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HG OCTOBER 1991

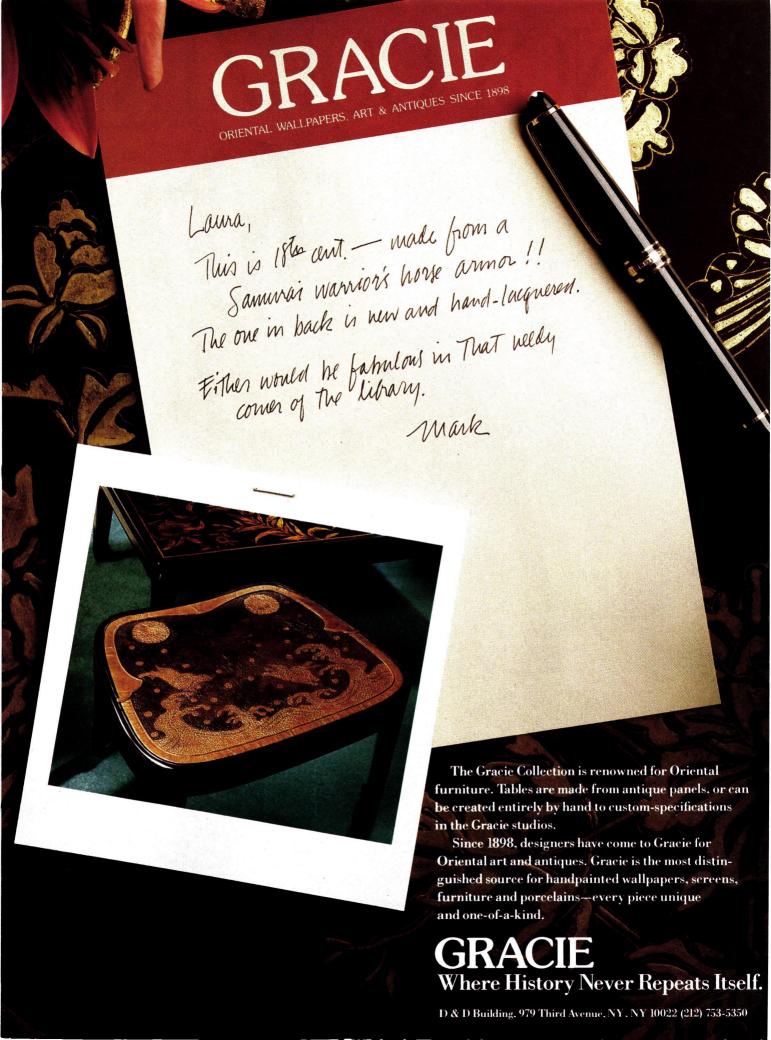


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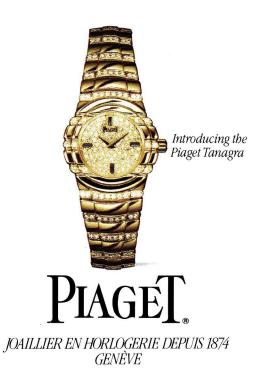
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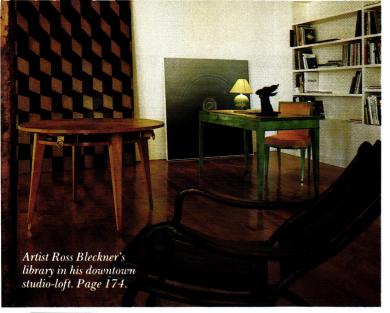


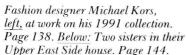
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A Manhattan rooftop garden, <u>below,</u> by Perry Guillot. Page 182.





cover European antiques conjure up old-world elegance in the living room of two New York decorators. Page 196. Photograph by Michael Mundy.

HOUSE & GARDEN OCTOBER 1991 Volume 163, Number 10



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Beaux-Arts Downtown by Roxana Robinson **130**At the intersection of classical and modern architecture, Thierry Despont makes himself at home

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Exploring Space *by Charles Gandee* **150**Architects Tod Williams and Billie Tsien chart their course with laserlike precision

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Collectors' Maisonette by Mark Hampton **164**The designer offers an inside look at decorating for the connoisseur

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Light Motifs by Heather Smith MacIsaac **174**Ross Bleckner fills his downtown loft building with the same radiance that pervades his canvases

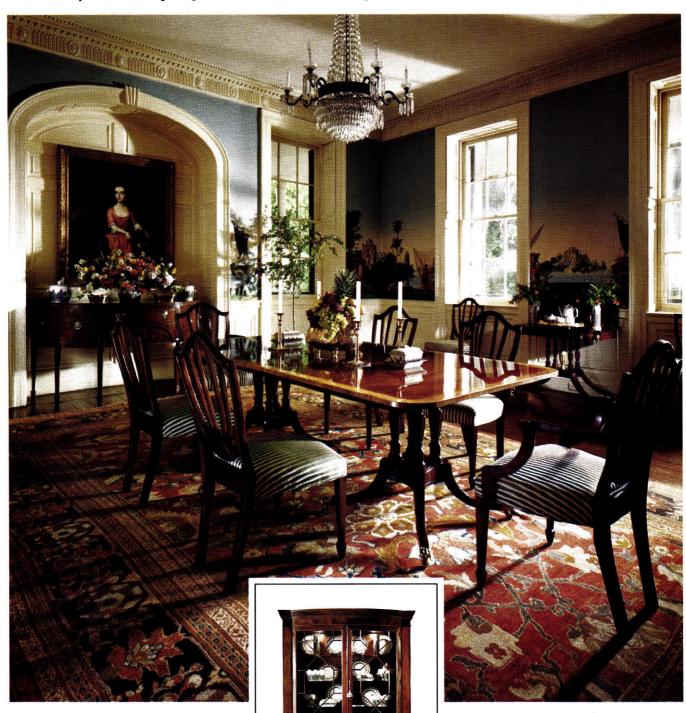
Up on the Roof *by Linda Yang* **182** Four terrace gardens display the rewards of horticulture on high

To the Carriage Trade by Amy Fine Collins **188** Charlotte Moss sells the elegant necessities of the life she lives

Above and Beyond the City by Charles Gandee **196** Within their East Side penthouse, Stephen Sills and James Huniford survey a world of refinement

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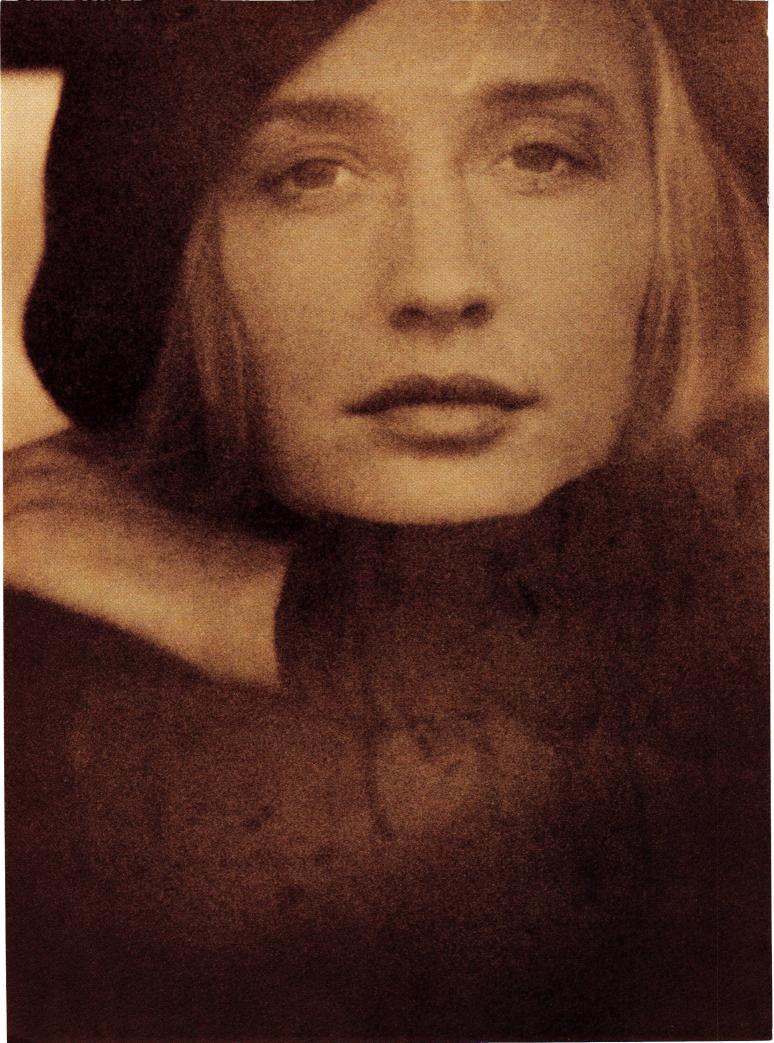
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An office as decorative folly allows two
young designers to strut their stuff

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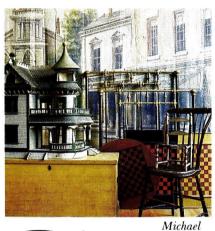
Gandee at Large by Charles Gandee 222 Sister Joan Kirby in Hell's Kitchen



OCTOBER



A Manhattan decorators' office serves as a design laboratory, <u>above</u>. Page 207. <u>Left</u>: Antipasti as counter food at Trattoria dell'Arte. Page 84.



Lies

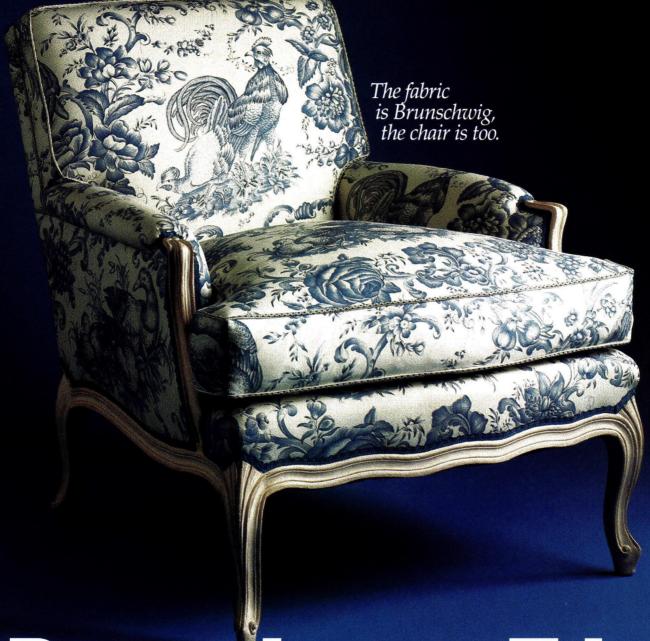
Connors's SoHo loft: a secret source for antiques. Page 120.

Ludwig Bemelmans's sketch of New York City. Page 90.

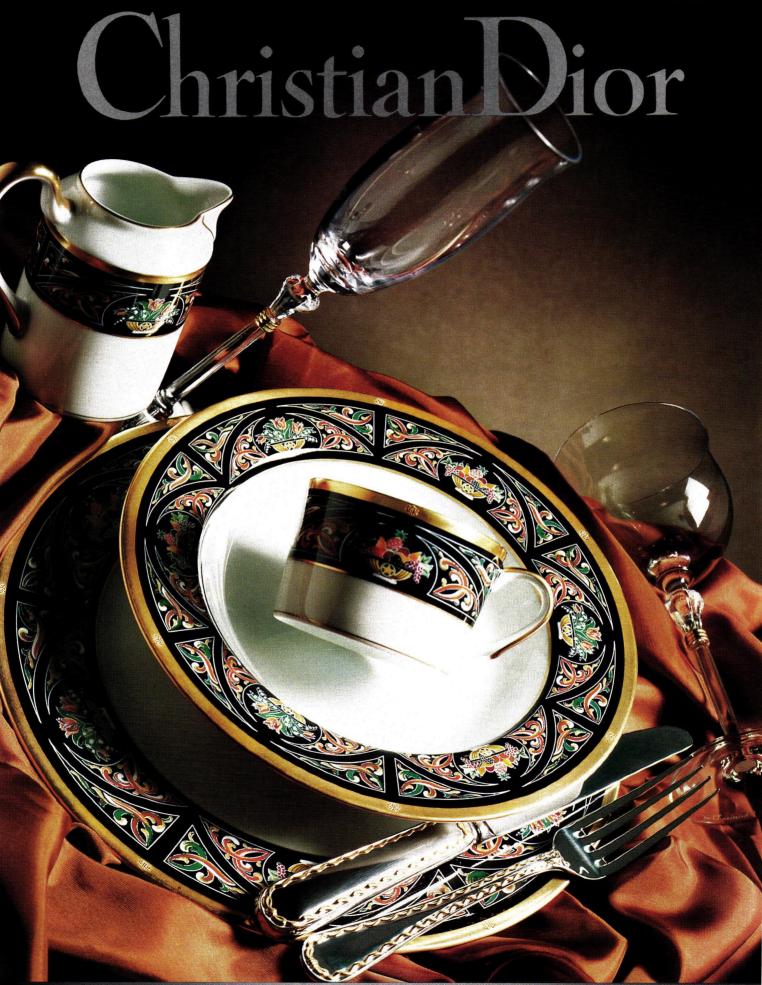








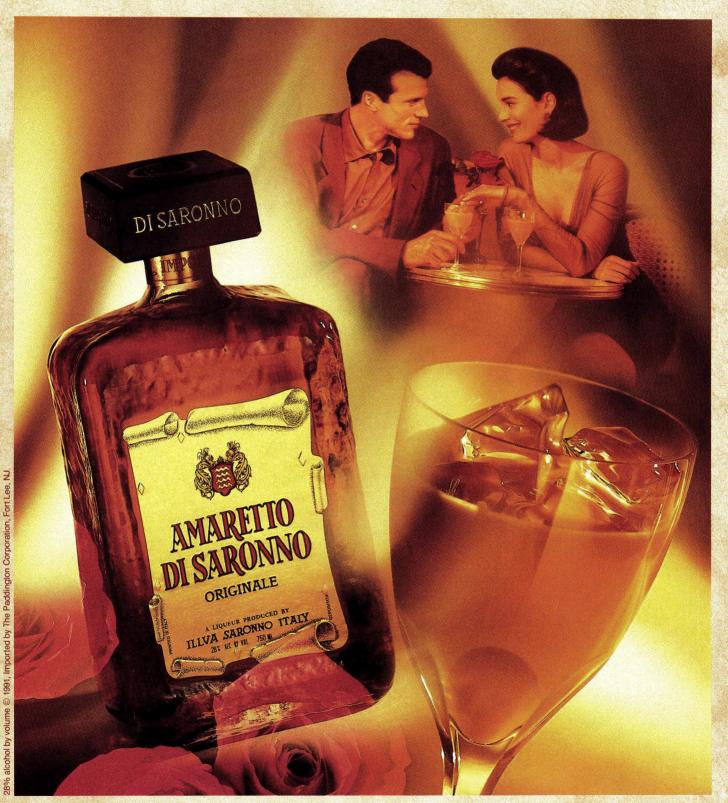
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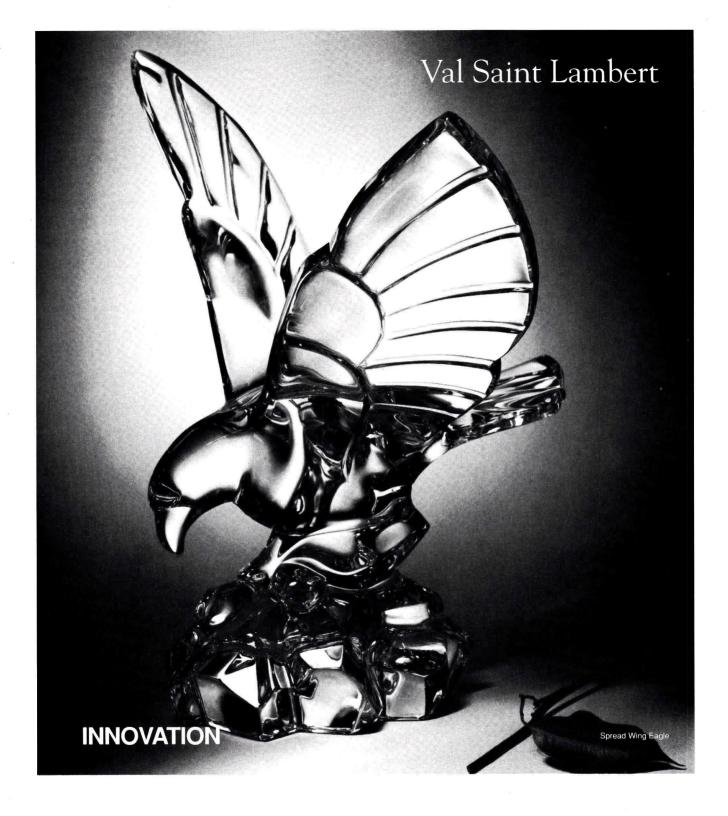
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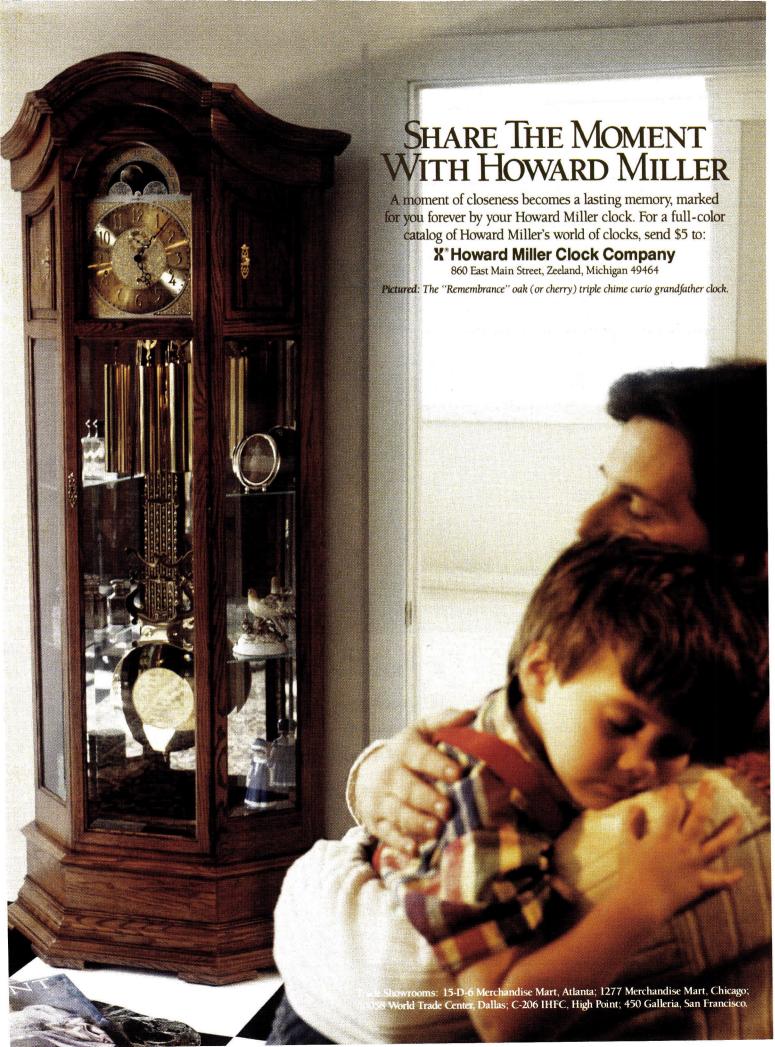
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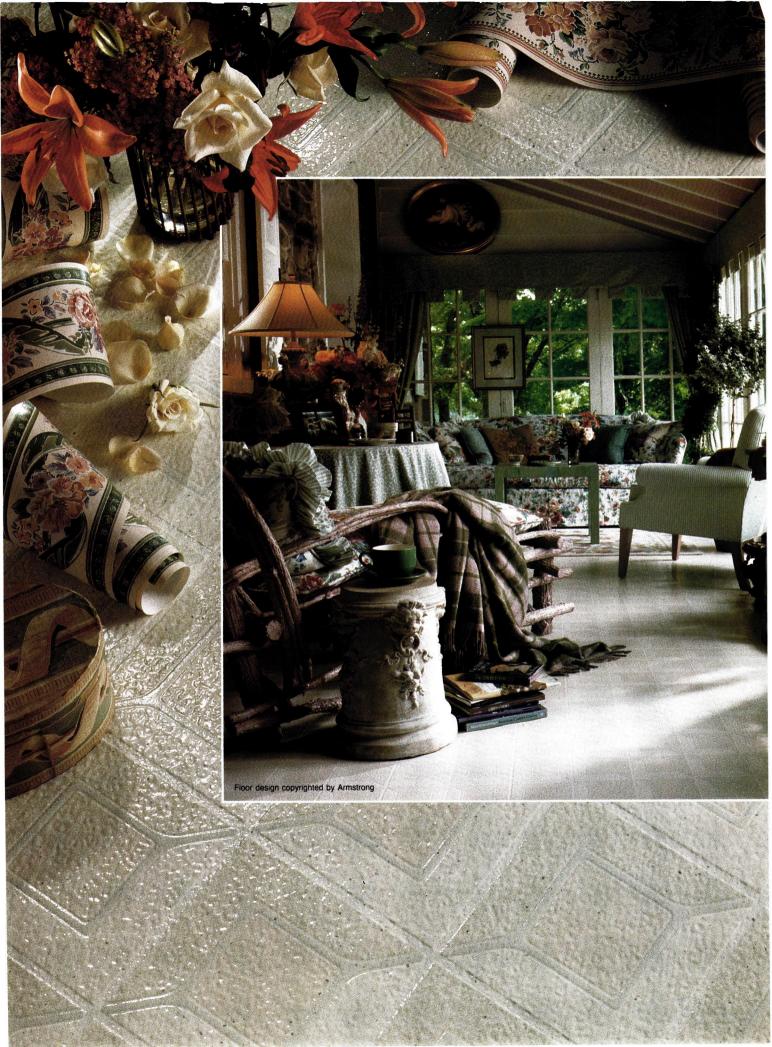


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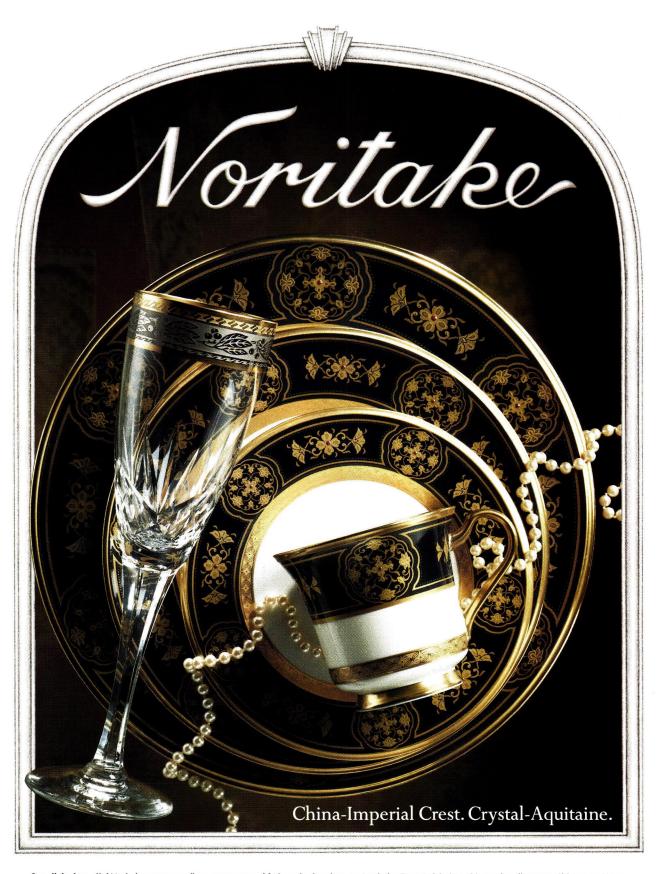
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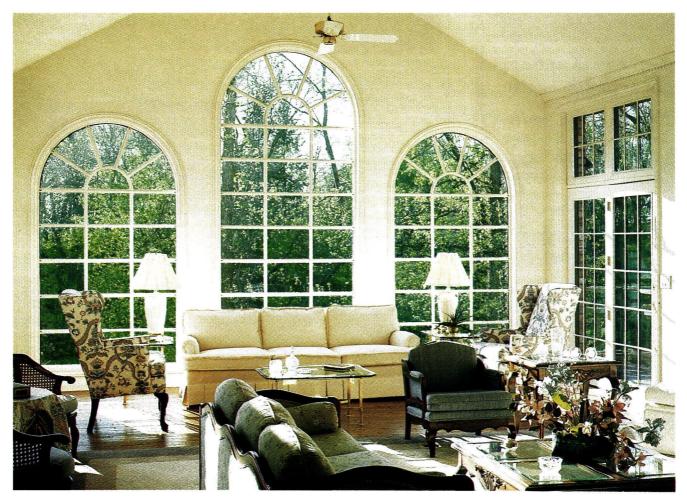
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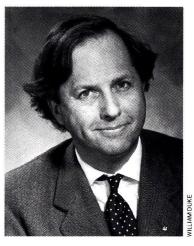


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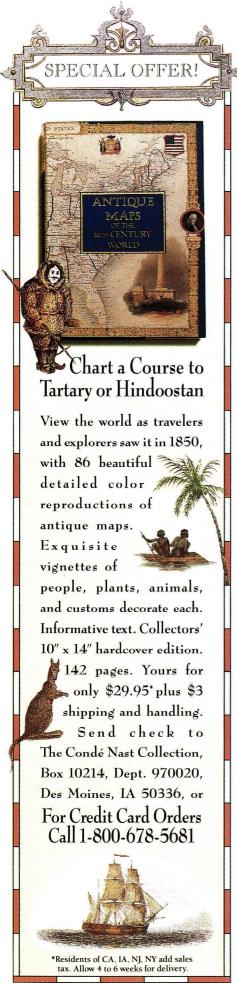
Linda Yang takes stock of four approaches to urban horticulture in her story on rooftop gardens. Author of The City Gardener's Handbook: From Balcony to Backyard and a garden writer for The New York Times, Yang developed her green thumb after getting an architecture degree. "Although I never lost my architectural viewpoint in terms of organizing space and horizontal and vertical elements, I became addicted to gardening and am very much a plant person. Gardening is one of the things that makes New York City bearable."

Graydon Carter juggles radically different decorating attitudes when he looks at the lofts of magician Penn Jillette and his fire-eating companion, model Carol Perkins. Former editor of Spy, Carter edits The New York Observer and is a contributing editor of Vogue. His book about aerial photographer Alfred Buckham will be published next year by Knopf.





Roxana Robinson is the author of Georgia O'Keeffe: A Life and the short story collection A Glimpse of Scarlet. She explores the sophisticated downtown Manhattan apartment of architect Thierry Despont. "Despont's work is inventive and exuberant but rooted in classicism. Glimmers of his refined wit surface throughout."





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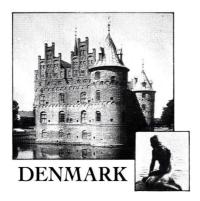
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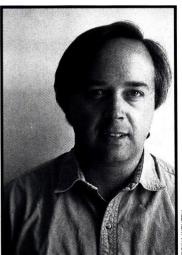
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Contributors Notes



Denise Martin (seen here in her lower Manhattan rooftop garden, which she says "only a mother could love") just joined HG as a features editor. Previously executive editor of The American Lawyer, Martin says she's edited "so many miles of copy, I even read my mail with a pencil in hand." This month's report on the National Audubon Society's headquarters is part of a series of "Environment" columns Martin is developing.

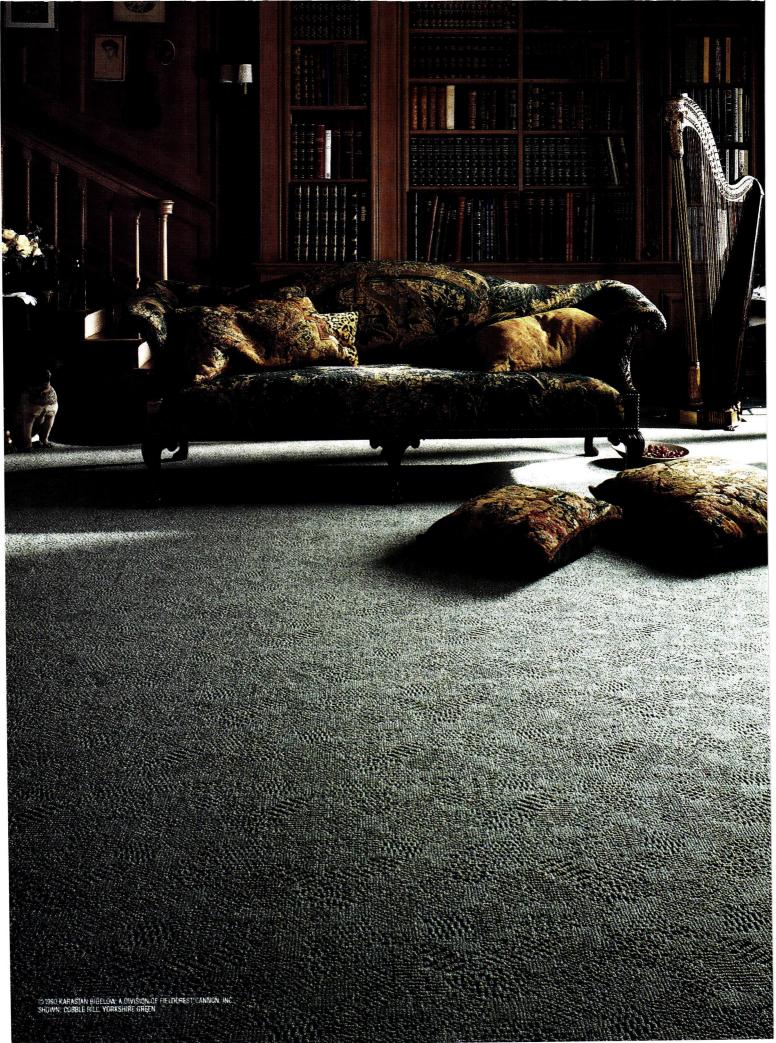


Verlyn Klinkenborg, author of The Last Fine Time and Making Hay, is a Briggs-Copeland assistant professor of English at Harvard. For HG he looks at the life of Belle da Costa Greene, the first director of the Pierpont Morgan Library. "My curiosity began when I saw a drawing of her in the Morgan library, where I once worked. She was a groundbreaking figure—a flamboyant and innovative woman who left her mark."



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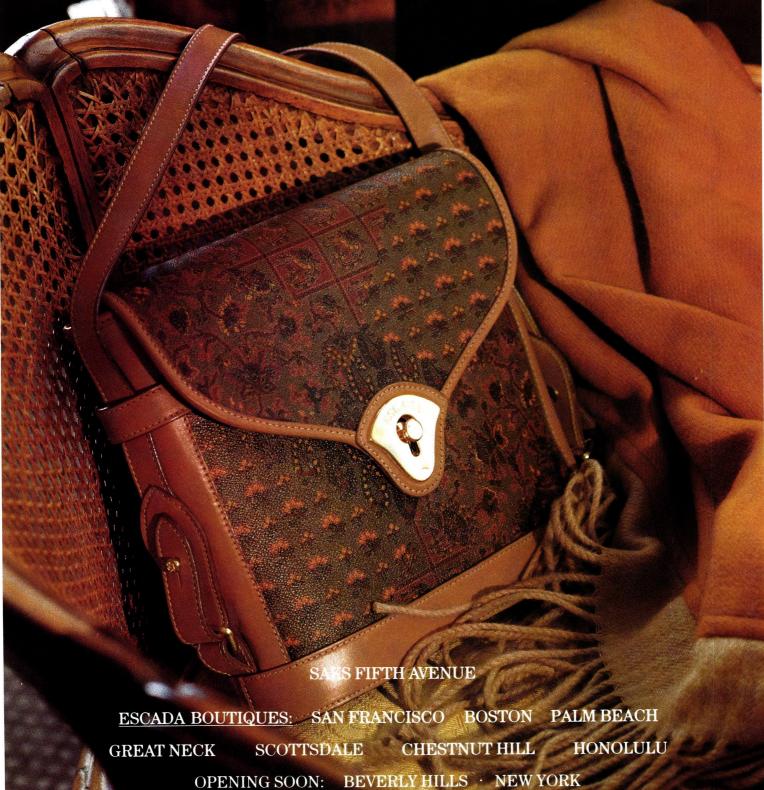


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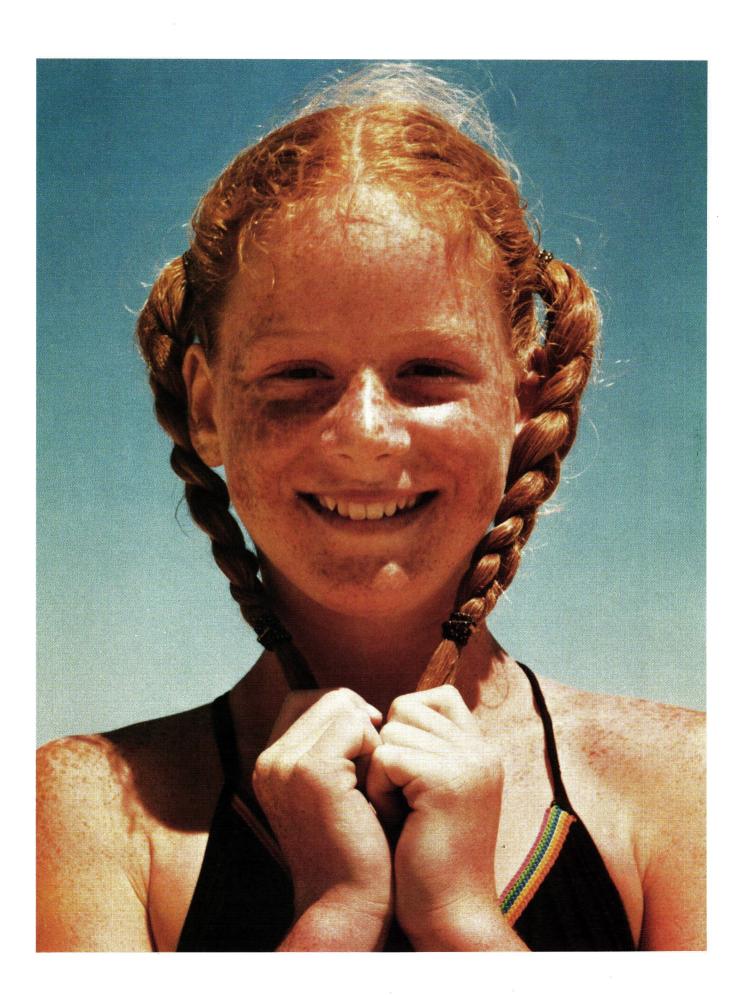
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HG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY By Eric Berthold

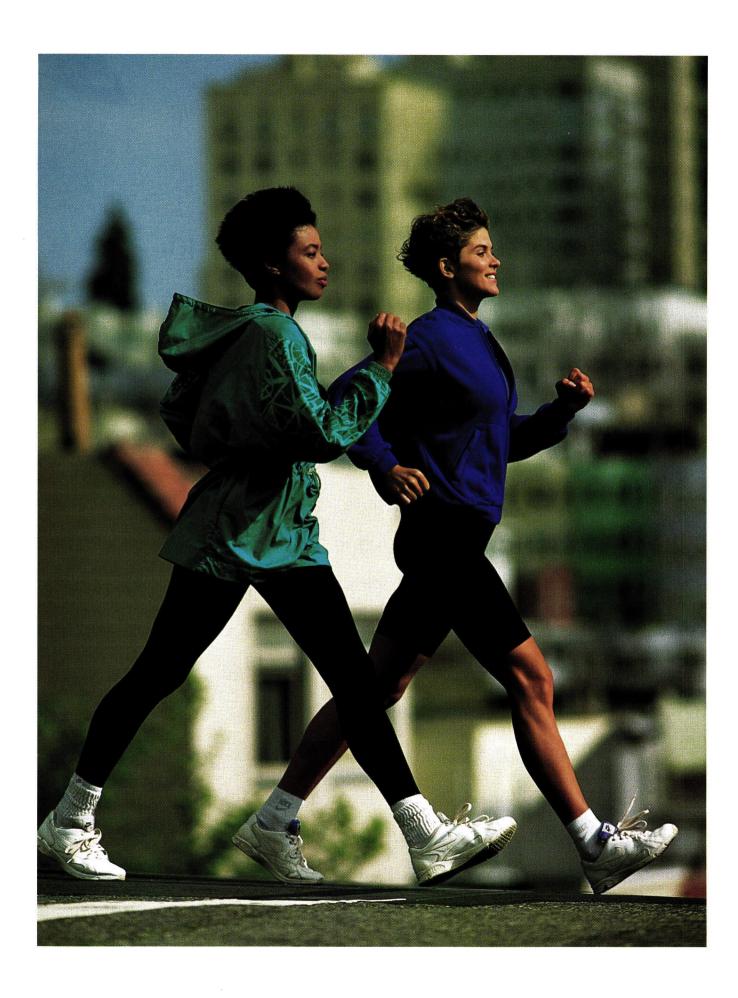


"Real gardeners" are the latest targets of New York decorator Bunny Williams and decorative arts maven John Rosselli, who have teamed up to open Treillage, a shop debuting this month. Longtime friends and horticulturists, the two have been collecting antique garden furniture and ornaments for quite some time. "Then," recalls Williams, "while standing amidst stacks of pots, wattle fencing, and unusual furniture at London's Chelsea Flower Show, we made an instantaneous decision to launch this venture." (Treillage, 418–420 East 75 St., New York, NY 10021; 212-535-2288)





THIS IS A PICTURE OF A 40-YEAR OLD WOMAN, OR PER-HAPS JUST A PICTURE OF THE WAY A 40-YEAR OLD WOMAN FEELS. SHE IS A WOMAN WHO DOES NOT FEEL HER AGE, OR THINK HER AGE, OR ACT HOWEVER IT IS HER AGE IS SUPPOSED TO ACT. IF AGES ARE TO BE BE-LIEVED, WE GROW OLD FROM THE MOMENT WE ARE BORN. IF AGES ARE TO BE BELIEVED, WE STOP BEFORE EXPERIENCE TEACHES US TO START. IF YOU BELIEVE YOUR AGE, YOU MIGHT NOT CLIMB WHATEVER HILLS YOU ARE SUPPOSEDLY OVER. IF YOU BELIEVE 25 OR 30 OR 48 OR 62, YOU MIGHT BELIEVE IT IS TIME TO STOP. WHEN YOU ARE REALLY JUST BEGINNING TO GO.



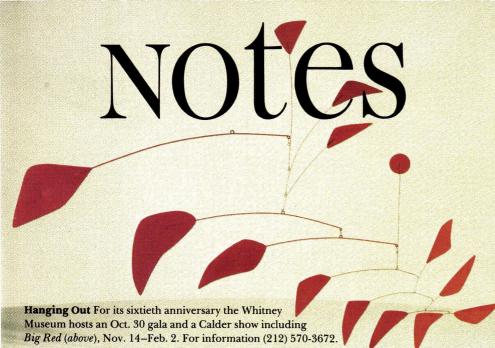


IF YOU ARE LUCKY, YOU LEARN TO WALK FROM ALMOST THE MOMENT YOU ARE BORN.
IF YOU ARE LUCKY, YOU HAVE FEET AND YOU USE THEM, AND IF YOU ARE SMART YOU HAVE SHOES TO MOVE YOU ALONG. SHOES LIKE THE AIR PROGRESS FROM NIKE, SHOES WITH



THE SUPERIOR CUSHIONING OF NIKE-AIR,
SHOES THAT ARE

COMFORTABLE, SHOES THAT ACTUALLY FIT. IF YOU ARE LUCKY, YOU WALK AS LONG AS YOU CAN, AS WELL AS YOU CAN, FOR AS FAR AS YOU WANT TO GO. AND THEN IF ANYONE SAYS YOU'RE OVER THE HILL, YOU CAN TELL THEM YOU WALKED EVERY STEP OF THE WAY.

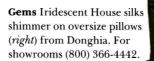


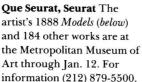
Petite Panels

Lee Grimsbo's folding screen (below), 28 inches tall, \$225, shows off small prints. At William-Wayne, 324 East 9th St., NYC (212) 477-3182.



Encore Aubusson carpet design from Musée des Arts Décoratifs re-created in needlepoint (above), from Sonia Chapell, NYC (212) 744-7872.





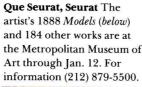


Wirework Iron garden urn (above), \$650, from Dampierre & Co., 79 Greene St., NYC (212) 966-5474.



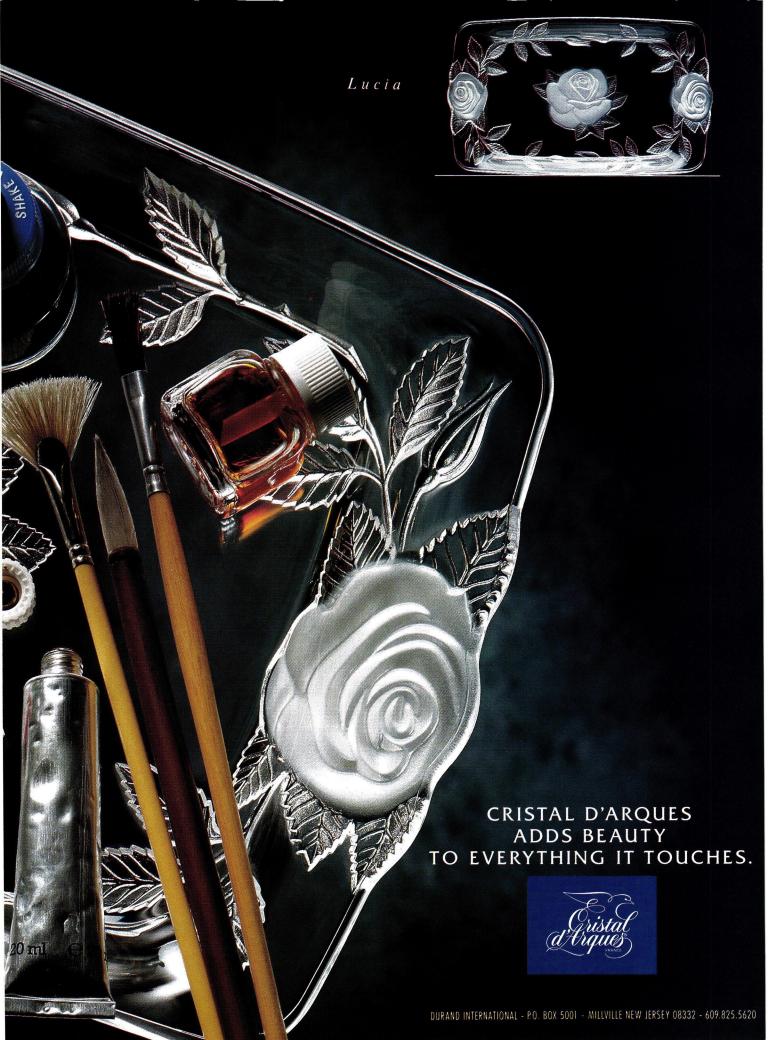
SHOWHOUSE

French decorators put their stamp on the mansion at 603 Park Ave., Oct. 17-Nov. 17, to benefit the American Hospital of Paris. For information (212) 838-0157.









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Room with a View

Watercolor of the Château de Groussay library (*left*) is among the interior renderings on view Oct. 29–Nov. 15 at Slatkin & Co., 131 East 70th St., NYC (212) 794-1661.



Paper Furniture Kentshire Galleries shows an antique papier-mâché box (above) and other examples of the art at New York's Bergdorf Goodman, Oct. 15–Nov. 12. Call (212) 673-6644.

Commedia dell'Arte

Sterling
Pulcinella
(left) makes
an appearance
on tables and
desks. Buccellati,
46 East 57th St.,
NYC (212)

308-2900.

Decked Out Cruiseworthy mahogany chair (left), \$1,600, at Katie Ridder Home Furnishings, 944 Lexington Ave., NYC (212) 861-2345.

A Cut Above Découpage master Pablo Manzoni creates platters (above), plates, and bowls to order. Call

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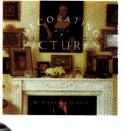


Handblown glass canisters (above) are filled with sweets at Black Hound. For stores (212) 979-9505.

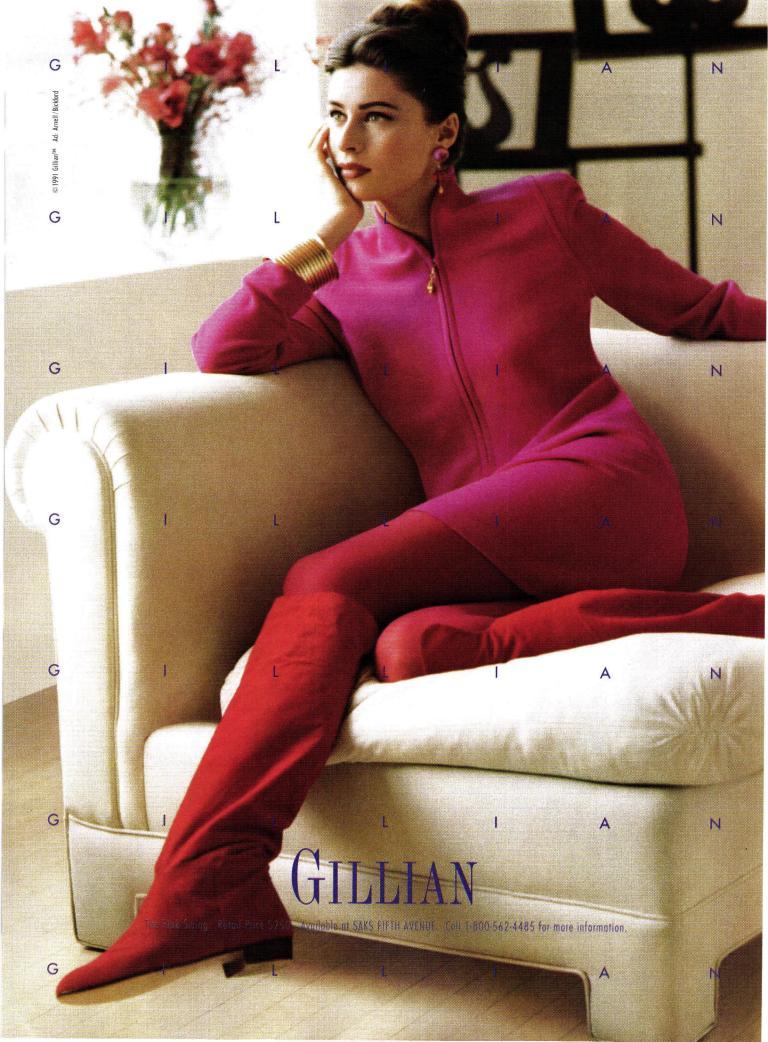


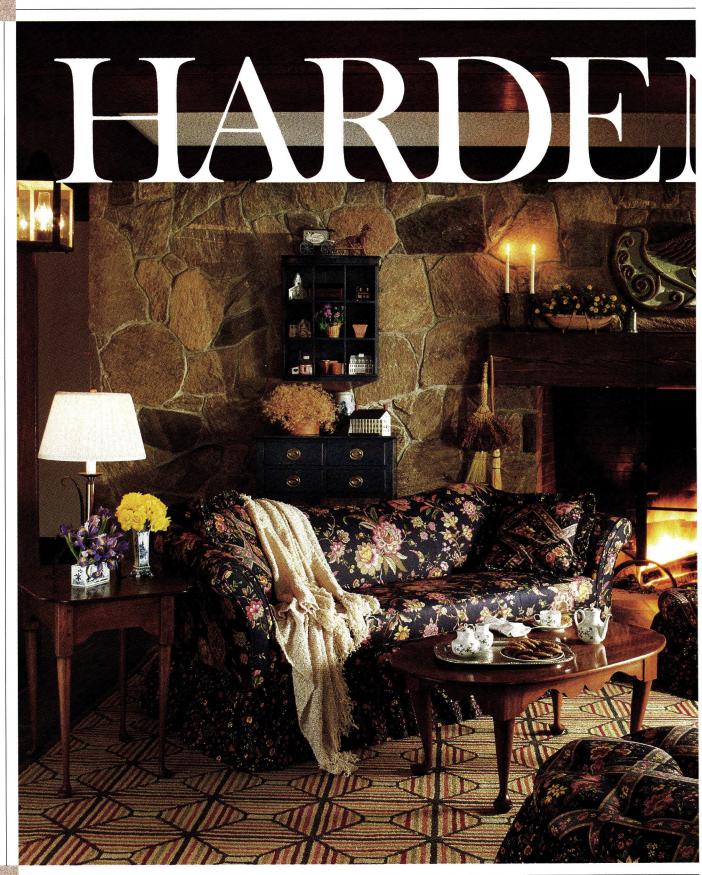
Drift into fall with Decorating with Pictures by Stephanie Hoppen (Clarkson Potter, \$40); Passage by Irving Penn (Knopf, \$100); and Fornasetti (Bulfinch, \$85) by Patrick Mauriès.







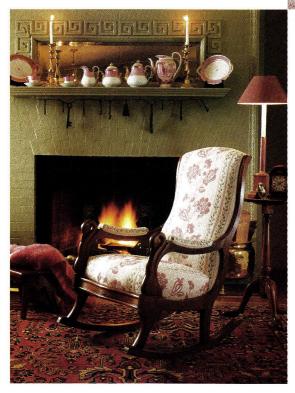




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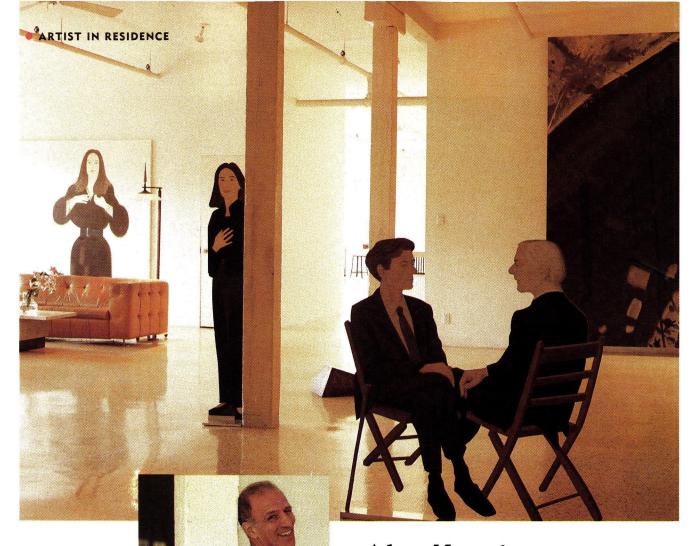
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Alex Katz in his studio, right. Above: A space off the living room is inhabited by the artist's aluminum cutouts of his wife, Ada, and friends Rudy **Burckhardt and Edwin** Denby. In the background is Katz's Maria, 1989. A sculpture by Joel Shapiro lies unobtrusively on the polyurethaned floor. Below right: Coffee cans double as paintbrush holders.

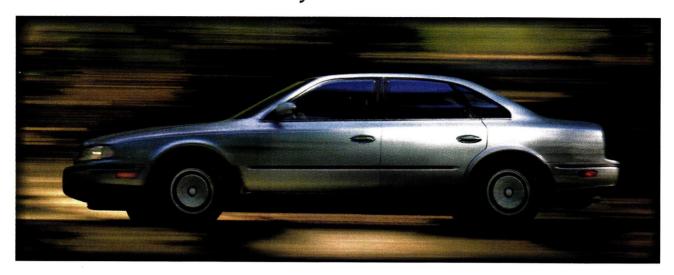


The painter's son portrays life in the family loft By Vincent Katz

then. There was a bodega on one corner, a greasy spoon on the other, and not a boutique in sight. West Broadway looked like Crosby Street does today, lined with old warehouses and factories. My father, Alex, chose his loft because of the light, which floods through the west windows in the afternoon. "But I was wary of SoHo," he says. "It was like a ghetto—Hell's Hundred Acres. We were living illegally in a commercial space, and the police could round you up easily there."

Before SoHo we lived in a loft on Fifth Avenue opposite the Flatiron Building, so we were familiar with the effort of converting an industrial space into a living space, all but forgotten in these days of designer lofts and loftettes. My mother, Ada, describes the SoHo interior before it was redone: "It had been a silk screen fabric factory. There were worktables nailed to the floor and

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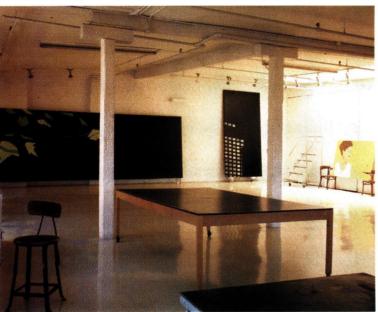
Infiniti has always considered luxury to be an experience, something more than the mere presence of fine grain leather. In the case of the Q45, it is the luxury of an exhilarating drive. To arrange a guest drive, please call 1-800-826-6500.







A portrait of the artist's mother and a Kirchner nude hang over a Victorian chest in the bathroom, left. Far left: Katz's Swamp Maple, 4:30. 1968, looms behind the loft's dining area. Below left: Light blazes through the studio skylight. Below: In the living room a marble-topped coffee table is surrounded by two sofas, one upholstered in beaver and mohair, the other covered in leather.



The loft is sparsely furnished, but what is there is far from minimal

lumps of glue and pigment everywhere. The bathroom was the same size as now—quite large—but with stalls." We moved in after only six weeks of renovation so my father could get back to work as quickly as possible.

The loft is divided between studio and living quarters, with floors throughout covered in a seamless coat of polyurethane. Although there are few dividing walls, spaces are clearly defined. My parents' decorative style is minimal, but their taste is kinky. What I mean is their loft is sparsely furnished, but what is there is far from minimal.

Above the rectilinear kitchen cupboard, a starkly beautiful colonial piece from Maine, stand several small metal cutouts. The poet John Ashbery perches there, along with French journalist Pierre Martory, my mother, and myself. Behind the dining table, *Swamp Maple*, 4:30 resides in its place of privilege. In the living room sits a

low coffee table made of a marble slab, and two sofas—one upholstered in beaver and mohair, the other in leather—face a set of chrome kitchen chairs.

My old bedroom is also anything but minimal. When my mother visited me after I went away to college, she asked if they could paint my room, still plastered with the Beatles and Walt Frazier posters of my childhood. I agreed, only if it could be done in the style of Henri Rousseau, thinking, of course, that this would preclude its being painted. When I returned home, I was surprised to find the "Rousseau" almost completed. Assistants had painted the majority of the mural with Alex contributing animals and figures. The ceiling is a black sky spiked with faintly twinkling stars, and suspended from the center is a wooden kayak by Rafael Ferrer. It's a magical room.

Artwork adorns the loft with natural grace. A thick-lined Matisse print of a young boy looms large, while two Degas monotypes can go unnoticed. A small Enzo Cucchi drawing grabs one's attention in the living room. Near the elevator, prints by Max Beckmann and Ernst Ludwig Kirchner create the feeling of an antechamber. Katzes hanging in the living area are rotated according to taste and availability. Some, like *Walk*, a painting of my parents and me (at age ten), are perennial favorites.

The studio is notoriously spotless—not a drop of paint on the floor. You feel you're in a club—someplace elegant. I have always enjoyed watching the intersection below from the corner windows. Alex's environment has



Cavinklan

PERFUNE

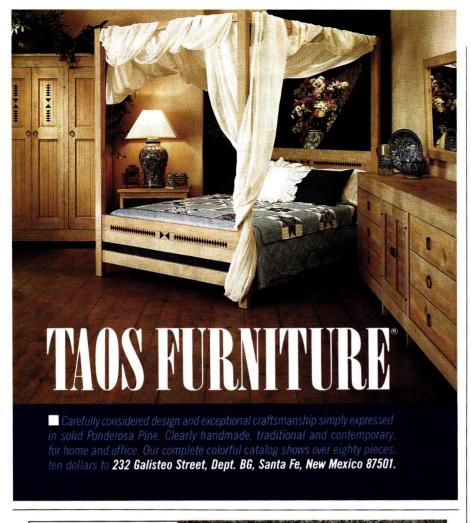
ARTIST IN RESIDENCE

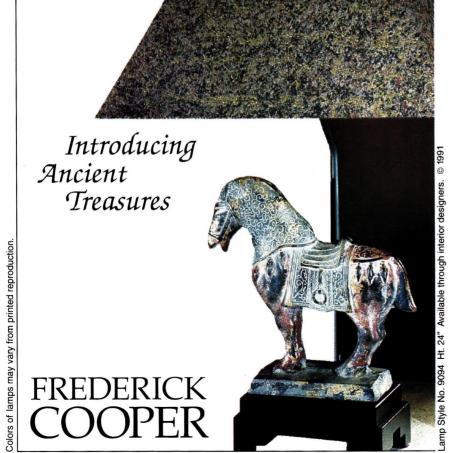
always inspired his work, and lately, more than ever, he's been painting what he sees out of these windows—massive buildings, dark nights, orange mists.

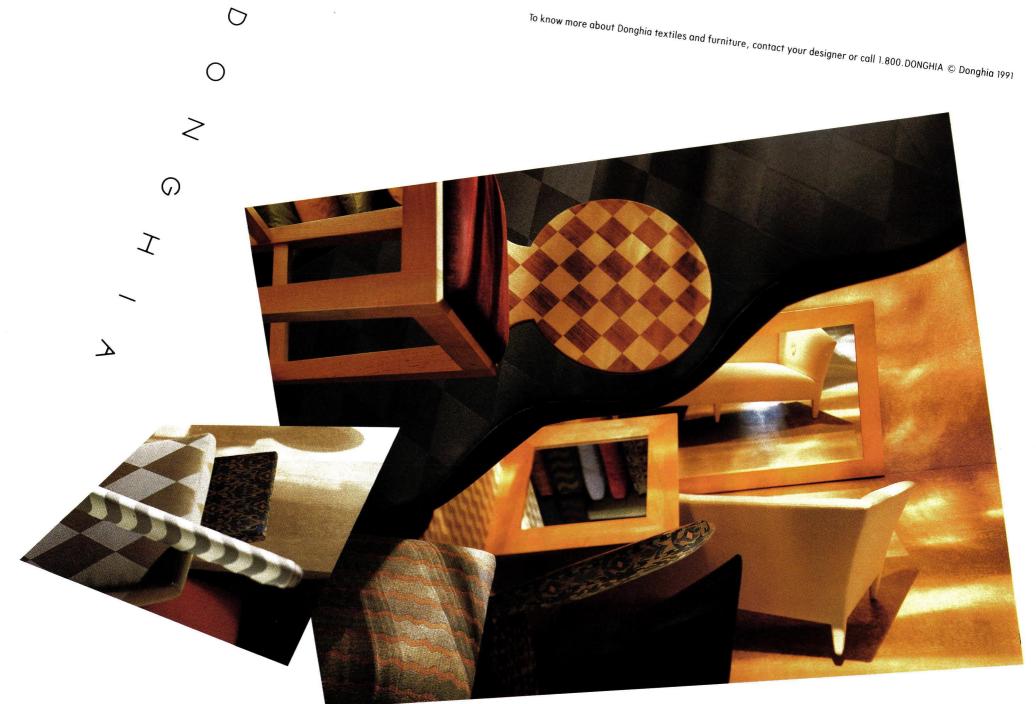
Alex starts his morning around eight with a run, breakfast, and the paper. Then he moves on to the studio for what amounts to an eighthour workday. This is pretty much the plan, 365 days a year. During summers in Maine the routine is simply transported. Even when he travels, it is usually in conjunction with work, whether he's collaborating with printmakers in Japan or overseeing an exhibition of his paintings in Italy. For the past ten years or so, my mother has been occupied by the Eye and Ear Theater, a company she founded, which has put on many fascinating productions of plays by poets with sets by well-known artists.

I grew up surrounded by art and poetry, part of a creative milieu. One of my biggest pleasures as a child was going to art openings. I loved to watch everyone as they moved about the gallery, drinking and talking. Sometimes I would sit alone in a back room and try to imitate the sound of so many people speaking at one time. Once, at a party in our loft, to our dismay, the poet Ted Berrigan signed what he thought was a wood scrap on the wall. Alex quickly cleaned off the sculpture by Joel Shapiro.

SoHo has changed immensely from the time it was considered a "ghetto." "The neighborhood was very dirty when we moved in," recalls Ada, "but not from people coming to promenade. The streets were littered with trash from paper factories, remnants of fabric-a lot of that kind of refuse." Views on So-Ho's metamorphosis vary in my family. "I prefer SoHo as it is now," states Alex. "Everything you need for a civilized life is within two blocks-a cinema, record stores, galleries." Ada has some reservations. "It's still very pleasant on weekdays. There is an interesting mix of people. I just don't like the increased density on weekends." I, too, remember the old days with a certain longing.









DEALER'S EYE

Rogue Antiquaire Hervé Aaron creates a rich legacy

all his own within a family tradition By Catherine Barnett

t was almost inevitable that Hervé Aaron would end up in the antiques business: his grandmother imported Chinese objects to France and his father, Didier Aaron, has specialized in classic French furniture for over forty years, enlarging the collections of Hubert de Givenchy, Yves Saint Laurent, and the president of the Ivory Coast along the way. "Hervé grew up in between his father's legs and the legs of a Louis XVI bergère," says Katell le Bourhis, a curator at the Metropolitan Museum's Costume Institute. "With his big smile, curly hair, and little round glasses he's been a fixture at every important auction since he was a kid." Along the way he's also earned himself a reputation as

one of the most astute and adverturous forces in the trade.

In the early seventies, for example, when he was twenty-two and still working in his father's gallery in Paris, Hervé put on a show of American quilts. He sold one quilt-out of forty-one. "I can promise you that was very avant-garde," he says. Four years later, after earning degrees in art history and business, he packed up several containerloads of prize French furniture and set out for New York, where he transformed an East 67th Street town house into a branch of Didier Aaron. For the opening he unveiled a ten-foot-high silver and wood horse-drawn carriage that Salvador Dali had seen-and

eteenth-century English on's oak daybed.

lusted after—in the Paris gallery. He soon realized, however, that it would be impossible to survive in New York selling only eighteenth-century rarities. "It's too expensive," he says. "French furniture just doesn't correspond



Hervé Aaron, <u>above</u>, divides his gallery between classic French designs, <u>left</u>, and pieces of less familiar periods and provenance. <u>Above left</u>: A Chinese cloisonné bronze vase on an English inlaid marble tabletop, c. 1820. <u>Top</u>: Nineteenth-century English furniture, including Tennyson's oak daybed.



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to a society that lives in sneakers." That economic reality gave Hervé the liberty to follow his roaming eye and experiment.

He resuscitated art deco when almost no one else was interested: eight years ago he organized a groundbreaking show of American Victorian furniture; and he bought Biedermeier long before it became a decorating world staple. Now he's zeroing in on nineteenth-century England—the bold carving and exaggerated forms of William IV furniture, the wit of the Renaissance and Gothic revivals, and the natural-

Flemish master Jan Fyt's still life, c. 1650, above, looms over a William IV mahogany dining table with a Régence centerpiece and Darte Frères urns Russian. Below: Birds and insects on an 18th-century German vase with ormolu mounts

ism of the arts and crafts movement. "He's always blazing trails," says New York dealer Tony Victoria. "It's courageous The granite urns are because you also have to eat. Hervé dares to strike out on his own. He's hot-blooded."



"I want to rehabilitate movements that haven't been praised by the public but that appeal to me," explains Hervé. "I don't believe one rediscovers anything, but I try to revive styles of furniture that have been put in the closet." Celebrated by his clients and colleagues as a trendsetter, Hervé is quick to deflect the tag. "I understand what is in the nature of society,

in the mood of the can tell you that interior design will become lighter, looser, with more whites, more natural colors. But antiques are not like fashion. I hate the notion of fashion in antiques. If I put on an exhibition of Biedermeier furni-

ture and two years later the trend ends, I don't stop buying it."

Although there's little overlap these days between the Paris and New York galleries, Hervé and his father see each other every month and review each other's purchases. (They've even been known to covet the same objects. Not until the hammer fell at a recent Christie's sale did Didier Aaron realize he'd been bidding-unsuccessfully-against his own son.) Walking around his town house, where clients like Oscar de la Renta, Ralph Lauren, and decorator Robert Currie are likely to be found inspecting chair legs and testing fauteuils, Hervé points to some favorite acquisitions: the heavy oak daybed on which Tennyson once composed poetry, a Gothic revival rosewood center table, and a suite of dining furniture made at the turn of the century by Scottish architect Sir Robert Lorimer. He lets out a low chuckle. "This," he says, "is very far from what people expect from the son of Didier Aaron. My father doesn't even like the nineteenth century."

Hervé's father isn't shocked by what he finds in the New York gallery. Browsing on the second floor not long ago, decorator Juan Pablo Molyneux came upon an extravagant neo-Gothic table. "At first I smiled with ignorance," he

says. "Then I smiled with fear. Then suddenly I loved it."

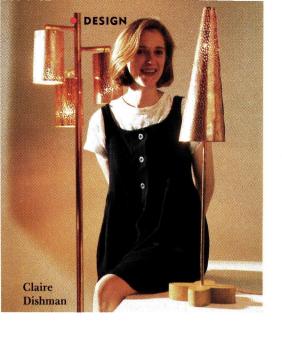
Nonchalant about his success and ever wary of "becoming prisoner to one field," Hervé escapes downtown to a studio to paint, and he writes poetry by night. He also avoids bringing his gallery home with him-he collects only one thing, raw chunks of crystal. Still, those with more acquisitive leanings consider him a sort of guru. "If you have experimental and young and modern thoughts about what interiors should be," says Robert Currie, "and if you also have a great respect for tradition, you go to Hervé." (Didier Aaron, 32 East 67 St., New York, NY 10021; 212-988-5248, fax 212-737-3513) **△**

BY MARGARETHA LEY



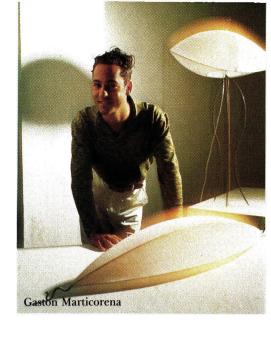
ACCESSOIRES DU BAIN

Saks Lifth Cenue



Local Luminaries

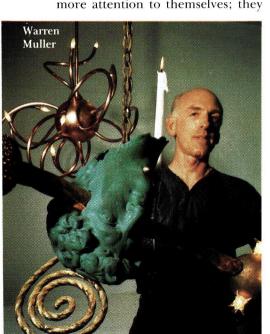
Four designers
shed new light on
city living
By Elaine Hunt



hile architectural lighting transforms the Manhattan skyline, inside the city's apartments and houses four designers are transforming rooms with handwrought lamps that do more than illuminate.

"My criterion for a design is the effect it has on a room," says Claire Dishman, who drills holes in the copper shades of her floor and table lamps to produce showers of light that play on the walls and ceiling. It was on the advice of a psychic that Dishman, then a film editor in Los Angeles, bought a sheet of metal and started pounding out forms five years ago. She has since changed coasts and careers. "I want my work to do something," she says, "and lamps turn on."

Warren Muller's creations call more attention to themselves; they





Dishman's perforated copper shades sparkle with light, top left.

Above and top right: Marticorena wraps steel rods in rice paper.

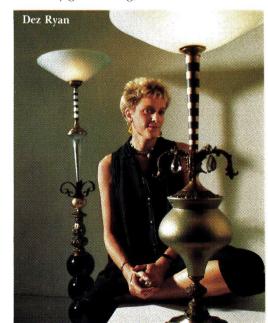
Below right: Ryan's assemblages are both emblematic and functional. Below left: Muller uses a classical image in one piece and common copper tubing in another.

Details see Resources.

are as much art objects as light sources. When he throws a switch for his Upside David chandelier, light envelops a cast of the head of Michelangelo's statue. "I like using classical images, something strong and identifiable, extruding its parts and creating a new context that's surprising and playful," Muller says. He compares his experiments with candles and star-shaped bulbs to his improvisations as a dancer. His career on the stage—and behind it, handling lights and special effects—is reflected in the theatricality of his lamps.

Dez Ryan's lamp assemblages evolved from her totemic sculptures: they are all tall, shapely, and emblematic. "Sometimes when I have a lot of lamps in my studio, I feel as if I'm in a room full of people," she confides. Ryan haunts flea markets and secondhand shops for old lamp bases, bits of crystal from chandeliers, discarded banisters, even fire hose nozzles. "I love taking something as traditional as a lamp and making it a little wacky," she says.

The youngest of the four, Gaston Marticorena also talks about his lamps as beings. "I like them to look alive," he says of the pale glowing shades resting on thin arched legs or small pointed feet. "These look as if they're running." Marticorena forges steel rods into sinuous curves, then wraps them in delicate skins of rice paper. His lamps seem to have auras of their own; the shades diffuse rather than direct light, casting ghostlike shadows on walls. "They give off light," Marticorena says, "but they give feeling, too."



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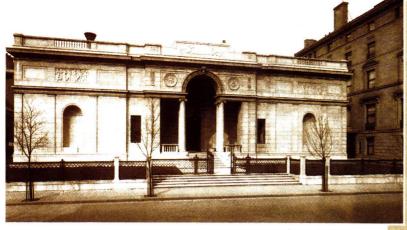
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the Berthold

by Greene in

1926. Below:

J. P. Morgan Jr.

in 1924, after

presenting the library to

the public.

Sacramentary,

above, acquired

Belle da Costa Greene, right, by Paul-César Helleu, 1913. Above: The Pierpont Morgan Library, 1907.

Belle of the Morgan Library

Belle da Costa Greene searched the world to fill her patron's treasure house By Verlyn Klinkenborg

hen J. Pierpont Morgan died in March 1913, his library—a McKim, Mead, & White building on East 36th Street in Manhattan-was less than seven years old. For those seven years, it had been wholly private, a sanctuary for Morgan, his books and illuminated manuscripts, and his vivid librarian, Belle da Costa Greene. The public had been confined to the sidewalk outside where the only splendor they could see was the architectural glory of the building itself. What they imagined of the days spent within that building and of the riches in its vault one can only guess.

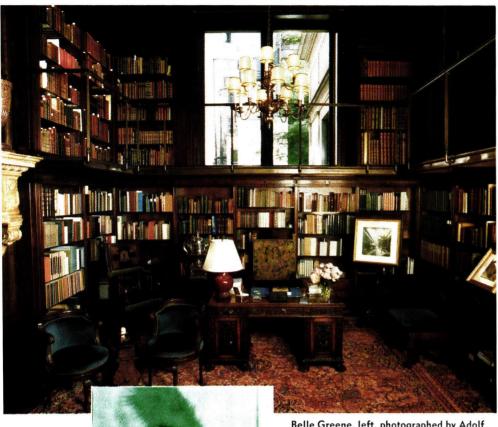
In 1924 the library was incorporated as a public institution and a memorial to Morgan, the deed of trust stipulating that the "Pierpont Morgan Library shall not...in any way lose its identity prior to the expiration of one hundred years from March 31, 1913," the date of the

death of John Pierpont Morgan. But where does the identity of an institution like the Morgan Library lie?

COLLECTING

The collection of rare books, illuminated and autograph manuscripts, and prints and drawings has grown over the years, adding new strengths to old. The buildings have doubled and redoubled in extent through several major expansions, the latest of which opens to the public on October 1. The presence of Pierpont Morgan can be keenly felt in one or two rooms, especially the West Room, and in the general contours of the collection, but is otherwise imperceptible. Perhaps one answer to the question of identity lies in this fact: the image of only one of the Morgan's directors has graced its walls, a lifelike crayon drawing by Paul-César Helleu of Belle da Costa Greene. More than anyone, she was responsible for bringing Pierpont Morgan's private scholarly

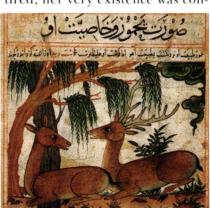




Belle Greene, left, photographed by Adolf de Meyer, 1912. Above: The North Room, Greene's former office. Right: The West Room, J. P. Morgan's study. Below left: Scenes from the Old Testament Miniatures painted in France, c. 1250, which Greene added to the library's collection. Below: Deer in an 18th-century Persian manuscript.

riches into the public domain.

The woman in Helleu's portrait is strikingly beautiful, with a supercilious left eyebrow—raised as if questioning a scholarly attribution or a profession of love. In a building filled with librarians, it was often said that this woman did not look like a librarian at all. And yet from 1905, when Morgan's nephew Junius Spencer Morgan discovered Belle Greene—then twenty-two—working among the rare books at Princeton University, until 1948, when she retired, her very existence was con-



sumed by Pierpont Morgan's private collection and by the public institution it became.

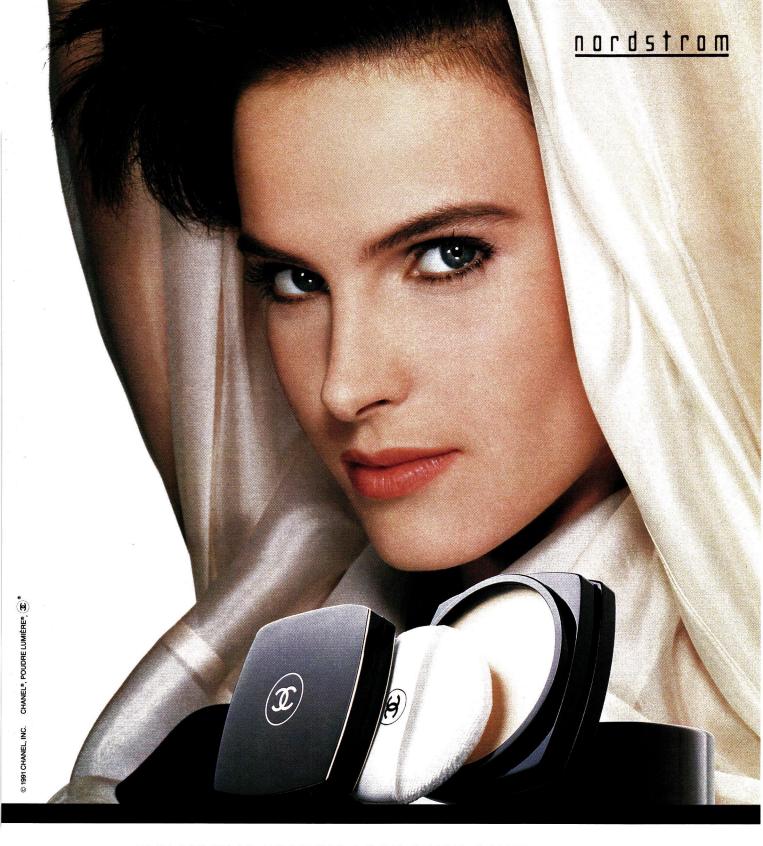
At the time Morgan hired her, no one knew quite what to make of Belle Greene. She had not attended college, and yet she found her profession in a world of serious scholarship. Morgan was widely known as a commanding man, but to him and to the predominantly masculine society



of rare-book dealers and collectors at the time, Belle Greene adapted happily—flint suiting itself to steel. Everyone remarked on her exoticism a word which covers many qualities—but once past her looks, everyone noticed her intelligence and her personality, which contained, as one friend remarked, "a certain imperious pungency of temperament."

Perhaps the most celebrated of Belle Greene's pungencies was her long romance, beginning in 1908, with Bernard Berenson: his wife, Mary, called Belle Greene a "most wild and woolly and EXTRAORDI-NARY young person." Certainly Berenson thought so. According to Berenson's biographer, Ernest Samuels, his relationship with Belle Greene was the "one romance in Berenson's life that would stand apart from all others in depth and intensity." Before she died, Belle Greene destroyed all of Berenson's hundreds of letters to her, but more than six hundred of her letters to him survive, and they are indisput-

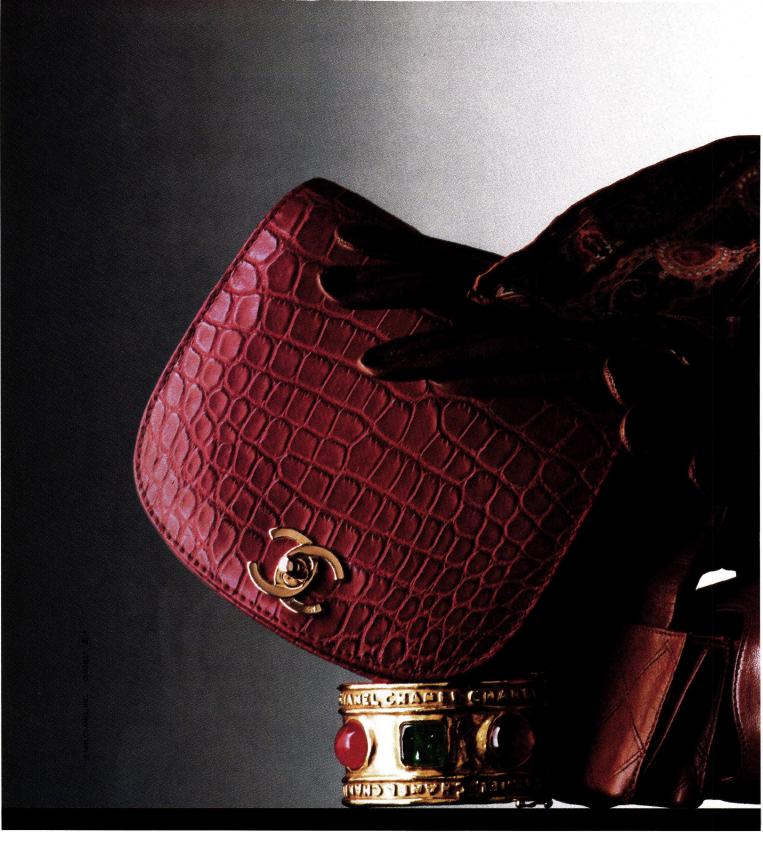




THE MOST FLATTERING LOOK SINCE CANDLELIGHT

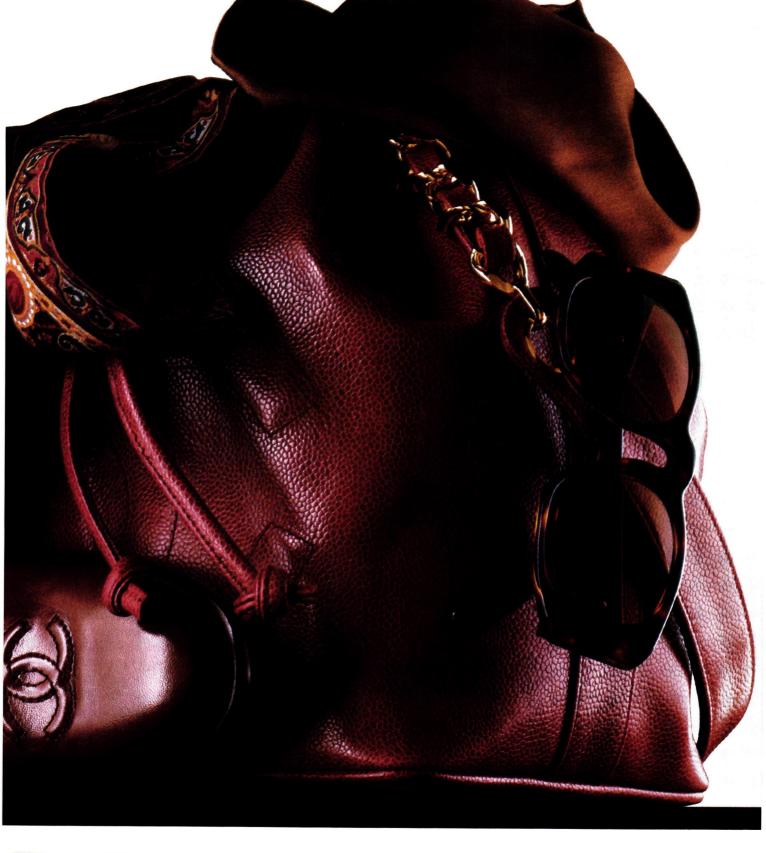
CHANEL

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CHA

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ably letters of passion.

"Despite the life she lived outside the library," says D. W. Wright, the Morgan Library archivist who is working on a biography of Belle Greene, "the library meant everything to her. It was the center of her world." With Pierpont Morgan, her obvious intelligence won her a great deal of freedom, even to the extent of acquiring manuscripts for the library on her own. Her relations with Morgan's son, J. P. Morgan Jr., who retained her as librarian from 1913 until 1924, when she became the first director, were little different, marked by the same imperious pungency. She once wrote to him, "In regard to the Tennyson items which, personally I loathe, it is a question of perfecting your already very large and fine collection of imbecilities."

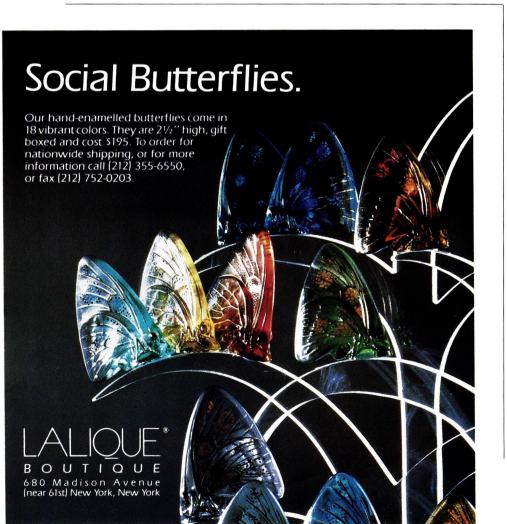
With Pierpont Morgan's resources behind her, Belle Greene quickly became something of a terror at book auctions. Her best work was done in private, behind the scenes. In 1908 she succeeded in convincing Lord

Amherst, the night before the public auction of his library, to sell a group of seventeen books printed by William Caxton in the late fifteenth century, among them the earliest volumes printed in English, to Morgan. (The British press wrote that "no useful purpose would be served by hinting at the price paid for the Caxtons.") In 1911 Belle Greene obtained another Caxton, the Morte d'Arthur, by telling a competing bidder two hours before the sale that she would simply double his highest bid and pay \$100,000 for a book that might cost \$50,000. She paid \$42,800. Among the works acquired at her own instigation are the Old Testament Miniatures, which contain some of the finest examples of thirteenth-century French painting in existence, and the Berthold Sacramentary, a monument of German Romanesque art still in its original jeweled binding.

Belle Greene was the soul of graciousness to scholars but rather cool to the public. In 1928 the Morgan Library added the Annex, the building one enters today. It would be ironic that Belle Greene should have presided over the library's first major expansion, were it not that the expansion contributed much-needed space for scholarly research as well as new public spaces. Designed by Benjamin Wistar Morris and erected upon the site of Pierpont Morgan's house at the corner of 36th Street and Madison, the Annex included an exhibition room and a reading room.

The Morgan Library now has turned northward and inhabits an Italianate brownstone at 231 Madison Avenue, which was once owned by both Pierpont Morgan and his son. In its earlier days the Morgan mansion was the site of "some rather dreary family Sunday dinners," says current library director Charles E. Pierce Ir., recalling the comments of a Pierpont Morgan descendant. But dreariness has departed, 231 Madison Avenue has been restored, and a new garden court, designed by Voorsanger & Associates, connects it with the Morgan Library Annex, spilling daylight into what used to be a drab plot of land.

The Morgan Library expansion will bring about one change which few visitors will notice but which will have an important effect on the identity of the place nonetheless: the director's working office will be moved to 231 Madison. The 1906 floor plans for Morgan's original building specified rooms for an East Library, a West Library, and a librarian. The librarian's room, which has since come to be called the North Room, will now be used for the director's more ceremonial business. Concealed beneath the Della Robbia lunette in the library rotunda, the North Room is a scholar's dreambookshelves as high as the doubleheight ceiling, a massive fireplace, an air of completely timeless seclusion. For nearly half the library's existence the North Room was inhabited by just one person, Belle da Costa Greene. It was as much home to her as anywhere, among the books of earlier centuries.



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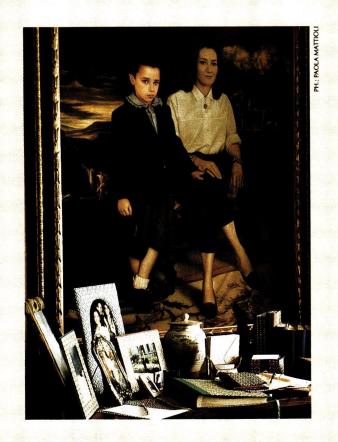
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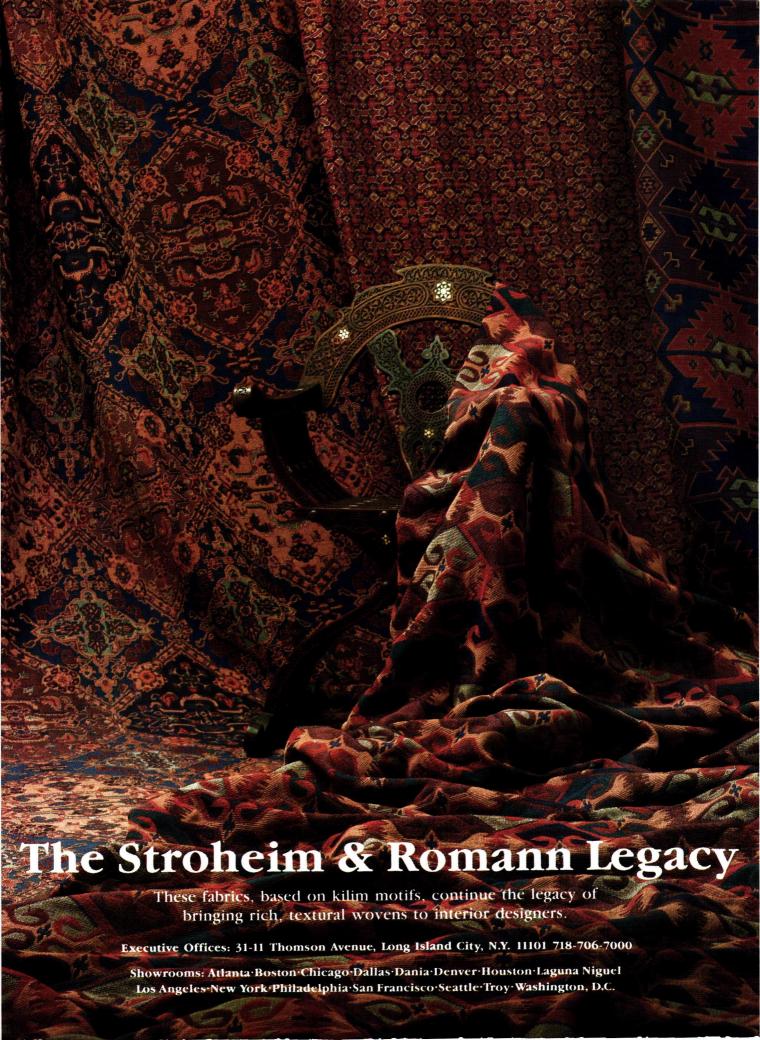
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ome people like to eat at counters because they're self-conscious about dining alone. At counters they don't have to bury their heads in books, try to look sprightly, or, if they're female—and maybe male for all I know—fend off the inquisitive.

I like counters too, but not for those reasons. I like them because they give me the sense of having bellied up to the bar. Because I enjoy watching the sushi roller and the sandwich maker and the drink mixer at work. Because counter food is usually speedy food.

My first New York counters were those at Hamburg Heaven, whose



Counterculture Cuisine

You don't have to sit at a table to be served some of the city's choicest fare

BY MARY CANTWELL

with watercress, and only one—the trattoria—could use a chair pusher.

The counter at **Trattoria dell'Arte** (900 Seventh Avenue; 212-245-9800) is surfaced with zinc and staffed by the cast of a Vittorio de Sica film. They talk to the diners, they talk to one another, and they talk to the waiters at the adjoining bar; they talk in English, Italian, and flourishes. On days when my nerves are not what they should be I would be tempted to dine at the bar.

I have eaten some miserable antipasti in my time, but not here. Vegetables and shellfish, mozzarella and grilled chicken are heaped in bowls and platters on the counter. The din-

er points or asks, the waiter aims his tongs, and service is accomplished in a minute. This is especially nice if one is in a hurry, which at noon on a weekday on the west side everybody is.

I ate—too much. Broccoli rape, lovely little balls of mozzarella, asparagus, cannellini, sautéed peppers, and, in a final gluttonous surge, a half lobster. I also drank a pleasantly cool glass of Pinot Grigio, poured over my shoulder by a gentleman from the bar.

My childhood involved bushels of clams and Friday night lobsters scrab-

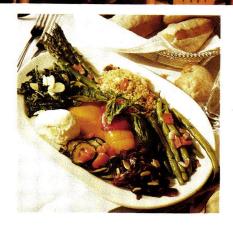
bling in the kitchen sink, which is why my first and probably last notion of right and proper food is seafood. That's the first reason the **Grand Central Oyster Bar & Restaurant** (lower level Grand Central Terminal, 42nd Street between Vanderbilt and Lexington avenues; 212-490-6650) is to me summit dining.

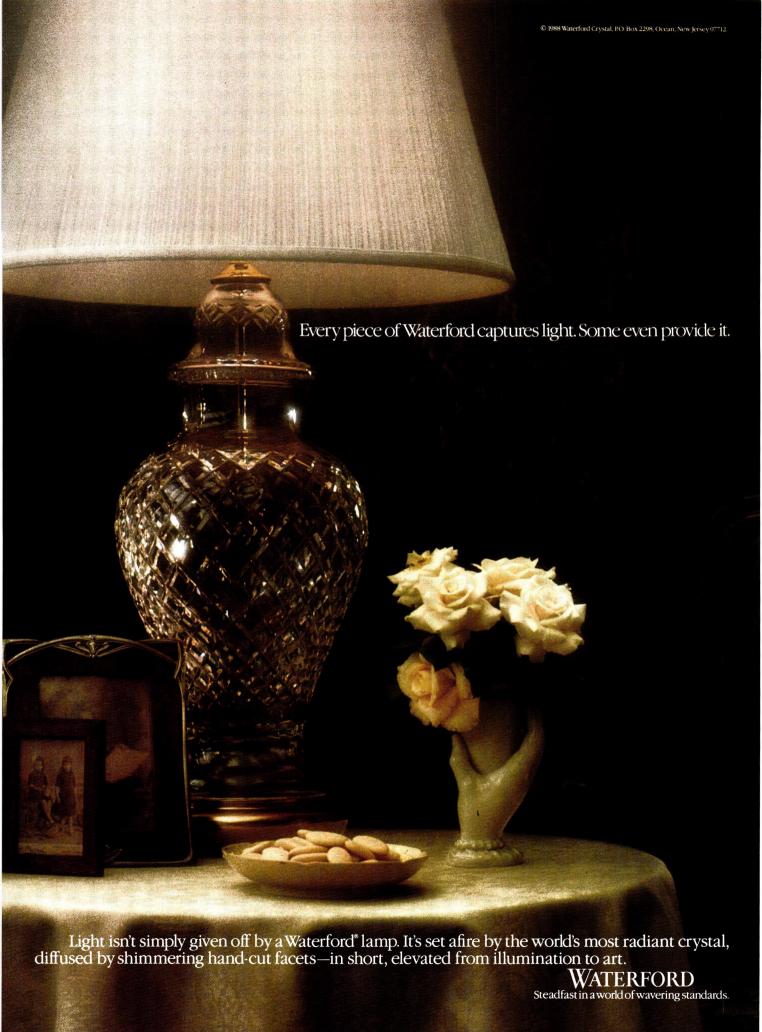
The second reason surfaced this summer. On the day I walked over there the outline of the razed Levi Morton mansion at the corner of

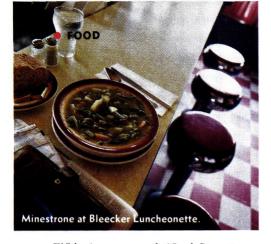


white cake with caramel frosting is written on my palate, and at a Madison Avenue drugstore called Henry Halper's. Halper's put watercress in its egg salad sandwiches and employed a man to push the customers' chairs (with them in them) toward the counter. At twenty-three, I had never seen anything so chic.

The following are some of the counters around town now. All of them, even the simplest, are light-years from egg salad sandwiches







I like counters
because they give
me the sense of
having bellied up
to the bar

Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street was still visible on a neighboring building. All I can remember about the building is its shabbiness and the fortuneteller in the gypsy tearoom on the second floor. But it was in Levi Morton's ballroom that Edith Wharton made her debut.

When one is brooding about lost New York, the Oyster Bar seems a still point in a turning world. There's more seating now, and the mixing bowls no longer swing out from under the counter. But the tiled ceiling is the same, and so is the noise that bounces off it, and so—thank heaven—are the oyster stew, the cherrystones, the clam chowder.

Bleecker Luncheonette in Greenwich Village (232 Bleecker Street; no telephone) is plain. Very plain. The "kitchen" is an ancient Garland stove and a small brown refrigerator, the batterie de cuisine is an odd assortment of aluminum pots and pans, and there are no grace notes. But what's saved on the decor goes on the food. The bread is from Zito's (a legend), the pasta is from Raffetto's (another legend), and the pesto is as good as mine (which is saying a lot because mine is Marcella Hazan's).

The luncheonette lists two shrimp dishes on its little blackboard, but I have never seen anyone order either. Instead the customers lap up the minestrone, the rigatoni, and, of course, that pesto. They only get to do it on weekdays though, because the place is closed on weekends.

The last time I was at the Bleecker Luncheonette a stranger to the neighborhood asked the counterman if he had tuna fish sandwiches. The American passion for canned tuna is at best puzzling. At that moment it was incomprehensible.

It wouldn't be accurate to say that **Florent** (69 Gansevoort Street; 212-989-5779) is in a low-rent area because heaven knows what the meat wholesalers there pay for their spaces. But on winter nights fires flare in old oil drums and on summer nights the scent of slaughter rises from the cobblestones—and on all nights Florent is packed. Days, too.

The place was once a diner, and the current management hasn't changed a thing except the food. The food is worldly, as are the signs over the counter, which range from the weather report to a reminder that living wills are available from the waiters on request. One recent sign advertised a four-bedroom holiday rental near Saint-Tropez.

What I like about Florent—aside from the boudin noir, the corned beef hash, the French toast, and the fact that it's open twenty-four hours a day—is the diversity of its clientele. Families, solitary diners, and covens of the terminally trendy converge on Florent. Nobody is ever snubbed.

Umeda (102 East 22nd Street; 212-505-1550) is as serene as nearby Gramercy Park. The walls are a cool green and the furnishings a cool blond, and the Japanese waitresses pitter-patter around on little cat feet. The sushi chef (in socks) kneels behind the counter; the only sound is the snick of his knife. So peaceful is it that one regrets most diners' inability to eat in silence.

Umeda covers an extraordinary range of Japanese food, most of which is new to Americans, but I never pass up a chance to eat sushi. Umeda's sushi is particularly fine and fresh, so much so that one hates to



clutter one's palate with dessert.

Union Square Café (21 East 16th Street; 212-243-4020) is as popular a restaurant as there is in New York. It is also a place in which one invariably orders too much. There is no food quite like this anywhere else in the city—tuna steaks marinated in an oriental-style sauce and served on a bed of greens is one of many inspired entrées, and a cheesecake made with chèvre and set in sweet tiny strawberries is a typical dessert—so eating there is always celebratory.

The counter is long, low, and wide, and the menu the same as it is at the tables. The last time I was there I had soft-shell crabs sitting on a kind of risotto tart, but it's also possible to have nothing more than a few oysters and a glass of Chardonnay.

Because it's fashionable, though not witheringly so, Union Square Café is a good spot to pick up on conversational trends. It was here, for instance, that I learned that last summer's way for a young man to ingratiate himself with a young woman was to tell her he loved *Thelma and Louise*.

TRATTORIA DELL'ARTE'S PEPERONI

- 4 yellow peppers
- 4 red peppers
- 2 cups olive oil
- 10 cloves garlic, peeled Salt and freshly ground pepper
- 4 bay leaves
- 6 sprigs fresh thyme
- 6 sprigs fresh rosemary
- 1 cup red wine vinegar

Cut the peppers in wedges. Heat the olive oil in a deep sauté pan. Add the peppers, garlic, salt, and ground pepper. When peppers begin to change color, add herbs and vinegar and continue cooking until peppers are soft. Serves 6.

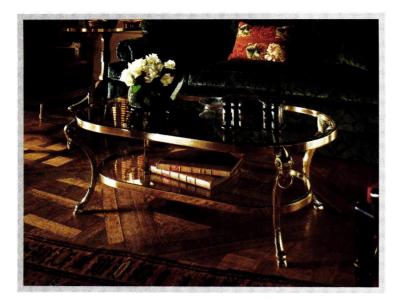
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TRATTORIA DELL'ARTE'S BROCCOLI DI RAPA

- 5 bunches broccoli rape
- 1 cup olive oil
- 6 cloves garlic, peeled
- 1 bunch scallions
- 1 teaspoon dried thyme
- 10 leaves fresh sage Salt Freshly ground pepper

Cook rape in lightly salted boiling water until soft, then immerse in ice water. Drain thoroughly, pressing down. Heat olive oil in a sauté pan. Crush garlic cloves and sauté until golden. Shred the white part of the scallions. Add rape, scallions, thyme, and sage to pan. Mix well and season with salt and pepper to taste. Serves 6.

UNION SQUARE CAFÉ'S MARINATED FILET MIGNON OF TUNA

- 2 cups teriyaki sauce Juice of 2 lemons
- 1/2 cup dry sherry
- 4 tablespoons finely chopped ginger
- ½ cup chopped scallions
- 2 cloves garlic, minced
- ½ teaspoon cayenne pepper
- 2 tablespoons freshly ground pepper
- 4 baby eggplants
- 4 10-ounce yellowfin tuna steaks, 3–4 inches thick
- 1 pound mixed greens (such as spinach, kale, collards, Swiss chard, dandelion)
- 1/4 cup extra-virgin olive oil Salt
- 5-6 ounces Japanese pickled ginger

Combine the first eight ingredients for the marinade. Make four or five lengthwise slices in eggplants, without cutting all the way through, so that they can be fanned. Marinate tuna steaks and eggplants in refrigerator 2–3 hours, turning periodically.

Clean and stem the greens. Heat the olive oil in a skillet and add greens. Stir and allow to wilt, then add ½ cup water and salt to taste. Cook until tender. Drain, set aside, and keep warm.

Preheat grill to maximum temperature. Drain the tuna and eggplants, reserving the marinade for sauce, if desired. Grill fanned-out eggplants approximately 5 minutes on each side and the tuna 1–2 minutes on each of its six sides. The outside of the tuna steaks should be charred and the center barely warm.

Place each tuna steak on a bed of greens, top with pickled ginger, and garnish with an eggplant. Serves 4.

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A Bemelmans Baedeker

The man behind Madeline left his imprint here and there By Jody Shields

n another lifetime-and perhaps minus his hefty Cerman accent—Ludwig Bemelmans could have done terrific stand-up comedy on the order of, say, Jay Leno. Bemelmans had a similar penchant for exaggerated situations and loopy characters, and surely his mind worked with the same kind of frantic, gum-chewing intensity. Though best known for his mildest occupation-author of the Madeline books-Bemelmans also, as they say, went out and got a life. His succession of jobs: busboy, waiter, banquet manager, scriptwriter, and magazine cartoonist and cover artist. He was a contributor to The

New Yorker. His paintings were shown at the Museum of the City of New York. His stage sets were seen on Broadway. Bemelmans was a spectacularly rotten busboy and a bubbly raconteur.

His private life was just as theatrical as his public roles. Take the melodramatic instructions the pneumoniastricken Bemelmans gave his little daughter: he wished to be cremated and have his ashes scattered over the ice on the sidewalk in front of Lane Bryant's New York store. He created grand effects all over the city. In a restaurant "his unsurpassed knowledge of menus and manners struck terror into the hearts of headwaiters and chefs," recollected Norman Cousins. "The slightest arch of his eyebrows across a crowded dining room was a mandate from Olympus." The picture of not-so-innocent merriment, Bemelmans had the "face and physique of a divinely inspired, slightly intoxicated baby,"

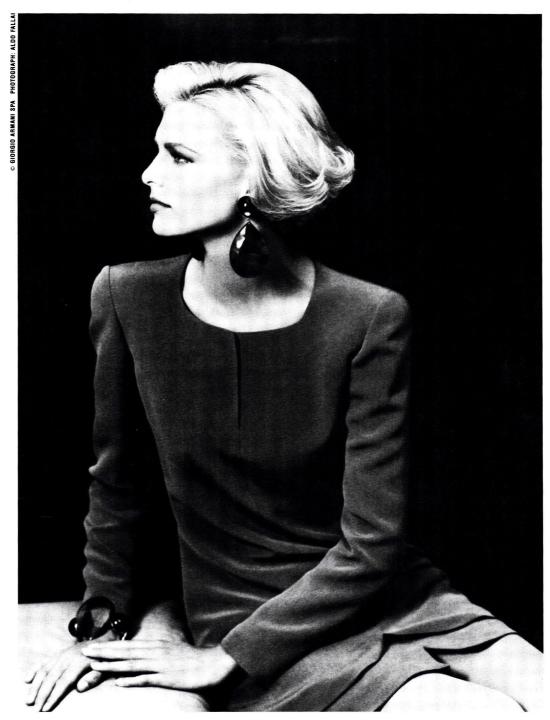
quipped Time magazine.

Bemelmans was also intoxicated by a sense of elitism. No wonder he and Elsie de Wolfe were buddies. "They got along so well because they were

Bemelmans, above left, in his Gramercy Park digs, 1942.

<u>Above right:</u> A mural he painted at the National Arts Club, 1961.

<u>Far left:</u> Madeline and friends in the Carlyle Hotel's Bemelmans Bar. <u>Left:</u> An illustration from his book Sunshine, 1950.



GIORGIO ARMANI

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both such terrific snobs," sniped Anita Loos. Like Elsie, he became a legend in his own time. Bemelmans drove a leopard-upholstered Hispano Suiza, slept only three or four hours a night, and philosophized, "If a check bounces now and then—well, it is something I must accept." His wife, Madeleine, delicately observed, "He was quite unsuited to domesticity."

Even at a tender age, Bemelmans didn't look as if he was cut out for domesticity. He looked like a potential jailbird. As an apprentice waiter in the Tirol, he shot a headwaiter. The headwaiter lived; Bemelmans was shipped to America. He was sixteen, it was 1914, and his luggage was fortified with pistols as protection against the Indians he believed were swarming outside of New York City. Adjusting to the dearth of Indians, Bemelmans made New York his hometown and made himself the quintessential cosmopolitan homeboy until his death in 1962. An "I Love New York" campaign by Bemelmans would feature the Central Park horse-cab drivers ("the sloppi-

est of their kind anywhere in the world"), Battery Park's clam and oyster bars, and "smoke" addicts sleeping it off on Park Row.

From the mid teens to the late twenties, Bemelmans sporadically toiled in the old Ritz-Carlton on Madison Avenue, and from this duck pond, he created a splashy portrait of New York life. Under different names—Hotel Splendide, Hotel Bemelmans, the Cocofinger Palace—the Ritz was immortalized in several of his books for grown-ups (a series will be reprinted by James H. Heineman next year with a bibliography by Murray Pomerance).

Bemelmans's Ritz was a type of New York establishment now extinct: a hotel de grand luxe. The four

hundred rooms behind its façade were like a great private house. It had thick carpets, thin glasses, fine linen, and a good orchestra. Ladies were not allowed to knit in the lobby because it looked bad. Food for guests' dogs was lovingly prepared and added to the bill

as "nourriture pour un chien." For an additional twenty-five cents, a bellboy would walk the well-nourritured chien. Bemelmans filled pages with the misadventures of his coworkers, a New York sampler of underdogs, mad dogs, and Milquetoasts. There was a dishwasher who was a marchese, a waiter with a shoe fetish, a manager with the charm of a Prussian general. The staff wore spats and answered to Frenchified versions of their names. The assis-

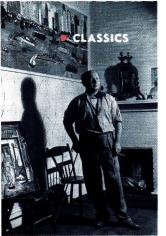


Endpaper, top, from I Love You, I Love You, 1942. Above: With Madeleine, Barbara, and Tinkel. Left: Chair with epaulets in the Gramercy Park living room. Below left: Hotel Splendide, 1941, bound in Ritz curtain fabric.



Life's Precious Gifts.





He had the "face of a slightly intoxicated baby"

tant headwaiter resembled "Saint Francis in a tail-coat." The Ritz clientele was equally out of control and/or kindly: clawing mothers of debutantes, corpulent businessmen, up-

Bemelmans per-c
beside a
children's
painting of
New York.

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per-class types with faces showing "that highbred, gentle incompetence which had impoverished them."

The pseudonymous Mrs. Lucius Le Grand Prideaux earned Bemelmans's respect for her uncomplaining receipt of a dinner roll containing a half-smoked cigar.

The Ritz taught Bemelmans "how to press a duck, open a bottle, and push a chair under a lady." Still no angel, he killed time sketching on the menus and painting on the kitchen's tile walls. He also broke dishes, threw trays, devoured garnishes. As punishment for a tumble with a load of eight pheasants à la Souvaroff, Bemelmans became the busboy in the restaurant's "Siberia." Things were so bad that "if there was any broken glass around the dining-room, it was always in our spinach," he gloated.

In those days, waiters had perks: two bottles of champagne daily, valet service, the run of an icebox stuffed with lobsters, sturgeon, and caviar. Honed by the Ritz, Bemelmans's tastebuds developed fangs for caviar. "[I] will shamelessly attend a dinner party of awful people to partake of it, if I know the hostess has enough big serving spoons," he panted. His big-spoon gluttony didn't go unnoticed. The good wife of the owner of Maxim's chided, "Mon Dieu, Ludwig. You eat the stuff as if it were porridge." He also favored Dom Pérignon and roast goose. Ham was a "kind of tranquilizer" for him. Bemelmans even swapped his sketches and writing for edibles. A story for Theatre Arts brought two cases of champagne, six bottles of brandy, cigars, and sleeping pills.

With the ex-waiter's radar, Bemel-

mans tuned in to the psyche of restaurants. He haunted Sloppy Louie's and crusty Sweet's in the fish market. He paid homage to Luchow's waiters as the "last of their kind, upstanding citizens, without a trace of servility in their makeup....Their opinions are as definite as those of another race of philosophers, the New York taxi drivers." Regardless of the establishment, Bemelmans habitually sketched on menus and matchbooks and eavesdropped on conversations, which were recycled into his work. For him, there was only a faint line between fiction and nonfiction. "Often what I write is true," he shrugged. The nonfiction good life took its toll. At age thirty-one, Bemelmans had unnaturally rosy cheeks ("capillaries had exploded from too much drinking"), he gasped going upstairs and was terrified by his growing resemblance to "Theodore, the penguin-shaped maître d'hôtel."

No gym for Bemelmans. After the Wall Street crash, he rented a studio on 8th Street. There his habit of inflicting sketches on his environment paid off. A book editor jumped at his window shades painted with Tirolean scenes. She pushed him into publishing. A few leaps later: the first Madeline book, named after his wife (minus an "e"). He called the series his "old-age insurance," and he was right-Madeline has never been out of print since 1939 and is available today on video. (Bemelmans turned out more than three dozen books, plus the screenplay for Yolanda and the Thief, which GIs voted one of the worst movies of 1945.) His daughter, Barbara, recalled his less than saintly working attitude. Interrupted by his then five-year-old offspring, he directed her to "get the hell out of here. I'm busy writing a children's book."

Bemelmans gave a kinder reception to a group of Young & Rubicam ad execs. In 1933 they opened the Hapsburg House restaurant with him. Tiny, expensive, and located on East 55th Street, the Hapsburg had walls completely muralized by Bemelmans. This decoration was sub-

ject to change, as he repainted at whim. To simplify service, he had all the waiters go by the name Carl. The partnership eventually soured: the fuming investors were unable to get tables since Bemelmans packed the place with his pals.

The artist next turned his talents to his own home. In the 1940s he moved the family and Tinkel the Yorkie to the corner of Gramercy Park South and Irving Place. Decorator Ruby Ross Wood had a hand in the interiors, which could be described as theatrical nursery. Coexisting in the living room were a seventeenth-century chandelier of a whale vomiting Jonah, a pair of twohundred-pound Venetian lions, a baroque clock from the castle of Nymphenburg, and a six-foot-long painting of New York City done by schoolchildren. The dining room boasted a Pennsylvania German buffet and walls adorned with the artist's sketches of trees and pigeons. Wood contributed a folk art rooster that stood at the foot of the bed. On the ceiling overhead Bemelmans pasted a large map of Paris. When laid low by insomnia, he would lie in bed and use a flashlight to trace a walking tour of the city on the map.

In the late forties the family relocated uptown. As payment for murals painted in the namesake Bemelmans Bar, they lived in the Carlyle Hotel for a year and a half. The murals—still on view today—feature Madeline frolicking in a parklike setting. Undoubtedly one of the few cocktail establishments with decorations inspired by a children's book, the bar is totally in keeping with the artist's character.

After all, he was the kind of guy who dressed as Santa Claus for a Town & Country children's Christmas party and arrived via helicopter. Once his ho-ho-ho stint was over, he quaffed champagne and made the curmudgeonly observation, "This is the first decent thing I've done in fifty years. I hope it won't get me to Heaven where I won't know anyone." Not to worry. Bemelmans has friends everywhere.



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The Secret Garden Too few New Yorkers realize

they have a garden of their own in Central Park By Patti Hagan



he best-kept Secret Garden in New York is public. It opened uptown as part of Central Park's Conservatory Garden in September 1937, with a memorial to Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of The Secret Garden. That May, Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia had accepted the statue of the book's main characters, Dickon and Mary, on behalf of New York City's children. The memorial committee hoped children would become "militant Park Defenders, filled"

with the spirit of outdoor housekeeping."

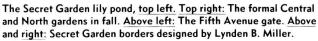
Repeating *The Secret Garden*'s story line, Central Park's version eventually went to weed and during the fiscal troubles of the 1960s and '70s lapsed into horticultural bankruptcy. Volunteers from the Garden Club of Amer-

ica tried to halt the decline, but the key to bringing this garden back was found in 1982 through a parks department partnership with the newly established not-for-profit Central Park Conservancy. Still, a decade later, Central Park's long-running Secret Garden remains

surprisingly unknown, even to Gotham gardeners.

The best thing about the Conservatory Garden is that there is no conservatory—just garden. It was named, in memoriam, for the greenhouse complex that Parks Commissioner Robert Moses demolished in 1934 as too costly to maintain. In its stead Moses commissioned the WPA-built formal landscape that included the Secret Garden. At the 1937 opening, John H. Finley, editor in chief of The New York Times, gave thanks for designer Betty Sprout's formal scheme, "instead of a crowd of plant and flower of mob potentialities that may break into a riot and deprive the minorities of their rights or become a drab, uninteresting anarchic mass of vegetation where things seem to grow haphazard." Finley added: "This city must be lastingly grateful for what the Parks Department under the direction of Commissioner Moses has done in cooperation with the Creator in making this a more beautiful, happier city and world." There were no









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less than sixteen people looking after the formalities at the time.

Nowadays, when I need to get out of town fast, I go uptown to East Harlem. At 105th Street and Fifth Avenue, I pass through the Vanderbilt Gate into the NYC-posted "Quiet Zone" of the Conservatory Garden, a six-acre triptych. The North Garden is a French parterre de broderie with annuals and old roses. The Central Garden panel is a serene half acre of lawn (the favored place for East Harlem brides to spread a wedding gown train) framed by clipped yew, crab apple allées, a fountain, and stepped hedges leading to a wisteria pergola—Italianate, architectural, green on green. The South Garden (Secret Garden)—eleven beds in expanding horseshoes centered on a lily pond—is in the Gertrude Jekyll English cottage-garden style. Unerringly, my escape magnet pulls me to the Secret Garden for a vacation from the city. Always, I return to New York refreshed and lastingly grateful for what the Central Park



Oakleaf hydrangea, gypsophila, and other Miller favorites line a bluestone path.

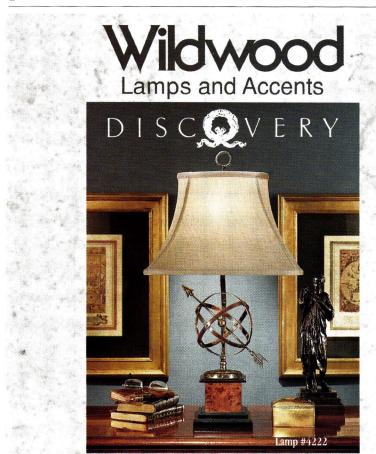
Conservancy has done in cooperation with the re-creator (and director) of the Conservatory Garden, Lynden B. Miller, a four-gardener staff, and a baker's dozen of expert volunteer gardeners. (In 1984 the Woodland Slope was designed by Penelope Maynard.)

The Secret Garden bears the em-

phatic mark of Miller, like Jekyll an artist: "I gave up the painting. This is ten times more intellectually challenging." In 1982, while working with an "old-style English gardener" on a Long Island estate, Miller was asked by the Conservancy to direct the garden restoration. A crack plantswoman, she has since developed a tough, elegant, urban plant repertoire and a reputation for being able to bring the most derelict of public gardens back to life: "I won't do private gardens—only public."

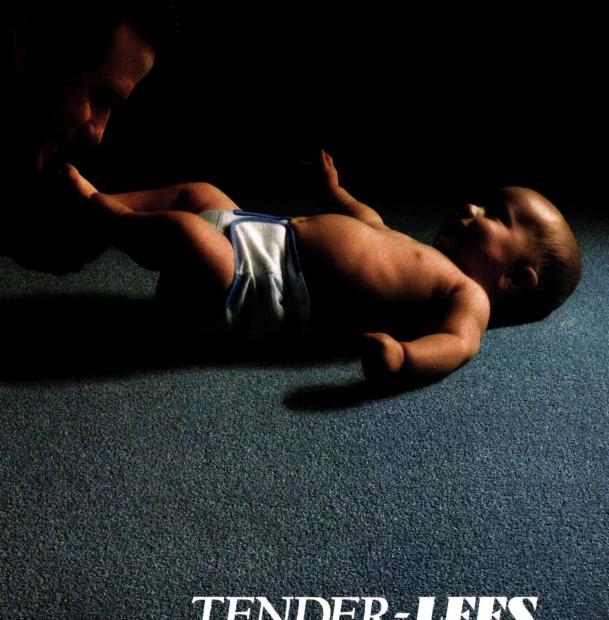
A friend who recently visited the Conservatory Garden wasn't sure if he'd seen the director, but he had noticed an artemisia-haired woman, "with very strong forearms and hands, who was looking at the plants in a commanding way." Garden Commander Miller has made this designated quiet zone explode with plant exuberance inside a bastion of sheared Euonymus kiautschovica 'Manhattan' hedges. Here the average New Yorker can come face-toleaf with such giants of the temperate plant world as Vernonia noveboracensis, a.k.a. New York Ironweed, or the six-foot Rudbeckia nitida 'Herbstsonne'. Miller speaks of her creation with the verve of a latter-day Robert Moses. "I like anything with big leaves," she announces, planting herself before a Buphthalmum speciosum or a macleaya. "Petasites! It's a dreadful thug, but look at the sculpture." Oakleaf hydrangea: "I get teased about that, I use it so much. I could run a lobbying business for that plant. Native American!" Miller once told New York magazine: "Perennial borders are my thing." Another thing is ornamental grass. "Miscanthus sinensis 'Gracillimus' is the big excitement at the end of this bed," she will say. "We use grasses as exclamation points!"

"I love purple foliage," she exclaims, stopping before another of her signature plants, a luminous burgundy-leaved *Cotinus coggygria* 'Royal Purple', and then an extraordinary antiqued glaucous sepia-tinted *Rosa rubrifolia*. She points to yet another trademark, a *Berberis thunbergii*



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Petals from crab apples planted in 1937 dust benches from the 1939 World's Fair.

'Atropurpurea' in a rounded-off clip. A Lynden Miller border is splendid independent of bloom. "Foliage is much more important than flowers. Everything here is keyed to foliage." (Some plants she deliberately deflowers.) And after nine years Miller reports that "visitors are not so hipped on the flowers as they used to be." Passing by the grand maroon leaves of *Heuchera micrantha* 'Palace Purple', she com-

ments: "The flowers are nothing."

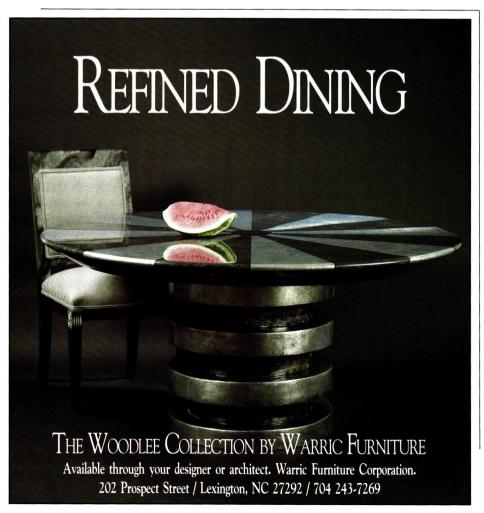
In 1985 Miller explained to a reporter from The Village Voice: "The overall color scheme is white, yellow, blue, gray, and pink....Everything except red. I don't like red, because it jumps out too far. I use silver and gray as much as possible....Gray gives a garden calm." A longtime volunteer, Barbara Stonecipher, recalls the time Miller "ripped an orange daylily out with great hysteria." But this year a rogue purple coneflower bloomed unmolested in one of two perennial beds forbidden to pink. Red and orange got admitted to the annuals beds. Says Lalitte Scott, another volunteer, of Miller's softening on the color line: "Before, it was very subdued and safe. Now, she's deciding there's more to things than mauve and white." Still, Miller's most frequent command to an attending gardener faced with an off-color plant is, "Off with its head!"

The secret life of this secret garden was outlined in the director's summer 1985 checklist: "Weeding,

mulching, staking, deadheading, pruning, some fertilizing (very little), clipping hedges, weeding between stones on paths, put in water lilies, order bulbs for fall, take tours, answer questions, raise money, water, water, water." Two years later the Weiler-Arnow family gave the Conservatory Garden a \$1.5 million dowry and "raise money" dropped to the very bottom of the list. ("I can get run over by a bus and die happy," Miller says, "because this garden is going to go on.") The endowment pays the salaries of the four conservatory gardeners, Sarah Price (curator), Jamie Day (assistant curator), Andre Barnes, and Dan Wallace. The plants, as working plants (8:00 A.M. to dusk), pretty much earn their keep-plus funds for morethrough photo shoot fees.

In her plant collages Miller has set a precedent for adventurous municipal practices. Before her, there was no mulching at the Conservatory Garden. Now it's cocoa bean hulls, and "for a few days it smells as if all you need is a spoon and whipped cream." She began the soil restoration by digging in tons of leaf mold and continues to use leaf compost from Central Park's 24,000 trees. (She gets indignant just thinking of a century of compost lost, of trillions of leaves trucked out of the city at taxpayer expense.) The ebullience of her plants is achieved without pesticides, by making ecologically appropriate plant choices. "If a plant needs spraying, we don't use it. We treat the soil. I will not spray aphids. I hit them hard with hoses."

Miller, who has served on Manhattan Community Board #11 and has chaired its Parks Committee, tells visitors how it was ten years ago. "People were afraid to come here. It was one of the two places most avoided in Central Park," she recently informed an expedition from the Garden Writers Association of America. "It was quite sinister in here before," she recalls. "It was terrifying—big dark hedges looming at you." But now "people come here. It was the plants that brought the people back. The





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GARDENING

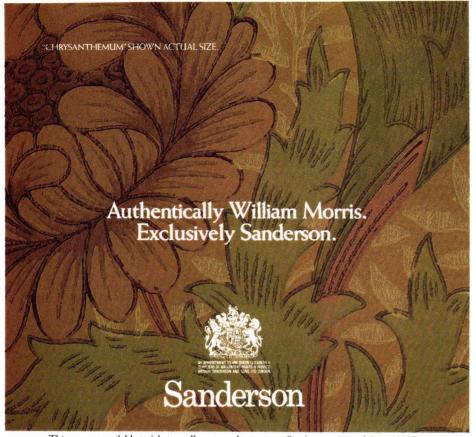
plants that make people enjoy each other." And no doubt it is the plants that make people behave, feel comfortable, know the garden is theirs. "To my great joy people in wheelchairs and stretchers come, and it's part of their recovery."

Still, in 1988 during the month of June, crimes against plants, not people, turned curator Price into a daily plant crime reporter. On the Memorial Day weekend, flowers were purloined and non-Miller-approved

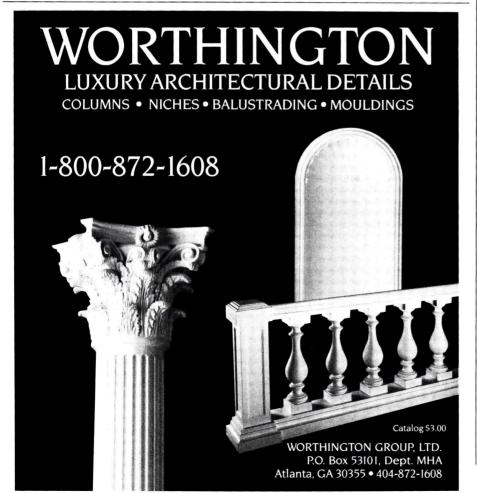
"People were afraid to come here. The plants brought people back"

flowers were smuggled in-and planted. Two weeks later, "horticulturists slimier than slugs stole over thirty choice perennials." One evening Price and Miller encountered a man two blocks away carrying a flat of coleus stolen from the garden. Conservatory Garden plants were seen for sale on 116th Street. Later the gardeners found an "aluminum pole, that had obviously been used to dig"—and \$150 in plants disappeared "by way of a ditch dug under the back fence." Traditionally, as Miller and Price reminded their local police captain last year, "Mother's Day weekend is a time of plant theft in [the] garden." This summer the garden was able to hire a lone Conservatory Garden Ranger, courtesy of the Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts.

On the garden's western side is an outcrop of Manhattan schist. In the 1850s, Central Park was blasted out of this metamorphic substrate, the common bedrock of Manhattan Island. In 1983, recognizing Lynden Miller's own metamorphic talents, Community Board #11 awarded her a piece of the rock of East Harlem, "in grateful appreciation for improving the quality of life in El Barrio through restoration of the Conservatory Garden."



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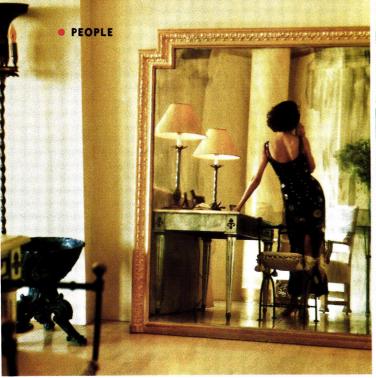


he design is Victorian from an old Royal Worcester pattern book. But the look of Holly Ribbons is very much today. Fresh, formal, versatile, elegant, it speaks of quality in Fine Bone China edged in 22 carat gold. Isn't this everything you want your holiday table to say about you? Right now there's a special gift for you: a free 9" rimmed soup bowl with each place setting at Brumer Dudley Jewelers, Clinton; Handcraft House, Belmont; LaVake Jewelers, Princeton; Mayhew, New York; Peacock Alley, Chapel Hill; The Silver Leopard, Dallas. Royal Worcester, Forty One Madison, New York 10010



HG OCTOBER 1991







Home Fires Burning

Performers Penn Jillette and Carol Perkins work their own magic at home

BY GRAYDON CARTER

t is a stirring testament to the nation's evolving design literacy that those Americans with a working knowledge of magic or comedy or postmodernism in its nonarchitectural applications would in all likelihood correctly answer the following question: Which description best approximates what you imagine Penn Jillette's New York apartment to be like? (choose from the options below)

- (a) a charming maisonette off Fifth done up in the style of a Regency drawing room
- (b) a soaring Central Park West duplex rendered in early Frank Lloyd Wright as interpreted by one of his students
- (c) a loftlike hangar in the city's zipper and ribbon district which looks like the home of a sophisticated teenager with a lot of money.

You are no doubt familiar enough with the rhythm of this tired joke setup to know that the answer is (c). Unless, of course, you were fooled by those elegant rooms filled with European furniture and gilded mirrors. Don't be. That's Jillette's girlfriend Carol Perkins's place.

Since we have photographs of both in front of us thereby demonstrating the fact that two people can be attracted to each other regardless of their contrasting design philosophies—I suppose this article could end here.



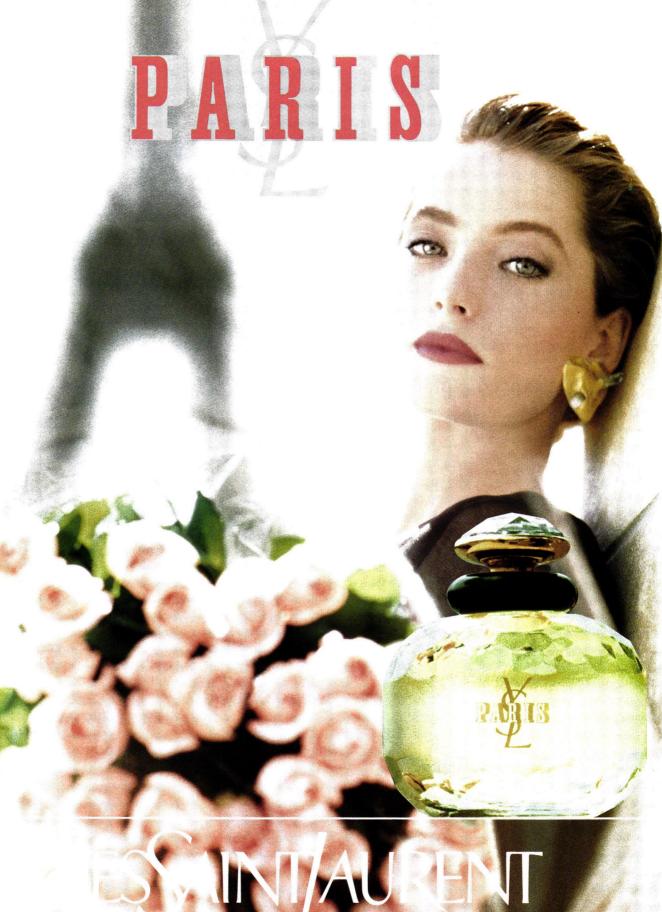
Onstage, renn
Jillette and Carol
Perkins, above,
share similar tastes;
offstage is another
matter. Top left: In
her living room
Perkins displays a
desk from the Plaza
Hotel. Top right:
Jillette is happiest
in his study-cumplayroom. Details
see Resources.

But if, like me, you think Penn & Teller are the greatest thing to happen to magic since Kreskin disappeared (I'm speaking figuratively here), you probably want to know more. So let's take your questions one at a time.

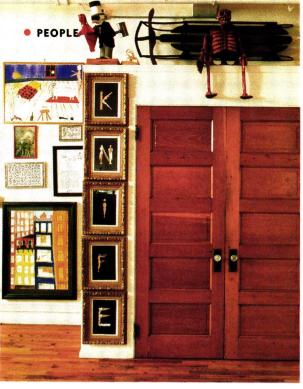
You, sir, up there in the corner, you had a question? Um, where is Penn's

apartment? As I was to discover on one of the hottest days of 1991, the apartment is in a building wedged both physically and psychically between a wholesale ribbon shop and a costume jewelry boutique. When he was apartment hunting a few years ago, Jillette told his real

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Penn wanted a place that was like him, "big and a little goofy"

estate agent that he wanted a place close to Times Square and that he wanted it to be like him, "big and a little goofy." Which is pretty much what he got. The apartment is 100 feet long and 25 feet wide, has 11-foot ceilings, and has elbowroom sufficient for a six-foot, sixinch man with a desire to lay down bowling alley markings on the hardwood floor and have pins at one end and balls at the other.

What would you say is Penn's overall design philosophy? Good question. As a former teenager, I think I am on firm ground in stating that if there is a theme to Jillette's digs it might best be described as faux punk—the kind of music and gadget-heavy apartment that figures in the wildest fantasies of a million teenagers. I certainly recognize in his place the sort of things that I would have had in my apartment when I was a teenager had I been able to afford the things or the apartment.

What about Ms. Perkins? Well, since she is a former

model for the Victoria's Secret catalogue, I suppose she too has figured in the wildest fantasies of a million teenagers. No, no; I mean what about her design philosophy? Ah. As you can tell from the photographs, when Perkins is not eating fire with Jillette onstage (they both regularly perform on and off Broadway), she prefers softer lighting. Her Chelsea loft, twenty blocks due south of Jillette's, is bathed in muted yellows and beiges. And her tastes are catholic: stuff handed down from her grandmother is mixed with things picked up from junk stores, antiques shops, auctions, and even right off the street.

You, madam, in the front row. You had a question? Yes. You keep hitting on this teenager thing with Penn. What is it that makes you say he lives like a teenager? I'm glad you asked. Are you making fun of me? No, really, I'm glad you asked. Close your eyes and imagine, if you will, a checklist of things you might find in a teenager's dream apartment. This would have to be a teenager who is very smart, mind

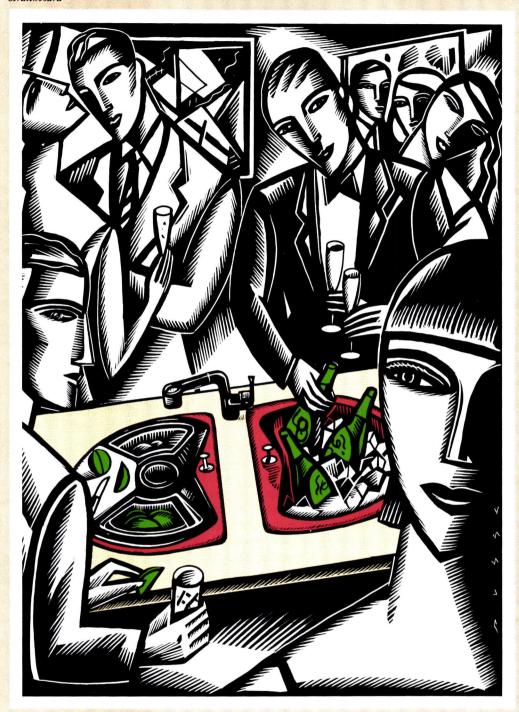




Perkins's Mediterranean-style dining room, above left, features vintage wrought-iron chairs. Above: A pair of Audubon prints hang over a bronze-tiled console table and gilded chairs by Bonetti and Garouste. Right: In the bedroom a velvet curtain serves as a door.



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you (heavily into computers and space shuttles and that sort of thing), and with a playful sense of humor. And remember, he has wads of money. So let's go down that teen checklist one category at a time.

- Minimal furnishings. The living room consists entirely of a blue Barcalounger and a nubby tweedish chesterfield. Both are facing in the same direction.
- Gadgets. A panel of buttons near the Barcalounger command module activates a theatrical burgundy velvet curtain that moves silently across the wall of windows, dims the lights, then drops a television screen from the ceiling and turns on an overhead projection unit. Also, mounted on the wall of his dining area is a small wooden board at the top of which are a pair of nail-like electrodes. When a pickle is mounted on them and the electricity is turned on, the acidity in the pickle is charged to a point where it will glow in the dark.
- Music and electronics. Jillette's apartment has a wall of albums, cassettes, CDs, videos, and laser discs, all in alphabetical order. There is every imaginable form of machine to play them on.
- Conversation pieces. Here everything is a conversation piece, from the TRY OUR NEW JUMBO BREASTS restaurant sign to the NASA circuit board propped over a window. There is a Psycho shower curtain, a TRAVELING WILBURY ON BOARD car sign, a coaster his grandmother made with "Mug Rug" needlepointed on it, an Emmy Award that broke in half when he tried to use it as a hammer ("They're really not as well built as you'd think"), and a huge mechanized Swiss Army knife display model. Over his kitchen cabinets Jillette has hung two life-size plaster copies of his own head that were given to him by the producers of the film Penn & Teller Get Killed. They are lined up beside a human skull. He calls the exhibit "The Three Stages of Man."
- Crash pad capability. When Jillette is in town, he often shares his apartment with Perkins. When

they're away, Jillette's friend Elliot Freeman stays at his place. Freeman, who is an artist, should feel especially at home here because dozens of his colorful childlike paintings are hanging on the walls.

• Pornography. I could not begin to catalogue Jillette's vast assortment of dirty videos, magazines, books, 8by-10 stills, paintings, playing cards, and generally naughty bric-a-brac. The collection is huge, and if I had to guess what kind of a man he is, judging by his taste in literature and ceramics, I would say Jillette is a breast man. I asked what he does when his parents come over, and he says he takes the pictures down and tells his folks not to poke around too much.

What did you like best about Iillette's apartment? The fact that he has not loaded it up with a lot of old magician's props or original Houdini posters or anything.

OK, one last question? You, sir, the tall fellow with the ponytail and the kumquat face and the painted fingernail. Hey, you're getting awfully personal here. Sorry, I've been under a lot of stress lately. Your question, sir? Yeah, so what's a bitchin' guy like Jillette with a girlfriend like Carol doing in a nice magazine like this? It can safely be argued that it is our early apartments that provide the truest window on our interests and personalities. As we get older, those initial primitively iconoclastic impulses to gussy up our surroundings with the things we love most, regardless of their tackiness or suitability, become buried under weighty matters of taste and decorum. As we get older, our houses therefore become less reflective of who we are and more a reflection of who we want our friends to think we are. And?... And, well, Jillette's apartment is a refreshing change from that. Someday, though, I expect he will grow tired of it all and will chuck everything in his place and redo it in something like Regency or early Frank Lloyd Wright. When he does, he will no doubt make a certain fire-eating Chelsea resident very happy, not to mention an awful lot of flea market vendors.

PHILIPPE DESHOULIERES

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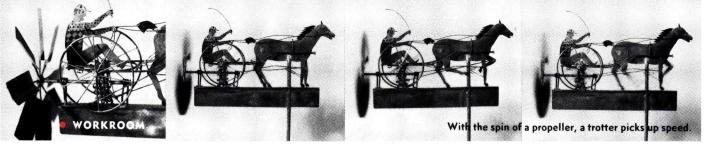
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ames Leonard is a contemporary folk artist who spins tales from copper. Working in a loft in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, wedged between warring middle-class Hasidic and working-class Hispanic neighborhoods, he picks up inspiration from the street for his moving tableaus: in one decidedly urban wind machine a car is repeatedly stripped for parts.

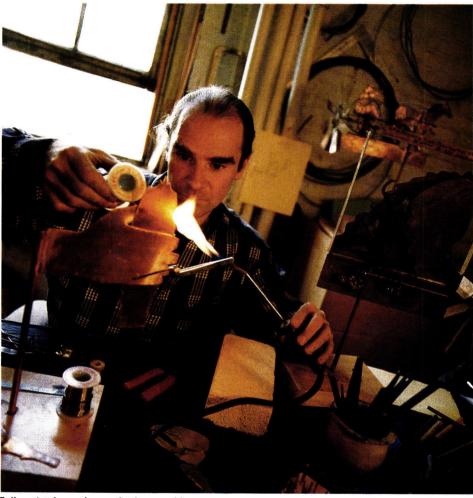
Leonard also cuts memories out of metal so they won't fade. "The Old Man Telling His Dog How He Caught Fish When He Was Young is a story about me in 1975 when I was fishing on the New Jersey shore," he says. "I had caught a large striped bass, but the main fellow of interest was a very old man behind me who was talking to his dog as if he were his only friend in the world." The dramas of this day are driven by wind, which turns the fan and triggers the copper rods, spiral "worms," and daisylike gears that move the figures. The handwrought mechanism is captivating in its ingenuity and simplicity.

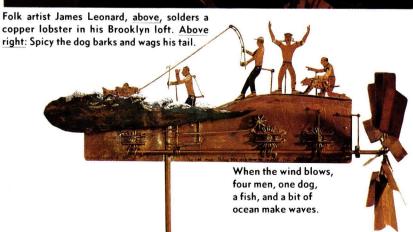
The ultimate handyman, Leonard made his first wind machine as a gift in 1970; he was then a twenty-oneyear-old appliance repairman. He continued his hobby ("because it was fun") during stints as a cabinetmaker and a construction worker and received his first art world recognition in 1986 when Michael McManus saw to it that one of his pieces was included in a show at the Museum of American Folk Art. Now, armed with a propane torch and tin snips, this untrained artist shapes his own stories or those told to him by others. Give him a few details—"I loved going on cruises when I was young, but I have a lasting fear of pools on ships"—and a few months later the story will be retold endlessly whenever a breeze stirs. (James Leonard, 56 South 11 St. #3W, Brooklyn, NY 11211; 718-963-2641 by appt.) ▲

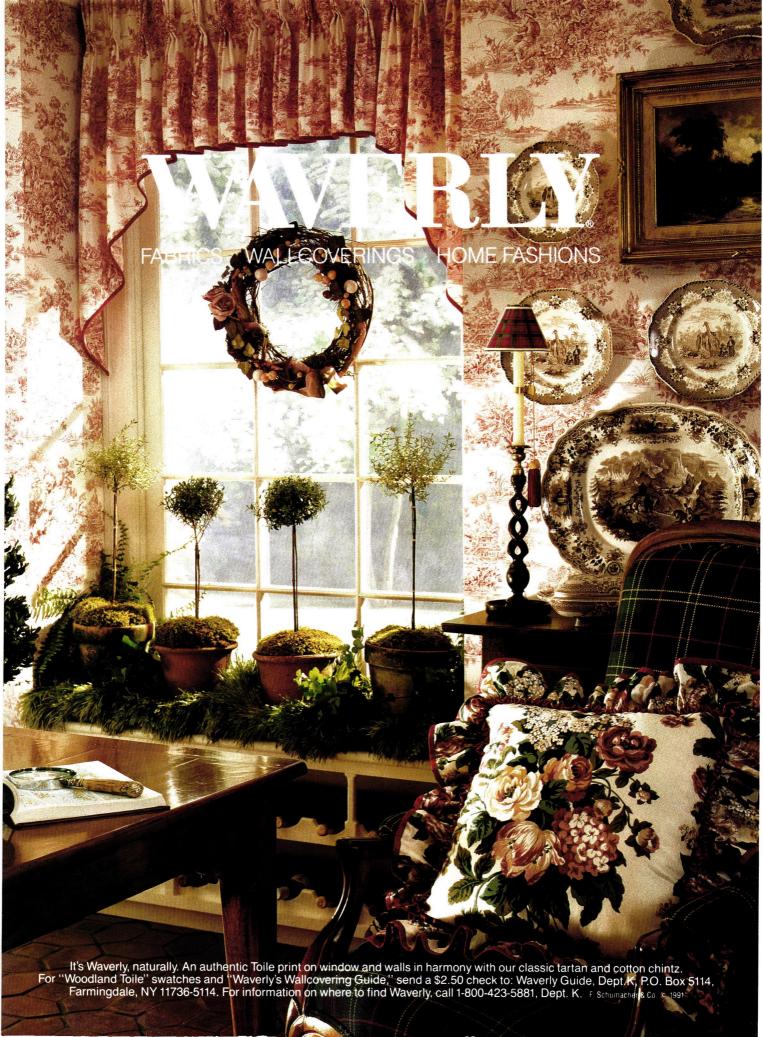
One Man's Windy City

James Leonard turns memories into sculpture By Dana Cowin









he National Audubon Society is making an example of itself. Its new national head-quarters on lower Broadway will recycle almost everything, from the building's eight-story sandstone and cast-iron façade to staffers' coffee cups—and the entire project will be accomplished with an eye to the bottom line so for-profit companies can follow in Audubon's tracks.

Audubon tapped Randolph Croxton and Kirsten Childs of Croxton Collaborative to work with Audubon scientist Jan Beyea to create offices that would be clean, efficient, livable, and reproducible at market rates. All

systems—from the light fixtures to the air conditioners—had to be available off the shelf; any extra cost above standard materials had to be repaid in energy or maintenance savings in three to five years. Even with such real-world constraints, Audubon's new head-



The Recyclable Nest National Audubon comes to roost

in an ecologically friendly building By William Bryant Logan

quarters is a very smart building, from the gas-fired heater-chiller that emits less of the oxides that contribute to acid rain to the transparent shield on the windows that transmits virtually all of the sun's light but little of its heat, and the motion sensors that turn out the lights in empty rooms. The systems are designed to reduce energy use by sixty percent.

Detail of

he 1891

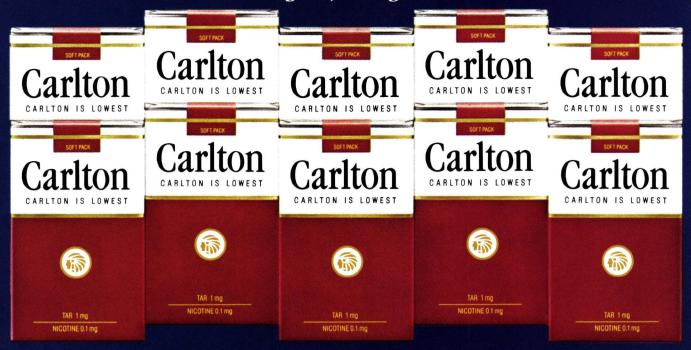
The real novelty of the project, however, consists as much in the designers' mindset as in their specific choices. "We have to look at the building as an entire performing entity," says Croxton. That sense of the building as an organism is expressed, in part, in a five-level recycling scheme. The first and most obvious step was reusing the building rather than tearing it down. The second step is salvaging the demolished masonry, which will be crushed to make roadbeds, and the wallboard, which will become new wallboard. Third, as much as possible of what goes back into the building is recycled.

When the building is finished, a two-pronged permanent recycling system kicks in. In addition to desk-side separation of computer paper, newspaper, and the like, each floor will have four chutes for different kinds of waste. The organic rubbish—not only the crumbs from a sandwich but also the paper towels used to mop up spilled coffee—will automatically be shredded and composted in an aerated box, then redistributed to the soil of the rooftop gardens or given to employees. Finally, the people who work in the building will be asked to commit to a goal of eighty percent recycling, meaning that they may well join Jan Beyea in reusing plastic containers from the neighborhood salad bar. lack

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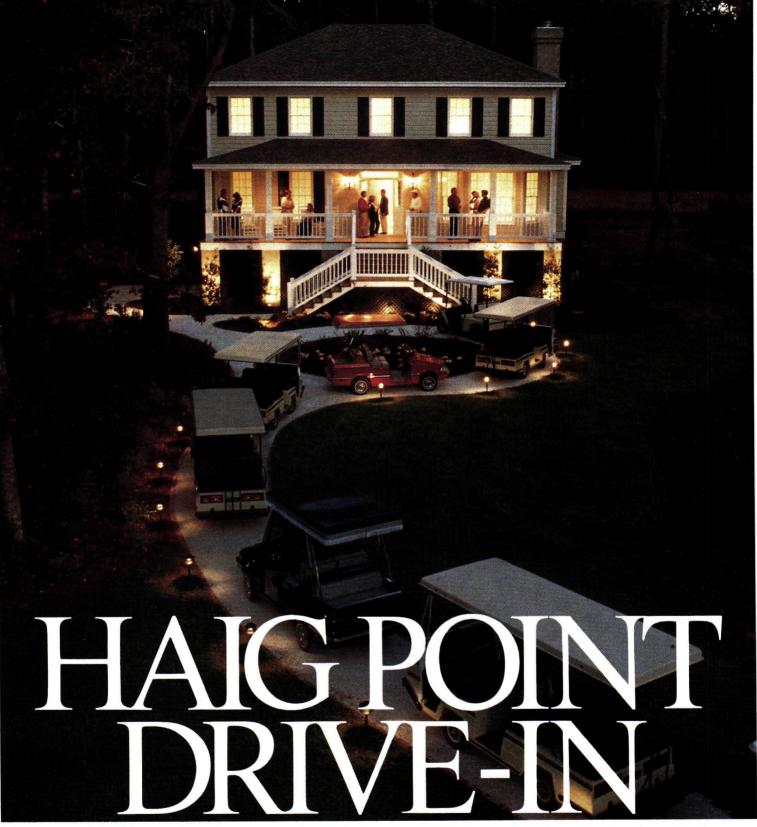
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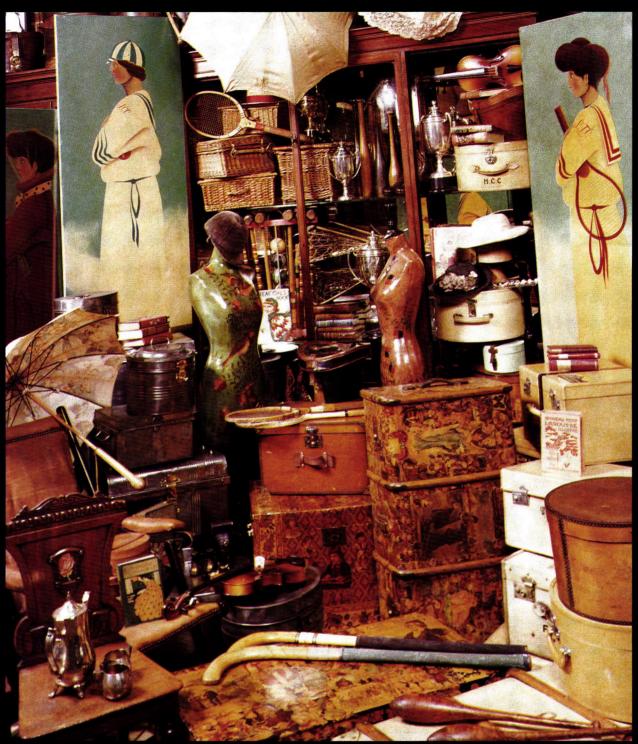


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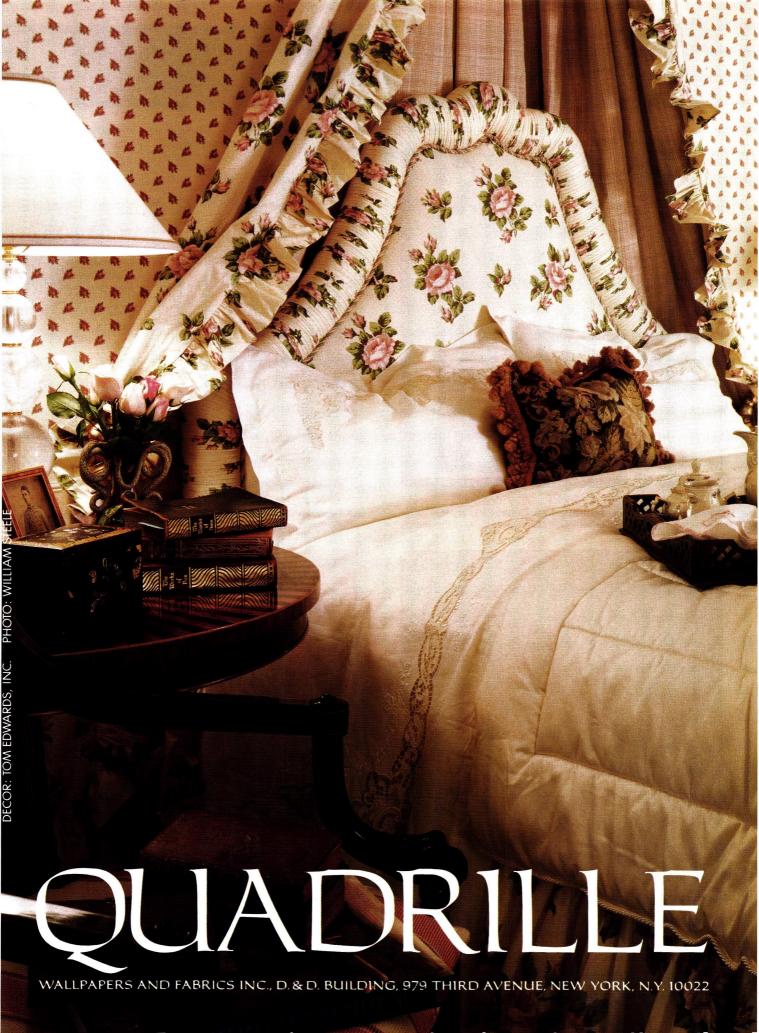
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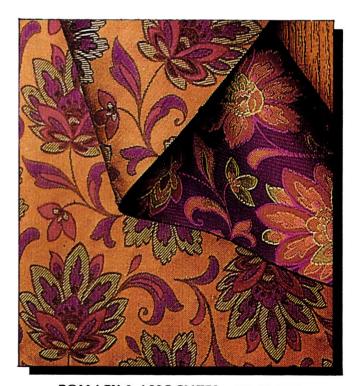


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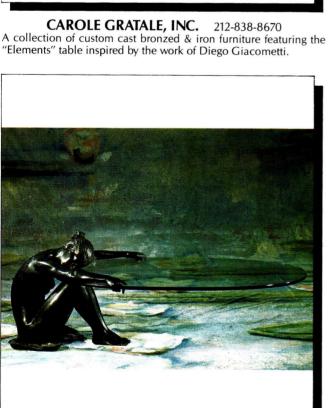
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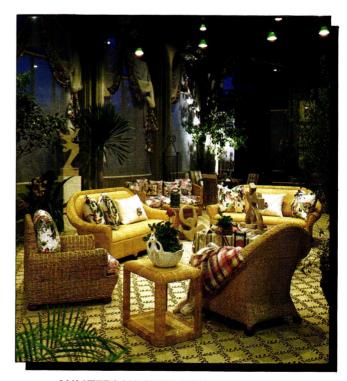




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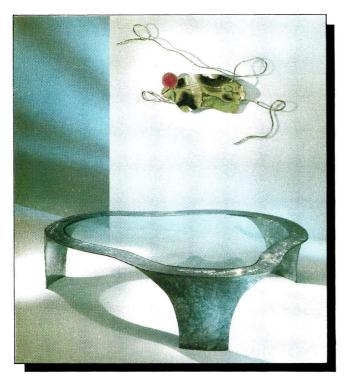


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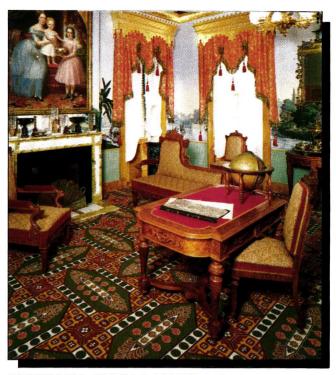




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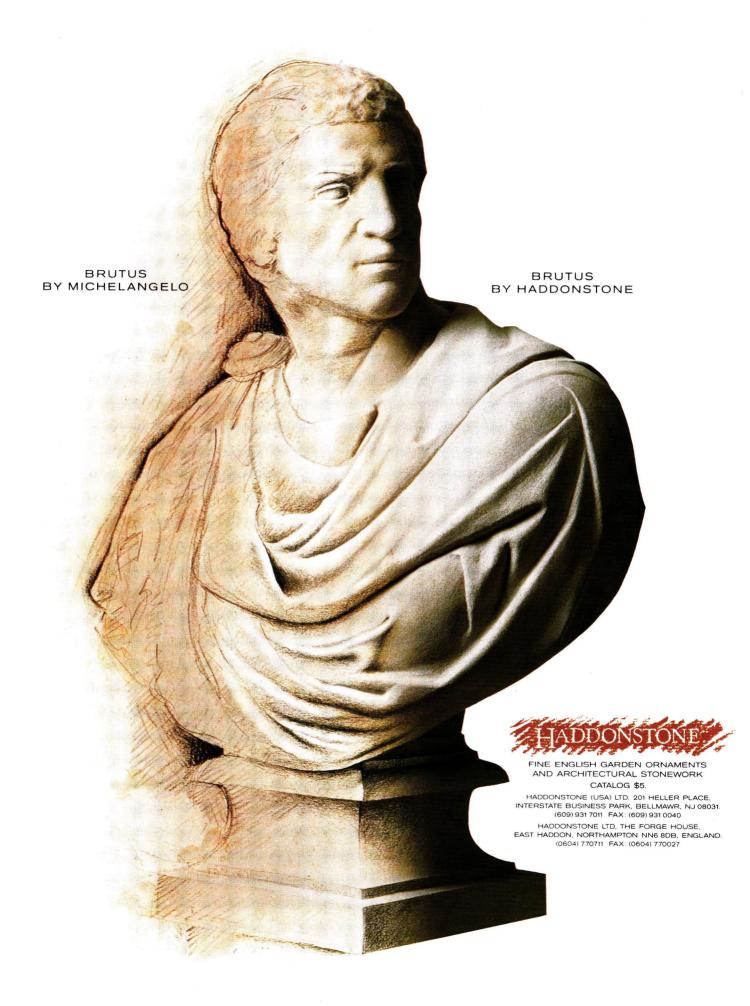
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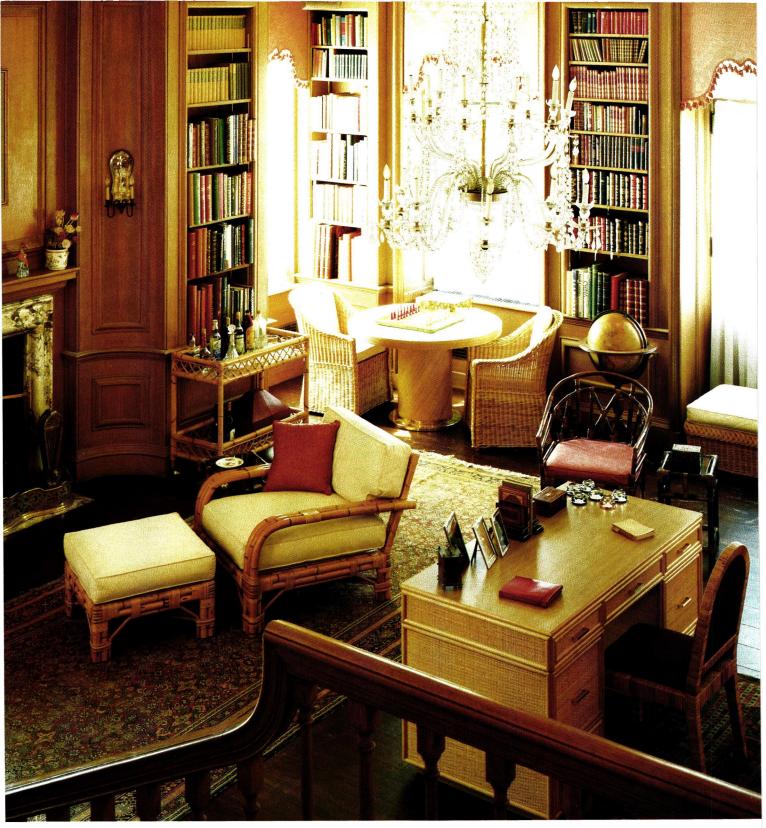
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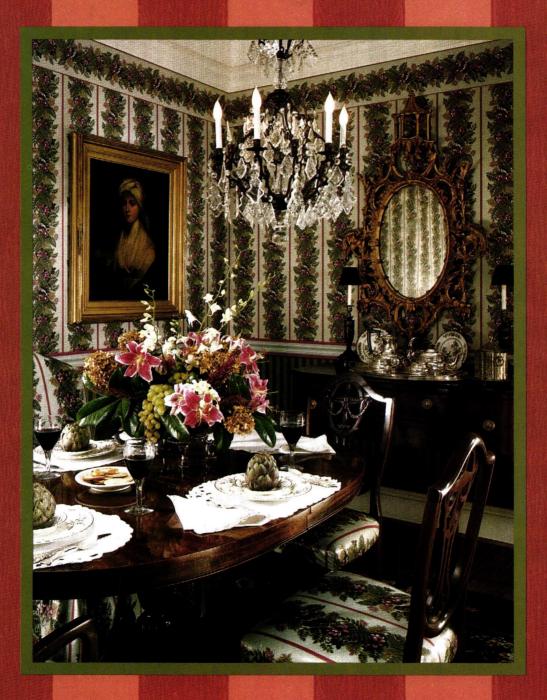
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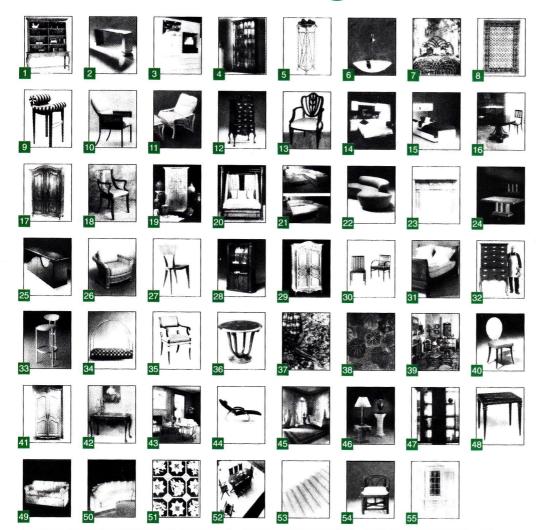
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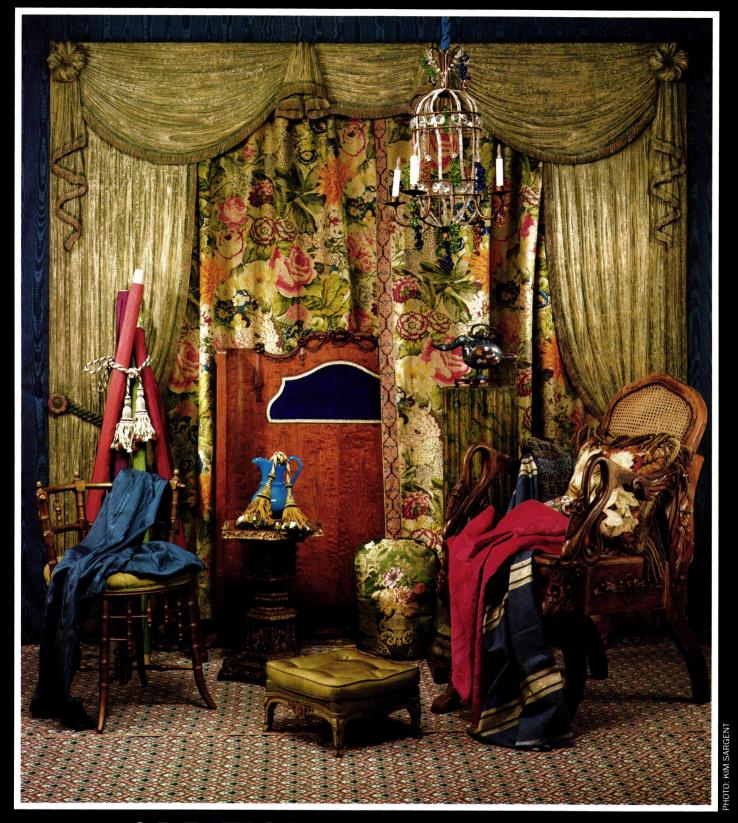
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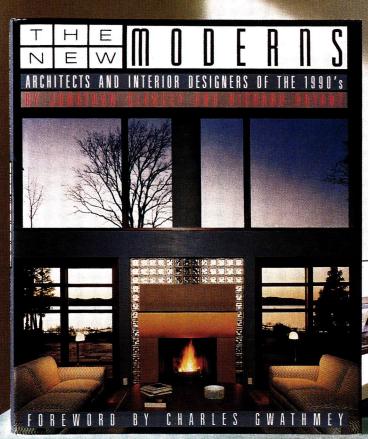
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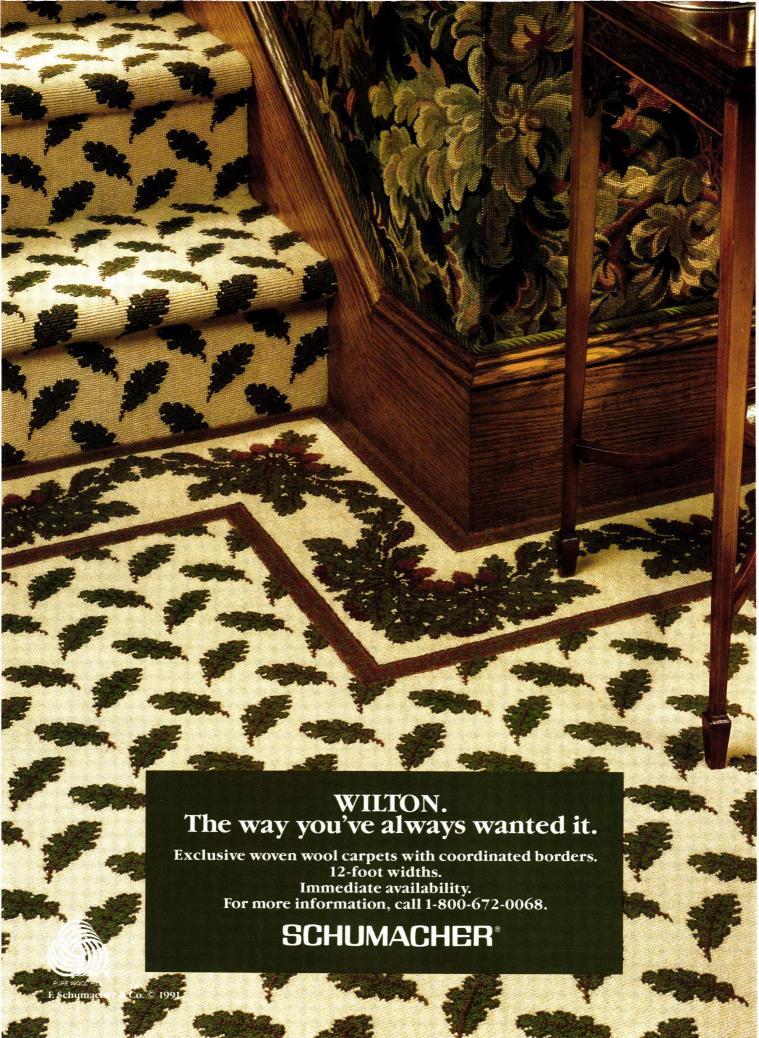
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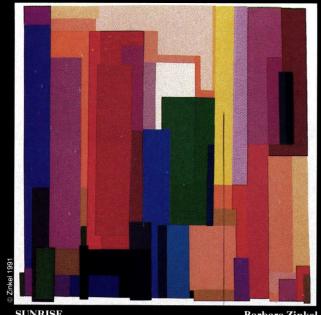


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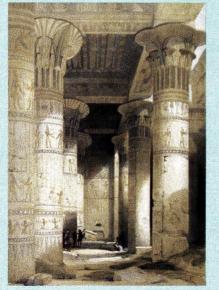
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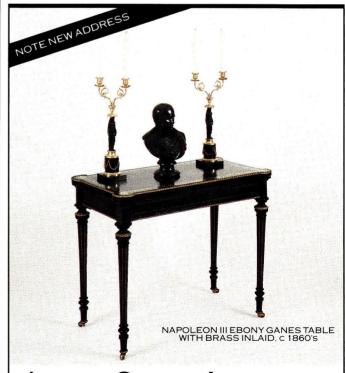




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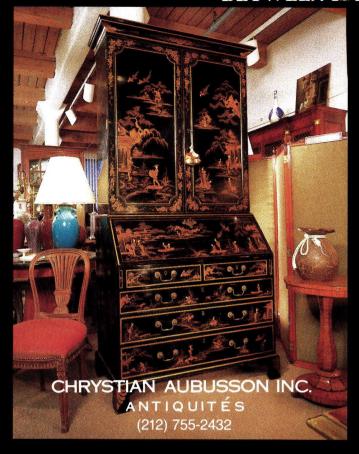
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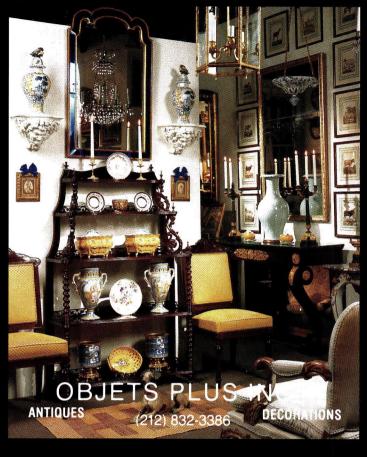
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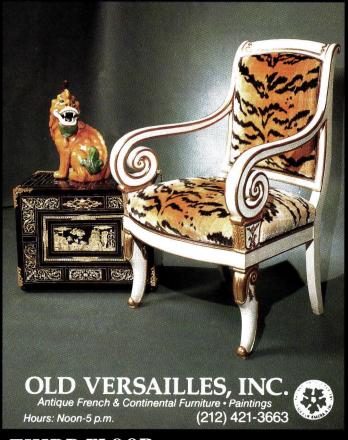
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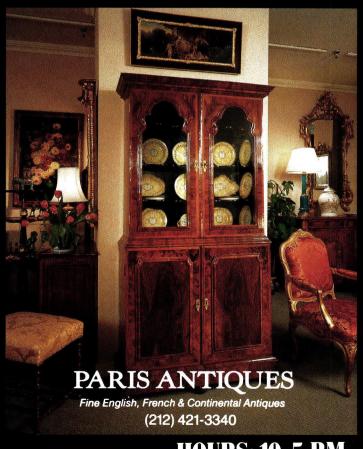
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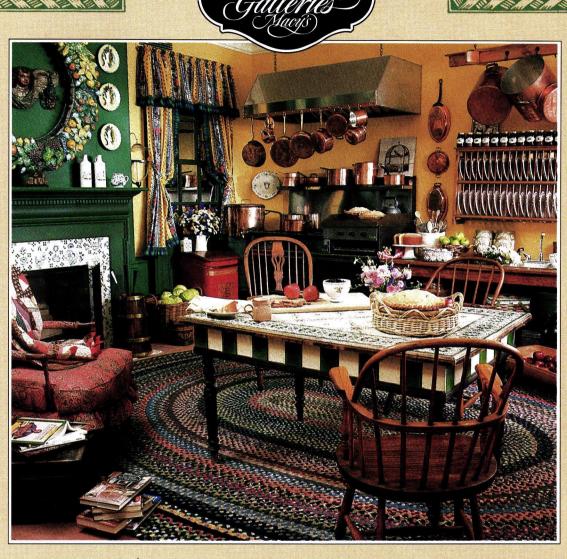
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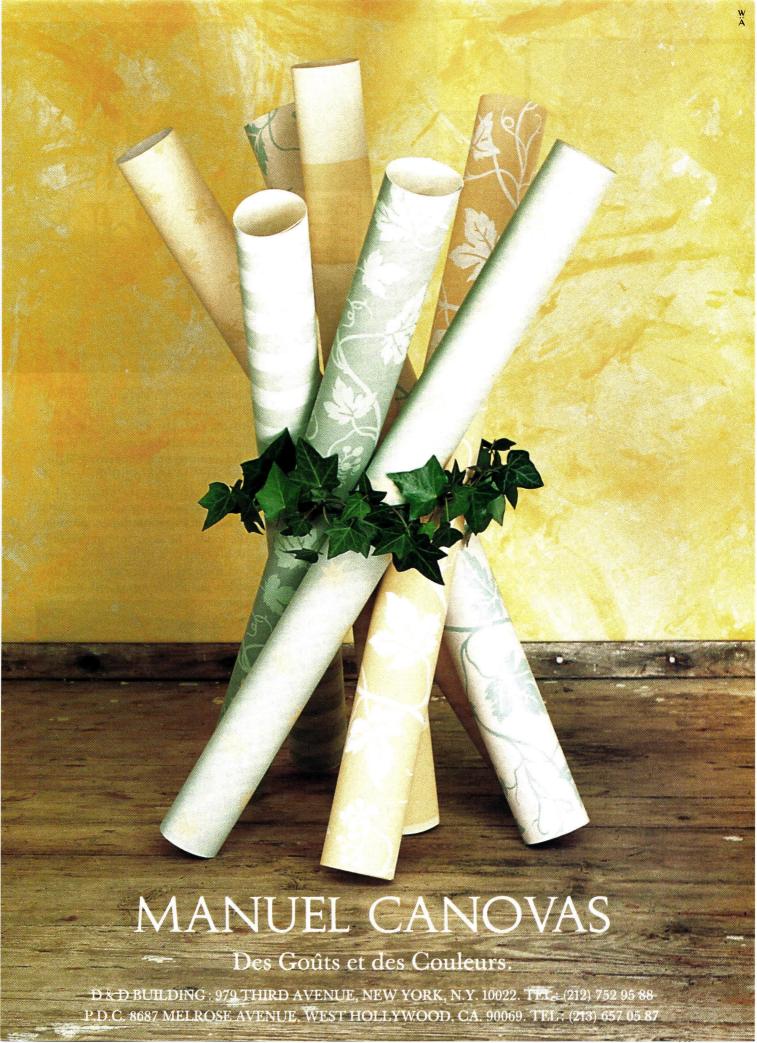
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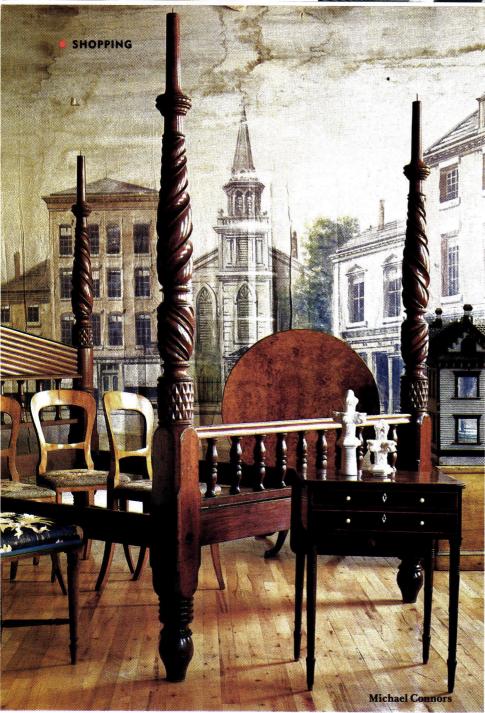
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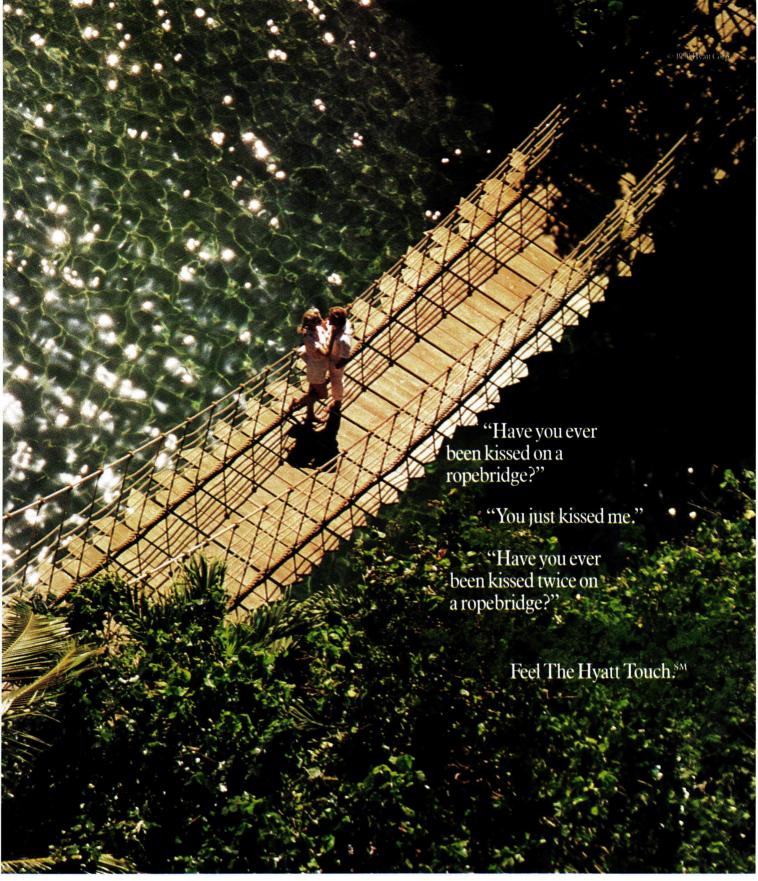
A West Indian bed, Regency table, Biedermeier chairs, above, and a Swedish table, left, in Connors's loft, where dealers shop. Below: Art nouveau vases complement the Little Shop's costume jewelry.



et me give you folks the benefit of years of looking for and tiques bargains. First, they're hard to locate. Second, you need an uncanny ability to remain silent as a deer in the woods if you want to overhear the whispered conversations in which decorators, dealers, and collectors trade their latest finds. The following is a list of betrayed secrets of some of the smartest shoppers I know. Michael Connors I first met Connors a year and a half ago at the urging of a mutual friend who said Connors sold "stuff" he bought "around." His "stuff" spans several centuries and "around" covers two continents and islands in two oceans. A former head of the antiques department at Lord & Taylor and a veteran flea market picker, Connors scours attics, basements, barns, and acres of kitsch, from Brimfield, Massachusetts, and Kutztown, Pennsylvania, to Paris, and he finds remarkable things: wooden boat models, brass column lamps, decorative paintings, deco leather chairs, sofas, pier glasses, refectory tables, dollhouses, and enough colonial West Indian mahogany furniture to fill a showroom. Connors has a commanding knowledge of American and European furniture and decoration and is able to communicate his knowledge to that most often duped class of buyers, the general collector. And his prices range from reasonable to ludicrously cheap. In New York he runs his business out of his SoHo loft; summers he has a shop in Stonington, Maine, on Deer Isle. But whatever the season, he's more than likely on the road, shopping. (150 Thompson St., New York, NY 10012; 212-473-0377 by appt.)

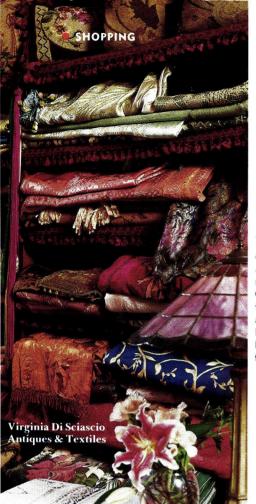
David George Antiques An alumnus of William Doyle's auction house (where his title, "estate removal coor-

dinator," made him responsible for removing everything but the late lamented), George is now



Maui, Hawaii





Avenue in Brooklyn, seasoned pickers Richard Hall and Roger Winter keep an extraordinary trove of furniture, porcelain, paintings, mirrors, bronzes, and birdhouses. American and English eighteenth- and nineteenth-century formal and high-

Vintage fabrics on Di Sciascio's shelves, left.
Right: Among Hall & Winter's 18th-century finds are a Louis XV gilt mirror and a Queen Anne table from Connecticut and chair from England. Below: Painted tole lamps from Two Worlds.

style country furniture is their strong suit. They always have half a dozen period dining tables and sets of dining chairs; last summer they had six George III chairs in the Chinese Chippendale taste, circa 1785, with marvelously carved backs, and six

painted Baltimore chairs, circa 1825.

Winter, an experienced restorer, and Hall, whose stories of his twenty years as a show dealer sound like tales from the Wild West (high crimes among the highboys), offer a comprehensive service that includes restoration and maintenance. Be sure to call ahead. On at least a half

tains, brocades, silk panels, quilts, even an eighteenth-century Turkish bedspread. In the summer she emphasizes 1930s and '40s prints and chintzes; in the winter she shifts to brocades, silks, and petit point. Di Sciascio's large selection of turn-of-the-century Marseilles bedspreads includes unusual pinks and lavenders as well as the typical white-on-white. (230 East 80 St., New York, NY 10021; 212-794-8807)

The Little Shop of Antiques John Thompson and Carl Ruffino's tiny Upper East Side storefront is next door to Virginia Di Sciascio's shop. "We're off the main path," says Thompson, "so we've got to have catchy things." And they do—a fabulous assortment of decorative accessories and signed costume jewelry.



This is the place to find vintage Kenneth Jay Lane creations, including pieces he designed for the duchess of Windsor. The VIP customer list ranges from Catherine Deneuve and Iolanda (Mrs. Anthony) Quinn to oil heiress Carolyn Skelly. Even Andy Warhol bought eggshell enamel cigarette cases here. For shoppers whose jewelry boxes are full, there's an assortment of vases, small pieces of furniture, textiles, and paintings. (230 East 80 St., New York, NY 10021; 212-861-6656)

Two Worlds Arts Did you ever find the perfect lamp, table, vase, or tray and need another two or three just like it? Do you want a \$3,000 "school of Canaletto" or a Watteau-to-go? Or a screen or a trunk with an Adam design? Two Worlds, the decorator's version of the corner copy shop, can

Smart shoppers are loath to reveal their secrets, so I've done it for them

helping to make the area around Doyle's into a decorator's alley, with two spaces full of odds and ends and treasures. He specializes in Continental furniture and Chinese and Japanese decorations. In his shop Bach provides the background music for rare books, small paintings, urns, snuff bottles, porcelain, lamps, bronzes, and the occasional Aubusson pillow. Downstairs in the bargain basement the radio blares rock and roll and the stock ranges from the re-

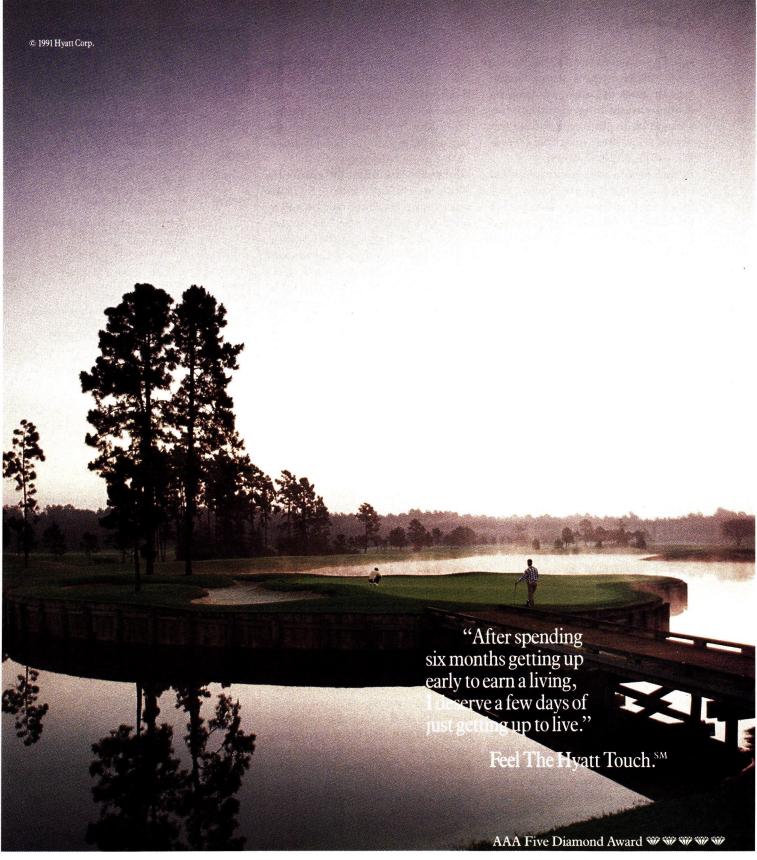
cently antique to high kitsch: art deco-style chrome and leather armchairs, lamps with cowboy spurs, and portraits of mustachioed maharajas. (165 East 87 St., New York, NY 10128; 212-860-3034)

Hall & Winter On the ground floor of a brownstone a block from Atlantic

dozen occasions I ventured across the bridge only to find this intrepid pair loading up a large truck, off to do a show somewhere just out of range or to tend to their year-round shop in New Hope, Pennsylvania. (718-797-4330 by appt.)

Virginia Di Sciascio Antiques & Textiles Di Sciascio has sterling-silver serving pieces, perfume bottles, and glass pitchers in blue, red, and green, but her passion is textiles: hand-embroidered linens, lace cur-





Orlando, Florida



Only minutes from Walt Disney World, you'll find 45 holes of championship golf designed by Jack Nicklaus and a spectacular water playground.

satisfy your desires. If you have a scrap, they'll make a screen. Their regular stock of lamps, all made inhouse, is astonishing. If you're decorating a large place, you should buy in bulk. (122 West 18 St., New York, NY 10011; 212-633-1668)

Period After a stint as vice president of Saks Fifth Avenue's women's sportswear division left him fed up with fashion, Richard Livingston put together a plan for a SoHo shop that would combine antiques and contemporary items. The Dow Jones nosedive has put that enterprise on hold, so he has taken what he calls his "fashion approach to interiors" out on the show trail, with displays of furniture and objects chosen more for their look than for their provenance-from Eames look-alikes of the 1950s to a gilded polychrome eighteenth-century French table supported by a sculptural angel. He also shops to order and decorates. (212-206-0082 by appt.)

David Drummond Sofas, footstools, and pillows covered in old fabrics, lamps, trophies, and Victorian and Edwardian bric-a-brac from Drummond's have dressed the sets of many a Woody Allen film and hautepreppie ad campaign. But Drummond's Upper West Side basement is merely one tentacle of an operation centered on a huge warehouse in Pennsylvania and fed by frequent trips to the United Kingdom and the American hinterland. He is now making some superb chintzes in patterns copied from his hoard of 1920s, '30s, and '40s textiles. His next project: down-filled reproductions of chesterfield sofas, chairs, and chaises of the same period because, he says, "When people speak about luxury, they mean comfort." Given Drummond's peripatetic tendencies, appointments are a must. (212-877-6753 by appt.)

David Roos Once an infrequent visitor from London, this self-described champion of "real color and pure form and positive textures" has now settled in Murray Hill. He decorates and designs custom curtains, wallpapers, fabrics, furniture, and furbe-

lows of every kind for an impressive client roster that includes various Rothschilds, Faye Dunaway, shoe king Manolo Blahnik, and Bombay zillionaire Adi Dubash—we're talking about a private railway here. (212-557-5792 by appt.)

Alexandra Davis/Star & Cross From Monday to Friday, Davis works in the advertising business, but on weekends and holidays she hits the antiques show trail with her station wagon full of American quilts and hooked rugs. Her inventory dates from 1860 to 1940. Quilts, from New England, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, start at \$325, and rugs, generally from New England, at \$125. (212-593-5189 by appt.)

Symourgh International David Zadeh's select stock of European and oriental carpets have the perfectly faded hues so dear to John Saladino and his pupils and to fans of the myfamily-has-been-here-forever look. Prices, which begin in the neighborhood of \$2,000, are extremely fair. Zadeh employs a legion of pickers who hit flea markets and house sales all over the country. "The U.S. was rich a hundred years ago," he says. "They bought the best and it's still here." He guarantees his wares and will always buy them back. "You'd be amazed who comes in to browse," Zadeh says. I believe him. (295 Fifth Ave. #104, New York, NY 10016; 212-686-3756)

White & Howlett Eccentric oversize eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English furniture-Regency, William IV, and a George or twolooms large in the SoHo shop opened a year and a half ago by Peter Howlett and Richard White, who also sell to the trade from a warehouse in Greenwich, England. Hunkering down in the rear of the shop is a vast round table with a distinguished past. Made about 1890 for press baron Lord Northcliffe, it was included in the sale of the English manor Sutton Place to J. Paul Getty. If you often have twenty-eight people for dinner, it's just the right size. (71 Spring St., New York, NY 10012; 212-274-0034)

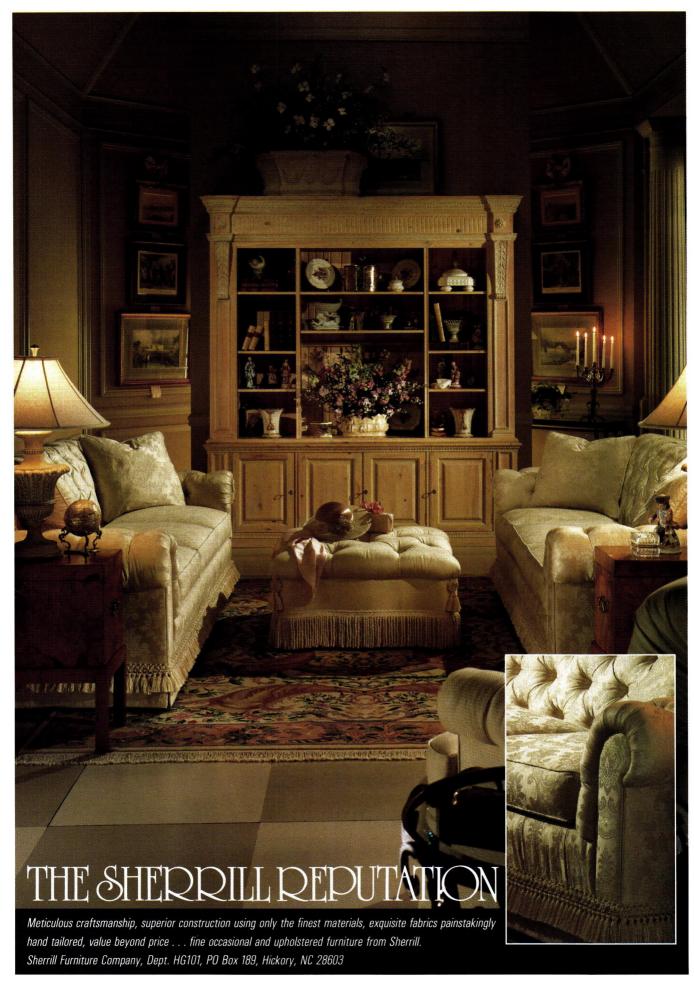
SHEQQIII furniture is available through these fine dealers.

Turriture is c	wallable through these line dealers.
ALABAMA	Birmingham Wholesale, Birmingham Kyser Furniture, Montgomery Ventress Furniture, Dothan
ARIZONA	Breuners, Scottsdale & Phoenix Lou Regester, Phoenix
ARKANSAS	Norms, Rogers & Fayetteville White Furniture. Benton
CALIFORNIA	Barker Brothers, All Locations Breuners, All Locations
	Carls Furniture, Long Beach & Laguna Hills Garrett's Furniture, Santa Barbara Higgins Furniture, Temecula J. Bain, Walnut Creek Thompsons, All Locations V.J. Lloyd, San Diego & Solana Beach
CANADA	Muellers, Toronto (4 Locations)
CONNECTICUT	Wayside of Milford, Milford
D.C. FLORIDA	Woodward & Lothrop, Washington (All Location. Burdines, Miami (All Locations) Robb & Stuckey, Ft. Myers (All Locations)
GEORGIA	Rich's, Atlanta (All Locations)
ILLINOIS	D. Edmunds Interiors, Burr Ridge Marshall Fields, Chicago (All Locations)
INDIANA	Meridian Showroom, Carmel
IOWA KANSAS	Younkers, Des Moines Fuhr's Interiors, Shawnee
LOUISIANA	Hurwitz-Mintz, New Orleans
MARYLAND	Woodward & Lothrop, All Locations
MASSACHUSETTS	Grand Rapids Furniture, Boston Paine Furniture, Boston
MICHIGAN	J.L. Hudson, Detroit (All Locations) Klingmans, Grand Rapids
MINNESOTA MISSISSIPPI	Daytons, Minneapolis (All Locations) Batte Furniture, Jackson
MISSISSIFFI	Malouf's Furniture, Greenwood
NEBRASKA	Allen Furniture, Omaha Armstrong Furniture, Lincoln
NEW JERSEY	Brielle Furniture, Brielle Huffman Koos, N. Hackensack (All Locations) Lloyd's of Sommerville, Sommerville Nassau Interiors, Princeton Schwartz Furniture, N. Brunswick
NEW YORK	A B C Carpet & Home, New York E.J. Audi, White Plains L. & J.G. Stickley, All Locations
NEVADA	Mount Kisco Furniture, Mount Kisco Breuners, Reno & Las Vegas
OHIO	The Furniture House, Newark
	Higbee's, Cleveland Lazarus, Cincinnati (All Locations)
OKLAHOMA	Brown Furniture, Shawnee Housley Bros., Oklahoma City J. Brophy Furniture, Tulsa
OREGON	M. Jacobs, Eugene
PENNSYLVANIA	Arthur Moser Assoc., Pittsburgh John Wanamaker, Philadelphia (All Locations) Russell's Country Manor, Waterford
RHODE ISLAND	Harold's Home Outfitters, Providence
TENNESSEE	Stamper's, Cleveland Total Concepts, Chattanooga
TEXAS	Casey Furniture, Temple Deborah's Interiors, McAllen Ellison's, Ft. Worth Fowlers, Nederland Gabberts, Dallas & Ft. Worth Howell's Home Furnishings, McKinney John-Williams Interiors, Austin & San Antonio Shepperson Furniture, San Angelo
*	Spears, Lubbock Stowers, San Antonio Suniland, Houston
Luinout	Waldrop Furniture, Abilene
VIRGINIA	Colony House, Arlington Grand Interiors, Roanoke & Charlottesville Willis Wayside, Virginia Beach & Williamsburg

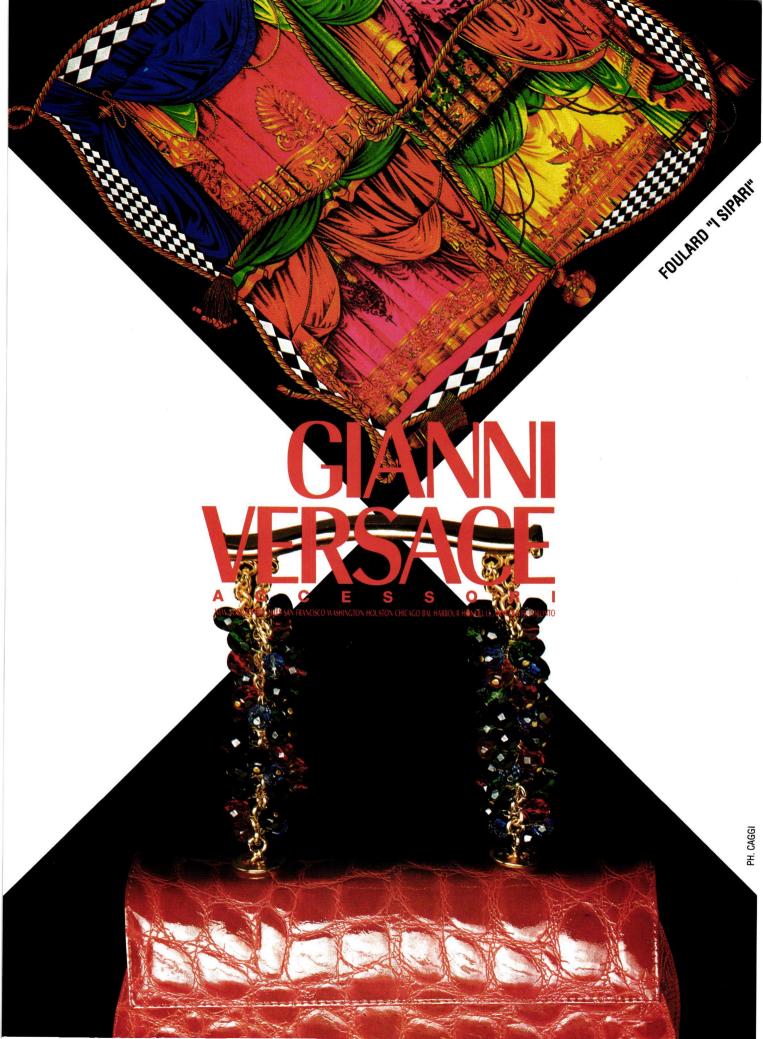
Woodward & Lothrop, All Locations

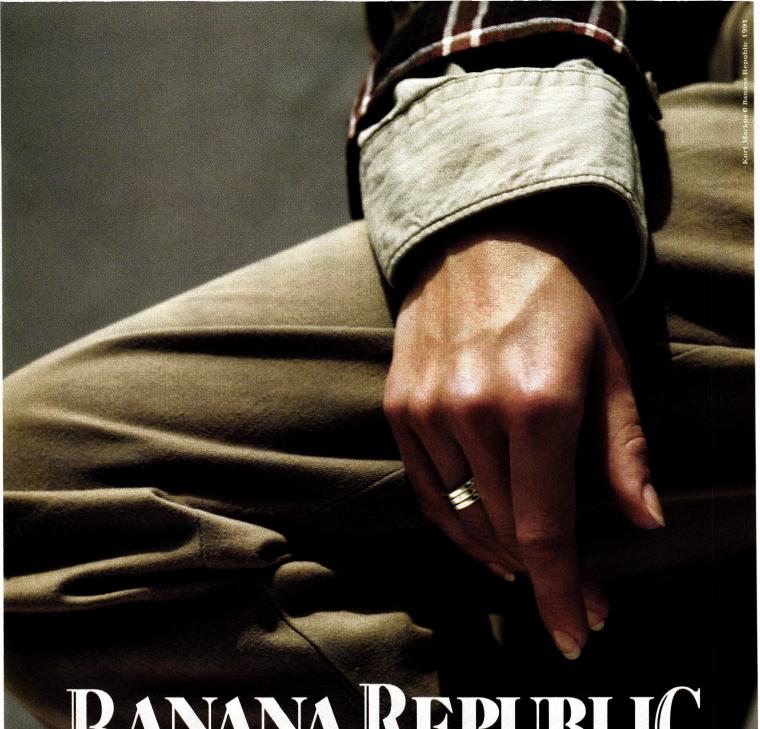
Ken Schoenfeld Furniture, Tukwila Ken Schoenfeld, Olympia

WASHINGTON









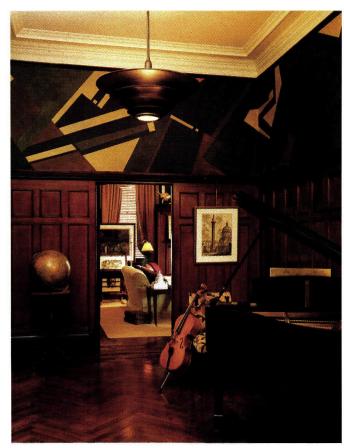
BANANA REPUBLIC k h a k i s

Classic Pleated Twills, \$48.

New York Editor's Page

DARK CITY IS what a childhood friend from Pennsylvania called New York—and I admit there are moments, especially as the days become short and cold, when the streets can seem particularly forlorn. But for those of us acquainted with the radiant spirits that inhabit this city, the grayness goes no deeper than the stone façades.

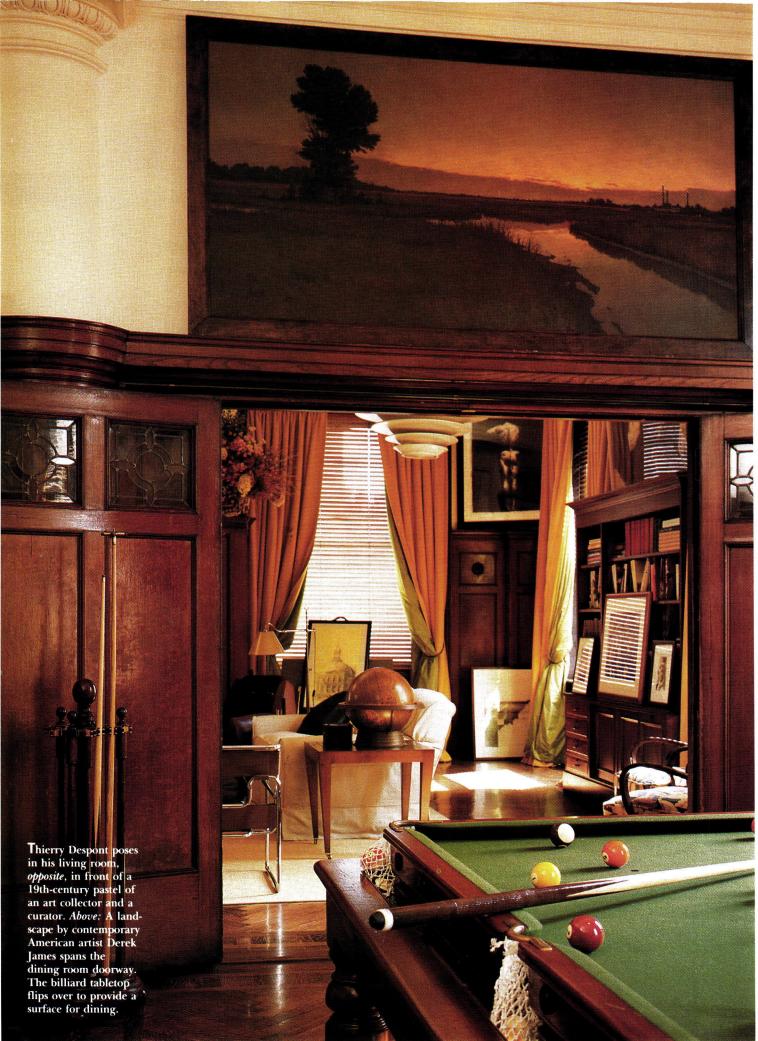
Life in New York demands a special pluckiness, a propensity for problem solving, given the very difficulty of satisfying human needs for space and comfort in a densely populated, costly, predesigned environment. In this issue we offer a look inside a range of living spaces shaped by highly individual and innovative people. Architect Thierry Despont drew on his civilized old-world sensibility to recast a lower Manhattan loft into a family home that is luxuriously refined and modern. Decorators Stephen Sills and James Huniford created a showplace for decorative ornamentation and modernist furniture in a small penthouse on the Upper East Side. Painter Ross Bleckner enlisted the help of 1100 Architect to convert a downtown building into a consummately sophisticated environment for life and art. The house that fashion editor Martha Baker shares with her photographer husband, John, and their four children achieves a look of comfortable urban chic and flea market eccentricity. And what can anyone say about the Chelsea Hotel apartment



Modernism meets tradition in the entrance gallery of Thierry Despont's downtown loft.

of woman-of-the-moment Susanne Bartsch other than that it is as unabashedly flamboyant as its occupant. We also peek into the riverfront penthouse of young fashion designer Michael Kors, with its Bridgehamptonesque deck; a very stylish maisonette decorated by Mark Hampton; and the Park Avenue apartment of that purveyor of decorating Charlotte Moss. For greenery there are rooftop gardens, and for a soupçon of titillation we provide the inside scoop on the home lives of chroniclers of society. All of this illustrates that New York, like Paris, is a city of light.

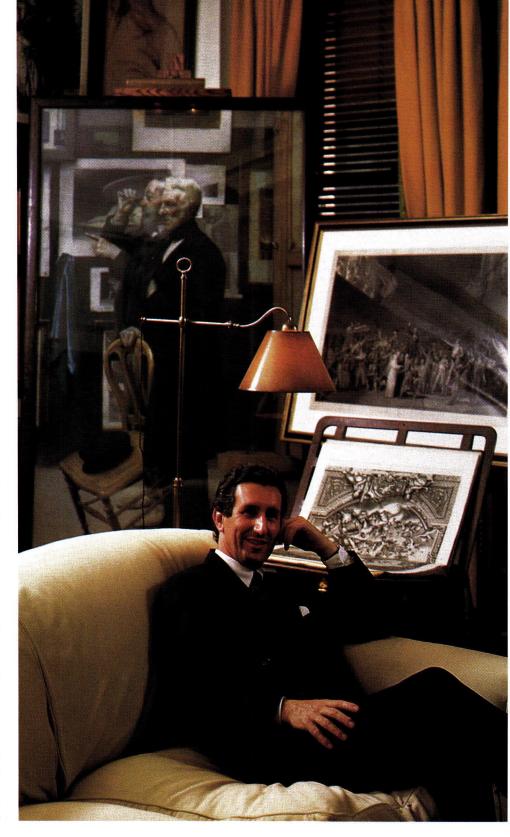
Many Vorograd



hall there is a struggle going on. The upper walls are covered by an abstract mural whose muted colors and constructivist forms suggest the dynamic dislocation of America in the 1930s. Below, the walls are paneled in dark wood; this sober Edwardian symmetry suggests order and tradition. The two combatants are strong and well matched, and the struggle remains unresolved—an exhilarating draw.

It's not the first time, of course, that the old has been set beside the new, but there are other dimensions to this particular struggle. For one thing, both sides are artful misrepresentations. The "thirties American" mural is in fact brand-new, and the "Edwardian" paneling dates from the thirties. More interestingly, the struggle is staged by someone who, by heritage and tradition, has no business understanding the aesthetic idioms of either America or England quite so well: the French are not famous for cultural receptivity.

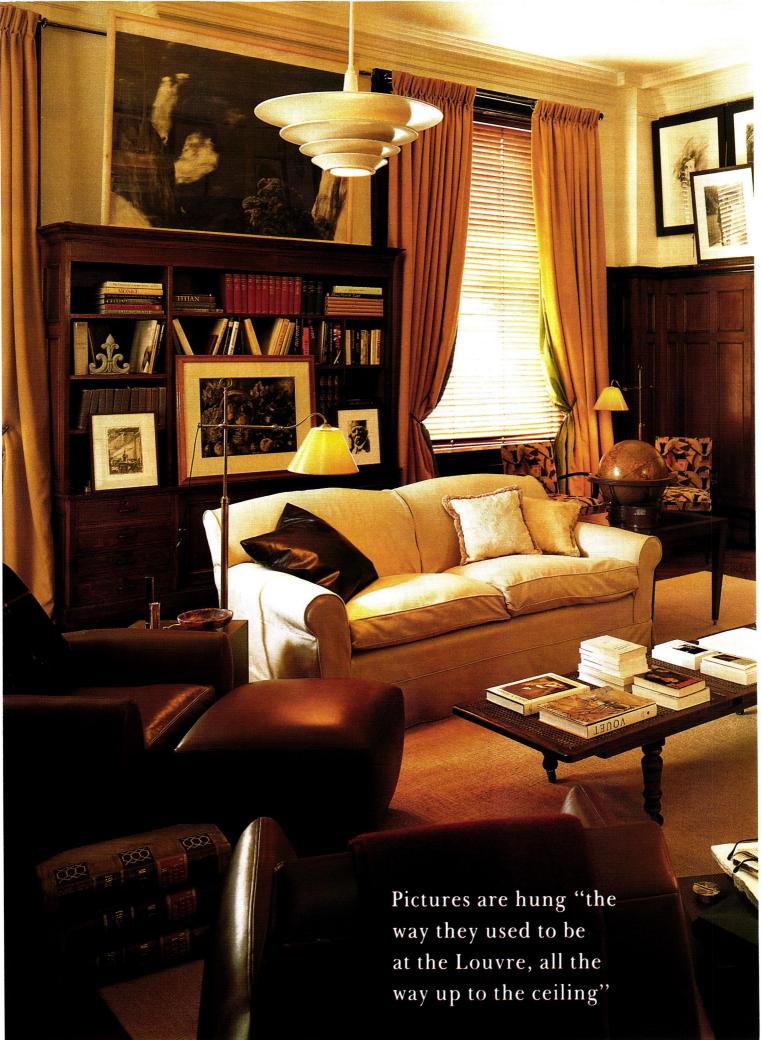
But Thierry Despont's story, like his front hall, is both distinguished and unconventional. Born in 1948 in Limoges (where the "s" in his name is pronounced), Despont followed at first in his architect father's footsteps. The son's classical education and degree in architecture from the École des Beaux-Arts might simply have produced another French cultural xenophobe. But Despont, most unconventionally, went on to study at an upstart foreign institution (Harvard), where he received a master's degree in a most unclassical discipline (urban planning). After a two-year stint in the New York office of a British firm, he opened his own Manhattan office in 1980. And, to make his cultural receptivity absolute-

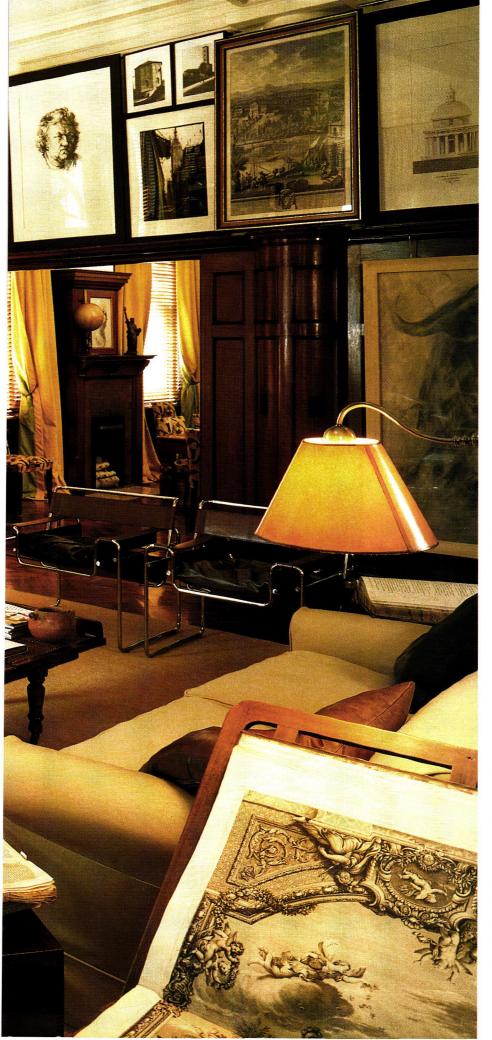


Beaux-Arts Downtown

At the intersection of classical and modern architecture,
Thierry Despont makes himself at home. By Roxana Robinson

Photographs by John Hall





ly clear, he married an American.

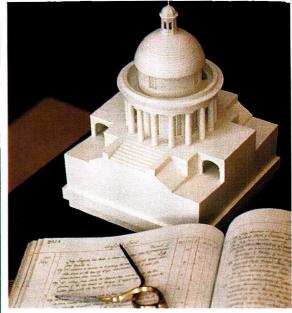
The mural in the Desponts' downtown apartment introduces him not only as a designer but as an artist: he designed it himself. He had done a similar installation for a client with a work by Sol LeWitt. "I couldn't afford Sol LeWitt," Despont says cheerfully, "so I did my own." Large-scale and powerful, the mural is an intersection between architecture and decoration. The idea is important, for Despont, who is both an architect and a decorator, occupies that intersection himself.

Despont's specialties are residential and museum work. His restoration projects include the Frick mansion in Pittsburgh and the Statue of Liberty; decoration projects include the Gutfreund and Oscar de la Renta apartments in New York; design projects include a neo-Georgian country house for Leslie Wexner in Ohio and the decorative arts galleries in the Getty Museum in California, in collaboration with Richard Meier. Despont is partial to house design. He likes working directly with clients, especially those who have strong ideas. And, remarkably, he is pleased to have clients take credit for his work. "I like it when a client says, 'I did this,' instead of 'Thierry Despont did this.' That's wonderful. They should feel that they did it themselves."

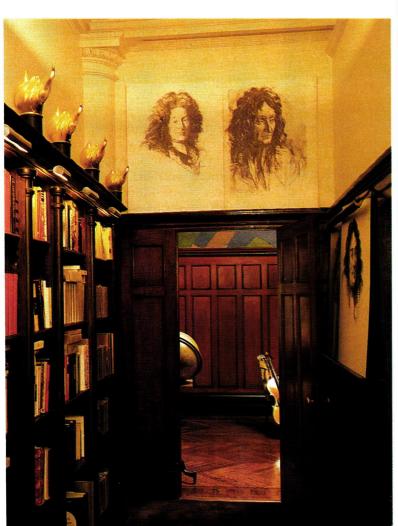
Despont's management approach is also unconventional. His office computers can produce three-dimensional images of every project, from every angle, but Despont says that "most of what we do must be done by hand anyway: it's lacemaking." Creative capabilities are encouraged, and on Mondays a

Old prints, 19th- and 20th-century drawings, and Despont's own work are displayed in the paneled living room. A moderne ceiling lamp hangs above one of a pair of George Smith sofas flanking the campaign bed that serves as a coffee table. Breuer armchairs face leather lounge chairs and ottomans by Dakota Jackson. Jackson side chairs are covered in Walter Gropius—inspired fabric from Clarence House. End tables from Donghia. Details see Resources.



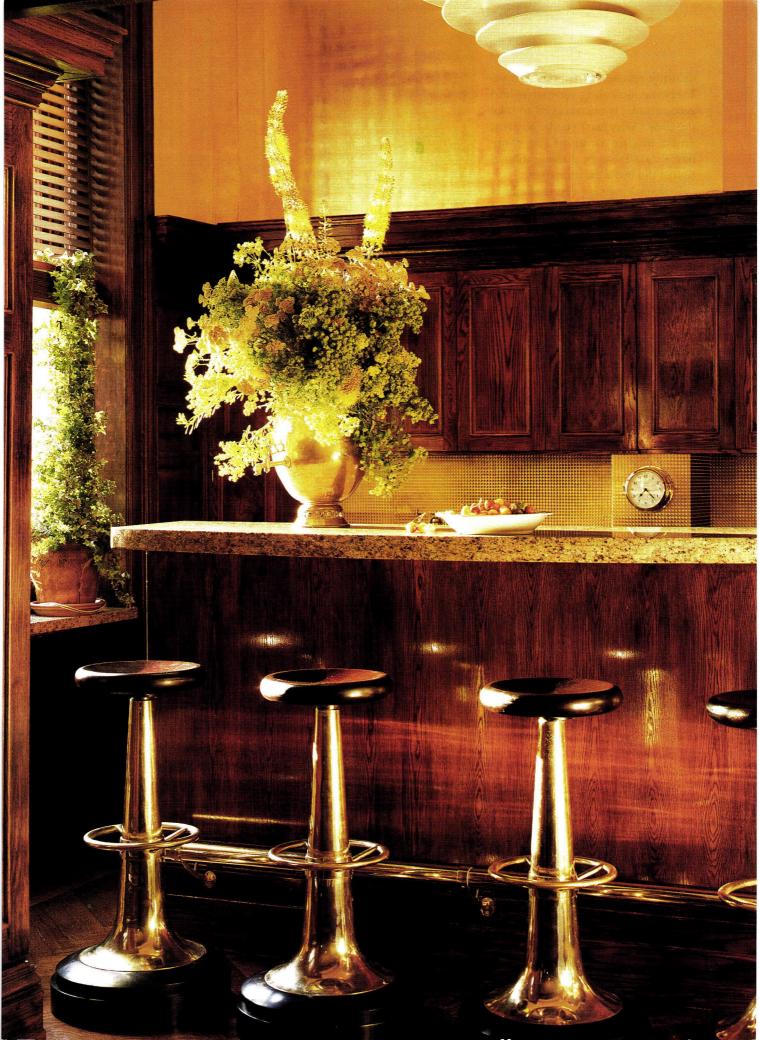


Despont's replicas of the Statue of Liberty torch could be kitsch, but for the spareness of presentation





Barstools from a 1930s Italian yacht, opposite, line the kitchen counter. A Bugatti dashboard inspired the gridded brass backsplash. Clockwise from top left: Despont on-site in 1986 as restoration architect for the Statue of Liberty; a model of a current residential project; Catherine and Louise Despont in the entrance gallery beneath their father's mural; gilt miniatures of the Liberty flame atop bookcases in the bedroom gallery with some of Despont's portraits of French artists and writers.



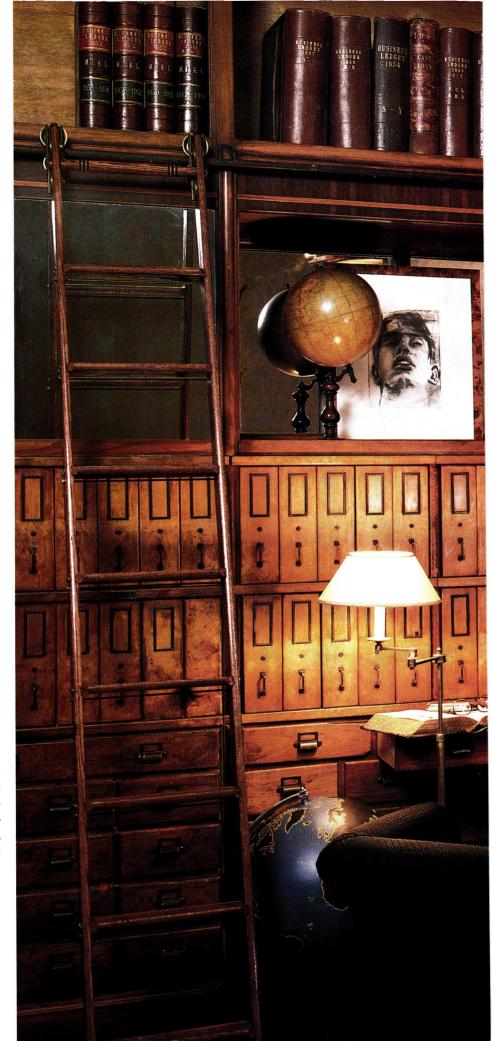
drawing teacher and model arrive. Everyone, including secretaries and accountants, is encouraged to take the class. "Why can't you be an artist and a businessman at the same time?" asks Despont. "The combination of the two is exciting to me."

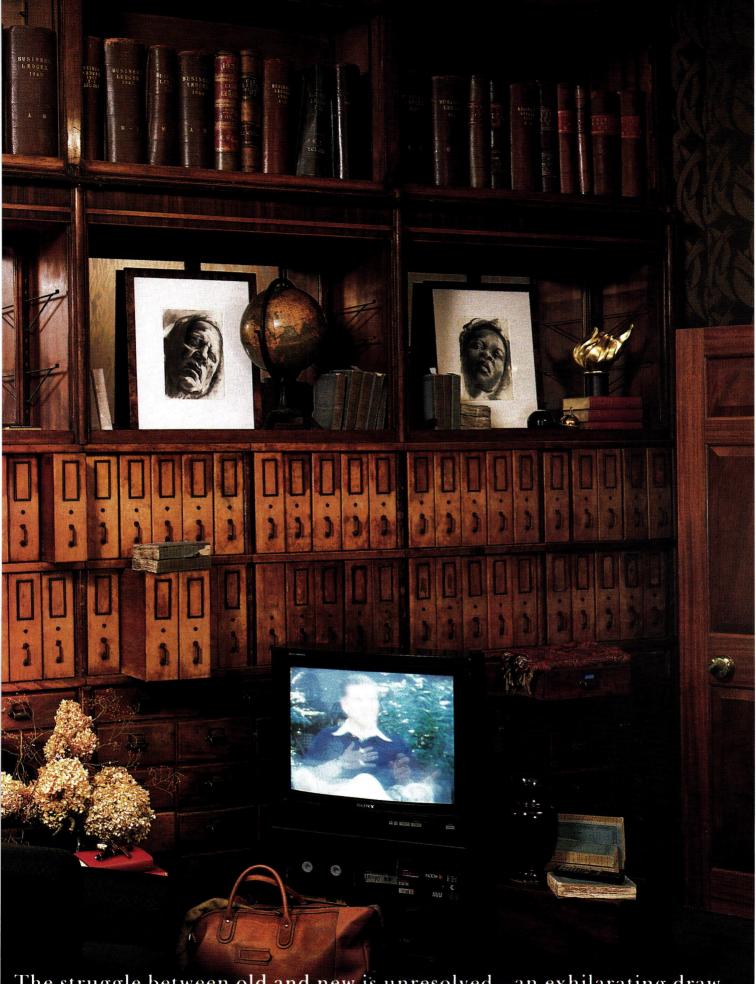
Despont's private life is similarly eclectic. He and his wife, Ann, and their two young daughters, Catherine and Louise, divide time between the New York apartment, a weekend house in New Jersey, and a summer cottage on a French coastal island, with Despont relatives, so the girls can live themselves back into their other language. The apartment, for all its elegance, is very much a family place: "This is where we live," says Despont. "We don't give fancy parties." (A recent exception to this was an ambitious celebration, complete with a jukebox in the living room, for Catherine's tenth birthday.)

The apartment was originally an office suite. While renovating, Despont kept the paneling, for order and a certain stateliness; he squared spaces and sealed off doorways for symmetry. The design is simple, but the proportions are good, the scale is spacious, and the materials are rich—a powerful formula.

"I like to think that in each project I do there is at least one magic space," says Despont. "Here it is the living room." Furniture is a casual mix: Marcel Breuer and Dakota Jackson chairs, neutral upholstered sofas, and an Anglo-Indian cane campaign bed used as a coffee table. Floor-toceiling bookshelves hold Flaubert, Rilke, and the letters of O'Keeffe; floor-to-ceiling curtains hold a subdued shimmer. Against this quiet background the art stands forth-sensuous, intellectual, and evocative. Despont collects from Paris flea markets, looking for (Continued on page 214)

Cabinets from a homeopathic pharmacy have been remodeled for storage in the master bedroom. Shelves display drawings by Mike Glier, antique globes, and another Liberty flame beneath old ledgers which recall the apartment's original use as offices. Facing the TV is a Lutyens Napoleon chair from Arkitektura, NYC.





The struggle between old and new is unresolved—an exhilarating draw

Upper-Deck Accombodations

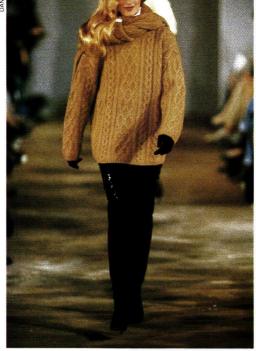
From his invertions promenade, fashion designer
Michael Ross takes in the curv. By Wendy Goodman

I love the beach," says designer Michael Kors, opposite. His downtown penthouse is not out on the dunes, but it does have sea air, magnificent water views, above, and the simple practical elegance of the ideal waterfront house.

Details see Resources.

No.













His design philosophy is pragmatic:



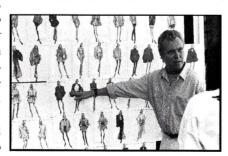




"I always say you should be able

or a fashion designer." In just ten years the gregarious thirty-two-year-old has indeed become a star—in the performing art of fashion design. His own label, inaugurated in 1981 with a small collection of brown and black separates, has blossomed into two women's lines favored by the likes of Lena Horne and Faye Dunaway, and a menswear collection making its debut for fall 1992.

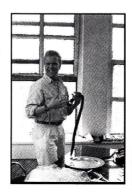
What attracts his diverse clientele—aside from his charisma—are clothes that embody a pragmatic design philosophy. His goal: ease and low maintenance without sacrificing glamour and comfort. "I always say anyone should be able to get dressed





to get dressed in five minutes flat"

Kors with assistants and house model Cathy Conway, this page, doing the final edit on his fall collection for 1991 in the hectic days before the show. Top center: Elaine Irwin (in color) on the runway. Opposite: In the living room the sofa and Billy Baldwin–style slipper chairs are covered in ivory canvas.







There is not a trace of color in Kors's apartment. "To me cream is a color and camel is a bright," he explains



in five minutes flat," he asserts.

Kors takes the same attitude toward his house: "If someone rings your doorbell and the apartment is a mess, you should be able to clean it up in five minutes. My joke is that I've always said that I wish I could have an apartment that I could hose down-you know, a big drain in the middle of the floor and whoosh!" Kors's new penthouse in lower Manhattan has no such drain, but it does boast sea breezes, spectacular views of the Hudson River and the harbor, and the pared-down purity of a beach house. The apartment has the open airy feeling of a boat deck, with a terrace that runs the full length of the space and a horizon that dazzles in any weather, at any hour.

Kors started out in a one-bedroom apartment in Chelsea where he made his first samples and slept with clothing racks hanging above the bed. "It became a bit haywire," he recalls, "bursting at the seams." Next came a loft in the flower district big enough for him to live and work in



comfortably—which proved a mixed blessing. He found himself working around the clock, and his private life virtually exporated. Then it was on to a quaint brownstone in Greenwich Village, which came complete with charm, vintage moldings, and constant maintenance problems.

At that point Kors decided that he wanted his house to be more like his clothes. "I wear the same clothes every day," he says. "It's all about expediency and ease. Some people treat dressing as a leisure activity. It's the same with their houses—collecting, maintaining, becomes a leisure activity. Some people like to collect. I like to throw things away. It's purging."

He enlisted Glenn Gissler, who had designed his showroom in 1987, to fulfill his latest vision of domestic bliss. "I had lived with black everything, plus some chrome and glass," Kors recalls. "Now I wanted a light, clean, space space, but something that still had warmth."

Gissler's first challenge was the asymmetrical vaulted living room

ceiling. Kors loved the height but found the lack of symmetry disorienting. Gissler, who describes his job as "assessing the client's needs and applying a logic to the way a space works," satisfied both client and logic by designing a ledge for books and photographs that runs the length of the wall opposite the windows and by restricting the window treatment to wooden venetian blinds.

Together Gissler and Kors came up with a scheme for the decorating. First, no shiny surfaces and almost no black. "I would have sandblasted the place if I could have," Kors claims. Second, no color. Not a trace. "To me," he says, "cream is a color and camel is a bright." There are no antiques or patterned fabrics and no splashy art, only black and white photographs and two monochromatic paintings on paper. And true to Gissler's view that "decorating is about developing an aesthetic from the way people's lives really work," Kors's exercise machines are in the most (Continued on page 212)

After living "with black everything,"
Kors decided that this time only the
accents would be black. Among them:
the Hermès throws on the Smith &
Hawken deck chair in the living room,
opposite above, and the side table by
Glenn Gissler. The crystal bowl is by Elsa
Peretti for Tiffany & Co. Opposite below:
Photographs of Christy Turlington by
Steven Meisel, Neth Hunter by Herb Ritts,
and Madonna by Patrick Demarchelier.
Above: In the bedroom, exercise equipment at the ready. Linens from Palais
Royal. Below: Kors in his workroom.







The Baker Bunch

A rented house is the perfect set for a family of six By Linda Ellerbee

Photographs by Lizzie Himmel

E'RE NOT GREAT DESIGNers but we're great set designers." John Baker sits on the edge of a twig rocker, not rocking, in the ground-floor office in the house he and his wife, Martha, share with their four children and a golden retriever. The house he is describing doesn't look anything like the chintzed-and-brocaded-towithin-an-inch-of-its-life, don'ttouch-a-thing kind of place one usually associates with the Upper East Side of New York. This house is dramatic and comfortable. But, as John says, illusion is their business: he's a freelance fashion photographer whose pictures are known for color and warmth; she is fashion editor of New York magazine.

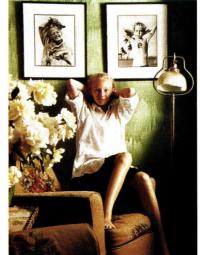
"First of all," says Martha, "this is our home. I never want to have a decorator." The Bakers' move here eight years ago was a deliberate choice. "What this is about," she explains, "is raising a family in the city, making it as normal as possible. That's why it was very important to us to find a house, not an apartment. You try to make it as beautiful as you can while still making sure the house is children-friendly. Also, when you're renting, you're only willing to put so much into the place."

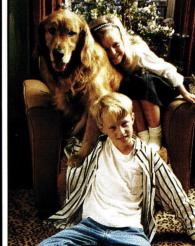
They did, in fact, make some big changes initially, getting two fireplaces to work and putting in a third, remodeling a pullman kitchen, and eliminating one bathroom. "We were so overwhelmed coming from a one-bathroom apartment to a six-bathroom house we figured we could afford to lose one," John recalls.

Next they set out to add some light. Houses with windows only at the two ends and gardens that back up to the

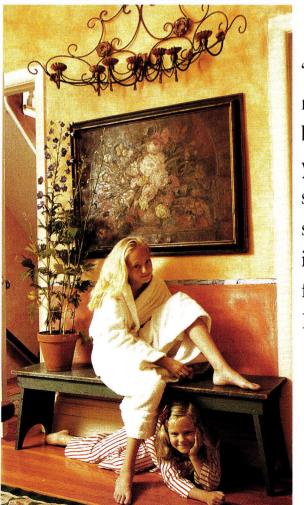
In the dining room, above right, the frame of an old fan window floats over a sideboard painted with pastoral scenes. Opposite above: When the Bakers decided that all-white rooms and children don't mix, they redecorated the living room in a deeper palette. Right: Emily in a Jules Leleu chair. Far right: Charlie and Hannah with Teddy, the family's golden retriever. Opposite below left: The Baker sisters in dining room. Opposite below right: John and Martha in their garden.





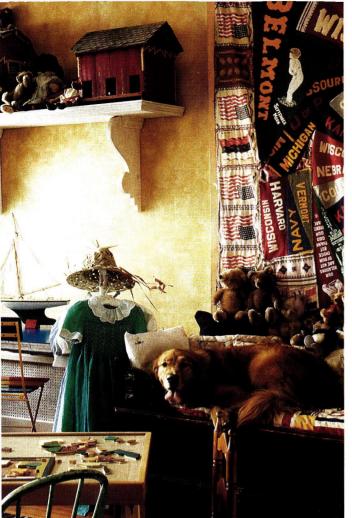






"You try to make it as beautiful as you can while still making sure the house is children-friendly," says Martha Baker





Nearly everything has a tag sale, thrift shop, or auction in its past

wall tend to darkness. ("In our garden," says John, "we can grow any plant that does not require sun. None at all.") They decided the house should be all white: white walls, white slipcovered furniture, white everything. It was a mistake. (With four children, count on it.) Eventually John discovered that paint rubbed onto a wall hides almost anything, including the smudges of childhood. He began to rub paint onto all the walls ocher, apricot, green, blue, sunflower yellow —creating surfaces that are rich and strong and invite you to touch,

the way old walls in Italy do. As for bringing light inside, the color works: every room glows. For extra light there's always the morning sunshine that bounces back into the house from the white building across the street—a very New York solution.

That same kind of ingenuity furnished the house. Just about everything came from a tag sale, a thrift shop, an auction, or what Martha calls the "lesser" antiques shows. "I really like to mix periods and types of furniture, the way you mix periods and types in fashion," she says. "It doesn't have to be expensive."

Martha and John's bedroom shows what two talented people can do with other people's leftovers. Originally the room had no closets. At a tag sale they bought a group of old fruitwood doors from armoires for a few hundred dollars. Then they had a carpenter build a set of armoire closets, staining the wood to match the doors, and turn two extra doors into a headboard and a footboard for their bed. They snapped

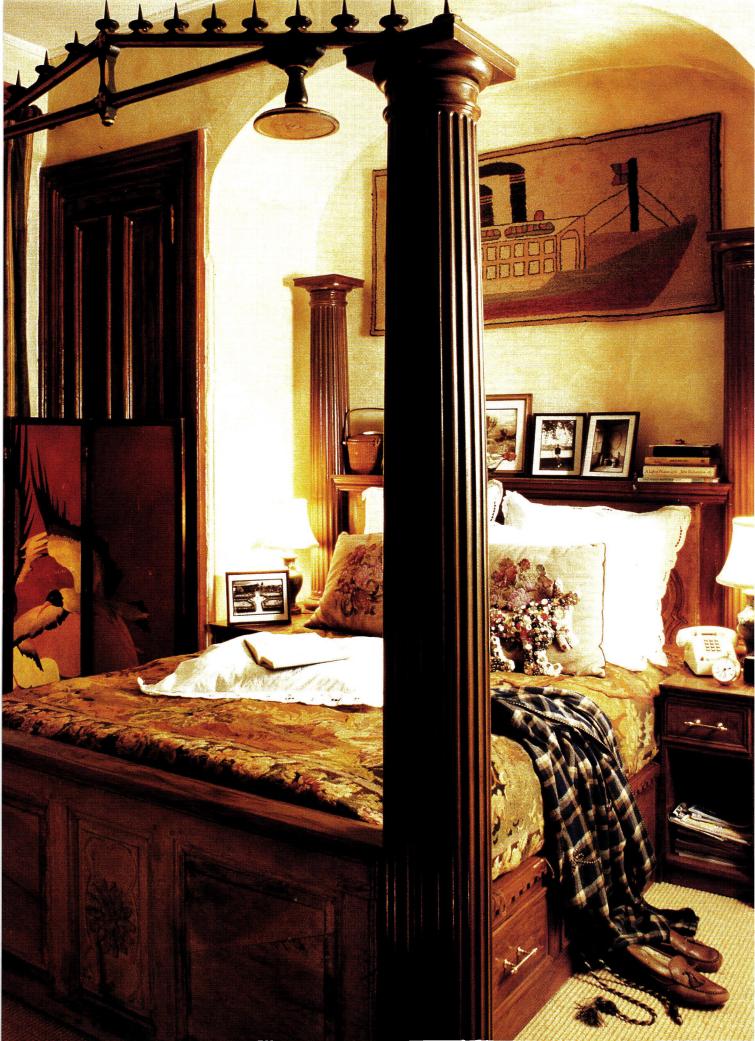
up the curtains when a designer showhouse shut down. "They came at a very reduced price because they were all in pieces," Martha says. "We fixed that." The fireplace mantel was poured in a mold, the dresser and chairs turned up at a tag sale, and the photographs, like most of the others throughout the house, are John's.

Rummaging through sales is something anybody can do. Knowing just what to buy and how to put it to good use is tougher—and even then, accidents happen, sometimes fortuitously. The two petit point armchairs in the piano room (the piano, an 1880 Steinway, came from an auction at William Doyle Galleries) are a good example. Martha spied them at Secondhand Rose, a downtown thrift shop; she bought them, brought them home-and then discovered they are signed art deco pieces by Jules Leleu, a Parisian craftsman of the 1920s and '30s. Most of us don't get that lucky.

"I found these two crazy lamps," Martha recalls. "I did the living room all around them." The lamps, two turbaned blackamoors holding gold and red striped umbrella shades, are weird yet somehow right for a room that includes a cherub perched on the frame of a shadow box, more cherubs painted on a chest, and, hanging over the mantel, a large green shutter from a Victorian house. Resting against the shutter, just above the fish balanced on its head, is an array of fine Native American dolls the couple bought from a collector on a trip to Arizona. The bookshelves hold toys. Oh, and (Continued on page 212) the ship:

Fruitwood doors salvaged from armoires and lumberyard columns painted to match became the perfect bed for the niche in the master bedroom, *opposite*. The hooked rug on the wall is testimony to the family passion for boats. *Left:* One vessel in the Baker fleet rests on the office mantel. *Above left:* Pennsylvania German toy barns and a school pennant quilt in Hannah and Charlie's room.





Exploring Space



Architects Tod Williams

and Billie Tsien

chart their course with

laserlike precision

By Charles Gandee





least the abstract minimalist hard-edged brand of it—has never been what you would call popular. And no wonder. It requires too much discipline, too much restraint. It requires, in short, nothing less than an ascetic refusal to succumb to the two great temptations of domestic life—namely, the desire for conventional relax-and-put-your-feet-up comfort and the wholesale accumulation of bibelots,

accessories, mementos, souvenirs, collections, treasures, tchotchkes, bric-abrac, objets d'art...you know, stuff.

But for an elite minority who can adhere to the cult of austerity, for the few who are willing to define luxury as less, the rewards of modernism are allegedly worth the requisite rigors. Abstract minimalism allows you to escape the commonplace, to transcend the sentimental, to be transported from the familiar, the reassuring, the everyday. Or so say its advocates.

Architects Tod Williams and Billie Tsien have been mining precisely such a vein of modernism for the fourteen years they have worked together: first as employer and employee, then as partners, now as husband and wife. Among cognoscenti their reputation is for being serious, earnest, steadfast for being committed, Bauhaus-style, to the cause. Although at times they have struggled to keep their office alive, they have never waivered from their course, which, too simply stated, is to move modernism beyond Mies, beyond Meier (for whom Williams once worked), without losing sight of the original point of departure.

To follow Williams and Tsien's progress over the years has been to follow a series of commissions more significant for prestige than for scale: interiors for the Asia Society; a small dormitory at Princeton, Williams's alma mater; a downtown Manhattan branch for the Whitney Museum; a temporary installation at the Walker

Art Center in Minneapolis; a conference room for *Vogue* magazine. With each successive project Williams and Tsien have widened their scope to accommodate an ever more sophisticated and seductive vision of form and space that appears to be poised between the ethereal and the real. And though there's always an edge to their work, the goal seems to be a kind of architectonic poetry written in the meter of the machine age. You recognize

the words, they just don't look particularly familiar.

Closer to this ideal than any other Williams and Tsien project to date is a 5,000-square-foot Greenwich Village loft commissioned by a woman in her midtwenties who showed up at the architects' Central Park South office one day in 1988 wearing jeans. "I thought she was looking for a job," remembers Tsien. She was, in fact, a student of jewelry design at Parsons, who, as it turned out, was willing to give Williams and Tsien the closest thing to aesthetic free rein they are likely to receive in this profes-

sional lifetime—and, thanks to her family in Germany, the money necessary to make that mean something. "This project allowed us the opportunity to touch many things," confirms Tsien with characteristic discretion.

Although the site Williams and Tsien were presented with was an inauspicious floor-through in an undistinguished blue-collar building ("Pretty generic stuff," recalls Williams), it seemed altogether fitting for their client's needs—a place to live and make jewelry-as well as her style, decidedly more downtown than uptown. "My first instinct was to try to retain or even enhance the loftlike quality of the existing space," says Williams, who held to that idea by keeping the core of the rectangular space open-as a sort of loft within a loft-and addressing programmatic requirements by building along the perimeter. The concept had a pragmatic side to it, too: plumbing and electrical services were already in place along the edges.

With the basic concept agreed upon, Williams and Tsien turned to their drawing board to develop the scheme with project architect David van Handel. But before the ink was dry, their client's life began to evolve dramatically. A boyfriend appeared, then transformed himself into a husband. A child was born. Followed by a second child. A live-in nanny was added to the ever-expanding list of concerns demanding attention. A housekeeper followed suit. Keeping up with those

changes in design terms meant that if the original openat-the-core idea was to survive, the perimeter must be made more and more dense—"encrusted," as Tsien puts it. The open-at-the-core idea survived.

Standing in the entry vestibule—a small eerily lit room in which "Beam me up, Scotty" might be a suitable response—the view is toward a flaglike pivoting screen that, according to the architects, "suggests movement."

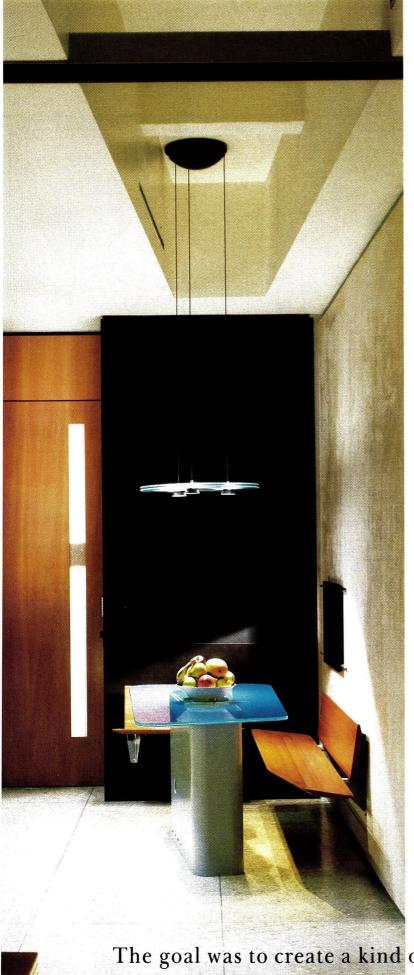


A faceted wood screen, copperleafed on the concave side, above, shifts to white on the convex side as it pivots, below, on a steel column to welcome visitors to the 5,000square-foot Greenwich Village loft.









In other words, "Come in." Assuming you accept the invitation, you enter the terrazzo-lined loft within the loft, which is defined by pigmented and slightly mottled plaster walls (cool blue on the east, warm lavender on the west). Envision a serene oasis in outer space. At the southernmost tip of the 63-foot-long room a J-shaped seating arrangement has been installed along the window wall, where the view is across Greenwich Village down to the World Trade Center. A translucent fiberglass and resin coffee table, which Tsien and Williams refer to as a "diving board," gestures, as they see it, toward that view.

The minimalist seating area is flanked by the dining room and the master bedroom. To help

redirect your visual perspective from north-south to eastwest, a pair of Gary Stephan paintings draw your eye to the back wall of each room. (A sliding screen with its own integral painting by David Anderson can be closed to shield the bedroom from view.) Both rooms have been draped in shimmering silk, which conforms to more conventional notions of luxury than do the terrazzo and aluminum that Williams and Tsien appear to favor. Next door, in the granitelined master bath, a pair of blue-glass cubicles house

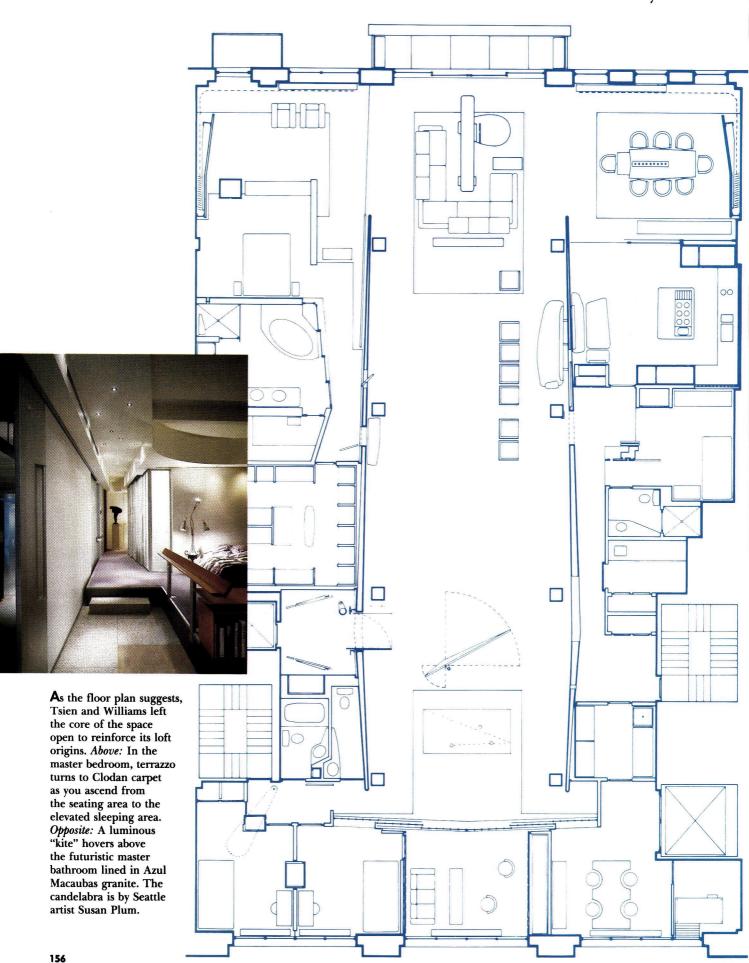


The owners' son, above, takes a break on the step leading from the core of the loft to the "back door" of the master suite. Left: A shoji-like screen wall between the dining room and kitchen slides open or closed relative to the desired degree of formality. On the aluminum and wood sideboard, Hilton McConnico cactus decanters from Daum.

functional necessities while accordion milk-glass walls enclose or open the bath to the sleeping area. Suspended from the ceiling above the lozenge-shaped tub, a luminous fabric kite is intended to create the illusion of space beyond—of an endless sky. Or at least that's what it does for Williams and Tsien. For the rest of us, however, perhaps the kite's true function is to serve as a reminder that the ascetic life is not without its sybaritic side—or that even minimalists somehow manage to make room for whimsy.

The goal was to create a kind of architectonic poetry
written in the meter of the machine age

A luminous "kite" creates the illusion of an endless sky





EXPOSED:

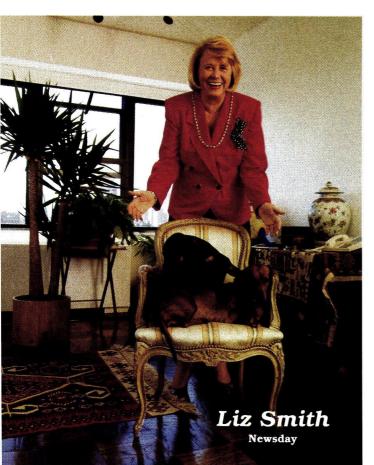
Columnists tell all (and that's not much) about their living quarters

By JENNET CONANT

Photographs by George Lange

THEY ARE NEVER HOME. THAT IT sounds glamorous is beside the point. When the columnists who track the New York social scenes say that they are "out every night," their lament is not to be confused with the vain boast of socialites at the height of the season. These cranky chroniclers of the rich and famous aren't proud of it—they get paid for it. And when they finally do slip the lock behind them and gratefully ease off their shoes, they don't loll about in the same swank surroundings as their subjects. More often than not, their houses are modest and utilitarian with a desk where the dining room table might have been. They go from black tie to bathrobe, and before nodding off to sleep, they're apt to jot down the juicy bits gathered over cocktails and canapés.

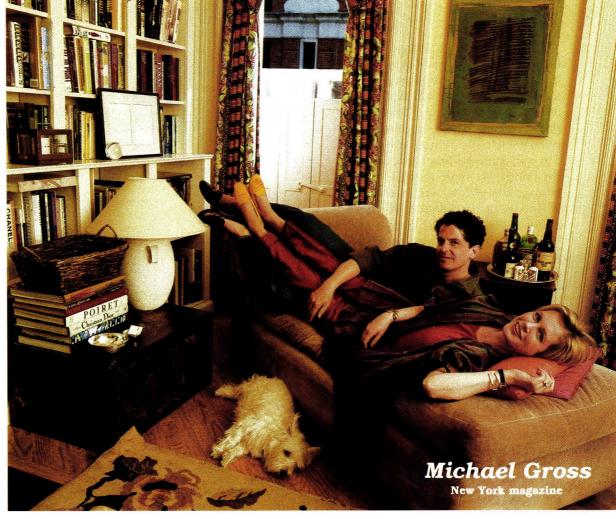
"I live my whole life in public," sighs *Newsday*'s Liz Smith, who has been home so little for ten years that







Wayne, opposite, surrounds himself with the ephemera of his life as a gadfly and a framed reminder of his younger self. Right: Gross, his wife, Barbara, and their dog, Messalina, actually spend enough time at home to entertain.



Black tie every night? "We can't afford to do that, either mentally or physically," says Michael Gross

she began using her living room as an office. "I spend all my time going out. I have a lot of clothes and a lot of closets, and that's about it."

It's impossible to be chez Smith without wondering what secrets are stored there and which locked cabinets contain the coded files with all the censored items. "Most of the great things I know I can't write," admits Smith, her Texas twang sounding more mischievous than usual. "They're too gamey, and as they don't concern national security, I don't print them." Nor does she save them. A bulging copy of Earl Blackwell's Celebrity Register, crammed with clippings, is about as elaborate as her filing system gets.

This year has seen momentous changes in Smith's life. After switching newspapers (from the *Daily News*

to Newsday) and networks (from NBC to Fox), she is slowly establishing a different routine. She turned her old apartment into an office and is in the process of making the apartment across the hall her home. So far it's sparsely furnished, except for two leather sofas that the dogs can't destroy. (She has ten show dachshunds, but only one or two are in residence at any one time.) Her new space has large picture windows that afford a stunning view of the East River. But, Smith shrugs, these days she rarely has time to enjoy it.

Smith's successor at the *Daily News*, Richard Johnson, lives in a downtown loft minutes away from the club scene he covers at night. When he's not at a party, he's at an opening or a screening. Having already lunched at the Four Seasons and Le Cirque

this week, he taps his battered appointment book and says, "I am constantly trying to keep my schedule free so I can loaf."

To keep lunches with the jet set from going to his head, Johnson likes to work with his hands. He is a twothirds owner of the gritty East Village building where he lives with his wife, Nadine, and has done all the carpentry work in the apartment himself. On weekends he's at their summer house in Bellport, Long Island, digging for weeds rather than items. Off-hours he'd clearly rather talk about tomatoes and zucchini than Pia Zadora's new baby. His most carefully guarded secret is not gossip—it's his phone number. "I try not to let it get bandied about," he says, "and if people call me at home, I tell them I don't have a pen."

Over in Greenwich Village is the funky studio George Wayne calls home—you don't often hear the term "pad" anymore, but that's the only way to describe it. The lone chair in the place is a vintage schoolroom model with a writing arm.

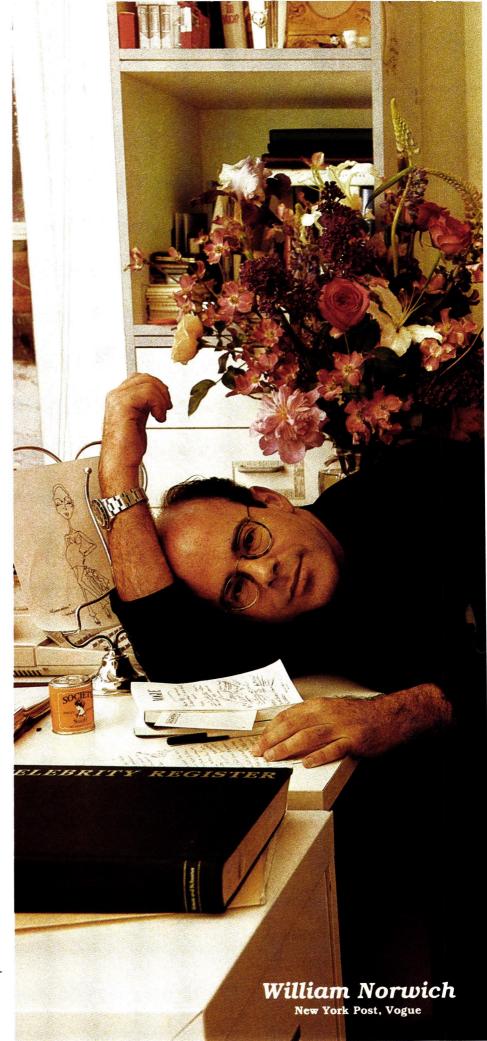
A contributing editor to the downtown magazine *Paper*, the new beauty magazine *Allure*, and *Interview*, Wayne, in the tradition of all great gadflies, is inspired by going out. "Give me a room of fifty amusing well-dressed people and one or two celebrities for a little brulée, and I will pull out my pad and start writing," he says in his lilting Jamaican accent. He subscribes to the Parisian practice of writing in restaurants and spends most afternoons at the nearby Caffè Dante, sipping cappuccino and studying the crowd.

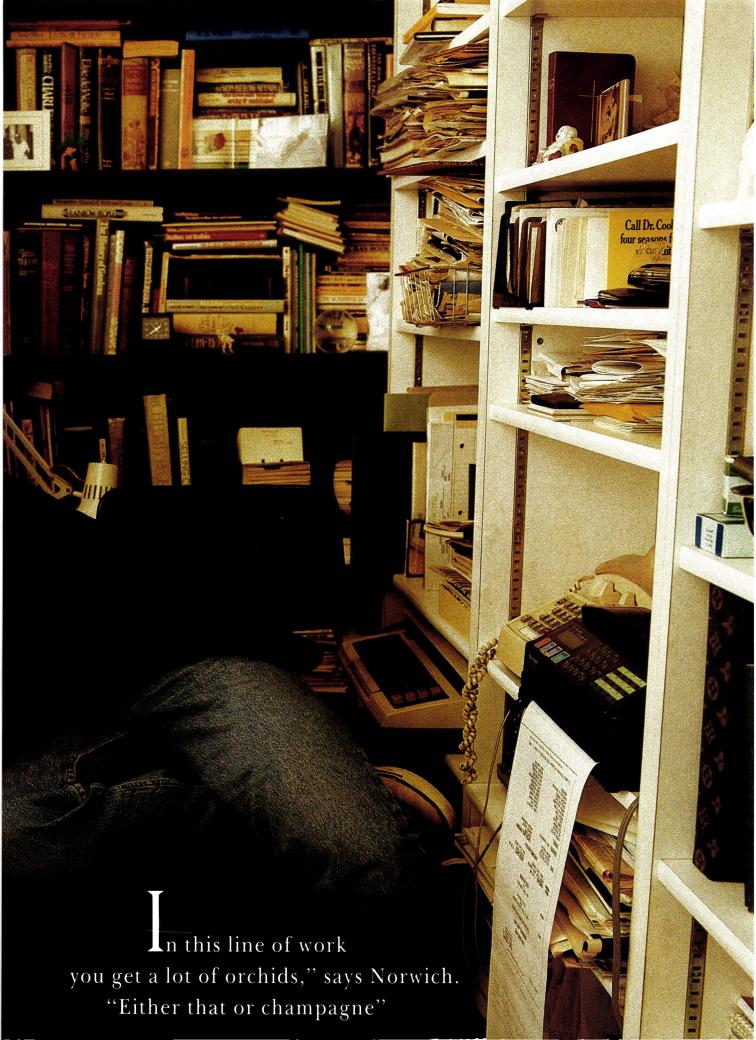
One wall of his studio is crammed with party invitations bearing the legends "Karl Lagerfeld," "Gianfranco Ferrè," and "Christian Lacroix." There are also old press passes, place cards, colored ribbons, and cutout photographs of beautiful men and women. "I want to write about all things shallow in life," says Wayne, who never tires of the fashionable swirl. "I think scandal is important, along with a little vulgarity."

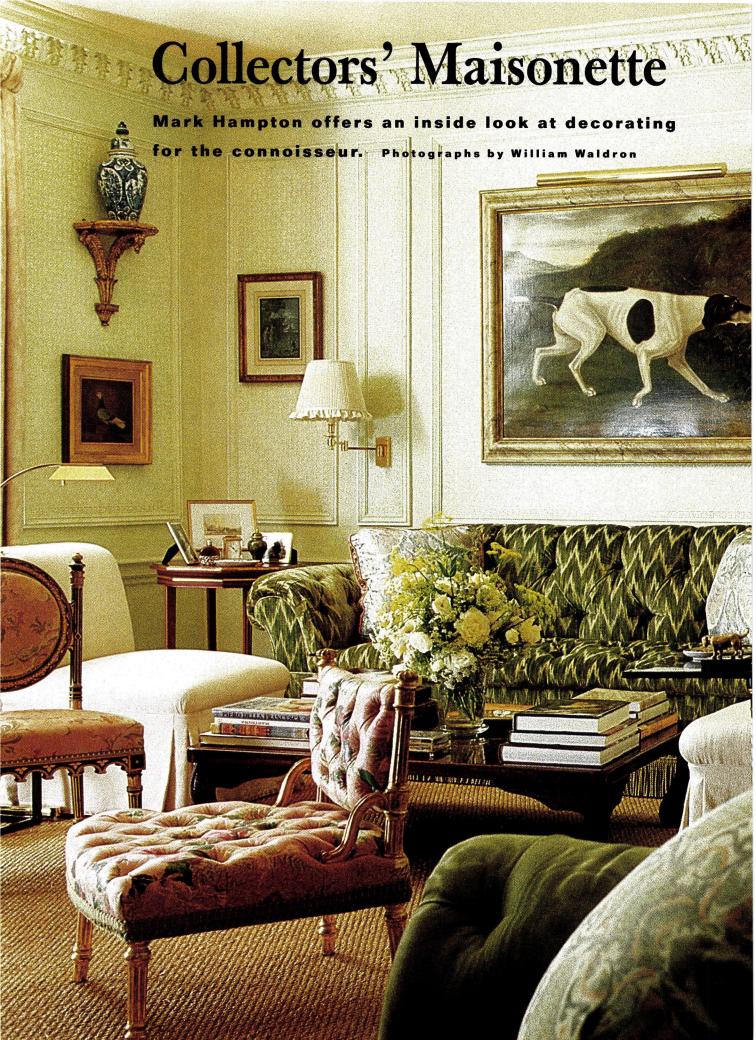
Lining the wall above Michael Gross's desk in his apartment just down the street are proofs of *New York* magazine covers featuring the famous people he has profiled: John F. Kennedy Jr., Ivana Trump, Calvin Klein, and Cindy Crawford. Even Garbo—after she died, of course. All of his interviews, unedited and unexpurgated, are neatly stored on disks and filed away in a wooden box labeled with a few words clipped from a newspaper quoting Abbie Hoffman: "Sacred cows make the tastiest hamburger."

Gross and (Continued on page 216)

What with the tireless fax machine, the answering machine, the computer, and the modem he keeps in his minuscule East Side studio, society columnist Norwich sometimes feels himself a victim of information overload. "I have dog food companies calling me," he complains.











The interior had not been touched in forty years.

That was both the good news and the bad

regularly asked, the most annoying goes like this: "Wouldn't you love to have a client who gave you carte blanche and went away for a year, returning only when the entire job was finished?" First of all, jobs like the one described do exist—and they are nightmares. What one wants more than anything is to work with people of taste, experience, and even originality, who know what they want and are there with you to see that they get it.

This New York apartment—or, properly, maisonette—belongs to people with exactly those qualities. They found it, after years of decorating houses and apartments large and small, tucked away in one of the discreetly classical buildings designed by Rosario Candela in the late 1920s. More like a London mews house than a Manhattan flat, the interior had great charm, and it had not been touched in over forty years. That was both the good news and the bad.

Every inch of wiring had to be renewed or replaced. The antiquated kitchen simply disappeared (which, of course, was not simple at all), and a new one took its place. Where spaces were altered, original plasterwork was carefully copied. And to further complicate matters, because the building stands within the Upper East Side Historic District, any work that affected the exterior required the approval of the city's Landmarks Preservation Commission. The iron and bronze windows took almost a year to restore. Fortunately, they were the worst of the problems.

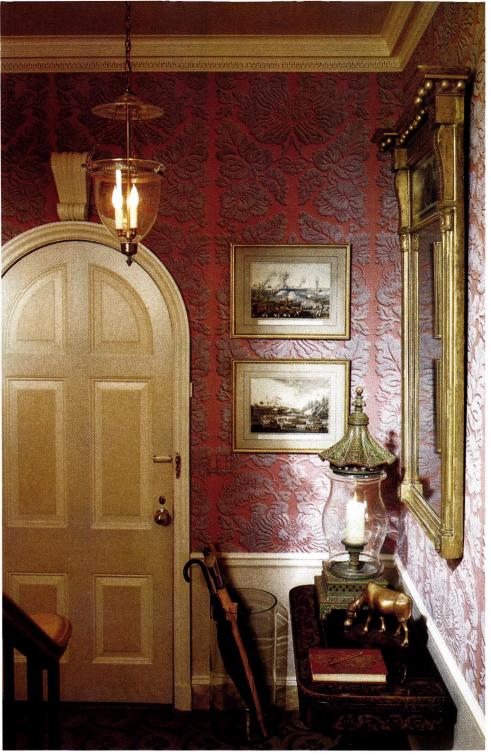
From the moment you enter the front door and step into the stair hall, with its hand-blocked wallpaper specially colored in London, your eye encounters pictures and furniture lovingly assembled by two generations of devoted collectors. A federal

giltwood mirror from an eighteenth-century family house on Nantucket, Anglo-Indian aquatints, and a George III penwork table combine with the custom-colored carpet to announce an attitude toward the accumulation of beautiful things that gives all the spaces beyond the stairs their individuality and appeal. We painted the woodwork three shades of gray and added plaster moldings to embellish the hall as it rises to the drawing room floor.

The drawing room itself was

Drawing room walls were stenciled against a celadon background, above.
Stenciled rosettes derive from motifs on the elliptical mirror frame, which came from an old family house.
Opposite: A Regency gilt bracket supports a Kangxi ginger jar. Behind the Fortuny cotton-covered chair, a Lucian Freud drawing inspired by Watteau hangs above an Italian painted chest.





George III—style chairs, opposite, ring a pedestal table and chinoiserie lantern designed by Hampton. A Rose Cumming rococo revival chintz on the dining room walls is the backdrop for a grisaille panel in the manner of Jean Pillement. Faux marbre brightens the floor. Above: The hall's Clarence House wallpaper and Stark carpet were custom colored.

stripped of forty-year-old brown paint, given new molded panels, and stenciled in a delicate design against a pale green background inspired by the owners' affection for Chinese celadon porcelain. About the room we arranged a mixture of large-scale upholstered furniture, small gilt turn-of-the-century chairs, and tables from different periods. Italian cut velvet, printed Fortuny cotton, English chintz, and French ikat silk are played off against linen damask at the windows and sea grass matting

on the floor. The pictures include eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings and drawings, mostly English and French. Above a sofa hangs an oil study of a dog which reminds the owners of Oudry—with authentic Oudry drawings on either side. There is also a haunting Lucian Freud sketch after Watteau—an example of the collectors' intriguingly unpredictable taste.

True to its name, the maisonette is laid out like a miniature house, with different levels and steps leading off in all directions. From the drawing room, a short flight ascends to the dining room where a Victorian rococo chintz on the walls mixes happily with a chinoiserie lantern, curtains and a grisaille panel in the same whimsical oriental vein, and George III-style white elbow chairs. We had the wood floor painted in a pattern of marbleized squares, a light finish the owners requested: their chief desire was a fresh airy feeling, free of anything ponderous or gloomy.

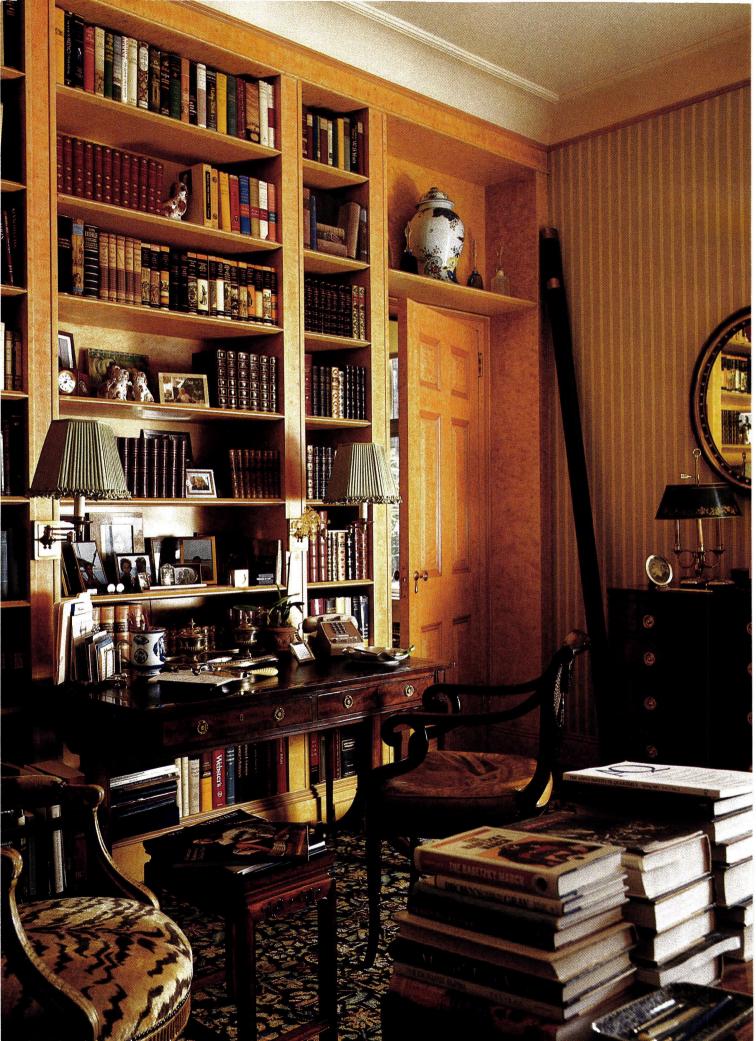
Down a few more steps is a study lined with a fabric in cream and green stripes. The woodwork has been painted to resemble tiger maple (in a visual pun, a George III chair is covered in tiger-pattern silk velvet). Like every other room, the study is filled with collections of all sorts, though here the bibliophile's passion for books is given free rein.

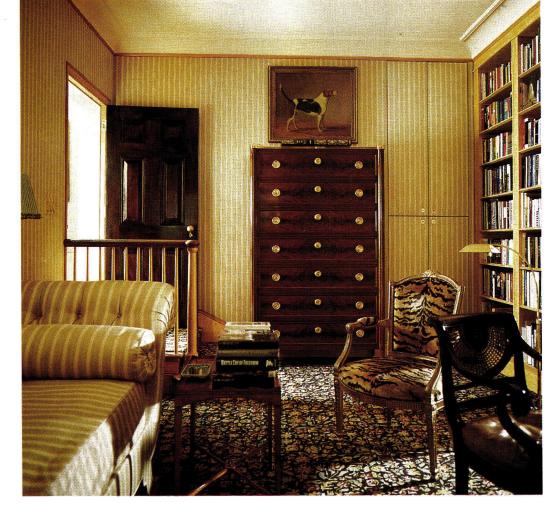
The master bedroom was conceived as a somewhat Edwardian exercise in chintz and painted furniture, ruffles and flowers. We took the color scheme from a Fernanda Niven chintz selected for its muted tones. Made into curtains trimmed with silk taffeta, the fabric is a foil for the brilliant south light that pours into the room through one of those landmark windows.

Every time I visit the apartment there is a new picture or object. Something has always been added or changed, nothing is ever static. And sometimes I feel a little jealous, because, as with all jobs that are so much fun to do, it is sad to think that my part has ended.

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet







Tiger-maple faux bois and tiger-pattern velvet create a visual pun

Behind a Regency desk and chair in the library, opposite, woodwork is grained to suggest tiger maple. A Zimmer Rohde striped fabric lines the walls. Carpet is from Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges. Above right: Tiger-pattern velvet available from Brunschwig covers a George III armchair. The daybed is Hampton's adaptation of a Syrie Maugham sleigh bed. Above the Louis XVI-style chest is a 19th-century English dog portrait. Right: A curtain of Cowtan & Tout's Fernanda chintz in the bedroom is tied back between a George I dressing table mirror and a penwork whatnot.









DOYENNE OF LATE-NIGHT

NEW YORK, SUSANNE BARTSCH INDULGES HER DOMESTIC

FANTASIES. BY WENDY GOODMAN Photographs by Michael O'Brien





N THEORY, IF YOU ARE AN ARTIST, IT IS easier to concentrate on your work when you do not have to worry about the conditions under which you are living. Painter Ross Bleckner's enviable problem is that he likes his recently renovated living quarters so much that he's finding it difficult to get to the studio. And he only has to walk down a few flights of stairs.

Bleckner bought the six-story lower Manhattan property in 1974. But he has the enthusiasm of a new homeowner when he talks about "my first house" and how lucky he was to be initiated into the client/architect relationship by Ines Elskop, David Piscuskas, and Juergen Riehm of the firm 1100 Architect. Having admired their work on fellow artists' places, Bleckner says he was "al-

ready predisposed to hiring them" before the four of them got together to talk about the project. First-hand experience revealed that they had a talent even more valuable to him than a shared aesthetic: "They respect your needs and wants and really listen."

What the architects heard from Bleckner was a desire for rooms that evoked places to which the artist had traveled as well as places he likes and frequents in New York City—rooms that harbored a particular atmosphere. "I wasn't thinking about my home in conventional ways, like how I would entertain," says Bleckner. He cared more about the way rooms felt than the way they worked. He wanted generous spaces with different quali-

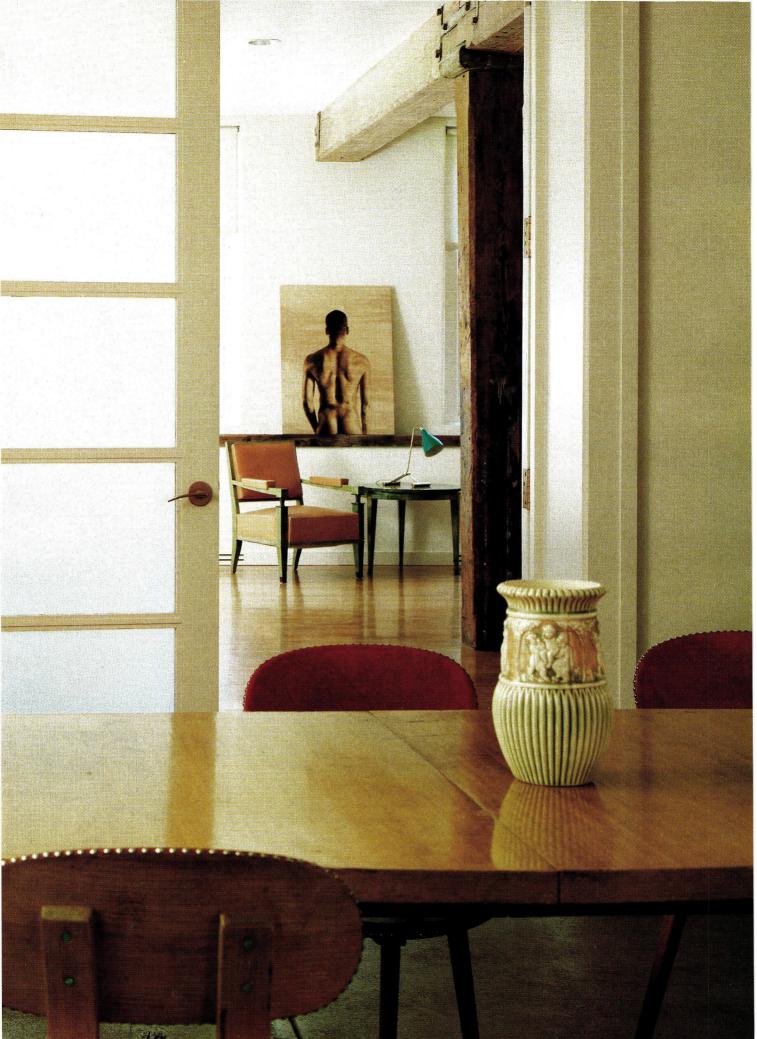
ties of light, varied ceiling shapes, and distinctly unloftlike proportions. He wanted squares. "I was tired of bowling alley dimensions and liked the gracious rooms of town houses," he explains, "but I couldn't picture moving and commuting to the studio." Nor could he picture giving up the amount of room he had—two floors of studio space and two floors for living. "Eventually, I realized I had something great right here, but it needed a new feeling."

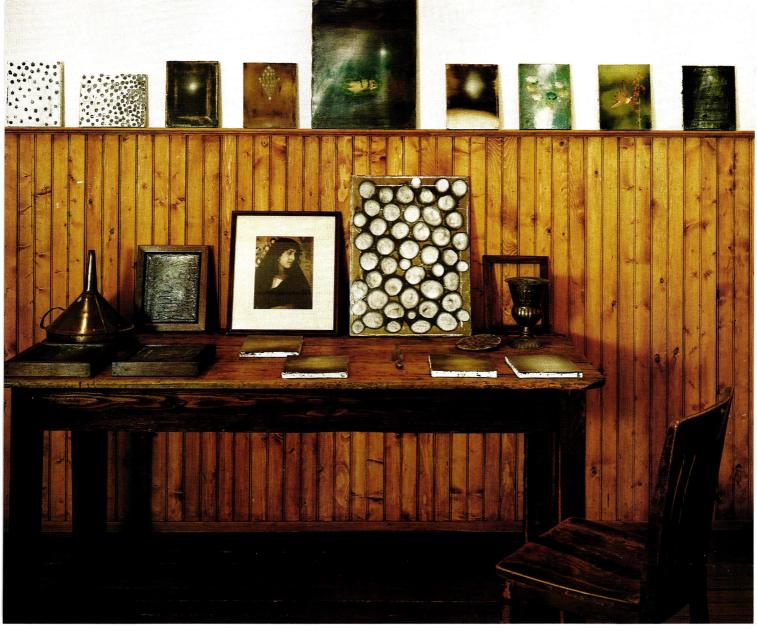
The architects listened, then looked through the fat file of clippings, photos, and notes their client had assembled. "Things can't be too plain for me," says Bleckner, who is attracted to a simplicity he describes as "part New England, part Bauhaus"—a perfect prescription to be filled by Piscuskas and Riehm, natives of Massachusetts

and Germany, respectively. Books illustrating Shaker meeting rooms became the point of reference for a skylit living and dining room with a barrel vault ceiling on the top floor. Its spaciousness and brightness encouraged Bleckner to open up more of his third-floor studio space to double height; when this latest renovation is finished, the fourth floor will

In the library, opposite, a lamp and a metal dog's head adorn the lacquer art deco desk by Jacques Quinet. Against the wall are Richmond Burton's Persistence of Vision and a photogram by Adam Fuss. Left: A wood shelf holds a painting by Sean Scherer and a photograph by the Starn Twins. Above: When part of the fourth floor was removed to enlarge the studio, the beams were recycled into worktables. Details see Resources.







be little more than a balcony overlooking the work area. The bathrooms of great hotels inspired a bath and dressing area of limestone, frosted glass, steel, and mahogany that is plain in the most elevated sense. The artist's bedroom, with its shuttered French windows, smooth beech wall opposite the bed, and whitewashed wood pyramidal ceiling is part European, part Caribbean, and part Egyptian in feeling. Bleckner, who had recently visited the Great Pyramids, dictated the shape of the ceiling, claiming, "It's very good for sexual energy."

His fondness for sunny Mediterranean places prompted the architects to create an open court-yard by excising a chunk of space from the middle of the top floor. "It happened to have been a space that always made me unhappy," recalls the artist. "I was happy to see it go"—especially since losing interior floor area meant gaining nicely proportioned, well-lit rooms.

Bleckner's concern with the presence and manipulation of light is every bit as evident in his

"Things can't be too plain for me"



View across the kitchen table into the library, opposite, focuses on a 1990 painting on wood by Scott Lifshutz from Bleckner's collection of work by younger artists. He bought the French art deco armchair and table in Zürich. Above: Studies lined up on the wainscot in the studio. Left: A portion of the top floor was transformed into a courtyard like those the artist enjoyed on visits to the Mediterranean.



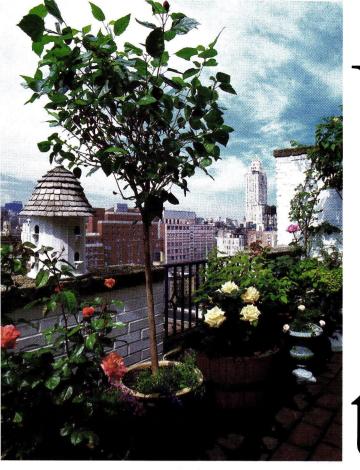
house as in his paintings. In the bedroom and upper hallway, velvet curtains and exterior shutters modeled on ones he saw in the Caribbean modulate the light entering from the courtyard. Glass blocks set into the slate floor of the courtyard admit shafts of light during the day to the kitchen below and glow in the evening when the kitchen is illuminated. An automated shade beneath a skylight tempers the sun filling the sixth-floor hallway with its discreet pullman kitchen. The living room, with windows on two sides, glass doors to the courtyard, and its own skylights, is bright all day long.

Although critics tend to talk about his work in terms of light, Bleckner says composition carries just as much weight. His description of his paintings—"economic in their use of images, very clean and plain with occasional decorative flourishes"—fits his approach to decorating. In his bedroom two silver-leaf armchairs upholstered in fake zebra skin and a pair of simple wood nightstands flank a (Continued on page 212)

The living and dining room at one end of the courtyard, above, is furnished with a Stickley dining table and chairs and with sofas and an armchair inspired by Jean-Michel Frank which the artist had made in SoHo. Bleckner's Wind, 1991, stands against the wall. Below: The wainscot board stairwell is the last vestige of the old loft building interior on the top floor; the new woodwork is mahogany. Opposite: From the iron bedstead he calls his "sanitarium bed," the artist can look out on the courtyard, furnished and planted by Pure Mädderlake. Curtains of Brunschwig & Fils velvet allow him to control the light. Bleckner designed the copper wall light from a 1940s desk lamp and found the 1930s aluminum night table lamp at a flea market.







Up on the

Four terrace
gardens display
the rewards
of horticulture
on high
By Linda Yang

AS SHE CASUALLY TOSSED FADED Hibiscus blossoms over the side of her sixteenth-floor penthouse wall, Heather Cohane smiled furtively. "You saw me. I guess I shouldn't," she admitted, "but then I can't be out here without deadheading my flowers. And I have to do something with what I take off."

Breathes there a gardener who would fail to agree with such logic? Besides, what are a few withered petals compared with the sooty fallout that normally rains onto innocents strolling the streets below? This is, after all, rooftop gardening in New York. And this is, after all, the place to dismiss skeptics who insist that "city gardener" is an oxymoron.

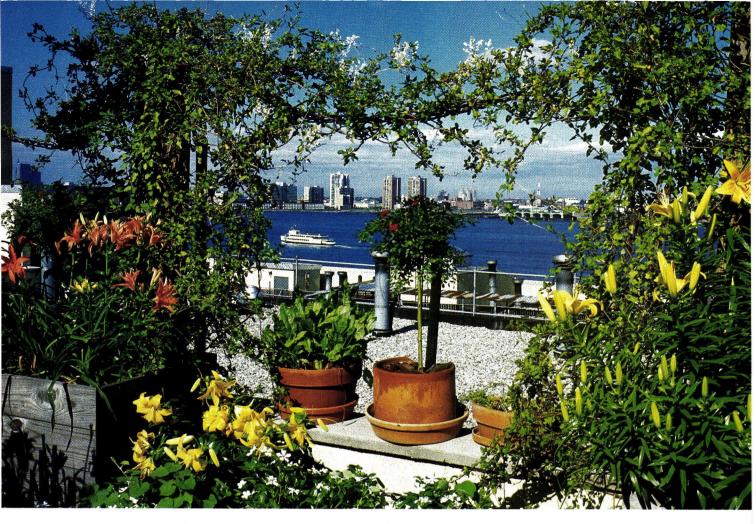
Roo

No, Virginia, rooftop gardening did not originate in Manhattan. Back in the sixth century B.C. there were Nebuchadnezzar's Hanging Gardens of Babylon. Those multiple levels of plantings, spread over three acres, were designed to console a wife who missed the green mountains of her youth. New York rooftops are merely a modern version of that ancient oasis. Some may well be designed to console city folk who miss the landscapes of their youth. But in any case, the problems—and pleasures—are similar. It's a minor detail that the twentieth-century Babylon to be greened is of concrete, brick, and steel.

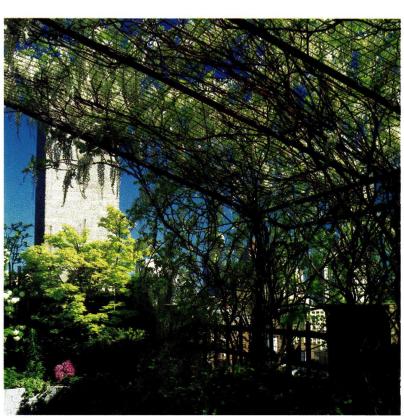
It's been five years since Heather

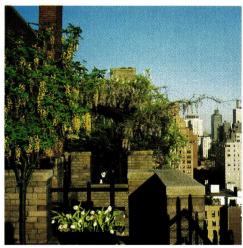




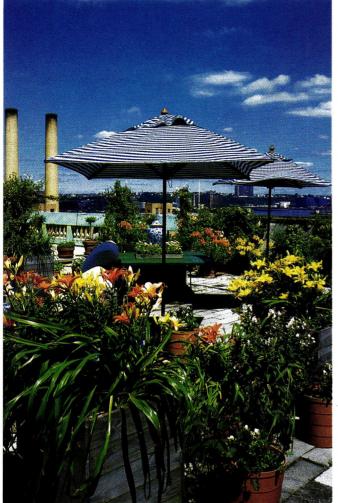


Vines frame the river view, and at sunset "New Jersey looks like Venice"











Cohane, a transplant from England, began planting a city rooftop with her husband, Ossian K. Bergo, the cofounder of *Quest* magazine, which she edits and publishes. Now, topiary hibiscus and roses stand sentinel against a parapet wall that overlooks Manhattan's Upper East Side. Recently added are raspberries, wild alpine strawberries, and nasturtiums and of course salvia, basil, and mint—"the things I use in the kitchen," she said.

Her seasonal efforts outdoors include enriching various large containers with peat moss and cow manure and the water-soluble fertilizer that keeps jasmine, pansies, and ageratum faithfully in bloom. Her seasonal efforts also include preventing swirls of treasured grapevines from suffocating rooftop chimneys or overwhelming her awning. "I learned to garden here by trial and error," Cohane said of an on-the-job education that included maneuvering small trees and shrubs up the steep stairs that separate her aerie from the last elevator stop.

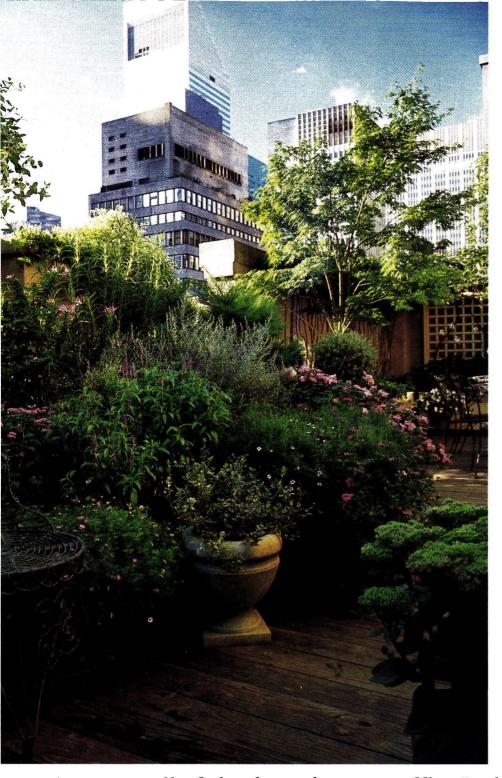
Less than a block away, a venerable wisteria has wrapped itself around the steel frame of a long-vanished awning, bringing dappled shade to a sunny penthouse. The owner, a psychologist, grew up on a farm. But now her life is all city and this is her country home, said Maggy Geiger, a gardener with the Window Box, who for six years has helped plan and plant the rooftop.

Each window's garden vista is different. A "vegetable patch"—tomatoes, lettuce, blueberries, and parsley—is seen from the kitchen where window box lobelia and alysum echo that room's blue and white color scheme. Outside a bedroom, rooftop gusts change a pendulous

birch into a shivering screen. And beyond the living room, yews hold dustings of snow in winter and are a green backbone in summer for billowing clusters of astilbe, heuchera, peony, and lavender.

The wraparound terrace has masonry planters that date from a time when planting soil was placed directly on penthouse floors and not in containers. But as with most such prewar rooftops, inadequate waterproofing resulted in leaks, and these in turn were followed by tortuous lengthy repairs. (No records confirm the efficacy of the bundles of reeds and lead layers that waterproofed Babylon.) The walls of those old masonry planters remain, but their only

Silver-lace vine twines along chains, opposite above, to form graceful swags in the downtown aerie of Richard Callahan and Edward Zajac. High winds off the Hudson River lead to rapid plant dehydration, which necessitates frequent watering. "It's like being on Fire Island or in East Hampton," says Callahan. Above left: Lilies grow in plastic trash cans concealed behind wooden enclosures. Above right: Planters and umbrellas help define open-air rooms. Opposite below left: A canopy of wisteria shades an Upper East Side terrace designed by the owner, a psychologist, in collaboration with Maggy Geiger of the Window Box. Opposite center right: A golden chain tree, Laburnum × watereri, overhangs tulips in one of many window boxes lining the inner ledges. Opposite below right: A Japanese maple and snowball bush are combined with other trees and shrubs as a backdrop to masonry planters massed with annuals and perennials.



raison d'être at present is providing a façade for the metal tubs that now hold the plants.

"We're people who hate the country," said Richard Callahan, co-owner with Edward Zajac of a rooftop garden in the meat-packing district in the West Village. "It's a lot better to live in New York, have a cocktail party here in our city garden, and then go right to the theater," Callahan added. Swags of silver-lace vine define the limits of their 50-by-50foot space and frame their panoramic Hudson River views. "People forget that Manhattan is an island," Zajac said. "There's a different sunset every night. But best of all, New Jersey looks like Venice."

Partners in the decorating firm that bears their name, the two men moved to this triplex to live and work in 1985 and immediately launched their landscape. The goal was to convert the amorphous rooftop into a large "outdoor apartment" with the equivalents of living and dining areas. Now dividing and organizing the space are 30-inch cubes of treated pine planks, their custom-made containers—which in fact are not containers at all. They are only square enclosures slipped over the plastic trash cans that actually hold the plants and soil.

The result: installation costs were reduced, the weight of plantings is minimal—always a critical rooftop goal—and the designers retain absolute flexibility; it's much easier to move a plant-filled plastic can than a plant-filled wooden tub. "There's a rhythm to the (Continued on page 212)

A green wall of shrubs and trees muffles Park Avenue traffic noise









By Amy Fine Collins

Virginian Charlotte Moss possesses in abundance all the "bright and fierce" qualities

Tennyson ascribed to a southern temperament. Attempting to account for her mete-

oric success in two professions over the course of one decade, she drawls, "I never

In her office, opposite, with its Colefax & Fowler chintz, Charlotte Moss combines southern graciousness with a fervid Anglophilia that carries over into her Manhattan shop and apartment. Above left: Anne Gray Harris mural behind spaniels on an English bench. Above: A lush bouquet on an English table. Right: A Beauvais pillow and a Clare Potter teacup and rose. Below: Moss outside her shop. Left: Her sitting room with a sofa in the same Bennison linen as the walls. Details see Resources.







an jedjelel



have time to think about failing. Southern women may not be tough, but we're thick-skinned." New to Manhattan, she took a secretarial job at a brokerage house and a few years later was pulling in a "six-figure income marketing tax shelters" for the firm. Eventually she quit her job, married an investment banker, and "ten days after the wedding" opened her eponymous store, modeled after English decorating shops, where the staples range from custom-smocked lampshades to tole coasters. Now a whole Charlotte Moss cottage industry is sprouting. She's currently designing accessories and furniture



which will be licensed through New York's Hamilton Projects. She's also working on decorating jobs for private clients and is awaiting the publication of her decorating book, *A Passion for Detail*, the first in a series, due this month from Doubleday.

Moss's business wizardry—"really just common sense; I got a D in my college business class"—comes paired with a hearty fervor for decorating. Her emotional approach—"Guts are important!"—makes for rooms that are sensually gratifying: no cool intellectual ironies in her house. Moss's taste wells up from deep strong feelings about color ("I'm on an aqua kick, it's in my

A sofa in Lee Jofa green velvet and tufted armchairs of Brunschwig & Fils chintz encircle a well-used fireplace in the living room, *right*. Moss found the c. 1815 Swedish sconces at Joseph Rondina, NYC. Carpet from Rosecore. *Above:* Moss's collection of porcelain vegetables by Anne Gordon lines the top of a Regency bowfront bookcase.



The Charlotte Moss approach makes for rooms



hat are sensually gratifying—no cool intellectual ironies in her house



blood, I can't stop") and pattern ("I'm crazy for florals; in botany class I loved dissecting flowers").

As Moss surveys her living room, which she describes as "her favorite room, a real mishmash," a thought suddenly seizes her. "If I had to walk out of here today, I would leave with my Cecil Beaton watercolors and the Robert Adam bookcase." She hastens to two of the pictures in question, paired views of Beaton's beloved Reddish House, executed by the flamboyant style-maker in the seventies when a stroke forced him to draw with his left hand. The outlines are lively and elastic, the palette electric fauve. "Look at the passion in these!" she exclaims. As for the bookcase, built to double as a planter and painted with Pompeian motifs, it was discovered by private dealer Gerald Bland, whom Moss calls the "grand acquisitor." Evidently, Moss is partial to the Adam aesthetic. Over the mantelpiece, a neoclassical gilt mirror shimmers, its clean architectural lines contrasting pleasantly with the plump curves of the upholstered ottoman, armchairs, and sofa. Across the room another bookcase is a point of equal, if quirkier, interest. In this Regency piece she exhibits her "vegetable garden"-a delectable collection of porcelain cabbages, asparagus, and artichokes.

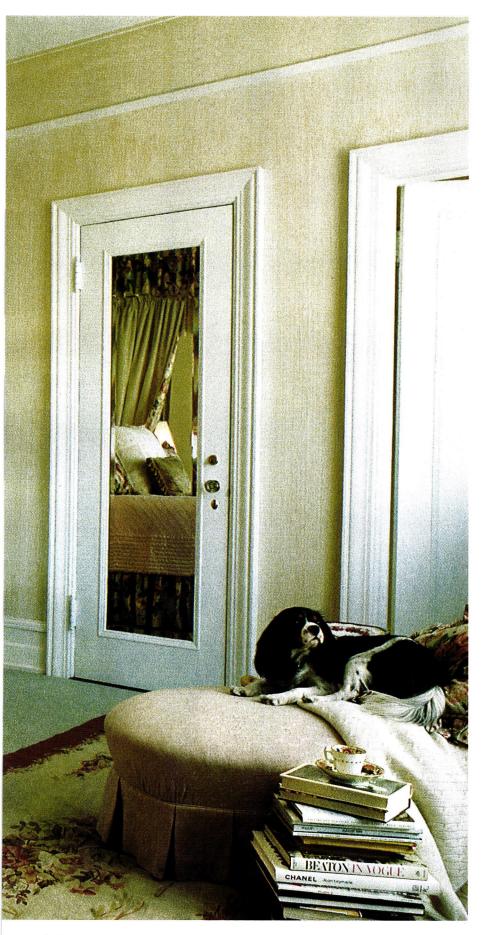
Just beyond this witty display lies her husband Barry Friedberg's study, a book- and picture-lined



A wall of plates and platters leads the way to an eating area, above and left, where the walls are duck-egg blue and the chairs and banquette are in a Cowtan & Tout chintz. A 19th-century English tole chandelier hangs in front of a group of 19th-century English and German animal paintings. Opposite: Walls stenciled by Lucretia Moroni after a Japanese textile and a Russian chandelier, c. 1780, set a more formal tone in the dining room.



A canopy bed with clouds of rose and "dirty aqua" chintz



presides over the master bedroom

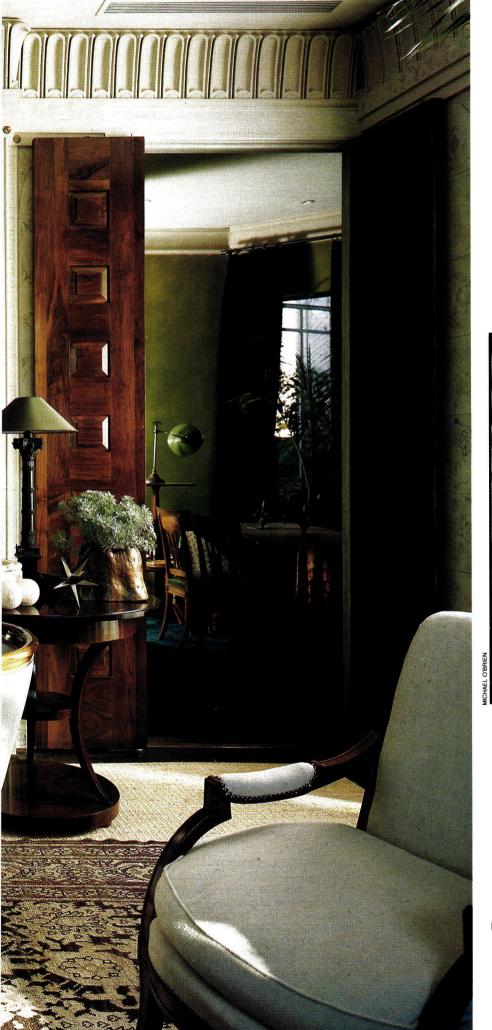


businessman's precinct separated from the living room by sliding glass doors and a pheasant-print chintz curtain. "It's always a mess in there," says Moss. "So I close the curtain when I don't want to see it." Opening from the opposite side of the living room, the dining room is dominated by a magnificent late eighteenth century Russian chandelier that shoots out crystal sprays like frozen jets of water. Heightening the room's exotic glamour, the walls are stenciled in deep reds and greens to resemble a Japanese Edo period textile. They provide a rich backdrop for Regency dining chairs and a large circa 1800 portrait of a boy and his dog. "I feel sorry for him," says Moss. "Compared with that alert dog, he looks so dim-witted."

A more relaxed but no less carefully planned spot is the cozy breakfast room, constructed by taking out the maids' eating area, formerly adjoining the kitchen. Anyone buttering his toast here can easily be transported to a pastoral state of mind. Chintz-covered tie-on cushions sag invitingly on the banquettes; the well-used surface of the English table glows warmly; and looking down from the duck-egg blue walls are herds of (Continued on page 214)

At home, *left*, and in her shop, *above*, Moss indulges her passion for fourposters. The 18th-century English reproduction beds and the rose-patterned fabrics are from Beaudesert, London.





Above and Beyond the City



Within their

East Side penthouse,

Stephen Sills and

James Huniford survey
a world of refinement

By Charles Gandee

IGH ABOVE PARK AVENUE, A STREET they know quite intimately, decorators Stephen Sills and James Huniford live in splendid isolation from the hurly-burly rat race of the city below. Here, fifteen stories up, the worries and the woes of high-stakes style making for Ian Schrager, Nan Swid, Anna Wintour, Vera Wang, and Jonathan and Laura Tisch, among a roster of high-profile others, are but a distant and muffled memory. "It's a retreat," says Sills, who credits the illusion of escape to the terrace that envelops the lightfilled aerie on three sides. Although the greenbelt buffer zone is Huniford's domain, it nonetheless enabled Sills to indulge his domestic fantasy: "I wanted to be transported, to feel as if I were living in India under the Raj or in Paris in the thirties or in Tuscany..."

Such grand illusions weren't easy to conjure. "Needs work," euphemistically suggested the ad for what three years ago was a ramshackle tar paper hut on the roof, which Huniford discovered one Saturday night in an early edition of the Sunday *New York Times* real estate section. "It just sounded right," recalls Huniford, then an enthusiastic gardener-in-the-making who warmed to the idea of a small apartment with a large terrace. Sills agreed, not a bit bothered by the apartment's diminutive

"I wanted to feel as if I were living in India during the Raj," says Sills

size: "I look at it as a sort of hotel room. You can just go there and sleep, put on your clothes, take a shower, and leave. That's all I want in Manhattan." (The explanation for Sills's modest aspirations is revealed when he pulls out snapshots of the 12-acre getaway he and Huniford own in Bedford, New York.) So the partners bought their dilapidated pied-à-terre, gutted it, then proceeded to do what they do best, not merely installing furniture and specifying fabric but instilling atmosphere, character, style—exhibiting a certain, shall we say, sensibility.

That process, as anyone who has spent time with Sills and Huniford will attest, always breaks down neatly into two distinct parts. Sills has the vision; Huniford turns that vision into reality. That's their way. In other words, Sills is the kind of guy who can actually picture what life in India during the Raj or Paris in the thirties might have looked like. Huniford, on the other hand, is the kind of guy for whom finding a crane (on twenty-four hours' notice) that can lift a Louis XVI gilt tester bed fifteen stories in the air, over a stone parapet, and through an open window—after workmen had carried that same bed up fourteen flights of stairs and down again when it failed to make the final narrow turn to the penthouse—is just another day at the office.

While it seems clear that Huniford honed his skills for organization and management as a business student at

Syracuse University, it seems less clear how Sills came by his vision, since it's not the sort of thing you tend to learn in the interior design department at North Texas State University. Or in any interi-

or design department at any university, for that matter. For his part, Sills credits his evocative aesthetic to a dreamy adolescence ("When I was fifteen I just swooned every time I saw a Francis Bacon"), to "very progressive" parents (an ophthalmologist and a pianist), and to world travel that took him far from his hometown, Durant, Oklahoma. "For me the experiences of life, of going to exotic places, of seeing other people's environments, have had a lot of impact."

Perhaps the trip that made the greatest impact, that made Stephen Sills the decorator he is today, is the three-year-long trip to Paris his parents treated him to after college. Thinking back to his first impression of the City of Light, stepping off the train at the Gare de Lyon in 1977, Sills still seems bedazzled: "It was magical, I knew it would change my life forever—and it did." That transformation began when the young American rang up an old friend from home who was working in Paris as a dec-

In the apple-green dining room, opposite, a 19th-century cadet looks down on royal-blue patterned carpet from Madeleine Castaing, Paris. The parchment screen is by Jean-Michel Frank. Left: The living room's stenciled canvas walls act as an ornamental backdrop for a Sills-designed banquette in velour from Clarence House. A George III watercolor stand displays a collection of photographs. The cube chair, in its original ivory chenille, is also by Frank, as is the Louis XVI-style armchair.







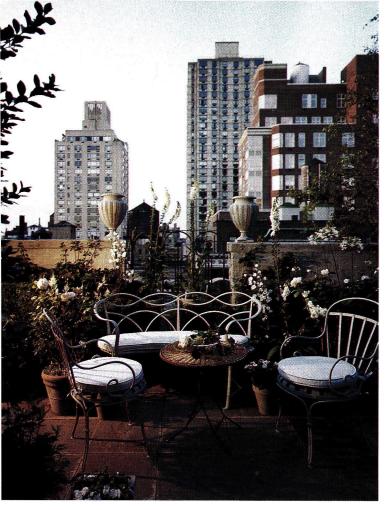
orative painter for Renzo Mongiardino. The connection —Sills offered to assist his friend on the job—gave him access to the Italian master's work. "He was decorating the Brandolini apartment, and I got to experience all that." Before it was over, Sills also got to experience an impressive list of legendary houses and apartments—including Guy de Rothschild's Hôtel Lambert. Whether he entered through the back door or the front, Sills saw

The plaster crown molding encircling the living room, above and opposite, was inspired by a cast Sills and Huniford uncovered in an upstate New York antiques shop. The Louis XVI limestone fireplace was found in Paris along with the 18th-century chenets. A pair of early 19th century cabinets support two globes from the same period. A Viennese lantern is suspended above a trestle table said to have belonged to Alexandre Gustave Eiffel. what he went to see, saw what he had only dreamed about back in Durant. And he didn't forget it.

"Borrowing from what you've seen, distilling it into something that becomes your own" is a familiar refrain of decorators. And it's Sills's refrain too. But it takes on added resonance in his and Huniford's penthouse, a virtual echo chamber of rooms past—some of

Sills has come a long way since the days when he bought creamware at secondhand stores in Durant, Oklahoma

which you remember, some of which you've never seen, some of which never actually existed. Strains of Mongiardino, of Jacques Grange, of a host of other legendary decorators appear—sometimes soft and faint, sometimes clear and emphatic—throughout rooms that have been carefully "layered," as Sills says, with ornament, pattern, and texture to evoke a kind of visual sedimentation. For example, canvased walls, delicately stenciled to suggest tilework from the Middle Ages, are capped with a "classic Hellenistic" cast-plaster crown molding that alludes to yet another time, another place. The suggestion is of antiquity, of gradual and effortless evolution, of a patina that only time could produce. The message is



"It's an escape from 14-hour workdays," says Huniford

clear. Nothing new, nothing ostentatious, nothing conspicuous, nothing vulgar here. These are rooms for gentlemen—the kind of gentlemen who wear John Lobb shoes, Anderson & Sheppard suits, Charvet shirts, and vintage Patek Philippe watches with crocodile bands. In other words, argues the apartment, these are rooms for gentlemen of style and taste and culture. Relaxed. Accustomed. Comfortable. Perhaps a bit bohemian, even, hints a proudly-on-display collection of photographs that stretches from fifties fashion divas by Horst to two young boys wearing horns on their heads and feathers on their bodies by Michael Roberts.

But if Sills used the apartment to showcase his and Huniford's talent and taste, he also used it to showcase the collection of furniture and objects he has been assembling for thirty years. "As a child I used to go down to the secondhand stores in Durant and buy old creamware," recalls the decorator, who, even before joining forces with the gimlet-eyed Huniford, quickly moved on from such humble beginnings to amass, among other treasures, a collection of Jean-Michel Frank pieces that Frank aficionado Giorgio Armani might envy. But, not surprisingly, Sills and Huniford's collection is not limited to one style, one period. "I like a million different things," says Sills. "I like everything. I like every period. I love modern things, and I love sixteenth-century things. I love antiquities, and I love Louis XVI. I love art deco,

and..." Huniford is comparably freethinking in his loves.

Proof of the partners' diverse affections isn't difficult to find, as the eye veers from oversize gilt chenets made for Versailles to a bulbous silk and brass lantern made by the Wiener Werkstätte, from an intricate seventeenth-century Karabagh carpet to a simple eighteenth-century mahogany and brass Russian stand, from a utilitarian architect's trestle table to an ornate mirror designed by Emilio Terry for Frank. The only consistent theme is that everything has a story, a history, a provenance. And Sills and Huniford know it. "This piece came from Alexandre Gustave Eiffel's atelier." "That piece came from Billy Baldwin." "This piece is important." "That piece is very important." Though Sills and Huniford derive obvious pleasure from their collection and a kind of exquisite joy from the telling of the tales, their greatest coup is not the capture of this or that but rather the creation of an apartment in which all their treasures, as they call them, appear perfectly at home.

In the bedroom, *left* and *opposite*, treasures from Sills and Huniford's never-ending hunt include a Louis XVI gilt tester bed, two Jean-Michel Frank lamps ("with original mica shades," notes Sills), an Italian inlaid table flanked by Indian inlaid chairs, and a Frank white leather club chair. The scrubbed-oak cabinets were custom designed to conceal books, stereo, and a television. The striped bed fabric is from Jack Lenor Larsen. *Above left:* The terrace is planted exclusively with white flowers. The iron furniture is from the twenties.



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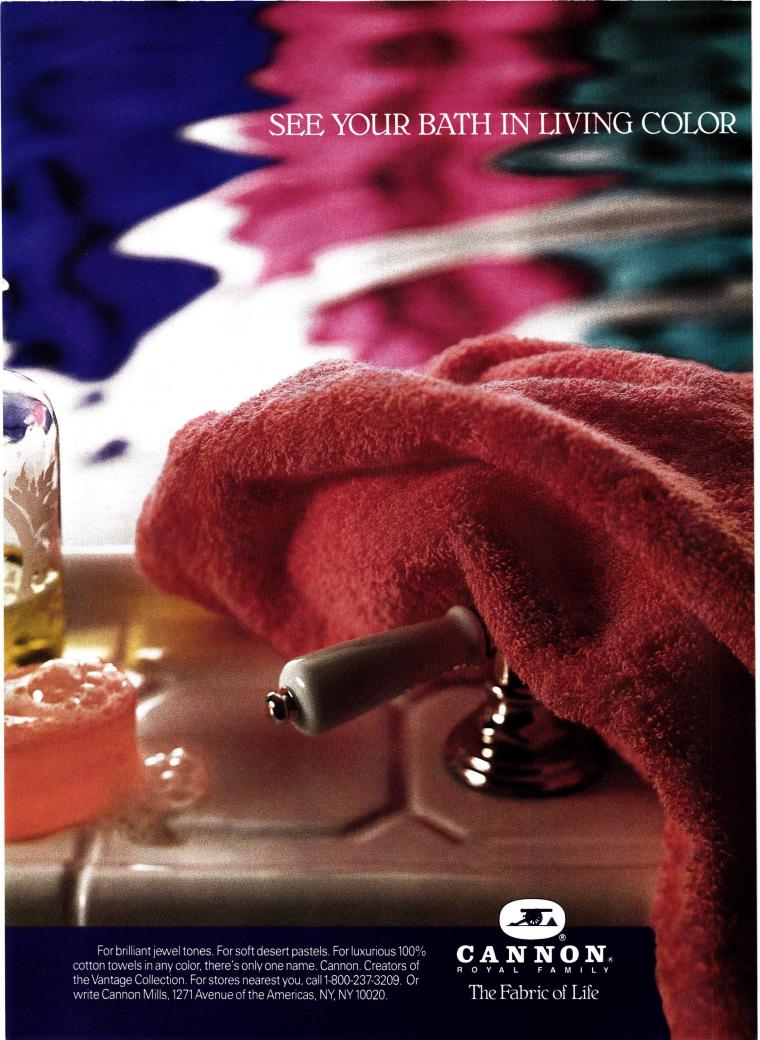
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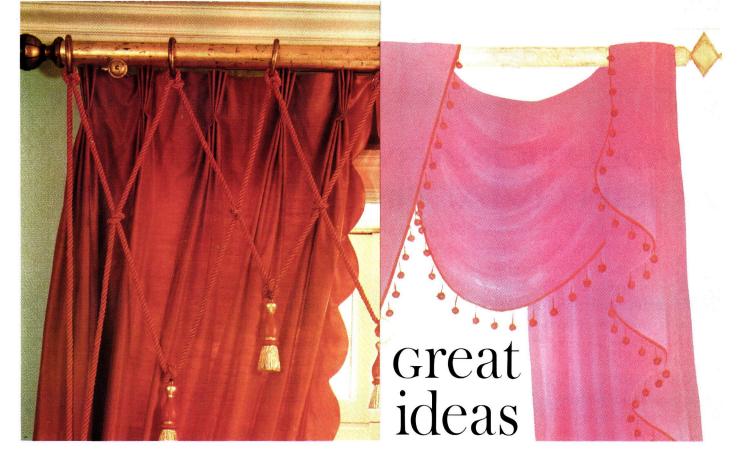
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An office as decorative folly allows two young designers to strut their stuff

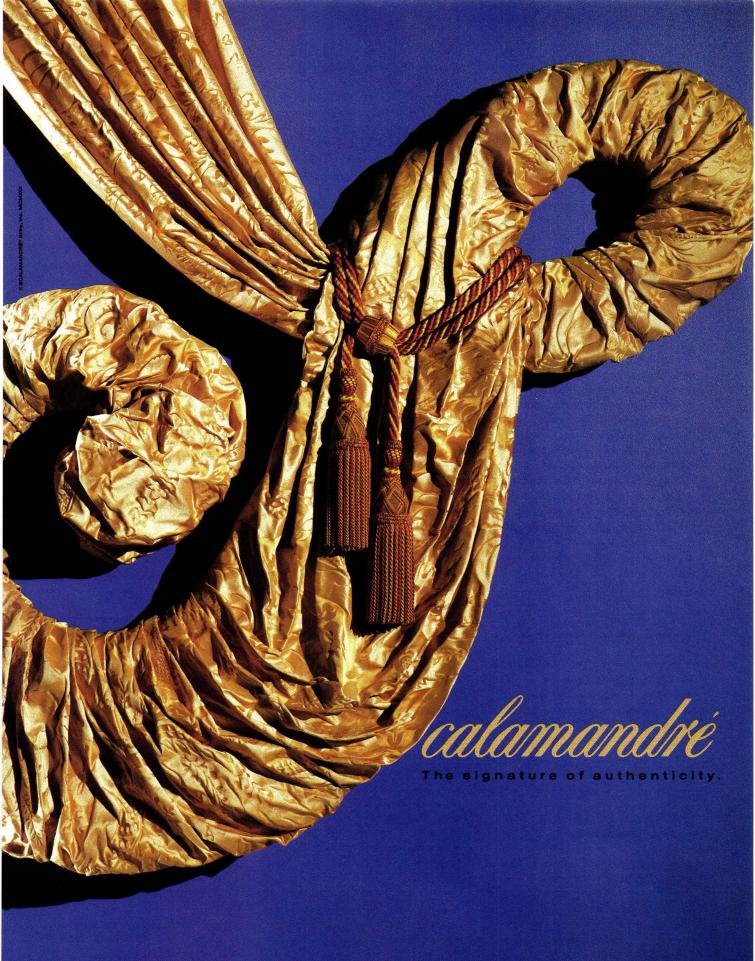


An orange silk curtain with a scalloped satin border, top left, is finished with a knotted and tasseled rope valance. Top right: A trompe l'oeil curtain with a ball fringe. Above: The columns of a pair of armoires are painted in four faux finishes to alert clients to different possibilities. Right: A worktable is draped with an antique crewelwork panel from Afghanistan.



painted a depressing brown, the decorators spotted only two promising details—a marble mantel and 11½-foot-tall windows. They contemplated decorating the rooms in several variations of the English and French country look. But many swatches of flowered chintz, stripes, and toile later, they abandoned convention and let their imaginations run wild. The result is a kaleidoscopic display of color schemes and design solutions intended to keep clients amused and informed.

Purple, orange, and Kelly green curtains—variously smocked, beaded, fringed, and corded—hang over French windows on one side of the main room. Yellow and pink trompe l'oeil curtains framing faux windows embellish the opposite wall. And in between there's a seating arrangement aglow with emerald velvet sofas, bright yellow silk chair cushions sporting harlequin skirts, and a purple and magenta moiré-patterned rug. Practical things like paint chips are relegated to the small second room. "This is a design lab," says Langham. "It allows us to release all our pent-up creativity and show clients a few of the millions of things we can do." Alexandra de Rochefort



RESIDENTIAL · CONTRACT · HOSPITALITY · RESTORATION

FROM AMERICA'S MILL

Upper-Deck

(*Continued from page 143*) convenient spot, a stone's throw from the bed.

Kors's taste for contradictions—"I find the concept of a ball gown in gray flannel provocative and exciting"— also found expression in the apartment. A teak deck chair stands in the living room, while the chaises are ar-

ranged on the terrace in a perfect formal row. And the leather chairs are slipcovered in ivory canvas. "I'm probably the only person who would put canvas slipcovers over leather," Kors says. "It's kind of backwards. It's like a sable-lined jeans jacket." Now he is musing about gray flannel slipcovers with camel cashmere throws.

Both in his house and in his collection Kors likes to play on the familiar,

but his wit is grounded in workaday reality. In a fashion season awash with nostalgia and themes, Kors sounds a note of common sense: "I am concerned with the present, how to design what is beautiful, and what works for modern life. How can she fit it into a duffel bag? What validates any designer is, does it work? My biggest influence?" He answers without hesitation, "The women I know."

Up on the Roof

(Continued from page 186) placing of these planters in our lily festival," said Zajac, referring to the monoculture of perennials that gives the garden its unity. "It's symmetrical near the center and asymmetrical around the edges."

On Park Avenue, some fifty blocks away, closely spaced junipers, yews, arborvitae, and euonymus create an evergreen screen on a penthouse terrace whose owner works for an international fashion company. This fourteenth-floor haven is the work of Perry Guillot, a landscape architect who has spent four years developing this play of emerald tones and contrasting textures. What Guillot calls his "green wall" of shrubs and trees also muffles

traffic sounds and shields the garden from a ring of skyscrapers.

For splashes of seasonal color and to leave the plank deck free for people and chairs, there are the flowering vines Guillot favors—fragrant honeysuckle whose blooms are graceful golden tubes, trumpet creeper with its orange cigar-shaped flowers, climbing 'New Dawn' roses that are clusters of palest pink, and sweet autumn clematis for a frothy white floral haze. Pots of annuals also add their summer hues: blue-flowered browallia, pink verbena and cleome, and white and blue nierembergia.

Nature's allotment of moisture for rooftops has always been unreliable. In Babylon water was pumped to the top level where it was stored in a cistern for distribution later to thirsty plants be-

low. In New York the secret is polyvinyl plumbing lines. On this rooftop a discreetly installed system is electronically timed to ensure the daily dose of water which Guillot said "keeps the garden going between my visits."

Every month he comes to prune and groom the green wall and tend his pride and joy: two towering English ivy topiaries, each with a cap of pink-flowered clematis. These green pyramids, which rise from cream-painted tubs, flank a glass door, one of several that open onto the 15-by-38-foot terrace. This too is a landscaped outdoor room and a gracious extension of the apartment. In a city where leafy bowers are rare, the ultimate oasis is a hanging garden to call your own—a piece of the country without leaving town.

Editor: Senga Mortimer

The Baker Bunch

(Continued from page 148) there's a model ship in the living room. In fact, there are boats throughout the house. Ten years ago Martha gave John, an enthusiastic fisherman, a model of an old fishing boat. Now they have a fleet of sailboats, ocean liners, even a boat made from old tin cans. "What can I

say?" says Martha. "It grew."

"We wanted a house filled with objects the kids can love too," she continues. "We wanted a house they'd want to be in, and they do. Our kids love our house. They love a fire in the fireplace, the way it makes the house look. So do we. When we're all at home, we don't entertain formally. I have to go to too many functions in my work. We just invite a few people over and cook some-

thing. It's a way of seeing friends without having to leave the family."

From the large shedding dog sitting in a Leleu chair to the quilt pieced together from school pennants and the painted walls, painted furniture, painted toys, boats, goofy lamps, and secondhand curtains, this house is about being a family—and about being down home in uptown Manhattan.

Editor: Carolyn Sollis

Light Motifs

(Continued from page 180) painted iron bed. A many-leaved mission table and chairs and a grouping of two sofas and an armchair near the fireplace define the living and dining areas of the big room. There is a mirror here, a candelabra there, interesting light fixtures throughout, but for the most part, he

hates what he calls "the sentiment of objects" and collects little, other than the work of younger artists. A 110-foot wood ledge that runs along two sides of the building beneath the windows of the guest room, kitchen, and library on the fifth floor helps him keep those things he does have just the way he likes them—in plain sight and in perfect order.

Bleckner talks about artists' need for

a sense of place. And, again, about how content he is with his, now that light and air and order have been drawn out of an old loft building on a dark alley. "I used to be very interior or very exterior," he relates. "If I wasn't in the studio I was out—at restaurants or at friends' places. This place has mediated the extremes." Bleckner seems, finally, very much at home.

Editor: Ruth Ansel



Beaux-Arts

(Continued from page 136) beautiful unknowns and personally significant images. A favorite is a late nineteenth century pastel, a life-size double portrait of a shabby picture curator and an imperious collector-the professional and the patron. Despont delights in explaining its iconography, which he researched himself. Above is an agreeably cluttered wall of pictures "hung the way they used to be at the Louvre, crammed together, all the way up to the ceiling." Elsewhere are drawings by the contemporary French artist Philippe Segeral: deep romantic images, like windows into dreams. Despont's own drawings, too, are on view—large bold portraits in a slashing nineteenth-century style.

The rooms flow into one another, each with its own revelations. The decorous dining room table has a secret life: after dinner its top swivels to offer a game of pool. On the dining room mantelpiece stands a model of Despont's restoration project for the Stat-

ue of Liberty, and gold-leafed replicas of its flaming torch appear throughout the apartment. This could be kitsch but for the spareness of presentation and the exquisite craftsmanship. (Despont is known for detail, much of which is meticulously executed in his own workrooms in France.)

The kitchen is an architect's dream. The upper walls are gold-leafed, the counter is stone, and the patterned brass backsplash inspired by a Bugatti dashboard. The dream is not necessarily a cook's, however. "I designed the kitchen when Ann was away," Despont admits. The oven is hidden inside a cupboard, and the meager counter space suggests a dyspeptic bachelor, not a live-in family of four. "But," Despont points out smiling, "it is very beautiful." And this is true.

In the bedroom there are banks of cabinets from an old homeopathic pharmacy. When asked what the diminutive drawers should now hold, Despont suggests affably, "Lots of socks?" (Dressing rooms beyond hold a somewhat wider range of objects.)

If you ask Despont what he is try-

ing to achieve in his work, he will reply, "Harmony and order." This isn't surprising from someone whose heroes are neoclassicists—Palladio, Ledoux, and Jefferson—nor from someone who was decorated with the Ordre des Arts et des Lettres. What is surprising is Despont's use of such bumptious elements to achieve a classical ideal. The fact that he succeeds is due partly to a deep understanding of both the past and the present—and, of course, to his exuberant delight in the struggle between them.

Editor: Carolyn Sollis

The Carriage Trade

(Continued from page 195) sheep and cattle—livestock paintings Moss collects on her buying trips to England.

In the hallway leading to the master bedroom—a comforting sanctuary presided over by a canopy bed with clouds of rose and "dirty aqua" chintz—Moss pauses before another painting, a Friedberg-Moss family portrait commissioned from Scottish artist Harry Moore Gordon. "He paints truly eccentric portraits," she points out. "My husband is shown reading a Merrill Lynch report because he would not sit still unless he was working."

If Moss has a passion for detail, she also understands that, accumulated, they can add up to some dramatic effects. A case in point is the foyer where all four walls are painted with enveloping vistas of a manor house, rolling hills, classical follies, streams, grazing sheep, and walled gardens. "Since there's no outdoor space in this apartment, Anne Gray Harris created an imaginary low-maintenance park for me," beams Moss. Like most dreams, the mural is a pastiche of disparate times and places: views of Stourhead, Derbyshire, and the south of France meld into one paradisiacal panorama.

A decorator's work is never done, so Moss has just converted a guest room into her sitting room, which she uses as an office, and is finishing the interior and gardens of her new country house in East Hampton. Though the settings vary, Moss brings to each "humor, comfort, and passion—in my mind essential to all good decorating."

Editor: Carolyn Sollis

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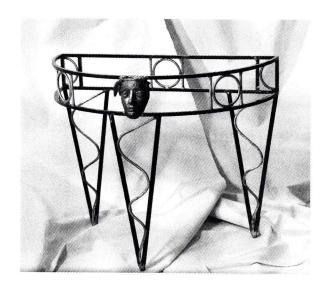
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Exposed: Tattletales

(Continued from page 162) his wife, sweater designer Barbara Hodes, try to balance their hectic social life by doing a lot of entertaining at home. Their cozy apartment on the parlor floor of a classic Greek revival row house reflects their fashionable interests, including photographs by Norman Parkinson and William Claxton and a collection of signed sketches by such designers as Lacroix, Jean-Paul Gaultier, Issey Miyake, and Marc Jacobs. "For a lot of people I cover, life is getting into black tie every night," says Gross. "We can't afford to do that, either mentally or physically."

Uptown, society columnist William Norwich, who left the *Daily News* in July to replace the redoubtable Suzy at the *New York Post*, is just back from Rome, and once again all of his orchids have died. "In this line of work you get a lot of orchids—either that or champagne," he says, gesturing to the many magnums by his desk. "I'm always giving the stuff away."

Norwich, who is also an editor at large of *Vogue*, resides, appropriately enough, in a charming little town house off Park Avenue. He can even peer into the windows of one nameless socialite if he cared to, which he doesn't. His tiny studio has almost no furniture, but it's a testimony to hightech communications: there's a computer, a modem, an answering machine, and a fax going at all times—a communication from *Vogue* inches out as we speak.

People never leave Norwich alone. He complains that he is hounded day and night by publicists desperate to get their clients some ink. "I have dog food companies calling me," says Norwich in disgust. "There were over two hundred messages on my machine while I was in Rome—and none of them were from friends."

By week's end all these weary scribes want is a little privacy and peace. Halfway through the most glittering galas, "I'm just dying to get home, watch a little television, and eat a candy bar," says Smith. "That's my idea of a great time."

Editor: Wendy Goodman

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Resources

DESIGN

Page 70 Floor and table lamps with copper shades and painted maple bases, \$650 and \$360, both by Claire Dishman, at Surprise Furniture, NYC (212) 518-3059 by appt. Four lamps, all steel rods wrapped in rice paper, Eye \$600, Dome \$550, Wave \$500 ea, all by Gaston Marticorena, at Modern Age Furniture Gallery, NYC (212) 674-5603. Tzarina ceramic/wood/brass/crystal lamp with sandblasted bent-glass shade, \$650, Court Jester glass ball/aluminum/wood lamp with sandblasted bent-glass shade, 75" high, \$1,500, both by Dez Ryan, at Archetype Gallery, NYC (212) 334-0100; Archon, NYC (212) 581-1909 by appt; Gibraltar, Charleston (803) 723-9394. Upside David ceramic lamp, \$1,600, Orbit copper tubing lamp with ceramic center, \$1,800, both by Warren Muller, at Archetype Gallery (see above)

PEOPLE

Page 104 Sequined silk evening dress, by Maria Snyder Studio, at Ultimo, Chicago; Maxfield, Los Angeles; Henri Bendel, NYC. 106 Patchwork oak/bronze console table, by Bonetti and Garouste, to order from BGH, Paris (1) 64-33-10-32. Hirohito oak/gold-leaf chairs, by Bonetti and Garouste, to order from Fourniture, Paris (1) 48-33-99-10.

ENVIRONMENT

Page 112 Architect for building: Croxton Collaborative, 1122 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10028, (212) 794-2285.

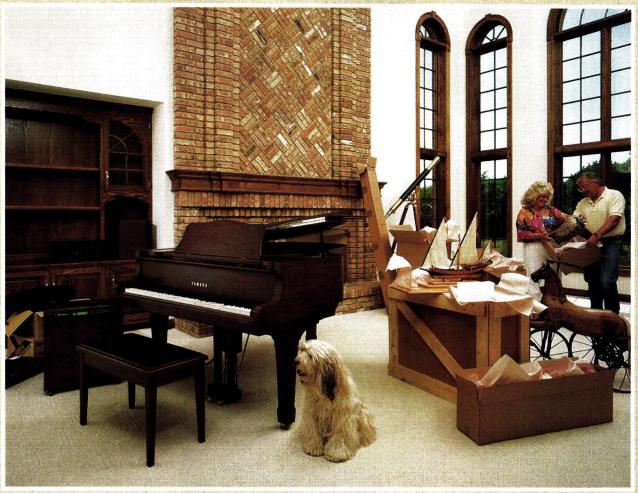
BEAUX-ARTS DOWNTOWN

Pages 130-37 Architecture and design, by Office of Thierry W. Despont, NYC (212) 334-9444. 132-**33** Triple-disc aluminum ceiling light, similar at Lost City Arts, NYC (212) 941-8025. Two-seat scroll arm sofas, from George Smith Sofas & Chairs, NYC (212) 226-4747. Wassily leather/steel/chrome chairs, by Marcel Breuer, to the trade at KnollStudio, division of Knoll Group, for showrooms (800) 223-1354. Ke-'zu leather club chairs and ottoman, PFM cherrywood arm/side chairs, to the trade at Dakota Jackson, NYC (212) 838-9444. Gropius linen on arm/side chairs, Cashmere wool/cashmere/ polyamide for curtains, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia Portland San Francisco Seattle Troy Bahia Taffetas viscose/acetate for curtain lining, to the trade at André Bon, NYC, Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Leonard B. Hecker & Assocs., Boston; Nicholas P Karas, Chicago; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Houston; Southard, Dania; Nielsen-Mayne, Denver; Shears & Window, Laguna Niguel; Randolph & Hein, Los Angeles; J. W. Showroom, Philadelphia; Thomas Griffith, San Francisco; Mattoon & Assocs., Seattle; Richard Russell, Washington, D.C. Maple/birch/brass end tables, to the trade at Donghia Furniture/Textiles, NYC, Chicago, Cleveland, Dania, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; Interior Elements, Atlanta; Ostrer House, Boston: David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston: Wendy Boyd, Denver; Telio & Cie, Montreal, Toronto; Judy Baer, Philadelphia; Susan Mills, Seattle. Raffia matting, to the trade at Stark Carpet, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Troy, Washington, D.C.; Gregory Alonso, Cleveland; Dean-Warren, Phoenix. 136-37 Antique globes, similar at Lost City Arts (see above). Lutyens Napoleon chair, at Arkitektura, NYC (212) 334-5570.

UPPER-DECK ACCOMMODATIONS

Pages 138–43 Design, by Glenn Gissler of Glenn Gissler Design, NYC (212) 727-3220. 138–39 Acrylic canvas (#P37975) on chaises, to the trade at Peter Schneider, division of Decorators Walk, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C.; Borland's, Honolulu; Hampton Row, Minneapolis; Dean-Warren, Phoenix. 140 Custom sofa, to order from Classic Sofa, NYC (212) 620-0485. Slip-

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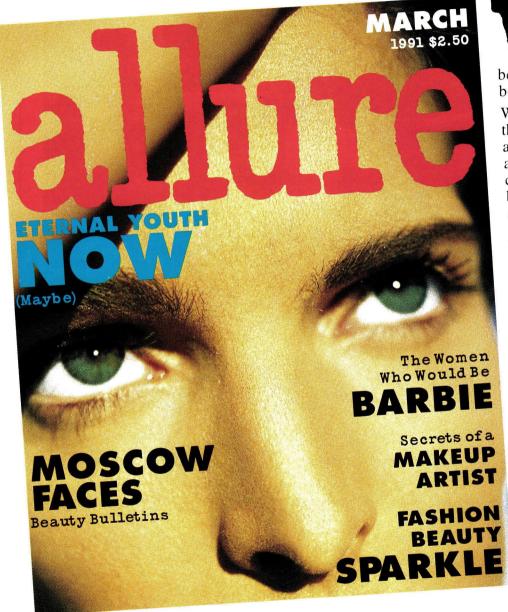
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per chairs, to the trade to order from Furniture Masters, Brooklyn (718) 599-0771. Slipcovers, similar to order from Yolanda Custom Interiors & Accessories, NYC (212) 475-3767. Indantone cotton canvas for slipcovers, to the trade at John Boyle & Co., for showrooms (800) 438-1061. Isamu Noguchi bamboo/cast-iron floor lamp (#BB3) with mulberry-bark paper shade (#X3), from Akari-Gemini, for dealers (805) 966-9557. Wool/sisal carpet with ribbon border, to the trade at Designer Flooring Services, for showrooms (212) 679-0310. Paintings on paper by Gary Gissler, at art advisory firm of Lyman-Heizer, Chicago (312) 751-2985; Christopher Grimes, Santa Monica (213) 450-5962. 141 Cableknit sweater, sequined leggings, from Michael Kors 1991 fall collection, at Adaria, Birmingham; Henri Bendel, Chicago; Neiman Marcus, Los Angeles; Bergdorf Goodman, NYC. 142 Cashmere/ wool throws, from Hermès, for stores (800) 441-4488. Teak steamer chaise, from Smith & Hawken, for stores (415) 383-2000. Crystal bowl/ashtray, by Elsa Peretti for Tiffany & Co., for stores (800) 526-0649. Feather spun-fiberglass lamp, by Robert Sonneman for George Kovacs, NYC (212) 838-3400. Bone crystal candlesticks, by Elsa Peretti for Tiffany & Co. (see above). 143 Solid Collection cotton bed linens, from Palais Royal, for stores (804) 979-3911. Lesser mirror, by Becker for D. F. Sanders & Co., NYC (212) 925-9040.

THE BAKER BUNCH

Page 146 Petit point armchairs, by Jules Leleu, similar at Secondhand Rose, NYC (212) 431-7673.

EXPLORING SPACE

Pages 150-57 Architecture and design, by Tod Williams/Billie Tsien & Assocs., Architects, NYC (212) 582-2385. 150-51 Babilonia sofa, by Dema, at Design Showroom, Venice (213) 452-5313. Ondine viscose/cotton on sofa, to the trade at Manuel Canovas, NYC, Los Angeles; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Donghia Showrooms, Chicago, Cleveland, Dania, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Egg & Dart, Denver; Matches, Philadelphia. Chantilly wrought-iron/crystal urn, by André Dubreuil, at Daum Boutique, NYC (212) 355-2060. 153 Josephine silk on walls, to the trade at Gretchen Bellinger, for showrooms (518) 235-2828. Custom gooseneck aluminum/brass/glass/crystal floor lamp, by Dez Ryan, similar to order from Archetype Gallery, NYC (212) 334-0100. 154-55 Hilton McConnico pâte de verre/crystal decanters, at Daum Boutique (se a above). Gaggenau stainlesssteel hob units, for dealers (617) 255-1766. Sub-Zero refrigerator/freezer (#532), for dealers (800) 222-7820. **156** Super Compact wool carpet, to the trade at Clodan Carpet, NYC (212) 966-9440. 157 Custom glass candelabra, by Susan Plum, Seattle (206) 682-4661

COLLECTORS' MAISONETTE

Pages 164-71 Tiger maple graining in library, glazing of woodwork and ceilings throughout, by Pat Cutaneo, Bernardsville (908) 953-9003. 164-65 Hammered Silk silk/cotton ottoman on slipper chairs, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago; Rozmallin at Baker, Knapp & Tubbs, Cleveland, Minneapolis, Troy; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Houston; Bill Nessen, Dania; Egg & Dart, Denver; Kneedler-Fauchère, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco; Croce, Philadelphia; Wayne Martin, Portland, Seattle; Primavera, Toronto. Castello Aragonese cotton/Bemberg velvet on far sofa, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 132-33). Iles d'Or cotton/silk moiré (#1938A-4) on foreground sofa, Louis XV rayon/ silk lampas (#2770M-2) on round-back chair, bullion fringe (#FB1067-9) on sofa, to the trade at Scalamandré, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; Jim Ditallo, Denver; Fee-McLaran, Honolulu; Gene Smiley, Minneapolis; S. C. Smith, Phoenix; Designers Showroom, Seattle. Cachemire silk taffeta (#RL-02082) on pillows, to the trade at Old World Weavers, NYC, Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; Hargett, Dallas, Houston: Todd Wiggins, Dania; J. Robert Scott, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles; Sloan Miyasato, San Francisco; Rist Corp., Washington, D.C. Kimble chintz on low-back chair, to the trade at Rose Cumming, NYC; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Webster & Co., Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago, Minneapolis; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Turner-Greenberg, Dania; Keith H. McCoy & Assocs., Los Angeles; Duncan Huggins Perez, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Sloan Miyasato, San Francisco. Sea grass matting, to the trade at Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges, NYC, Chicago; F. Schumacher & Co., Atlanta, Boston, Dania, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; Form III, Dallas; Regency House, Denver, San Francisco; Denton Jones, Houston; Delk & Morrison, New Orleans; Thomas & Co., Phoenix; Mark B. Mever. West Palm Beach. 166-67 Stenciling, by Lucretia Moroni of Mocart, Milan (2) 68-64-84, NYC (212) 982-5447. Spagnolo cotton on armchair, at Fortuny, NYC, for showrooms (212) 753-7153. Jacobean Linen Damask for curtain, to the trade from Lee Behren, division of Decorators Walk (see above for pgs 138-39). 168 Pembroke Damask wallpaper, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 132-33). Custom-colored Garbo Wilton-weave wool carpet, to the trade at Stark (see above for pgs 132-33). 169 Wilton chintz on walls, to the trade at Rose Cumming (see above). Velours Cauchois cotton/linen strié velvet on chairs, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 132-33). Regency carved giltwood mirror, similar at Geoffrey Bennison, London (71) 730-3370. 170-71 Achat viscose/cotton on walls and daybed, by Zimmer Rohde, to the trade at Jack Lenor Larsen, NYC, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; Jerry Pair & Assocs., Atlanta, Dania; Fee-McLaran, Honolulu; Holly Hunt, Minneapolis; Duncan Huggins Perez, Philadelphia; McNamara & Harris,

Phoenix; Wayne Martin, Portland, Seattle; Randolph & Hein, San Diego; Primavera, Toronto; Zeising, Troy. Cardinal Louis XIII Wilton-weave wool carpet, to the trade at Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges (see above). Tiger Velvet silk/linen/cotton (same as on armchair), to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, London, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle, Toronto, Troy, Washington, D.C. 171 Fernanda chintz, from Fernanda Niven Collection, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above). Silk taffeta (#5900-53) for curtain trim, Shirred Stripe silk taffeta/rep (#121-2) on chair, to the trade at Scalamandré (see above)

SEEING RED

Pages 172-73 Custom-painted walls and ceiling, by Joev Horatio, NYC (212) 505-7541, 173 Corsetbased costume, similar to order from Pearl, NYC (212) 505-2245

LIGHT MOTIFS

Pages 174-81 Architecture, by 1100 Architect, 225 Lafayette St. Suite 1100, New York, NY 10012, (212) 226-5833. Construction, by Clark Construction Corp., 117 Hudson St., New York, NY 10013, (212) 219-1783. 174-76 Worktable, pine recycled from building's beams, custom made by New Amsterdam Woodworking, Brooklyn (718) 349-3608. 177 Dog's head ornament, similar at Crescent Antiques, Bridgehampton (516) 537-3100, (212) 627-2935. 179 Courtyard furnishings and plants, similar at Pure Mädderlake, NYC (212) 941-7770. 180 Gustav Stickley dining table and chairs, similar at Peter-Roberts Antiques, NYC (212) 226-4777. Sofas and armchair, custom made by George Smith Sofas & Chairs, NYC (212) 226-4747. Custom-colored Puck handwoven linen chenille on sofas and armchair, to the trade at Rogers & Goffigon, Greenwich (203) 531-0105. Fortuny reproduction light fixtures with silk shades, \$1,950 ea, from Distant Origin, NYC (212) 941-0024. Antique Egyptian fab-

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TABLETOP

Durand International 800-334-5014 Lenox China & Crystal 800-635-3669 Noritake Company, Inc. 800-562-1991 ric on cushions, Moroccan vase, similar at Crescent Antiques (see above). Candelabra on floor, similar at Urban Archaeology, NYC (212) 431-6969. Sconce on landing, similar at Urban Archaeology (see above). **181** Carnot cotton velvet for curtains, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 170–71). Reproduction iron bed, \$1,147, from the Second Coming, NYC (212) 431-4424. Bedside table, pine recycled from building's beams, custom made by New Amsterdam Woodworking (see above). Copper wall light, redesigned by Ross Bleckner, similar at Alan Moss Gallery, NYC (212) 219-1663. Fake zebra upholstered chair, similar at Urban Archaeology (see above).

UP ON THE ROOF

Page 182 Cypress birdhouse with cedar-shingled roof, stained or painted, \$330, from Devonshire the English Garden Shop, Bridgehampton, Greenwich, Middleburg, Newport, Palm Beach. 184 Maggy Geiger, at the Window Box, NYC (212) 686-5382. 186–87 Perry Guillot, landscape architect, NYC (212) 496-0496.

TO THE CARRIAGE TRADE

Pages 188-95 Decorative items and custom furniture, from Charlotte Moss & Co., New York, NY 10021, (212) 772-3320. Decoration, by Charlotte Moss & Co., NYC (212) 772-6244. Fover mural and living room glazing, by decorative painter Anne Gray Harris, NYC (212) 861-0118. Selected antiques, from Gerald Bland, NYC (212) 722-1225 by appt. 188 19th-century English giltwood table with carved apron, similar at Karen Warshaw, NYC (212) 439-7870. Rosevine linen/cotton for walls and sofa, 52" wide, \$110 m, at Bennison Fabrics, NYC (212) 226-4747. Taffeta Quadrille Virginie rayon for curtain and pillows, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 132-33). Bullion fringe on curtain, to the trade at Lee Jofa, for showrooms (201) 438-8444. Aubusson-style Chinese petit point carpet, to the trade at Saxony Carpet, for showrooms (212) 755-7100. French-style chairs, similar at G. R. Durenberger, San Juan Capistrano (714) 493-1283. Katia Matelassé cotton on chairs, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 170-71). Upholstery and window treatments, to the trade from Palm Interiors, NYC (212) 753-5402. 189 Lilacs chintz for curtains, by Colefax & Fowler, Marlborough Stripe wallpaper, Brilliantina woven cotton on shell chair, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above for pgs 164-65). Watercolor renderings of furniture, by Stephen Freeburg, NYC (212) 982-5220. 190 Porcelain fruit and vegetables, by Anne Gordon, at Charlotte Moss & Co., NYC (212) 772-3320; Alexandra Stoddard, NYC (212) 289-5509 by appt; pieces also to order at Mrs. Monro, London (71) 235-0326. Regency bowfront bookcase, similar at Slatkin & Co., NYĆ (212) 794-1661 190-91 Bragance linen velvet for sofa, to the trade at Lee Jofa (see above). Campanula chintz for armchairs, Chinese Blossoms Glazed Chintz (same pattern as silk fabric on ottoman), to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 170-71). Swedish sconces, c. 1815, similar at Joseph Rondina, NYC (212) 758-2182. Le Treillage Wilton-weave wool carpet with Feuilles border, to the trade at Rosecore Carpet, NYC, Dania, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Phillips-Crawford, Beachwood; George & Frances Davison, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago; Overseas Rug, Cincinnati; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Linn Ledford Showroom, Denver: Fee-McLaran, Honolulu; Decorative Carpets, Los Angeles; McNamara & Harris, Phoenix; Pacific Showrooms West, San Francisco; Collins-Draheim, Seattle; H & I Carpet, Toronto; Ghiordes Knot, Troy. Early 19th century chinoiserie cabinet, similar at Kentshire Galleries, NYC (212) 673-6644. 192 Stenciling, designed and executed by Lucretia Moroni of Mocart, Milan (2) 68-64-84, NYC (212) 982-5447 Russian chandelier, c. 1780, at Joseph Rondina (see above). Sea grass matting, to the trade at Rosecore (see above). Capri crystal stemware, by Baccarat, for stores (212) 826-4100. 193 Warwick chintz on chairs and banquette, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above for pgs 164-65). Antique English tole chandelier, similar to the trade at John Rosselli International, NYC (212) 772-2137. **194–95** Ribbon Post mahogany bed, Halton mahogany bed, both from \$15,000, to custom order from Beaudesert, London (71) 730-5102. Wyndham chintz in bedroom, 54" wide, \$79 yd, Anastasia chintz in shop, 54" wide, \$75 yd, at Beaudesert, Bedford (914) 234-6017. Antique pillow shams in bedroom, similar at Françoise Nunnalle, NYC (212) 246-4281 by appt.

ABOVE AND BEYOND THE CITY

Pages 196–203 Decoration, by Stephen Sills & Assocs., NYC (212) 289-8180. 198 Velours Gasgogne cotton/linen, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 132–33). 199 Custom carpet, similar to order at Madeleine Castaing, Paris (1) 43-54-91-71. 203 Kansu silk on bed, to the trade at Jack Lenor Larsen (see above for pgs 170–71). Courtisane Silk Stripe on pillow, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 170–71).

GREATIDEAS

Pages 207, 210 Decoration, decorative effects, and accessories, by Greg Jordan/Richard Keith Langham, NYC (212) 744-1110. Trompe l'oeil curtains, executed by decorative painter Jean Roman Seyfried, NYC (212) 966-6965. 207 Angora Mohair mohair velvet on sofas, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 132-33). Moiré customcolor Wilton-weave wool carpet, to the trade at Stark (see above for pgs 132-33). Serpentine gilded rope overmantel mirror, Tassel iron/silk cord/ wood standing lamp with silk shade, Exhibition gilded-iron/lacquered-wood cocktail table, to order from Jordan/Langham (see above). Sun and Moon gilt cast-resin tiebacks, \$75 ea, at Katie Ridder Home Furnishings, NYC (212) 861-2345. 210 Regency-style faux rosewood armoires, with mirrors and brass wire panels, to order from Jordan/ Langham (see above)

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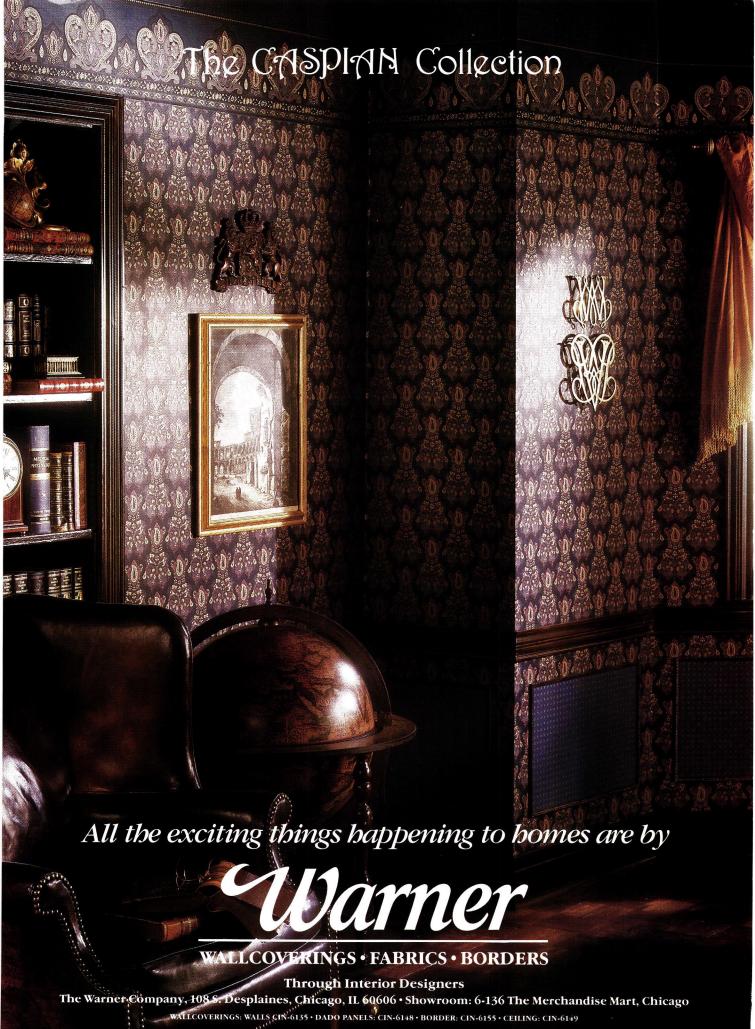
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Gandee at large

Sister Joan Kirby in Hell's Kitchen

She could be any sixty-fiveyear-old woman from Anywhere, USA, who favors simple clothes, sensible shoes, and a practical haircut. She has

a no-frills attitude toward life, a no-nonsense approach to conversation, and her sole regret seems to be a fluency in French rather than in Spanish. If it weren't for the beatific smile on her face and, of course, the telling talent for getting people to reveal somewhat more about themselves than they normally would, you might never suspect she was a nun. Especially since she and many of her sisters in the Religious Society of the Sacred Heart gave up their Sally Fields-style habits in the sixties. Especially since, as she told me when I asked, "everybody calls me Joan." (In other words, skip the Sister.)

For the past thirteen years home has been a tenement building in a midtown Manhattan neighborhood best known as Hell's Kitchen. "The chichi people call it that," she chided, somewhat uncharitably. The correct name is Clinton, and Joan has been committed to its hurly-burly streets since 1980, when she resigned as headmistress of the Convent of the Sacred Heart school on East 91st Street to work in a storefront housing advocacy organization on Tenth Avenue. "Our goal was to retard gentri-

fication, to preserve Clinton as a multiethnic, multiracial, low-income neighborhood." Joan's specific task was to organize fifty-seven units in eight suddenly-up-forsale buildings on West 50th Street. "The way to anchor a neighborhood is home ownership," explained the woman who knocked on fifty-seven doors and tried to persuade fifty-seven families to come up with \$2,000 each—"That was a lot"—



"Homelessness is a human problem.

It has a human face"

for low-income co-ops. At a certain point, very late in the low-stakes real-estate game, however, Joan's assistance was no longer required by the tenants group she had mobilized. "They kicked me out," she said. "They said, 'Look, thank you very much. We don't need you anymore.' Maybe I'm a bit too bossy, or maybe I was too clear in what I thought the resale restrictions should be. But the whole concept of a low-income co-op is that you can't

sell it for a killing. Still, it's the best thing they could have done. They wanted to do it their own way."

So Joan moved on to legislative advocacy work, trying to rally city, state, and federal support for low-income housing. But in the eighties "there was so little government response that when the opportunity came to do direct service, I took it." Joan's venue was the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine where, with \$20 million worth of loan guarantees from tycoon-turned-philanthropist Leonard Stern, she worked as director of an interfaith organization called Homes for the Homeless. The goal is to get people off the street, into transitional housing, and "to create a situation in which people can help themselves—the buzzword is 'empowerment.'"

In 1987, Joan was once again given the boot. This time, however, she was "kicked upstairs"-to become president of Homes for the Homeless. More recently, Joan, whose commitment to direct service is absolute, found a new spot for herself at Victim Services—as director of housing services in the Domestic Violence Division. "Somewhere between twenty and forty percent of homeless families are homeless because of domestic violence," she reported, adding that the "official number of homeless families in New York City is 4,000." And it's getting worse. Exponentially worse, if Joan is correct in her esti-

> mate that there are currently 100,000 families "doubled and tripled up in apartments," which is one of the bettertraveled paths to the street.

> Since homelessness is a reality that seems to confound even New Yorkers, I asked Joan to offer whatever insight or perspective either her vocation or her experience—not to mention her graduate degree in philosophy-might provide. "We're always going to have the poor," she said. "I think that the mistake of the War on Poverty was that they thought they were going to win. But the quality of life that we're now tolerating for the poor is the worst I've ever seen. In the past ten years we have

redefined the suffering of the poor. I think the worst thing in the world to do is harden your heart and say, 'There's nothing I can do.' There is something you can do. Have a more humane attitude when you see homeless people. Don't think, 'It's all your own fault, buddy. Don't put your cup out to me.' And don't think that it's out of the question to try to help one person. Homelessness is a human problem. It has a human face. And in many many instances these people are simply down on their luck. They're like you and me. You know, a lot of people are one paycheck away from homelessness." I had always heard it was three. **Charles Gandee**