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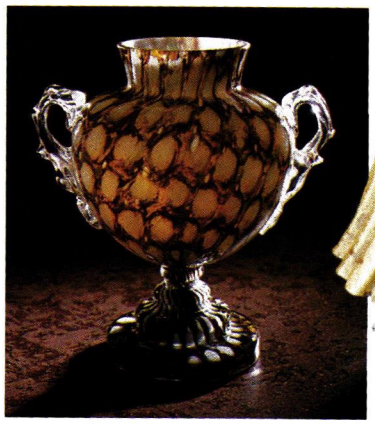

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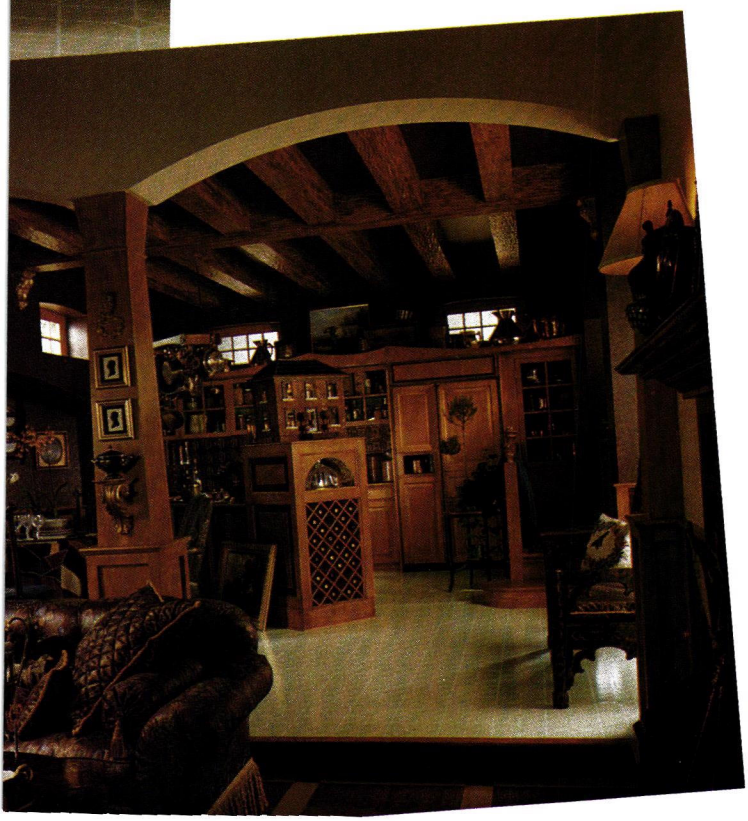

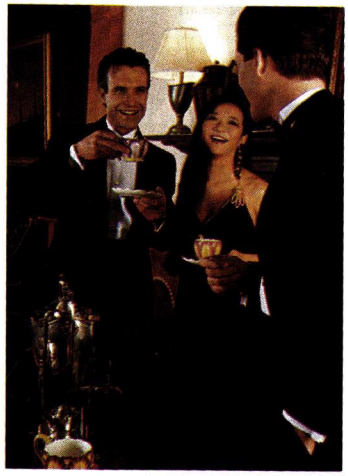

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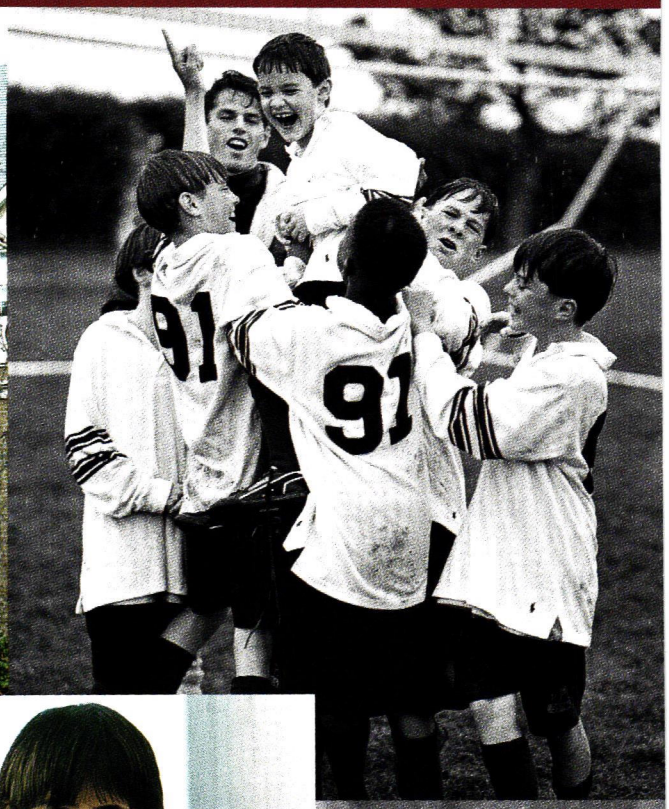

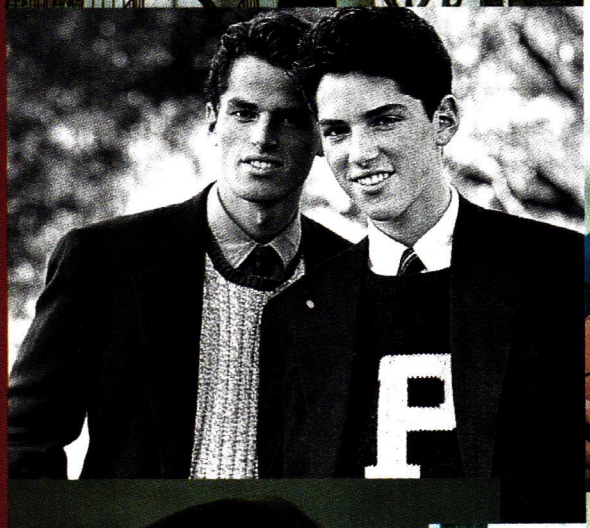

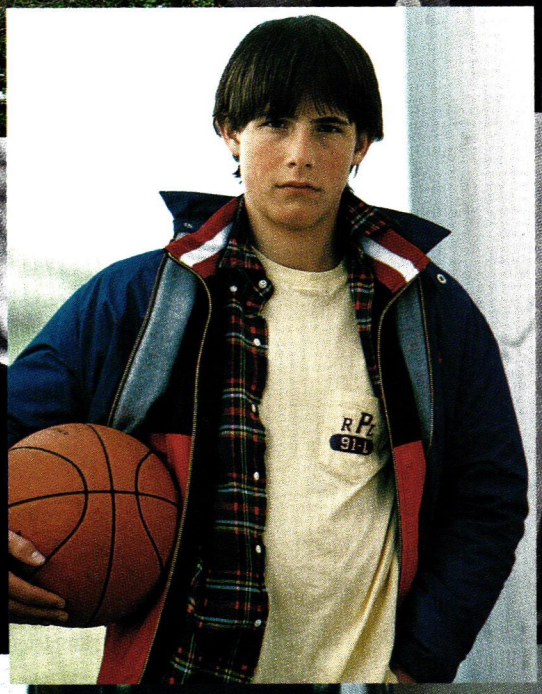

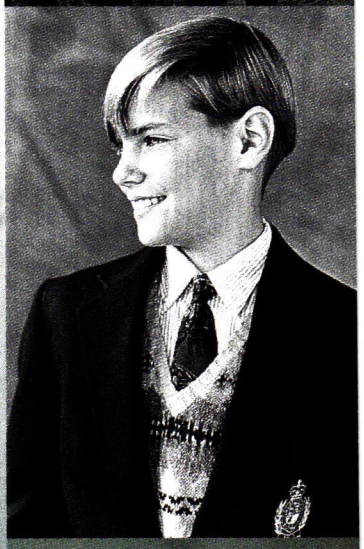

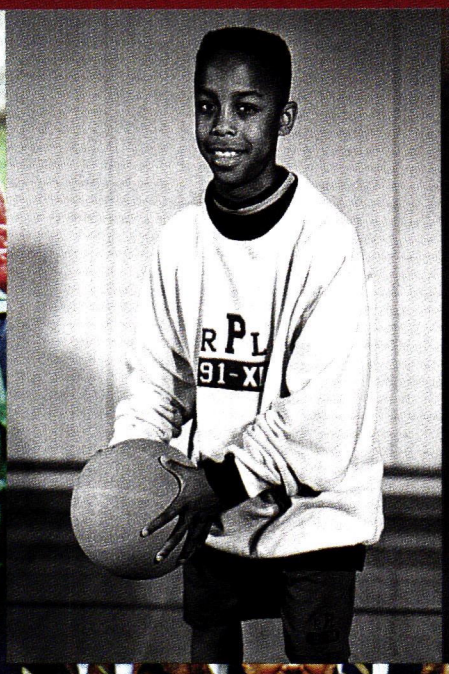

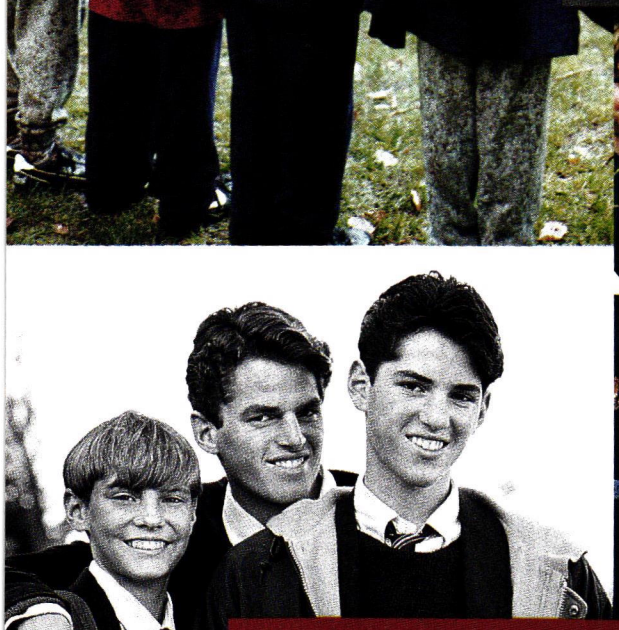

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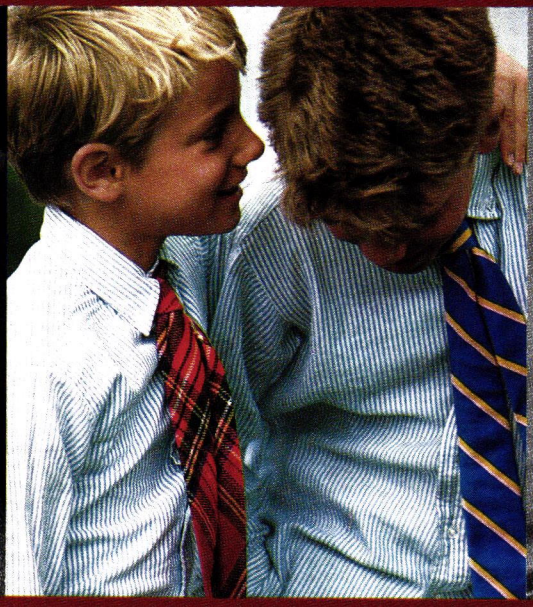

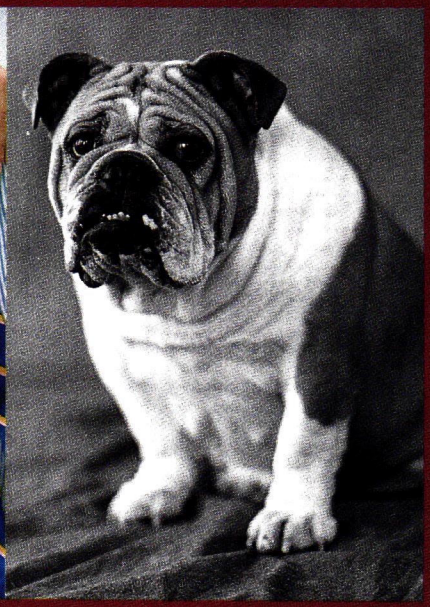

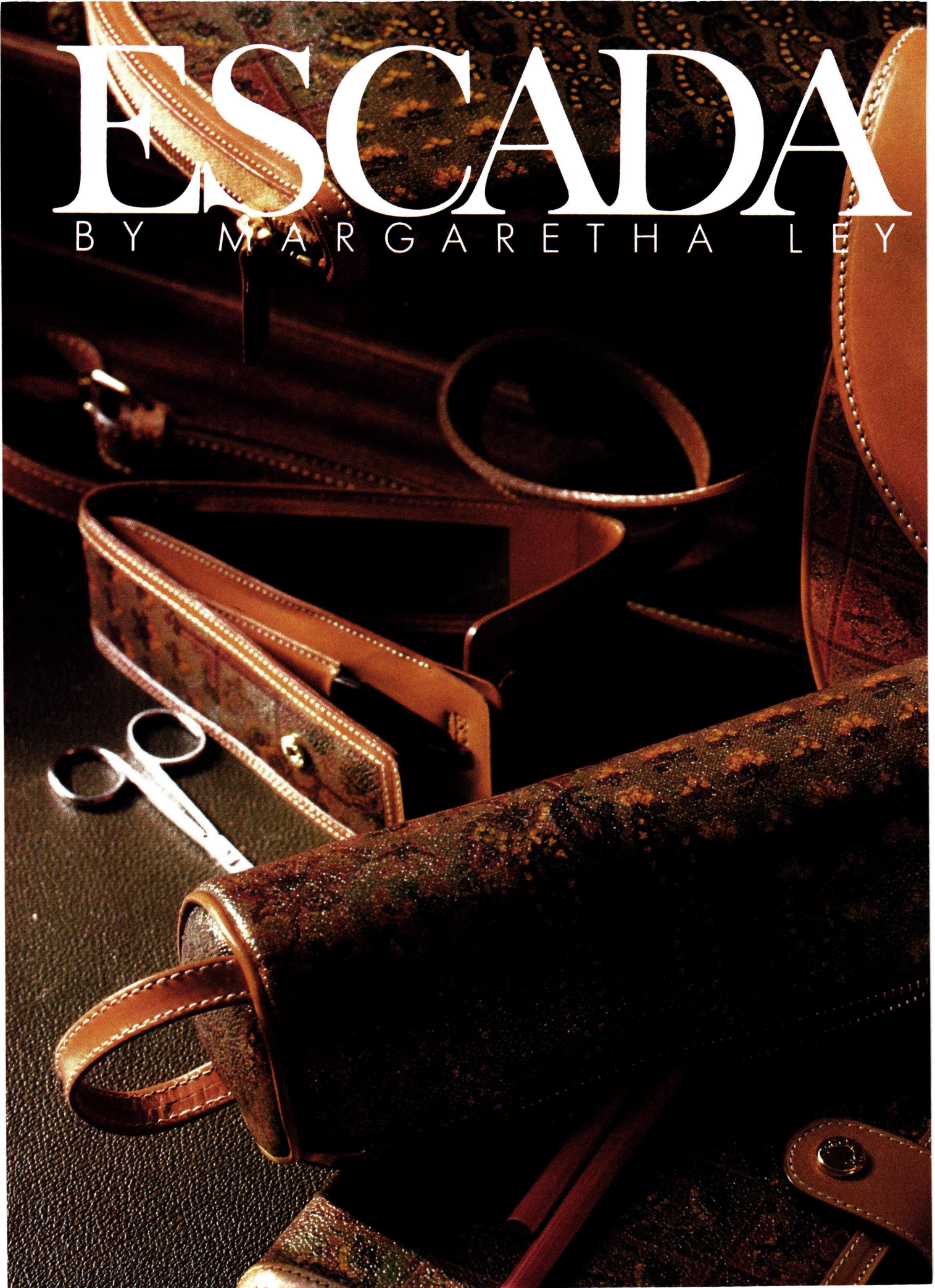
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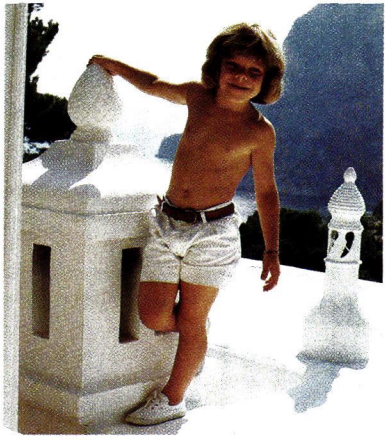
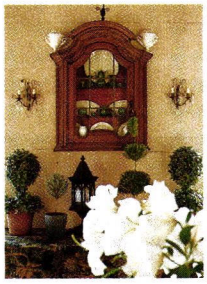
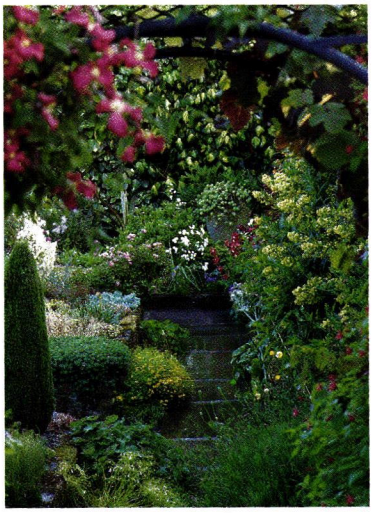


Francesco Mondadori, left, plays on a roof terrace in Capri. Page 102. Below left: An East Hampton guest room by Joe D'Urso. Page 124.

AUGUST



COVER *Dutch cabinet with oriental pottery in the great room of Lynn Chase's Maine boathouse. Page 84. Photograph by Oberto Gili.*



Vines overhang alpine plants in a Dublin garden, above. Page 68. Left: A Geoffrey Beene–designed stool. Page 82.

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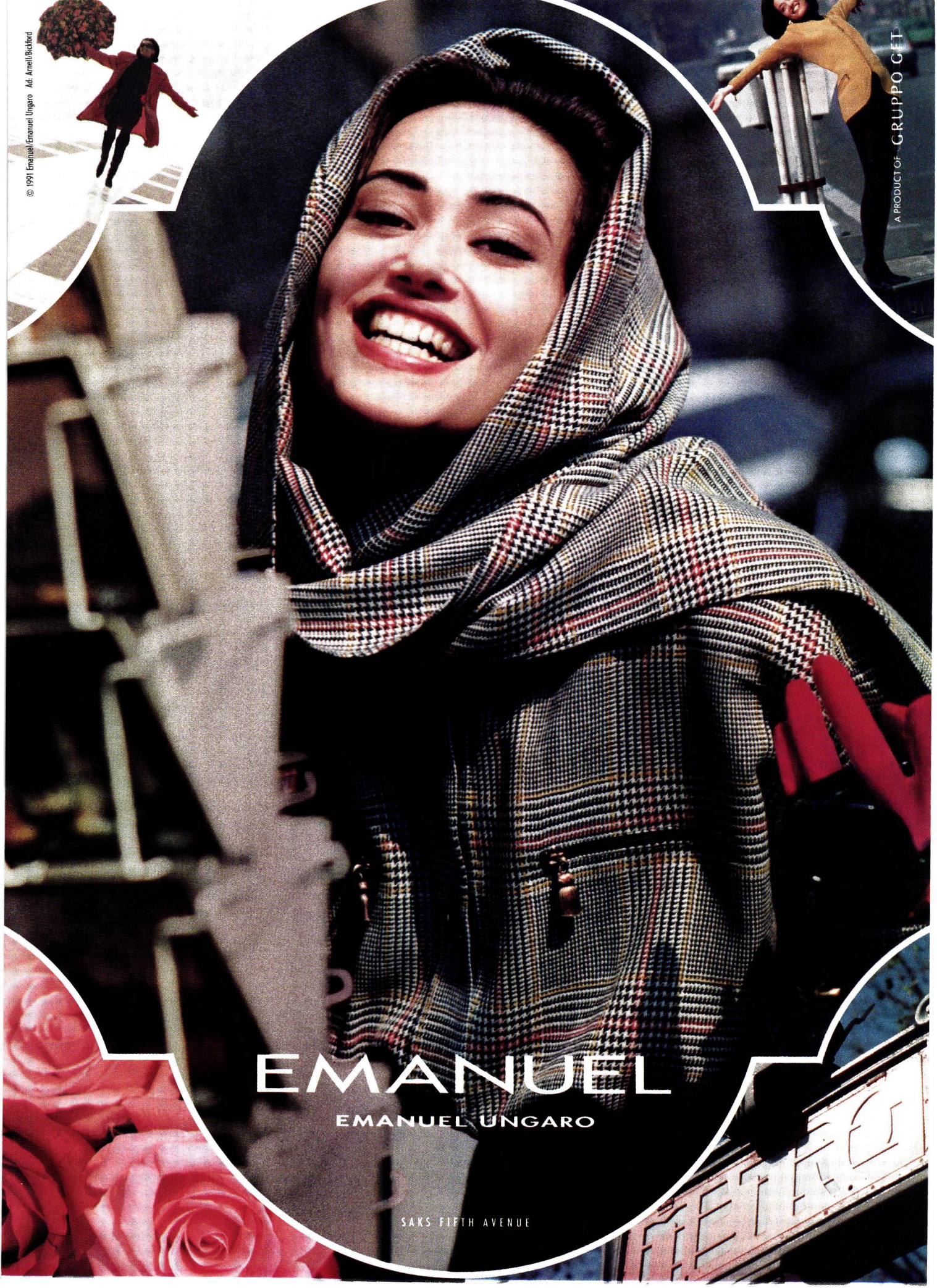
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If you would like to receive literature on the new 3-Series, or be connected directly to your nearest BMW dealer, you need only call 800-334-4BMW.

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.

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Designer Noel Jeffrey's neoclassical room, left, at the Kips Bay Show House. Page 137. Below left: Lake O'Hara in Canada. Page 46.

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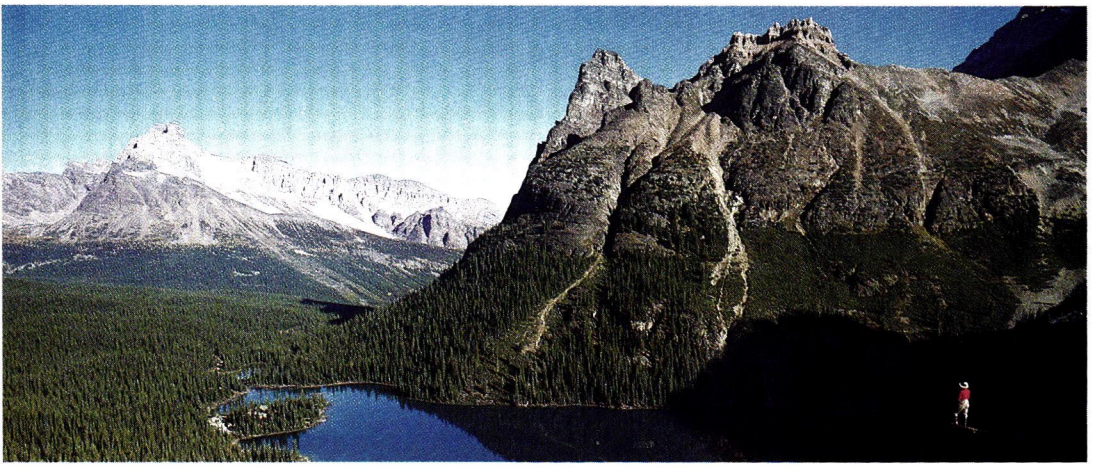

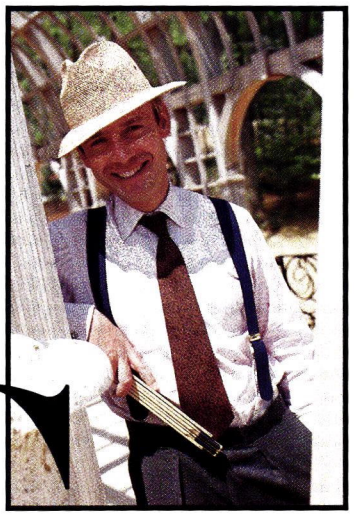

Landscape designer François Goffinet, above. Page 32. Below left: A fifties chair in Geordi Humphreys's foyer. Page 50.

Hand-hooked original rug design by Stephen T. Anderson. Page 48.

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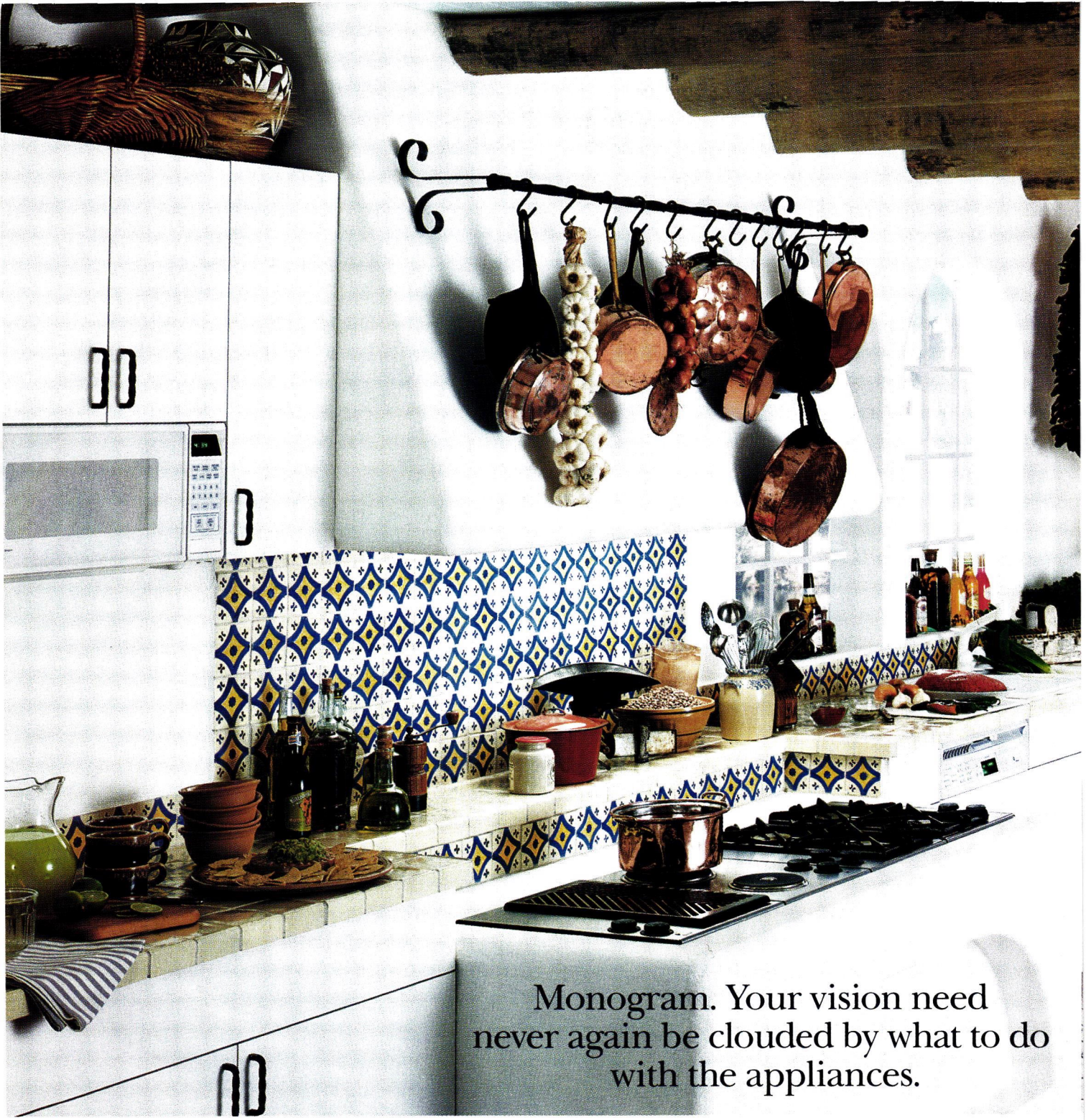

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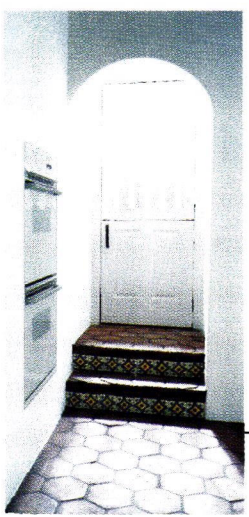

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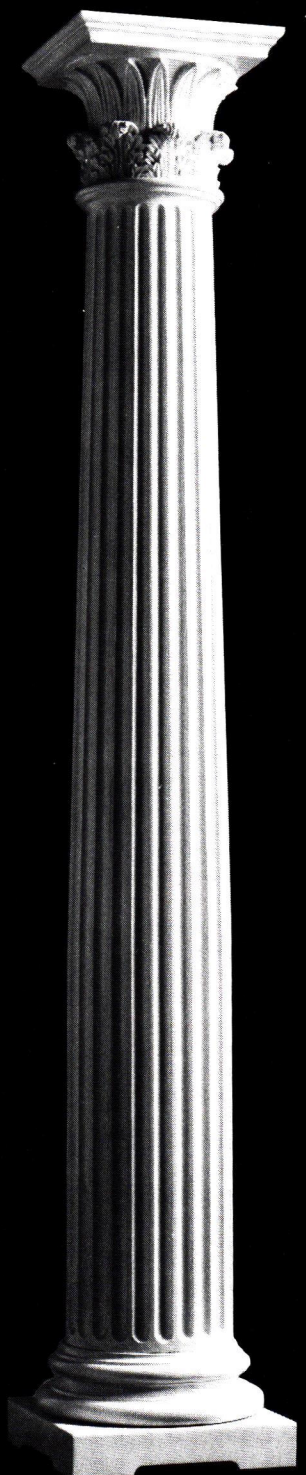

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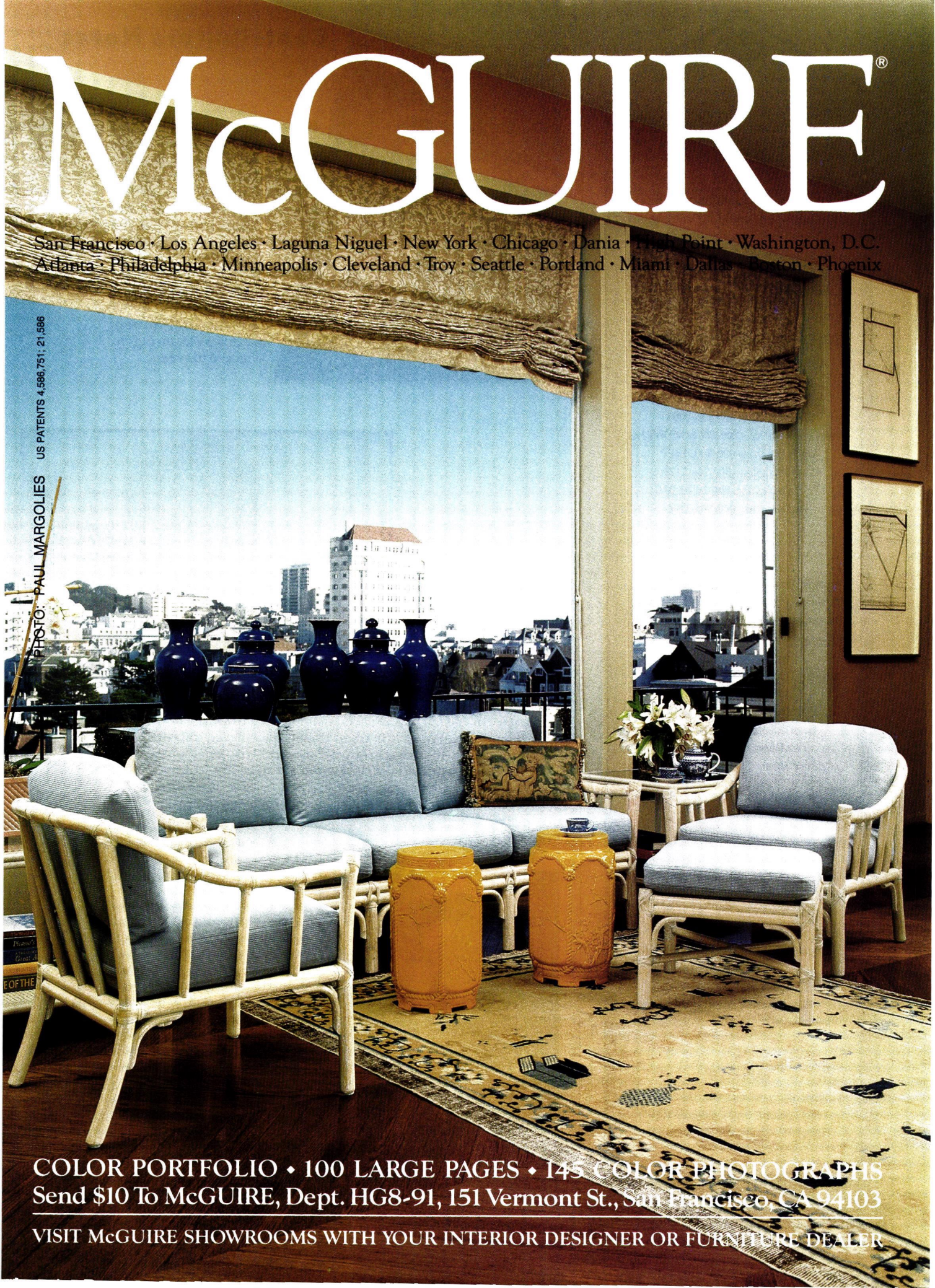
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Contributors Notes

ALEXANDRE BAILHACHE

Helen Dillon, coeditor of *In an Irish Garden* and garden columnist for Ireland's *Sunday Business Post,* writes about her own Dublin garden. "Garden work is never ending," she says. "But throughout the year there are bewitching moments when I glimpse perfection and my efforts are rewarded." Dillon travels extensively studying plants and flowers and enjoys lecturing on what she has seen.

CARL STUDNA

Tom Robbins says his friendship with Ruby Montana was inevitable. "With an antenna like mine it would be impossible for me not to have been magnetically drawn to her." The two met in Seattle when Robbins wandered into the Pinto Pony, Montana's shop of "sub-lowbrow ornamentation" and the subject of this month's "Collecting" column. When he's not judging Spam-carving contests sponsored by Ruby Montana, Robbins is at work on his sixth novel.

KELLEY SANE

Andrea Lee journeys to Capri to visit the island villa of publishing tycoon Leonardo Mondadori and his wife, Katherine. "Their house provides a feeling of sybaritic comfort and complete isolation," says Lee. Author of *Russian Journal* and the novel *Sarah Phillips,* Lee, a native of Philadelphia, currently lives in Milan and is at work on a collection of short stories about Americans in Europe.

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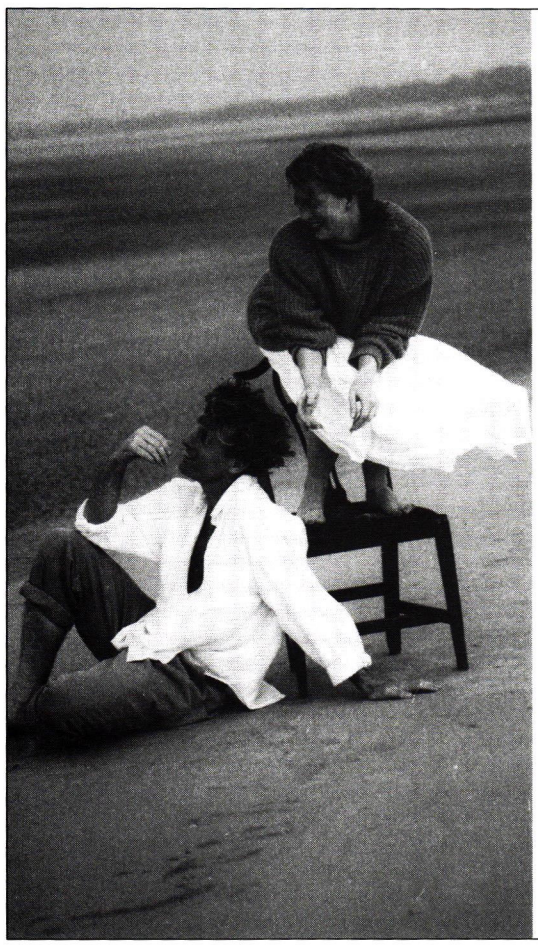

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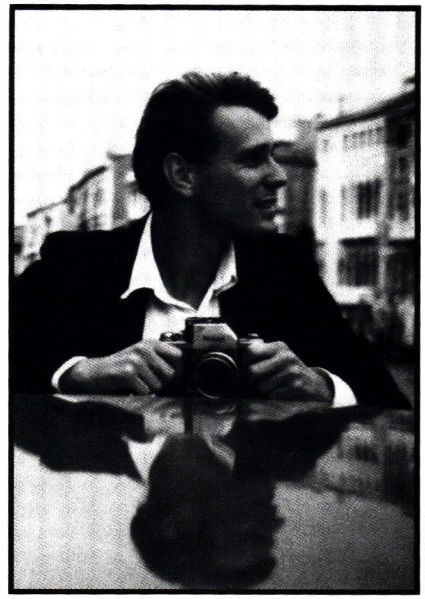
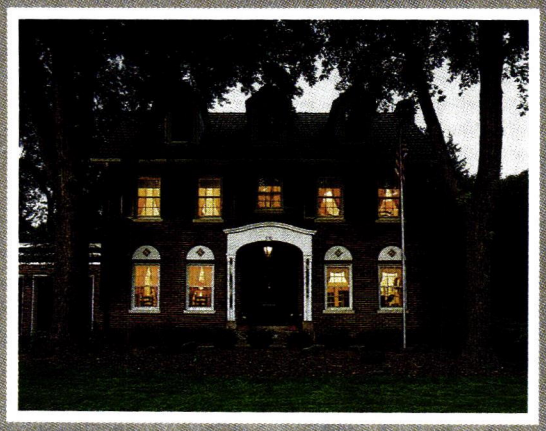


JOHN WADDELL

John Hall captures the elegant spirit of a summer house in a family compound on Long Island. Hall, a photographer for seven years, followed a circuitous route to his profession. "After earning a degree in architecture, I studied ballet. Along the way I started taking pictures for myself. When I finally decided to get a 'real' job, photography made sense because it combines light and form and has immediacy."

THOM GILBERT

Bethany Ewald Bultman reports on her summer neighbors, a New York design couple, and their vibrant Provincetown retreat. The author of *Reflections of the South*, just published by Gallery Books, Bultman has been an HG contributing editor for sixteen years from her home base in New Orleans.



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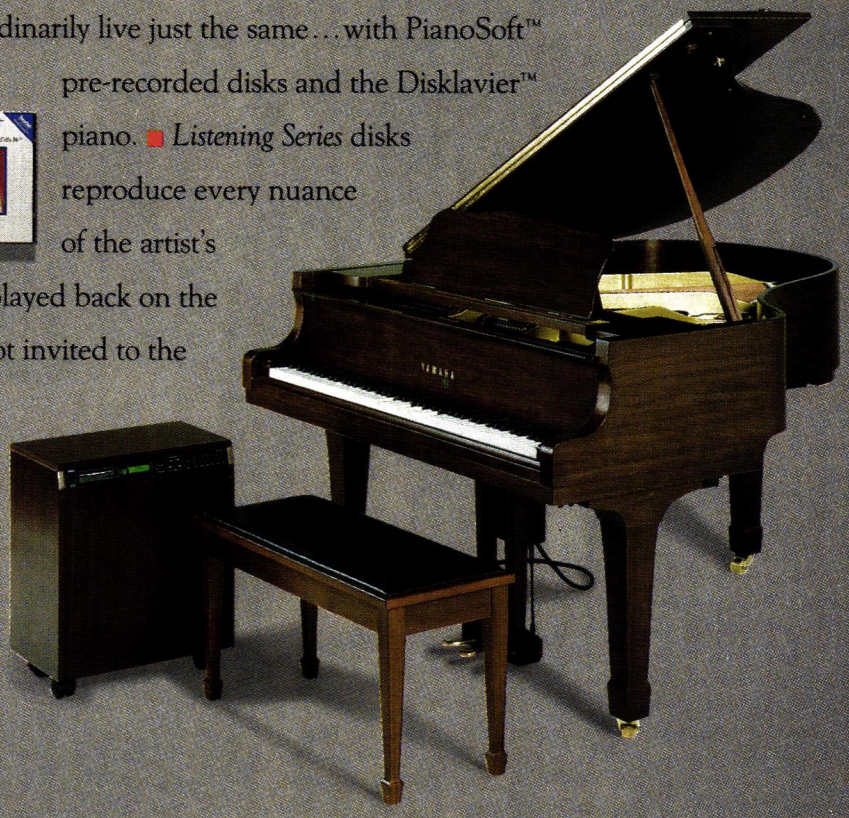

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HG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY By Eric Berthold

Joel Chen has always loved to watch decorators rummage in his crowded shop for that perfect piece. About six months ago his customers got a bit more elbowroom when he expanded into a space a door away. "I hoped to keep the new shop more organized," he says, "but I'm afraid my tendency is for it to be over-crowded." Now both shops are filled to capacity with everything from 1920s Maine snowshoe chairs (*right*) to (*below from left*) a neoclassical bust, an Empire bronze-doré stand with a Regency mirror, and a Charles X candelabra—things that are, in Chen's words, "a little odd and offbeat and not necessarily expensive." (J. F. Chen Antiques, 8414 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90069; 213-655-6310, to the trade only)

ANN SUMMA

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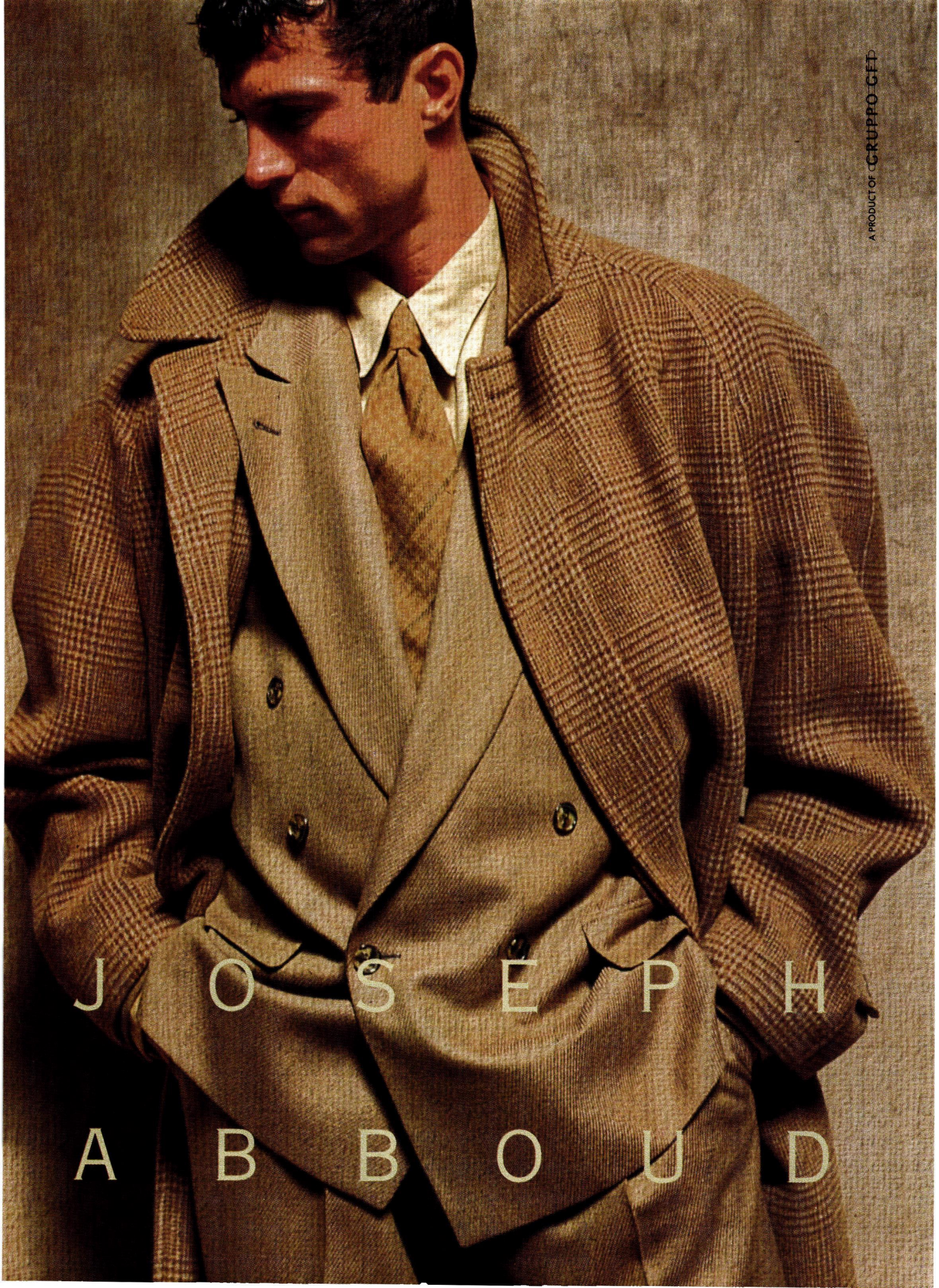
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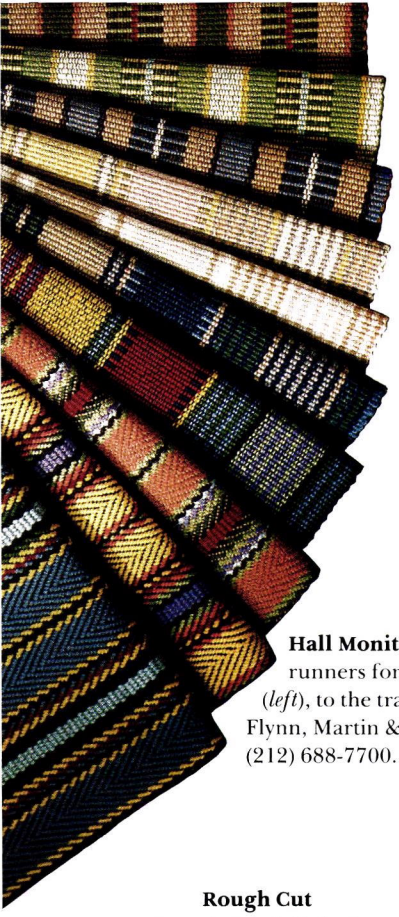
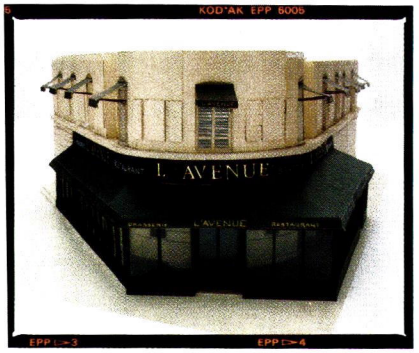


Hall Monitors Roger Oates's runners for halls and stairs (*left*), to the trade at Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges, (212) 688-7700.



Les Années 50 French decorator Jacques Grange re-creates the mood of 1950s brasseries at L'Avenue (*above*), 41 avenue Montaigne, Paris.

Be Seated Scalloped-back chair (*above*) in Brunschwig's new Mulberry Plantation is at Baker Furniture dealers nationwide.

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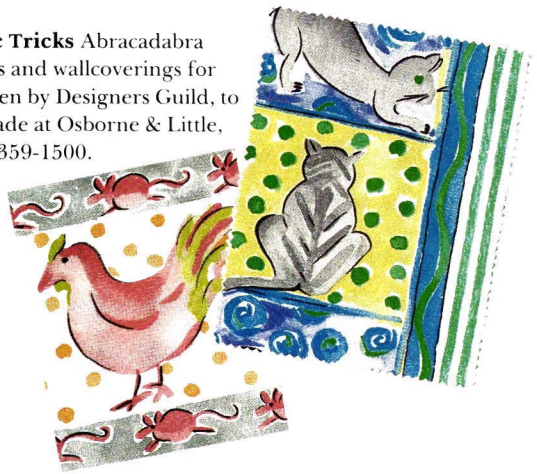

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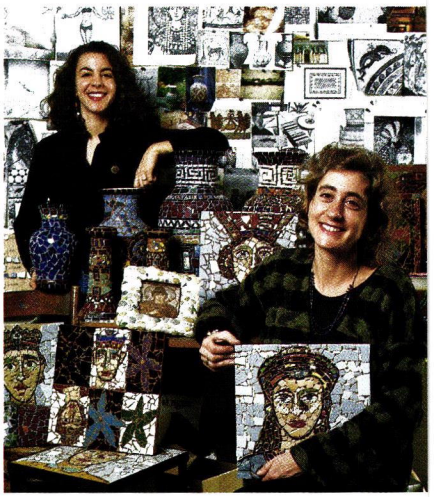
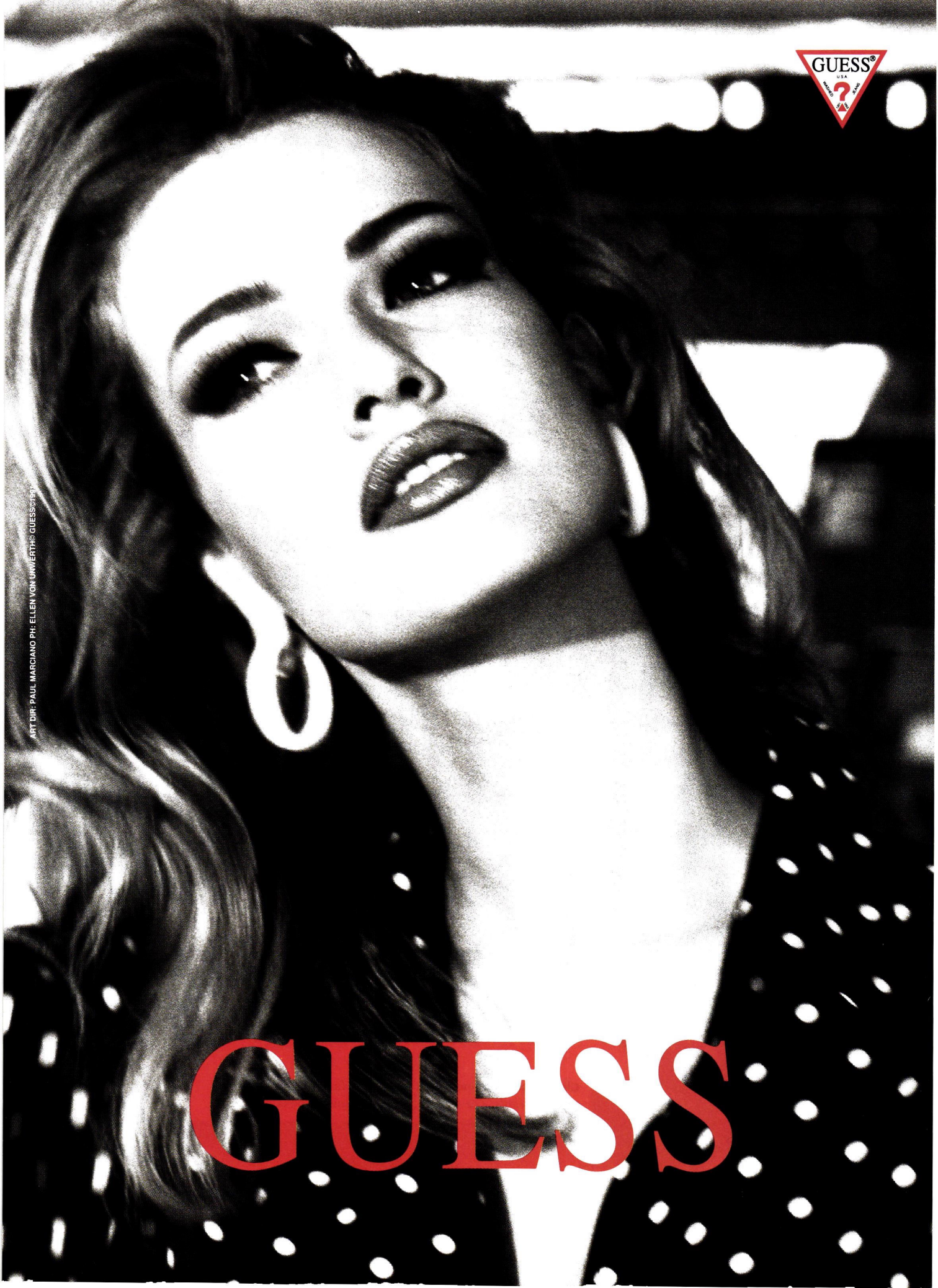


Bits and Pieces Jodi Balsamo and Linda Benswanger (*above*) put together mosaic tables, vases, and frames for Mozayiks. For stores (212) 979-2223.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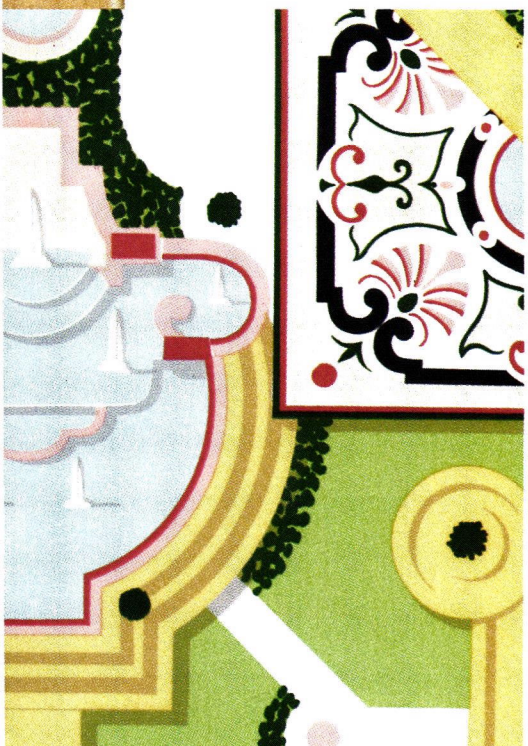

Parterres in Print Jardins à la Française sailcloth (*above*) from Pierre Frey at Fonthill. For showrooms (212) 755-6700.

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Tassel lamp (*left*) from Nancy Corzine, 8747 Melrose Ave., L.A.

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Anthony P. Browne's Monteagle sofa (*right*) from Dapha in a Waverly stripe. For showrooms (800) 284-4063.

Close-Ups Meet one of San Francisco's favorite gargoyles (*left*) in *Details: The Architect's Art* (Chronicle Books, $29.95).

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: MONICA STEVENSON; LINDA BLECK; RICHARD

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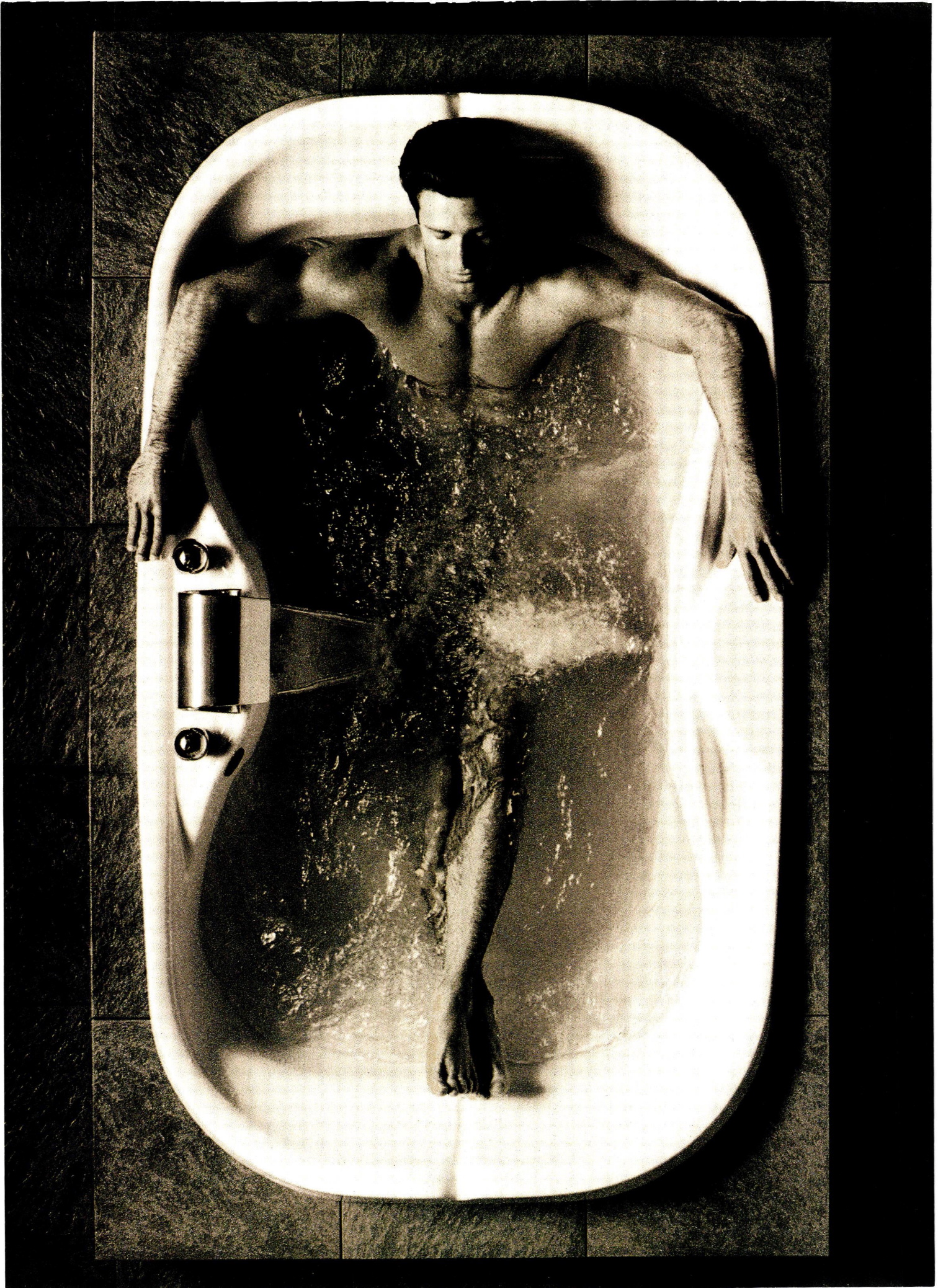

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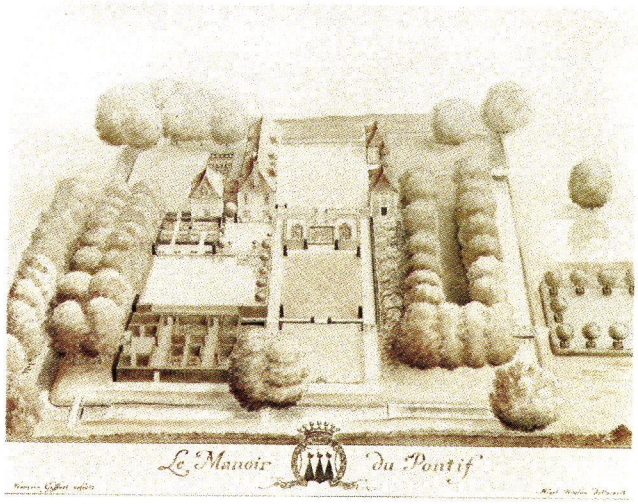
Landscape Ensemble

Virginia-based designer François Goffinet champions the cross-fertilization of garden arts and crafts

BY ADRIAN HIGGINS



In a rare moment of agitation, François Goffinet ponders the state of house- and garden-making in this frenzied time-is-money world. "The architect designs a wrought-iron fence. He has never been in a blacksmith's in his life. How can he do this? How can he?" The arms shoot up in despair. "Oh, it is not worth talking about." François Goffinet is worth talking about. In the past two years his name has been on the lips of moneyed clients in Europe and the United States and, increasingly, those who observe their envied world. But the fascination is not so much that he has come so far so fast—his first solo commission was a £6 window box in London in 1981—but that a young man could champion ideas so grand that few others in this century have dared even to think them, never mind implement them.

In offices in Charlottesville, Virginia, and London he has assembled a team of architects, landscape architects, horticulturists, botanists, and all manner of artists: a botanical painter, a perspectivist, calligraphers, and illuminators. For good measure, he has thrown in a historian or two and a plantswoman engaged solely to collaborate on herbaceous borders. He personally picks the craftsmen for projects after on-the-spot job interviews in which blacksmiths, stonemasons, carpenters, or other artisans must demonstrate their skill. It is telling that when Goffinet lists his three principal associates, only one—Maria Moellmann—is a landscape architect. The others, Martyn Rix and Nigel Hughes, are a botanist and a painter, and Moellmann is also a horticulturist. If there is another twentieth-century landscape designer who has brought all these disciplines together, noted garden-maker Francis H. Cabot is hard-pressed to think of one. "He's kind of a nineteenth-century figure," says Cabot, who is also chairman of the Garden Conservancy. "I liked him the minute I saw him."

Today Goffinet's clients and properties would have Robin Leach drooling: the marquess

Goffinet, above left. Above: Nigel Hughes's perspective of a Goffinet design in Normandy. Far left: Fritillaria drawn for Goffinet by Lindsay McGarrity. Left: A private garden in London.

of Bath at Longleat, the duke and duchess of Beaufort at Badminton House, the Leeds Castle Foundation, Baron and Baroness Gérard de Waldner at the Manoir du Pontif, Patricia Kluge at Albemarle House, the sculpture gardens at PepsiCo world headquarters. No one seems better suited to the role than Goffinet himself. In the United States, at least, his name alone sounds so posh that you almost feel like putting on a dinner jacket just to say it. He is young (thirty-six), tall, handsome, impeccably dressed, and innately charming. Born into an aristocratic Belgian family, he exudes a grace and poise untarnished by commercial success. There are moments of wit and playfulness, but this scion of the Old World has followed the American model of self-made success, driven by self-confidence and sheer optimism.

Craftsmen pose in a teak arbor under construction at the Kluge estate in Virginia.

Not that his background hurt. The barons Goffinet served four generations of Belgian monarchs as courtiers and diplomats. François grew up on the family estate and paid frequent visits to Annevoie, a famous country house and garden his grandfather nurtured. Goffinet says this background puts his blue-blooded clients at ease. He was also selected to take over projects from the legendary Russell Page, whom he befriended before Page's death in 1985. Still, Goffinet says, it's his own work that has propelled him so far. "He just opens his mind," says his American-born wife, Lynn. "What he doesn't do is get bogged down by details—though he is, of course, detail oriented—and that allows him to think expansively. It is really what's made him as good as he is."

Estate landscapes represent "a whole pot of civilization"

As a teenager, to his parents' concern, Goffinet took a job in forestry and began his career in earnest in England, first at the Chelsea Physic Garden and then at Wisley, the Royal Horticultural Society's training ground. It was during this period, he says, that he was "saddened to see how all these different people were working individually instead of working together." As he learned more about garden-making—back in Belgium and then on a three-year sojourn in North and Central America and the Far East—this observation was only reinforced. Today it is his guiding light.

Goffinet takes a sip of tea, sinks into a soft sofa, and considers his world view: the architect is ignorant of landscape architecture; the landscape architect is ignorant of architecture, horticulture, and botany; the horticulturist is ignorant of landscape architecture; and so on. No one seems to understand the importance of the various crafts, and everybody, in his isolation, is in a rush. "How can you do anything without involving all these disciplines?" he asks. "This is the essence of what I have been trying to achieve." Goffinet, whose involvement with a client's landscape might last a decade or more, also brings a sensitivity to how estates are run. The baronial estate is a "whole pot of civilization," he says. Reflecting his own cultural origins, Goffinet likes ordered geometry close to a house, with the edges of the gardens opening to the landscape beyond. He hastens to point out, however, that he designs informal and smaller spaces too.

One of his first major projects in the United States was the Kluge estate, set amid rolling pastures in the Virginia Piedmont. (The Goffinets had previously bought a farmhouse nearby where they live with their two sons, surrounded by 260 acres of meadow, hedgerow, and lake.) At the Kluge property, he has established a series of terraces and garden rooms behind the house and a central vista to the top of the mountain on which the house sits. He has also built a rooftop garden whose predominant feature is an imposing teak arbor. Patricia Kluge says Goffinet immediately grasped the romanticism she wanted and embodied it through the manipulation of space. "I looked at the site from a purely emotional viewpoint," she recalls. "He looks at it from an architectural viewpoint. He can take one's fantasy and make it into a classical reality."

For her house near Palm Beach, Nancy Gray engaged Goffinet's firm to make over a garden destroyed by a freeze. After Goffinet made a site visit, Gray received his customary invitation to Charlottesville to view meticulous watercolor renderings of his conceptual design. Charles Stick, a landscape architect and geologist on Goffinet's staff, then spent three months in Florida supervising soil enrichment and the planting of an entirely new garden, as salt- and cold-tolerant as possible.

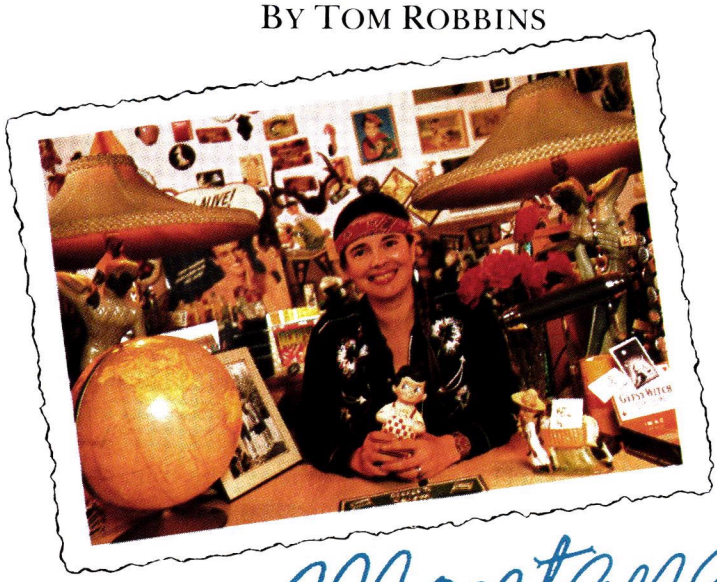
Inevitably, Goffinet's grand manner has drawn sniping. Some admirers of Russell Page question whether a relatively unproven gentleman landscaper can throw on the great designer's mantle. Goffinet argues that many of his projects will take years before they can be judged and that skeptics do not fully understand his work or his friendship with Page—in any case, he says, he has no time for "people who are jealous without knowing anything about it." As for the future, it is Goffinet's wish to establish a school that teaches teamwork among design and craft disciplines. One day, perhaps, architects may be as familiar with the smell of burning iron as they are with the whiff of colored markers. A bookmaker might put the odds against it, but then he probably hasn't met François Goffinet. (François Goffinet, 258 East High St., Charlottesville, VA 22901; 804-979-9495) ♠

RUVEN AFANADOR

Yet Another Roadside Attraction

Seattle's self-made cowgirl takes on the salt and pepper trade

BY TOM ROBBINS



Ruby Montana's

WHEN YOU LEARN THAT HER NAME IS Ruby Montana, you figure right away she's a cowgirl. An urban cowgirl. Which is to say, a make-believe cowgirl. Real cowgirls, working cowgirls, have less romantic names, such as Pat Futters or Debbie Jean Strunk. Still, Ruby is so appropriately booted, vested, and bandannaed that you wonder if she mightn't at least be a weekend rodeo queen. Ah, but then, far from the lone prairie, she drives up in a lurid two-tone 1955 Oldsmobile, removes a French horn from its trunk, and enters her house—a pink house, a house the color of the sorest saddle sore Dale Evans ever sat upon—and you conclude that she must be something else.

Something else, indeed.

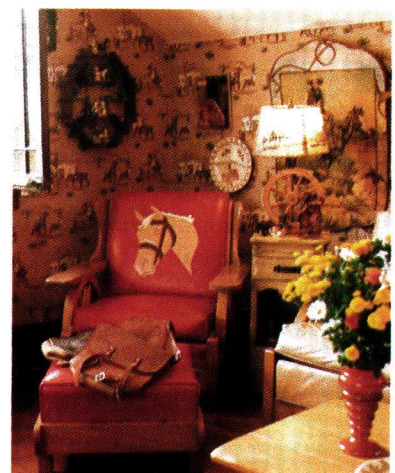
In actuality, Ruby Montana is a popular Seattle shopkeeper. She is also that city's sweetheart of fantasy.

Ruby Montana, above, mans a counter in her shop, Pinto Pony, where vintage salt and pepper shakers and mannequin heads, top right, are a specialty. Below: "veg head" shakers in Montana's kitchen. Below right: Her dude ranch–style guest room.

For Ruby's imagination isn't simply tied to the hitching post of the make-believe cowgirl; her whole existence is an exercise in make-believe. In the world she has made for herself—a world built of neoteny, nuttiness, nostalgia, and kitsch; a world in which the secret life of objects is not only recognized but allowed to interface dramatically with her own life—Ruby daily demonstrates that reality is a matter of perception and that dreams don't come true, dreams are true.

Her shop, Ruby Montana's Pinto Pony, sells collectibles, and she herself is a collector. Should you follow her into that pink bungalow (its façade a hue similar to the Pepto-Bismol a nervous Debbie Jean chugs before the big barrel race), you would be amazed by both the extent of her collections and the artistry with which they are displayed. Every room is teeming: cookie jars, candlesticks, lamps (lava, figurative, and magic spinning), wall fish, ice buckets, ashtrays, bookends, German mythological prints, ranch furniture, Pee-Wee Hermanesque gewgaws, Hollywood dime store Wild West memorabilia, and—in the Flamingo Room, the den where Ruby hopes to be sitting "when they drop the bomb"—a bar in the shape of a late forties speedboat, aloha pillows, South Sea coffee tables, a shrine to Elvis, and twinkling tiki party lights. Inexplicably, all this sub-lowbrow ornamentation is arranged in a manner that approximates good, if freewheeling, taste. Roll partially over, Beethoven.

And we haven't even mentioned the salt and pepper



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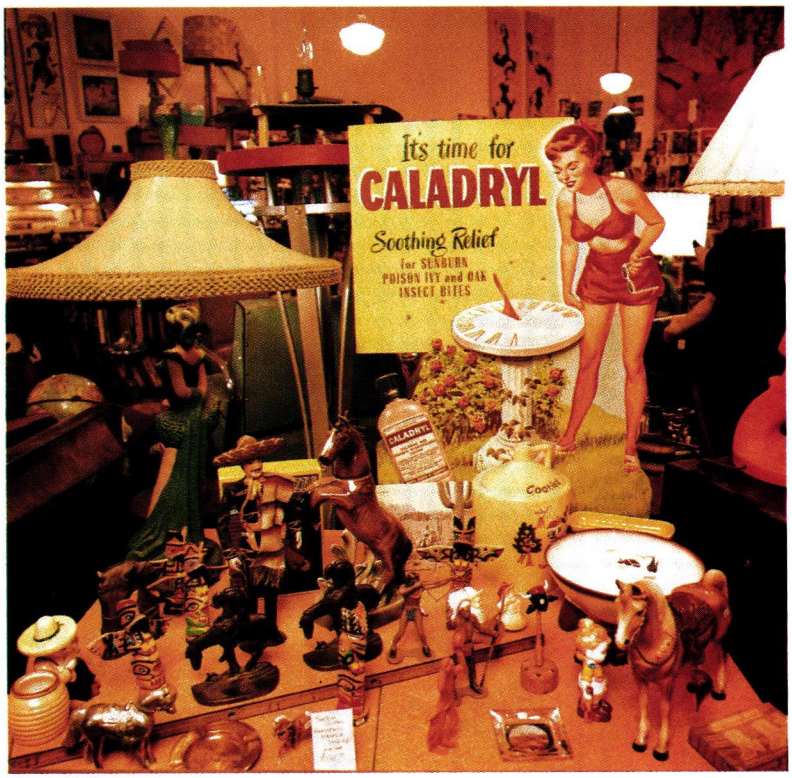
shakers. Not that they could be overlooked, God no! There are hundreds of salt and peppers. Hundreds. Most of them unusual, many of them rare. They dominate the house. In some ways they dominate the owner of the house. They hold her much as a director is held by the various competing egos in his troupe. You see, Ruby Montana interacts with her treasures. She's involved with them. Dissatisfied with mere ownership, she doesn't accumulate knickknacks ("I despise that word!") to impress others or decorate a space. Ruby selects her salt and peppers carefully, and those that pass audition she plays with. She makes up tales about them. She casts them in private productions staged on tabletops and shelves.



A drugstore sign from the fifties, a ballerina lamp, assorted horses, miniature totem poles, and other gewgaws share a tabletop at Ruby Montana's Pinto Pony.

For example, there is the gay donkey (maybe salt, maybe pepper) whose parents can't handle his proclivities. Today, the donkey is dancing with his lover while Mom and Dad look on in bewilderment. There ensues poignant dialogue in which the hee-haw homosexual explains he's leaving town. So is the pig family next door, though the pigs, more happily, are off to Florida to attend a space launch: the dinnerware rocket is poised on its pad, presided over by JFK, who looks dignified and healthy despite high levels of sodium. We're talking salt and pepper theater here. Condiment-dispensing cinema.

Born and largely reared in cowgirly Oklahoma (Montana makes a prettier surname, you've got to admit), Ruby (her birth name remains a secret) loved visiting her grandmother in Stillwater, who collected souvenir pitchers that she would eulogize for the grandchildren. "The pitchers all had stories," says Ruby. "I decided when I grew up, I wanted a house full of stories, too."

In 1974, having earned a music degree in classical French horn from the University of Michigan—"nobody offered me a scholarship to ride horses"—she moved to Seattle after drawing its name out of a hat. Presumably ten-gallon. She abandoned plans to study for a Ph.D. (Dr. Montana?), because Seattle was "too damn pretty," and took a job teaching school. By then she'd begun to collect tramp and folk art, some pieces of which became so valuable she felt obliged to sell them off. It wasn't long before she'd lassoed a house, painted it the tint of a stablegirl's first hickey, and was filling it with narratives of her own invention. "I'm in touch with everything in my house," she confides. "The furnishings are connected to my fantasy life and to my heart. They are my joy, my friends." And not just the nostalgic items. "We live in an age when most things feel like dental tools, but I like modern objects if they have character." She's also in touch with the sweet bird of youth. "Ceramics and cowgirl stuff are each a part of the child in me, and I'm interested in keeping that part alive. So many of the harsh realities of the adult world are unnecessary and absurd. People kill themselves because they're alienated from the child they really are."

> Ruby demonstrates daily that reality is a matter of perception and that dreams don't come true, dreams are true

Neither as flaky nor as flamboyant as you might suppose, Ruby comes across as the kindly enthusiastic schoolteacher she must have been. In pop culture, she searches for depth and meaning, not frivolity or escape. Her Pinto Pony is a gathering place for serious collectors and those attracted to the benevolently bizarre. Someday they may be able to ride the range with her as well. Ruby's professed ambition is to open a dude ranch. Complete with a personally decorated Roy Rogers suite—and a salt and pepper museum out back of the corral. Pink, no doubt. Like a twister of newborn mice, or a cowgirl's bubble gum cud. (Ruby Montana's Pinto Pony, 603 Second Ave., Seattle, WA 98104; 206-621-7669) ▲

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Hollowed bread stuffed with salads makes a novel summer menu. Below: Sautéed peppers fill a crusty roll.

Sandwich Sub Culture

Bread is your bowl when the picnic's in a loaf

BY PEGGY KNICKERBOCKER

With bougainvillea climbing walls all around the neighborhood and summer at its peak, I am reminded of the Sunday picnics we went on as a family when I was young. My parents were often grumpy on Sunday mornings. It was the fifties, after all, and they consumed a lot of martinis on Saturday nights during that decade. Having had too much fun the night before, they were in the mood for a relaxing day outdoors with my brother and me. We knew something was up when my mother asked us to pick up a few loaves of French bread and some hard rolls on our way home from church. My mother, always fearful of rain, had a great idea for a picnic that we could enjoy either spread out on a red plaid blanket or scrunched together in the old Chrysler station wagon in the event of a sudden downpour.

My father, brother, and I would go off to church. I went strictly to look at the altar boys. My brother, the only boy in the neighborhood who had to wear flannel shorts, was always happy to be with my father and me so he wouldn't get beaten up by the kids in long pants from down the hill. After the service, we felt pious yet deserving of fun. Climbing the street to our house, we nibbled on the warm loaves of bread. Bachelor's buttons, honeysuckle, and nicotiana bloomed all around us, luscious with scent and color. As we took the flight of stairs to our old Victorian flat, the smell of roasted chicken and caramelized onions made our stomachs growl.

My mother took the warm loaves of bread from us, sliced off the tops, and pulled out the spongy centers. Into the largest loaf she stuffed chicken that she had cut into pieces and cooked with port and orange zest, a recipe inspired by Alice B. Toklas. She then replaced the top of the loaf and wrapped it tightly in linen tea towels to retain the moisture and warmth. Depending upon her mood, she filled the other loaves and rolls with all sorts of concoctions. In one she stuffed olives coated in chopped parsley; in another she tucked sliced cherry tomatoes, feta, and red onions tossed with olive oil; in a third she added red and green peppers cooked with olive oil, garlic, anchovies, and oregano (a dish later updated by my friend, San Francisco cooking teacher Emalee Chapman). And there was always at least one roll filled with caramelized onions. Offering to help, we cooked some Italian fennel sausages to fill a baguette.

We drove across the Golden Gate Bridge to one of our secret picnic spots under a grove of eucalyptus trees. There we spread out the red blanket and unwrapped the towels covering the bread. Using the towels as napkins, we each got a fork to dip into the various salads and savories my mother had prepared. We ate the

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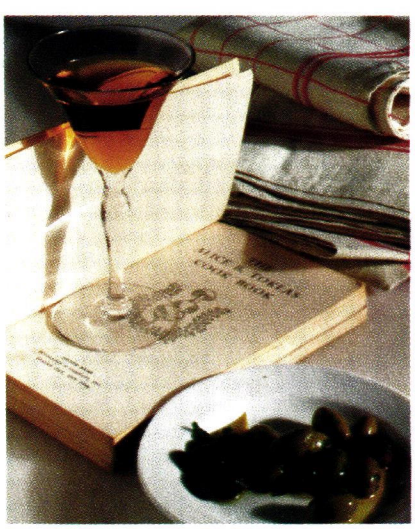
CLASSIC DESIGN

If it rained, the meal was lots of fun to eat in our Chrysler station wagon

chicken with our fingers, and as the pieces disappeared, we were left with the tasty remains of bread. Our parents often brought a fully stocked wicker picnic basket into which my father stashed a shaker of martinis. My brother and I usually settled for slightly warm ginger ale. For dessert, we ate some of my famous lemon squares or a box of gingersnaps, perfect with the Maxwell House coffee my mother brought in an old metal navy thermos.

If the air got chilly or it started to rain, the meal was lots of fun to eat in a deserted barn, or we would park the car on a country road and pass the stuffed rolls around, licking our fingers a lot in the process. Whether we ate inside or out ultimately didn't matter; we always drove home fat and happy. And with every last crust of bread eaten, there were never any messy plates to worry about.



ROAST CHICKEN ALICE B. TOKLAS

2 tablespoons butter
1 chicken, cut in eighths
Freshly ground pepper
¼ cup port wine
¼ cup orange juice
⅛ cup soy sauce
¼ cup cream
Zest of 1 orange
¼ cup chopped Italian parsley
2 large round loaves French bread

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Melt butter in a cast-iron skillet and brown the chicken pieces. Sprinkle with pepper. Pour the port, orange juice, and soy sauce over the chicken. Transfer pan to oven and bake until done (35–45 minutes).

Remove chicken and place on a warm plate. Return pan to stove. Pour cream into pan drippings and add half of orange zest. Reduce slightly over medium heat. Return chicken to pan and stir each piece in the mixture until coated. Slice off tops of loaves and remove spongy centers. Divide chicken pieces between loaves. Sprinkle parsley and remaining zest over chicken. Replace tops of bread and wrap in tea towels. Serves 4.

CARAMELIZED ONIONS

3 tablespoons olive oil
3 yellow onions, thinly sliced
1 tablespoon dark brown sugar
2 tablespoons red wine vinegar
Salt and freshly ground pepper
1 medium hard roll or small loaf of bread

Heat the olive oil in a cast-iron skillet. Add the onions and cook over low heat, stirring occasionally, until they begin to brown (about 30 minutes). Add brown sugar, red wine vinegar, salt, and pepper and cook 5 more minutes. Slice off top of roll or loaf, remove spongy center, and spoon onions into bread. Replace the top and wrap in a tea towel. Serves 4.

OLIVES IN VINAIGRETTE

1 cup imported black olives
1 cup sour green olives
⅓ cup olive oil
4 tablespoons red wine vinegar
¼ cup chopped Italian parsley
3 cloves garlic, chopped
1 small loaf dark rye bread

Toss together black and green olives, olive oil, red wine vinegar, parsley, and garlic. Slice off top of loaf, remove spongy center, and spoon mixture into bread. Replace the top and wrap in a tea towel. Serves 8–10.

EMALEE CHAPMAN'S RED AND GREEN PEPPERS WITH ANCHOVIES AND CAPERS

3 tablespoons olive oil
2 red peppers, cored, seeded, and cut into ½-inch strips
2 green peppers, cored, seeded, and cut into ½-inch strips
3 cloves garlic, chopped
1 tin anchovies, chopped (reserve oil)
4 tablespoons capers
2 teaspoons dried oregano
1 tablespoon red wine vinegar
1 teaspoon freshly ground pepper
1 medium loaf of bread

Heat the olive oil in a large cast-iron skillet and add peppers and garlic. Cook over medium heat 3–5 minutes, stirring continuously. Add the anchovies and the reserved oil and cook 2 minutes, continuing to stir. Add the capers and the oregano and cook 2 more minutes. Sprinkle with red wine vinegar and cracked pepper. (Do not add salt; the anchovies will provide all you need.) Slice off top of loaf, remove spongy center, and spoon mixture into the bread. Replace the top and wrap in a tea towel. Serves 4–6.

CHERRY TOMATO AND FETA SALAD

1 basket ripe cherry tomatoes, halved
1 small red onion, thinly sliced
2 large cloves garlic, minced
2 tablespoons olive oil
2 ounces feta cheese, crumbled
1 teaspoon freshly ground pepper
6 basil leaves, chopped
1 loaf dark crusty French bread

Toss the halved tomatoes with the sliced red onion, garlic, and olive oil. Mix in the feta cheese, pepper, and chopped basil. Slice off top of loaf and remove spongy center. Spoon salad into bread. Replace top and wrap in a tea towel. Serves 2.

FENNEL SAUSAGE WITH ROSEMARY

¼ cup hearty red wine
5 sprigs fresh rosemary
3 medium fennel sausages
1 baguette

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Pour red wine into shallow baking pan. Spread the sprigs of rosemary on the bottom. Cut sausages into 1-inch disks and scatter over rosemary. Bake 30–40 minutes or until well cooked. Slice off top of baguette lengthwise and remove spongy inside. Drizzle some pan drippings along inside of bread. Arrange sausage inside as well. Replace top and wrap in a tea towel. Serves 4. ♠

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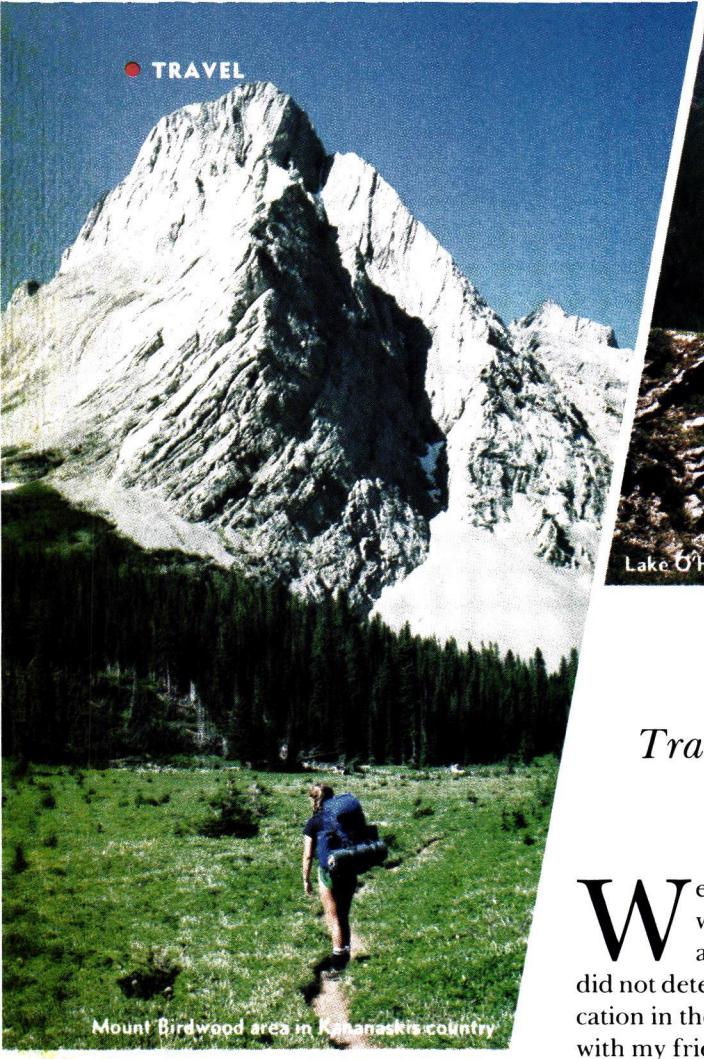
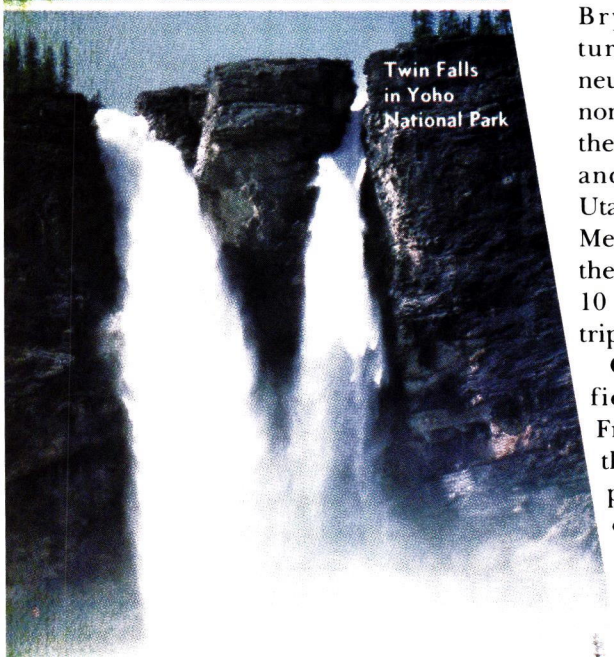


Mount Birdwood area in Kananaskis country

Lake O'Hara

Twin Falls Chalet



Twin Falls in Yoho National Park

A Week in the Wild

Travel scouts help intrepid hikers strike out on their own BY ALICE GORDON

We live in a time when the wilderness is hip, but this alarming state of affairs did not deter me from planning a vacation in the mountains last summer with my friend Franci and her twenty-year-old son, Trey. We chose the Canadian Rockies, where none of us had been before. That decision made, we needed to know what to do once we got there. Being somewhat hip ourselves, we called Off the Beaten Path in Bozeman, Montana.

Off the Beaten Path does what it calls "personal itinerary planning for the Rocky Mountain west." Founded about six years ago by Pam and Bill Bryan, environmental activists turned environmental entrepreneurs, the company has been a phenomenal success. The Bryans know the Rockies intimately, from Alberta and British Columbia down into Utah and northern Arizona and New Mexico; their expertise is well worth their fee, which usually amounts to 10 to 20 percent of the cost of the trip, excluding transportation.

OTBP's service begins with a confidential client questionnaire. Franci, Trey, and I answered all of the questions without shame, supplying the following profile of ourselves: we were "adventurous," "physically active," and "willing to try new things." Our "trip objectives" included direct experience of the wilderness, plenty of relaxation, and seeing a grizzly bear. Among our anticipated activities were hiking, fly-fishing, swimming, sighting wild animals, and passing some time in a funky bar with a country jukebox and an occasional square dance. Our preferred accommodations ran from "rustic resort" to "cabin" to "old western hotel" to the mysterious "combination." We said we wanted to stay in two or three different places, in separate beds.

Off the Beaten Path told us where they thought we should go, and by the end of our trip we had done everything on our list except dance and drink at a local bar (either we were too pooped or the bars were too far away) and see a grizzly bear. (Learning en route that an encounter with a bear might require us to roll into little balls and hope for the best weakened that particular desire.)

Following the instructions in our OTBP tote filled with maps and pamphlets and brochures as well as a twenty-seven-page itinerary, the three of us met up in Calgary, Alberta, and drove about two hours west to the Kananaskis region. We arrived at

Mount Engadine Lodge in late afternoon, having stopped only once, for a large animal grazing on weeds in the middle of the gravel road. "My God, it's a moose!" we said, and got out of the car. On closer inspection the animal didn't really look like a moose. It looked more like a mule—mule muzzle, mule ears, no antlers. There ensued a debate about whether a mule would logically be eating weeds on a gravel road in the mountains of Canada, without a halter. The three of us concluded that we should check with someone at the lodge. (Moose. Female. No antlers.)

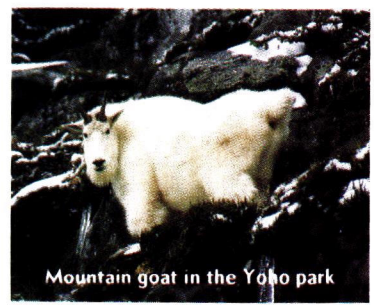
Mount Engadine Lodge is perfectly comfortable but not much to look at. Quickly one learns that its treasures lie outdoors, not in. The lodge overlooks a small, lush alpine valley, halved by a silvery creek. Near the lodge are the heads of ten excellent hiking trails, all, happily, underutilized. We climbed for hours every day. One exemplary ten-mile hike took us through mountain meadows strewn with gigantic boulders and thick patches of yellow wildflowers, past glacial lakes and rushing streams. We clambered over crumbled gray rock, the detritus of avalanches, and up and down shaded trails edged with delicate profusions of color—mountain cinquefoil, pearly everlasting, moss campion, white-flowered rhododendron, and what our guide called towhead babies. We navigated a sheer grassy slope above the tree line to Smuts Pass, where our guide frivolously radioed back to the lodge to report on the spectacular view out over hundreds of miles.

Our next stay was in Yoho National Park at Twin Falls Chalet, a backcountry lodge built at the turn of the century by the Canadian Pacific Railway, now a private hostelry with fourteen beds in four tiny rustic rooms. This was the big thrill of the trip, a log house with no electricity or running water, reachable only by a two and a half hour hike. All *right,* as Trey would say, I'm all *over* it. This is the *wilderness*!

The hike wasn't easy, but it wasn't all that hard, and the air and color and light along the way were breathtaking. We crossed the swift Little Yoho River as we walked up into the silent forest. We heard Twin Falls long before reaching them, a sound that incongruously suggested an airfield hidden in the forest. Just across the gorge from the falls, which tumble two hundred feet, loudly and romantically, is the chalet, set in a clearing by a stream. We arrived to watch two young members of the staff putting steaks on a fire for dinner. With the falling darkness came a drop in temperature, so we stepped inside to join the other guests. Dinner—steak and potatoes, platters of fresh vegetables and salad, rich desserts—was bountiful and beautifully cooked, served family style by lantern light. The bedrooms were supplied with red sleeping bags and checked blankets, enameled tin pitchers and basins, and little lamps powered by batteries. I fell asleep reading *The Call of the Wild* by flashlight, lulled by the crashing falls.

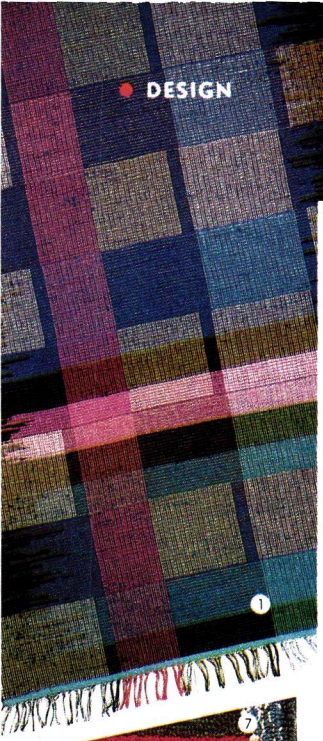
For our last few days in Canada we went north to Jasper National Park, where we took a fishing lesson, rode horses, and swam in a cold, clear, perfect small lake. Still, our finest day had already been spent, in Yoho National Park. While Trey hiked ten kilometers up to the glaciers on the Iceline Trail, Franci and I spent several hours by a clear glacial pool a mere three kilometers away. As I lay there snoozing and reading Jack London, and thinking about how agreeable it had been to be outdoors for most of a week, I was overcome by a longing to befriend or *become* a wild beast—preferably a wolf. It didn't happen, and I can still feel the pain. (Off the Beaten Path, 109 East Main St., Bozeman, MT 59715; 406-586-1311, fax 406-587-4147. For information on other companies that arrange custom wilderness adventures see Resources.) ▲

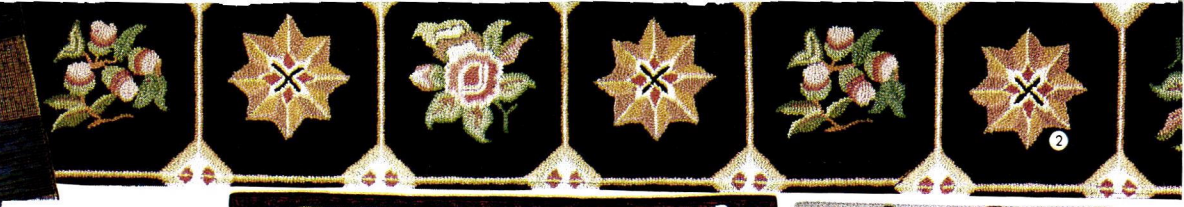
Myosotis Lake in Banff National Park

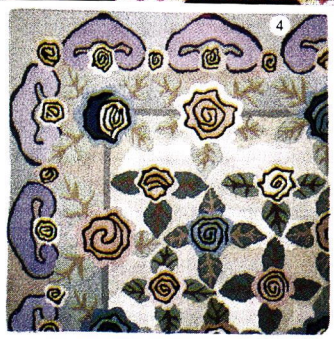


Mountain goat in the Yoho park

I fell asleep reading *The Call of the Wild* by flashlight, lulled by the crashing falls







Revivals under foot. **1** Rayon and cotton rag rug by Claudia Mills. **2** Geometric Block Design from Couristan's New Jamestown Collection. **3** Why Wait for the Full Moon?, a hand-hooked copy of the original in the Metropolitan Museum, at The Doll's House. **4** Elizabeth Eakins's hand-hooked Primrose. **5** Vintage hooked rug, c. 1940s, at Alexandra Davis/ Star & Cross. **6** Rainbow Trout, hand-hooked of hand-dyed yarns, from Mabel's. **7** Village Rug from Spinning Wheel Rugs. **8** Ragtime Weavers' Night & Day, a double-faced reversible weave. **9** Reversible flat weave handloomed of sisal in Guatemala for Schumacher. **10** A Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges version of an early American design. **11** Hand-hooked portrait by Stephen T. Anderson. Details see Resources.

Hooked on Rugs

Weavers draw a colorful thread from past to present

AMERICA'S EARLY SETTLERS TURNED scraps of tattered fabric and dyes extracted from berries and wildflowers into rugs to ward off winter chills. Today weavers have at their fingertips a wide variety of materials and a rainbow of colors, but for inspiration, many of them are looking back to time-honored designs and weaving and hooking techniques. Some hesitate to promise exact colors, but custom sizes and patterns are often available; Stephen T. Anderson will even hook a likeness of the family pets. These contemporary interpretations of great-great-grandmother's rugs are as pleasing to the eye as they are to the feet.

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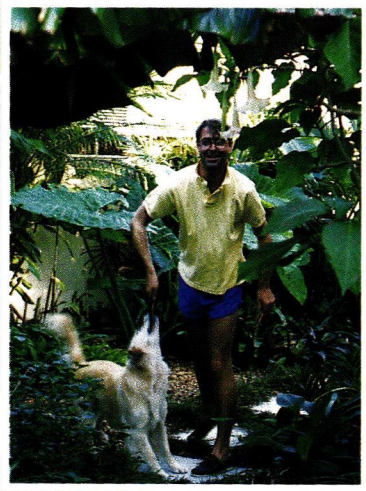
Palm Beach Cool

Decorator Geordi Humphreys traded New York formality for tropical funk

BY MARGOT GURALNICK



Twelve varieties of palms rustle and sway in the garden surrounding Geordi Humphreys's Palm Beach house. There are Christmas palms known for their date-size fruit, which turn crimson by late December, lady palms with leaves shaped like hands with little fingers, and water-storing traveler's palms capable of covering a lot of territory—like Humphreys himself. Three years ago the thirty-eight-year-old decorator gave up an expansive New York City apartment and a collection of signed eighteenth-century French furniture for a 1955 one-story stucco house with an L-shaped pool and just enough land for him to plant his palms.

"The first night here I lay awake thinking, 'Oh my God, I have just moved to suburbia,'" says Humphreys. "I've been happy ever since." Freed of his Louis XVI fauteuils and Charles X chandelier—appropriately carted away to Sotheby's on Bastille Day—and faced with jalousie windows and terrazzo floors, he headed out to local furniture dealers Peter Werner and Deco Don and delved into tropical moderne.

Shifting aesthetic gears is nothing new for Humphreys and his New York–based design partner, Carl D'Aquino. Since the two officially teamed up five years ago, they have proven themselves as adept at creating period rooms with *Gone with the Wind*–style curtains and walls of hand-pleated taffeta as they are at carving modernist sanctuaries out of misshapen city apartments. Comfort, wit, and a daredevil way with color are the unifying elements in all of their work. While architecture school–trained D'Aquino sees to it that the spaces flow properly, art school–trained Humphreys pulls out his swatches and sketch pads. To both it is a point of pride (and a matter of principle) that they have never created what D'A-

Geordi Humphreys and his golden retriever, Brenda, inset left, live surrounded by greenery in a 1955 house with pool attached, far left. Above: In the foyer, fifties chairs and a newly painted console table. Details see Resources.

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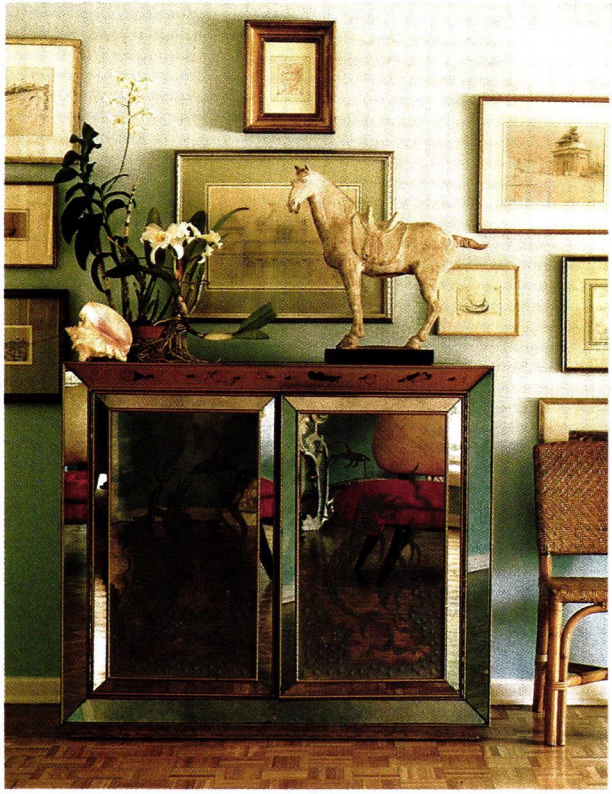

Seaside style. Clockwise from top left: In the living room, fifties furniture and a Humphreys mantel topped with a marine rococo mirror. A mirrored cabinet with a Tang horse. Brenda on vintage rattan. An open-air breakfast. The cabana-striped dining room.

quino refers to as an "all-white, all-beige, or otherwise boring room."

A coat of yellow paint and a brilliant turquoise door set off Humphreys's house from the other ranches that make up Palm Beach's sleepy North End. Inside, the rooms—untouched structurally except for the addition of several French doors—shift from swimming pool aqua to shell pink, and the ambient music comes from the ocean less than a block away. Beyond the welcome mat, a pair of so-called cocktail chairs from the fifties with sweeping fuchsia seats and stiletto feet stand before a baroque console table literally straight out of *Lawrence of Arabia*. Gilded and garish during its days as a film prop, it now sports a summery finish reminiscent of Dresden blue and white porcelain. In other rooms, dolphins with their tails in the air pose as occasional tables, scallop shells serve as lights, and wild foliage spreads across cushions.

Once started on his Florida fest, Humphreys says, "it seemed necessary to parquet the living room ceiling with split bamboo and to buy every decent piece of rattan Deco Don had to offer." Tidewater cypress, a regional termite-resistant wood, was deemed perfect for paneling the library. And a pink and white striped wallpaper creates a remarkable tented effect in the dining room, formerly "as white as the inside of a refrigerator."

All of this decorative exuberance is accompanied by an equally inviting ease of life. Electronically connected to his New York office, Humphreys still collaborates with D'Aquino on decorating jobs all over the country. During his off-hours, he attends meetings of the Tropical Orchid Society, trades bougainvillea cuttings with his neighbors, and plans barbecues. The notion of moving back to the city never crosses his mind. Here, as Humphreys points out, he can float in his pool while discussing color specs and faux finishes on the phone. He can take his golden retriever, Brenda, for daily romps on the beach. And he can gaze through louvered windows at all those palms. ▲

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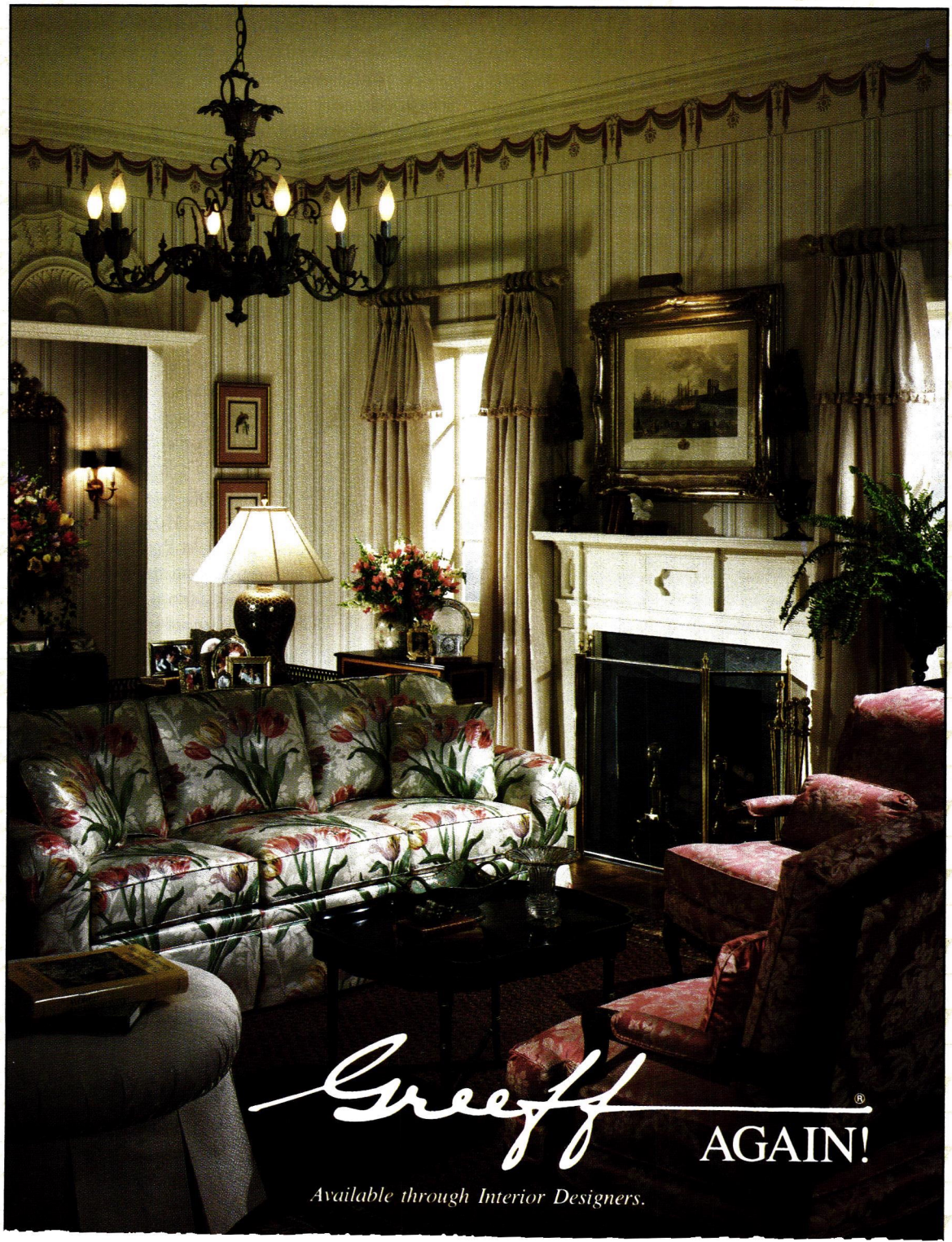

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Provençal Benchmarks

Following centuries-old standards, craftsmen refine the country settee

BY CHRISTOPHER PETKANAS

The purest, most identifiable expression of Provençal vernacular furniture is the radassié, or settee, ingenuous in its charm, with a rush seat and a slatted back. Under Louis XVI, the noble villas of Aix and Marseilles, the hôtels particuliers of Arles, and the farmhouses of Camargue were all routinely appointed with these stately, practical benches, which are based on designs that reach back to Roman Gaul. For George Sand and the poet Frédéric Mistral, as for Christian Lacroix, the settee has served as a solid, stylish place to repose, whether lightly carved, painted, and upholstered or constructed of natural wood with exposed woven seats.

Excellent beechwood radassiés are still handcrafted by artisans in Provence in a way that satisfies tradition. Their work also satisfies those who are daunted by the steep prices commanded by antique examples, now exceedingly rare. In Vallabrègues, a sleepy village eight miles southwest of the old papal seat of Avignon, René Lacroix produces the same rustic late eighteenth century model that his ancestors did when the family workshop was started in the early 1800s. In Isle-sur-la-Sorgue, a lively market town fifteen miles north of Avignon, antiques dealer Jean-Jacques Bourgeois makes a more elegant version based on a slightly earlier model with gently curved Louis XV slats and simple, turned Louis XVI arms, legs, and stretchers.

A late 18th century style radassié made by René Lacroix stands against a field of broom, below.

Although the cushioned settee made today by Bourgeois employs a base of traditional upholsterer's webbing, Lacroix continues to work in straw. Most of his suppliers are no longer in Provence, however, but in Andalusia in southern Spain. "The quality from Spain is better because the climate is hotter," he says. "Good seating straw has to be dried within three or four days of its being cut from the swamp. Otherwise mold sets in and the blades blacken." The straw appears both in its natural gold hue and in an array of colors used for geometric designs. The most characteristic shades—fiery red, spruce green, and saffron—are obtained by soaking the grasses in a tinted sulfur bath. The weaving of rushes is traditionally a woman's métier practiced at home. It takes two weavers two eight-hour days to complete a settee seventy inches long and twenty-two inches wide.

A painter, right, finishes Jean-Jacques Bourgeois's more sophisticated version in a traditional green with red edging. Details see Resources.

Neither Lacroix nor Bourgeois set out to make radassiés so close to the originals that people are tricked into thinking the workmanship is vintage. "Mine was conceived as a reedition rather than a copy," says Bourgeois. "Above all, I did not want anything excessive or overworked. I like to think we always know where to stop." ▲

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LIVING WITH

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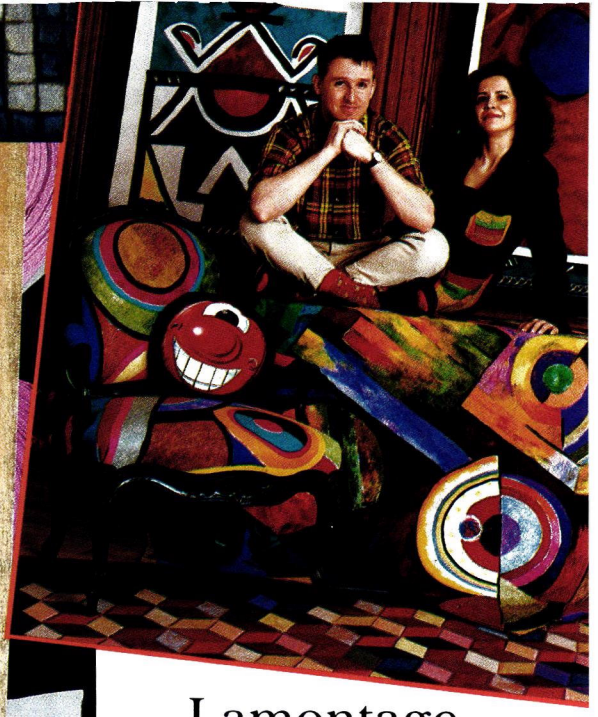
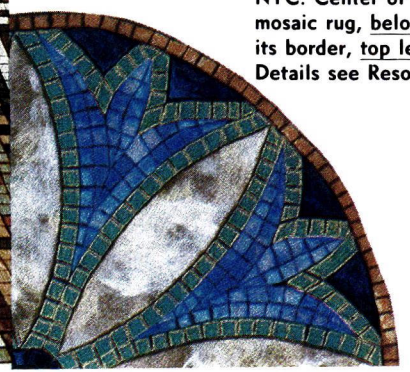
BY WENDY GOODMAN



Lamontage makes itself felt on the runway

IT WAS A PERFECT MATCH. FASHION designer Todd Oldham was looking for richly hued fabrics for his fall collection. Liora Manné, creator of a variation on the age-old art of felting that she calls Lamontage, wanted to find a place for it in fashion. When Oldham saw Manné's upholstery material, he knew Lamontage could perform for fashion. And perform it does. Oldham's suits in Lamontage mosaics, tiger stripes, and bold patterns glow with painterly color, achieved by subtle shadings and not-so-subtle brushstroke effects. Since Manné opened her New York studio last year, the process has been used to produce carpets and fabrics for interiors, and even artwork. As for couture, Manné's collaboration with Oldham is only the beginning.

At the Lamontage studio, Todd Oldham and Liora Manné, above, and models, left, in Oldham suits on Lamontage rugs, available from Saxony, Schumacher, and Stark, NYC. Center of a mosaic rug, below, and its border, top left. Details see Resources.



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August

ONE OF THE twentieth century's most thoughtful and inspiring architects was Estonian-born, Philadelphia-raised Louis I. Kahn. During a stay in Rome, Kahn fell under the spell of classical architecture; the "silence and light" he found in ancient structures became the cornerstones of his modernist works. Silence and light are, it seems to me, present in the best buildings and interiors—timelessness and radiance are their close approximations. These qualities are apparent in the early twentieth century shingle-style house on eastern Long Island refashioned by Bentley LaRosa Salasky where walls are washed in the faintest tints of color, furniture is capacious but simple, and sunlight imbues every perfectly crafted surface with a special dimension. A 1968 "modern box" in East Hampton is but an arena for Joe D'Urso's post-minimalist composition based on color and form. Even interiors where ornament is used with abandon can be classical at heart. A boathouse in Maine, for instance, achieves an aura of timelessness despite the varied origins of the antique furniture and objects gathered inside. In his Los Angeles house, director Curtis Harrington creates a nostalgic collage of the Belle Époque and Hollywood's golden days. Ingmar Bergman in his elegiac mode could have dreamed up the Bonnier family's retreat in Dalarö, Sweden, as an ode to the enduring beauty of north country summers. In the Mondadori house on Capri, with its fifth-century portal, the stones themselves have historic origins. And as for the Provincetown world of Olga Opsahl and Peter Gee, there's a blur of color, life, and holiday fun that are good substitutes indeed for silence and light during the last brilliant gasp of summer.

On a bookcase in its living room, vintage photographs of a 1907 Long Island house.

JOHN HALL

Nancy Novogrod

EDITOR IN CHIEF

A bowed porch with Composite columns and graceful balustrades overlooks the new pool, landscaped by Betty Ajay. *Opposite:* The octagonal tower once provided water for the main house.

Grandeur *at* Ease

BENTLEY LAROSA SALASKY USHERS A QUINTESSENTIAL TURN-OF-THE-CENTURY SHINGLED SUMMER HOUSE INTO THE NINETIES. BY HEATHER SMITH MACISAAC

Photographs by John Hall

THE APPROACH IS through a break in tall hedges, marked by two brick piers, straight to the octagonal water tower capped by a widow's walk, then right on the raked gravel drive that circles in front of a grand turn-of-the-century house on eastern Long Island. Shingles stained seafoam gray set off the glossy whiteness of the shutters, balustrades, columns, and eaves. Perfect lawns slope down to the water. Perennial beds, a cutting garden, and a pool sit gracefully in the terraced landscape north of the house, while high brick walls that once enclosed a garden hide the tennis court. You expect the crunch of gravel on the drive to announce the arrival of Jay Gatsby himself.

The owners of the house, an investor and an author, undertook its renovation in the heady financial times of the eighties—a venture and an era appropriate for a Gatsby. But their interest, as they explained it to Bentley LaRosa Salasky, the New York firm they hired to redo the summer family compound, was in an elegance to be defined by light and air, not things. They fell in love with the grandeur of the house, its generous spaces inside, outside, and in between, on the porches. To clutter it with things would be to encumber the architecture and distract from the blue of the sky and water. And to dress tables with precious objects would hardly be suited to a place intended primarily for family: a grown son and married daughter with three young children. Function and practicality ruled.

Bentley LaRosa Salasky started from zero with literally a white ele-

A new bay window opens the living room to the water. Bentley LaRosa Salasky and their clients agreed to emphasize the handsome architectural details of the house. The windows, bordered by pilasters and sheltered by porches, are uncurtained, and the sofas and club chairs are covered in a swimsuit-sympathetic cotton from Lee Jofa. The wool carpet is by Elizabeth Eakins. Details see Resources.

"When these clients said, 'Keep it simple,' they really weren't kidding," says architect Franklin Salasky

phant—painted white inside and out by its former owner—that had sat empty for two years. The only clues as to how the house might have been furnished came from photographs taken in the 1920s. The three partners turned to Edith Wharton and Ogden Codman Jr.'s *The Decoration of Houses* to read up on matters of scale, placement of furniture, and, of utmost importance, suitability.

All parties agreed early on to allow the rich details of the architecture to dominate, even to decorate. Compromised woodwork was restored; new moldings for spaces that were reconfigured were created to complement the original 1907 design. A graceful new bay window à la McKim, Mead & White recovered the view to the water and restored architectural integrity to the east facade, which, in architect Salvatore LaRosa's words, "had lost its face."

While the owners were attracted to the grandeur of the house, they felt they should underplay the formality in the decoration. "When these cli-

Spacious porches, *above left,* and a generous stair hall and fine moldings, *top,* trim the house. Carpet by Stark. *Opposite:* Restored woodwork frames a view of the dining room. *Above:* The hanging light in the breakfast room echoes the curve of the bay window. Chairs in both rooms by Jack Lenor Larsen.

Simplicity of this sort, on this scale, is, of course, a luxury in itself

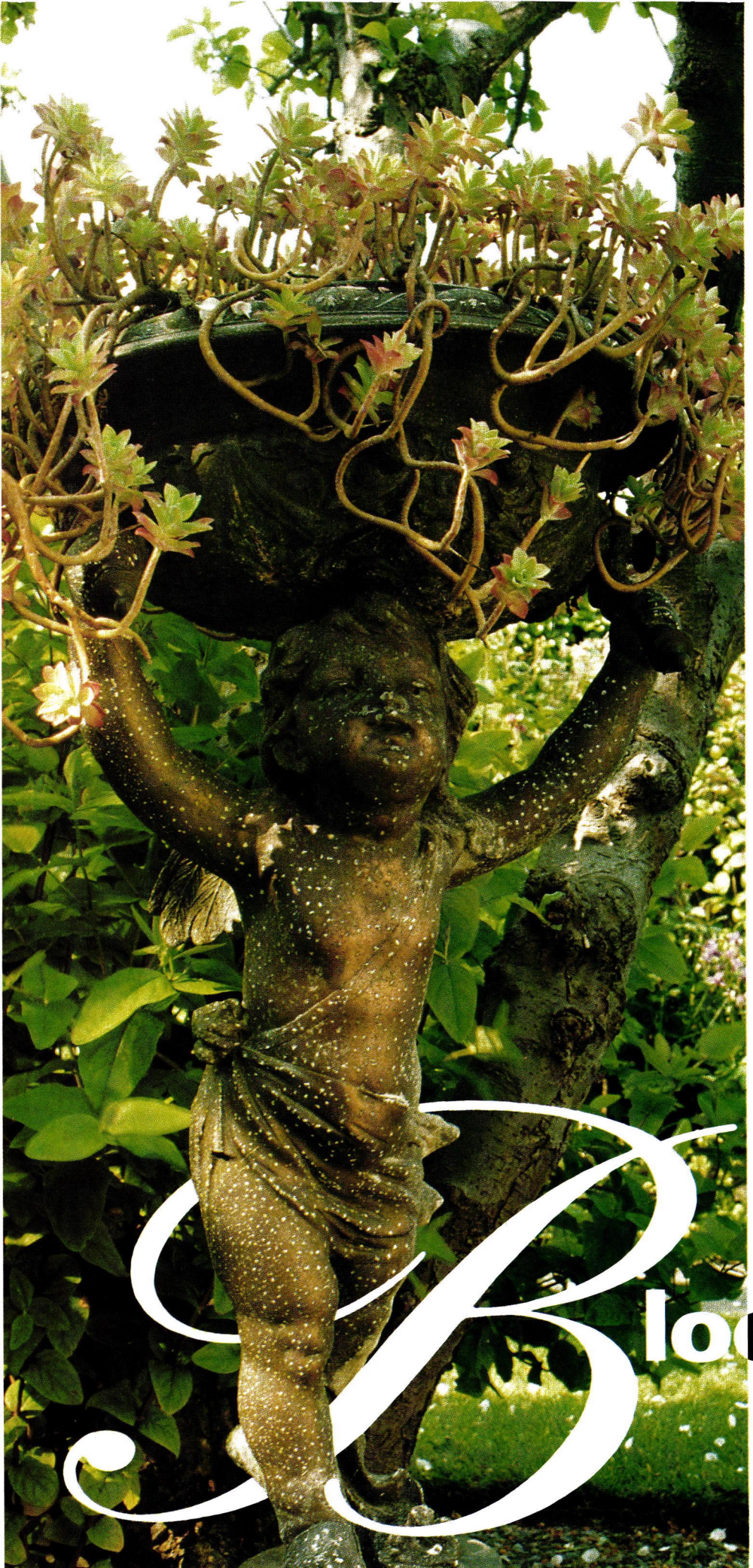
ents said, 'Keep it simple,' they really weren't kidding," says Franklin Salasky. Porches, where the family takes most meals in good weather, assume the role of curtains in shading the windows; views of the Composite columns outside are the preferred window treatment. The original pine floors are bare save for a handwoven carpet by Elizabeth Eakins in the living room. The bedrooms have only wood venetian blinds for privacy and sisal rugs for quiet and comfort.

The woman of the house says she is "enamored with a purity of style" and with pale colors that make her feel "quiet and happy." Downstairs, walls are painted pale yellow, soft turquoise, light gray. Upstairs, each bedroom is papered in a different tint—gray, blue, green, or yellow. Scandinavian art deco and Biedermeier tables in pale woods mix with furniture designed by BLS in what Salasky calls an "unembellished Calvinistic" style. In the living room, sofas, club chairs, and ottomans are covered in a checkered-weave swimsuit-proof cotton and piped in marine blue, a look based on traditional workroom upholstery.

Simplicity of this sort, on this scale, is, of course, a luxury. Salasky says he did not know the meaning of the word "maintenance" until he met the lady of the house. Just keeping the paint fresh is a year-round task. But, as LaRosa points out,"our job may have been about luxury, but it was not about opulence." This grand old place made new is, after all, a beach house that should be awash, at least figuratively, in light and water and pure fresh air. ▲

BLS designed four beds for the house, each in painted wood with clear wood trim—maple in the master bedroom, *above*, and purpleheart in the son's room, *opposite*. In the master bedroom, the lamp on the Swedish art deco table is Biedermeier. The black and white one at the son's bedside is, in one of the architect's words, "junk store, rehabilitated."

ERIC NEWBY
A BOOK OF
TRAVELLERS' TALES



Bloom's Day

MY GARDEN IN DUBLIN IS NOT large. Like many town gardeners, I work in a natural frost pocket subject to the wind that swirls round between buildings; the soil is thin and I am at the mercy of greenflies, who much prefer an enclosed area for breeding. It may seem perverse of me to want to grow a multitude of plants from the Himalayas, the woods of North America, and the mountains of New Zealand and hope to arrange them all to good effect in close quarters. But at least if one has set oneself an impossible task, there is no chance of finishing it and wondering what to do next.

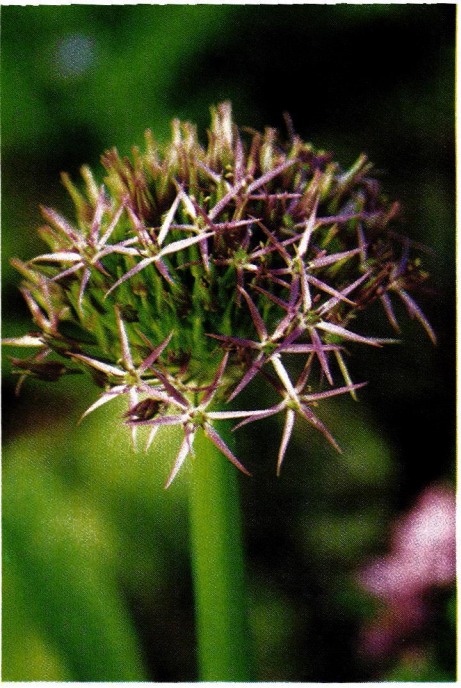
The main garden is at the back of the house: steps from the south-facing terrace, guarded by a pair of sphinxes, lead up to a central lawn flanked by two borders. At the far end of the lawn are a round pool and fountain set in a semicircle of iron arches. Beyond is a path covered by an arcade of roses and clematis, extending the long axis of the lawn and framing the view of a classical statue. All this sounds simple, but the planning and changes of mind, the earth-moving and complicated adjustments of plantings, the relaying of lawn and maneuvering of stone slabs, and the arguments and opinions extracted from eminent visitors are never ending. And as I continue to try bringing the colors into closer accord within this layout, the scheme becomes even more perplexing.

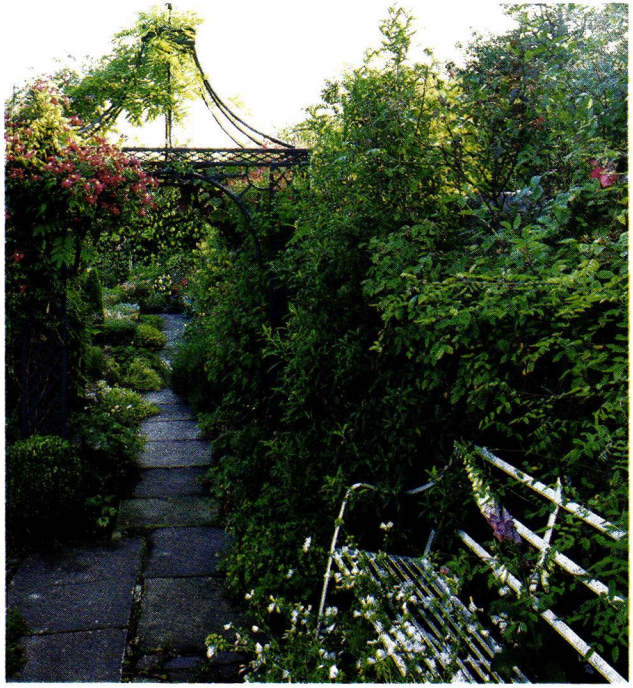
To the right of the lawn, looking away from the house about a third of the way down the west border, is the Asian dogwood *Cornus controversa* 'Variegata'; the prettiest of trees, it grows in tiers of cream and green. All the soft colors are meant to be in this border: pinks, silvers, pale primrose

A 19th-century Cupid, *opposite*, bears a basin of sedum. *Below:* The elder seedling that sprouted behind a Victorian iron seat has been allowed to stay as a traditional charm against witches.

A Dubliner nurtures a world of plants inside the walls of her city garden. By Helen Dillon

Photographs by Alexandre Bailhache





yellows, and blues—particularly blues. There is something extraordinary about the color blue, above all in the late evening light, when it appears to glow and magically enhances its neighbors. Early in the year there are blue patches of forget-me-nots, scillas, and chionodoxas among the shrubs. From midsummer on, delphiniums and agapanthus in varying shades of blue—including an almost navy blue dwarf agapanthus called, I believe, 'Lady Moore'—are interplanted with *Salvia patens* and its Cambridge blue form. Larkspurs and blue and white love-in-a-mist self-seed, and the incomparable *Clematis* × *durandii* is trained over a prostrate juniper so that one may properly enjoy its violet blue flowers. In early autumn *Salvia uliginosa* waves its azure sprays among the skirts of the dogwood. *Nepeta sibirica,* a recent addition, is a specially good bright blue and has a long flowering season.

The left-hand, or east, border is a different matter, with plants such as the scarlet-flowered *Dahlia* 'Bishop of Llandaff', the brilliant red herbaceous lobelias, the flame and orange montbretias and kniphofias. Because their strong colors were difficult to place, they live in what was known as the red patch and is now, I hope, extending into a border. There are several dwarf crimson-leaved berberis which are good frontal plants for unifying the color scheme; the dark foliage of *Heuchera micrantha* 'Palace Purple', *Rosa glauca* (formerly *R. rubrifolia),* and self-seeding red spinach compose the background. A few 'Marlena' roses have been added along with the soft apricot single hybrid tea 'Mrs. Oakley Fisher', dating from the 1920s.

Helen Dillon, ***right,*** **prunes the rose 'Mme Grégoire Staechelin'.** ***Opposite, clockwise from top left: Allium christophii.*** **White mallow beneath a Regency bench with crimson** ***Clematis*** **'Madame Julia Correvon' climbing an iron arch. Delphiniums in the cool-colored border. One of a pair of antique stone sphinxes mantled in** ***Hedera helix*** **'Buttercup'.** ***Clematis*** **'Étoile Violette'. Gray-leaved** ***Tanacetum densum amani*** **with iris foliage.**

To the left of the central lawn is the east border with hot-colored plants. The creamy foliage of the Asian dogwood *Cornus controversa* 'Variegata', near the greenhouse, sets off the cool hues in the west border.

Bringing hot and cool colors into accord is a never-ending task

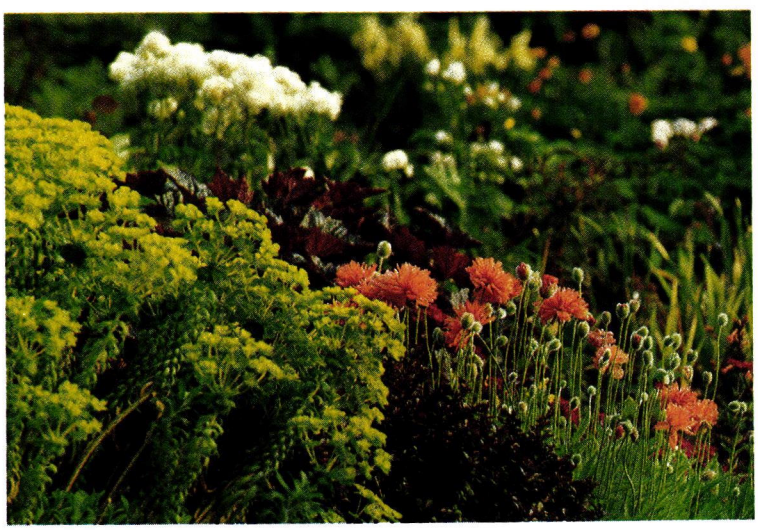
The aptly named poppy *Papaver* 'Fireball', an Irish cultivar, and vermilion *Primula* 'Inverewe' are the stars of early summer. The fighting scarlet of *Tulipa praestans* 'Fusilier' used to be quite unbearable elsewhere in the garden, but now, with soft crimson double primroses and a purple phormium as neighbors, it seems quite acceptable, even pretty.

Tucked behind the main garden are three small gardens planned as surprises, since one cannot see them from the house: a rectangular paved area, a circular raised bed for alpines surrounding a sundial, and an oval lawn set in flowerbeds. The paved area would be just the sort of garden to have if one were elderly. Six hours a year at most would be needed for maintenance, as the plants are virtually allowed to do what they like. Left to its wayward ways, the wicked colonizer *Convolvulus althaeoides* flings its silver foliage and rose pink flowers everywhere. The graceful angel's fishing rods seed at will, as do columbines, sweet alyssum, campanulas, foxgloves, wild pansies, and thyme.

The curved beds of the sundial garden provide a home for unusual plants, some rare, some more difficult to grow. Lady's slipper orchids, among them the almost extinct British native *Cypripedium calceolus*, *Blandfordia punicea* from Tasmania with wonderful red waxy bells, and *Delphinium cashmerianum*, a late summer delight of downy midblue flowers, are some of the favorites whose bloom I anxiously await each year.

The oval lawn, decorated only with an old apple tree, is under constant threat of being dug up. In a town garden of less than an acre that contains fifty-two different snowdrops, a great many special hellebores, fifteen different Solomon's seals, any available trillium, eleven dwarf irises, more than twenty alliums, a profusion of pansies, a host of hos-

(Continued on page 140)



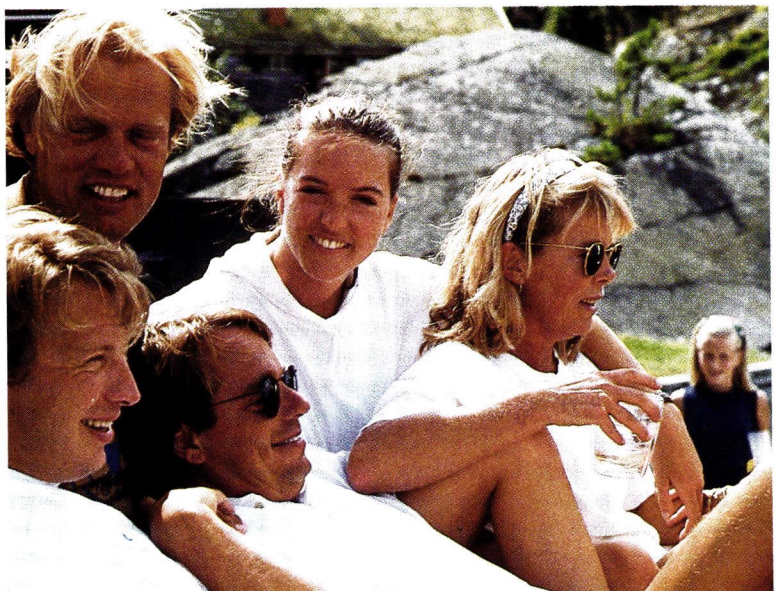
Clematis and grapevines, ***opposite,*** **are trained over the arch that leads to raised beds for alpines.** ***Hedera colchica*** **'Paddy's Pride' covers the far wall.** ***Above:*** **Mignonette self-seeds in the west border.** ***Left:*** **In the east border, euphorbia,** ***Heuchera micrantha*** **'Palace Purple', and** ***Papaver*** **'Fireball'.**

Rare alpines and
British natives
grow in close quarters

Swedish Summers

For seven generations, the Bonnier clan has gathered on an island off Stockholm. By Charlotte Bonnier

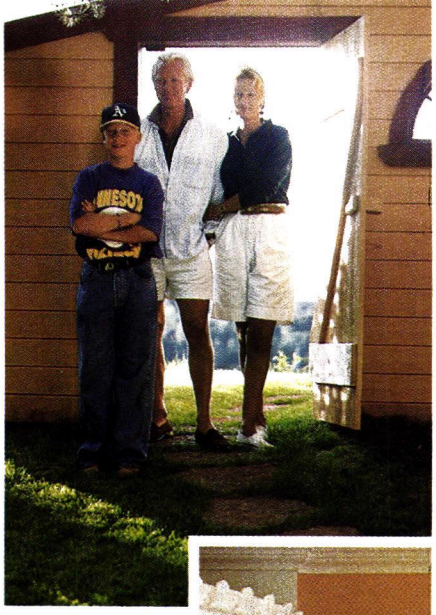
Produced by Deborah Webster Photographs by Thibault Jeanson

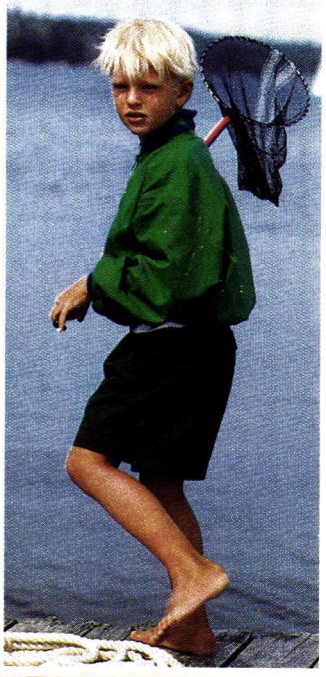


DURING THE DARK WINTER days all my family's dreams of summer center on Dalarö, an island in the Stockholm archipelago that is now welcoming the seventh generation of Bonniers. Early in the summer, when time in Scandinavia seems to expand, days never turn into nights, and darkness does not cover the sky, we gather on the island. Cousins, uncles, aunts—altogether forty of the Bonnier clan—return from many parts of the world. For all of us summer means Dalarö and sailing, fishing, picnicking, and exploring some of the 25,000 islands in the area.

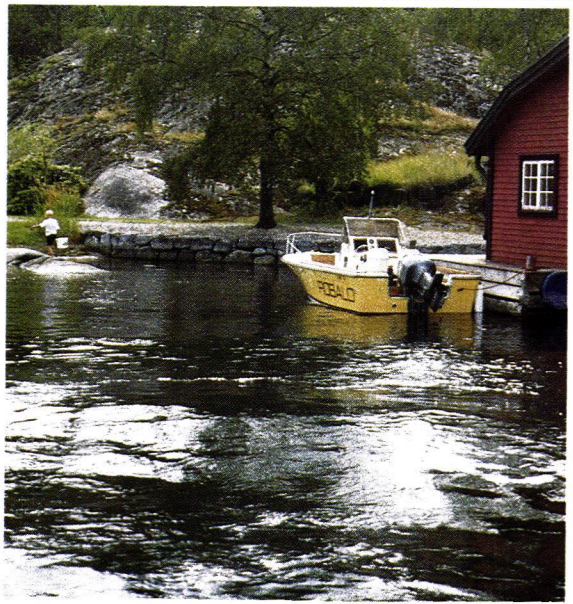
It all began with my great-great-grandfather Albert Bonnier, who built his summer house in Dalarö in the 1840s. (Today my second cousin Karl Otto Bonnier, the head of the Bonnier book publishing company, and his family live in that house.) Ever since, my family's history has been intertwined with Dalarö. My grandfather met my grandmother, Greta Lindberg, at a party there one summer evening; her parents also had their summer house on the island. When my grandparents married, they built a house across the road from her parents' place, high in the sky with a splendid view so that my grandmother could see the island where her sister was living. The fashion then was to build summer houses with belvederes that offered expansive views of the sea; that was close enough to the water for an age in which quick dips in the Baltic before breakfast or spins in a speedboat were no one's idea of pleasure. Now my sister, Jeanette, lives in our grandparents' hilltop house, and my daughter, Christel Engelbert, lives with her husband, Peter, and their son, Oscar, in the Lindbergs' house just across the road.

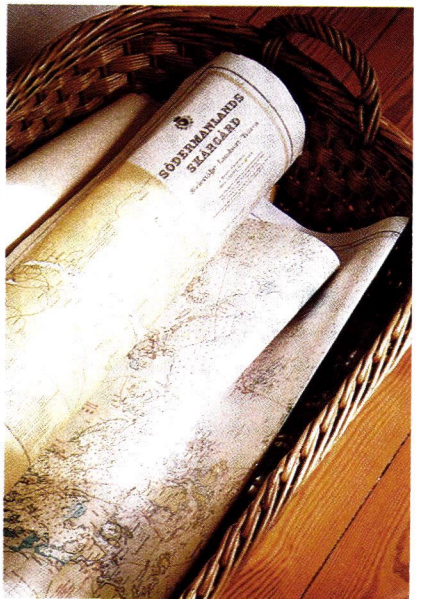
History repeats itself. My parents also met in Dalarö, in the summer of 1926. Six years later they married and bought a peninsula outside the village. I remember sailing in the archipelago almost as soon as I could walk and racing for the first time when I was about eight.





Summer means Dalarö to the Bonniers, *opposite below left,* among them, clockwise from lower left, Marcus Forsell, Peder Bonnier, Valentina Forsell, and Marie-Louise and Daniel Bonnier, who now have a house on Ornö, *opposite top. Opposite below right:* At the Bonnier dock. *Clockwise from above:* Christel Engelbert and her family, who live in a house built by her great-great-grandparents; Charlotte Bonnier's living room; Peder's son, Grant; nautical charts; Daniel's boathouse; a tile stove at Christel's.





The family gathers in Dalarö in the months

A painted checkerboard floor and Osborne & Little wallpaper set off 18th-century Swedish furniture in Charlotte's sunny dining room. Details see Resources.

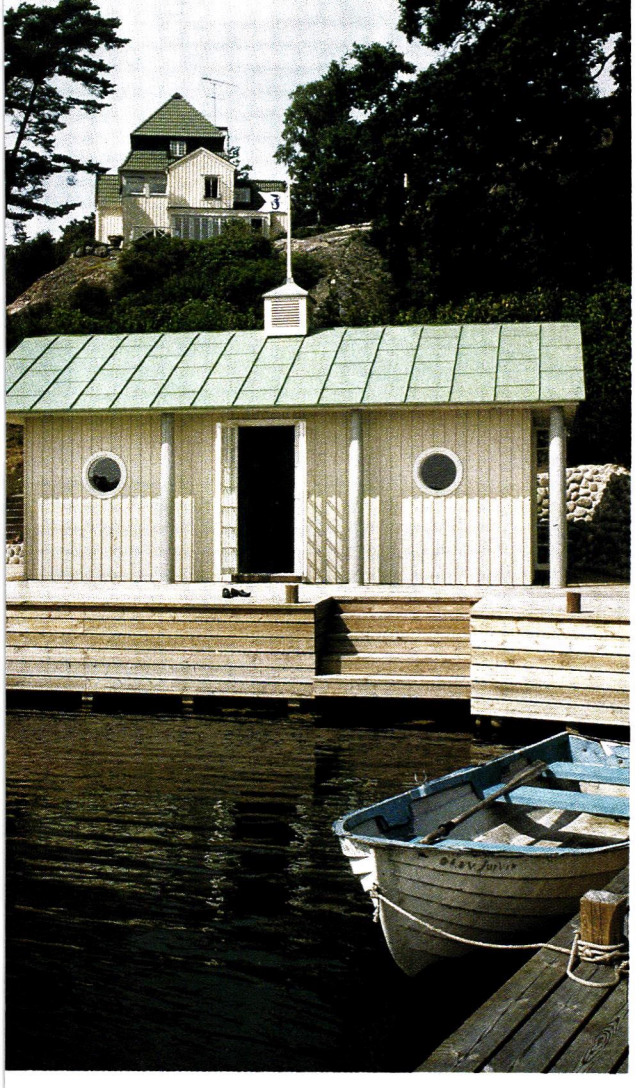
The old houses have been modernized, but their spirit is intact

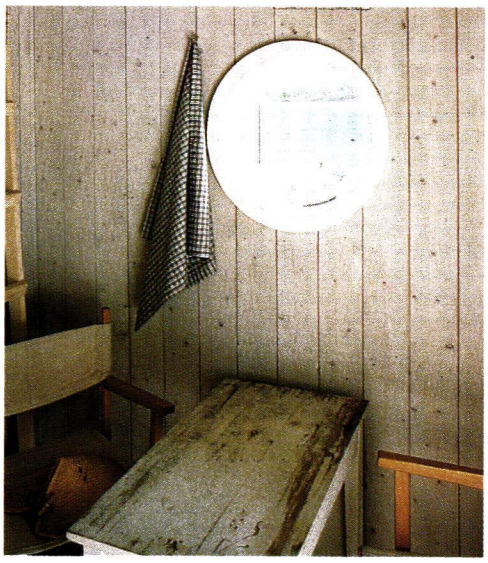
I still spend summers on the peninsula, in an old red cottage that my father bought from an estate. Originally a tenants' house, it was taken down piece by piece and reassembled on my parents' property. When I came back from America in 1951 after two years of training in the publishing business, the red little cottage was there on a green lawn to surprise me. Near the cottage at the edge of the lawn was a log shed, used in the old days to shelter extra hands at harvest time; it is now a guesthouse.

My little house had a living and dining room with a fireplace, a kitchen, a small master bedroom, and tucked under the eaves three small bedrooms, one for the maid and two for the children, Christel and Marcus. We soon outgrew the cottage—and the feeling that it was charming to have no bathrooms and use the sea as our bathtub. So early in the 1960s we started to plan.

Because there was no space to expand within the existing structure, we had to build. We had one demand: the new house had to be connected with the old one. The architect, Jefta Engstromer, devised a clever solution. The main entrance is still through the old cottage, its hall enlarged to include part of what was the master bedroom. Then Engstromer created a gallery that links the entrance hall with the living room in the new building, which is situated a bit behind the old cottage. We got our bedrooms, comfortable bathrooms, and a big living room without giving up the tiny cottage.

My sister faced a similar situation with our grandparents' house. Rich or poor, Scandinavians never had very comfortable summer dwellings in the old days. The difference was that Jeanette—like Christel—could fill her needs within the existing walls, installing new kitchens, converting bedrooms into bathrooms, and putting in central heating. Today all of us can enjoy our summer days knowing that fresh water flows



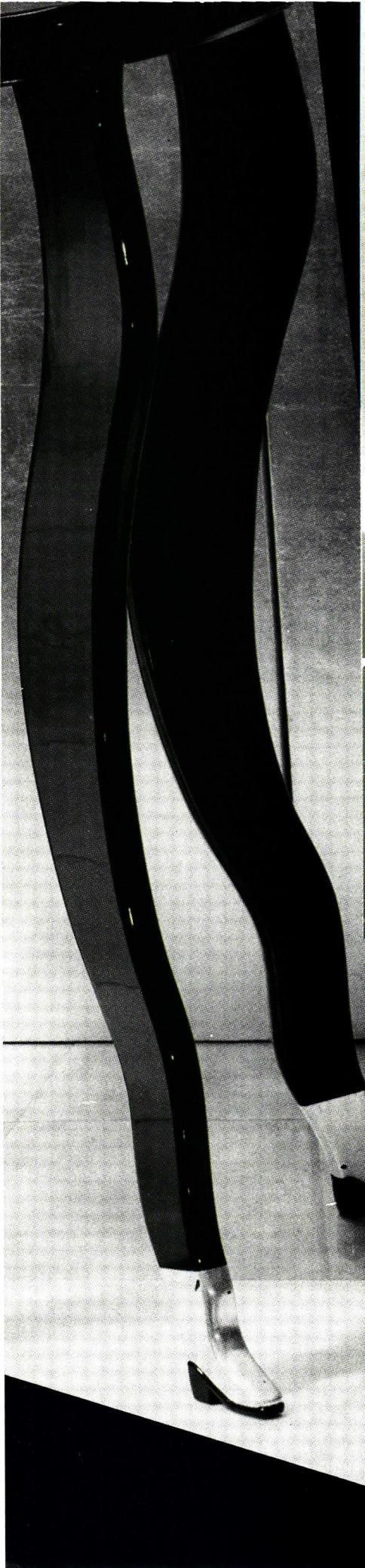


Beds in a guest room in the red cottage, *opposite above,* are tucked under eaves covered with fabric from Colefax & Fowler, available at Cowtan & Tout. *Opposite below:* Painted grapevines climb the walls of Jeanette Bonnier's Biedermeier dining room in the house her grandparents built. *Far left:* Jeanette's new sauna offers water views through a porthole, *left.* David Bonnier and Hugo Stenbeck, *above,* docking after a day on the water, *below.*

out of our faucets instead of being carried from the well in buckets.

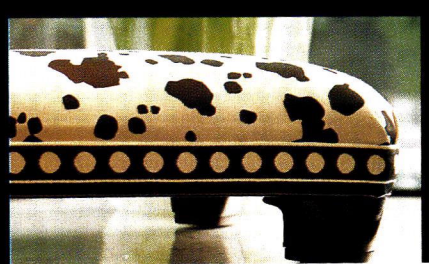
My cousin Daniel Bonnier, who lives in Paris with his wife and four children and heads our French magazine publishing company, has also lost his heart to the archipelago. He even spends Christmases there. His first hideaway was at Dalarö, but because fishing is his passion he wanted a place farther out in the archipelago. He found the perfect spot—an old fisherman's dwelling and a charming big boathouse—about twenty-five minutes away by speedboat, on the island of Ornö. For years Daniel has been adding to his paradise. Today there are houses for guests, children, and boats and a sauna. He and his family have managed to cultivate a small garden in this rugged climate where they grow peonies, roses, herbs, and fruit trees.

Daniel's place is a piece of heaven. There is a constant flow of friends from near and far; the king and queen of *(Continued on page 141)*

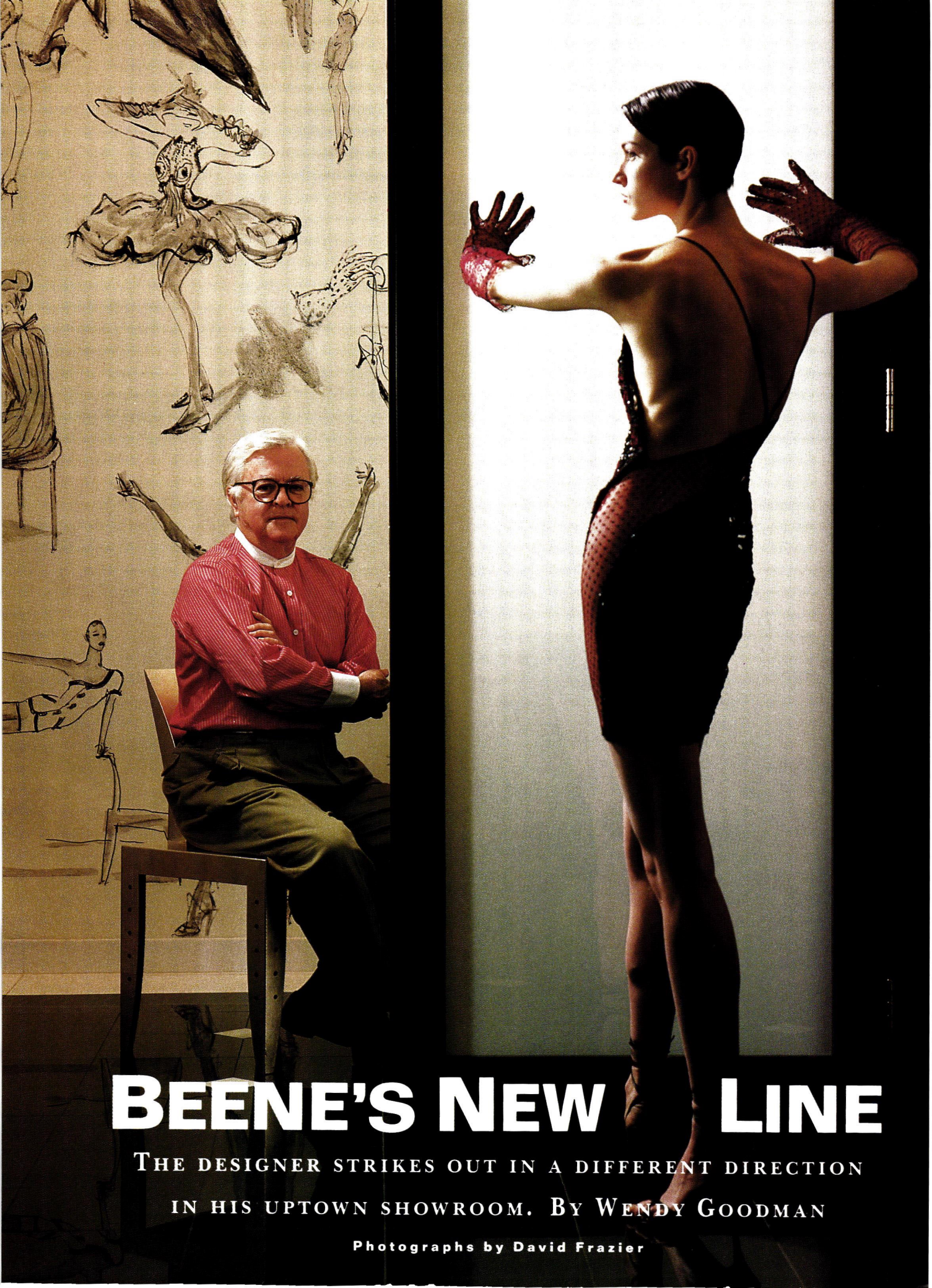


AFTER TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS ON SEVENTH AVENUE, Geoffrey Beene has opened a gleaming showroom on 57th Street. The new space is a treat from the moment you step into the reception area. The showroom shimmers with reflective surfaces: silver-leaf walls, mirrored panels, black lacquer doors, and glass tabletops, on a marble floor. It is the perfect setting for his dramatic clothes. "The idea was to utilize the height to give the illusion that the place is bigger than it is," he says. "I learned in Japan that overscaling in small spaces works."

Amidst the triumphs of his fashion collections, Beene is turning his eye toward furniture design. "I don't want to do living room sets," he says, "just exquisite singular pieces." Some of his furniture is on display in his Fifth Avenue store. "That's the thing about the shop: no matter what my indulgence happens to be, I can share it." ▲



Geoffrey Beene, *opposite*, with painted ladies by Joe Eula and a model in a lace dress from the fall collection. *Above:* Beene's new showroom reflects his interest in furniture. The stool, *left*, and leggy black lacquer table, *far left*, are his designs. Details see Resources.



BEENE'S NEW LINE

THE DESIGNER STRIKES OUT IN A DIFFERENT DIRECTION IN HIS UPTOWN SHOWROOM. BY WENDY GOODMAN

Photographs by David Frazier

Safe Harbor in Kennebunkport

A Maine boathouse provides a home port for a lifetime of collecting

By Pauline C. Metcalf

Photographs by Oberto Gili

In the living room, walls painted to resemble limestone and an antiqued wooden ceiling set the stage for what Lynn Chase calls his "old things." Among them, an Elizabethan table, a 17th- or 18th-century garden figure, and windows from an English manor house. Details see Resources.

A VISIT TO LYNN CHASE'S SANCTUARY IN Kennebunkport, Maine, is not unlike following Alice into Wonderland or wandering onto the back lot of a great movie studio. Outside, the Boathouse is a simple colonial revival structure on a tidal cove in a venerable New England summer community. Inside, it is a timeless fantasy. Guests are greeted in the entrance hall by two eighteenth-century Italian figures of youths riding dolphins and holding candles. These playful wooden statues stand on a floor of well-worn squares of black and white marble from a family chapel in Shropshire, England. On the right, an English Gothick chair—supposedly from Horace Walpole's mid eighteenth century Strawberry Hill—is stationed next to a Gothic archway that leads to the bedroom area. On the left a pair of old leaded-glass doors opens into the main room—a long space flooded with light and filled with a remarkable variety of furniture and decorative objects. This is a place where things are not what they seem to be, nor where they might have been once upon a time.

The large living hall is dominated by a great hooded fireplace painted, like the walls, to resemble limestone. The room reverberates with the sheer diversity of the architectural fragments and decorative elements it holds. At one end of the room are two Gothic revival windows from an early nineteenth century English manor house. Along one wall, nineteenth-century English Corinthian columns with their original gilt highlights flank the French doors that lead to the deck, and an eighteenth-century French apothecary cupboard holds a collection of creamware, most of it English. Another pair of Gothic-style windows illuminate the two seventeenth- or eighteenth-century wooden caryatids, perhaps French or Italian, that command the other side of the room. Nearby, two Meissen pots rest on the rough stone top of a carved Elizabethan table under Italian gilt wall sconces and an eighteenth-century French mirror. The only acknowledgments of the twentieth century are an upholstered armchair, a comfortable sofa, and a pair of standing lamps with 1940s floral chintz lampshades.

Somehow the effect is not one of discord but of charm. The warm colors of an early nineteenth century Aubusson carpet in the center of the room help provide a mellow background for the props scattered about. But the secret ingredient is the faded laissez-faire quality that pervades the space, like the pleasing decay of Irish country houses. The untouched finish of an old table, the gesso peeking through a gilt frame, the stuffed bookcases, even a spattering of candle wax on the floor bespeak generations of lively chatter and good cheer.

"It was a complete indulgence," says Chase of his transformation of the boathouse

The Boathouse has acquired this patina in only a half-dozen years, thanks to wood walls scored in stonelike blocks and sponged with shades of beige, an antiqued plank ceiling, and,

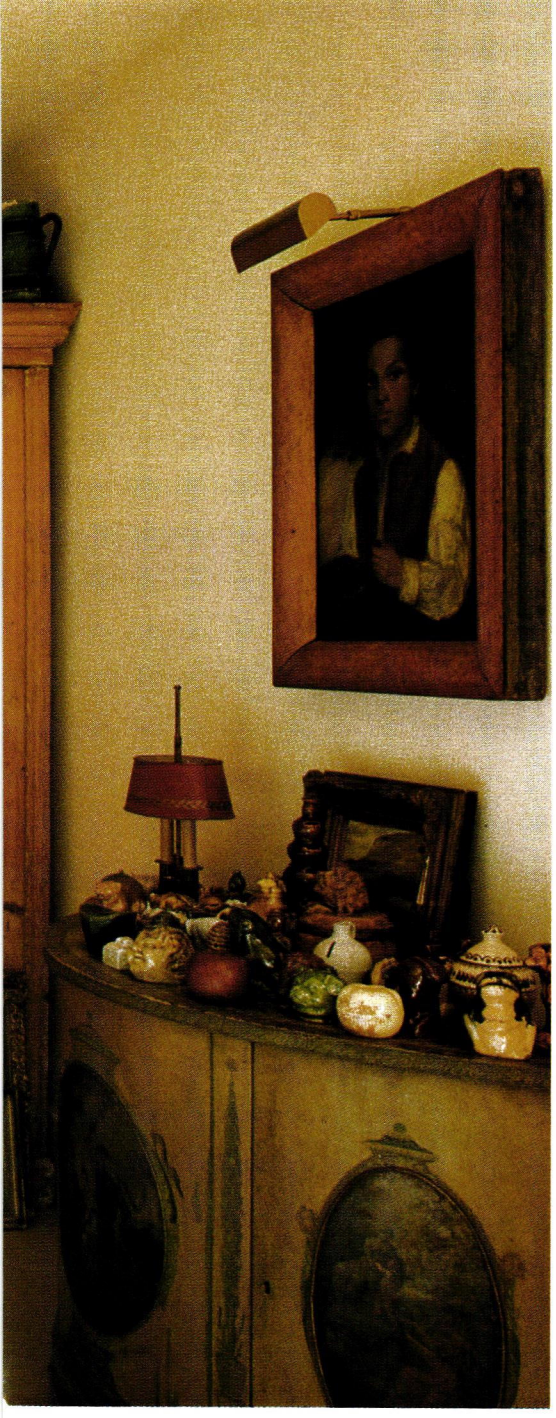
The sofa, *opposite*, is one of Chase's few nods to the recent past. *Below:* A gilded 19th-century column stands next to an 18th-century French apothecary cabinet filled with English creamware.

By adjusting cornices and moldings or adding bases, Chase managed to accommodate all his orphaned fragments

most of all, the taste of its owner, Lynn Chase, a Cambridge, Massachusetts, banker. "It was a complete indulgence," says Chase of his transformation of the Nonantum Hotel's 1909 boathouse and garage into what he calls "my little Vizcaya." When the hotel put the structure on the market in 1983, he says, he jumped at the opportunity to house his heterogeneous objects and pieces—"old things," says Chase, refusing to describe them as a collection.

"I get a feeling that emanates from things," he explains. "Sometimes I buy a piece for no rhyme or reason, except to prevent someone else who would not appreciate it from buying it. It seems as if I have to protect all this from the world, like a great caretaker."

His greatest challenge with the boathouse was to devise ways to fit all his orphaned fragments into the exist-

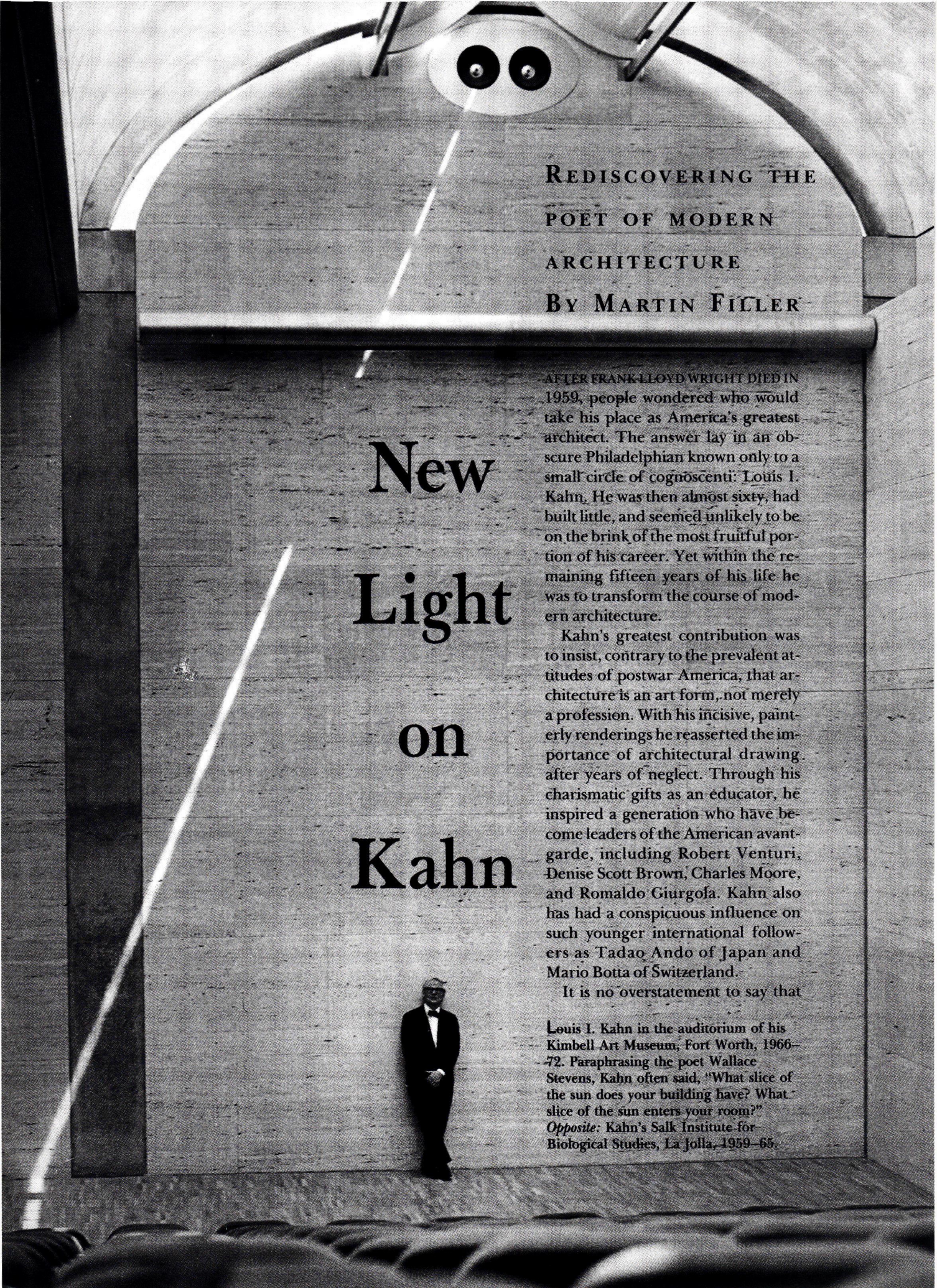


ing 100-by-30-foot shell. By adjusting cornice heights, adding to a base, or trimming a window molding, he and his carpenter-builder managed to find a home for almost everything—although not necessarily where he originally planned. An Austrian food cupboard with fitted drawers, shelves, and egg slides turned out to be too large for the kitchen and ended up in Chase's bedroom as a wall-to-wall armoire and dresser. "At times impulsive action took over," he says, describing how the floral Victorian fireplace tiles meant for the greenhouse eventually became a backsplash in the kitchen. "They seemed the answer to a boring spot."

In the bedroom the food cupboard turned armoire holds pride of place, but it is by no means the only thing of interest. Among the others: an assemblage of French pottery tucked on top of the cabinet, a carved Dutch crest, an English painting of a boy holding a bird and its nest, and an American painted demilune cabinet topped with what is perhaps the only predictable of Chase's collections—a selection of English and German money boxes. The bottom edge of a Flemish tapestry serves as a border on the wall behind the bed.

Chase's love affair with old things began as a child when he visited his grandfather in Exeter, New Hampshire, watched him refinish simple country pieces for resale, and accompanied him to *(Continued on page 141)*

When the massive Austrian food cabinet, *above left,* was too large for the kitchen, Chase had it refitted as an armoire. At the head of the bed is a 16th-century carved Dutch crest; at the foot, an American copy of a French demilune cabinet with a collection of English and German banks. *Above:* The tidal cove is an idyllic site for what Chase calls "my little Vizcaya."



REDISCOVERING THE POET OF MODERN ARCHITECTURE

BY MARTIN FILLER

New Light on Kahn

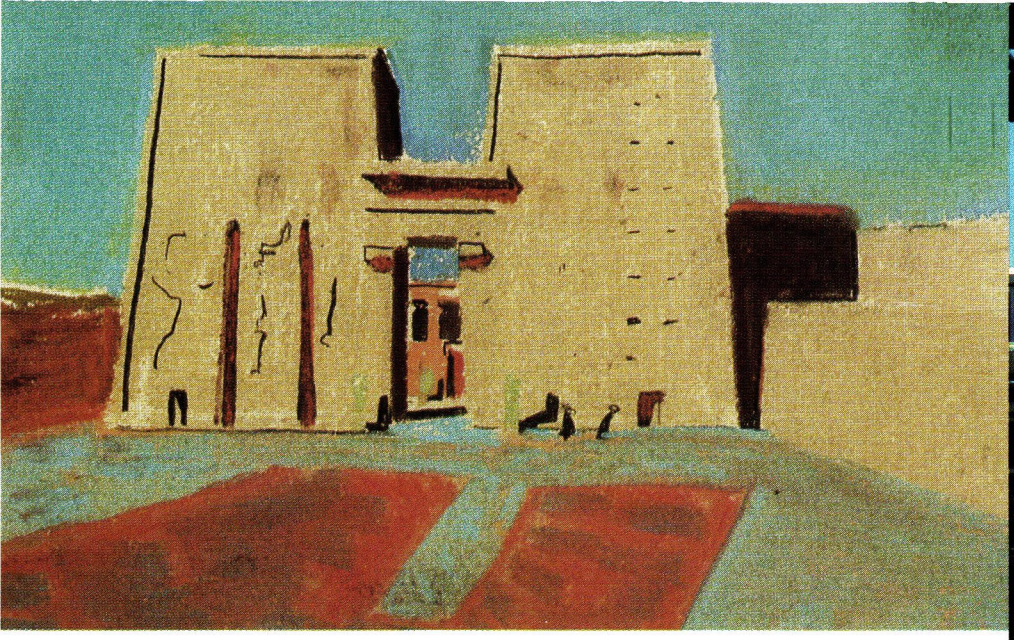
AFTER FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT DIED IN 1959, people wondered who would take his place as America's greatest architect. The answer lay in an obscure Philadelphian known only to a small circle of cognoscenti: Louis I. Kahn. He was then almost sixty, had built little, and seemed unlikely to be on the brink of the most fruitful portion of his career. Yet within the remaining fifteen years of his life he was to transform the course of modern architecture.

Kahn's greatest contribution was to insist, contrary to the prevalent attitudes of postwar America, that architecture is an art form, not merely a profession. With his incisive, painterly renderings he reasserted the importance of architectural drawing after years of neglect. Through his charismatic gifts as an educator, he inspired a generation who have become leaders of the American avant-garde, including Robert Venturi, Denise Scott Brown, Charles Moore, and Romaldo Giurgola. Kahn also has had a conspicuous influence on such younger international followers as Tadao Ando of Japan and Mario Botta of Switzerland.

It is no overstatement to say that

Louis I. Kahn in the auditorium of his Kimbell Art Museum, Fort Worth, 1966–72. Paraphrasing the poet Wallace Stevens, Kahn often said, "What slice of the sun does your building have? What slice of the sun enters your room?" *Opposite:* Kahn's Salk Institute for Biological Studies, La Jolla, 1959–65.

THEODORE GILDRED COURT



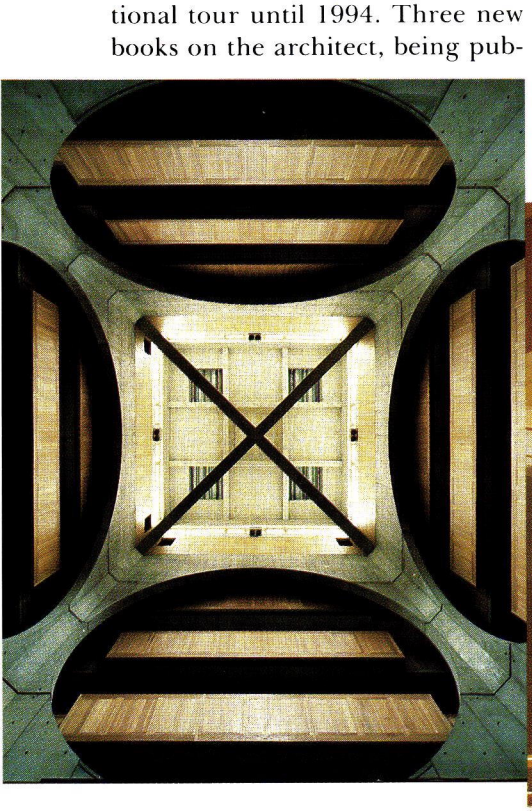
Kahn restored the soul of architecture; the building art in the second half of the twentieth century is unthinkable without him. Nevertheless, Kahn's posthumous fame comes nowhere close to Wright's, nor is it ever likely to. Kahn was an architect's architect, especially in matters of construction and detailing that escape the understanding of laymen.

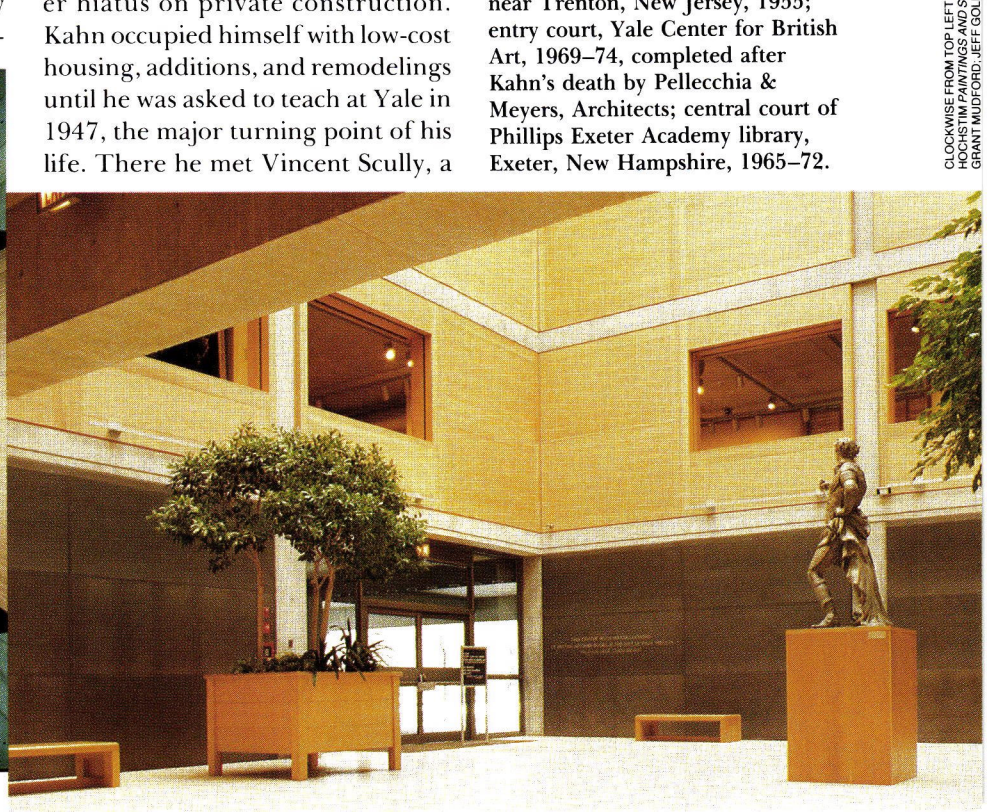
Now an effort to increase appreciation of this seminal figure marks the ninetieth anniversary of his birth. Kahn, who was born in Estonia, came to Philadelphia at the age of five. On October 20 that city's Museum of Art opens a retrospective, "Louis I. Kahn: In the Realm of Architecture," which then goes on an international tour until 1994. Three new books on the architect, being published by Rizzoli this fall, include the exhibition catalogue by David B. Brownlee and David G. De Long; *Louis I. Kahn: Writings, Lectures, Interviews* edited by Alessandra Latour; and *Paintings and Sketches of Louis I. Kahn* by Jan Hochstim.

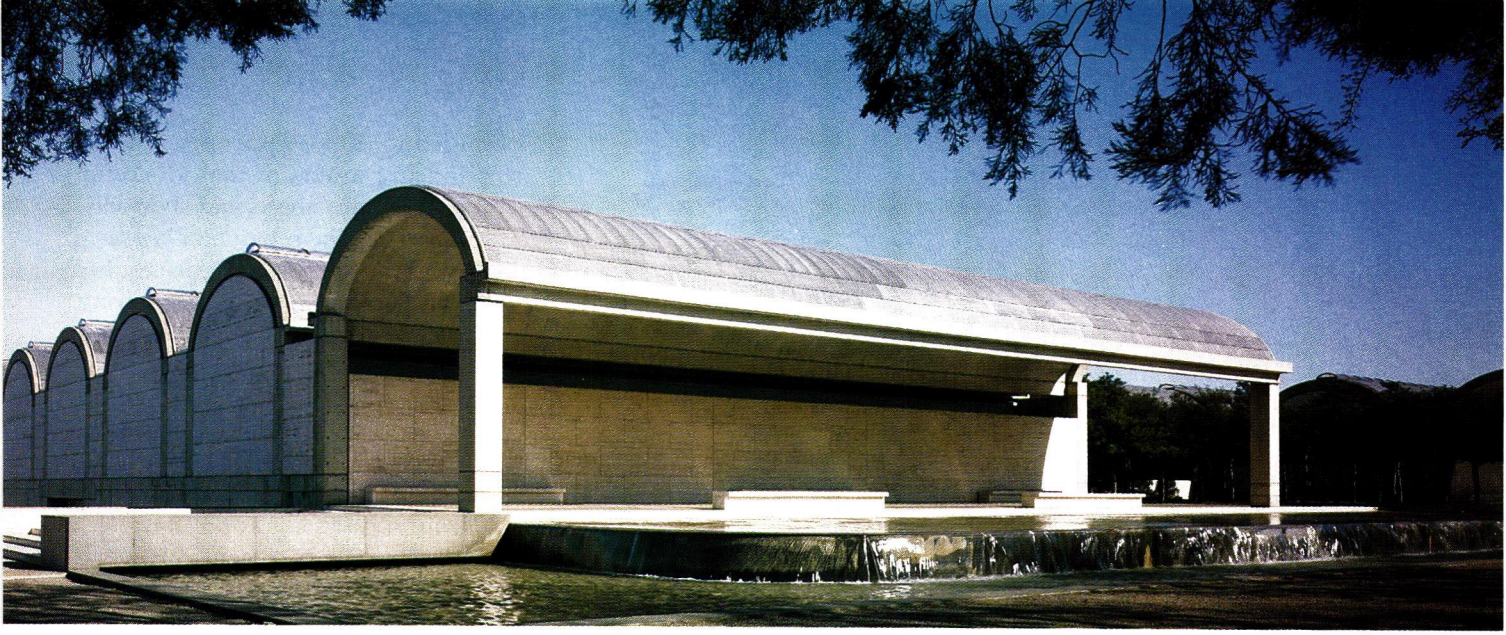
Kahn's development as an architect was thwarted by economic and political conditions. Only five years after he received his degree from the University of Pennsylvania in 1924, the Great Depression brought building activity to a virtual halt. Although he did work under government-sponsored programs, those tight-budget projects were hardly conducive to flights of creative fancy. Then World War II imposed another hiatus on private construction. Kahn occupied himself with low-cost housing, additions, and remodelings until he was asked to teach at Yale in 1947, the major turning point of his life. There he met Vincent Scully, a

A Kahn collection. *Clockwise from top left:* Pastel drawing of Temple of Horus, Idfu, Egypt, sketched during the architect's Mediterranean trip, 1951; Richards Medical Research Building, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, 1957–65; Kimbell Art Museum, Fort Worth, 1966–72; Yale University Art Gallery addition, New Haven, 1951–53; Jewish Community Center bathhouse, near Trenton, New Jersey, 1955; entry court, Yale Center for British Art, 1969–74, completed after Kahn's death by Pellecchia & Meyers, Architects; central court of Phillips Exeter Academy library, Exeter, New Hampshire, 1965–72.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: PRIVATE COLLECTION/FROM JAN HOCHSTIM *PAINTINGS AND SKETCHES OF LOUIS I. KAHN* (RIZZOLI); GRANT MUDFORD; JEFF GOLDBERG/ESTO; GRANT MUDFORD







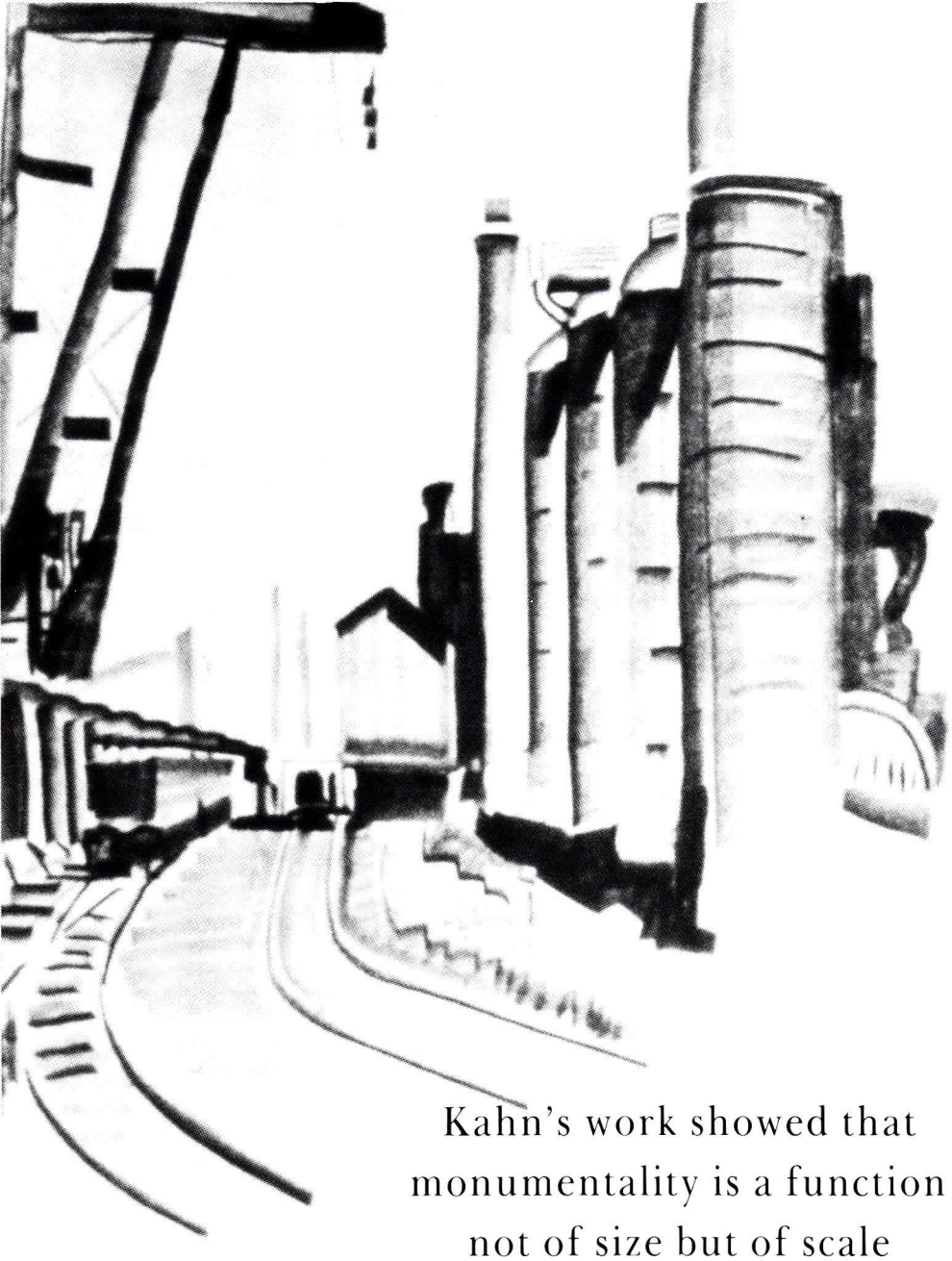
His greatest contribution was to insist on architecture as an art

young professor who only this past spring retired as the most influential classroom teacher of architectural history of the postwar period. Scully was the architect's most diligent and insightful exponent, sensing before anyone that in this unlikely character lay the seeds of greatness.

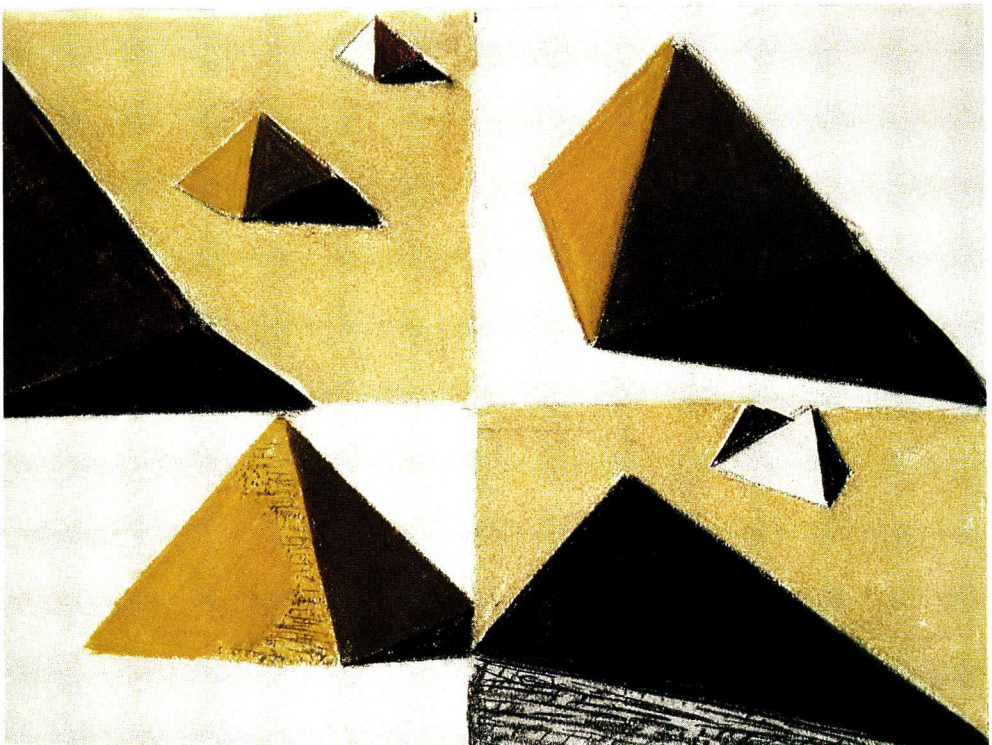
Through his widening circle of contacts Kahn was named resident in architecture at the American Academy in Rome in 1950–51. In the Mediterranean he discovered the silence and light, as he termed it, that lay at the heart of classical architecture. Kahn was predisposed toward classicism through his principal teacher at Penn, Paul Philippe Cret, who had been trained at the École des Beaux-Arts. But Kahn's firsthand contact with the monuments of antiquity enabled him to tap directly and deeply into the intuitive sources of creativity. In Italy, Greece, and Egypt he sketched buildings and ruins with furious intensity. "I was trying to get the essence of it all," he later explained. "I wanted to take the mountain home with me, to implant it in the memory of something that must remain as a lasting reverence."

The way was now clear to him, even if the struggle to make buildings was no easier than before. Indeed, his work never completely outgrew a certain awkwardness that no doubt came from his getting such a late start. Kahn's first major commission, an extension to the Yale University Art Gallery of 1951–53, was brutally simple. Its windowless brick façade, with glass confined to the building's narrow ends, proclaimed him as an architect determined to transmute the watered-down American version of the international style into something more potent. His long-pent-up talent was to have some unlikely outlets. In 1955, a Jewish community center near Trenton, New Jersey, hired him to design a bathhouse for its swimming pool. Kahn invested that tiny cinder block structure with all the grandeur of the Baths of Caracalla. Never has there been a better demonstration that monumentality is a function not of size but of scale.

Kahn's commissions from educational and cultural institutions confirmed him as a practitioner. At Penn (where he taught from 1955 until his death) he built the Richards Medical Research Building, whose form was inspired by his visit to the northern Italian hill town of San Gi-



Kahn's work showed that monumentality is a function not of size but of scale



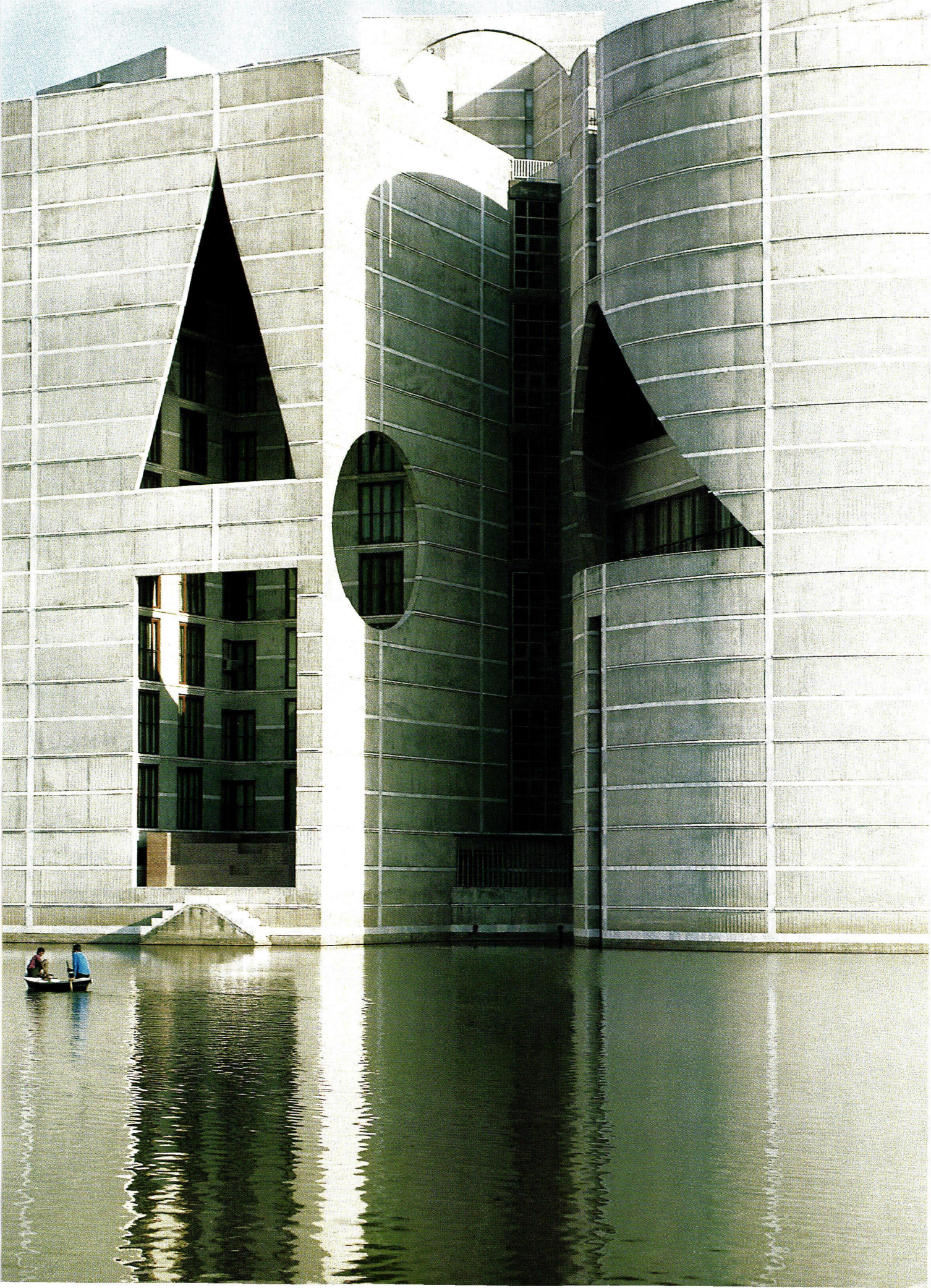
mignano. Kahn appropriated the distinctive towers of that locale for the labs' utility shafts and stairwells, dramatizing the separation between "served" and "servant" spaces, his widely copied device for organizing space. The Richards complex led to another prestigious scientific commission: a biological study center at La Jolla, California, for Jonas Salk, the polio researcher. The Salk Institute not only faces the Pacific Ocean but incorporates it as the focal element between two identical wings. They flank an austere central plaza, the minimalist treatment of which was recommended to Kahn by the Mexican master Luis Barragán.

By 1959, when the Salk project began, Kahn's work was becoming increasingly formal and overtly Beaux-Arts in feeling. The raw primitivism of his earliest mature schemes gave way to symmetry, central axes, and diagrammatic geometry. But when he broke free from those strictures, he soared. One of his more informal schemes is also his best loved: the Kimbell Art Museum of 1966–72 in Fort Worth, perhaps the most successful gallery of this century. Kahn's modern reinterpretation of Roman barrel vaults split by narrow skylights bathe the domestically scaled interiors in an ethereal glow. This strong frame for great paintings puts to the lie the claim that architecture for art must be recessive and neutral.

Kahn's mystical inclinations became more pronounced as he grew older. At a time when many architects had become glorified cost accountants, Kahn wanted to be a shaman. He was given to oracular pronouncements such as, "I asked the brick what it liked, and the brick said, 'I like *(Continued on page 140)*

Kahn's love of elemental geometric forms was a recurrent theme in his career. *Above left:* The architect's graphite sketch of a factory yard in Philadelphia, c. 1930–35, with cylindrical silos reflected in his later architecture. *Left:* A 1951 study for a mural based on Egyptian motifs. *Opposite:* National Assembly building at Dacca, Bangladesh, 1962–83, completed after Kahn's death in 1974 by David Wisdom & Associates.

LEFT FROM TOP: FROM JAN HOCHSTIM *PAINTINGS AND SKETCHES OF LOUIS I. KAHN* (RIZZOLI); COLLECTION



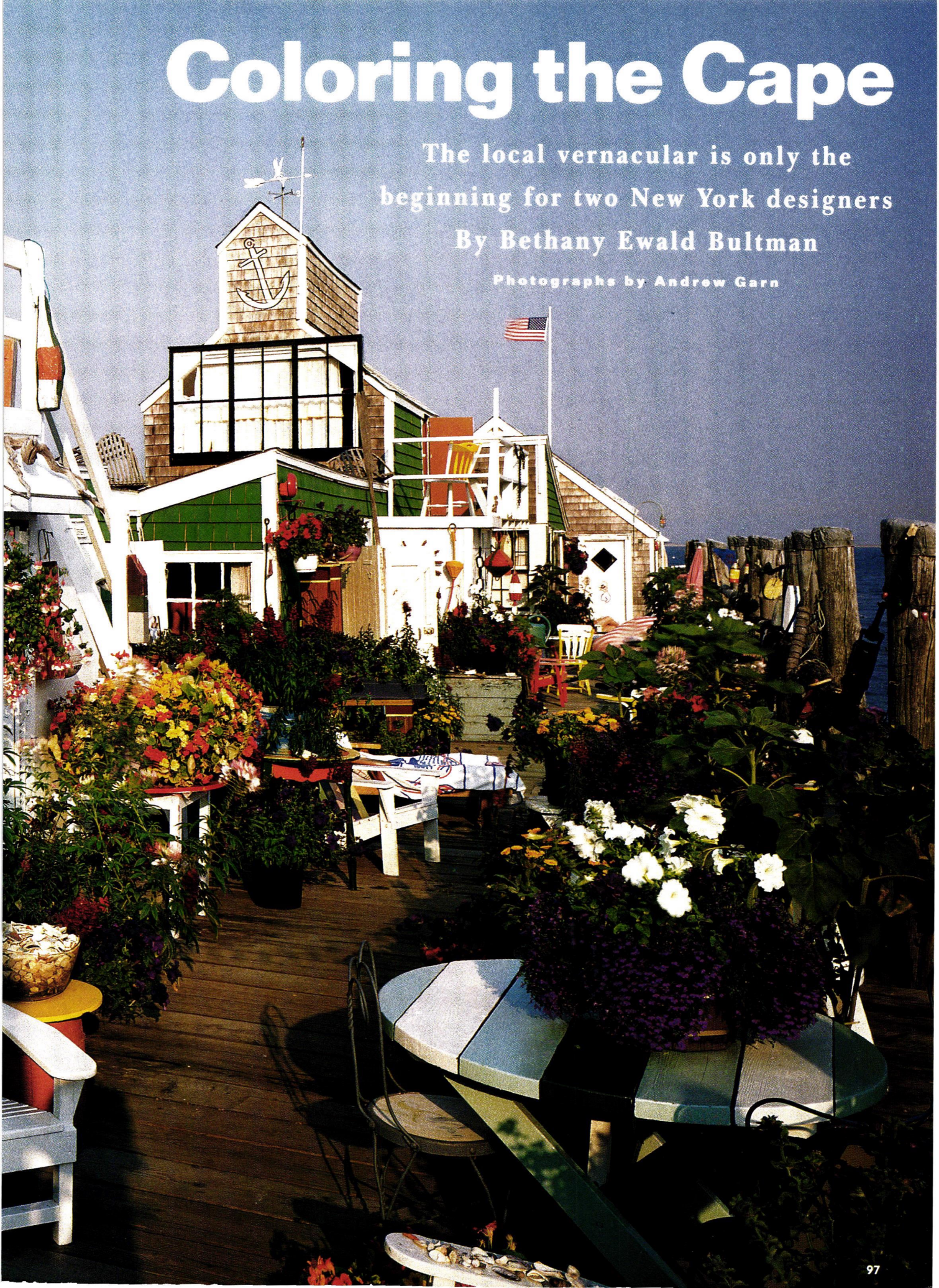
At Captain Jack's Wharf, where they own cottages, Peter Gee and Olga Opsahl added splashes of brilliant color to Provincetown's characteristically bohemian variation on Cape Cod style. Details see Resources.

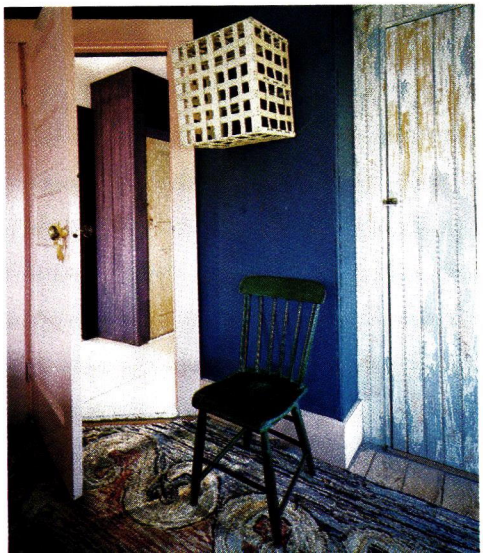
Coloring the Cape

The local vernacular is only the beginning for two New York designers

By Bethany Ewald Bultman

Photographs by Andrew Garn





The Gees' own hilltop house is alive with Peter's colors and Olga's fabrics. The living room, *above*, reflects Olga's penchant for combining the old and the new and "different textures you can see through." *Left:* In the guest room, a pink wall glows at sunset. *Far left:* The master bedroom was inspired by the children's book *Goodnight Moon*. *Opposite above:* A window-seat collage of stripes, 1940s chinoiserie, and a black and white grid. *Opposite below:* Starfish in Peter's studio.

EVERY CHILD should spend the summer in a cottage overlooking the sea, with worn wooden floors and homey furniture inside and a private sandpile outside along with an old barn full of toys and paints and stuffed animals, a few chickens ranging among the hollyhocks and wild asters, and a ten-foot-tall hedge of climbing tea roses.

It is just such a retreat that New York designers Olga Opsahl and Peter Gee have created in Provincetown, Massachusetts, for themselves and their two sons, nine-year-old Odin and five-year-old Harry. In the city the couple are known for restorations, notably of the Puck Building on the edge of SoHo. For their country house they have assimilated the elements they love about Provincetown into their personal style, which has been described as "low tech and high funk." And the 300-year-old port some call Key West North may be the only spot in New England where low tech and high funk fit right in.

A sliver of sand dune and beachfront three miles long and less than one mile wide, Provincetown has attracted a unique breed of visitors ever since the Pilgrims first dropped anchor before sailing across the bay to what became Plimoth Plantation. They have come for a variety of reasons, but all feel secure in the knowledge that this small community will never be glamorous. By World War I the town was a full-blown artist's colony, with Charles Hawthorne's students painting on the beach and a remarkable assortment of playwrights and novelists—among them Eugene O'Neill and Sinclair Lewis—talking and writing in the cottages on the harbor. After World War II abstract expressionism moved in; Hans Hofmann, Robert Motherwell, Franz Kline, Helen Frankenthaler, Milton Avery, and Jackson Pollock all spent time here. Tennessee Williams summered on Captain Jack's Wharf, where the Gees own cottages.

"Why is it," muses Peter Gee, "that when people start marketing 'good taste,' they inevitably bypass color?"

Today the year-round population of about 4,000 swells to 15,000 in the summer. On peak days as many as 40,000 people jam aptly named Commercial Street, where eighteenth- and nineteenth-century houses stand cheek by jowl with a ragtag assortment of shops that sell plastic harmonicas shaped like lobster claws, nightclubs that showcase female impersonators, and a remarkable number of art galleries. Only two blocks from this hubbub is the Gees' hideaway.

The Gees' property figures prominently in the mythology of my family. The barn where the children play was once Hans Hofmann's studio, and the cottage where the Gees live was his students' residence. In 1942 Fritz Bultman, a young painter studying with Hofmann, was introduced in that cottage to a model named Jeanne Lawson. They fell in love and married and soon bought the hill across the road from Hofmann's School of Fine Arts. Years later I married their son, and we began spending our summers at the Bultman compound. Since our two sons met Odin Gee, we have once again been closely related to Hofmann's "house on the hill."

It was Provincetown's bohemian reputation that originally attracted Peter Gee some twenty years ago. A successful British graphic artist, he was teaching a course on color at Harvard when he first visited the tip of the Cape. "What I discovered was a magnificent quality of light and sense of color," he recalls. "The character of the shacks along the dunes and the old buildings along the harbor gave the town a texture I had not seen in the United States. The Portuguese fishing boats were painted with bold colors, which added a Mediterranean sensibility to it all." He returned to Provincetown each summer, renting studios until 1979, when he found his ideal house.

Once Peter had bought the property on Miller Hill Road, he and Olga set about restoring the old house to a

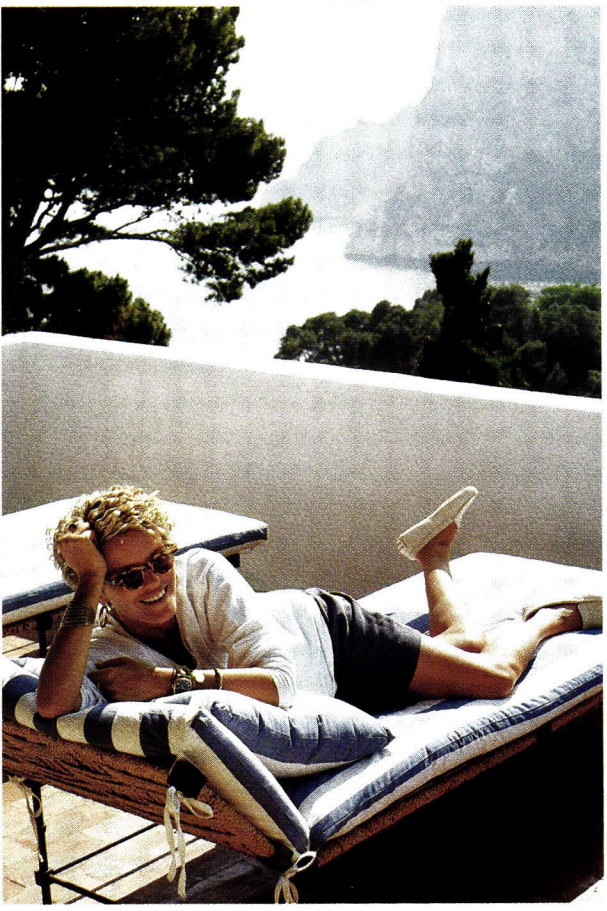
state of innocence, stripping away any modern conveniences that might mask its eccentric spirit. They demolished the 1950s kitchen and installed the oldest operating appliances they could find. When they had to replace shingles, they bought old ones and maintained the original patterns.

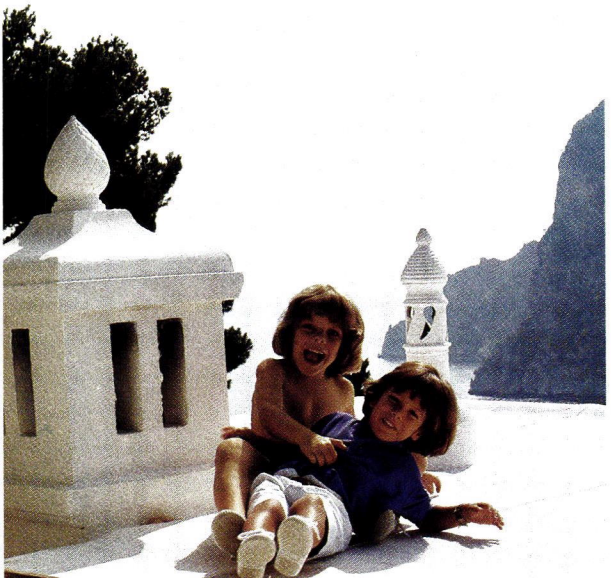
Peter's ideas about color—his preference is for small areas of brilliant color—have been incorporated with such cunning that an orange banister seems the perfect complement to a two-tone green wall. "Why is it," Peter muses, "that when people start marketing 'good taste,' they inevitably bypass color and impose a palette of gray, white, cream, or black? Every person is born with an innate sense of vibrant color," he asserts. "Look at toys and children's books. They are alive with color."

While Peter has been rethinking color, Olga has been devising quirky but functional collages of fabrics from her collection—from organdy, dotted swiss, and innumerable varieties of gauze to gabardine, crisp Ralph Lauren striped cotton, and 1940s bark cloth—to hang at the windows and cover the furniture. Her combinations sound improbable, but they work visually. The music room, for example, has curtains of Italian silk taffeta and nineteenth-century French lace with medallions of German pink and gold striped brocade—but the taffeta is a tiny blue and white gingham-style print and rows of yellow and blue pom-poms the size of golf balls are stitched to the bottom of the curtains.

It is all, as Peter says, "New England gone wild"—a combination of invisible restoration, laissez-faire functionality, and whimsy that perfectly reflects the people who live there. ▲ *Editor: John Ryman*

An idiosyncratic history of Provincetown, from tepees and Pilgrims to a turn-of-the-century artist painting on the beach, is depicted on the stair runner, *left*. *Opposite:* Instead of modernizing the kitchen, the Gees chose to re-create the feeling of the shacks that dotted the Provincetown dunes in the 1920s with a worn wide-plank floor, a venerable range, and simple country furniture.





A bougainvillea-covered loggia topped by a pergola stands next to the pool. *Left:* Francesco Mondadori focuses on the living room. *Below left:* Katherine Mondadori on a chaise designed by Verde Visconti. *Bottom left:* Francesco and Filippo Mondadori play among chimneys on a roof terrace. Details, see Resources.

Retreat to Capri

Katherine and Leonardo Mondadori close the cover on the publishing business when they escape to their island villa

By Andrea Lee Photographs by Oberto Gili

Rush matting is "delicious to walk on," says decorator Verde Visconti. "It gives the house a plantation smell"

THE MAIN PIAZZA ON Capri has the feeling of a sunlit drawing room in a dream: enclosed, intimate, yet open to sea breezes and roofed with a sweep of Mediterranean sky. Much of the enchantment that the island has held over the centuries for Roman emperors, artists, and garden-variety lovers comes from this magical combination of sanctuary and space. The result is a euphoria that quickens fantasy.

Since the days of Tiberius, Capri has been the site of idyllic villas and one of the loveliest of these is Lo Studio, property of the Italian publisher Leonardo Mondadori and his American wife, Katherine. As its name suggests, the villa served as both living quarters and workplace for the original owners, naturalist Ignazio Cerio and his son, writer Edwin Cerio. Built in 1901, the compound —a main building, outbuildings for guests, and pool—lies on a bluff overlooking the harbor, Marina Piccola.

Lo Studio is a handsome example of early twentieth century Caprese style, combining neoclassical details with a Moorish influence visible in the high vaulted roof, minaret-like chimneys, and arched doorways. Most typical of Capri, however, is the delicious sense of isolation. As a retreat, the villa plays an important role in the life of a family that in recent years has been buffeted by one of the biggest power struggles in the history of Italian business. Since the mid 1980s Leonardo Mondadori has been a protagonist in a long-running battle for control of Arnoldo Mondadori Editore, the Milan-based publishing empire founded by his grandfather. The conflict began as a

White walls, rush matting, and seashell wallhangings by Kenneth Turner lend a look of island ease to the living room, *above left*. The sofa pillows are made of Indian fabric; the iron and scagliola side table is a Visconti design. *Opposite below:* Under 1940s Pompeian landscapes Neapolitan banquettes flank a living room doorway overlooking a triptych by Ruggero Savinio. *Left:* A rooftop view of Marina Piccola.

financial dispute between factions of the extended Mondadori family, turned into a face-off between Italian business titans, and initiated a vertiginous series of changes in the career of Leonardo, who has since won back his ascendancy at Mondadori, recently returning as president.

For Leonardo, Katherine, and their sons, Francesco, age seven, and Filippo, age four, Capri means a reprieve from stress and publicity and from the smog of Milan. Leonardo escapes for weekends on the island and Katherine, a native North Carolinian whose Irish grandmother vacationed on the island for years, stays for longer periods with the children. Leonardo and Katherine fell in love with Capri seven years ago on a visit to the Hotel Certosella, whose grounds abut the garden of Lo Studio. There they made friends with the hotel's proprietor, Assunta Jacono, a near-legendary Capri matriarch renowned for her ability to fix and arrange any business on the island. Assunta was to become a sort of fairy godmother to the villa.

Unadorned white walls and faded earth and sea colors draw the senses outward

On a subsequent visit to Capri, Leonardo and Katherine went on a walk to see Lo Studio. By then the villa had passed out of the Cerio family and was owned by an elderly man in whose hands the compound had assumed an aura of neglect. The Mondadori stared through tangled vines at a magnificent fifth-century entrance portal from Puglia and decided that they had found their house on the island. Lo Studio was emphatically not for sale, but Leonardo and Katherine went about things the right way: they consulted Assunta. Long concerned about the disarray of the nearby property, she got in touch with the owner, and in the spring of 1986, through a mild form of Capri sorcery, the villa passed into the hands of the Mondadori.

Before they could feel at home, however, radical transformations were necessary. "When we bought it, the place was a bit like a setting for a Black Mass," remarks Leonardo. "Overgrown garden, inside doors

and woodwork painted black, the walls lined with ex-votos and church statues." To Verde Visconti di Modrone, the designer who presided over the rebirth of the house, it was an "inwardly focused structure, unsuitable for the climate." A cousin of the film director Luchino Visconti, she has also designed interiors for films, a facet of her work that she drew upon in redecorating Lo Studio. "It was emergency work—the kind you might do on a movie set," she says. "I started in April, and they wanted to move in by the end of July. There was no time for nonsense; the main theme was simplicity."

The result is a stripped-down airy look that draws the senses outward. Visconti lightened the woodwork, used unbleached muslin for curtains, and covered the floors with matting made by Scottish craftsmen from apple leaves. "Delicious to walk on, like mattresses," says Visconti. "It gives the house a plantation smell, and you never have to vacuum—just throw water on it once a week."

Eastern and Mediterranean themes mingle throughout the house. The Indian fabrics Visconti chose for upholstery blend well with a collection of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Neapolitan furniture and paintings by modern Neapolitan artists. Everywhere a sense of space is emphasized, sometimes whimsically. Empty Indian picture frames and a headless Roman statue decorate a scagliola table in the living room. The entrance hall features a Neapolitan iron canopy bed heaped with mattresses covered in various shades of striped ticking. Used by the Mondadori children when they want to watch television in an alcove nearby, the *(Continued on page 140)*

In a guest room, white muslin hangs from a 19th-century Neapolitan canopy bed, *opposite above*, with Indian pillowcases. *Opposite below:* Italian blue and white striped cotton and rattan chairs in the children's room. *Above right:* On a roof terrace, Visconti's iron furniture clusters around a wall of bamboo patterned with ivy. The lanterns are modeled after Moroccan examples. *Right:* The colonnaded outdoor dining room.

This Way to the Party

Entertaining friends at home is a four-star production for director Curtis Harrington

By Leo Lerman

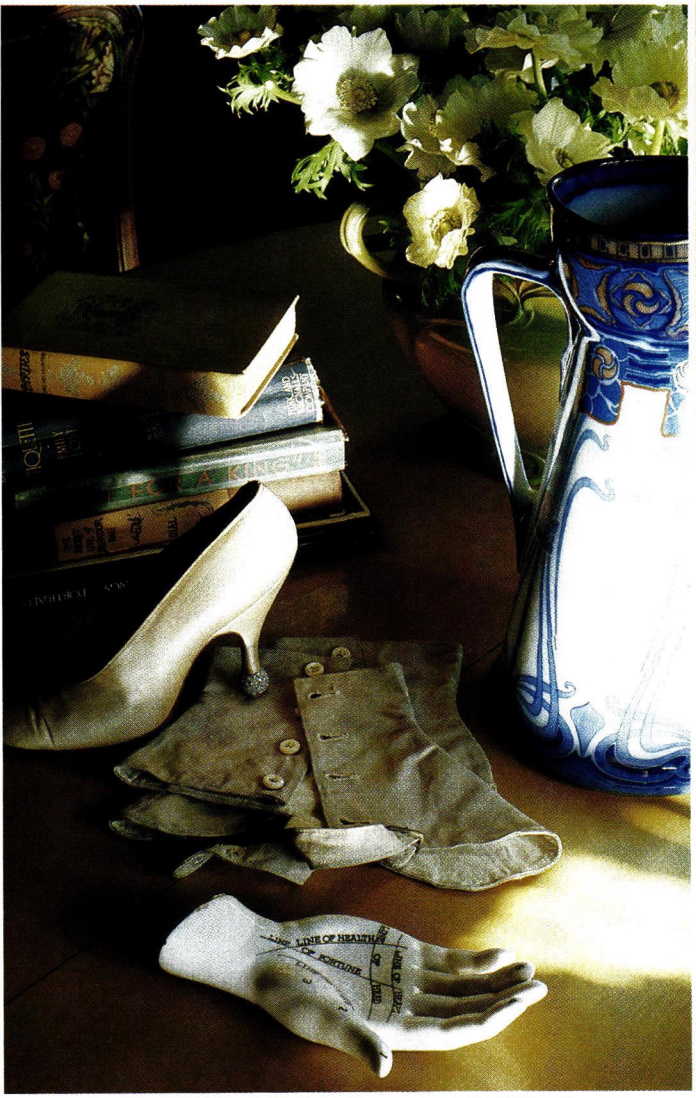
Photographs by Michael Mundy

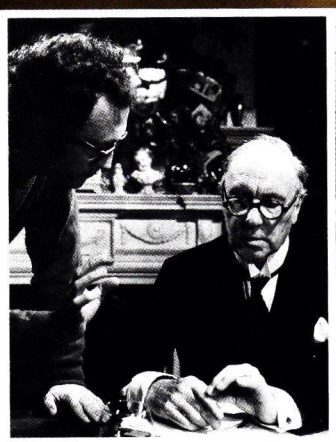
The entrance hall with its MGM auction sofa, original fin de siècle Ibels poster, found-for-a-song art nouveau treasures, faux marbre floor, and "after–Walter Crane" frieze keynotes Curtis Harrington's dream-true house. Details see Resources.

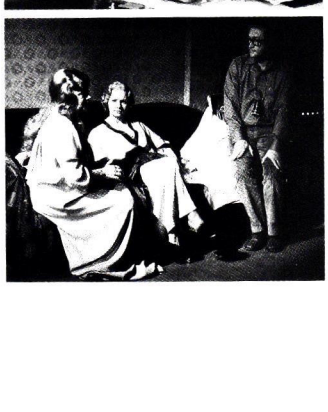
When Curtis gives a party, he cooks. Tonight: seafood pasta, veal piccata for eight.

In season, he stages his galas beside the pool on the rose-fragrant terrace.

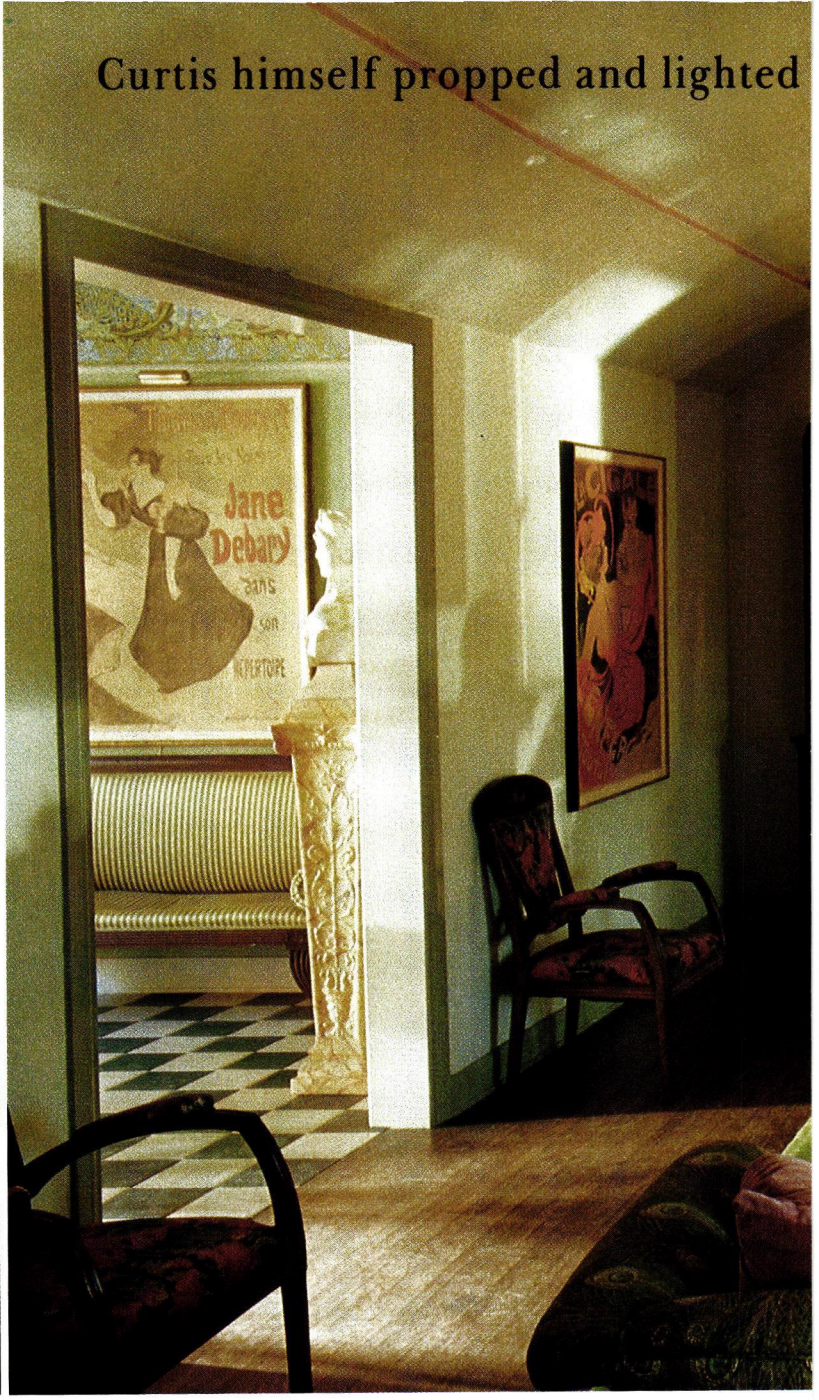
Curtis directs Simone Signoret in *Games*, 1967.







Marlene Dietrich's shoe, *top,* is enshrined with Josef von Sternberg's spats and gloves. *Above left:* Curtis directs Ralph Richardson in *Whoever Slew Auntie Roo?*, 1972. With Shelley Winters, *above,* and Debbie Reynolds, *left,* in the 1971 thriller *What's the Matter with Helen?*



Curtis himself propped and lighted

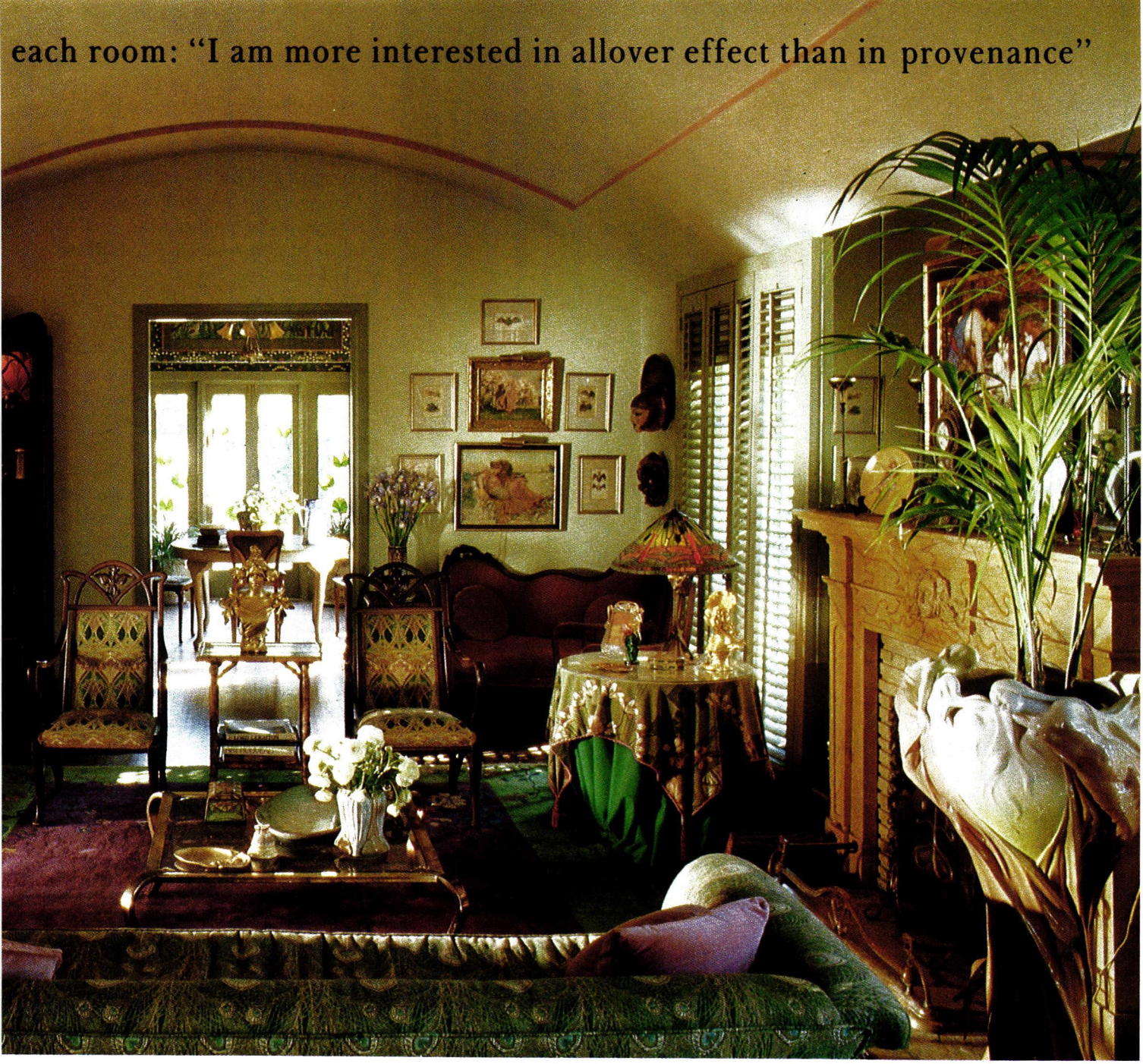
IS MR. HARRINGTON A PARTY ANIMAL?" Bruce, our Los Angeles driver, asks as we cross Sunset Boulevard and twist our way up Vine Street high into the twenties-heyday Hollywood Hills. In the relentless high-noon sunlight, what we see as we climb to Curtis Harrington's house seems as timeworn as an unreeling silent film. "Curtis Harrington is not really a party animal," I tell Bruce. "Curtis loves to get people together, and he loves to go where people are getting together. He was born local. He's lived local almost all of his life. He's the boy who didn't really get away. He's high on Hollywood."

At fourteen he directed his first movie, derived from Poe's "The Fall of the House of Usher." His eight-millimeter camera was a present from his parents. Entire cast, all two of it, was Curtis. That was his debut horror flick. Today—after directing early vanguard successes led to a European wanderjahre, after a stint at Columbia Pictures and Twentieth Century Fox, after directing a string of star-studded chillers, plus a rich go at *Dynasty, The Colbys, Charlie's Angels, Hotel*—he is preparing his latest stylish terrifier, *Cranium.*

Curtis the director took over when he went house-hunting some twenty

BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOS: COLLECTION CURTIS HARRINGTON

each room: "I am more interested in allover effect than in provenance"



years ago, scouting the location for the life he hoped to live. The script? He was writing it daily. Casting? He had a natural affinity for distinctive people: they just came his way and seemed to remain forever, nourished by his generosity, his tremendous outbursts of laughter, his ability to make the least important feel important and the important as important as they thought they were. Sets for this movie? He himself would decorate, prop, and light each room. He already had cherished bits and pieces, "picked up for nothing" at studio auctions, L.A. antiques shops, and house or yard sales.

It was all to be Belle Époque–ish, conjuring up that champagne, razor wit, and scandal time into which Curtis wished he had been born. "I had read Salvador Dali's *Secret Life* and fell in love with art nouveau. Dali thought art nouveau was sublime. When I started to buy it, in Los Angeles, almost nobody seemed to want it. I was so lucky."

Financing for Curtis's one-man production? By 1968, he had saved a "little cache" and he was house-hunting. He walked the Hills. "One day I climbed up through a jungle into a walled patio, and there was this derelict wreck of a house—a kind of Mediterranean villa in a secret place. No ordinary California bungalow here, something extramagical here. This, I knew immediately, was my house. So I bought it—for the modest song I could sing." Curtis had his basic set.

Today we climb Curtis's steep stone steps, past a magisterial seated stone lion, up to an English late-Vic-

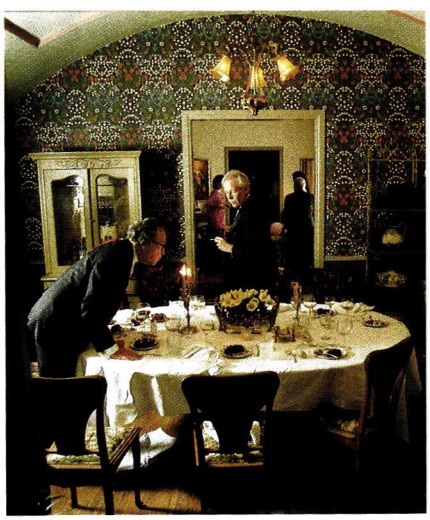
The heart of the house is the cove-ceilinged, gray green sit-down-anyplace-and-talk living room, *above*. Typically Curtis: the harmony of authentic Belle Époque pieces, superb period reproductions, and time-tuned effects by Curtis's own art nouveau–sensitive hand. It all makes for a grand illusion.

torian colored-glass-paneled door, flung open by Curtis, glowing with welcome. So into the rosy brick courtyard and into the entrance hall. "I am more interested in allover effect than in provenance," says Curtis. A faux marbre blue black and white checkerboard floor. A Duncan Phyfesque sofa, snatched up at an MGM studio prop auction. Who sat on this elegant piece—in what movie?—Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Greta Garbo? The stars have never fallen from Curtis's eyes. Over the sofa hangs H. G. Ibels's poster for diseuse Jane Debary's performances in fin de siècle Paris. "Posters are one of the things I began to collect early. I love them as works of art, as documents of the period I love best." He has at least ten intensely Belle Époque posters throughout the house: Mucha, Chéret. . . the best.

On a faux marbre plinth is a bust of an Italian lady, her veiled beauty so indicative of Curtis's passion for mystery. On a gilded art nouveau console stands a fluidly robed lady bearing a branch of electric lights; hanging over it is a treasure: "I found this mirror in the sixties in a Melrose Boulevard antiques shop. Nobody wanted it. I am now sure that it's by Georges de Feure. And that is rare." Curtis's expertise is

"I have never given a party to further my career. I have never given a cocktail party"

The dining room, *left*, the afternoon before a party for seven friends. *Below:* At night, this room seems to unreel into a Hollywood long ago. The party is never over, even when Curtis snuffs the candles. *Opposite:* His bedroom is a personal album: Edwardian bric-a-brac, Fuseli's spectral *The Nightmare* in reproduction, and a movie-palace Tutankhamen.



amazing. "I've worked hard at learning," he says. Then he adds, fusillades of laughter fortifying his words, "I never never buy anything I can't use in this house. I do not just acquire." In an art nouveau vase a great clump of greenish lilies (bought at a super supermarket) stands on a table beneath an art nouveau chandelier brought from Spain—a unique piece of brass with copper accents; pendent from it are large white light globes etched with spiderwebs. Curtis loves spooky beauty. Joining the high ceiling to the walls is a peacock frieze, "after Walter Crane."

I have told you, in such detail, about Curtis's entrance hall because it is the quintessence of Curtis's dream house, the open sesame to the magical set of his lifetime movie. This entrance hall carries us into his cove-ceilinged living room from which you glimpse the beamed and faux corbeled library and the dining room. Beyond these lurk kitchen, breakfast room, and master bedroom wing. All windows, save that in the master bedroom, are uncurtained. Cascades of translucent green leaves, sometimes trembling with onslaughts of hummingbirds, make a green light at the end of every vista. There is, indeed, a "greenery yallery" light throughout this house.

First impression of Curtis's house is that it is crammed with fascinating things. Second impression is that there is order here—that it all, from room to room, makes a harmony, a perfect mise-en-scène. Liberty fabrics; wallpapers, some after William Morris; a mantelpiece gone style nouille—all tendriled by Curtis's own hand (when he couldn't afford the real thing he created it); a Tiffany dragonfly lamp in excellent reproduction; violet-scattered Chinese export carpets made in the 1920s and '30s; a brace of Majorelle armchairs, rare because they are American reproductions (he found them in a storage warehouse); eight "real" Belgian art nouveau dining room chairs. A huge Vallauris cachepot redeems the cliché palm it holds. And enshrined on a chest, a pale pink satin evening pump, at the base of its thin high heel a rhinestone ball. "It was Marlene Dietrich's," says Curtis. Then he grins. "I place it on a pair of Josef von Sternberg's spats, and near them a pair of his gloves, all given me by his widow. Visually, he is one of my great influences."

The library, a bois-de-rose room where Curtis pours out tea on occasion, is filled with turn-of-the-century drawings; late-Victorian prints and engravings; signed memorabilia of his moviemaking, including a photo of Gloria Swanson in his *Killer Bees;* drawings by Cocteau and Dorothea Tanning; and books, hundreds of them: ten volumes of Poe, the works of Aleister Crowley, books on the occult, spiritualism, magic, the dark arts, the writings of Gurdjieff, Ouspensky. Curtis's bedroom: family photos, a kitschy *Love Locked Out* in reproduction, a copy of a Tutankhamen head with a movie past. The hefty man with a sword—he is titled *Gloria*—is a Germain Soulé lamp. The bed is high art nouveau—iron with copper details—and its hangings are scattered with flowers and birds. So back through the house and out onto the terrace, which verges on the swimming pool and the cutting garden. Sometimes, when the rose trees are not sufficiently prodigal in their bloom, Curtis helps *(Continued on page 139)*

Return of the Native

Nurseries all over America are looking close to home for ecology and beauty

By Patti Hagan

I LEARNED MY WILDFLOWERS—AND grew up—in a garden near Seattle. My mother, the wildflower maven, used to take my sister, my brother, and me on wildflower digs to the Cascade mountains, where we captured trilliums, saxifrages, violets, bunchberry, and maidenhair fern for internment in suburbia. If you didn't dig it yourself, you didn't garden wild then. Nowadays, long since environmentally enlightened, my mother buys her wildlings from native-plant nurseries that *propagate*. "Wild-collecting plants is a kind of shoplifting," says Judith Phillips of the Bernardo Beach Native Plant Farm in Veguita, New Mexico, summing up the creed of gardener-conservationists across the country.

Despite the near-pandemic Anglophilia responsible for a horticultural inferiority complex among American gardeners in recent decades, a neo-nativist garden movement is gaining ground. (Even the New York Botanical Garden, notable for its English-gardening fixation, held a symposium this year on "Wildflower Cultivation: An Environmental Perspective.") Well before

MOUNTAIN

High Altitude Gardens, Ketchum, Idaho

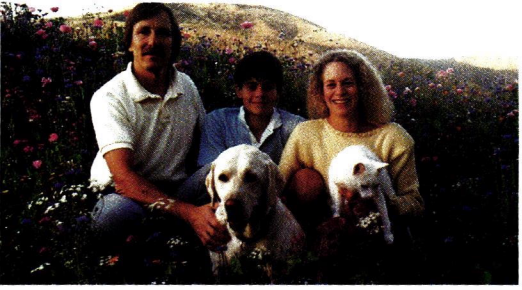
DESERT

Bernardo Beach Native Plant Farm, Veguita, New Mexico

PRAIRIE

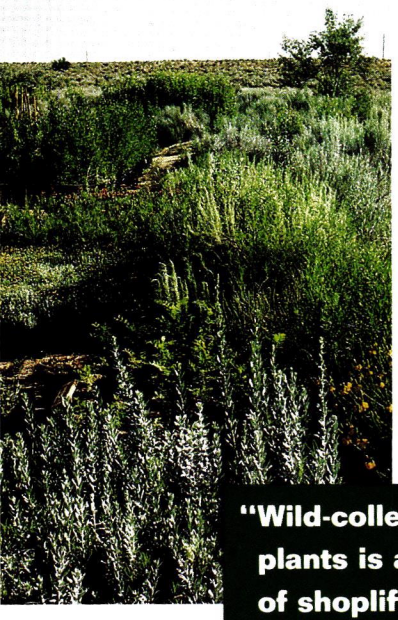
Prairie Nursery, Westfield, Wisconsin

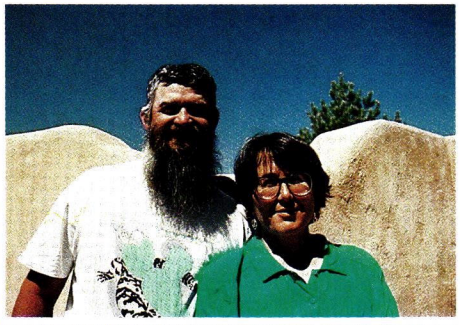
JUDITH PHILLIPS, TONY CASPER FOR HORTICULTURE

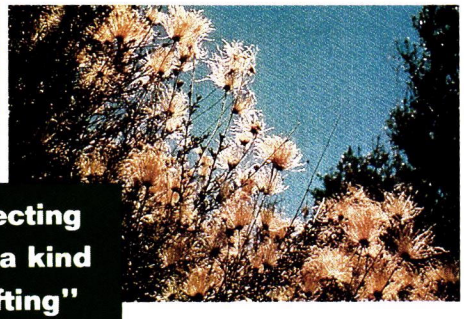


"We can build a web of genetic diversity for the future by seedsaving"

—High Altitude Gardens





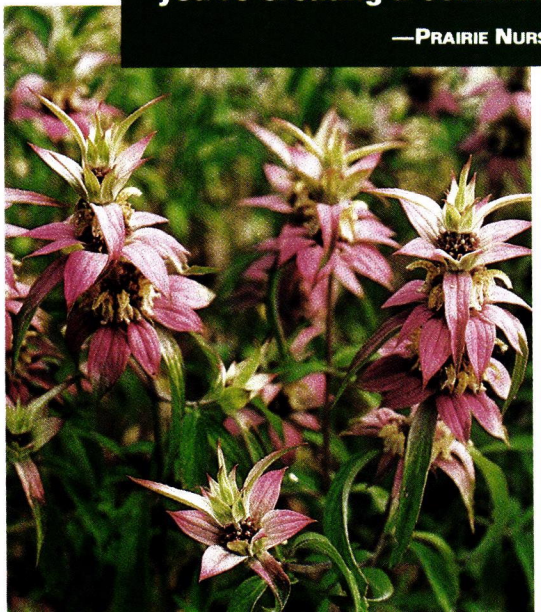


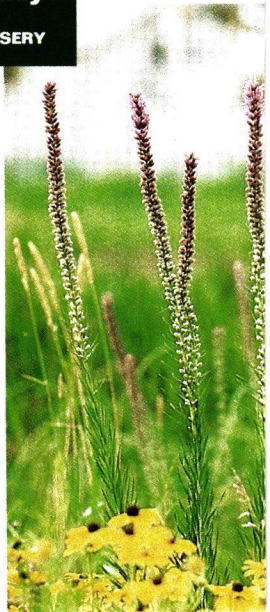
"Wild-collecting plants is a kind of shoplifting"

—Bernardo Beach Native Plant Farm

"When you plant a prairie... you're creating a community"

—Prairie Nursery





Americans started trading accusations about being politically correct, "ecologically correct" nurseries and seed companies had begun to proliferate. More than a hundred mail-order nurseries offering native plants are listed by region in the plant sources index of Barbara J. Barton's *Gardening by Mail: A Source Book.* These nurseries are not just sellers of seeds or plants; rather, they are ecological missionaries to the heathen pesticide-and-lawn-obsessed American garden world. Their catalogues double as catechisms to spread the gospel of appropriate gardening on indigenous roots, to proselytize for a new sustainable landscape ethic.

The statement of philosophical purpose set forth in the catalogue from Prairie Nursery in Westfield, Wisconsin, is typical: "Since 1972, [we have] been dedicated to improving and rebuilding the environment by encouraging ecological gardening, using native plants for soil, water, and habitat conservation. Our mission is to preserve native plants and animals by helping people to create attractive, non-polluting natural landscapes that can support a diversity of wildlife." Such catalogues are invariably unpretentious and usually printed on recycled paper. Bernardo Beach's catalogue begins: "Whether you call it Xeriscaping, landscape ecology or naturalized landscaping, 'it' is common sense gardening. . . . Working *with* nature instead of naively attempting to conquer the wild, we can save time and water, reduce pesticide use and reestablish our connection with our planet in the bargain." Echoing the same chapter and verse, Plants of the Southwest in Santa Fe directs, "Work with your soil and climate. Grow what will grow. Look at your natural surroundings, if you have any. . . . Poisons don't acknowledge complexity—don't bother with poisons."

These nurseries are not just sellers of native seeds or plants; they are ecological missionaries to a heathen pesticide-and-lawn-obsessed America

With lofty perspicacity—6,000 feet above sea level—High Altitude Gardens in Ketchum, Idaho, is "dedicated to saving and expanding the genetic resources of the 'alta-region.'. . . We invite you to participate in sustaining our 10,000 year-old genetic heritage by growing open-pollinated varieties and saving their seeds." The catalogue from this seven-year-old "bio-regional seed company" predicts that "the 90s will be remembered as a time of landscaping naturally" and offers hope that "we can together build a resilient web of genetic diversity for the future . . . through ecologically sensitive seedsaving." Kindred spirits are at work in Corvallis, Oregon, home of Peace Seeds: A Planetary Gene Pool Resource and Service.

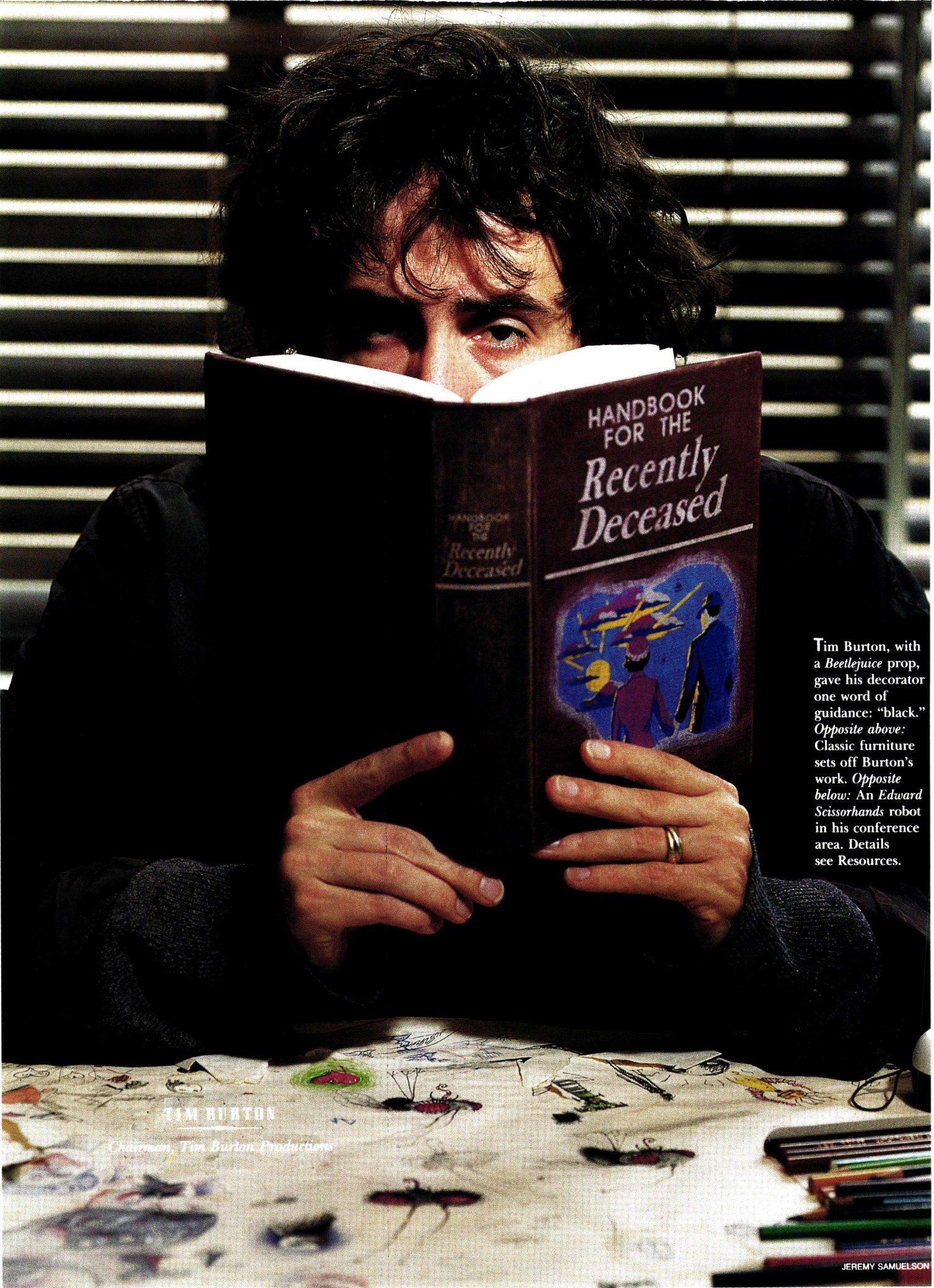
Native-plant catalogues are contributing to the genetic diversity of the garden language with a generous whole-earth philosophy and its own lexicon. Both the medium and the message are quite unlike any to be found in conventional upscale designer-label nursery catalogues—their four-color temptations appeal to the self-centered gardener in a private Eden, devoted to a style of gardening that amounts to exterior decoration with fashionable ornamental "plant material." The native catalogues talk about the Big Plant Picture and the genes they expect to be around for another 10,000 years in our garden—Earth.

The contrast makes clear what is missing in the slick catalogues: the gardener as earthkeeper cannot be found. Neither White Flower Farm nor Wayside Gardens has ever encouraged me to think bioregionally or plant-communally or presumed to suggest that instead of copying Gertrude Jekyll's classic English perennial borders, I might better copy local ecosystems. Not that looking closer to home is necessarily any easier. Tripple Brook Farm, a Northeast native-plant nursery in Southampton, Massachusetts, cautions in its introduction, "Co-operating with and guiding the forces of nature requires much more thought, understanding, and perhaps effort initially, but we believe it is the best course of action in the long run."

As William R. Jordan of the Society for Ecological Restoration has said, this approach also "involves a certain amount of self-abnegation on the part of the gardener." For nativist nurseryfolk, every garden is potentially a working habitat, quasi-public and shared. A plant's environmental appropriateness becomes just as important as its aesthetics. Prairie Nursery exhorts: "When you plant a prairie, you're planting more than just pretty flowers . . . You're creating a community! . . . The plants of the American Prairie have been living together as a plant community for *(Continued on page 141)*

Nursery folk in their habitats. *Opposite top row, clockwise from top left:* High Altitude Gardens' Bill McDorman with his wife, Barbi Reed, her son, Reed Lindsay, and friends in their Idaho meadow planted with Heart of Idaho wildflower mix. A natural expanse of *Camassia quamash, Wyethia helianthoides,* and *Taraxacum officinale* (dandelion). Wild lupine and coreopsis. *Opposite middle row, clockwise from left:* Sage *Artemisia ludoviciana* in a high desert growing range. Roland and Judith Phillips at Bernardo Beach Native Plant Farm in New Mexico. Bush morning glory *Ipomoea leptophylla.* Apache plume *Fallugia paradoxa. Opposite bottom row, from left:* Prairie Nursery's Neil Diboll in Wisconsin in prairie cordgrass *Spartina pectinata* and queen of the prairie *Filipendula rubra.* Dotted mint *Monarda punctata.* Rough blazing star *Liatris pycnostachya* with black-eyed Susan *Rudbeckia hirta* and prairie grasses.

SECOND ROW—JUDITH PHILLIPS, THIRD ROW—TONY CASPER FOR *HORTICULTURE*



TIM BURTON

Chairman, Tim Burton Productions

Tim Burton, with a *Beetlejuice* prop, gave his decorator one word of guidance: "black." *Opposite above:* Classic furniture sets off Burton's work. *Opposite below:* An *Edward Scissorhands* robot in his conference area. Details see Resources.

JEREMY SAMUELSON

Hollywood hotshots put on a good show in their offices

By Margot Guralnick

THE PRODUCERS

IN HOLLYWOOD HAVING A SHOWER in the private bathroom adjoining your office is a sure sign of box office clout. "Almost no one uses these showers," says Los Angeles interior designer Joe Hooper, who has installed his share of gold plumbing fixtures. "The hidden message is they might come in handy before the ceremonies on Oscar day." Other standard perks of the business include a fully equipped kitchen, a desk as big as a banquet table, and the modern update of the legendary casting couch—a snakelike seating arrangement that can accommodate twenty. Formerly the domain of a handful of moguls who controlled the studio purse strings, splashy working quarters are now as common—and as crucial in the quest for status—as black BMWs, multiline

DENISE DI NOVI

President, Tim Burton Productions

telephones, and close ties to Creative Artists Agency chief Michael Ovitz.

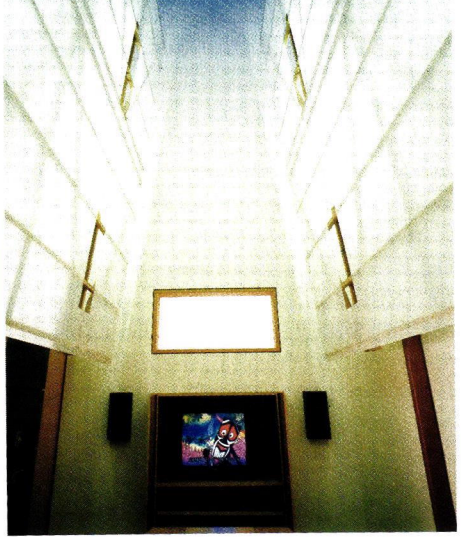
Of course, not all power offices are equal. "The space, location, and amount of decorating money a studio is willing to dole out are considered a direct reflection of a person's talent and value in the industry," says a rising studio production executive. Two years of service have earned her a window and the option to paint and carpet. One director who has been everywhere—from the new Michael Graves–designed monument to the seven dwarfs at Disney to Steven Spielberg's adobe compound (aka the Giant Taco Bell) at Universal—explains the office ethos this way: "People want their surroundings to say, 'Here's how my mind works. Don't I have excellent taste and shouldn't you as a creative person want to work with me?' " To that end, industry heavies can, and do, demand amenities such as burnished-steel walls, marble fireplaces, fish tank extravaganzas, and, in Eddie Murphy's case, a leather sofa stippled to look like ostrich skin for his suite at Paramount Pictures, as well as a black lacquer bed lit from below, which has since been dismantled.

The notion of leaving an office untouched—even if the previous occupant abandoned mahogany paneling and a $50,000 Biedermeier desk—is as unthinkable as the next *Batman* making do with *Flashdance* sets. Studio warehouses bulge with the custom castoffs of past employ-

"PEOPLE WANT THEIR SURROUNDINGS TO SAY, 'HERE'S HOW MY MIND WORKS' "

STEVE TISCH

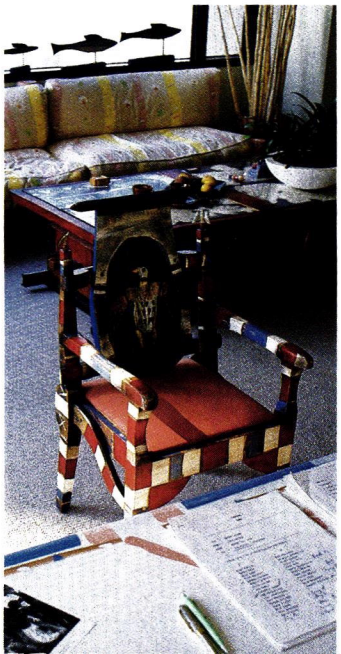
President, Steve Tisch Co.



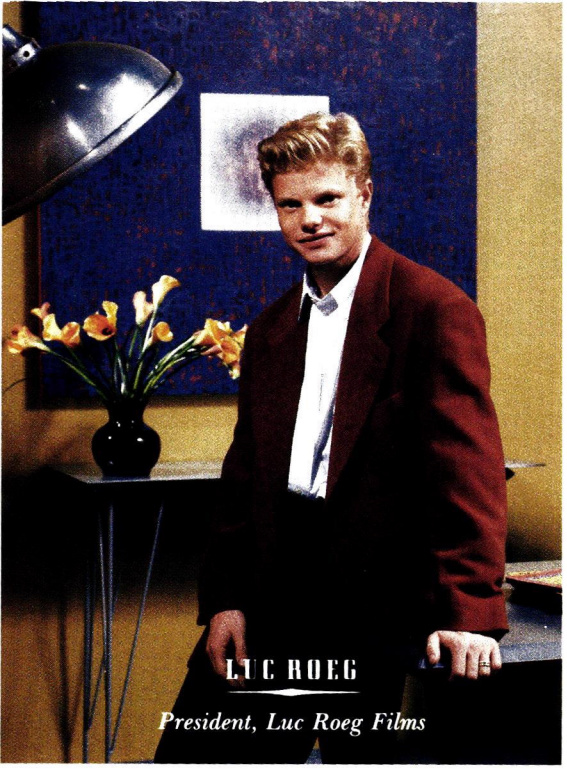
ees, and decorators work at double speed hoping to complete their commissions before their peripatetic clients move on.

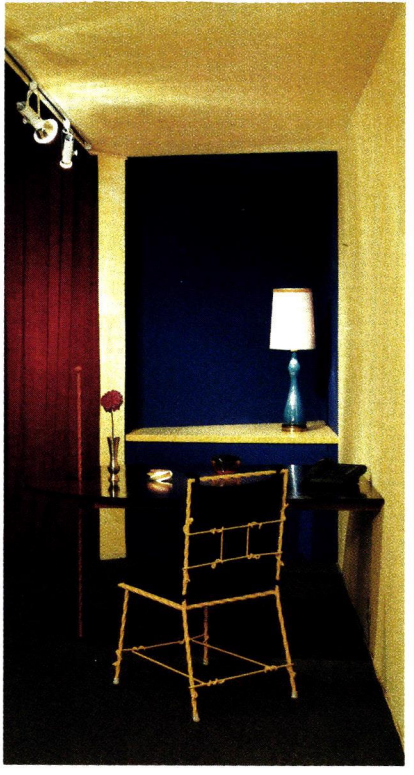
Sometimes an image-promoting piece of furniture is deemed too good to leave behind. Producers Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer, the duo responsible for *Days of Thunder* and *Top Gun,* recently arrived at Disney with the twenty-two-foot-long racetrack table of solid mahogany that had served as their joint seat of power at Paramount. Other times, even handpicked pieces of furniture can suddenly seem all wrong for the role. After sitting for two years behind an opulent expanse of Italian black leather, Art Linson, the Armani-clad producer of *The Untouchables* and executive producer of *Dick Tracy,* is said to have accused his desk of "making me look like the kind of guy who drives a Ferrari and ties up women." When he moved to Warner Brothers, Linson ordered a much harder-to-typecast blond plywood desk and coffee table from fashionable L.A. artist Charles Arnoldi.

Dark leather does live on in some decidedly hip quarters. Hollywood's young star director Tim Burton, whose credits at age thirty-two include *Pee-Wee's Big Adventure, Batman, Beetlejuice,* and *Edward Scissorhands,* focused his doleful stare on decorator David James and muttered the sole directive, "black, um black...um black." James responded with a mix of black leather banquettes, fifties blond wood tables (ebonized, of course), and a lamp outfitted, he says, with a "thin stem



It's a mood-altering place," says Brian Grazer, *above right,* of his quarters at Imagine Films Entertainment, decorated by Tops Malibu gallery with a cactus desk and eagle armchair, *right,* by Taos artist Jim Wagner, and, *far right,* stone fruit and twig pencils. David James devised a desk made of architectural reliefs, *opposite above,* for Denise Di Novi, *inset. Opposite below, from left:* Frank Israel's doorframe for Steve Tisch's office evokes the entrance to a pyramid; Tisch by a curved wall in the lobby he shares with Jon Avnet and Jordan Kerner; the trio's skylit conference room.





RISING STARS OF THE NEW HOLLYWOOD LEAN TOWARD THE SURREAL WITH OFFICES THAT LOOK MORE LIKE MOVIE SETS THAN WORKPLACES

and tiny head like the creatures in *Beetlejuice*." The result is a clean backdrop that allows Burton's props, posters, storyboards, and bug-eyed doodles to take center stage.

Around the corner Burton's producing partner, Denise Di Novi, anchors the operation in another David James setting, this one emblematic of the recent shift toward the office as an elegant but comfortable home away from home. Several days a week Di Novi's nine-month-old son, Mac, joins his mother at work, where he plays amid tapestry pillows and stacks of scripts. Whenever she can, Di Novi steals time from her desk, made from old architectural reliefs, to walk the treadmill and work out on the gym equipment that she moved into the office when James wasn't looking. CAA founding partner Bill Haber took the gracious living theme (and the penchant for personalizing) a leap further. In 1989, just as the firm's $15 million dollar I. M. Pei building was finished, Haber began masking the clean contours of his office with so much marble and traditional French furniture that insiders call it the "hoot of Hollywood."

Even so, king of action pictures Joel Silver, producer of *Lethal Weapon*, *Die Hard*, and their sequels, gripes that showmanship isn't what it used to be. "The offices of Hollywood's greats like Darryl Zanuck and Jack Warner were elegant, elaborate places," he says. "I'm sure Louis B. Mayer said, 'Make mine bigger than the Oval Office.' " Slightly more modest in scale but no less ambitious, the 1920s bungalow that Silver and his crew occupy on the Warner Brothers lot is a masterfully restored relic of old Hollywood: one wing of a fourteen-room house William Randolph Hearst built on the MGM lot for his mistress, actress Marion Davies. A fight with MGM's Louis B. Mayer sent Hearst, Davies, and the entire house (with the assistance of San Simeon architect Julia Morgan) packing off to Warner. Later most of the building was moved to a nearby residential neighborhood where it was occupied by, of all people, Mayer; the wing that was left behind appeared as Norman Maines's dressing room in *A Star Is Born*. After years of shag carpeting, the Spanish-style structure is now a flawless remake of the way it might have been—if Hearst's taste had been as impeccable as Joel Silver's. *(Continued on page 139)*

Luc Roeg, *above left*, basks in a vivid glow that also envelops an assistant's space, *above right*, in offices by Frederick Sutherland. *Left:* For Roeg Films' Lyn Healy, Sutherland paired mauve walls with his "seductress furniture." *Opposite left:* Joel Silver outfitted his bungalow on the Warner lot with Frank Lloyd Wright chairs, a desk from the Knoll Group, and a private shower and bath. *Opposite right, from top:* A vintage zebra head with Roseville Futura pottery; desk clock, c. 1930; Silver in his reception room.

JEREMY SAMUELSON

JOEL SILVER

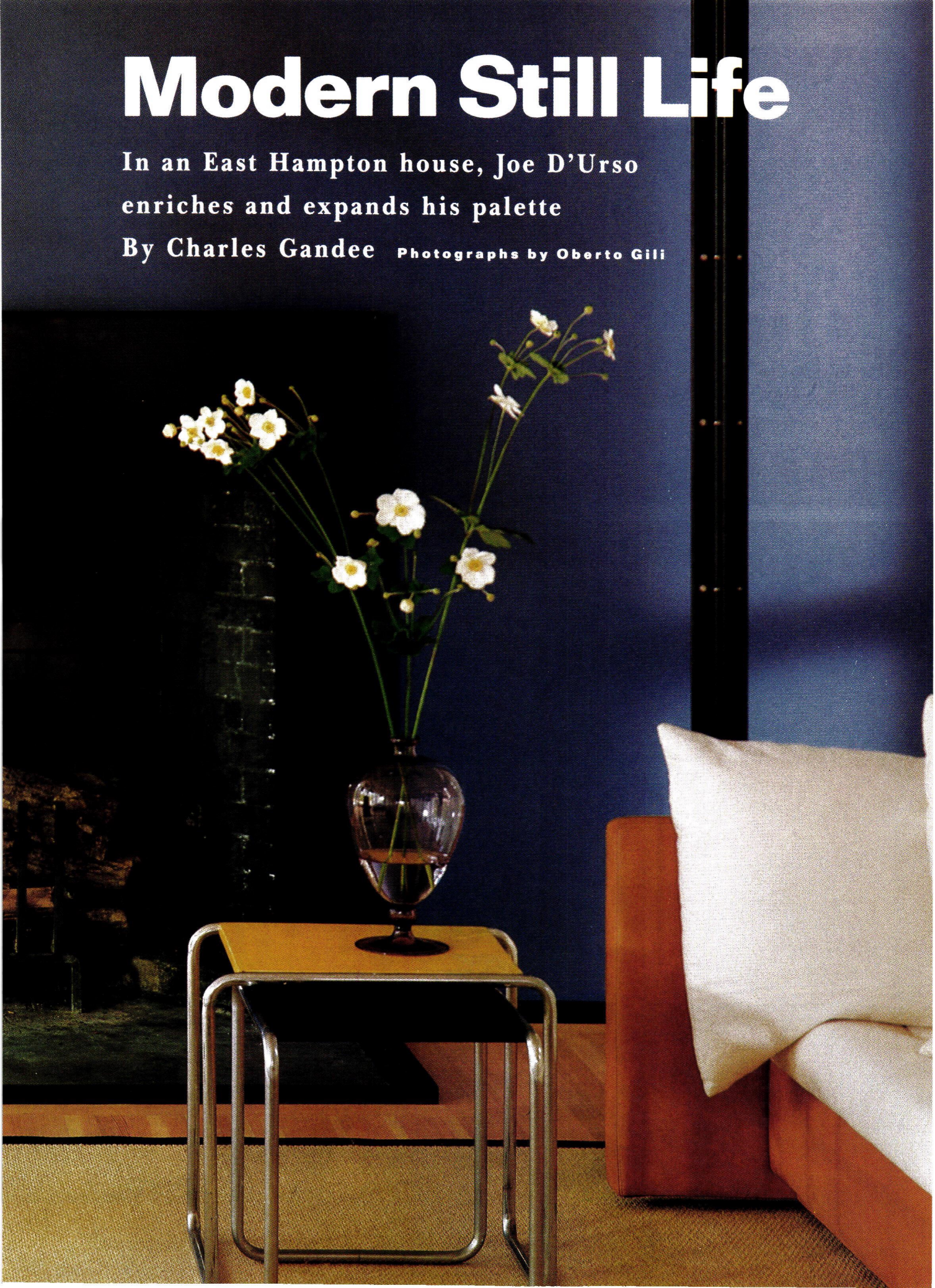
Chairman, Silver Pictures

Iron structural columns frame a massive fireplace with a honed Belgian marble surround in the living room. The Venini vase and Breuer nesting tables are from Fifty/50, NYC. The L-shaped leather and canvas sofa is by D'Urso. The French terrace chair dates from the twenties. Sisal from Stark. Details see Resources.

Modern Still Life

In an East Hampton house, Joe D'Urso enriches and expands his palette

By Charles Gandee **Photographs by Oberto Gili**



IN THE OLD DAYS, IN THE MIDDLE AND LATE SEVENTIES TO BE more precise, Joe D'Urso subscribed to a reductivist aesthetic and a minimalist palette. Design was black and white. Less was still too much. Beauty was to be found in paring further and further and further down—to a point many found uncomfortably short of essentials. Although the result of the Zen-like discipline D'Urso adhered to in those days was routinely termed poetic, it was, at times, an exceedingly fragile poetry that seemed to hinge on a sublime still life of a lone iris in a glass vase casting its shadow across a blank wall.

And then came the eighties, a decade D'Urso devoted to slowly easing his way out of the exquisite corner he had designed himself into. Color showed up first. Then period furniture—a Hoffmann chair here, a Ruhlmann secrétaire there. The master of minimalism was casting an ever-widening net. More, D'Urso appeared to be discovering, could be made of more. His exclusive aesthetic turned inclusive. He even went so far as to suggest that personal effects could be incorporated to introduce at least the semblance of nonchalance. There was still poetry, of course. The artful sensibility hadn't been lost. But what was once haiku was by decade's end free verse.

The measure of the distance D'Urso has traveled in his career can be found in a small house built next to an East Hampton pond in 1968

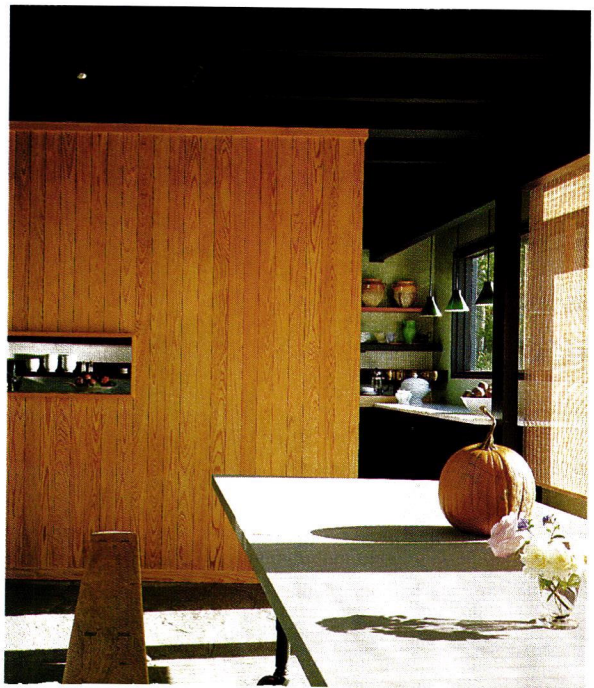
by architect Herbert Beckhard, keeper of the modernist flame his late mentor and partner Marcel Breuer helped ignite in the twenties at the Bauhaus. Ten years ago, the minimal modern box would have been the ideal stage for the then minimal modern D'Urso. By 1986, however, when Tom Flynn, a young New Yorker with an eye for design, bought the house, it was a different D'Urso with a different agenda who approached the renovation-cum-addition of the flat-roofed box overlooking the pond.

Although D'Urso and Flynn had already worked together on Flynn's Greenwich Village apartment, the designer was initially unavailable for the country house project—he was heading off to the American Academy in Rome for a year. So Flynn enlisted New York architect Walter Chatham for the cause, but midway through construction Chatham, like D'Urso, won the Academy's Rome Prize and he too headed off to Italy. After going it alone for a while, Flynn rang up D'Urso, who, with some cajoling, was persuaded to assume design responsibility. Perhaps because of the complexity of the dual Beckhard-versus-Chatham aesthetic, perhaps because of his own predilec-

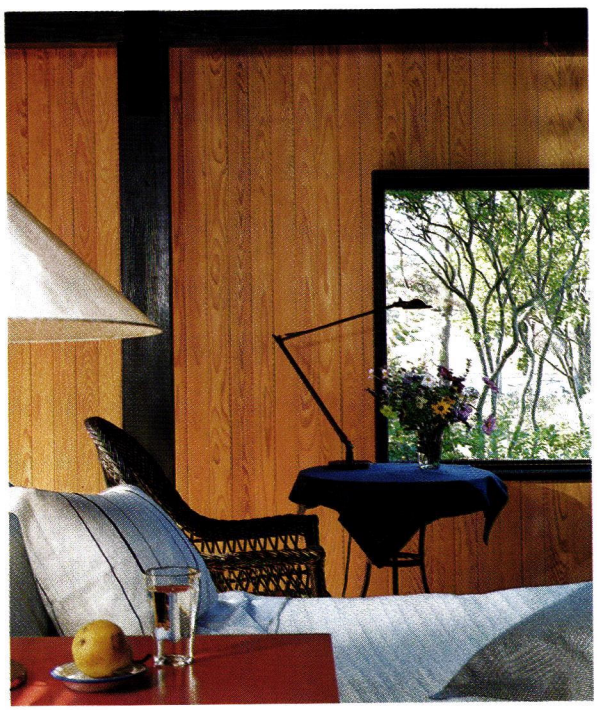
Sliding shoji screens divide the formal living room, *right* and *below*, from the informal dining room, *opposite below*, where a floor-level seating area expands the room's function. *Opposite above:* The entrance to the house is through a modernist portal that opens onto a courtyard filled with birch trees.

The difference between D'Urso then and D'Urso now
is the difference between haiku and free verse

A sliding barn door, *left,* serves as country-style backdrop for a black iron Rais stove in the dining room. *Top:* The monolithic bluestone table, flanked by a Pierre Deux bench and Marco Zanuso folding chairs, is set on wheels for flexibility. The view through bamboo shades is to a small creek. *Above:* In the kitchen, D'Urso reveals his affection for exposed shelving. *Right:* A wood screen wall partially shields the kitchen from view.



Nowadays, D'Urso finds monostylistic design "tedious, shallow, dull"



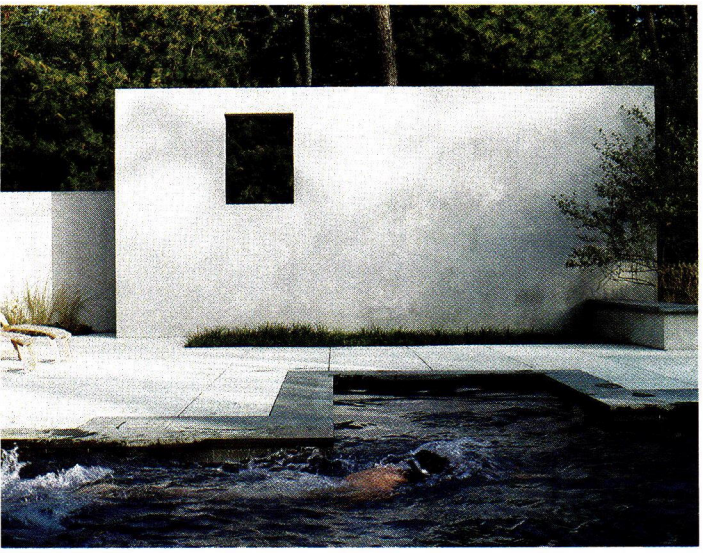
In the guest room, *above*, wood venetian blinds and ivory curtains form an idiosyncratic backdrop for a cast-iron bed. The lamp is by Ingo Maurer. The red lacquer table is by D'Urso. *Left:* A wicker chair and French café table by the window. *Opposite above:* In the master bath, green marble lines the glass-enclosed shower. *Opposite below:* In the dressing room, leather floor tiles and a D'Urso chest.

tions, D'Urso approached the project as an opportunity to pose a series of questions: "How many materials can you put in one place without it looking disjointed?" And: "When does variety become delightful and when does variety become chaotic?"

D'Urso's answer to those questions is a scheme notable for the range and richness of aesthetic experiences it offers. For example, in the original Beckhard box (which now contains the kitchen, dining room, and guest quarters) fieldstone floors, cypress walls, and exposed beams conjure up a familiar image of relaxed country life that welcomes such informalities as a vintage iron bed, a free-standing wood-burning stove, and a wood refectory bench pulled up to a stone table on wheels. The picture changes, somewhat dramatically, passing into the Chatham-planned addition D'Urso developed. For the new living room and master bed-

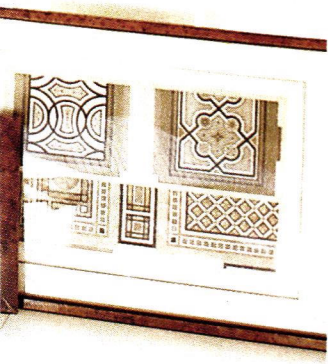
room wing, D'Urso opted for a more sophisticated, more formal tack. Less rustic materials join with more luxurious furniture arrangements to signal the change. In the luminous living room, a massive leather and canvas sofa resting on a sisal area rug suggests somewhat more proper social interaction than the pillow-strewn daybed in the dining room. Similarly, the living room's monumental blue wall punctured with a black marble fireplace is an elegant counterpart to the wood-burning stove on the other side of the sliding shoji screens. Additional clues signaling the change in aesthetic can be found down the hall in Flynn's bedroom, where butter-soft velvet carpeting and ever-so-slightly-crinkled linen curtains join a tiger maple four-poster and a nineteenth-century English armoire to suit the most urbane gentleman. Also appropriately luxe is the leather floor in the teak-lined dressing room; likewise, the marble in the master bath with twin white porcelain pedestal sinks.

"Here you have a place that makes an effort to titillate all the senses," explains D'Urso of his variegated approach—adding, not incidentally, that nowadays monostylistic design is something he finds "tedious, shallow, dull." The same clearly holds true for monochromatic design. Witness the greens, blues, reds, grays, and blacks that drench the rooms. "Plain walls look like primer to me now," confesses the man whose color palette once ranged from flat to glossy white. ▲



A woven velvet carpet from Sanford-Hall, NYC, softens the moody aubergine master bedroom, *right,* furnished with a tiger maple pencil-post bed and an English armoire, c. 1820. *Above:* A black lacquer Ruhlmann chair, a chrome D'Urso side table, and a turn-of-the-century American wicker daybed overlook the lily pool outside. *Below:* The pool recalls the elegant abstractions of Luis Barragán—minus the color.

KATSURA



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A fireplace painted in a black and white harlequin check contrasts with the muted tones of a Manuel Canovas fabric on a club chair and ottoman. The Dutch scroll armchair is from Newel Art Galleries, the wool carpet from Stark. Details see Resources.

MICHAEL MUNDY

Great Rooms

At the Kips Bay Show House, Noel Jeffrey designs a guest room for reverie

BY ALEXANDRA DE ROCHEFORT

Noel Jeffrey had lofty ambitions for the small square room he was asked to decorate for the 1991 Kips Bay Decorator Show House in New York. He set out to create a neoclassical space replete with Biedermeier furniture, sphinxes, and elaborate window treatments that nonetheless looked restrained and simple, in keeping with what he terms the "new pared-down style of the nineties." The result is a guest room that pays homage to the sumptuous decorating of the nineteenth century without succumbing to ornamental excess. "I wanted

Classical Greek patterns in pastels trail across the ceiling

Great Rooms

An art deco alabaster fixture, *top,* illuminates the stenciled ceiling. *Above:* Draped curtains of Manuel Canovas silk frame a Syrie Maugham–style sleigh bed dressed with E. Braun linens. *Below:* The faux bois walls harmonize with a Swedish Biedermeier table, a late 19th century English glass-paneled screen, a Viennese Biedermeier chair, and an Italian commode, c. 1785.

a certain grandeur, but I didn't want the room to be overwhelmed by the things it contained," he says. "There is a lot to look at in a very controlled way."

Taking his color cues from the honey tones of the furniture, Jeffrey put decorative painter J. Nels Christianson to work lining the white walls with a faux bois finish. The decorator then filtered light into the room through richly draped curtains of unlined pale green silk. On the lower windowpanes, stretched panels of diaphanous silk further counter the glare and promote a feeling of privacy "conducive," says Jeffrey, "to napping and contemplation." Also conducive to daydreaming is the ceiling he stenciled in pastels with Greek patterns taken from Owen Jones's 1856 classic, *The Grammar of Ornament.* And to draw the eye back to earth, there's a chair covered in a bold black and white stripe and a mantel punctuated with harlequin checks. Says Jeffrey, "I designed the room to be useful and practical but also to transcend the ordinary. I like to be realistic and romantic at the same time, and I think this room provides a little of both." ♠

The Producers

(Continued from page 122) Frank Lloyd Wright–designed stained-glass windows on the front doors cast a sepia glow over the reception room. There's a working 1950s Coke machine in the kitchen, vintage renderings of picture palaces in the file room, museum-quality Carlo Bugatti and Paul Frankl furniture in Silver's office, and a gilded lily on his desk.

Three offices that look more like surrealist sets than backdrops for serious speed-dialing define the look of the new Hollywood. One was designed for twenty-nine-year-old Luc Roeg, who learned the importance of visual pyrotechnics from his father, English director Nicolas Roeg. A rock video producer who is breaking into feature films, the younger Roeg operates out of a former art gallery, a windowless space that designer Frederick Sutherland doused with color. Santa Fe by way of Disneyland is the playful theme of another mood-altering space, producer Brian Grazer's headquarters at Imagine Films Entertainment, where, with director and co-CEO Ron Howard, he makes movies like *Parenthood* and *Backdraft*. "I wanted people to come here and feel safe, if a bit disarmed," says Grazer of his rainbow antler hat rack and cactus desk, created by Taos artist Jim Wagner.

The third winner in the special effects category is the extraordinary tomblike sanctuary Frank Israel carved out of an uninspired 1980s building for producers Steve Tisch, Jon Avnet, and Jordan Kerner. Although the three generally work separately, they share the powerful image put forth by a two-story sky-lit conference room shaped like a ship's hull, a reception area with dramatically angled walls of tinted stucco, and a central oculus modeled after what Israel calls the "down-the-gun-barrel 007 theme."

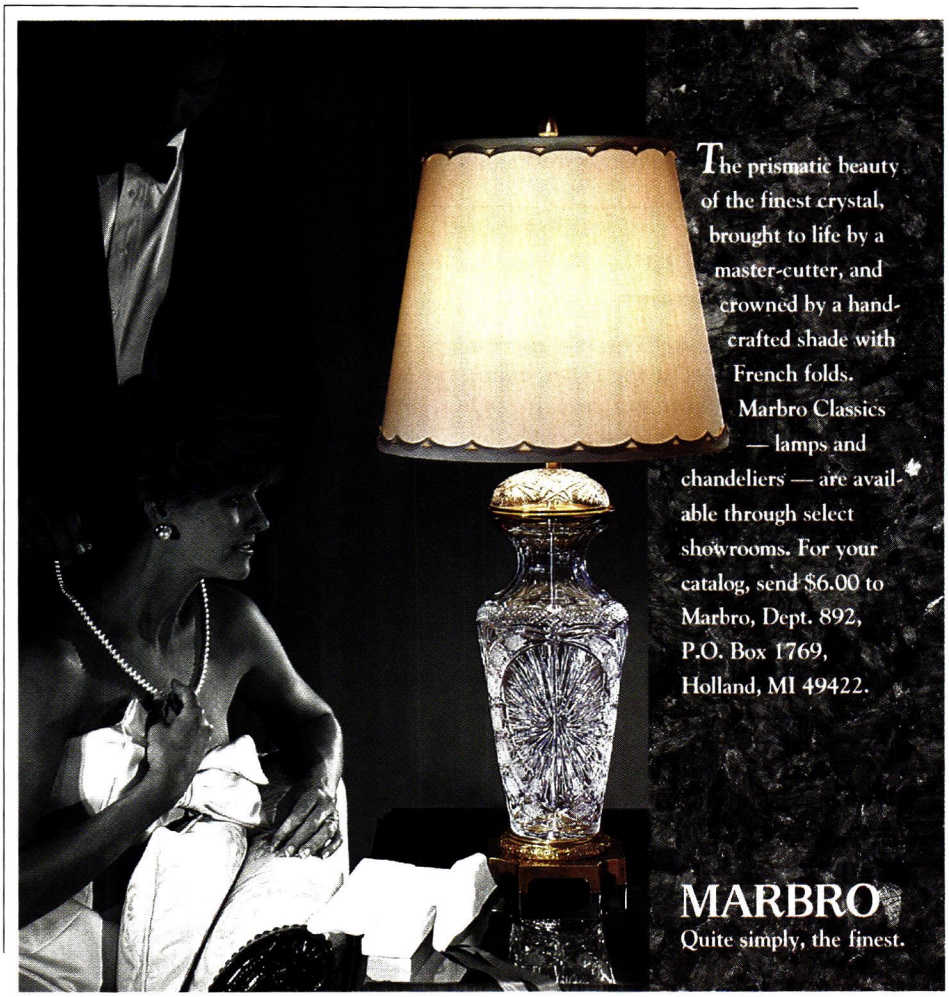
None of today's Hollywood types share Dorothy Parker's simple, cost-effective approach to office decoration. In the thirties and forties, during her stint as a screenwriter, Parker reportedly took one decisive step to make sure she wasn't ignored: she replaced the nameplate on her door with a sign reading MEN. ▲

This Way to the Party

(Continued from page 113) Mother Nature by tying on an artificial blossom here and there.

It is beside the dark greenish-black pool edged in cream and rust that Curtis entertains in season. But Curtis entertains all year long—in the house, outside the house, and always, most remarkably, Curtis's parties are social occasions. No deals here—just chums or could-be chums. The cast over the years includes Maria Rasputin (yes, his lion-tamer daughter), Twiggy, Gore Vidal, Anaïs Nin, Julie Harris, Shelley Winters, Jennifer Jones, Tony Duquette and Beegle, the Peter Shaws (she's Angela Lansbury), the Peter Duchins, Simone Signoret, Ed Ruscha, Lindsay Anderson, Peter Weir, Hurd Hatfield, Bruce Beresford, the John Housemans, Maggie Smith—an omnium-gatherum of colleagues, migratory workers in screen and theater arts and crafts, artists, critics, journalists, museum and auction house know-alls, collectors, and so many old, old, old friends. "I have never given a party to further my career," says Curtis, "so I invite people that I find interesting. I like to have a reason for a party—a birthday or an old friend in town or a holiday, or getting to know somebody better or just celebrating for the joy of celebration—luncheons, teas, buffets, impromptu pool dips. I have never given a cocktail party."

We have known Curtis for some forty years, and when we asked him could we have one of his parties photographed for HG, he beamed. "Of course," he said. "And this one will be a very formal dinner for eight dear friends." He was casting his festivity: Jean Howard, whose "social occasions" are world famous, those she has given and those glorious Hollywood ones she's gathered in *Jean Howard's Hollywood;* Tony Santoro (guitarist, singer, Jean's husband); Ivan Moffat (screenwriter); Pavla Ustinov (writer, developer of screen projects, and Peter's beautiful daughter); Jacques Natteau (cinematographer); Yvonne Furneaux (Mastroianni's exquisite *La Dolce Vita* fiancée, Natteau's real-life wife); Bar-



This Way to the Party

bara Steele (alumna of Fellini's *8½* and TV's reborn *Dark Shadows*).

On the early evening of his fiesta, Curtis was nonstop propping, checking supplies for the dinner he himself would cook (he cooks for four to forty)—seafood pasta, veal piccata, asparagus, a mixed green salad, a Black Forest cake (brought in), demitasses of coffee. "I basically go by Emily Post," Curtis says, laughing mightily, "the 1927 edition. I don't have a butler, but I almost always have a man in to help." The wines? California chardonnay and a Côtes du Rhône. He welcomed the helper, moved swiftly into his dining room, flung a white Jugendstil-patterned heavy linen tablecloth on his oval table. "It's a mess," he bellowed. "I'll have to iron it!" And, in his evening jacket, his black tie unbowed, he ironed it into an impeccable surface. At eight thirty the circle of friends sat under a chandelier from which hang Favrile glass shades. April-fragrant air wafted in from the rose garden—and somehow there was an air, a feeling of mystery. Los Angeles nights are the darkest nights I have ever known. And no matter how hot the day, there is usually a chill. The candlelight trembled in Curtis's dining room, a room now of shadows, a room in one of his anything-could-happen movies.

Late the following afternoon, we sit with Curtis in his after-party, sunshimmering dining room. The hummingbirds are busy in the window-covering vines, the art nouveau silver gleams—talismanic? And the Jugendstil tablecloth is still smooth on the table. "I wish that I could create a time warp," says Curtis wistfully. And, of course, Curtis has created a perfect illusion. ◆ *Editor: Gray Foy*

Retreat to Capri

(Continued from page 107) mattresses inspire thoughts of *Princess and the Pea* but really serve as a work of art—a witty commentary on bare essentials.

The roof terrace is decorated in a Marrakesh style with large divans and dozens of small lamps modeled after an antique Moroccan pattern. Here, one breathes the fragrance of the garden, which, under the direction of Milanese landscape designer Marco Mosterts, underwent its own transformation. Mosterts made the focal point of the hillside garden a collection of flowering shrubs that the Mondadori brought back from North Africa: gardenias, varieties of jasmine, and datura, a blossom so highly perfumed it is said to induce hallucinations.

Lo Studio is now a place where one feels as comfortable in a damp bathing suit as in an evening gown. Friends ranging from Capri antiques dealers to Italian literary figures like novelist Aldo Busi to stars in the international firmament like Susan Sontag and Annie Leibovitz drop in to dine on fresh fish or spaghetti topped with tomatoes from the kitchen garden. In a pinch, Assunta sends over food from the hotel.

Despite their life in Milan and apartments in Manhattan and Tokyo, the Mondadori feel rooted on Capri. "Some evenings," says Leonardo, "the sun sets at the same time the full moon rises, and the whole thing is magic. It gets under your skin." Adds Katherine, "We measure the seasons by the lights we can see from our terrace. After high summer, the number diminishes week by week. I love witnessing the lights going out—they're leaving us alone in the most beautiful place on earth." ◆

Editor: Beatrice Monti della Corte

Bloom's Day

(Continued from page 74) tas—where are they all to go? On the other hand, a pool of green lawn is a peaceful sight, and one hopes sense will prevail.

When people ask to see the garden, the polite thing to say is that there is absolutely nothing to see: the slugs or the blackbirds or the weevils have eaten nearly everything, and the frost or the east wind or hail has killed everything else; there were some nice irises, but they went over last week—in fact, there is no point in coming at all. Secretly, though, my garden gives me great joy. And when some beautiful plant is in flower, I think it would be mean to keep it to myself and I long to share it. ◆ *Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet*

New Light on Kahn

(Continued from page 94) an arch.' " To students in the 1960s he was a guru whose time had come, though clients often had trouble with his unworldly air. Yet on the Indian subcontinent, where he did some of his most important work, Kahn was respected for having achieved samadhi, or a heightened consciousness.

For his several projects there he employed labor-intensive but inexpensive low-tech construction and an evocative modern aesthetic respectful of local traditions. Those attributes he raised to colossal proportions in his most majestic structure, the National Assembly building of Bangladesh at Dacca, constructed (with long pauses) from 1964 to 1983. Immense cubic forms and cylinders of masonry, pierced by superscale circles, rectangles, and triangles, establish an elemental gravity that goes right to the heart of the social contract. Although undeniably grand, this edifice is by no means indecently sumptuous for that troubled country. It is an eloquent affirmation of permanence and the common good.

"Architecture should start a new chain of reactions," Kahn said. "It shouldn't just exist for itself; it should throw out sparks to others." His teachings did that more refulgently than any other architect since the days of the so-called great form-givers. But Kahn gave more than form: he offered a heroic example of how an artist can achieve a fundamental change against great odds. Louis Kahn never built a skyscraper, but he now stands taller in the light of history than any of his contemporaries who did. ◆

Safe Harbor

(Continued from page 89) auctions. The fledgling banker spent his allowance on odd box lots at twenty-five cents apiece, intending to increase his worth by reselling the contents, but the budding antiquer in him already had the upper hand; ultimately, Chase says, he "would never part with anything."

Since then he has opened a seasonal antiques shop in Wells, about six miles from Kennebunkport. Like the Boathouse, Riverbank Antiques is a thoroughly eclectic repository of all sorts of bits and pieces, from eighteenth-century architectural fragments to Victorian garden furniture and brass ram's-head finials of indeterminate age. "I cannot guarantee every nail," he says. "I buy something if it has a look and price it accordingly." He also admits to having a weakness for "things in shreds."

Now the businessman and the collector keep each other company, especially when Chase's banking responsibilities take him to San Francisco, Chicago, or Montreal. Acquiring old things is still his passion; he can name the place and time when he discovered any object "winking at me." It is that openness that gives Chase's Boathouse its special ambiance. "More important than grandeur," he says, "is for someone to come into the room and feel immediately at ease." ♠

Editor: Carolyn Englefield

Return of the Native

(Continued from page 117) thousands of years." An ecological innovation at Bernardo Beach last year was to arrange the plants in the catalogue by plant community, not alphabet. This format couldn't be more different from the customary presentation of solitary plant individuals, often modish hybrid ornamentals, destined for the hermetic Skinner box garden unconnected to any larger landscape.

No mainstream slick catalogue has asked me to "cool the globe," as does Niche Gardens in Chapel Hill, North Carolina. "Help fight the greenhouse effect," urges Niche. "All plants take up CO_2 and help balance the excess. . . . Plant trees (and shrubs and perennials) in your yard and within your community and town. You *can* make a difference." And while White Flower Farm, in a listing of "grasses, ornamental" finds them "entertaining" and capable of "making an elegant statement. . . an arresting display. . . charming effects," High Altitude Gardens tells me what really matters, grass-wise. "Native, sod-forming grasses are increasingly valuable as low-maintenance, drought tolerant substitutes for the traditional lawn. . . . As water resources become more scarce, native grasses are destined to be more prevalent." Welcome buffalo grass, sheep fescue, bottlebrush squirreltail, Indian ricegrass, and the andropogons, little and big. In the environmentally correct—EC to the converted—catalogues grasses make more than elegant statements. "Grasses build the foundation for life," says Plants of the Southwest. "They bind the earth. . . . They are the base of the land food chain, feeding all wildlife, including ourselves." At last, the gardener as wildlife!

Now, when was the last time Wayside Gardens threw an ecological fit? The EC catalogues can get angry, especially about that great American gas-guzzler, the lawn. Plants of the Southwest blasts it as "an atrocity. It is the largest crop in the world—a $17 billion per year industry, using more fertilizer than all of India and Africa, let alone pesticides—producing nothing but poisonous surfaces for our children." The counter-catalogues ask the gardener to be mindful of what High Altitude calls "compatibility with ecological soil health." Plants of the Southwest commands: "Don't treat the soil like dirt." Niche Gardens enters a plea for "understanding your plants and what they can offer." Bernardo Beach won't even sell plants to people who want to hustle them off to inappropriate environments. Partner Roland Phillips says gardeners from Seattle have come south during the Pacific Northwest's last two "drought" summers—Seattle totaled 34.69 inches of rain in 1989, 44.75 inches in 1990—in search of drought-tolerant plants. Says Phillips, "We get eight to twelve inches annually. If somebody gets more than that, we won't sell to them. Our plants will rot."

The native nurseries herald a back-to-the-land movement in situ—even if the site is a reclaimed inner-city trash lot or a suburban tract yard. Their hope is to help American gardeners come back to their own plant communities, their common roots, and their common plant sense—to think and plant locally. Judith Phillips puts the message simply: "Seek out your own local growers for plants that can be grown well and profitably in your own neighborhood. They'll stand a better chance in your garden than exotic imports will. . . . We all have a responsibility to be stewards of this earth, and it seems to me that stewardship begins in our own backyards." ♠

(For native plant and seed nurseries see Resources.)

Swedish Summers

(Continued from page 81) Sweden and their children come every summer to eat crayfish in the boathouse. Everybody wants to stop by, which means that my cousins are entertaining throughout the summer.

All of our renovations have altered our summers on the island. But to appreciate how rapidly modern technology has taken over in our way of life, I recall the generations before me who had to take a steamboat from the center of Stockholm out to Dalarö. The traveling time was three and a half hours, with stops at many different islands on the way. Steamboats also carried the mail and all the supplies our summer household needed. Today I drive out to Dalarö in my car from the center of Stockholm in forty-five minutes, thanks to a new bridge. Not only for the Bonniers but for all Swedes, summer living has changed dramatically in the past few decades. What has not changed is our family's lasting attachment to the island of Dalarö. ♠

Editor: Deborah Webster

Resources

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House & Garden (ISSN 0018-6406) is published monthly by The Condé Nast Publications Inc., 9100 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills CA 90212. PRINCIPAL OFFICE: 350 Madison Avenue, New York NY 10017. Bernard H. Leser, President; Eric C. Anderson, Vice President–Treasurer; Pamela van Zandt, Vice President–Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Beverly Hills CA and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash. Magazine Registration File No. 9016. Canadian Goods and Services Tax Registration No. R123242885. Subscriptions, in U.S. and possessions, $24 for one year, $46 for two years; in Canada, $41 for one year, including GST. Elsewhere, $43 for one year, payable in advance. Single copies: U.S. $4, Canada $4.50. For subscriptions, address changes, and adjustments, write to House & Garden, Box 53916, Boulder CO 80322. Eight weeks are required for change of address. Please give both new address and old as printed on last label. First copy of a new subscription will be mailed within eight weeks after receipt of order. Manuscripts, drawings, and other material submitted must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. However, House & Garden is not responsible for loss, damage, or any other injury as to unsolicited manuscripts, unsolicited artwork (including but not limited to drawings, photographs, or transparencies), or any other unsolicited material.

Subscription inquiries: Please write to House & Garden, Box 53916, Boulder CO 80322 or call (800) 234-1520. Address all editorial, business, and production correspondence to House & Garden Magazine, 350 Madison Ave., New York NY 10017.

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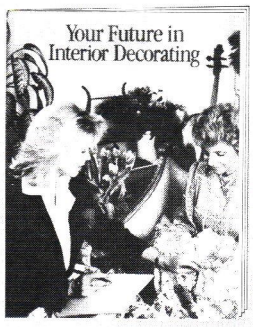

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Gandee AT LARGE

This is what Ralph Nader has to say about . . .

WHY WE DIDN'T HEAR MUCH ABOUT HIM IN THE EIGHTIES: "My work is trying to make the federal government work. When the Reagan administration shuts down de facto the auto safety agency, the Food and Drug Administration, the EPA, that should be news. But the media doesn't see that as news. If they issued a regulation, that would be something happening. If they deregulate, that's nothing happening. So we suffered."

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BUSH AND REAGAN: "Very little. Bush has a gall that Reagan never had. Bush can actually say, 'I'm the environment president, I'm the education president, I'm the transportation president,' and be no more of those than Reagan was."

THE CURRENT STATE OF AFFAIRS: "We are a crumbling society. And other countries are going to drag us down further because multinational corporations' allegiance is no longer to Hartford or Topeka. They'll go anywhere in the world where they can get a better profit. We can't compete with $27-a-week Mexican labor producing the same products that are being produced in Michigan."

COMMERCIALISM: "It only stimulates one value in the society—the acquisitive, materialistic, profit value. How about the justice value? The health value? The safety value? The heritage-for-future-generations value? The accountability-in-government value? The enforcement-of-consumer-environmental-worker-laws value?"

HEALTH HAZARDS IN THE HOME: "In terms of toxins, we've got chlordane—to deal with termites—which is now banned, but it's in nine million homes. Then there's asbestos. Then there's formaldehyde in pressed wood products. Then there's lead in drinking water and lead from lead-based paint on crumbling tenement walls."

SOCIAL IRONY: "Tobacco is killing 434,000 people in this country per year; drugs are killing about 8,000. One is legal, gets invited to the White House; the other is illegal."

TELEVISION: "Mostly it's low-grade sensuality. It shrivels the attention span. It heralds violence as a way to solve problems. It undermines parental discipline. Children are overwhelmed with video games, junk food, clothing styles. We get them all hyped up, after thirty hours of this a week, and then we deliver them to teachers and say, 'Develop their minds.' "

THE MEDIA: "I try to keep the focus on the work, and the media wants to focus on the boots that I wore at a congressional hearing."

DEMOCRACY: "The essence of democracy is not delegation. The essence of democracy is vigilance after delegation. We've got to get over this idea that we can go to the ballot box every two or four years and choose between Tweedledum and Tweedledee, both of whom are backed by the same monied interests, and say, 'That's all we have to do.' "

THE IDEA OF A CIVIC CULTURE: "Instead of simply voting and hoping for the best, there's a whole civic culture that can be developed. Not everybody is interested in everything. But there's something for everybody. Some people may want to have a tree policy in their community. This has ecological aspects, aesthetic aspects. It does something to the community's quality. Others may want to deal with tax reform, the schools. People who can't handle the big problems can go into the community with a smaller problem—save the library from being closed. Then, when they get more confident, they can go for the bigger issues in alliance with a lot of other people."

THE CONSEQUENCES OF INDIFFERENCE: "Look at the way we're living—poverty, misery, disease. That's the penalty, over decades, of civic inactivity. First it becomes neglect, then corruption, then rapaciousness, then implosion—like the South Bronx."

ACCOUNTABILITY: "If someone is spending twenty-two percent of your income, knocks on your door, and says, 'I'd like to increase your taxes and send your children off to war—see you later,' that better mean something to you. We have to monitor. Instead we've been drawn into a corporate, commercial, narcissistic culture which develops status symbols and incentives that completely absorb our waking hours. It's a collision of the corporate with the civic culture, and the future of society rests on how we resolve the collision."

THE TASK AT HAND: "We've got to spend more time building democracy. There's such an imbalance of power, so many have-nots: information have-nots, have-nots in wealth. And it's now coming home. You can see the decline in index after index—schooling, literacy, homelessness, disease, infrastructure."

THE POTENTIAL GOOD NEWS: "If you look at the scenario of optimism, there's a huge amount of wealth—public and private—and there's a huge amount of waste, a huge amount of unapplied science and technology. We know how to clean the air. We know how to clean the water. We know how to make our libraries sing again. We know all this."

WHY HE CARES ABOUT THESE THINGS: "Because it's what needs to be cared about. It's what life is all about—on earth, at least." **Charles Gandee**