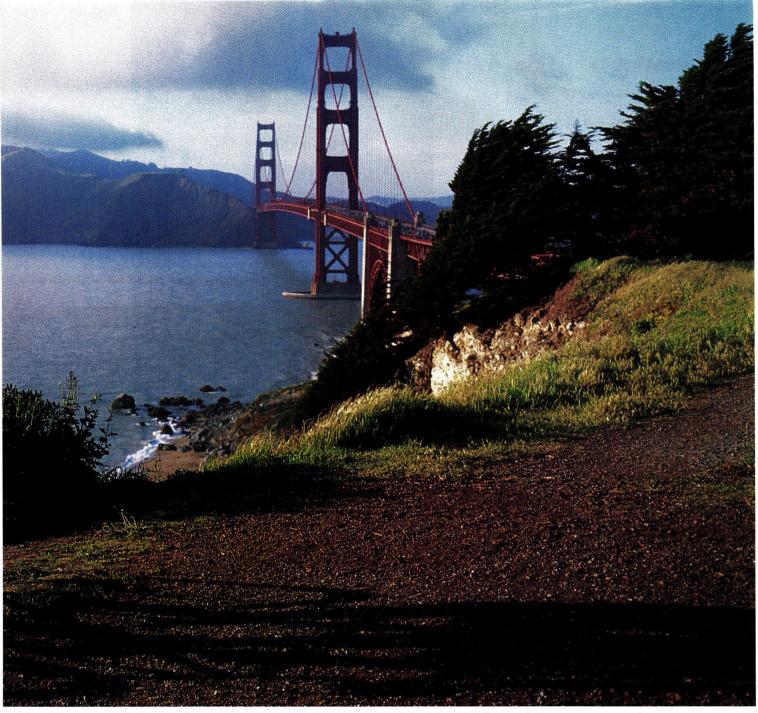
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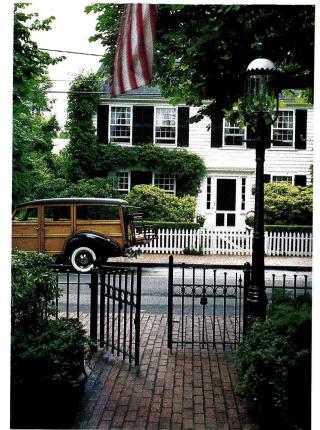
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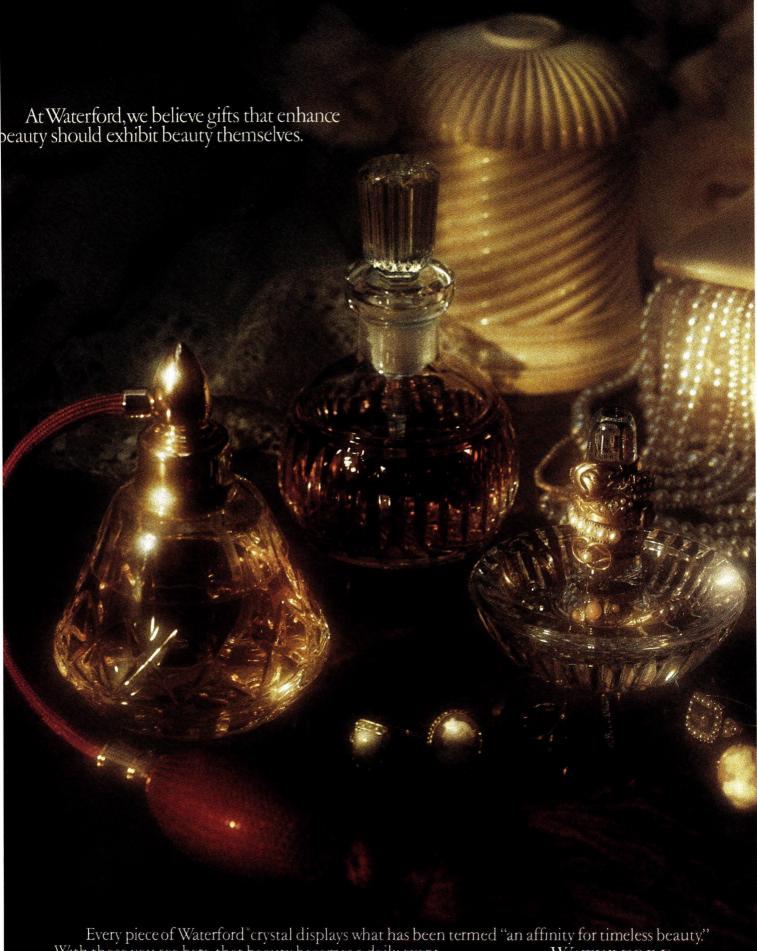
JULY







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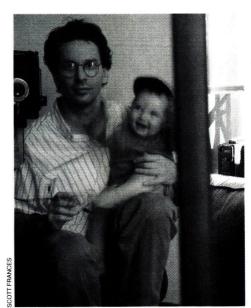
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Contributors Notes



Dana Cowin has been preparing for her position as managing editor since early childhood. She fondly recalls counting pennies, piling them by date, and stashing them in an antique cigarette box. For HG, Cowin not only counts pennies but also is involved in every stage of the production of the magazine—from coming up with ideas and assigning stories to signing off on final proofs.

Teddy Millington-Drake (seen here with his Alsatian, Sandy) writes about his renovation of a dilapidated eighteenth-century Tuscan farmhouse. A native of England whose paintings have been exhibited in New York, London, Paris, and Milan, Millington-Drake draws upon more than his idyllic surroundings for artistic inspiration. "My paintings are based mostly on poems. They spur me on, and I sometimes include a relevant line or verse."



Scott Frances is a photographer on a roll—he recently joined the Esto agency ("It is to architectural photography what Magnum is to photojournalism"); completed his first book, Contemporary Australian Architecture, due this fall from Craftsman House; and had a son, Samuel (seen with Dad). For HG he captures the Manhattan studio of artist Roy Lichtenstein.

The perfect setting.

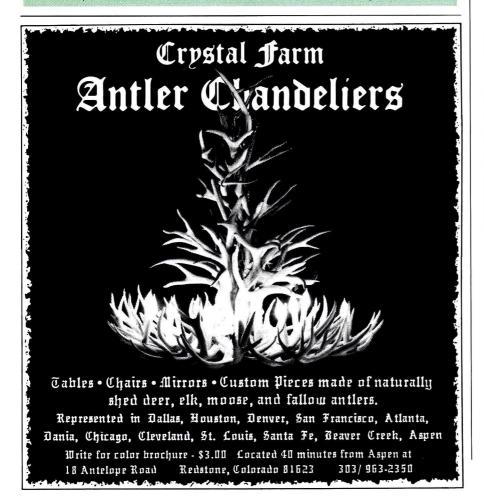


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Shown: Cityscape pattern in stainless.

Emeralds courtesy of H. Stern Jewellers.

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Contributors Notes



Mildred F. Schmertz, a former editor in chief of Architectural Record, is a member of the New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission and a fellow of the American Institute of Architects. For this issue Schmertz explores a New Jersey summer house by Robert A. M. Stern. "Stern shows nerve in the way he persists in going against modernist ideology," she says. "He has a great respect for the traditions he works in without being overly academic."



Peggy Knickerbocker sings the praises of ripe tomatoes in the "Food" column. Formerly a caterer and restaurateur, Knickerbocker ended her culinary career because "it was an eight in the morning to eleven at night job. I'm more comfortable writing about food because I can be creative without having to stir the pot for a hundred people."

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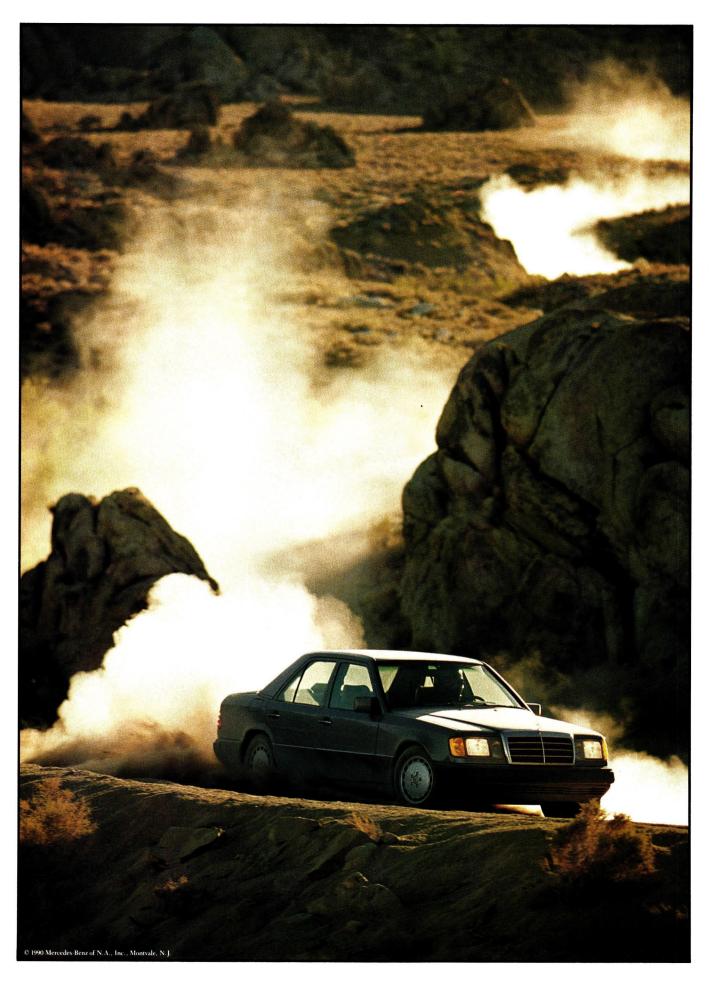
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HG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY By Eric Berthold



Three larger-than-life topiary rabbits play host at the Longwood Children's Garden, where the young—and the young at heart—can hop through a magic hoop that leads to a vine-covered maze and stroke lamb's ears' furry leaves. "We wanted the garden to be a playful hands-on experience for the children, where they can be in charge," says former Longwood student Catherine Eberbach, who codesigned this indoor botanical wonderland with Mary Allinson. Open 365 days a year, in Kennett Square, Pennsylvania. For information (215) 388-6741.



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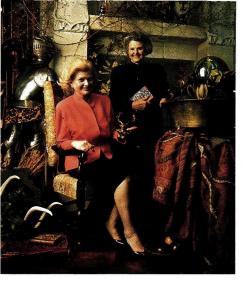


À la Grecque Jewelry designer Ilias Lalaounis turns his hand to sterling-silver table accessories (*left*), available at his store at 4 West 57th Street, NYC.



Lartigue's Zissou in His Tire-Boat (left) sets the tone for a photography show for children through July 31. James Danziger Gallery, 415 West Broadway, NYC.





Tea Time in Dallas

Vivian Young and Caroline Rose Hunt (*left*) preside over Victorian silver-plate tea sets, glass epergnes, and other treasures at Lady Primrose's, (214) 871-8333.



Presidential Timber George Washington desk (above) is handmade in England for Trosby, Atlanta. For dealers (800) 243-5141.

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Finish Line Trompe l'oeil by Laurie Sagalyn and Cheryl Henry animates a tole cachepot (below). For stores (212) 289-3094.



Hide and Seek

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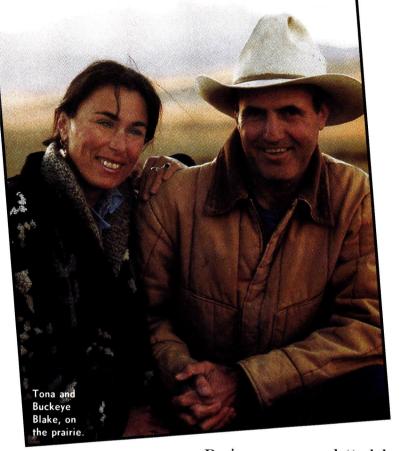
Neiman Marcus

Buckeye and Tona Blake gallop

The Compleat Cowboy

into the wide open spaces of western design

BY PILAR VILADAS



mericans are in the throes of a love affair with all things western—a phenomenon that couldn't please Buckeye and Tona Blake more. Buckeye, a bred-in-the-saddle painter and sculptor whose subject matter is the American West, and Tona, a doctor's daughter from Pennsylvania who lit out for the wide open spaces when she was a teenager, have built a life on their fascination with the West.

The couple and their twelve-year-old son, Teal, live in the tiny town of Augusta, Montana, near the Continental Divide, "where the prairie meets the Rockies," as Tona says. The Victorian house they share with Boogie the Labrador retriever and Ringo the parrot was a wreck when they moved in a dozen years ago. But Tona, a human whirlwind, transformed the place, armed with mailorder fabrics and a stash of treasures culled from all over the country, including a spice cabinet that she bought when she was eleven years old. Tona says she owes her penchant for acquisition to her late mother, who took her antiquing "as soon as I could sit in a car seat."

Buckeye Blake's studio—an 1880s barn on forty acres of prairie just down the road from the house—is full of evidence that he joins in his wife's enthusiasm for flea

markets and thrift shops. Blankets, saddles, old photographs, assorted memorabilia, and artworks by Blake and various friends produce a suitably nostalgic aura. "I like to surround myself with old-time stuff—it creates an atmosphere that helps

me with my art," explains Buckeye, whose lanky all-American good looks and laconic manner invite comparisons with actor-playwright Sam Shepard.

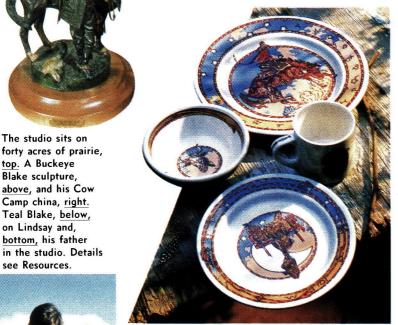
His work, which will be the subject of a retrospective tentatively scheduled for 1993 at the Buffalo Bill Histori-

Being around "old-time stuff," says Buckeye Blake, "helps me with my art"





Buckeye, above left, welcomes flea market finds in his studio, above right. Center: From Buckeye's sketchbook.



top. A Buckeye

Blake sculpture

see Resources.

Going from canvas and bronze to plates and scarves doesn't faze Buckeye: "It's what I've always done"



cal Center in Cody, Wyoming, ranges from a Kit Carson statue in Buckeye's hometown of Carson City, Nevada, to tabletop-size bronzes and a series of paintings for New York financier Dan Lufkin. Buckeye says he finds the newfound popularity of western artifacts a boon to creativity: "It's what I've always done, but now it's a lot lighter—sort of a Hollywood approach. It's an opportunity for me to do more whimsical things."

Those whimsical things include designs for posters and greeting cards, scarves with cowboy motifs (sold through the Wyoming-based Cattle Kate company), and Cow Camp china. The china is manufactured by Nostalgia Station, a Freeland, Maryland, company owned by Kathleen Kindig, in partnership with Dudettes, the company that Tona started with her friend and fellow Montanan Laurie McGuane, wife of novelist Thomas McGuane. Dudettes also markets Buckeye's canvas Cowboy Bags,

painted with Wild West images, and will soon produce fabric napkins and place mats.

When she isn't handling her husband's business affairs, Tona is at work developing a movie based on the life of a once-great cowgirl: Fannie Sperry Steele, the first winner of the women's world bronc riding championship and a star of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. When Tona met her in 1979, Steele was ninety-one years old and living in a convalescent home in Helena with "three trunk loads of her life under her bed," Tona recalls. Smitten with Steele (who died in 1983), Tona hopes to get her story on the big screen.

But, as Tona admits, "selling art and movies can be very frustrating," so when the going gets tough, the Blakes saddle up. The family has raised horses for years; Buckeye's grandfather, Samuel Coke Blake, was one of the country's founding breeders of American quarter horses. More recently, they have taken up the very western sport of cutting. Originally a roundup procedure in which a rancher's best horses would be used to force, or cut, cattle from herds, cutting became a sport in the 1930s. All three Blakes are tough competitors.

"The horses take us away from everything," Tona says. But if the Blakes' one-family western industry keeps growing, they're going to have to pencil riding time into their Filofaxes, just like city slickers.

DESIGN

rançois de Watteville grew up in an eighteenth-century French manoir full of Louis XV antiques. Now that he is designing furniture of his own, it is firmly rooted in the present, its style falling somewhere between the baroque and science fiction. "My pieces are very formal at first glance," he says, "but the second look exposes a sense of humor. They are rather decadent, with sensuous lines and curves and with a hint of the absurd inspired by surrealism."

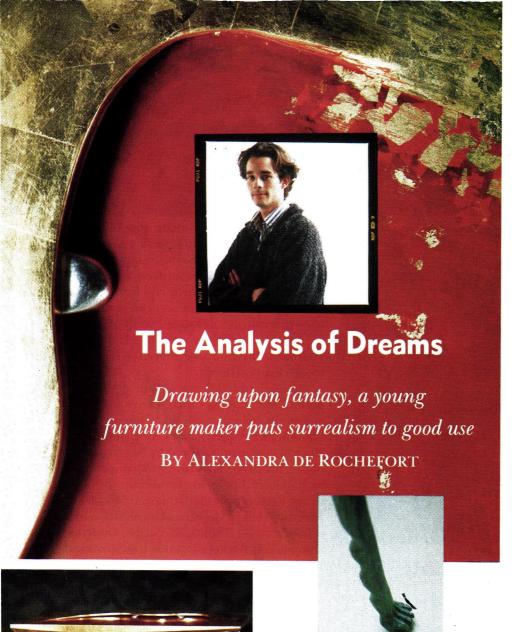
This allusion to surrealism is more than incidental: Watteville says each of his creations begins with a dream. "I see them very clearly," he adds, "although sometimes there's a big difference between what I see and what I can do." Watteville says he aims to create provocative furniture whose shape and scale both intrigue and bewilder the viewer.

A fascination with space and the sky is reflected in his current work, including Landing on Mars, a large desk with a raised gold-leafed surface that hovers over the writing area, suggesting the rim of a crater, and Orbital Flight, a small table with paws and two antennae.

Since coming to New York four years ago, Watteville has earned degrees in architecture and industrial design. He credits the city with enabling him to follow his creative impulses, free from the rules of traditional furniture making.

"My ambition is to be as absurd, illogical, and unmindful of expectations as I can be," he explains.

"When a piece is finished, it is as much a surprise for me as for the viewer." Each summer Watteville returns to Alsace and his family's vine-yards, leaving his woodworking tools behind. "I dream during the summer months, but I don't create a thing," he says. "When I returned to New York last September, I let my imagination run wild with the dreams. These pieces, for better or worse, are the results."







Light up the night.



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July Winners · Diamonds of Distinction

Penne with tomatoes, mozzarella, and arugula Dinnerware from Bergdorf

Red, and we all wore red sweaters.

We even called my mother Big Red behind her back because she tended to get a little flushed when she got tipsy.

I don't remember many meals unpunctuated by red either. For lunch on Saturdays, my mother served Friday's to be thrown at passing cars from the balcony of my parents' bedroom. I also seem to recall a red rear end when I was found out.

Memories of all that red came back to me recently when three of my favorite cooks served variations of the same pasta in different parts of the country. It wasn't some esoteric truffle tortellini alla panna with caviar that grabbed my attention during my travels but that fine old standby—pasta with chopped fresh tomatoes, a good Italian olive oil, garlic, ribbons of arugula or basil, fresh mozzarella, and a little Parmesan.

Something juicy has been happen-

I don't remember many meals unpunctuated by red

leftover poached fish accompanied by a wobbly oval of tomato aspic surrounded by parsley. My father whipped up his homemade mayonnaise every Saturday morning, beating the oil with one hand and holding *The New Yorker* with the other. The mayonnaise tasted

rich and dense with the aspic and cold fish. My parents began their lunch with Bloody Marys, always sprinkled with Beau Monde seasoning salt. During the week, we had broiled tomatoes with lamb or pork chops, and on Thursdays we ate meat loaf, red with a catsup, wine, and bacon sauce. When we went to Edsel Ford Fong's for our monthly Chinatown outing, the only thing we ever dared to order was tomato beef chow mein. For

cocktail parties my mother made tiny tomatoes stuffed with taramosalata. I remember with embarrassment a bag of fully ripened tomatoes that begged

ing to tomatoes lately, and I just discovered what it is. Our generation tends to be more sophisticated about food than our parents were. We won't tolerate inferior produce—mealy tomatoes just won't do. Today many varieties are bred to be insectand disease-resistant. They are also being handled more carefully all the way down the line, from grower to shipper to retailer, ensuring a higher quality product and better taste.

It is common knowledge that once a tomato is refrigerated, the ripening process stops. When a tomato is subjected to cold, its cells burst and it becomes mushy (or "woolly" as an English friend of mine so aptly puts it). If a tomato is not ripe when it's bought, it should be ripened in a paper bag at room temperature for a day or two. (If tomatoes are put in a bag along with an apple or a banana they will ripen even more quickly.)

The Spanish imported tomatoes to Europe from Peru in the sixteenth century. In the 1700s, to-

matoes made their
way to Italy, France,
and England as ornamental plants; as part
of the deadly nightshade family, they were
thought to cause insanity. By the end of the cen-

Eating Red

Goodman, NYC

Tomatoes serve
up a spectrum
of culinary
possibilities
BY
PEGGY
KNICKERBOCKER

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On Saturdays, my mother served Friday's leftover poached fish with a wobbly oval of tomato aspic



Zesty tomato sangrita, above, in a Laure Japy glass. Below: Tomato salad is enhanced by a colorful Limoges pattern. Glass and plates from Bergdorf Goodman. Details see Resources.

tury their culinary properties were finally recognized, and they became established in Spain and northern Italy as well as France, where they were called love apples. Shortly afterward, Thomas Jefferson grew some of this country's first tomatoes. Today there are some 175 varieties.

Actually a fruit, the tomato is extremely easy to grow in your own backyard and is adaptable to many cuisines. Once one is spoiled by homegrown tomatoes of the late summer, it's difficult to go back to the durable, uniform, seasonless yield of commercial origin. A friend and artist, William Passarelli fondly recalls his family's long-standing tradition of growing their own tomatoes in Port Chester, New York. I talked to his father, also named William, who told me it all started when his grandfather brought dried tomato seeds over from Italy when he emigrated to this country. The first crop was so sparse it was eaten exclusively as salad, cut into small wedges and served at room temperature with an extravirgin olive oil, salt, pepper, a pinch of oregano, and a sprinkling of basil—never any vinegar. On Sundays, sliced onion or buffalo mozzarella was added. William Senior also recalls using hunks of Italian bread to sop up the oil that glistened with the gel of the encased seeds. When the crop became well established in the summers that followed, Grandmother Passarelli made a paste with the excess tomatoes at season's end. She reduced a big pot of tomatoes by simmering them in a little water for a couple of hours. After removing the skins, she spread the result on top of a four-by-four-foot board and let it dry in the sun for three days, draping

cheesecloth over the board to keep insects and birds away. Next she scraped the paste into mason jars and used it during the winter to thicken soups or to make sauce.

It is hard to improve on a vineripened tomato, and a wise cook wouldn't dream of trying. M. F. K. Fisher writes, "The best way to eat [the love apples] is in the garden, warm and pungent from the vine, so that one can suck unashamedly, and bend over if any of the juice escapes." I think she's right, so go find yourself a tomato plant, have a feast in the summer's earthy heat, and pick a few extra to use in these recipes.

PENNE WITH TOMATOES, MOZZARELLA, AND ARUGULA

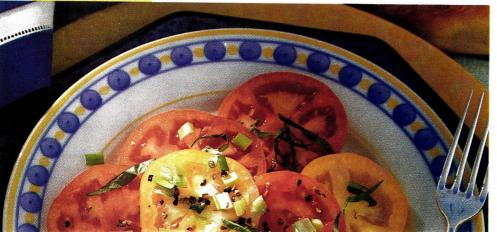
- ½ cup olive oil
- 6 cloves garlic, peeled and sliced
- 6-8 ripe tomatoes, Roma or round
 - 1 scant teaspoon salt
 - 1 bunch arugula (or basil)
 - 1 pound penne
 - ½ pound fresh mozzarella Parmesan cheese Dried pepper flakes

Heat oil. Add garlic and sauté until golden. Pour into a serving bowl. Chop tomatoes into small cubes and toss with salt. Cut arugula (or basil) into strips and toss most of it in with the tomatoes, saving a little for garnish. Mix together oil, tomatoes, garlic, and greens while boiling a large pot of salted water for pasta. While penne is cooking, cut mozzarella into cubes and grate Parmesan. When pasta is al dente, drain and toss everything together. The mozzarella will melt with the heat of the penne. Sprinkle with remaining greens and a few dashes of pepper flakes, serving Parmesan on the side. Serves 2–4.

CHERRY TOMATO VINAIGRETTE PASTA

- 2 cups red cherry tomatoes, halved
- 1 cup yellow cherry tomatoes, halved
- 4 large cloves garlic
- 3/4 cup olive oil
- 1/4 cup balsamic vinegar Salt and freshly ground pepper
- 1 pound fettucine Breadcrumbs
- 1/4 cup grated Parmesan cheese
- 1 bunch basil

Marinate the tomatoes in garlic, oil, vinegar, salt and pepper. Cook fettucine, drain, and mix with marinated to-



matoes. Sprinkle with breadcrumbs and Parmesan. Cut basil into strips and place over pasta. Serves 4.

PUNGENT TOMATO SAUCE

- 5 tablespoons olive oil
- 2 yellow onions, chopped
- 5 cloves garlic, chopped
- 6 large fresh tomatoes, peeled, seeded, and chopped
- 1 28-ounce can peeled Italian plum tomatoes with juice
- 2 tablespoons chopped oregano
- 2 tablespoons chopped basil
- 2 tablespoons chopped thyme
- 2 tablespoons brown sugar
- 6 shakes Worcestershire sauce
- 20 Niçoise or Kalamata olives, pitted
- 1 tin anchovies, drained Salt and coarsely ground pepper
- 4 tablespoons chopped Italian parsley

Heat olive oil in a large skillet. Add onions and garlic and cook until caramelized. Add tomatoes. Turn the heat down and add the remaining ingredients. Simmer 10 minutes. Spoon over pasta. Serves 6.

MR. PASSARELLI'S TOMATO SALAD

- 6 ripe tomatoes Salt Basil leaves Freshly ground pepper
- 4–5 cloves garlic, finely minced
- ½ cup extra-virgin olive oil
- ½ pound buffalo mozzarella (optional)
- 1 red or yellow onion or 3–4 scallions (optional)
- 1–2 anchovies (optional) Pinch of oregano (optional)

Slice tomatoes and place on a platter. Sprinkle with salt. Cut basil into strips and place over tomatoes. Sprinkle with pepper. Top with minced garlic. Drizzle with olive oil. If you like, add slices of buffalo mozzarella, onions, scallions, or anchovies over the top before adding oregano and a final dusting of pepper. Serves 6.

INDIANA MARKET TOMATO BASIL GRANITA

- 2 cups tomato juice
- 1/4 cup white wine
- 2 tablespoons Champagne vinegar
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1 teaspoon freshly ground black pepper
- 1/4 cup chopped basil Zest of 1 lemon
- 4 sprigs basil

Mix all ingredients except basil sprigs. Put into 6x8x2-inch pan and place in freezer. After 30 minutes, stir to break up ice. Replace in freezer about 2½-3 hours, stirring every 30 minutes until mixture has a snowy consistency. Remove from freezer and serve in wineglasses. Garnish each with a sprig of basil. Serves 4.

TOMATO SANGRITA

- 1 shot tequila
- 1 dash Triple Sec
- 1 shot orange juice Juice of ½ lime
- 3 shots tomato juice or salsa Coarse salt
- 1 tablespoon finely chopped cilantro

Pour tequila, Triple Sec, orange and lime juices, and tomato juice or salsa in a martini shaker filled with ice cubes and shake briskly. Rub the lime half around rim of a chilled glass. Dip rim in salt and cilantro. Strain liquid into glass. Serves 1.

GRACE BAKING COMPANY'S TOMATO BREAD

- 12 ounces fresh tomatoes
- ½ ounce fresh yeast
- 20 ounces high-protein bread flour

- 1/2 ounce sea salt
- 1/4 ounce chopped basil
- ½ ounce chopped garlic

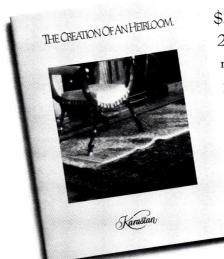
Core and coarsely chop the tomatoes, saving all of the juices. In an electric mixer or food processor fitted with a hook, add tomatoes and juice, yeast, and half of the flour. Mix 2 minutes at low speed. Add the remaining flour and mix until all flour is incorporated. Add salt and mix 3 minutes. Add basil and garlic and continue to mix 30-45 seconds until evenly incorporated. Place the dough in an oiled bowl, cover with plastic wrap, and let it rise 11/2 hours at room temperature (65-75 degrees). When it has almost doubled in size, punch down the dough. Cut it in half and shape into round loaves. Place each loaf on a lightly oiled baking sheet, cover loosely with plastic wrap, and let rise 30 minutes.

Preheat oven to 425 degrees. Brush loaves lightly with water and slash once across the top with a sharp knife or razor blade. Place in oven and bake 10 minutes, then reduce heat to 325 degrees. Bake additional 20–30 minutes until done. (Loaves will sound hollow when tapped on the bottom.) Remove from oven and cool on wire racks. Makes 2 loaves.

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10

Landscape architect Barbara Stauffacher Solomon draw



o far, California landscape architect Barbara Stauffacher Solomon has produced more garden plans on gallery walls than in the ground. Nevertheless, her composite drawings and photographic collages, which convey the essence of place and time in historic landscapes, have made her an influential scribe and seer in the field of garden design. It is not surprising that the wall is fertile ground for Solomon; starting out as an artist in the 1960s, she

gained immediate fame as the inventor of supergraphics when her bold stripes and huge letters became murals at Sea Ranch in Sonoma.

Solomon did a professional about-face after receiving a master of architecture degree from the

University of California at Berkeley, where she learned to draw trees in a plant materials course. Since then, from a studio in her native San Francisco and on sojourns abroad, she has

been turning out magical combinations of plans and elevations with maps and scenery—only now she usually compresses these elements into 8½-by-11-inch images executed in colored pencil. These drawings can be compared to the experience of garden visits as preserved in memory, which is indeed the basis for her technique, along with historical research. Sudden shifts of scale and dotted sight lines reproduce the sensation of travel or of a passing train of thought.

Solomon's memories of garden architecture begin with childhood walks on San Francisco's Marina Green, the green rectangle surrounded by the bay which she has defined as her personal archetype for pairidaeza, the ancient Persian concept of enclosure. From this bit of urban paradise she has traced garden history back to the basic form of the tilled field, the agrarian garden. The straight lines of man's first holding become for her the origin of the architectural grid. These theories are put forth in Solomon's 1988 book Green Architecture and the Agrarian Garden, a stream of consciousness that includes her own thoughts and those she has gleaned from litera-

ture. Drawings and photographs move in cinematic sequence through European gardens like the Villa Lante, Marly, and Rousham and on to the grid of San Francisco streets.

She has a considerable following in Paris, most notably the young

garden designers Pascal Cribier and Louis Benech, who have reinvented the French classical style in modern idiom. As joint contenders for the redesign of the Jardin des Tuileries, an extension of François Mitterrand's Grands Projets, the team invited Solomon to collaborate on the artwork that would present their version of what is in essence the front garden of the Louvre. Solomon flew to Paris and walked the allées where long ago she had sat with her infant daugh-



ters. After her usual reconnaissance with a camera and subsequent discussions with the French team, she returned to California. A few months later, on the eve of her departure for the final charrette in Paris, her passport was stolen and she was left on her own to draw the central panel of the proposal that won this team the commission last year. Keyed to Jacques Wirtz's redesign of the adjacent place du Carrousel, the scheme envisions a park inspired in many ways by the Tuileries gardens André Le Nôtre laid out in 1664.

Solomon's conception reveals the

Solomon, top left, with photographs and drawings for her book Good Mourning California.

Above left: Outside her San Francisco studio. Above: Green arches at the Walker Art
Center, 1988. Opposite below left: The drawing that won the commission to redesign
the Tuileries gardens. Opposite above: Solomon's photograph of a French lavender field.
Opposite below right: A 1989 drawing for Lee's Orchard, near San Jose, California.

a straight line from the farm to the future

historic plan as well as its evolution through time—in this case, an axonometric view of the new proposal appears to float the gardens above a map of Paris. Peaked by the white triangle of I. M. Pei's glass pyramid in the Louvre courtyard, the plan is arranged in enfilade to either side of

the central axis. Along the way are parterres with broderies of acanthus, a great lawn for the people of Paris, four classical pavilions facing rectangular greens, and horse chestnut bosquets. Although the plan may not be realized in every detail, it will itself become an important document in the history of the park.

On home ground, Solomon puts her theories to practice as a landscape architect through the firm SS/S in partnership with Gary Strang. During the past decade she also collaborated with Michael Van

Valkenburgh in planning the Regis Gardens for the Cowles Conservatory at the

Walker Art Center in Minneapolis. Here they devised a suite of steel arches covered with ficus, a linear garden tailored to the interior of the

glass house. While in Minneapolis, Solomon and Van Valkenburgh designed their version of a spring flower show for a department store: a 12,000-square-foot display including a tulip field shaded from red to pink surrounded by allées of mountain ash and a jasmine arcade.

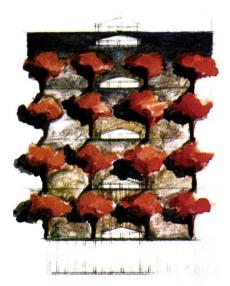
It is in California, however, that Solomon has achieved some sense of restoring the agrarian aesthetic. Working with her husband, architect Daniel Solomon, she proposed a hillside olive orchard as a way to create the grid for a new development in Silicon Valley, where she calculates fifty miles of orchards have been paved over during the past three decades. Lee's Orchard, as this one is called, with houses sited among the rigid rows of one thousand olive trees, is now under construction. And in Saint Helena, for a winerycum-residence beside a former railroad siding, she designed a field of lavender planted in straight furrows like those she has photographed in Provence. Along one side, an arcade of yellow roses creates a deep vista terminated by a line of poplars.

In her studio, on the top floor of a wooden house renovated by her husband,

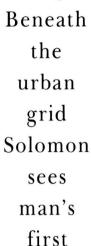


Solomon is now drawing and writing her next book, an iconoclastic critique, *Good*

Mourning California, to be published by Rizzoli. A mythological history of the California landscape, it begins with the legendary paradise ruled by Queen Calafia. Reality enters the picture with California, the desert El Dorado, irrigated by aqueducts into a terrestrial paradise. But then the framed garden becomes the framed TV screen, and the green planted rectangle, the green road sign. Solomon goes inland to Highway 5, where she sees the yellow dividing line as everyman's yellow brick road. As she says, "Now paradise is getting

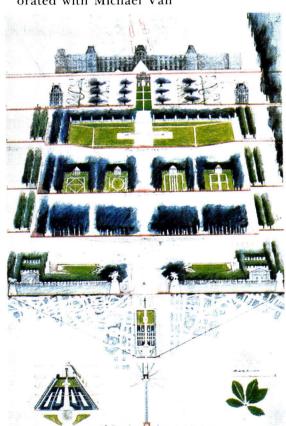


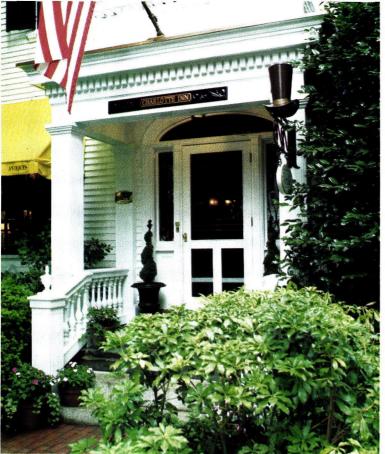
on the highway and coming home to your fax and VCR." Undaunted by the demise of the agrarian domain in parking lots and suburban yards, Solomon urges a return to fields and orchards as the basis for town planning. She may have schooled herself in the gardens of Europe, but in the words of the song, this Californian is right back where she started from. (Barbara Stauffacher Solomon, 30 Bellair Pl., San Francisco, CA 94133)



tilled

furrows





Harbor Romance

Amid Victoriana a couple offers the comforts of Martha's Vineyard

BY MARGOT GURALNICK

Paula and Gery Conover first met at the Martha's Vineyard airport. She was a nurse from Saint Louis on a day trip from Nantucket, where she was vacationing. He was a local innkeeper heading into Edgartown. There weren't any taxis. "Gery gave me a lift and showed me the inn," says Paula. "I thought, 'I could live here.'" Two days later they were engaged. Barely two weeks later, she was ministering to guests instead of patients—and helping to maintain antiques-filled rooms, box-edged gardens, and a 1942 pickup truck.

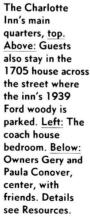
Ten years later the Charlotte Inn is as storybook as the Conovers' romance. Its meticulously restored and renovated main building, an 1865 Italianate house that once

belonged to a merchant whaler, looks much as it must have in the 1920s when Charlotte Osborne, the merchant's daughter, first tried her hand at the hotel trade. The Conovers, who are up weeding and polishing silver at 6:00 A.M., have every detail right, from

the mahogany front desk found in an Edinburgh barrister's office to the cloth-covered cords that snake around the lamps. Even the Do Not Disturb signs are brass, and there are heavy black rotary telephones with a ring Nick and Nora Charles would recognize.

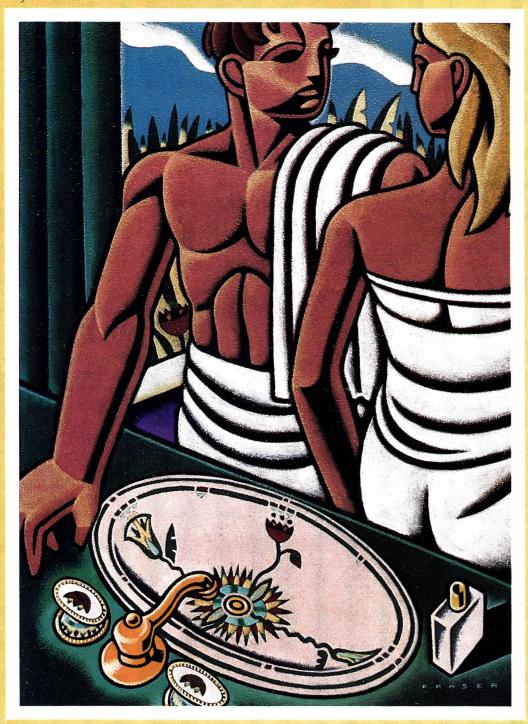
Equally authentic are additional lodgings close by, along a sleepy street just blocks from the harbor. There's a coach house of Gery's own design with an upstairs suite that offers velvet portières, a Palladian window overlooking Chappaquiddick, and enough walking sticks, wicker trunks, and horse prints to qualify as a Ralph Lauren shop. Even the more modest accommodations come with vintage bathroom fixtures (one room has a tub that weighs half a ton) and piles of Gibson girl accessories: hatboxes, ostrich feather fans, silver hairbrushes, and laced boots to fit improbably narrow feet. (Children and rock stars are understandably not encouraged.) There are long breezy porches for lolling, rose gardens for wandering, and since the in-house restaurant, L'Étoile, serves some of the best, most sophisticated food on the Vineyard, it's easy to forget that the island extends beyond the inn. (Charlotte Inn, 27 South Summer St., Edgartown, MA 02539; 508-627-4751)







As I See It #10 in a series Douglas Fraser 'Original View' Acrylic on Canvas



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ecause I grew up in the golden age of station wagons, I have a soft spot for them. They were huge lumbering boxy things, invariably clad in fake wood paneling, which would line up at the train station every night to wait for Dad, ferry you to Girl Scout meetings, and majestically endure the vicissitudes of your first tentative attempts at driving.

Those big gas-guzzling vehicles went the way of the dinosaur, and things haven't been the same for station wagons since. They've taken a beating from the hugely successful minivans, but there will always be a segment of the car-buying public that prefers the look and handling of an automobile to those of an APV. I'm in that group. But nostalgia only goes so far. Not only must today's station wagon be smaller and more fuelefficient, it must also entice baby boomers with the once-familiar feel of that snappy sports sedan they drove before they acquired the kids, the groceries, Fido, and the stroller.

So when Honda announced plans for a station wagon in its 1991 Accord line, my only question was, what took them so long? After all, Honda's combination of good looks, reliability, and sporty drive have made the Accord America's best-selling car for the past two years. Surely many Accord owners must have wished for a model that could accommodate the goods and chattels of a young and growing family. Well, wish no more.

The Accord wagon is just a fraction larger overall than

the Accord sedan, but its 34.5-cubic-foot cargo area increases to 64.6 cubic feet when the 60/40-split rear seats—handy for skis or garden tools—are folded down. A dual-position cargo cover, which, when rolled up, looks like a portable movie



Welcome Wagon

Honda's new Accord
station wagon
greets growing families
BY PILAR VILADAS



The 1991 Honda Accord EX: a sleek look and a smooth ride.



screen, not only conceals valuables from view but also contains a plastic mesh screen that separates the cargo and passenger areas. In a second position, closer to the tailgate, the screen creates a handy storage area small enough to prevent bulging grocery bags from toppling over when you round a corner.

Standard features include air conditioning, power windows, mirrors, and childproof rear door locks, and there are nice touches such as a handle that makes it easy to pull down the tailgate and a retractable cup holder (we car-bound Californians are crazy about this). The console is clean, clear, and easy to use, and you can even reach the stereo without taking your eyes off the road.

Last but not least, the Accord station wagon has get-up-and-go to spare. Its 2.2-liter, 16-valve fuel-injected engine gives it a wholesome zip that some of its 6-cylinder counterparts would envy, while its double wishbone suspension allows for a distinctly unsuburban ride.

Still, I have a few minor beefs. The front seat seems a trifle short on legroom, and I am what is known as petite. To say that the rear seat is firm is an understatement at the very least—but it does encourage good posture in children. And I found the sunroof rather noisy with all the windows closed. But these kinks are easy to iron out; all in all, driving the car is, I'm happy to report, a vast improvement over navigating those boatlike station wagons of yore.

Prices start at \$17,300 for the Accord LX and \$19,050 for the EX, which has a bit more horsepower, an electric moonroof, a remote entry system, and alloy wheels. Automatic transmission for either of these mod-

Today's wagon must feel like a snappy sports sedan



els runs another \$750. Interestingly enough, this is the first automobile Honda has designed, developed, and built in the United States—an all-American venture, so to speak. But then, what could be more all-American than a station wagon?

There's nothing old fashioned about this romance.



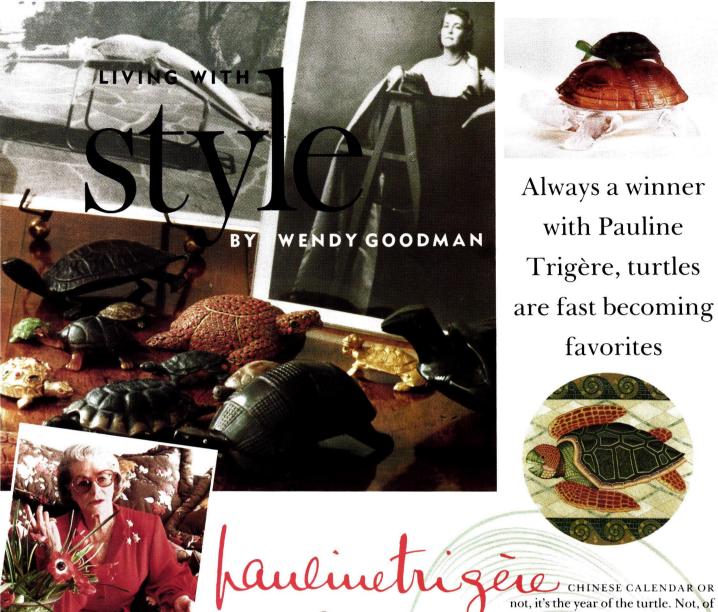
Flowers that tumble rambunctiously and stripes that embrace them, this is Hampshire Garden. Superbly detailed from sham to piped comforter and designed expressly for the 250 Suite Collection, created by Cannon. An exquisite 250 thread count of 60% Pima cotton, 40% Fortrel* polyester, the most luxurious easy care fabric made in America. For stores nearest you, call 1-800-237-3209. Or write Cannon Mills, 1271 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020.













Always a winner with Pauline Trigère, turtles are fast becoming favorites

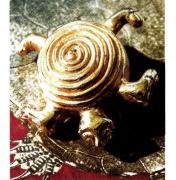


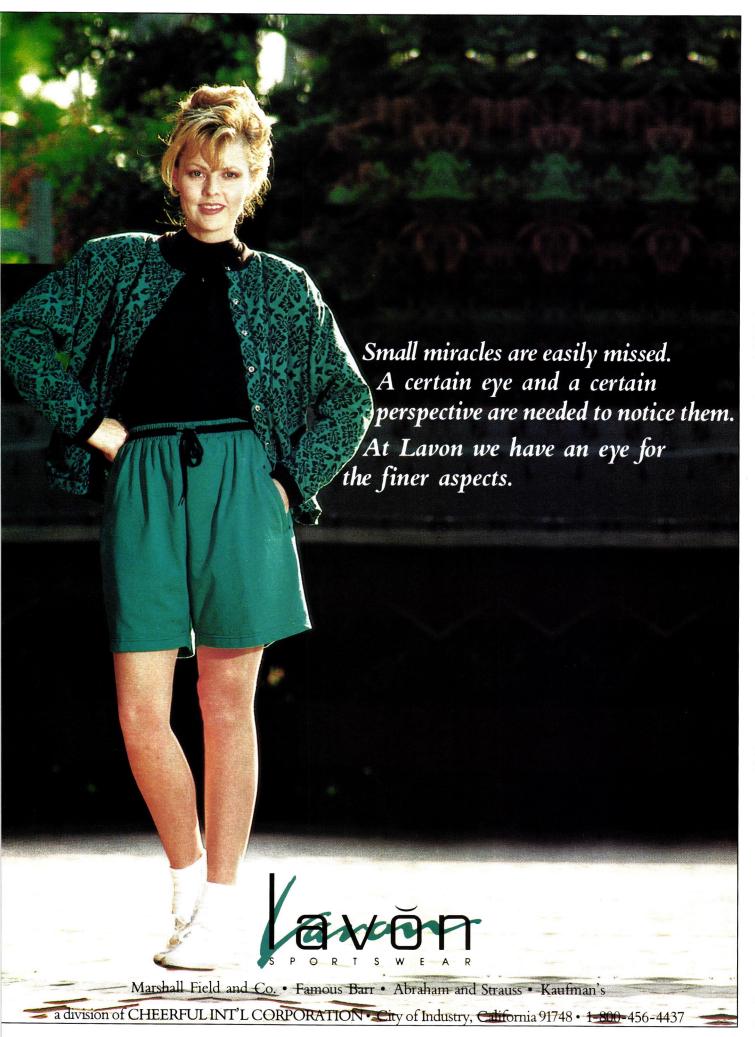
not, it's the year of the turtle. Not, of course, the real thing in these conservation-conscious times, but the image of the turtle. Turtles are showing up as table bases, earrings, boxes, even soaps. Brass or bronze, bedraggled or bejeweled, every species can be found in Pauline Trigère's 1,000plus collection. Turtles have been her passion since 1949, when she received a Fabergé turtle pin as congratulations for her first Coty Award. The couturière accessorizes her collections with turtle jewelry of her design and always wears at least three gold turtle brooches. Her country house, called La Tortue after the turtles she saw sunning themselves on her first visit, brims with turtle motifs. "Everybody sends me turtles, but I want dia-

monds instead!" laughs

Madame de La Tortue.

Turtles galore. Clockwise from top right: Stacked turtles from Daum; detail of floorcloth by Mike Raglin; Hirschfeld drawing of Pauline Trigère; the Body Shop's turtle soap; earring by Dominique Aurientis; table from Yale Burge, NYC, topped with turtle boxes from John Rosselli, NYC; Bulgari pin; Trigère at La Tortue; two portraits of Trigère, one turtle-style, the other by Avedon, overlooking a medley of turtles. Details see Resources.







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C L A S S I C D E S I G N



LATELY I'VE BEEN passing through a lot of rooms created for imaginary people—by this I mean designer rooms at New York's Kips Bay Decorator Show House and furniture showrooms at the biannual market in High Point, North Carolina. The inhabitants are very often aesthetic types, collectors of good black and white photographs and art. There are working couples' libraries with hideaway computers, bachelors' bedrooms with plenty of grade-A reading matter, and the modern person's kitchen with TV and lounging area. When you stop to think about it, the cre-

ators of these spaces are as much philosophers and social theorists as decorators. The starting points of their transformations of space are statements about what Americans really want: "People are no longer willing to accept rooms composed of one style of furniture." "People want drama." "People want rooms that express themselves." "People want comfort." But the decorator's quest for truth, while laudable in itself, achieves less than the actuality of rooms where real people live. Take, for instance, the Saratoga horse farm we show this month where many styles of furniture are accented by a lifetime of collections. Or the drama of a villa on the Côte

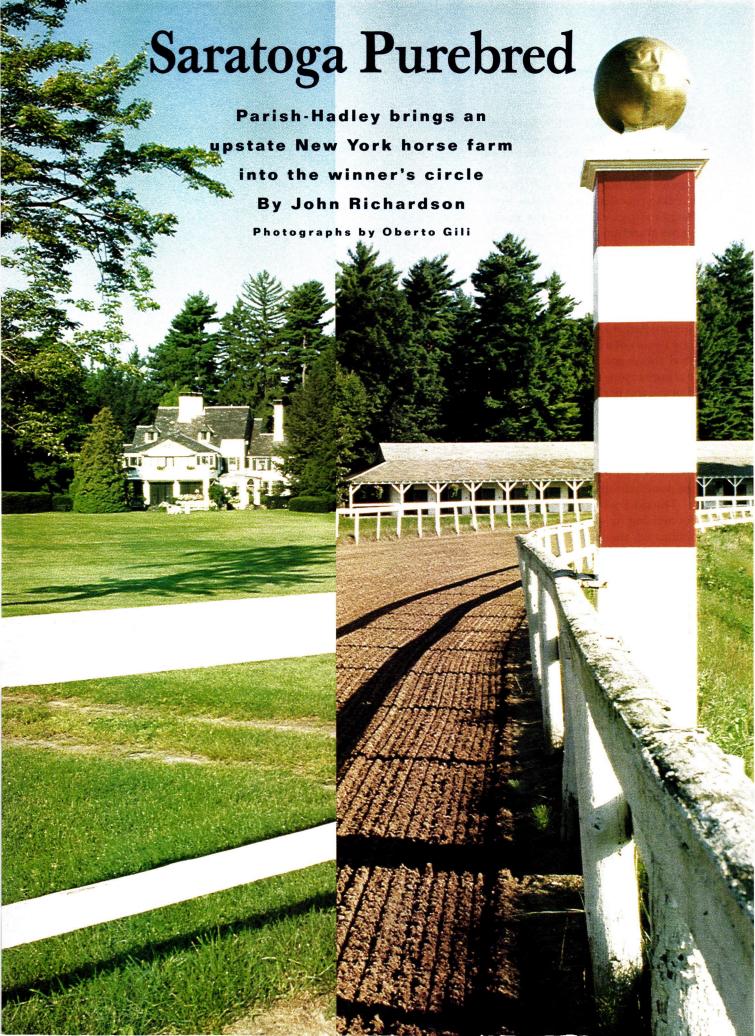


Sofa and console by Mattia Bonetti and Elizabeth Garouste with a Miró sculpture and paintings by Miguel Barcelo in the Edelmans' living room.

d'Azur that comes complete with staggering Mediterranean views. In a house outside Lausanne the combination of blue-ribbon modern art and a design scheme by Mattia Bonetti and Elizabeth Garouste is surely an expression of one couple's distinctive sensibility. A former fisherman's shack on the dunes in Sagaponack offers relaxed comfort open to the freshness of cool clean sea air. The rarefied air of culture and taste fills the rooms decorated for imaginary people—but there is nothing so bracing as the true-to-life surprises of the places where real people live.

Many Vorograd





or too many years this charming 1880 house, attached to one of Saratoga's principal racing stables, was closed down—mothballed like a destroyer. Fortunately, it has now been rehabilitated, and for the five weeks a year that constitute the Saratoga racing season it lives again, more gracefully, albeit more privately, than ever before.

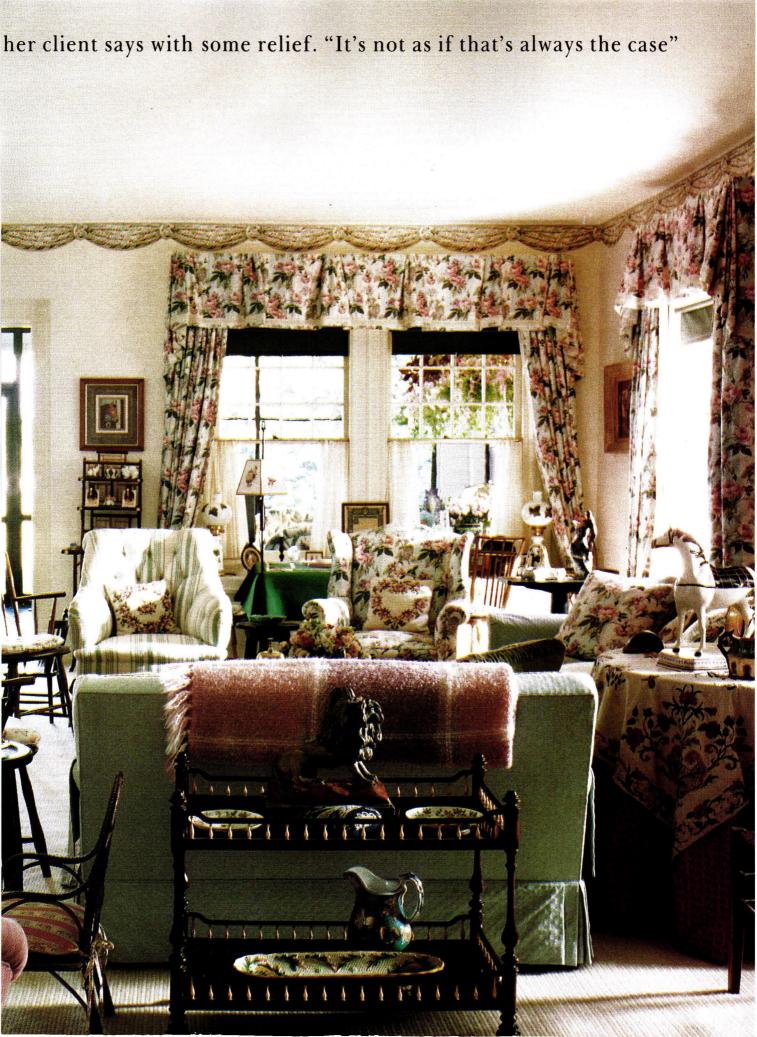
The rehabilitation began some four years ago. The lady who had inherited this and other properties asked her friend and decorator, Mrs. Henry Parish II, to "rescue a Sleeping Beauty of a house." Their horses had always gone to Saratoga for the racing season, the lady explained, but she and her late husband seldom accompanied them for more than a flying visit: they preferred to summer on Fishers Island. She had almost forgotten she owned the house. "Come to Saratoga and see what can be done," she urged.

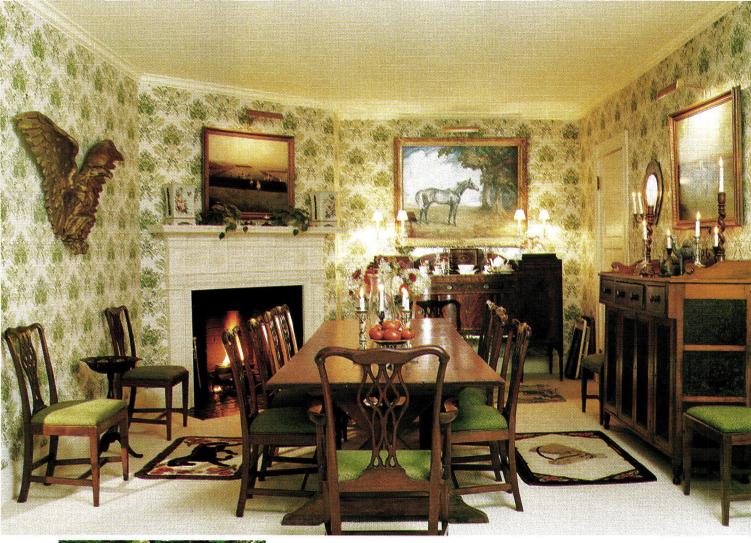
The two friends made the mistake of arriving in winter; the place was unheated, the furniture dust-sheeted. Dismal, they thought. Nevertheless they decided to have one more look. On their next visit, the heating was on and the shrouds had been removed. They were thrilled. The house had great potential-there was even a flower room stocked with vases. But the furniture was a mixed bag: the sofas were rock hard, though the shapes were good, and there was a cache of hooked rugs, a set of gentlemanly dining room chairs, and some amusing lamps.

Sister Parish and Gary Hager, her associate at Parish-Hadley, set to work "joyfully" (Sister's word). So

In the living room, country Windsors, a rattan child's armchair, a galleried table with ivory spindles, and other antiques are comfortably mixed with floral chintz and a ribbon swag wallpaper border, both from Brunschwig & Fils. Rose-colored Bailey & Griffin fabric on the chair in the foreground is keyed to Parish-Hadley's summery palette, as are traditional green roller blinds. Braided wool carpet from Rosecore. Details see Resources.









Wallpaper custom-made by Parish-Hadley is the background for a 1929 racing picture by T. P. Earl above the dining room mantel, top, and a Lynwood Palmer painting of one of the family's horses above a Federal sideboard. Above: A rustic gazebo. Right: Antique needlework pillows cushion the window seat behind a grouping of 19th-century majolica and a ceramic steed.

did the owner. For once the decorators were delighted that their client insisted on being involved in every detail. This was going to be very much her house. "She made it a labor of love for all of us," Sister says, "especially for Gary, who masterminded the job and pulled it all together." There should be no "haute époquery," the client decreed, no overegging of the pudding. As much as possible should be done by local

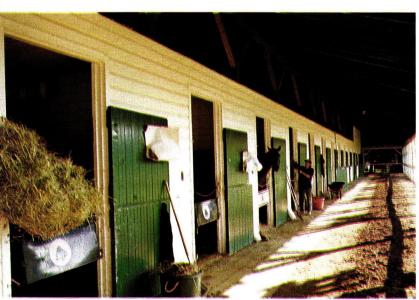


craftsmen, using materials from local sources. The emphasis should be on Americana, but not exclusively. The decorators also had to bear in mind that the house is part of a sporting estate, that everything should be appropriately low in key. Simplicity was not always easy, given the scale of the infrastructure. Just out of sight of the house is the chef's cottage. Space also had to be refurbished for maids and other personnel that an establishment kept up to the highest prewar standards demands.

Because the house had been added onto many times, Gary Hager explains, "We felt that our work simply continued a long history." All the same, he saw to it that structural changes were held to a minimum. One bedroom was turned into a bathroom, another into a sitting room. The principal bedroom was given a more genial aspect. The living room was likewise kept informal: elegantly cheerful and casual in the inimitable Parish-Hadley manner.



The private track is the envy of every Saratoga trainer; the horses are almost as spoilt as the guests



The flower room, left. Right: The kitchen. Below: Grooms washing down a Thoroughbred. Bottom right: Americana surrounds a 19th-century weather vane on an old quilt in the front hall. The checkerboard floor is painted. Bottom left: One of the double rows of stalls.





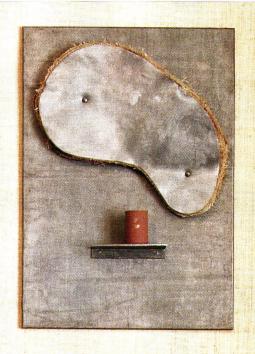




The owner gave the stuffier New York antiquaire



a wide berth: she intended to have some fun

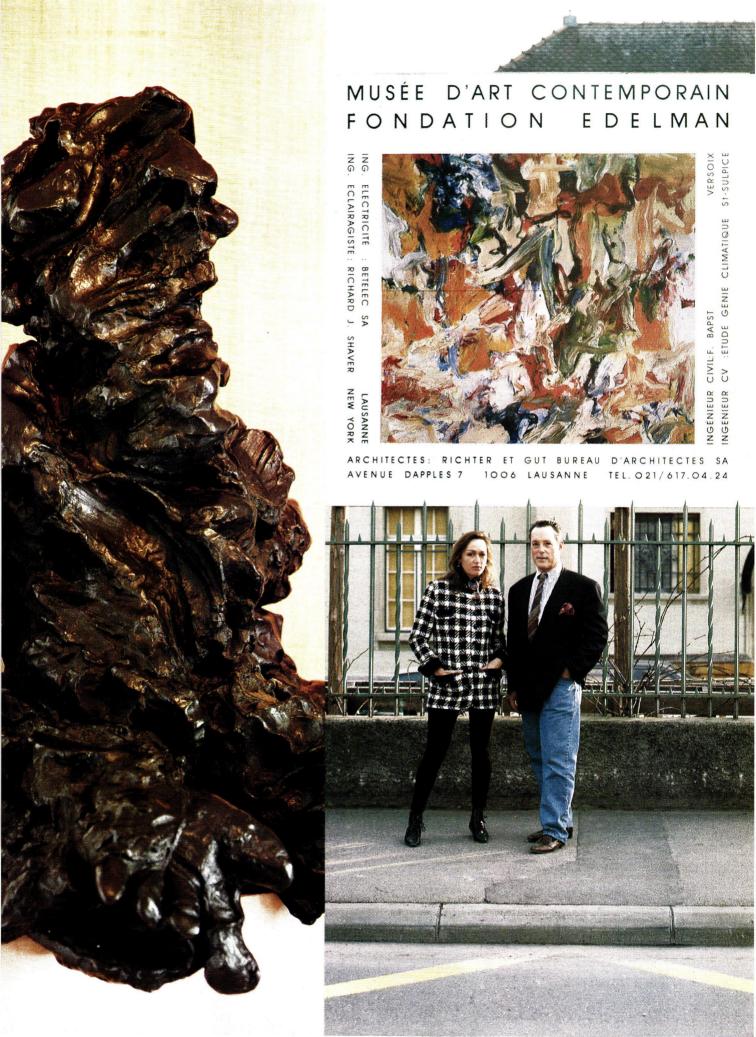


A de Kooning bronze guards the entry to Ashe and Regina Edelman's house outside Lausanne. Left: In the living room, Paris-based decorators Mattia Bonetti and Elizabeth Garouste conjure up an autumnal theme with vibrant color luxurious materials, and nature-derived motifs. The lead wall piece is by Jannis Kounellis. Opposite: The Edelmans in front of their recently opened museum in nearby Pully on Lake Geneva Details see Resources.



High Art

Asher and Regina Edelman take Switzerland
by storm with a new museum—
and house by Bonetti and Garouste
By Charles Gandee Photographs by François Halard



SHER AND REGINA EDELman's house in Switzerland is a pretty conventional affair: white, two stories, with a slate roof, lots of dormers, and a driveway that leads right up to the front door. There's a Mercedes in the garage. A golf course down the street. In other words, if it weren't for the snowcapped Alps in the background, you could easily be persuaded that you were in any number of upscale American suburbs-say, Scarsdale, Greenwich, or Grosse Pointe.

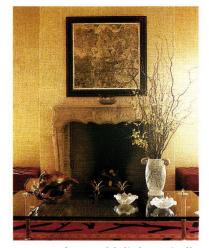
But like a sable-lined raincoat, Asher and Regina Edelman's house in Switzerland misrepresents itself.

in Switzerland misrepresents itself. Ic field na

Outside: the discreet charm of the bourgeoisie. Inside: the talk of the town of Lausanne.

"It's rented," explains Asher, whose acumen as an arbitrager made him something of a legend in the New York financial world during the go-go eighties. Rented? For foreigners in Switzerland, buying property





is a process that could diplomatically be described as difficult (involving, as it does, labyrinthian red tape). So after Asher and Regina decided to move their home base from New York to Europe—and the geographic field narrowed to Switzerland

when the couple was "invited" to live in Lausanne—the search began for an interim house, something more substantial than the chalet they had occupied each winter in Saint Moritz.

Although Regina had visions of a grand old château in the mountains, she discovered that grand old châteaux in the mountains have an unfortunate tendency to come

with six bedrooms and one bathroom—unsatisfactory accommodations for a household that includes two children, a live-in cook, butler, housekeeper, and nanny. Regina altered her expectations and chose the best of what was available. And then she put in a call to Mattia Bonetti and Elizabeth Garouste in Paris: "Au secours! Venez tout de suite!"

"They're as close to a modern-day equivalent of Diego Giacometti as could possibly exist," says Asher of the design duo best known for introducing le style barbare to the world. "Maybe they're better, because they deal with the soft as well as the hard." Such immodest praise takes on added resonance coming from Edelman, who is a voice worth listening to when it comes to matters not only financial,



Raffia-covered walls provide a neutral backdrop for two canvases by Miguel Barcelo, above and above left, and orange, yellow, and red velvet seating—with silver-plated feet—by Bonetti and Garouste. Left: A custom carpet laid over an ebonized wood floor repeats the startling palette as well as the broken-branch motif of the cigarette tables. Top: Above the mantel, a Dubuffet. On the coffee table, a glass sculpture by Dale Chihuly.



"Bonetti and Garouste are as close to a modern-day equivalent of Diego Giacometti as could possibly exist," ventures Asher Edelman



Although remarkable, the Edelman house is in many ways a mere preamble to the Edelman museum down the mountain in Pully



but cultural, visual, and aesthetic. At present, the fifty-one-year-old tycoon serves as chairman of the board of the Brooklyn Academy of Music. In the past he has served as vice chairman of the board of the American Ballet Theater. And then there's the impressive credential of Edelman's somewhere-in-the-neighborhood-of-650-piece art collection. "Asher is one of the important collectors in New York," offers Leo Castelli, the soft-spoken éminence grise of New York's art world. "There are perhaps half a dozen others," adds Castelli, who, when pressed, succeeds in naming two.

The Edelmans are also no strangers to the decorative arts. In 1980, Asher had the foresight to commission Tod Williams and Billie Tsien to renovate his 10,800-square-foot Manhattan apartment (originally the



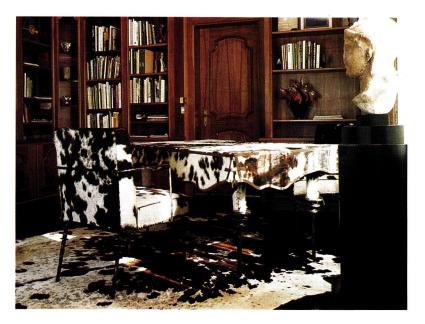
home of Vincent Astor and currently the Edelmans' New York pied-àterre). Then in the mid eighties, after Regina had entered the picture, Andrée Putman and the late Max Gordon were called in to undertake a "refurbishment." In Paris, where the Edelmans maintain another pied-àterre, Thierry Despont did the decorative honors. It is also worth noting that the Edelmans are no less supportive of the avant-garde than of the venerable. On the one hand, the couple's retreat in Rio de Janeiro is testimony to the talent of the Milanbased design group Memphis; on the other hand, the couple's 100-foot yacht is a meticulously preserved 1939 British classic.

"They know things," notes Mattia Bonetti. "They are very confident. They understand immediately. We didn't have to educate them." BonetWith the exception of a large de Kooning, opposite above, the dining room is devoted to the work of Lucio Fontana, opposite below-which explains why Bonetti and Garouste designed a carpet with Fontana's signature slash motif as a border and why Regina Edelman commissioned handpainted porcelain, right, inspired by a Fontana canvas, above. The one-of-a-kind thirties dining table and chairs were found at Fifty/50, NYC.





The designers characterize their approach to the house as "prêt-à-porter versus couture"



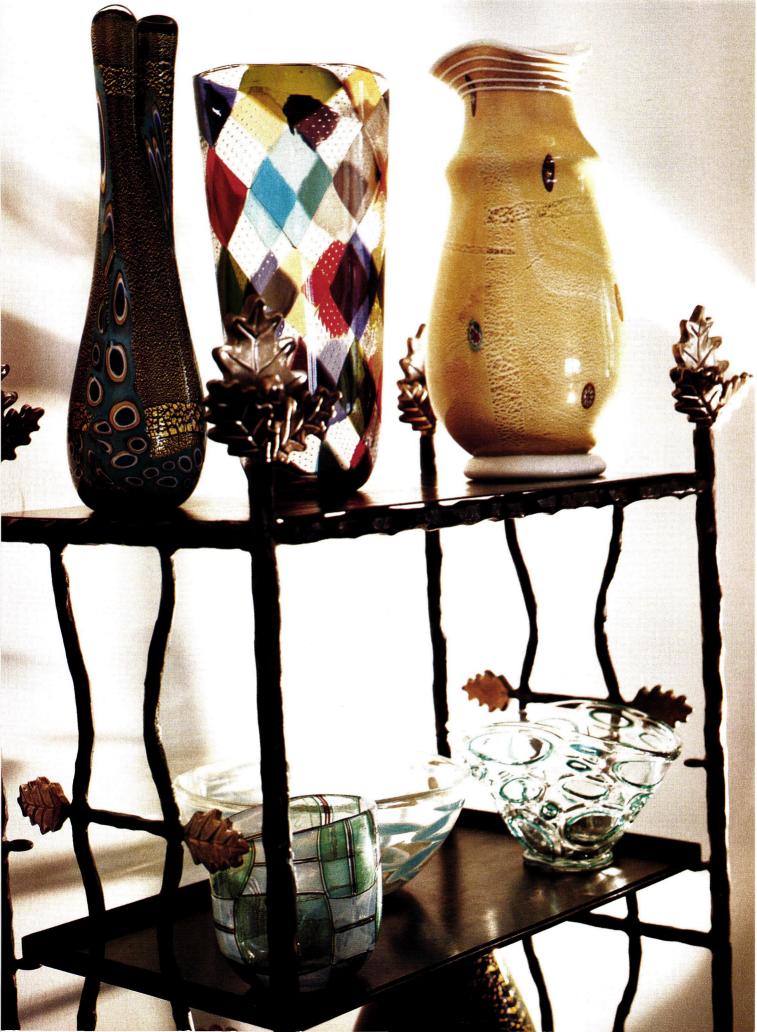
ti's appraisal is confirmed by the speed with which Regina produced a commission for the young designers after she stumbled across their work in the faubourg Saint-Honoré salon of couturier Christian Lacroix. (Bonetti and Garouste outfitted the salon in 1987.) Regina knew immmediately that le style barbare was for her, and though Thierry Despont had all but completed the Edelmans' Paris apartment, there was one minuscule space left undone—the breakfast room. Which Regina presented to Bonetti and Garouste. Which was as large a success as a tiny room could possibly be. Which is why a call was made to Paris the day Regina and Asher signed the lease on the house in Switzerland.

Bonetti characterizes his and Garouste's approach to the house as "prêt-à-porter versus couture." And relying on furniture and surface treatments rather than costly modifications makes sense. This is, after all, a rented house. Bonetti and Garouste were wise to neutralize the undistinguished architecture. Covering the walls in natural raffia and ebonizing the floors was, in effect, a decorative disappearing act. They were no less wise to rely on readily available furniture from existing Bonetti and Garouste collections. In the living room, for example, the up-

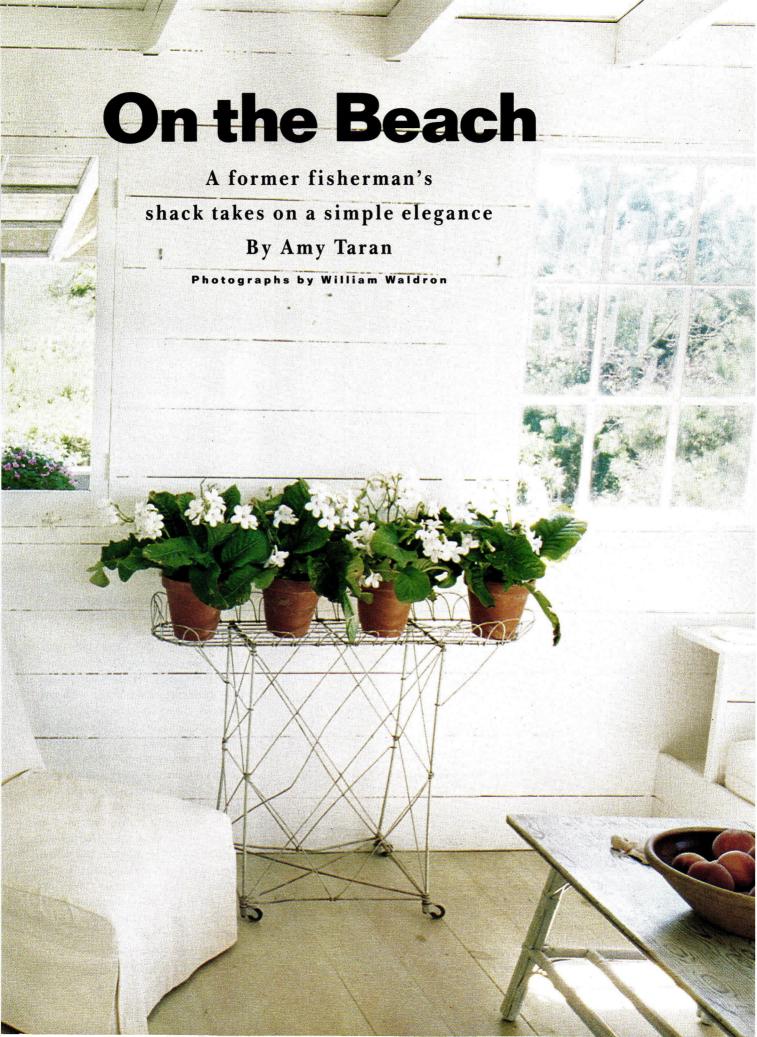
> holstered seating pieces were culled from Patchwork, a much-praised collection first introduced at the 1990 Salon Interna-

tional du Meuble in Paris. Here, however, the Patchwork sofa and armless lounge chairs have been slip-covered in flamboyantly colored velvet that announces the room's theme and palette—autumn. A custom carpet in a fiery (Continued on page 125)

A bronze étagère, opposite, by Bonetti and Garouste holds fifties and sixties Murano glass, from Sotheby's, Geneva. Above left: The decorators' bronze broken-branch bed, flanked by French majolica lamps, in the cotton-draped master bedroom. Left: In the library a wrought-iron and cowhide desk with matching chairs introduces the avantgarde to a conventional paneled room.











In the living room, above, white walls, blond floors, and white sailcloth cushions and slipcovers glow in the sunlight. Top from left: For Kelly and Bob Miller and their daughters Samantha and Elissa, life at the cottage is like summer camp, with horseback riding on the beach, dinner at the picnic table on the front deck, and time to lounge in the hammock. Opposite below: A vase of cosmos and an assortment of blue and white pottery add touches of color to the kitchen.

O THE BEACHCOMBER, the unassuming structure on the ocean in Sagaponack, Long Island, calls to mind a bit of driftwood washed ashore and bleaching in the sand and grasses. Although the small shingled building bears scant resemblance to its grander Hamptons neighbors, it has become a summertime sanctuary for actress Kelly Harmon Miller and publisher Robert L. Miller and their five children. While respecting its utilitarian, somewhat eccentric architecture and its unpretentious charm, the Millers have transformed the former fishing shack into a beach cottage of understated elegance and uncloying prettiness.

Kelly Miller, the perennially energetic spokesman for Tic Tac, is also a painter and self-styled decorator. She approached the shack with a vision of clean-scrubbed ease. "We come to Sagaponack to live simply, to get the 'city slick' out," she explains. "And I come to paint." With no heat, no insulation, and only a single closet-the rafters serve as storage for everything from diapers to suitcases—cottage living is a bit like camping dressed-up. "Our entertainment is swimming in the ocean, running on the beach, and collecting seashells." She continues, "We have no VCR or television, but we have everything you need to make a good meal or take a bath.

"And there are always the horses. Wherever we are, we incorporate



"We have no VCR or television, but we have everything you need to make a good meal"







horses," adds Miller, an avid rider. Even the littlest Millers, four-year-old Samantha and three-year-old Elissa, ride ponies from a nearby stable. Quieter moments are spent resting in the hammock tucked into the shade under the front deck or cooling off in the outdoor shower.

Inside, the walls are white and the plank floors are hand-rubbed to a light blond. Flea market chairs are slipcovered in machine-washable white sailcloth; a white banquette is strewn with pale cushions. Terracotta pots of Cape primroses and vases of hydrangea, roses, and cosmos provide the only spots of color. Cotlike beds are made up with antique linens, crocheted lace coverlets, and net canopies that are at once practical—"We really use them"—and mysterious.

Of the consistently light palette, Miller says, "I can't live with yellowed surfaces. Or primary colors, for that matter. White interiors leave room for spaciousness and possibility," she continues, "and it's important to live with a sense of possibility."

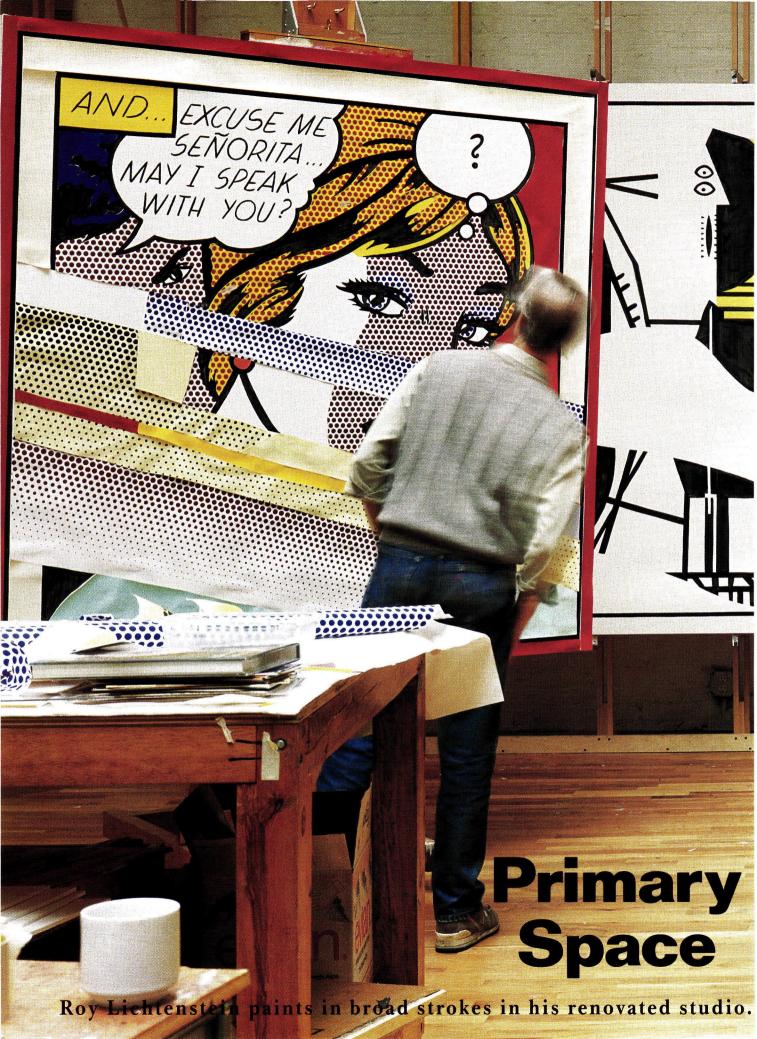
Embellishment is minimal. There are no curtains, no carpets, and not one precious object to dust, only a few hand-painted decorative motifs in surprising places: a delicate trail of vines framing the master bedroom window, two blue birds in flight on the ceiling of one of the children's bedrooms, a shadowy frieze of stylized wheat over the living room.

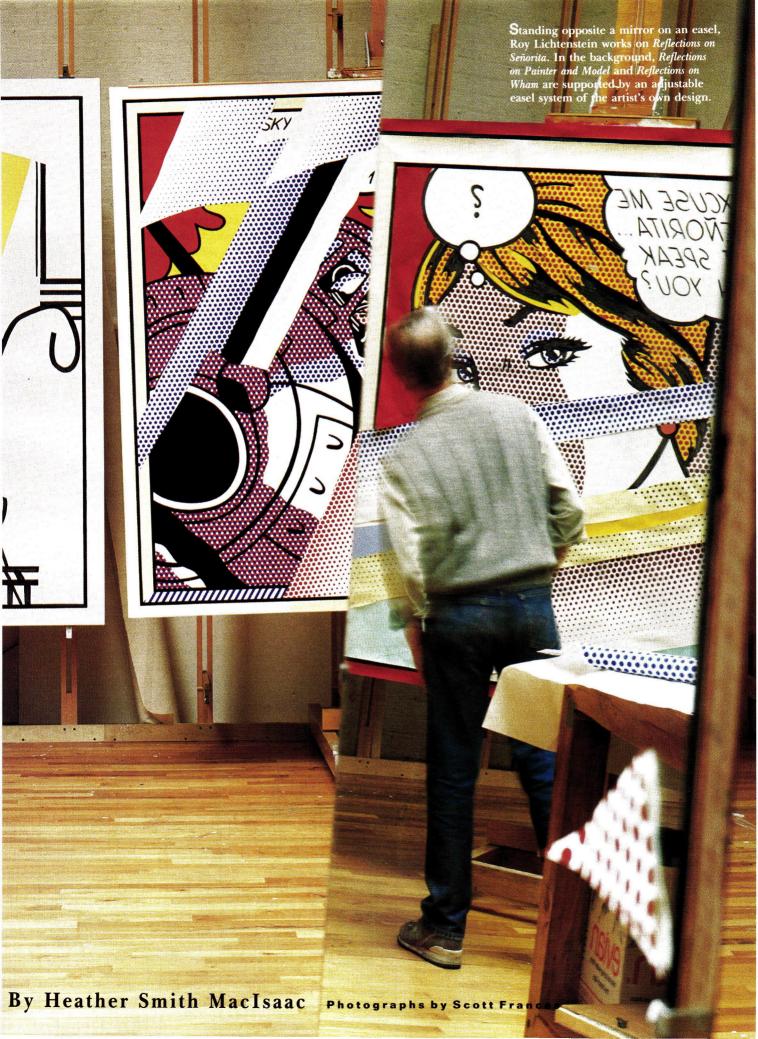
"The house appears simple, and it is. But on another level," Miller says, "you might discover a revelation. Driftwood becomes sculpture, a piece of mosquito gauze becomes a cocoon." And what was once an unexceptional fisherman's shack becomes the quintessential American beach cottage.

Editor: Anne Foxley

Kelly Miller and her youngest daughters, left, gaze at the ocean in the company of the family dog, Cash. Above left: A handpainted vine that borders the master bedroom window is one of a few bits of ornament in the house. Opposite: A child's bed is made up with an antique crocheted lace coverlet and a canopy of mosquito netting. Details see Resources.







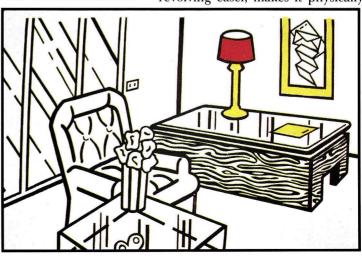


OR ARTIST ROY LICHTENstein, 4,500 square feet is just about the optimum size for a studio—"not so huge you need roller skates or can't find a pencil" but big enough to allow wall space to work on many paintings at the same time. For a painter of major (and large) canvases, ground-floor space is also prime, and in this case, it's what initially attracted Lichtenstein to a 1912 Greenwich Village warehouse once occupied by a steel fabricating business.

By the time Lichtenstein got his hands on the two-story building in 1988, the lower level was cluttered with columns supporting various additions. "It was like a forest that needed to be thinned," says David Piscuskas of the firm 1100 Architect. which undertook the renovation. Over the course of a tense twomonth period-during which Lichtenstein called from his studio in the Hamptons to ask, "Is it still standing?"-several structural columns were removed and three new ones of steel encased in concrete were added to carry massive steel beams. To keep the new space clear, Piscuskas and his partner, Juergen Riehm, clustered the office, kitchen, and bathroom near the entrance and installed the heating system in reconfigured skylight wells where, says the artist, "it will not cook my paintings."

In Lichtenstein's new studio an easel system of his own design allows him, aided by gravity, to hang paintings—large or small—anywhere on the wall. Another of his inventions, a revolving easel, makes it physically





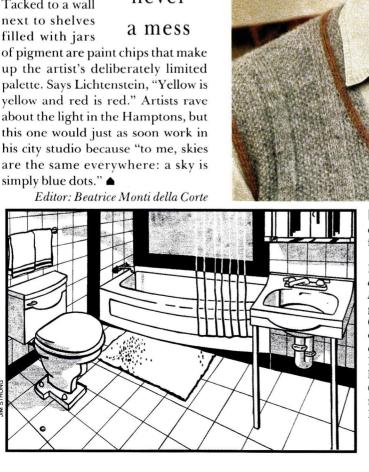
easier to work on segments of a canvas and enables him, by turning a painting upside down for instance, to review the composition and colors in a more abstract fashion. An enormous mirror attached to an easel on wheels serves a similar purpose.

Lichtenstein is relaxed and humorous in person but, says Riehm, "meticulous by nature. He laid the place out—this here, that there and had a list in his pocket for every meeting." Though the studio is often a hive of activity, it is never a mess. A cart on wheels holds pots of paint with brushes taped to the lids. Clippings of line drawings from comic books, newspaper ads, and the yellow pages are pasted in notebooks. Another cart holds paper painted in solid colors and custom-printed in

stein cuts out and applies collage-style to his canvases. He then gradually replaces the paper with paint. Tacked to a wall next to shelves filled with jars

stripes and dots,
The studio is often a hive of activity but never a mess

up the artist's deliberately limited palette. Says Lichtenstein, "Yellow is yellow and red is red." Artists rave about the light in the Hamptons, but this one would just as soon work in his city studio because "to me, skies are the same everywhere: a sky is simply blue dots." ▲



corner of his 4,500-squarefoot studio. Left: Bathroom, 1961. Right: The artist's Brushstroke chair. Opposite above: His bronzes, Archaic Head and Galatea, are as graphic as his paintings. Opposite below left: In the office alcove of the studio, cabinets salvaged from Benny Goodman's kitchen hold books and catalogues. Opposite below right: A recent collage study for Den. Details see Resources.









Y THE SEA, BY THE SEA, BY THE beautiful sea." By July that's where everyone wants to be, and if it's on an island off the New England coast, so much the better. But to make a real island haven here took more than just buying a bulky old shingle cottage and preserving the extraordinary harbor view with its Childe Hassam-esque lighthouse, strand, and marsh. A big busy summer hotel lies behind the property, and a main road doglegs within thirty feet of the house. Inventing privacy, shelter, and quiet took the skills of both architect Jaquelin T. Robertson and landscape designer Edwina vonGal. He has a passion for siting and a gift for a subtle path-drawn geometry. She has a passion for plants but nonetheless retains the agreeable attitude that growing what flourishes is better than constant experimenting. If Concord

Lindens, locusts, maples, and Russian olives underplanted with hostas and ferns shield the house from the road and from its neighbor to the southeast. Nine mossytrunked apple trees make an orchard off the octagonal breakfast room, focusing the cinematic harbor view to a narrow glance beneath a cool green eyeshade of summer foliage. The view, as at most great summer houses or country places, governs all; the way it has been sliced by garden architecture and plantings and directed with paths is the main attraction.

grapes and ordinary 'New Dawn' roses will grow on an

arbor like this, why grow anything else?





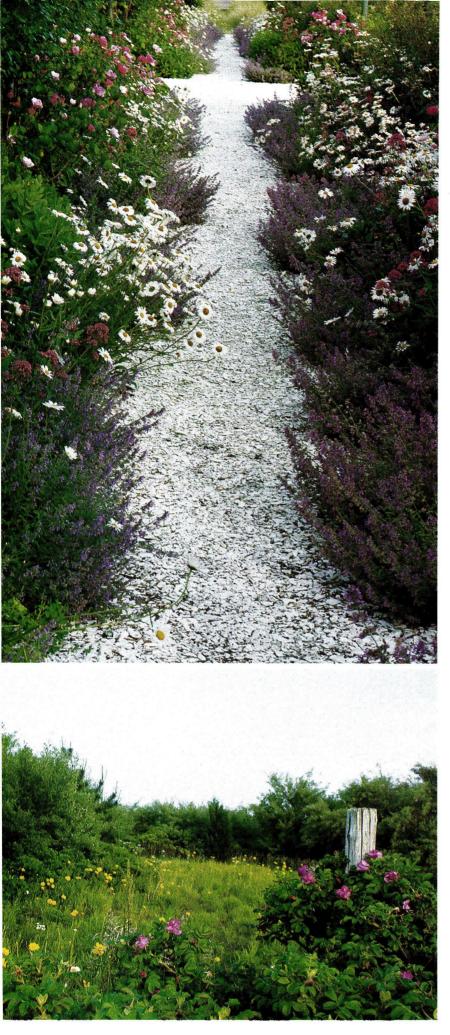
A green eyeshade of foliage focuses the harbor view to a narrow glance



Plantings by landscape designer Edwina vonGal are events in the garden journey mapped out by architect Jaquelin Robertson. Clockwise from top: Lady's-mantle, Alchemilla mollis, next to a grassy path. A "bird temple" outside the breakfast room, with the apple orchard beyond. Shock-headed allium in the kitchen garden. Cutting a swath through native grasses. Variegated hostas along a soft pine needle path. Gaillardia × grandiflora 'Dazzler'.





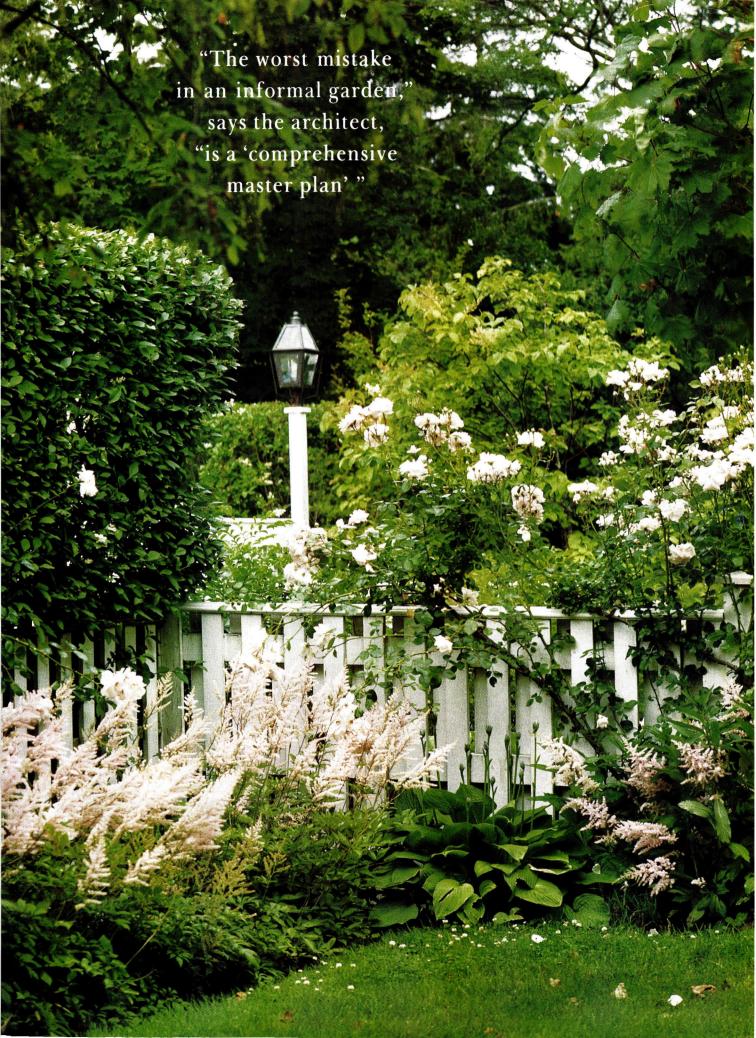


Both Robertson and vonGal know about such journeys of the eye. Robertson, born in Virginia, grew up among some of the most beautiful domestic architecture in the world, the brick plantation houses and dependencies of the eighteenthcentury Tidewater, and is deeply familiar with the gardens of Persia, China, and England. A sense of place is integral to his art. "Working in landscape is a good discipline for an architect," says Robertson, "because site planning should make an architect create a landscape of suggestion based on what's there: space, light—how and what it strikes—and the stuff that grows wild." He is aware of what creation actually means, far away from the inflexible idealizations of bird'seye views and axonometric drawings.

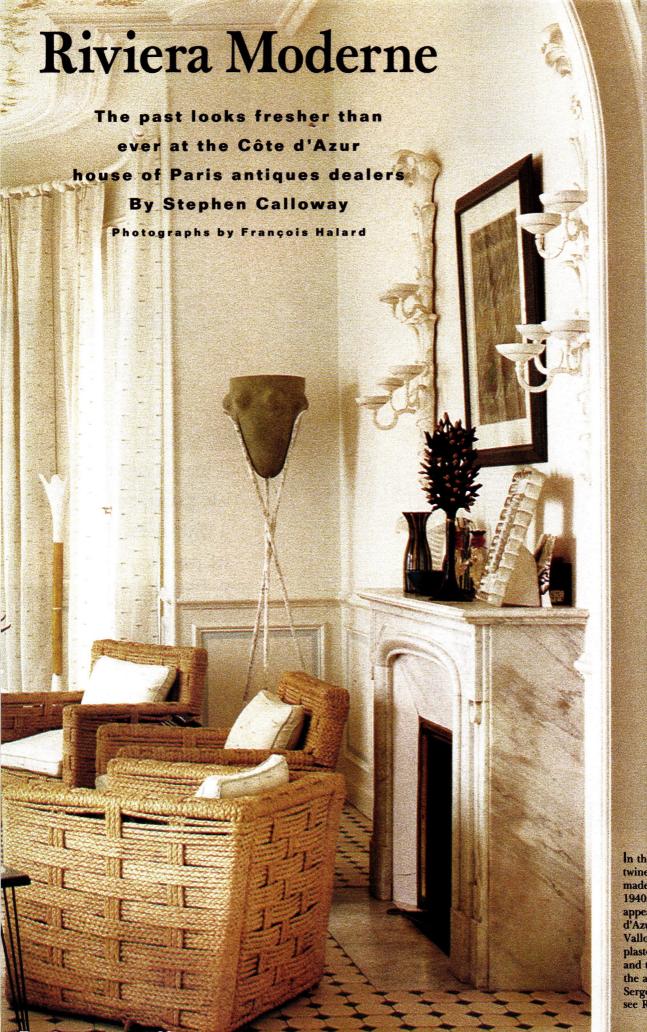
VonGal is perhaps the only garden designer in recent years to create "landscapes" at Rockefeller Center that were as eye-catching as their towering stone surroundings: one of her first, in 1984, was a topiary zoo, well before the topiary craze hit garden making; another was a free-flowing garden of grasses. Long familiar with the island house on its sandy bluff, she got her chance when the sheltering screen of Japanese pines along the road died of blight, leaving the building exposed to view—and to the possibilities of making a garden. First came a new screen of trees, and then, when Robertson made additions to the house, came an entrance court, hedges for the swimming pool, and a cutting garden. According to Robertson, the owner knows the difference between the vernacular and the grand and enjoys the traffic that can go on between them. In one part of the cutting garden, which is arranged in blocks of flower color and herbs, everyday plants give way to vonGal's garden version of this side of her client's character. To fill the house with flowers, a king's ransom of exotic tender bulbs (ismene, sprekelia, watsonia, tuberose) are planted like corn at two-week intervals all summer longa gesture that instantly equates grand luxury with common sense.

Six acres provide ecologically sound niches for a coreopsis field, an "olive grove" of silvery Russian olives, a wood-floored pavilion roofed with grapevines, and a tennis court wedged in just above the back line of the dune grass. The steep drop to water level is made much of, bridged with two flights of plain wood steps that angle down from the corners of the lawn above. Railings are wreathed with sweet (Continued on page 123)

A hedge, a fence, and climbing roses, opposite, create privacy and order by the front door. Above left: Fourth of July red, white, and blue: the rose 'Betty Prior', Centranthus ruber, Montauk daisies, catmint, and caryopteris 'Blue Mist'. Left: Companions in the field: pink rugosa roses and yellow coreopsis.







In the salon, woven twine furniture, made locally in the 1940s, has a special appeal for Côte d'Azur native Bob Vallois. The 1940s plaster wall sconces and the ottoman in the alcove are by Serge Roche. Details see Resources.





The air of relaxed elegance recalls the 1930s with dashes of postwar spice



E ARE IN THE HOLY OF holies at Vallois, one of the most chic of all the galleries in the enchanted maze of streets that centers on the rue de Seine on the Left Bank in Paris. We are talking of the great furniture makers of the 1920s and '30s, of Jacques-Émile Ruhlmann and Jean-Michel Frank, and of their sense of style and quality. Monsieur Vallois sits behind an elegantly ordered desk, surrounded by exquisite things. He speaks of lacquer and shagreen, vellum and bronze, punctuating his comments with expansive gestures and puffs on an everpresent cigar.

Bob Vallois and his wife, Cheska, came to Paris in 1970 and rapidly established their gallery as one of the key places to seek out fine pictures, sculpture, and furniture of the art deco period. Today their shop and their nearby apartment are set out with groups of extraordinary museum-quality objects. In Bob's office the watery gray light of Paris creeps in, caressing the forms of the remarkable collection of small early twentieth century sculptures crowding the shelves and standing on pedestals around his desk.

The quality of sunlight, Bob Vallois muses, is so different in the south; there it is clear and brilliant, creating strong colors and rich shadows. Warming to his theme, he talks of the beauty of the area where he grew up on the Côte d'Azur. "That," he says with an evident pride, "is my country." Two years ago he and

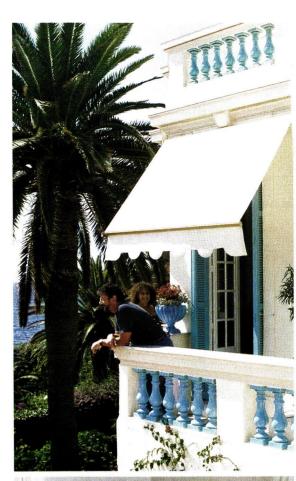
In the dining area, Hollywood baroque reigns, opposite left, with a table and chairs designed in the 1940s by Jean-Charles Moreux and another pair of Roche sconces. A totemic owl, opposite above right, by ceramist Guidette Carbonell keeps watch on the gardens, while a table with a ceramic top on a wroughtiron frame, opposite below right, adds a whimsical note to the salon. Above right: Bob and Cheska Vallois on the terrace outside the salon. The blue ceramic balusters were made to match a surviving baluster. Right: Guidette Carbonell's ceramic lamp from the 1940s illuminates a 1969 gouache by Robert Malaval.

Cheska found a house there on the old coast road from Monte Carlo at Cap d'Ail, once a favorite haunt of Winston Churchill's for his painting holidays and for many years the hideaway of actor Sacha Guitry. Now it must be one of the few remaining unspoiled spots on the Riviera.

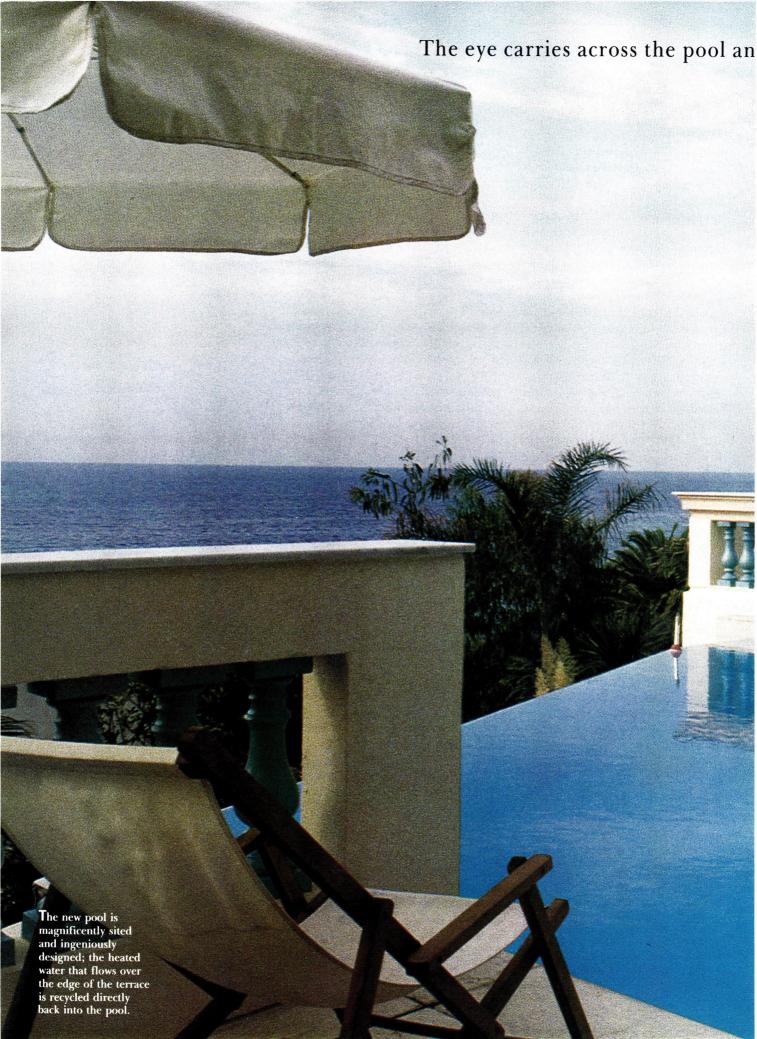
Cap d'Ail seems a magical place, miraculously preserved from the rash of hideous building that has ruined so much of the Corniche. As you turn off the road onto the promontory, you glimpse white walls and colorful balconies half hidden in the trees. There are no more than twenty villas, mostly dating from the turn of the century. There are no hotels; above all, there is no concrete. Even the vista across the little bay offers nothing to mar the period charm of fresh paint and old roofs under a blue sky and blue blue water.

The Vallois house has the perfect blend of imposing grandeur and informal elegance of Edwardian seaside architecture at its best. Since it was built by an Englishman in 1905, the house had been owned by just two families. Indeed, it first came onto the market only by a stroke of fate, Bob and Cheska explain. Two daughters, who inherited the villa from their parents, its original owners, fought bitterly. Since neither sister would allow the other to have the house, it had to be sold.

The villa was dilapidated, but its plan and proportions were perfect. The new owners determined to make as few changes as possible, ensuring that everything they did was in keeping with the spirit of the place. Restoration work nevertheless took the better part of a year. Meanwhile they began to assemble furniture that would be both comfortable and practical, together with a collection of period and contemporary art that seemed appropriate to the character of the villa. Bob is quick to point out that they always wanted the house to have an identity very different from that of the gallery or their Paris apartment. Here there are no vellum-lined walls or smart pieces of 1925 Exposition-style veneered fur-









The original tile floor sets up a crisp rhythm and carries the blue and white color scheme through the house and onto the terrace



niture that would be destroyed by the climate. The dominant feel at Cap d'Ail is one of relaxed elegance redolent of the 1930s, spiced up with a few pieces from the 1940s and more recent decades.

On the principal floor of the house the adjoining salon and dining area have fine proportions with stately full-length French windows opening onto terraces. The high ceilings retain their original delicately painted floral decoration, which the Vallois have had carefully restored. Charming marble chimneypieces survive, as does the tile floor, cool and crisp with its small repeating pattern in the blue and white color scheme that recurs both inside and out.

The centerpiece in the salon is an ottoman by 1930s decorator Serge Roche. But it is the woven twine sofa, table, and chairs that hold a particular nostalgic charm for Bob Vallois. Although he found them in Paris, he says they were made on the Riviera during the bleak war years when a few craftsmen kept the spirit of French chic alive despite the extreme scarcity of materials. Plain plaster candle sconces, also by Serge Roche, hang above the mantel; the Vallois have cleverly echoed the antique barbaric feel of the sconces with a pair of lamps in the form of vases on tripods by Mattia Bonetti and Elizabeth Garouste, the current darlings of the Parisian decorative arts scene.

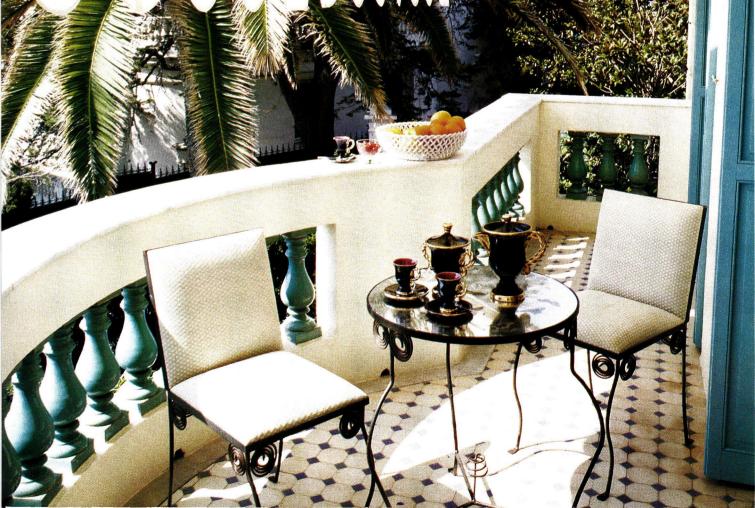
The dining area is dominated by a gloriously exuberant table and set of high-backed chairs in Hollywood baroque style by that much undervalued master of the 1930s, Jean-Charles Moreux. The pictures here include a large 1988 painting by Arman as well as several smaller works by Robert Malaval and other painters of the school of Nice in whom Bob Vallois has a special interest. The room also features a number of ceramic pieces on the grand scale, including a 1940 Cazaux vase and a clamshell-like lamp by the seventysix-year-old ceramic artist Guidette Carbonell. Another of her works, a totemlike bird from about 1940, stands guard outside.

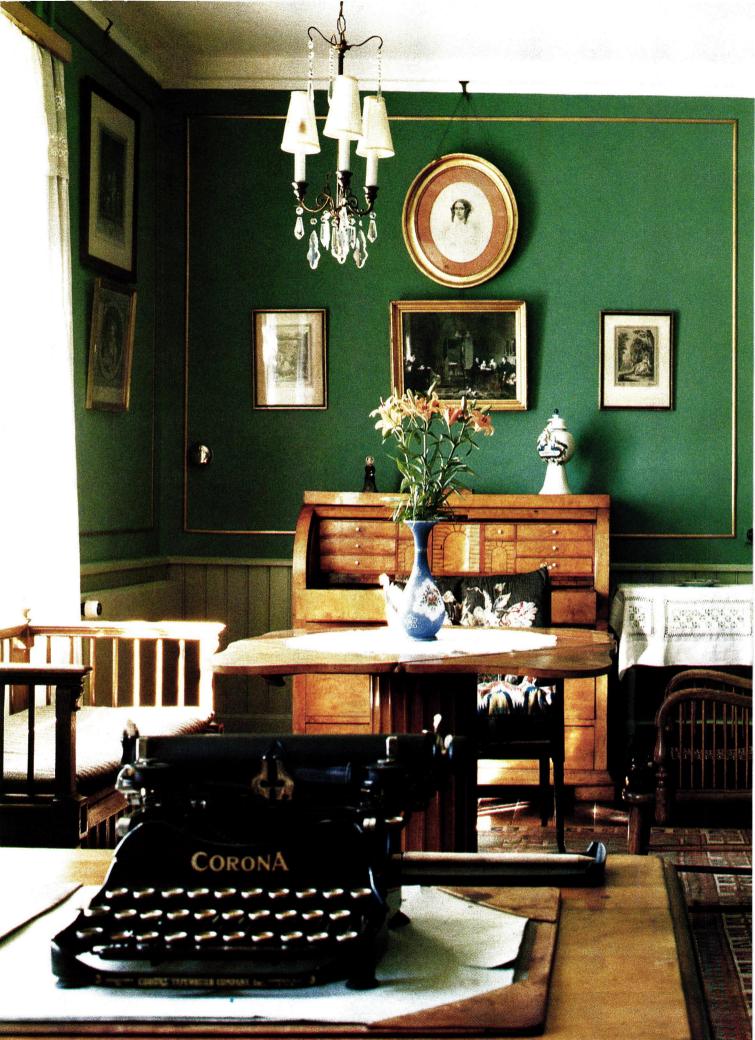
During the summer Bob and Cheska more or less live outdoors on the terraces, in the gardens, and beside the magnificent new pool and it is here that they have done most to improve the villa. Groups of tables and chairs catch the sun or take advantage of a patch of deliciously cool shade. Lavish replanting has rescued the gardens, which now form the perfect setting for the house and the pool. The pool, which the Vallois themselves conceived, is a masterpiece of planning, its siting and levels so carefully contrived that the eye carries across the water and out to sea in an unbroken vista.

The views from the bedrooms on the upper floor are superb. The Vallois added terraces, repeating the pattern of the balustrades below. All the balusters are ceramic, glazed in a rich Mediterranean blue; they were reproduced from a surviving baluster. One of the guest rooms is decorated entirely with furniture by Bonetti and Garouste. Bob and Cheska's own bedroom is light and spacious with a number of fine pieces. An impressive anonymous pair of deco lyre-front armchairs flanks the view of the bay, and a low table by Pierre Legrain stands in the center of the room, but the eve is most immediately drawn to a 1927 coiffeuse made in the most spectacular moderne style by Eugène Printz for the princesse de La Tour d'Auvergne. Of metal with pivoting glass shelves, it is handsome, inventive, and—thanks to its materials—invulnerable to the heat and the light that drew Bob and Cheska Vallois back to the Côte d'Azur.

A guest bedroom, left, features furniture by Mattia Bonetti and Elizabeth Garouste available from Neotu, NYC. Opposite above: Among the art deco pieces in the master bedroom are a small round table and lamp by Jean-Michel Frank, a low table by Pierre Legrain, and a coiffeuse made in 1927 by Eugène Printz. The curtains and bedspread are an Indian cotton available from Shyam Ahuya. Opposite below: For tea on the terrace, 1940s porcelain from Vallauris, near Nice, and a table and chairs by Philippe Renaud and Patrice Gruffaz.









Out of Denmark

Back from Africa,
Karen Blixen launched
her literary career
from her family house
By Clara Selborn

Photographs by Eric Boman







HAD A FARM IN AFRICA, AT THE FOOT OF THE Ngong Hills." To most readers Karen Blixen is Isak Dinesen, and her proper place is the coffee plantation she memorialized in *Out of Africa*. But the Danish writer began and ended her life in a sixteenth-century farmhouse named Rungstedlund, midway between Copenhagen and Elsinore. It was from Rungstedlund—"the old inn, red-tiled, close to the road" of her story "The Supper at Elsinore"—that she escaped to East Africa and to which she returned to write the books that made her famous.

Karen Blixen's house (where the author of this article spent much time working as her secretary from 1944 to 1962) came like her pseudonym from her father, Wilhelm Dinesen, who acquired Rungstedlund in 1879. He intended to move into more stately quarters after his marriage, but he had become so attached to the old house that he and his wife settled there instead.

Theirs was a busy household, with three daughters and two sons and sometimes a governess. The lively scene in "Peter and Rosa" in which Rosa meets a "fishwife from the coast" having coffee with the servants is right out of the servants' quarters at Rungstedlund.

Karen often walked with her father in the woods near the house. Many years later in a radio address she remembered how he taught her about migratory birds: "A whole world was opened to me when I heard about bird migrations, that mighty net which is spun around the earth as a result of some inexplicable call."

Then came the blow of Wilhelm Dinesen's suicide, in 1895, when Karen—Tanne to her family—was almost ten years old. Three years later a fire destroyed some of the outbuildings. The rest of Tanne's childhood was not happy. As a young woman she enjoyed her relatives' country houses and the parties they gave in Copenha-

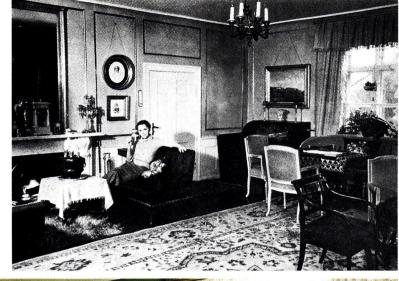
gen. Her talent for drawing won her a place at the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, and she published stories that showed literary gifts. But when she became engaged to her Swedish second cousin, Baron Bror von Blixen-Finecke, and at twenty-eight emigrated with him to East Africa, it was a flight from the world of Rungstedlund.

Eighteen years later, in 1931, she was back at home. Completely broke, she moved in with her mother and set up in her father's old study her worn Corona typewriter, the one she had used in Africa for typing business letters headed "The Karen Coffee Co., Ltd." The manuscript of *Seven Gothic Tales* was completed two years later.

Karen Blixen shared her mother's house until 1939, when Ingeborg Dinesen died. The following spring the Germans occupied Denmark. Two severe winters followed; in 1940 the Sound outside her windows, between Denmark and Sweden, was frozen over, a phenomenon she had described in "The Supper at Elsinore," set in 1841: "At night...this flatness and whiteness of the sea was very strange, like the breath of death over the world."

It was not until the spring and summer of 1944 that she began to adapt the house to her own taste. She gave away her mother's grand piano and heavy tablecloths. In the midst of wartime shortages, she saw an advertisement for a set of lace curtains being sold privately and

In 1931 Blixen took over what had been her father's study, opposite above, called Ewald's Room after a Danish poet who stayed at the house when it was an inn. The Masai and Somali weapons on the wall belonged to her brother Thomas. Opposite below: Blixen painted the two portraits of Kikuyu in the 1920s. Top right: Blixen in the drawing room about the time of her mother's death in 1939. Above right: In 1944 Blixen began to change the house. One of her purchases was lace curtains for the drawing room in the summer. Right: The Danish long-case clock accompanied her to Africa and home again.





It was not until 1944 that she unpacked all the things she had brought back from Africa



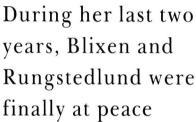


bought them to hang in the drawing room in the summer. They were too long, but she didn't have the heart to cut them down, so the lace fell in graceful pools on the floor. And she unpacked her things from Africa—the painted screen that stood by the fireplace in the house at Ngong and inspired the stories she told her lover, Denys Finch Hatton, along with the gramophone he gave her.

Once she began to make Rungstedlund her own, she pursued a distinct vision. She bought threadbare oriental carpets because she thought new ones, with their deep pile and rich tones, were vulgar. And she had a friend mix and remix colors for the walls until she was satisfied. For the dining room she settled on a grayed neutral shade that is light in the summer yet cozy in the winter, just as she pictured.

She enjoyed having houseguests but also wanted to concentrate on her writing, so she transformed her

> mother's bedroom and an adjacent room into a guest apartment. Visitors were not supposed to show up in the



main wing until lunch. To make the guest sitting room harmonize with the lawn outside, she decreed a color scheme unusual—even outrageous—for a Danish interior of the day: bluish green walls with light yellow-green woodwork, a combination she said was inspired by oriental ceramics.

Rungstedlund had no central heating until 1960. Wood fires were kept burning in the open fireplace and in the rococo, (Continued on page 124)









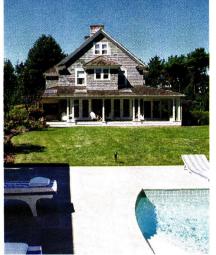




T WAS A MOMENT OF TRUTH FOR me," Adrienne Vittadini recalls. "We had gone from a place right in East Hampton to a beach house out on the dunes, but it felt too barren. So we decided to build from scratch. When we were driving back to the city from the land we were going to buy, I sighed that someday we would have our dream house. I knew then that we would never build: I wanted an old house, a house with a history and lawn and trees."

She found her ideal on a bay in a secluded part of eastern Long Island: a gray shingle-style house from 1904 on fourteen acres of land with spacious porches, an old-fashioned tennis court nestled in the trees, and lawns that tumble down to the water. "Initially when I saw this property, I fell in love with the land and the spectacular setting," says Vittadini. "There was some major cleaning up to be done inside, but it had exactly the right feeling. After living in a contemporary beach house, I wanted a real contrast-something that personified the area's traditional architecture."

Adrienne and her husband, Gianluigi, bought the Long Island prop-



erty in 1987. It has become their haven from a flourishing business built on giving women elegant modern clothing that feels great to wear. The Vittadini line, which began with Adrienne's knitwear designs in 1979, now includes three fashion divisions and fourteen licensees, from bedsheets and swimwear to a fragrance scheduled to launch in 1992. Keeping this empire on the move requires hard work and constant travel. "To me, my house is about unwinding, being totally free and wearing no makeup," the designer confides. "We go there every weekend in the summer except when we're in Europe. There are usually ten or even twenty people. We also love to spend holidays like Thanksgiving and Christmas when we can. It's such a great family house."

Adrienne, who was brought up in Philadelphia and studied fine art there at Moore College of Art and Design before launching her design career in Italy, fell in love with the area when she and some college friends rented a house in Quogue. "When I first brought Gianluigi—Gigi—out here, he was disappointed," she says. "I think he was expecting, or perhaps hoping for, a bit of Capri. But eventually it started getting under his skin."

Realizing Adrienne's vision of the house took about two years, during which time she worked closely with two architects and a decorator. The main challenge for architect James D'Auria, who oversaw the initial restoration of the main house and the boathouse, was to give the American shingle-style architecture that attracted Adrienne a Mediterranean flavor that would appeal to Gianluigi. To do this, D'Auria replaced the windows looking out on the pool with French doors that provide graceful access to the porch, which serves as an open-air dining room.

Outside, above right, the house is distinctly American: inside. the flavor is Continental. Opposite: Under an Italian landscape in the living room, a paisley shawl from Etro is draped over a French straw chair. Carpet from Kamdin Designs, NYC. Right: The study's wool wallcovering from Le Décor Français, NYC, and curtains and upholstery fabrics from Etro depart from the light palette.







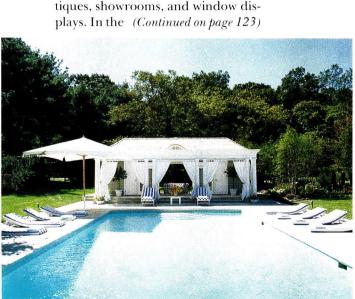


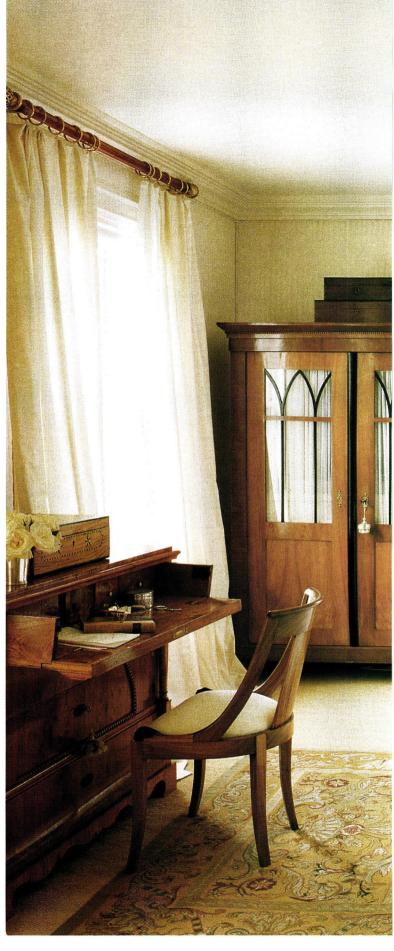
At the foot of the pool, architect Alexander C. Gorlin created a pavilion that echoes the double colonnade of the porch. The pool house accommodates a small kitchen, changing rooms, and a miniature sitting room curtained in white canvas. "I wanted to create a little classical temple in the landscape," says Gorlin.

The pool itself was rejuvenated and retiled in blue green. "We had the tile installed," says decorator Larry Laslo, "and then Adrienne went out to see it. It was sunset and the whole place turned periwinkle, not at all what she wanted. Then the next morning she opened her curtains and the pool was brown! During the night a huge rainstorm had washed the hillside into the pool." Now, says Laslo, the pool is the perfect shade—"exactly the color of the Mediterranean in the sun."

The decoration of the house was a collaboration between Adrienne and Laslo, who has been working with Vittadini for three years on her boutiques, showrooms, and window displays. In the (Continued on page 123)

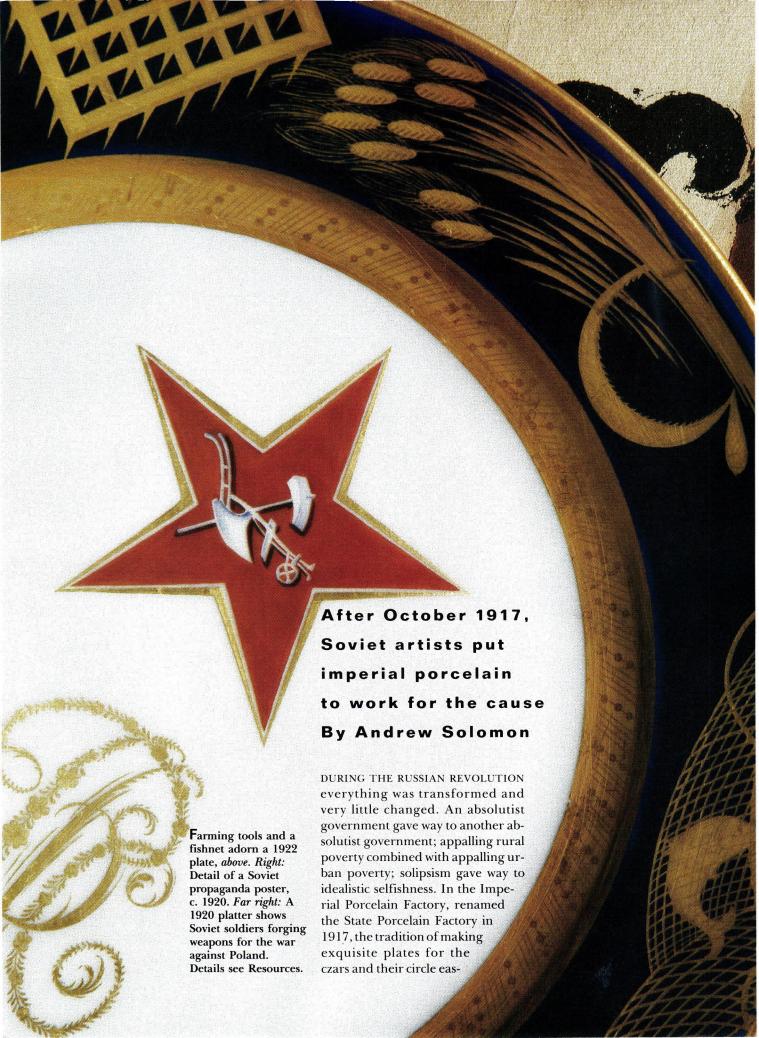
A Biedermeier armoire and secretary, right, anchor the whites of the master bedroom. Above: A guest room with bed linens designed by Vittadini for Fieldcrest. Sisal carpets in both bedrooms from Stark. Below: For the pool house Alexander Gorlin designed what he calls a "little classical temple."

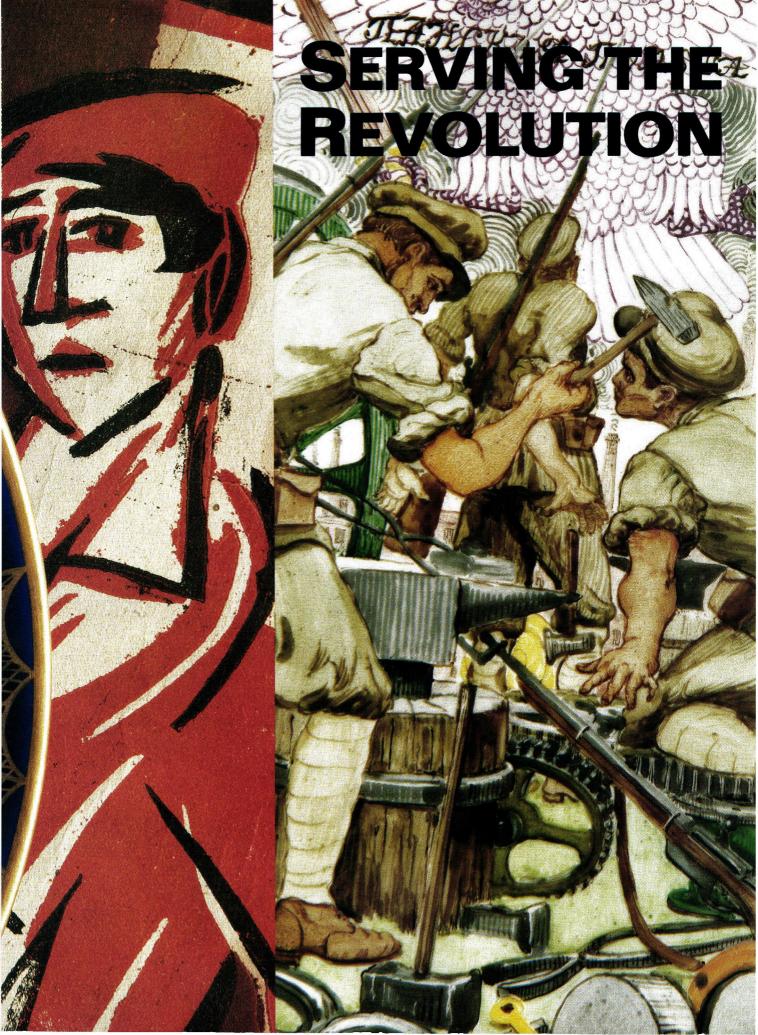






"Shopping for the house was more play than work," says Vittadini







If each meal could be made an occasion for the celebration of the people's state, then the success of the cause was assured

ily became a tradition of making exquisite plates for the cause of the Revolution. Thus one of the most material grace notes of Nicholas II's decadence was sustained by the new regime. Lenin's fixation on revolutionary education meant that exponents of beauty did not have to give up their cause if they could twist it into the service of agitprop. Few did this more successfully than the porcelain workers. The Revolution established both a new moral system and a new standard of tableware in one fell swoop.

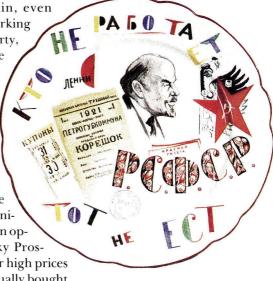
The notion that all men's parity could be enforced with dinnerware seems, from the harsh perspective of post-Communism, more than a bit naive. Nonetheless, plates were among the many ordinary things that could be transformed into message bearers for the Revolution. If each meal could be made an occasion for the celebration of the people's state and its triumphs, the success of the cause was almost assured. The Imperial Porcelain Factory was full of unglazed dishes that had yet to be decorated for members of the court. and these were immediately painted with slogans and other designs associated with Communism. The idea was mad, of course. The store of blanks, though substantial, could

Czarist and Soviet symbols appear on the bottom of a plate painted in 1922, above. Clockwise from right:
A 1919 pattern by Sergei Chekhonin. Motherhood, c. 1920, by Alexandra Shchekotikhina-Pototskaya. Mikhail Adamovich's 1923 Lenin plate with the slogan "He who does not work does not eat." Suprematist plate by Nikolai Suetin. A 1910 design incorporating the word pravda (truth). The Land Is for the Workers, by Natan Altman, honoring the first anniversary of the Revolution.

never have extended to the tables of the ordinary people of the new Russia, and the expense of producing hand-painted porcelain, even when the artists were working for the glory of the party, was far too great to make its distribution to the proletariat even a reasonable fantasy.

Instead dinner sets were sent off to the new nation's embassies where they attracted much notice and attention, and they were sold in the former Korniloff porcelain shop, still in operation today on Nevsky Prospekt in Leningrad. Their high prices meant that they were usually bought by foreigners, and they were most valuable to the Russians as a source of foreign currency, always eagerly sought by the fathers of Communism. After 1921, propaganda ceramics were also sold at international exhibitions where they attracted welcome francs, dollars, and lire. Pieces that failed to find buyers at these shows were distributed through a shop in Hampstead, England, called Fortunate Finds.

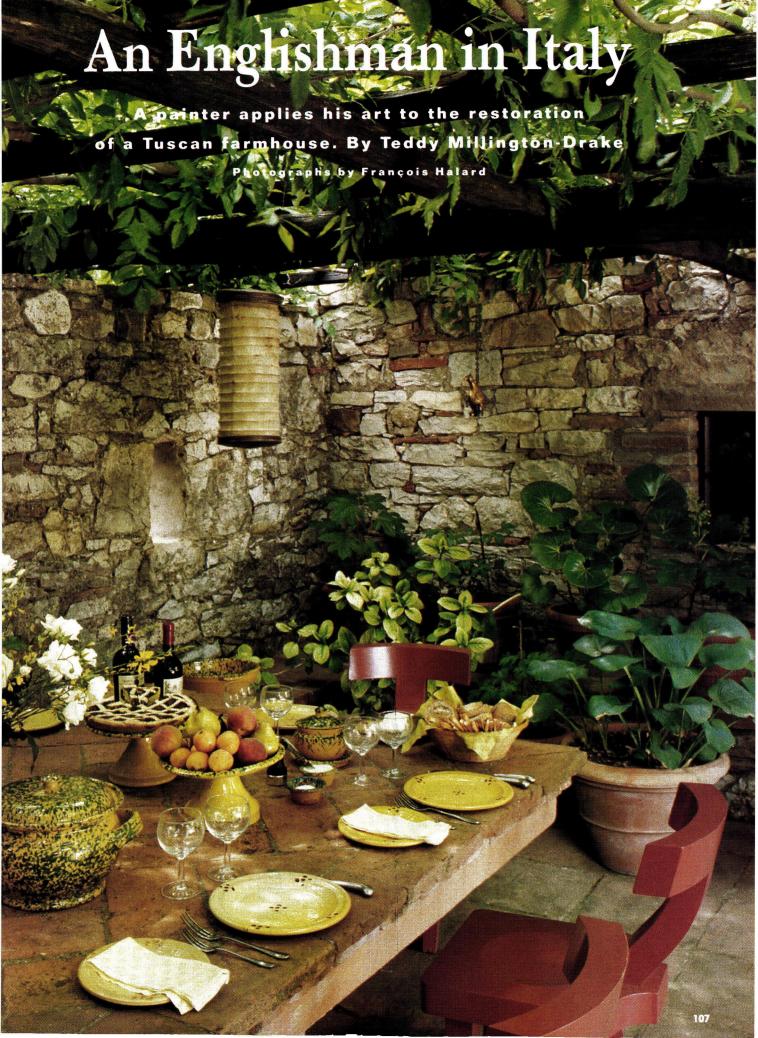
The French-born princess Nina Lobanov-Rostovsky's Revolutionary Ceramics: Soviet Porcelain, 1917–1927, published last fall by Rizzoli, is a remarkably detailed account of the period, illustrated with many of the finest pieces made in those years. These were selected from the collection of the late London antiques dealer Nicholas Lynn, who was among the first to recognize the artistic and social significance of propaganda ware. Lobanov-Rostovsky's immense (Continued on page 124)













CAME TO TUSCANY BY chance, like the passenger in the music hall song: "Oh! Mr. Porter, whatever shall I do?/I want to go to Birmingham and they're taking me on to Crewe." For three months I had been looking for a house near Rome and was leaving for Bombay a week later when I saw an advertisement in the Rome Daily American: "For sale, house in Tuscany, 14 rooms...." I drove up on a foggy day in December, and at the end of a rough rocky road found a solid, almost square house with a pigeon tower. There were holes in the floor and no windows or doors, but I sensed immediately from the layout and proportions of the rooms and the huge ruined barn that this could again be-

come a place to live and work. The fact that it was in Tuscany was secondary, even a disadvantage. "Too far away and gloomy," said the Roman Cassandras. "You're mad to buy a house now." It was 1974. "The Communists are coming; you'll be kidnapped by the Red Brigades." I was determined, however, and signed a commitment before departing for India.

Poggio al Pozzo, as the house is called, stands on the Ricasoli estate, one of a hundred more or less similar structures built there during the past two or three centuries, with walls of local stone and floors and roofs of tile made in the landowners' own ovens. Many of these houses were abandoned in the 1950s, when the ageold Italian system of farming known

as mezzadria came to an end. This was an arrangement whereby the tenant farmer was given some land and a house in return for half his produce. The first cherries, the best cheeses were sent to the landlord at the castle. After the war farmers were unwilling to continue with mezzadria and landlords were unable to modernize the houses, which had no drainage, plumbing, or electricity. The young people went to work in factories, and their parents moved to small blocks of flats in the villages. It was then that adventurous Englishmen driving about the Tuscan countryside first began to buy vacant buildings to use as holiday houses, often putting in only the most basic plumbing. A new period had started for so many of the properties the farmers left behind.

When I returned from India, I realized what I had taken on. There was hardly any water, no telephone, a terrible road, and everything to be done. But the woods, where only birds disturbed the silence, and the distant views of Ricasoli castles and of Monte Amiata, a pale blue outline on the horizon, made it all worthwhile. I rented a flat in a castle, and with the help of John Stefanidis, who came to visit from London, the house began to take shape.

In traditional Tuscan farmhouses the animals were kept on the ground floor, while the family lived upstairs in rooms giving onto a big kitchen with a large fireplace. Because the entrance to my house was up an outside flight of stairs, an inside staircase had to be built. Bathrooms had to be installed, new doors and windows fitted, and the stables turned into a hall, pantry, and dining rooms. Stefanidis decided to build on a new

Rustic stonework was restored at Poggio al Pozzo, above left. Left: The new kitchen reuses an old archway. Opposite: In the kilim-carpeted living room, a sofa in John Stefanidis cotton available at China Seas stands near inlaid Middle Eastern chests, a 17th-century Italian mirror, and a batik-covered Tuscan chair. A Millington-Drake canvas hangs above one of a pair of 18th-century Roman armchairs.







kitchen between the house and pigpen where the roof was raised to insert more bedrooms. We made every effort to preserve the original forms and volumes of the house—even the manger remained in the dining room and has become a sideboard.

Outside the house were a few trees, broken walls, and nettles. I planted a lime avenue and rows of olive and fruit trees and dug a well nearly 350 feet deep, which enabled me to start some sort of garden. Any additions to the landscape must, I felt, relate to the views, either framing them or leading the eye into the distance. Where possible I used whatever already grew wild-viburnum, broom, cistus, roses-and introduced lavender and climbing roses around the house. I planted thousands of the pale mauve irises that used to be indigenous to Tuscany but have been systematically devoured by a species of large porcupine. They ate some of mine, and the survivors have had to be fenced in. I brought in chickens and ducks too, but they were eaten by a fox. In the enclosed area where the fowl once were I have made a small water garden with irises, wisteria, bamboo, and waterlilies.

Tuscan farmhouses were sparsely

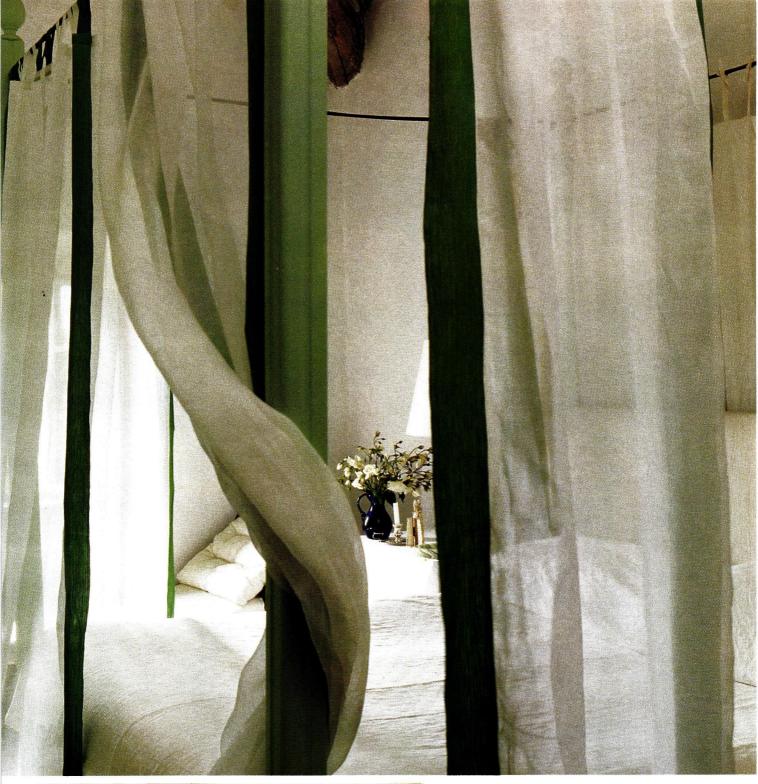
and poorly furnished. It was a hard life, and any extra money was spent on shoes, not dressing tables. There were iron beds and rough chests of drawers, the sink was of stone, and cooking was done on the open fire upstairs. In my house I used what furniture I had collected: Middle Eastern chests, Caucasian kilims, Jaipur dhurries, a Venetian cupboard, Indian miniatures, and other objects and fabrics bought on many painting trips to the subcontinent. A fourposter ordered in Rome was so large that both the door and the floor had to be removed to get it into the room. The other beds had simple headboards, but over the years I'd had the local carpenter make them into fourposters, too, and hung them with saris brought from India, the fabric softening the starkness of rooms without curtains. As windows in Tuscan farmhouses tend to be rather small and the interiors dark in winter, I did not want any covering that would take away more light.

At first the bare walls were forbidding and I hesitated to hang pictures. But as the rooms took on character and were given names the Indian Room, the Green Room—I began to hang some of the miniatures acquired on my travels, then my own watercolors of India, and more recent nonfigurative drawings. Earlier, when I lived in a large rented villa in the Veneto, I painted the walls of a big empty room at the back of the house in my abstract idiom of the time. This was the first of many murals, some done for myself and some on commission. At Poggio I decided to paint a dark hall off the kitchen. The abstract composition was based on lines from a poem by Baudelaire, "Mais les vrais voyageurs sont ceux-là seuls qui partent pour partir," much loved by Bruce Chatwin, who was working here then on his novel The Viceroy of Ouidah.

Il Poggio is very isolated, and I live here alone with a gentle Alsatian. The nearest house, across the valley, which I have rebuilt and furnished for my nephew, is a fifteen-minute walk. In (Continued on page 125)



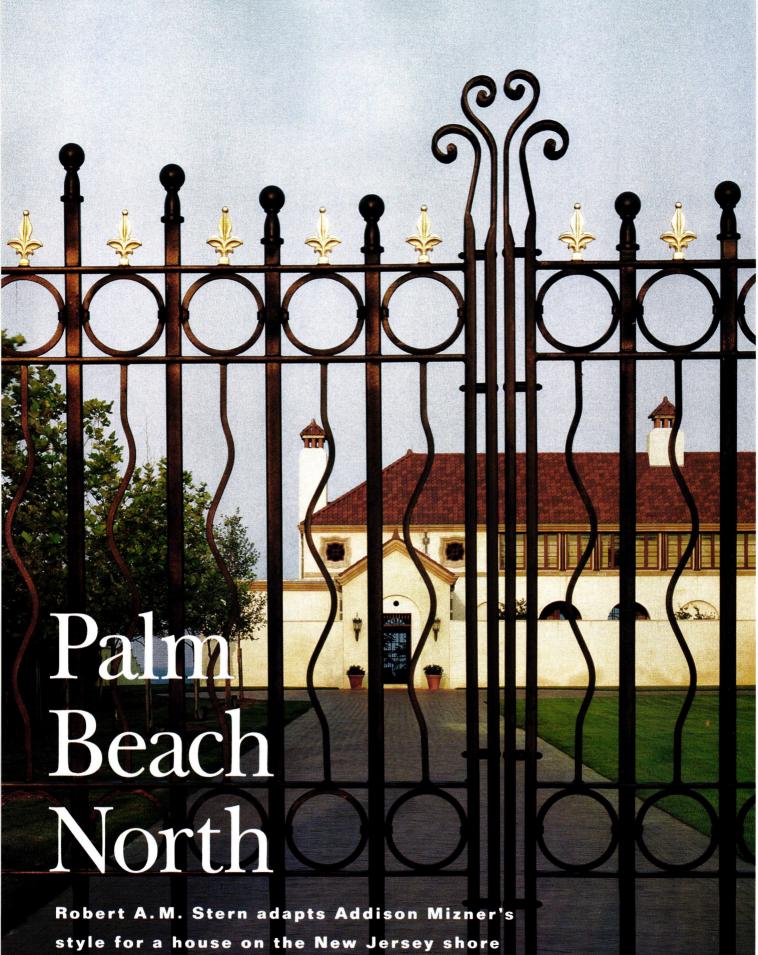
A table in the lime avenue, above left, awaits a solitary diner. Above: The Green Room takes its name from the custom-made four-poster curtained with saris. The daybed under the window is Piedmontese. Right: Indian miniatures are grouped beyond a guest bed. Beneath a Persian mirror, a standing Tuscan breadbox supports Indian figurines and silver cylinders holding letters of welcome from officials in Calcutta and Bombay to Millington-Drake's grandfather, the earl of Inchcape.





Four-posters hung with Indian saris soften the starkness of a traditional Tuscan farmhouse





By Mildred F. Schmertz Photographs by Timothy Hursley



has a place
The on the by its is the wint Beach disor

VERY WORK OF ARCHITECTURE has a secret language, that of the place to which it really belongs. The language of this fine house on the New Jersey shore, used by its owners only in summer, is the romantic idiom of the great winter houses built in Palm Beach during the 1920s by Addison Mizner. Given a few co-

conut palms, this northern variation on the theme, recently completed by architect Robert A. M. Stern, could almost pass for a Mizner original.

No American architect since Mizner has been more imaginative or dedicated than Stern in setting the scene for privileged existence. In a sense, this house is pure literature, Jay Gatsby's dream of the good life incarnated in stucco, limestone, terra-cotta, mahogany, and tile. Stern's clients did not ask for a specific style of architecture or decoration. The couple, parents of three collegeage sons, wanted a setting that would echo various regional vernaculars of southern Europe and the Mediterranean—evoking their family origins, travels, and cultural interests in a golden retreat by the sea.

Stern is an eclectic architect, one of the first of a generation trained as modernists to reinvent himself as such. He views each commission as an opportunity to extend and enrich his repertoire of styles. Best known for his creative adaptations of the nineteenth-century shingle style, Stern has also successfully tried his hand at reinterpreting a broad range of classical precedents. He is not only a highly productive architect, by any measure of work built, but a prolific architectural historian as well. Most recently—and appropriately, in light of the stylistic provenance of his New Jersey villa—Stern has written the introduction to *Palm Beach Houses*, just published by Rizzoli with a text by Shirley Johnston.

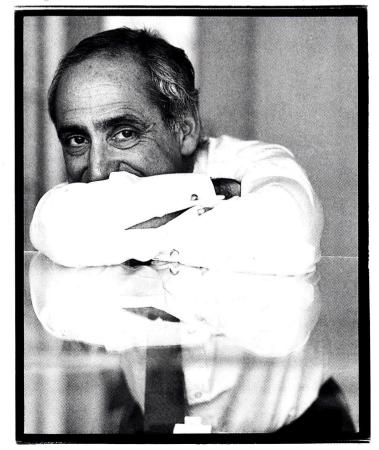
"My interest in architecture and my interest in history are totally intertwined," Stern explains, "and I like to write about things I can't find in books already. It is not by chance that I have worked on books about Palm Beach and Newport. A few years back the photographer Roberto Schezen and I hatched the idea of doing a series on those wonderful places where the intersection of money and society produced a good deal of really important architecture, but where the very presence of money and society blinds people to architectural quality. We have tried to pull away the cobwebs of cash."

Robert A. M. Stern, right. Opposite: Ground-floor rooms open off an arcaded hall where potted ficus trees are set on Vermont slate tiles. Obelisks crown a mahogany credenza designed by Stern's project architect, John Ike, with assistant Augusta Barone. Above right: In contrast to the discreetly enclosed street front, the side overlooking the ocean is as open to sea and sky as Mediterranean-style architecture allows. Like Mizner, Stern, Ike, and their landscape associate Robert Ermerins deployed subtle changes of level to define a stately progression through interior and exterior spaces.



On early visits to Palm Beach, Stern admits to having angled for invitations to houses that looked promising. "Architects should have special privileges to snoop," he says. He regrets that many of the Mizner houses in Florida he loves best are now gone. Given the chance, the least he could do in homage to the master was to reinvent a Mizner house on the New Jersey shore. The fact that Mizner's architectural palette included every imaginable version of Spanish and Italian style only added to the interest of the task Stern set himself. Scorning academic copybook correctness, Mizner sometimes happily combined Venetian with Tuscan and Saracenic details in a single building, along with other not too closely related Romanesque, Gothic, and Renaissance motifs.

Stern's choosing Mizner as model says much about how he goes about selecting a style for a particular client at a given place. "I always try to reinforce strong or interesting characteristics of the area where I find myself

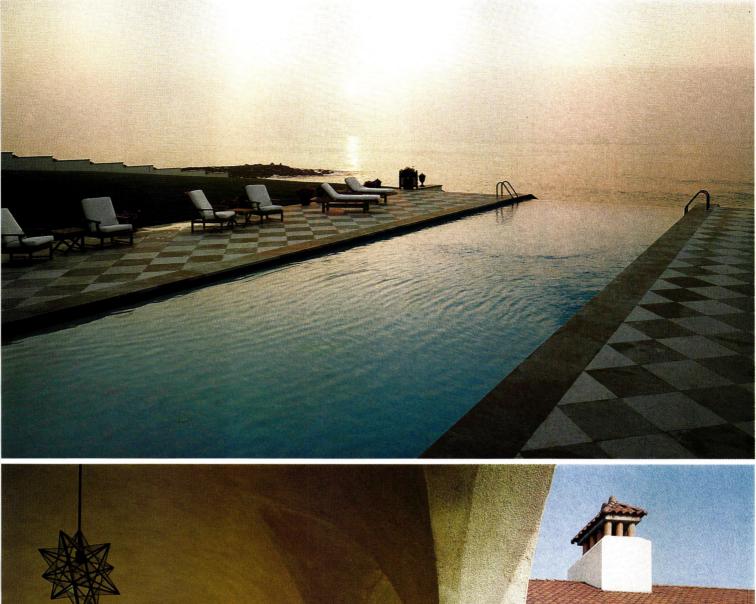




building. Often I choose a period before the Second World War, when the use of styles and regional ideas was more robust than it became in the postwar days of air conditioning and increased automobile travel. Of course, no one style dominated all across the United States. In most places a stylistic laissez-faire was encouraged. Along the New Jersey shore, between the turn of the century and the thirties, a number of houses were built in a Mediterranean-inspired mode." There was no reason why Mizner Spanish wouldn't fit right in and look as though it had been there for a long time. Stern furthermore believes that the clients for this house live in a private world very much like that of Mizner's clients. "The house is the center of family life. They do give big parties and people come over to play tennis or sit around the pool, but the owners like their privacy. You don't drop in on them. You're invited many many times."

Of all Stern's houses, this is one of the most richly

Abstract curves in the living room's French limestone mantel, above, allude to baroque ornament; Mizner would have brought the real thing back from Spain. The carpet is custom Portuguese needlepoint. Opposite above: Poolside chairs and tables from Summit Furniture are set out on a stone terrace. Opposite below. The unglazed vaulted entrance loggia recalls pre-air-conditioning Palm Beach. Details see Resources.







imagined, painstakingly studied and detailed, and meticulously constructed. Every material is what it seems, and the walls are thick, allowing the windows to be deeply set. The exterior walls are stucco trimmed in French limestone; terra-cotta cornices band tile roofs. Checkered terraces paved in two colors of limestone add immeasurably to poolside luxury. There is much to delight the family and guests during their passage through the wrought-iron gate at the curved street

wall, along the vaulted entrance loggia, past the garden court geometrically patterned in river-washed pebbles of many colors, and into the high-ceilinged light-filled interiors with their views through large French windows toward more loggias, terraces, and the ocean. Throughout the house, the major pieces of furniture have been custom-designed by Stern. Other objects are from various sources; many are antique and nearly all are Spanish or Moorish in style. All the interior finishes -ceilings, floors, carpets, and fabrics-are lighter than Mizner would have made them. He tended to stain his wood paneling, molding, and ceiling timbers dark, and often distressed surfaces to make them seem old.

Stern takes special pride in the splendidly proportioned living room. He points out how the beamed ceiling "gives it a casual quality that undercuts the basic formality of a long axial room." He also likes the subtle play of light across the baroque-curved framewithin-a-frame carved into the vast limestone mantelpiece. By pure happenstance he found a rococo fire screen with a profile to match. Similar care has been extended outside to the chimneys, which Stern topped with tempietto-like wind caps that he claims out-Mizner Mizner. In truth they appear to be an homage to Michael Graves.

Only one room in the house (Continued on page 126)



interiors associate Lisa Maurer combined curtains in Schumacher fabric with silk upholstery, antiques, a coffee table from Luten Clarey Stern, and custom pieces such as the cherry headboard, left. Linens from Pratesi; carpet from Stark. Above left: The marble-lined master bathroom.



Stern was one of the first of a generation trained as modernist architects to reinvent himself as an eclectic

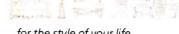
This is the Taos bed.



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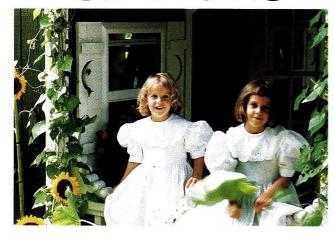
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20 reat



ideas



Two little

girls settle

into the

perfect

playhouse

WHEN THE HUDSON-PRICE GIRLS, Annie, age six, and her sister, Gen, age four, decided to build a little country getaway, they chose a modest forest clearing in Long Island, just behind the house of their parents, Judy Hudson, a painter, and Richard Price, a novelist and screenwriter. Then they scoured the area for ideas. The wooden balls that frame the porch came from a salvage shop, and the old ducks on the roof were spotted at an antiques fair. It was serendipity that led them to place a store sign in the form of a top hat where a chimney would go.

Gen and Annie Hudson-Price, above and left, mingle with the sunflowers at their playhouse. Details see Resources.

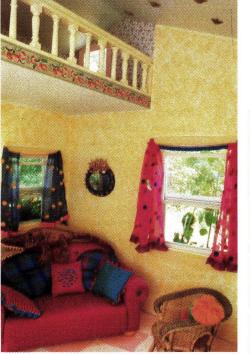


Some starfish on the ceiling, flowers all around, and the house was done

Nowadays, Annie and Gen give tea parties for their "not not-real" friends Medgie, Fluffy, and Measuro, and they talk about the future. Annie plans to be an acrobat and a doctor. Gen intends to open a pet shop; she's also considering a career in tap dancing. One corner of the house is given over to a modest kitchen, the rest is a salon. For furniture they contacted their friend Georgia Grace Anson, then age one and a quarter, who was living in Bangkok. With the assistance of her mother, Amanda Kyser, a designer and importer, Georgia produced overstuffed furniture with lots of pillows in kookily colored Thai silks. Their pals Zena and Malia Scharf goaded their dad, Kenny, into making paintings for the walls. A sleeping balcony, some starfish on the ceiling, flowers all around, and the house was done. "It was easy," says Gen.

Oh, and Mom helped.









Garden Path

(Continued from page 78) autumn clematis or trumpet vine; the bottom landings are punctuated with clumps of pennisetum. The bank itself glows with 4,000 daylilies in every shade of yellow and orange—no pinks need apply, says vonGal. A clamshell path heads straight for the ghost of a gazebo, a little square platform set barely above the tidal pool. As the path skirts the tennis court, it runs through "walls" of trellis and beneath two squared arches, a device that makes the distant lighthouse even more of a visual event. Not incidentally, it also transforms the tennis court into a thing of beauty—the walls froth with pale roses all summer. The occasional brush with thorns, running back to catch a lob, is more than worth it.

It has taken ten years for the house and garden to become what they are today. "The worst mistake in an informal garden is to have a comprehensive master plan, though of course there should be a general strategy," says Robertson. "The best gardens are sequential, since each piece added affects the shape and balance of the whole." Von-Gal has filled in the picture slowly, weighing her choices and taking careful note of the island weather and resources. "Hedges have to be kept open, for instance, or else they'll tip over in the constant strong winds," she says, "so we prune to a happy medium between privacy and stability and always stick in new Russian olive cuttings as insurance." Soil must be made: a powerful chipper-shredder combines gala weekend garbage with seaweed gathered on the island to make compost. Clamshells smell like-well, old clams—so yearly loads of crushed shells for the paths are aged discreetly in a distant mound beyond the dune grass. Serendipity plays its part-mowing the coreopsis field at just the right moment produces a bumper crop of Queen Anne's lace, a tablecloth of white for August. As summer advances, the clear pink 'Betty Prior' roses along the lighthouse path respond to changes in heat, light, and humidity and darken in color: they are hourglasses marking summer days by the sea.

Editors: Leslie Horn and Senga Mortimer

Shingle-Style Chic

(Continued from page 100) Long Island house, Laslo says, they wanted to blend the best of European and American country living. They spent countless weekends making the rounds of local antiques shops and squeezed European shopping expeditions into Adrienne Vittadini's hectic calendar. "It was a stimulating experience," Vittadini says. "Sometimes it was even more play than work." One of their Long Island finds was a nineteenth-century Venetian painted chest in soft greens and golds which now stands in the dining room.

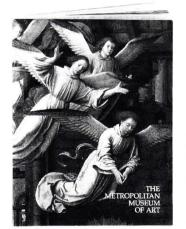
"Color always caught our attention first," Laslo remembers. "We wouldn't say, 'Look at that Empire chair!' We'd say, 'Look at the cinnamon chair!' Or, 'Look at that green chest!'"

The results are anything but rustic. The house has a Continental flair with a charming mix of European antiques—a variety of painted furniture, an Anglo-Indian bed, a set of Empire side chairs, and several handsome Bie-

dermeier pieces, including an armoire and a secretary in the master bedroom, a side table in the dining room, and a secretary in the living room. The patina of the woods is set off by whites and neutrals. In the living room, for example, the walls are a cream white, as are the curtains and the generously upholstered sofas. The floors are bleached wood, and the carpet a quiet floral on an ecru ground. Floral Aubusson pillows on the sofas echo a pair of small eighteenth-century Italian flower paintings on the wall. It is a mark of Vittadini's confident hand that the leopard-skin print on two deco stools is so perfectly integrated.

Throughout the house the wallcoverings and fabrics are mostly solids, accented with subtle stripes, paisleys, and florals, all in flattering colors—almost a fashion palette. The rooms are both welcoming and elegant. In essence, Adrienne Vittadini has succeeded in dressing her vacation house much the way she dresses the millions of women who buy her clothes: simply but with a touch of formality and a cool chic that never intimidates.

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HG JULY 1991

Out of Denmark

(Continued from page 92) Louis XVI, and Empire style stoves she salvaged from her relatives' country houses. The particularly charming Norwegian stove in her study-named Ewald's Room in honor of the poet Johannes Ewald, who had stayed in the house when it was a busy inn-came from Gyldensteen, the estate of her Bernstorff cousins. Outside the heated rooms, the halls and stairs were frigid in winter; water in the sink in the long corridor between the warm kitchen and the dining room would turn to ice. Baths were taken in old-fashioned tubs, filled with pitchers of hot water carried from the kitchen.

By the mid 1950s, Karen Blixen was worried about the condition of the house—"It is constantly falling down on my head and I am constantly having it shored up"—and the future of the forty acres of open space that were so important to the migratory birds with which she identified. Finally, in 1958,

with the cooperation of her brother Anders and her sister Ellen Dahl, she set up a foundation to restore and maintain Rungstedlund. The three donated the house and grounds, and Karen Blixen arranged for her copyrights to be transferred to the foundation. For nine months she lived elsewhere while extensive repairs were made and a heating system was installed. She moved back in October 1960, aged seventy-five, in a very precarious state of health.

In the two years that remained to her, Karen Blixen and Rungstedlund were at peace with each other. She had at times felt that the house was a prison, at other times that it was a white elephant swallowing up her energy and resources. Now, having found a way to preserve the rambling old house and its gardens, woods, and meadows, she received friends and admirers, drew up detailed plans for meals she could not eat, spent evenings sitting on the veranda, and, despite her pain, walked to the garden to select flowers for her famous arrangements.

In an essay entitled "The Welcome of Beautiful Flowers," published in 1985, Steen Eiler Rasmussen, a friend who had photographed many of her arrangements, described one "impressionistic" grouping of "the airy seedheads of common dandelions," wild chervil, and branches of linden—"the whole a work of art that only lived a day. A breeze in the drawing room, and the white dust of this beautiful dream would fall like snow."

Throughout the spring and summer of 1962 Karen Blixen worked nearly every day in Ewald's Room; on September 5 she signed her last contract and wrote a birthday letter to her sister-in-law. Two days later she died. The house hibernated until May 15 of this year, when the Karen Blixen Museum opened its doors. Today Rungstedlund is once again welcoming those who admire this remarkable woman and her work.

Karen Blixen Museum, Rungsted Strandvej 111, 2960 Rungsted Kyst, Denmark; (45) 42-57-10-57.

Serving Revolution

(Continued from page 104) knowledge of the Revolution and of the characters involved brings the plates, platters, and tea sets to life, and her definitions of design categories and genres help make accessible the complex strands of thought underlying the propaganda movement. Lobanov-Rostovsky's work, together with the changing climate in the Soviet Union, has inspired a renaissance of interest in this material (an exhibition of the art of the Russian avant-garde, with a catalogue essay by Lobanov-Rostovsky, opens at the Guggenheim next summer).

Ceramics were designed by many of the most important artists of the Revolution, including Wassily Kandinsky and suprematist Kazimir Malevich. Sergei Chekhonin, who was the first revolutionary artistic director of the factory, and Alexandra Shchekotikhina-Pototskaya, schooled in icon painting, were the great visionaries of propaganda porcelain; for them it was not marginal or decorative art but a form of expression as important as painting on canvas. They, along with artists like Rudolf Vilde, Mikhail Adamovich, and Maria Lebedeva, defined the styles in which most of the other artists worked. Their subjects range broadly; looking through Lobanov-Rostovsky's book, one is struck by the notion that the Revolution had too many symbols and objectives not quite in keeping with one another. Messages abound of intellectual elitism and populism, of absolute morals and antimoralism, of the crucial role of history and antihistoricism.

Many plates show the obvious symbols we associate with the Revolution, such as hammers and sickles, red stars, and sheaves of wheat. There are examples that are textual: one declares, "The Land Is for the Workers," another, "The Future Has No Fear of Past Horrors," and a third, "Away with the Bourgeoisie, May Capital Rot." The few suprematist pieces are striking in their simplicity; though this fit with the artists' agenda, it is difficult to imagine that these designs, on the table of a worker or an ambassador, would communicate much about the nature of the new order. Other plates, however, are narrative or documentary and show the events of myth and of the Revolution in measured detail.

What is most striking about this work is how beautiful it is. These ceramics are so clearly the product of a passionate idealism and are designed with such a bright visionary agenda that they are irresistibly compelling. And though they do not quite snare us into the fallacies of Stalinism, they are seductive: looking at them, we understand how alluring the mind-set of the Revolution must have been in those early days, and they help us to see how so many people could have been so swiftly converted to what now seems a lunatic system. Lobanov-Rostovsky points out that the factory was often unheated and the workers painted plates with their mittens on. The fervor of the Revolution is more accessible in these small testimonies of heroism than in the enormous sculptures and inhumane buildings that Communism was later to produce and call its triumphs. If these plates did not spread literacy or convert the peasantry, at least they remain as evidence of a once fiery vision of a perfect future.

Englishman in Italy

(Continued from page 110) winter, social life in Tuscany is quiet. January and February are the best times to visit Florence. For a few weeks one can see from one end of the Uffizi to the other, the streets are less crowded, and the city once more belongs to the Florentines. When the sun comes out in winter, which it can do for months on end, it is warm enough to sit outside. All the same, it is difficult to tempt Italians

into the country. They do not think an outing for Sunday lunch is a good idea unless it's a big party. (I once invited Milanese friends to my villa near Venice for the weekend. "What for?" they asked.) In Siena there are winter concerts at the Palazzo Chigi-Saracini, in a lofty room with art nouveau stuccos, and plays performed by traveling companies at the beautiful Teatro dei Rinnovati, part of the Palazzo Pubblico.

In the summer Tuscany is different. Houses that have been empty all winter are filled with visitors from London, New York, and Paris, and the social scene takes on all the intensity described in John Mortimer's novel Summer's Lease. But I still prefer Poggio as I first saw it, in winter when the sun rises behind the cypresses across the valley and Monte Amiata is clearly visible after the mist has lifted. The oak trees keep their golden leaves, contrasting with the deep green of the ilexes in the woods, and wild boar come down from the mountains to hunt for acorns where farm animals used to graze.

Editor: Beatrice Monti della Corte

Saratoga Purebred

(Continued from page 55) Garvin Mecking, but she bought a lot of things in and around Saratoga. No previous project had offered such opportunities for self-expression. The treasures in her Manhattan apartment always imposed a certain aesthetic rigor. At last she felt free to follow her inclinations wherever they took her. Sister approved of all this intensive "antiquing," her client says with some relief. "It's not as if that's always the case."

In the course of doing over the house, the owner developed a sharp eye for artifacts she had formerly taken for granted. She found herself collecting major examples of nineteenth-century majolica, exceptional American quilts (they are used on tables as well as beds), and a great many hooked rugs, emblazoned with eagles or horses. Indeed, the American eagle seems to be something of a mascot, to judge by the quantity—carved, embroidered, painted, engraved—in virtually every

room. However, we are in Saratoga—equine heaven—and so the horse is always in evidence: everything from eighteenth-century sporting pictures to rocking horses, from Staffordshire figures to paintings of the stud by Vaughn Flannery, the American Alfred Munnings, who is being honored with a show at Saratoga's National Museum of Racing this summer.

Now that the house is finished, the proud owner claims it is a favorite. More than any of the other residences, it reflects her very personal, very sure taste, her firm but gentle touch, her old-fashioned perfectionism. Like her, the rooms are warm and welcoming, discreetly festive-stylish as opposed to modish. After exposure to all this comfort, guests are apt to have a problem returning to their mundane existences. Where else can you walk down to a beautifully maintained racetrack at dawn and watch the horses gallop at you out of the early morning mist? I like to follow them back to the stables for their rubdown by an army of grooms. (The final touch in this ritual is unexpected: liberal applications of the Avon Lady's Skin-So-Soft, apparently a most effective insect repellent.) I also like to drink water from the stable tap, so pure it deserves to be bottled. Then back to the house for breakfast: local melons, an incomparable cheese omelette browned under a salamander, and lively chatter that is not always confined to racing.

Guests can go off with their hostess to forage in antiques shops, or they can sample the last of the famous baths where Ian Fleming set one of James Bond's narrower escapes from death. And then there is racing in the afternoon, trotting at night, not to speak of the festival of music and dance. I prefer to stay around the house and have myself soothed by such old-fashioned treats as listening to a fellow guest sing art songs in a fine light tenor to his wife's accompaniment. Last thing at night, I pit myself against the rest of the household in that most challenging of parlor games, finding names for the latest batch of colts and fillies.

Editor: Carolyn Englefield

High Art

(*Continued from page 62*) rainbow of fall colors emblazoned with leaves and broken branches amplifies the point.

Upstairs in the master bedroom, Bonetti and Garouste turned up the rheostat on their autumn-in-the-Alps aesthetic by installing a massive bronze bed that repeats the broken-branch motif. Animal skins littering the floor round out the chic Neanderthal installation. Similar in spirit is Regina's gnarled wrought-iron library desk, which Bonetti and Garouste covered in furry cowhide with matching chairs.

Only the dining room eludes the call of the decorative wild, owing to the Edelmans' interest in making the room a tribute, of sorts, to the work of Lucio Fontana. Four of the Italian artist's signature slashed, gouged, and otherwise mutilated canvases hang on the walls; a large iron Fontana sculpture occupies one corner. Bonetti and Garouste took the hint, designing a carpet that appropriates the slash motif as a bor-

der infilled with raffia. The only interruption in the ode to Fontana is a large oil by Willem de Kooning. "The colors are perfect," explains Regina.

As the dining room emphatically announces, art is key to the Edelmans' Swiss retreat. Of course, you get a hint of this when the butler opens the front door and the first six things you see are not by Bonetti and Garouste but rather by de Kooning, Hans Hoffman, Joseph Beuys, Cy Twombly, Josef Albers, and Jasper Johns.

Impressive though the quality and

High Art

range of the art may be, the house is in many ways merely a preamble, a promise of things to come. Down the mountain, on the other side of Lausanne in Pully, Asher has spent the last year transforming two turn-of-the-century industrial buildings overlooking Lake Geneva into a public showcase for a considerably more thorough cross section of his collection (supplemented, at times, by examples from other collections). The Museum of Contemporary Art/Edelman Foundation, which opened June 10, is the first museum of contemporary art in French-speaking

Switzerland. Not surprisingly, Bonetti and Garouste have been summoned from Paris again to design the furniture for the museum café. "I think there's nothing to compare with what they're doing now, anywhere in the world, that I have seen," explains Asher Edelman. And Asher Edelman has seen a lot.

Palm Beach North

(Continued from page 118) carries no hint of Mizner provenance. When Stern suggested a figured red and gray marble, intense in color and pattern, for the master bathroom, the owners went along. The architect wishes this room were his own. "It's like a jungle. Imagine sitting there in the tub admiring all the patterns." But the ultimate vantage point for private reverie is the terrace, where he has contrived a swim-

ming pool that appears to spill over directly into the Atlantic. "Looking out to sea," says Stern, "you remember how you always wanted to know where the water that fills the ocean comes from. And now, you feel you know. It comes from this pool."

Editor: Anne Foxley

Resources

PEOPLE

Pages 24, 29 Buckeye Blake's paintings and sculpture, at Big Horn Gallery, Cody; Broschofshy, Ketchum; Settlers West Gallery, Tucson. Cow Camp china, children's placesettings available this fall, at Raffia, Century City; Stillwater Traders, Billings; Always Antiques, Bozeman; Anteks, Dallas: Cry Baby Ranch, Denver; Vande Water's, Jackson; Gene Autry Western Heritage Museum, Los Angeles; Billy Martin's, NYC; Yippie-ei-o, Phoenix, Scottsdale; the Chile Shop, Santa Fe; Sundance catalogue (800) 422-2770; for other stores call Nostalgia Station (301) 343-0464. Buckeye Blake silk scarves (not shown), by Cattle Kate, at Maverick Fine Western Wear, Fort Worth; Wyoming Outfitters, Jackson Hole; Gene Autry Western Heritage Museum, Los Angeles; J. Wilde's, San Angelo; Whitney's Saddle Shop, Saratoga; White Hart Gallery, Steamboat Springs; or call Cattle Kate for catalogue, \$3, (800) 332-5283

DESIGN

Page 30 Landing on Mars desk, \$4,500, Orbital Flight table, \$2,000, loe Age table, \$2,000, Cosmic Clock table, \$2,500, or similar custom pieces, by François de Watteville, to order from Mallet Fine Art, NYC (212) 477-8291 by appt.

FOOD

Page 32 Molin gold bowl, \$120, star plate, \$150, plate with balls, \$160, Liz Wain napkin, \$26, Mark Rossi napkin ring, \$15, wood-handled fork, \$46, wood-handled knife, \$46, square salt and pepper shakers, \$40 set, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC (212) 753-7300. 34 Laure Japy tall glass, \$28, small Limoges plate, \$100, large Limoges plate, \$125, Liz Wain napkin, \$26, Laure Japy fork, \$85, at Bergdorf Goodman (see above).

TRAVEL

Page 38 Kipling Floral wallpaper, from Ralph Lauren Home Collection, at Polo/Ralph Lauren and fine department stores nationwide.

STYLE

Page 42 Stacked turtle pâte de verre/crystal box, 11" x 6" x 6", \$2,400, at Daum Boutique, NYC (212) 355-2060. Hand-painted sea tortoise canvas floorcloth, \$1,200, 3' x 5', to order from Mike Raglin of General Patina, NYC (212) 777-6404 by appt. Turtle soap, \$1.40 ea, at the Body Shop stores nationwide, to order (800) 541-2535. 22-karat gold-plated brass earrings, by Dominique Aurientis, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC (to order); Amen Wardy, Beverly Hills, I. Magnin, Beverly Hills, Chicago, Los Angeles, Palm Springs, Pasadena, San Francisco;

Charles Sumner, Boston, Chestnut Hill; Ultimo, Chicago; Neiman Marcus. Faux painted malachite/bamboo/turtle on wood reproduction table, \$2,700, to special order from Yale R. Burge Antiques, NYC (212) 838-4005. Brass turtle boxes, at John Rosselli, NYC (212) 737-2252. Turtle pin of sapphire/emeralds/diamonds/rubies set in 18-karat gold, \$9,500, at Bulgari, NYC (212) 315-9000.

SARATOGA PUREBRED

Pages 48-49 Dysart Glazed Chintz cotton, Ribbon Swag border, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Beachwood, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle, Toronto, Troy, Washington, D.C. Camac Cloth cotton/spun rayon on foreground chair, to the trade at Bailey & Griffin, NYC, Philadelphia; Curran, Atlanta, High Point; Fortune, Boston; Hensel, Chicago; Jim Barrett, Dallas; Design West, Dania; R. F. McGorray, Denver; J. Jones & Associates, Laguna Niguel; C. W. Stockwell, Los Angeles; Duncan, Huggins, Perez, Philadelphia; Thomas Griffith, San Francisco. Custom wool-braided carpet, to order to the trade from Rosecore Carpet, for showrooms (212) 421-7272. 51 Painted floor, by Chuck Fischer Studio, NYC (212) 481-0138. 52-53 Fern and Anemone Glazed Chintz cotton, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above). Turkic Sisal carpet (without Greek key border), to the trade at Stark Carpet, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Troy, Washington, D.C.; Gregory Alonso Cleveland; Dean-Warren, Phoenix. 54-55 Irish Molly Cotton Print on walls and curtains, Termonde Texture flax/cotton on armchairs, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above). Wexford cotton on bed backdrop, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago; Rozmallin at Baker, Knapp & Tubbs, Cleveland, Minneapolis, Troy; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Houston; Bill Nessen, Dania; JEH/Denver, Denver; Kneedler-Fauchère, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco; Croce, Philadelphia; Wayne Martin, Portland, Seattle; Primavera, Toronto. 55 Wellington wallpaper, to the trade at Rose Cumming, for showrooms (212) 758-0844.

HIGH ART

Pages 56–63 Decoration, by Mattia Bonetti and Elizabeth Garouste, Paris (1) 48-05-86-51. 56 Bonetti and Garouste Parade sofa, from the Patchwork collection in Manuel Canovas Cotton Club canvas, at Espino, Los Angeles; Furniture of the Twentieth Century, NYC; Neotu, NYC, Paris. Bonetti and Garouste Trapani resin/glass cigarette table, at Furniture of the Twentieth Century, NYC; Neotu, NYC, Paris. 58–59 Bonetti and Garouste Patchwork

sofa, from the Patchwork collection in Manuel Canovas Cotton Club canvas, at Espino, Los Angeles; Furniture of the Twentieth Century, NYC; Neotu, NYC, Paris. Bonetti and Garouste silver-plated bronze/glass coffee table, at Neotu, NYC, Paris. 60 1930s glass/wood/aluminum dining table, leather/metal chairs, similar at Fifty/50, NYC (212) 777-3208. 62 Bonetti and Garouste Rodeo wrought-iron/cowhide desk and chair, at Neotu, NYC, Paris.

ON THE BEACH

Page 68 Hand-painted decorative motif, by decorative fine artist Karin Linder, NYC (212) 598-0559.

PRIMARY SPACE

Pages 70–73 Architecture, by 1100 Architect, NYC (212) 226-5833.

UP AND DOWN THE GARDEN PATH

Pages 74–79 Architecture/landscape architecture, by Jaquelin T. Robertson of Cooper, Robertson & Partners, NYC (212) 247-1717. Landscape design, by Edwina vonGal of Edwina vonGal & Co., Long Island City (718) 706-6007.

RIVIERA MODERNE

Pages 80-81 Teardrops cotton, 54" wide, \$45 yd, on curtains, sofa, and armchairs, at Shyam Ahuja, NYC, for showrooms (212) 644-5910. Tripod lamps in wrought-iron and terra-cotta, \$1,880 ea, other finishes available, by Bonetti and Garouste, for Neotu, NYC, Paris. 86 Whitened wrought-iron Day and Night armchair with sun and moon motifs in gold leaf, rabane upholstery, \$2,580, Ellipse bedstand of whitened wrought-iron/handblown glass (available in ten colors), \$1,700, both by Bonetti and Garouste for Neotu, NYC, Paris. Columbus silk for curtains, 54" wide, \$73 yd, at Shyam Ahuja (see above). 87 Club Stripe cotton for curtains and bedspread, 54" wide, \$45 yd, at Shyam Ahuja (see above). Collection Bigouden wrought-iron/glass table, wrought-iron/cotton chairs, by Philippe Renaud and Patrice Gruffaz for Lieux, at Etamine, Paris; Designers Guild, London.

SHINGLE-STYLE CHIC

Pages 94–101 Design, styling, flowers, by Larry Laslo, NYC (212) 737-2340. Architecture, by James D'Auria Associates Architects, NYC (212) 725-5660. Alexander C. Gorlin, Architect, NYC (212) 228-9000. Landscape design, by Roger Lovett of Roger Roberts Associates (516) 283-2345. 94–95 Villandry cotton tablecloth, by Patrick Frey, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC (to order); the Naked Zebra, Greenwich; Abrielle, Washington, D.C. L'Arbre aux Paons cotton on wicker cushions, by Pierre Frey, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. Wicker/straw flower basket, similar at Veen & Pol, NYC (212) 727-3988. 96

View of Rome, 19th-century Italian landscape, similar at Niall Smith Antiques, NYC (212) 255-0660. Paisley shawl from Etro, similar at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC (212) 753-7300. Custom-size/color petit point carpet, to order at Kamdin Designs, NYC (212) 371-8833. English silver tray table, similar at Old Town Crossing (516) 283-7740. 97 Nicolas wool flannel for walls, at Le Décor Français, NYC (212) 734-0032. La Bella Rosa cotton for curtains and sofa, printed by Etro, to the trade at Grey Watkins, NYC, for showrooms (212) 371-2333. Natural Ribs wool/nylon carpet, to the trade at Stark Carpet (see above for pgs 52-53). 98-99 19th-century Venetian chest, similar at Clifford H. Stanton Antiques (516) 283-0655. Custom-size/color dhurrie wool rug, to order at Kamdin Designs (see above) Tablecloth, similar at Jesurum, Venice (41) 52-06177. Tillery chintz under tablecloth, to the trade at Hinson & Co., for showrooms (212) 475-4100. Empire bleached mahogany/ebonized chairs, Biedermeier tiger maple side table, similar at R. J. King Antiques, NYC (212) 645-6978. Trompe l'oeil column, left panel, and refurbishment of other panels, by muralist Jack Plaia, Astoria (718) 932-7834. Antique parrot painting, similar at Pine Street Antiques (516) 283-6339. 100 Cottage Collection 200-count polyester/cotton bed linens, by Adrienne Vittadini for Fieldcrest, for stores (800) 841-3336. Monochrome Blue Roses linen/cotton for walls, at Bennison Fabrics, NYC (212) 226-4747 100-01 Natural Ribs wool/nylon carpets, to the trade at Stark (see above for pgs 52-53). Biedermeier armoire, French petit point carpet, c. 1875, similar at Old Town Crossing (see above). Biedermeier elmwood chest of drawers, similar at Victor Antiques, NYC (212) 941-9193. Mitsouko polyester for curtains, Colombe cotton for walls, mahogany rods with gilded pineapple finials and rings, at Le Décor Français (see above)

SERVING THE REVOLUTION

Pages 102-05 Soviet plates, at À la Vielle Russie,

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NYC (212) 752-1727; auctioned at Sotheby's, London (71) 408-5325 (next auction Nov. 28). Nikolai Suetin plate and other Soviet plates, at Modernism, San Francisco (415) 541-0461.

AN ENGLISHMAN IN ITALY

Pages 106-11 Decoration, by John Stefanidis, 6 Burnsall St., London SW3 3ST; (71) 351-7511. Millington-Drake's work, at Hazlitt, Gooden & Fox. London (71) 930-6422 by appt. 107 Malcontenta chairs, to order at John Stefanidis, London (71) 352-3537. 109 Scritch Scratch cotton on sofas, Art Negra I cotton on three pillows, both by John Stefanidis, to the trade at China Seas, NYC, Los Angeles; Jerry Pair & Assocs., Atlanta, Dania; Ostrer House, Boston; Hinson & Co., Chicago; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Egg & Dart, Denver; Fee-McClaran, Honolulu; Habert, Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver; Duncan Huggins Perez, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Stephen E. Earls, Portland, Seattle; Designers Showcase, San Diego; Shears & Window, San Francisco; Campbell-Louis, Troy

PALM BEACH NORTH

Pages 112-19 Architecture, by Robert A. M. Stern Architects, NYC (212) 246-1980. 116 Custom Portuguese needlepoint rug, similar to the trade at Hokanson, Houston (713) 665-8501. Teardrops cotton on sofa pillows, to the trade at Rosecore, for showrooms (212) 421-7272. Iron/brass andirons, similar at Betty Jane Bart Antiques, NYC (212) 410-2702. Iron candleholder standing lamps, similar to the trade at Marvin Alexander, NYC (212) 838-2320. Moroccan wooden chest (#B903), to the trade at Decorators Walk, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. Jeffrey Aronoff chenille rayon throw, to the trade at Luten Clarey Stern, NYC; Jerry Pair & Assocs., Atlanta, Dania; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Shears & Window, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Primavera, Toronto. Hand-

printed Italian velvet pillow on chair, similar at Portantina, NYC (212) 472-0636. 19th-century French chair, similar at Malmaison, NYC (212) 288-7569. 117 Teak lounge chairs (#FC218), chaises (#SR216), to the trade from Summit Furniture, for showrooms (408) 375-7811. 118 Bathroom faucets, available at Kohler dealers nationwide. Three-line embroidery-pattern cotton pillowcase, at Pratesi, NYC (212) 288-2315. 118-19 Saratoga Stripe polyester for curtains, to the trade at Schumacher, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, High Point, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Philadelphia, Saint Louis, San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. Antique tiebacks, similar at Julian Graham-White, NYC (212) 249-8181. Paul Jones metal/gilt/glass coffee table (#FM20), to the trade at Luten Clarey Stern (see above). Custom wool carpet, to the trade at Stark Carpet (see above for pgs 52-53). Pillow trim, to the trade at Scalamandré, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; Jim Ditallo, Denver; Fee-McLaran, Honolulu; Gene Smiley, Minneapolis; S. C. Smith, Phoenix; Designers Showroom, Seattle. Biedermeier side table, antique chair, similar at Florence Sack, NYC (212) 777-2967. Iron standing lamp, similar to the trade at Nicholas Fine Arts, NYC (212) 688-7766.

GREAT IDEAS

Page 121 Old top hat sign, similar at Irreplaceable Artifacts, NYC (212) 777-2900. Cotton dresses, to order from Penha de Moraes, NYC (212) 410-6835.

122 Vintage wallpaper, similar at Secondhand Rose, NYC (212) 431-7673. Silk-upholstered furniture, to special order from Amanda Kyser (516) 725-3017. Orchard Border, by Laura Ashley, \$18.50 roll, for stores (800) 223-6917. Porch trim and front door, similar at Great American Salvage Co., Montpelier (802) 223-7711.

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Gandee at large

George Washington slept here

Years and years and years ago, before John D. Rockefeller Jr. showed up feeling patriotic, Williamsburg, Virginia, was known as "the place where the lazy live off the crazy." The uncharitable epithet stems from the time when the only thing happening in this

sleepy little time capsule of a town was the insane asylum (the first in the U.S.) down on Francis Street.

Although the men in white coats are all gone, the stern redbrick building still stands as the official front door to the DeWitt Wallace Decorative Arts Gallery, a 320-footlong windowless box that architect Kevin Roche partially buried in the backyard of the former asylum in 1985.

"There are strict rules about intrusion in the historic

district," offered Graham Hood, the Oxford-educated chief curator and vice president of the Colonial Williamsburg Foundation. Which not only explains why Colonial Williamsburg has the distinction of being the only place in the world where you will find a subterranean museum linked to a former insane asylum by a penumbral tunnel but also why ye olde local purveyors of burgers and fries have been banished to the anything-goes edges—Yikes! It's the twentieth century—of town.

After a tour of the museum, which is dedicated to illustrating the "material life of the American colonists" with period furniture, textiles, porcelain, and silver, Hood offered to serve as guide for a tour of the 199-acre historic area. We didn't get far before I indulged the rather cynical urge to observe that it all looked a bit, if I might say, like Disneyland—less relentlessly commercial, perhaps, and not quite so shamelessly cute but, still, sanitized and glamorized with all those "interpreters,"

cepted notions about the decorative arts, about social history, about architecture." For example? "We have now identified a regional school of colonial furniture made in Virginia as well as a corpus of Virginia samplers," noted Hood with pride, adding that local archaeologists have turned up enough of our forefathers' remains to speculate on everything from an active infraeconomy among slaves to eighteenth-century eating habits.

Helping to support such endeavors is the "business side" of Colonial Williamsburg, as Hood put it, which employs some 1,800 people (as opposed to the 1,500 people who work on the "museum side"). The best known of these commercial efforts is the country's oldest and larg-

Chief curator Graham Hood on the street in Colonial Williamsburg.



"Disneyland's purpose is to entertain," noted Hood.
"Williamsburg's purpose is to educate"

as they're called, sashaying to and fro in period costume. "Our purpose is to educate," said Hood with a speed that suggested he'd said it before. "Disneyland's purpose is to entertain. One holds a higher moral slot."

Assisting in the educational cause is a full retinue of craftspeople—cabinetmakers, wigmakers, and gunsmiths, among others—who, according to Hood, still ply their trade "in the eighteenth-century way" in open-to-the-public workshops. The scholarly side of the eighteenth century is also addressed by four museums and a small army of historians whose research has "revised ac-

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shacks were reconstructed to illustrate the material life of the twenty-four slaves who worked the fields adjacent to the mansion Carter Burwell completed in 1755 from 94,000 red bricks. Three black "interpreters," who are understandably exempt from the period costume mandate, guide visitors through the quarters. Maybe it's their constant reference to Burwell as "master," or maybe it's their vivid description of daily life in the slave quarters, but for whatever reason, this particular piece of ye olde Americana makes the sentimental journey back through Colonial Williamsburg a somewhat bumpier ride. **Charles Gandee**

"really good stuff."

When our whirlwind tour was complete, Hood suggested I stop by Carter's Grove on my way out of town. Located eight miles southeast of Francis Street, the 500-acre eighteenth-century plantation now serves as a sort of Colonial Williamsburg satellite. At Carter's Grove it's a bit tougher to indulge in the romantic nostalgia of the way it was. Especially

since 1988, when four

est reproductions pro-

gram, which Rockefeller

himself initiated in 1930

and which now includes

some 3,000 bona fide Co-

lonial Williamsburg items.

Every price point, as they

say, is addressed—from

fifty-cent souvenirs to a thirty-five-piece Baker

furniture collection that Hood characterizes,

somewhat informally, as

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