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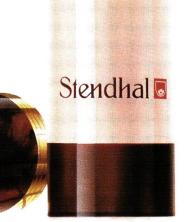
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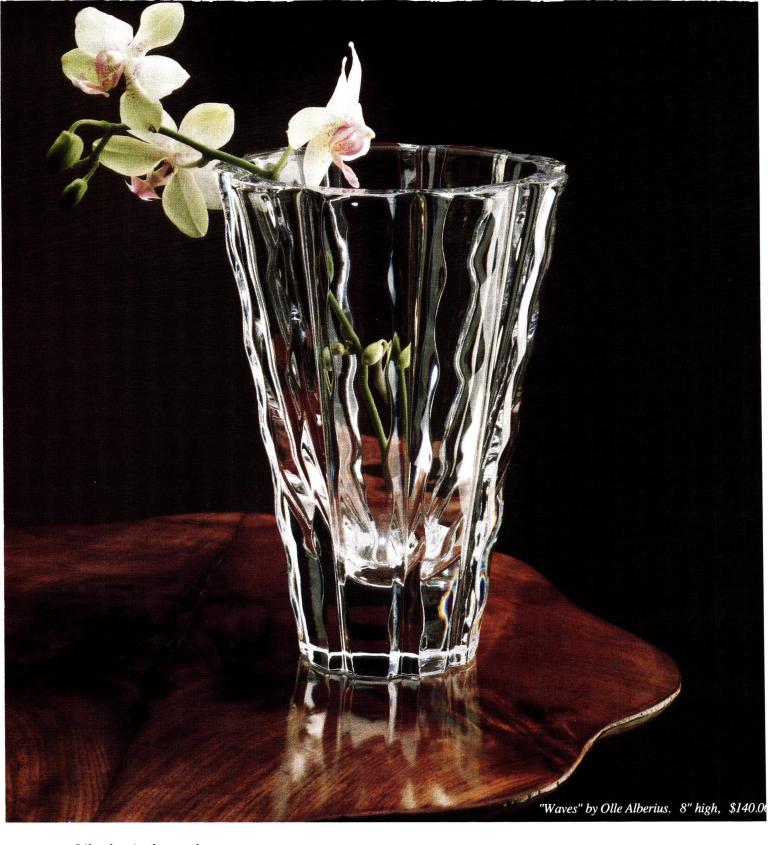
WHY SOME PEOPLE WEAR

R O L E X.



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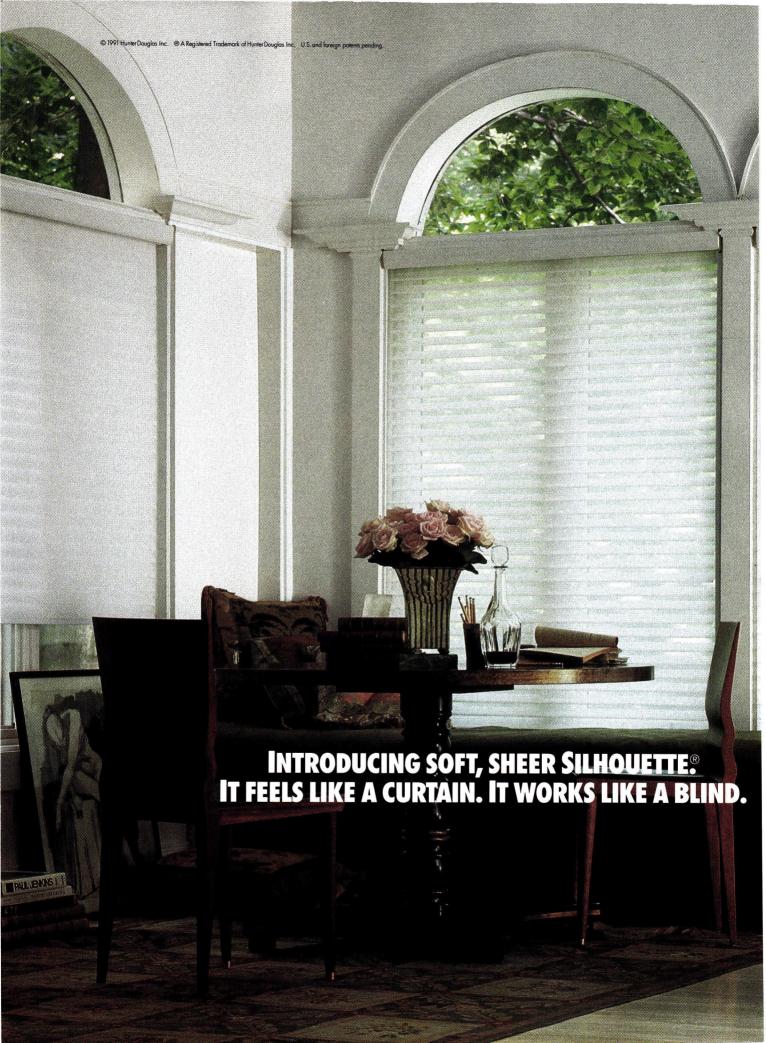


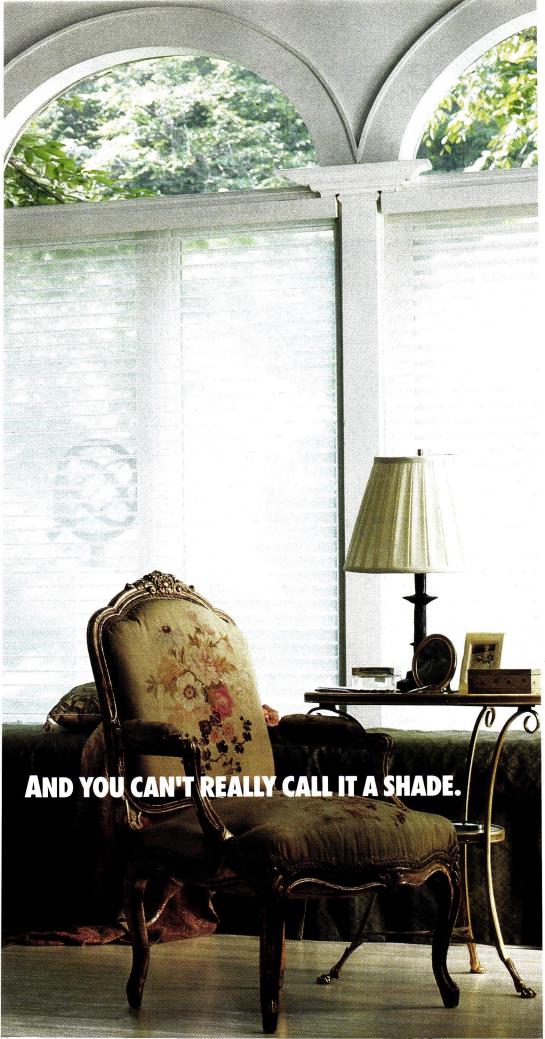
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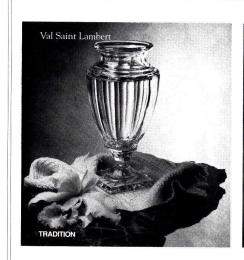
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For over one hundred and fifty years, Val's craftsmen have

relied on time-honored skills to fire and shape fine crystal. Using pear wood tools and the measured breath of their bodies, master artisans have given life to forms conceived by gifted designers.

Exemplary works by Val are displayed in Europe's finest museums. Early examples of

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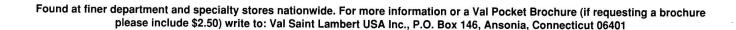
There are two constants in the Val tradition. Fine craftsmanship, and the pursuit of the mastery of form.

But no great art form remains unchanged. So it is with Val. Over the decades, Val's creative vision has been reborn again and again. From classical triumphs in cut crystal, Val

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Val. Honored by curators and treasured by collectors around the world.





HG DECEMBER 1991



COVER Worcester porcelain brings color to a festive table. Page 132. Photograph by Michael Mundy.



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Capital Collectors by Celia McGee 100 The grand tour never ends for an American couple in the nation's capital

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Sculpture in Green by William Bryant Logan 114 In the shadow of the Santa Ynez Mountains, Florence Yoch designed a classic Italianate garden

> A Fine Italian Eye by Martin Filler 120 In a New York loft, art dealer Gian Enzo Sperone installs a gallery for everyday life

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Twentieth-century absolutist Carlos de Beistegui endowed his rooms with princely opulence

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California Suite by Peter Haldeman 158 One of rock and roll's coolest lawyers, John Branca strikes a traditional chord in Beverly Hills

Texas Tour de Force by Mildred F. Schmertz 164 Anne Bass and Paul Rudolph achieve an exquisite balance of art and architecture in her Fort Worth house

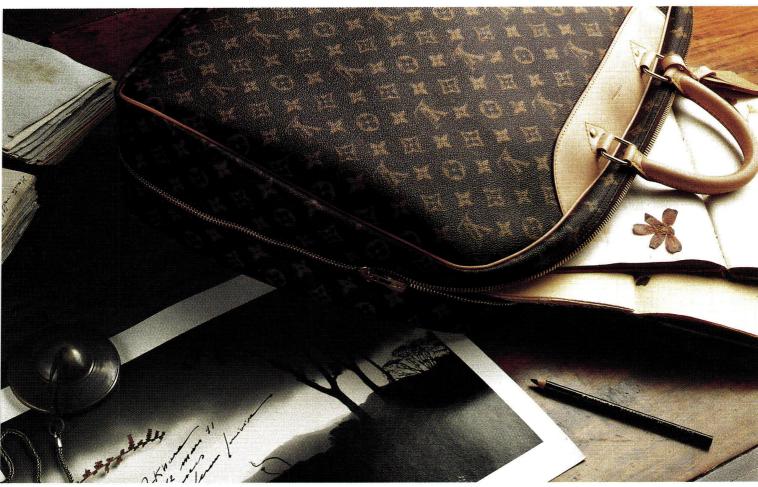
A Maillol nude, above, surveys the garden of Paul Rudolph's Bass house, Fort Worth. Page 164. Below: A Zang Toi illustration. Page 128.



European elegance, above, in a Washington, D.C., living room. Page 100. Below: Photographer Nathaniel Kramer and his wife, model Anne Kramer. Page 108.



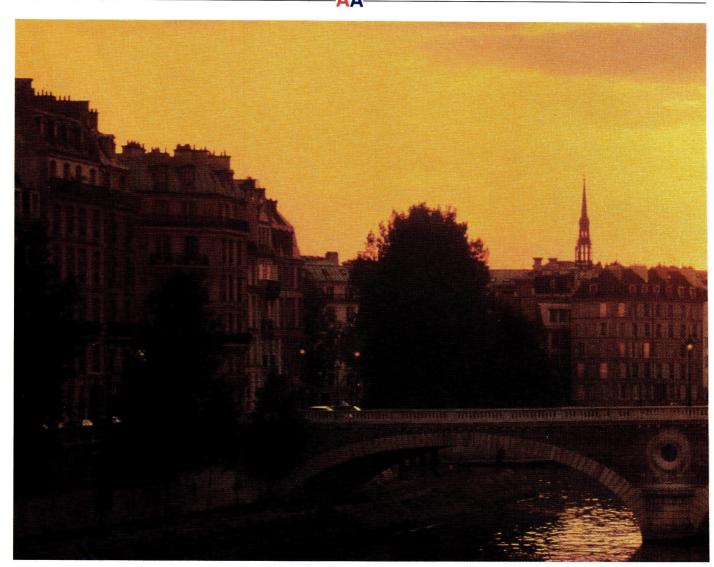
Louis Vuitton. The spirit of travel



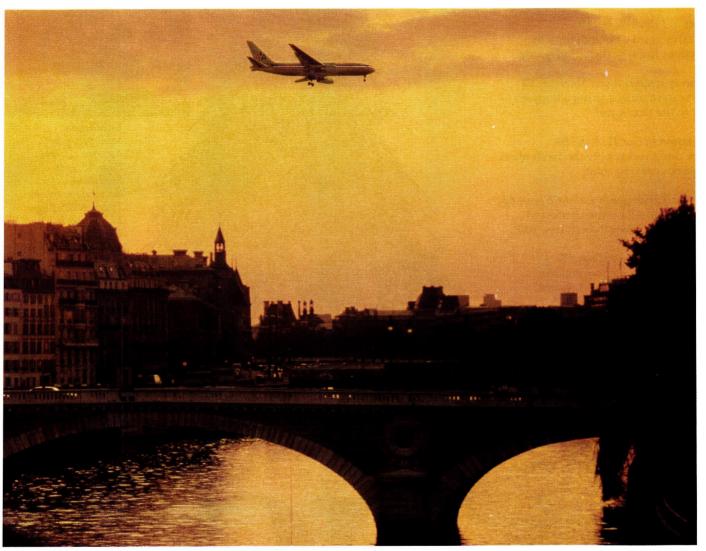
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Etched-glass bowl, above, by Algerine Correia. Page 52. Left: Spirited ideas for the holidays; tree by Twigs, NYC. Page 175. Below left: The Corsini art school at their 17thcentury palazzo in Florence. Page 42. Below right: Eleanor Lambert. publicist with style, 1960s. Page 94.

DECEMBER







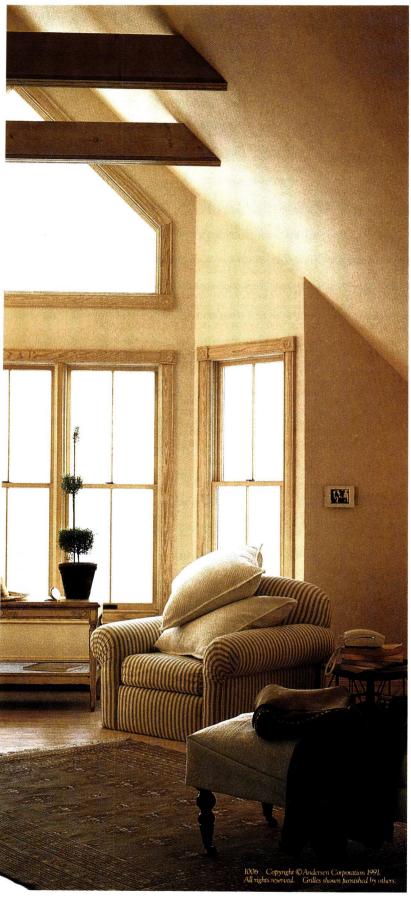
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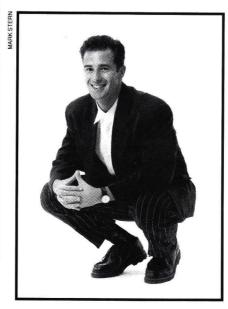


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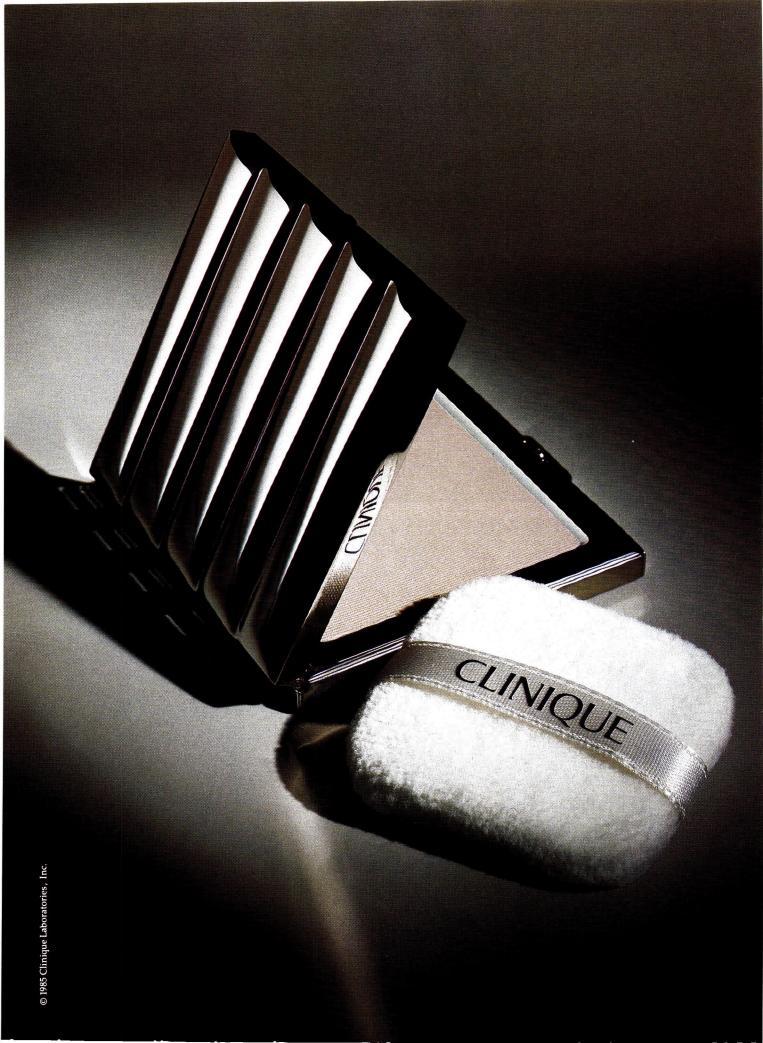
Sandra Bernhard, author of Confessions of a Pretty Lady, star of the one-woman stage show and film Without You I'm Nothing, and most wanted guest on the talk show circuit, opens her Los Angeles bungalow to HG and tells it like it is chez Sandra: "This is not a Hollywood house-I don't give parties for two hundred of my closest friends." Bernhard is currently touring in her new one-woman show, Giving 'til It Hurts, and is at work on an HBO special, Sandra after Dark.

Isabel Colegate, this month's writer in residence, chronicles the oddball history of the trefoil-shaped English castle she calls home. Colegate, whose 1981 novel The Shooting Party was adapted for the screen, finds inspiration—and escape from the telephone—in her Gothic greenhouse where she puzzles out literary problems in the company of her terrier, Roland. Colegate's twelfth novel, The Summer of the Royal Visit, which has just been published in England, will be issued in the U.S. next month by Knopf.

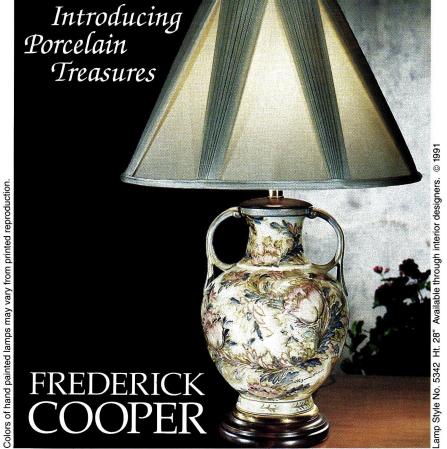




Marcos Gago, HG's associate art director, decided to try his hand at graphic design when, as an art student, he found himself incorporating letters and phrases into his canvases. Still a painter by night, Gago spends his days creating compelling layouts and indulging his passion for type by "poring over more than a dozen magazines in a sitting."



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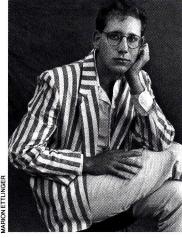


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Contributors Notes



Monica Stevenson discovered her calling when she photographed basketball phenomenon Michael Jordan in action for the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill yearbook. She has since focused on still lifes, and her results can be seen frequently in "Notes." Says Stevenson, "I want to keep everything I shoot—it's an occupational hazard." Her first book project, Wedded Bliss, a celebration of Victorian wedding ephemera, is out next spring from Abbeville.



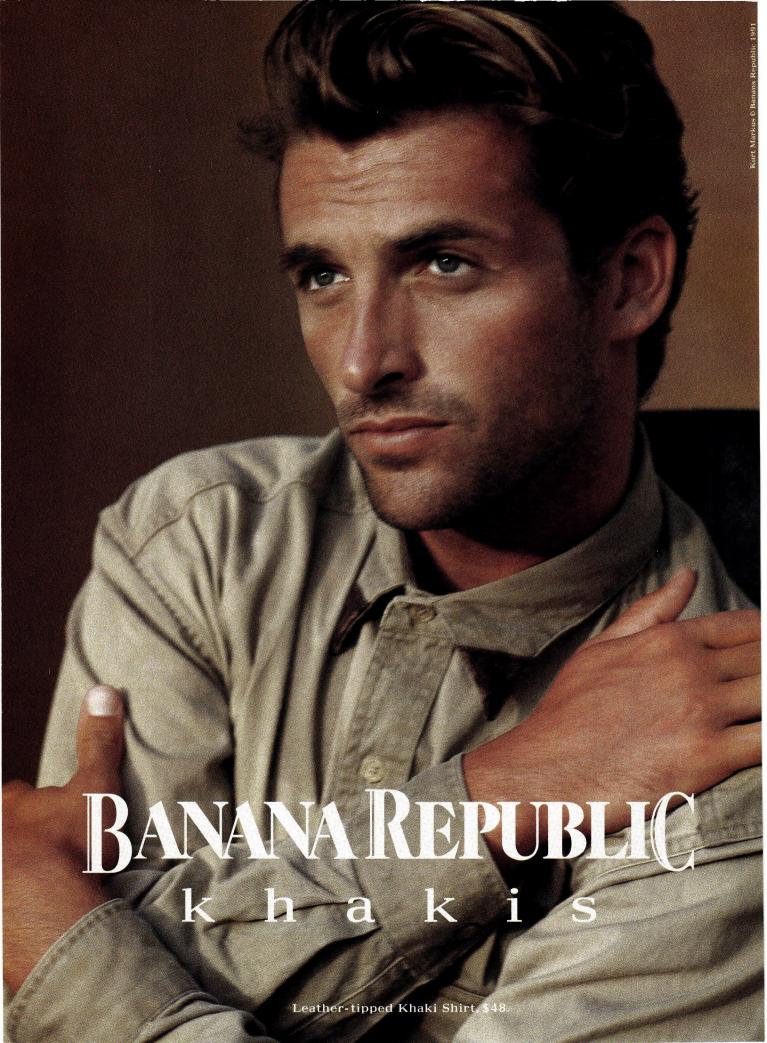
David Leavitt, a recent writer in residence at the Institute of Catalan Letters in Barcelona, is at work on his third novel, which is set during the Spanish Civil War. For HG he recalls his visits to Madrid's Palace Hotel, a place so evocative of past glamour that every time he enters the lobby he is convinced he has caught a glimpse of Garbo.

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RICHARD FELBER

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HG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY By Eric Berthold





Painter Bob Christian (*above*) confides that "the craziest of my creations have often been the quickest to sell." In their Savannah studio he and his artist wife, Julia, decorate items large and small for their shop. They also take on many private commissions, and Bob, a master of faux finishes, pays house calls to work his magic on walls and floors. His latest armoire (*left*) is a "mixture of Adam and Italian influences," he says. "I wanted the inside to be as special as the outside so you could leave the doors open." (Bob Christian Decorative Art, 12A West Harris St., Savannah, GA 31401; 912-234-6866)

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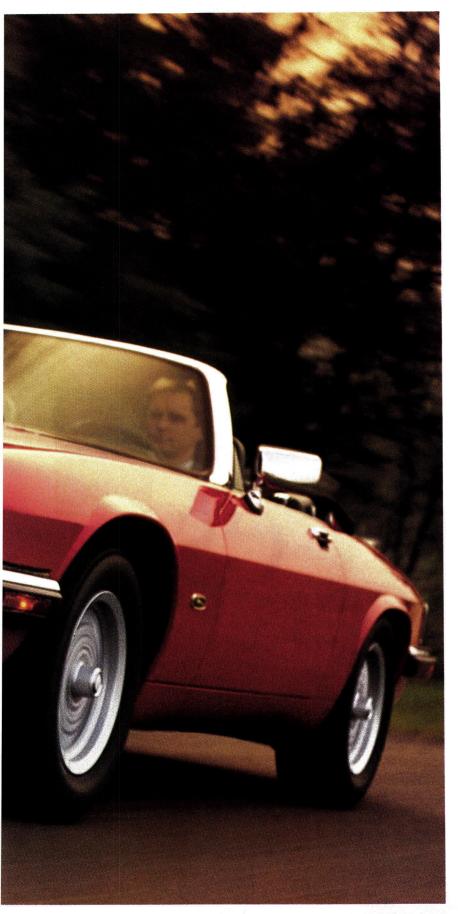
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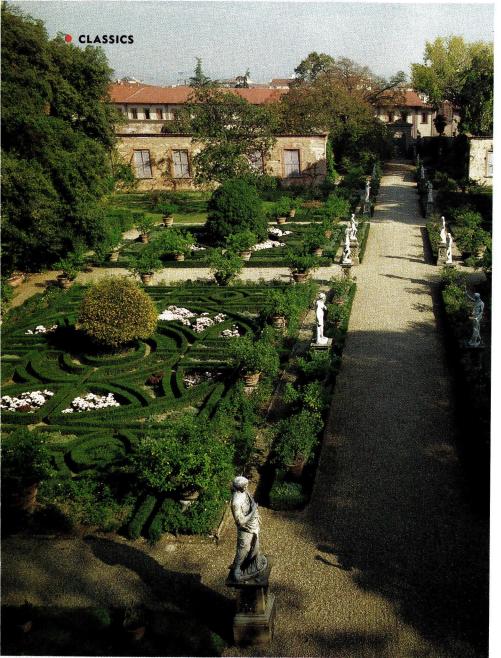
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A smile is easy to wear. Mini-skirts are another matter. Liz claiborne





Since 1621, the Corsini family has maintained a glorious private garden, top, in Florence. Above: Roman statues lead to a loggia at the back of the palazzo. Top right: Donna Giorgiana Corsini in front of an orange tree.

The Lessons of Florence

At home in the family palazzo, the Corsini establish a school for traditional arts and crafts

By Charles Maclean



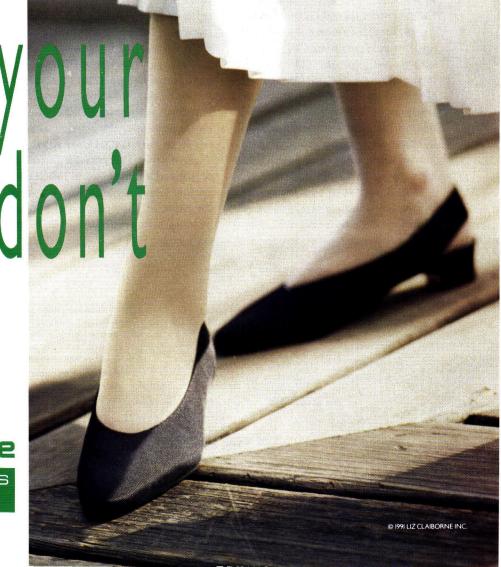
Ithough it fronts half the street, the Palazzo Corsini sul Prato is surprisingly easy to miss. Its elegantly plain façade merges with other buildings; the unimposing entrance is upstaged by the grander portal of a bank next door. A glimpse of laurel through the palazzo gates, which Maurizio, the Corsini doorman, has discreetly opened and closed for forty years, only hints at the sequestered world within.

The aristocracy of Florence has always taken trouble to guard its privacy. One of its oldest patrician families, the Corsini have managed to keep a garden the size of a stadium hidden in the middle of the city for three and a half centuries. In summer, when Florence almost suffocates under locust swarms of tourists, the palazzo, with its stately ilexes, shaded walks, open orchard, and cool dark lemon houses, remains a haven of privilege and tranquillity.

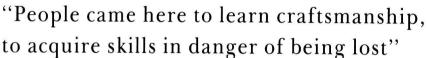
The formal garden was laid out for Filippo Corsini in 1621 by the architect Gherardo Silvani, who completed the house that Bernardo Buontalenti had started several decades earlier. Viewed from the balcony above the loggia, the labyrinth of paths, laurel hedges, lemon trees in terra-cotta pots, and medullashaped borders reveals itself as a design of complex symmetry. A noble procession of Roman statues time-stained allegorical figures that gradually reduce in size to create an exaggerated effect of distanceleads the eye down a central avenue toward the garden gates, then lets it

Standing on your own two feet is good. Even better

Liz claiborne







escape to the Tuscan hills beyond.

The property was used by generations of Corsini as a daytime retreat where they could conduct business and enjoy space and greenery within the city walls. It became a center of Florentine social and artistic life in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, famous for parties, masques, and musical evenings the Corsini staged in the garden. The tradition has been revived by the present principe and principessa, Filippo and Giorgiana Corsini, who not only entertain alfresco whenever possible but have converted a group of greenhouses into an art school, the flourishing Accademia del Diletto.

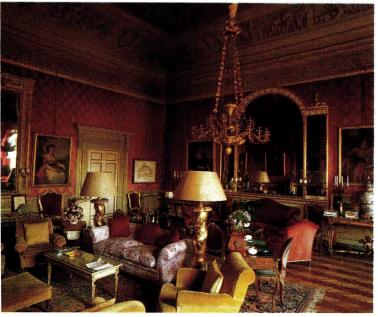
"The house is not so important," Donna Giorgiana declares as we settle in the shade of a magnolia tree, a nineteenth-century interloper she cannot bring herself to cut down. "It was never intended to be lived in. The garden, which reminded the Corsini of the green Tuscan countryside, was everything—a beautiful place where artists and poets were celebrated, where people had fun. I hope the Accademia will bring that aspect of the past back to life."

Without having to leave the grounds of the palazzo, Principe Filippo Corsini walks every morning to his office at the other end of the orchard adjoining the garden and returns at one o'clock—usually to discover that Donna Giorgiana has organized an impromptu lunch party. A reserved, gently elusive figure, the principe has a patrician look and bearing that embodies a thousand

years of Florentine history. Although the Corsini live simply enough, the older servants in the house still call him Eccellenza; to the managers of his various properties, estates, olive groves, and vineyards outside Florence, he is Don Filippo.

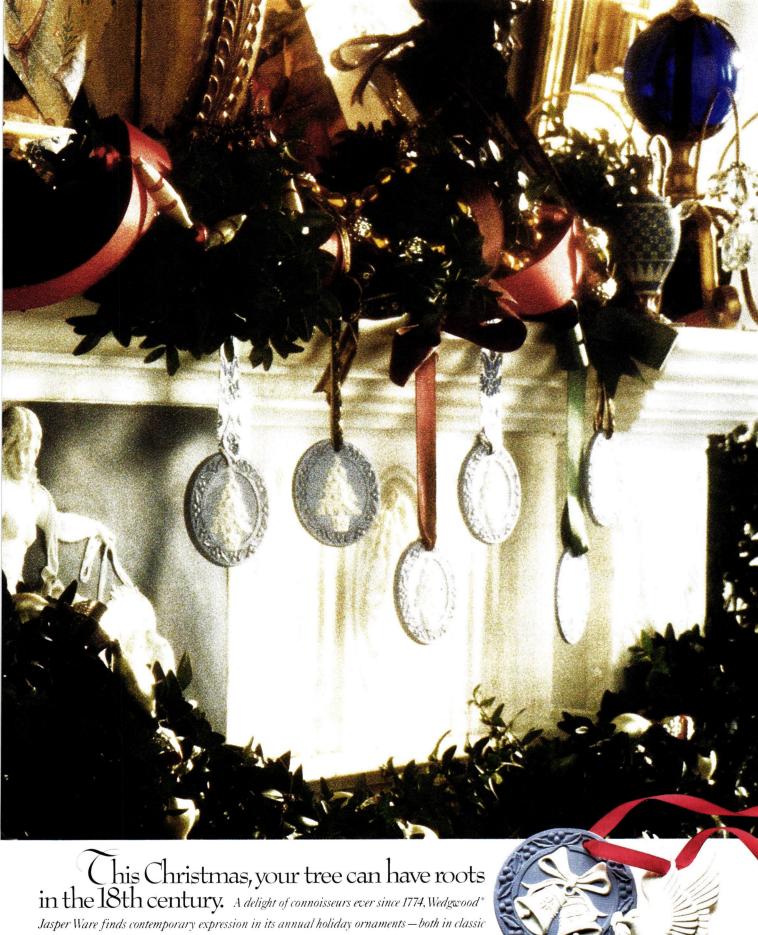
The Corsini were originally wool merchants who made their fortune from international trading and banking. One of Florence's richest, most powerful families-at the height of their influence it was said they could travel from Florence to Rome without leaving their property-they kept a decorously low profile. In a city where consumption was never conspicuous, where upperclass families shared the frugality of peasants, avoiding ostentation was as much a question of style as politics. Although a Corsini always lived in Rome to be near the center of power, even when they could boast their own pope, Clement XII, they remained a staunchly Florentine family, one of the few that has never split into factious branches.

In preference to a grander official residence on the Lungarno, which Silvani had built for them in the 1690s, the Corsini decided early last century to make Sul Prato, as they call the palazzo, their home. A pragmatic move—the Prato, formerly a market area and now a street, had always been the hub of their business empire—it was nonetheless influ-



A drawing class, above left, and students' work, above right, at the art school Donna Giorgiana runs on the property.

Left: The red drawing room was updated in recent years with some upholstered furniture but otherwise looks much as it did in the 19th century.



blue and white; and this season, in our new hand-crafted collection, rich in sculpted detail. Each is a joyous celebration not merely of the holidays, but of artistry itself. A Wedgwood

When Florence almost suffocates under swarms of tourists, the palazzo remains a haven of tranquillity

enced by the draw of the garden and the then-fashionable idea of returning to a simpler life. In 1834 the house was made habitable, transformed from a Renaissance pavilion into a rambling palazzo in the late Italian Empire style.

A dark central stair (one of the nineteenth-century additions) leads up to the piano nobile where the principal rooms open onto each other through an endless vista of gilded double doors. Apart from the splendid red drawing room-which Donna Giorgiana has made less formal. replacing penitentially hard gold banquettes with comfortable armchairs-almost nothing in the house has been touched since the 1834 face-lift. The bedrooms, with their high painted ceilings and tiled Florentine stoves, have retained the grandiose rather solemn charm of their period. Brass speaking-tubes still connect with servants' quarters and kitchens in the bowels of the palace; though rarely used, they are kept polished and in working order.

"After about the age of twentyfive," says Donna Giorgiana, who came to live at the palazzo with her husband and their four children twelve years ago (the principe returning on his father's death to the house where he spent his childhood), "you become less interested in wanting to change everything. If you are like me, you even feel grateful that the decorating was done long ago by somebody else." Pedaling through the streets on her rickety bicycle, calling out to favorite shopkeepers, stopping to talk to friends, Donna Giorgiana plays a peripatetic role in Florence's cultural life. As custodian

of the Corsini collection, which is housed along with the family archives (another consuming interest) in the Palazzo Corsini on the Lungarno, she keeps in touch with other Florentine curators and is involved in museum activities all over Europe.

While eschewing personal magnificence, the Corsini have been renowned patrons of the arts since the seventeenth century. They commissioned the then-unknown Neapolitan Luca Giordano to paint the Corsini chapel in Florence; they sent architect Silvani to Rome to learn the techniques of the baroque style, and, under the papacy of Clement XII, Rome gained, among other rich adornments, the Palazzo della Consulta and the Trevi Fountain. Donna Giorgiana sees the Accademia del Diletto, now four years old, as a tiny but positive link with a glorious tradition.

In a grove of persimmon trees the school looks out from the old greenhouses on both the orchard and the formal garden, where classes are often given in the open air. It's hard to imagine a lovelier or more appropriate setting. Courses range from life drawing and fresco painting to ceramic restoration, landscape gardening, and Tuscan cooking. Donna Giorgiana attends classes herself and would like to see the school expand to include all the classical arts pertaining to the house and garden. "We try to stimulate artistic talent, but basically people come here to learn craftsmanship, to learn how to do things as they have always been done, to acquire skills that are in danger of being lost."

As we walk to the house for lunch, Donna Giorgiana pushing her bike through a mêlée of yapping dogs, she explains that the palazzo garden was laid out according to a hidden symbology. "It has to do with a secret path leading from the darkness of ignorance to the light of wisdom," she reveals with a smile worthy of La Gioconda, "or something like that."

For information on the Accademia del Diletto: Via della Scala 117, Florence 51023; 55-282831

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CHANEL

atterson Sims and Katy Homans are unusual people, but their domestic situation is a familiar one to the thirtysomething generation. Sims is the associate director for art and exhibitions and curator of modern art at the Seattle Art Museum, which opens its new home. designed by Robert Venturi of Venturi, Scott Brown & Associates, this month. Homans is an award-winning book designer whose credits include Peter Adam's Eileen Gray: Architect-Designer, Philip Trager's Villas of Palladio, and David Byrne's True Stories. They met in New York at

the Whitney Museum of American Art, where Sims was a curator and Homans was working on a book project. When they moved, newly wed, to Seattle four years ago, they faced the task that daunts many modern couples: how do two people, each with a fully formed career, a distinct aesthetic outlook, as well as a household full of valued possessions,

merge their lives under a single roof?

It wasn't easy. Recalls Sims, "We both felt we had good taste." Ultimately, he says, he deferred to Homans, and "Katy jettisoned forty-five cartons of stuff." She had little choice; they were abandoning spacious his-and-her New York lofts

for a 2,200-squarefoot house renovated by Seattle architect Larry Rouch.

The modernist design of the house provides a suitably subdued foil for the couple's combined collections of American furniture, art, and books, as well

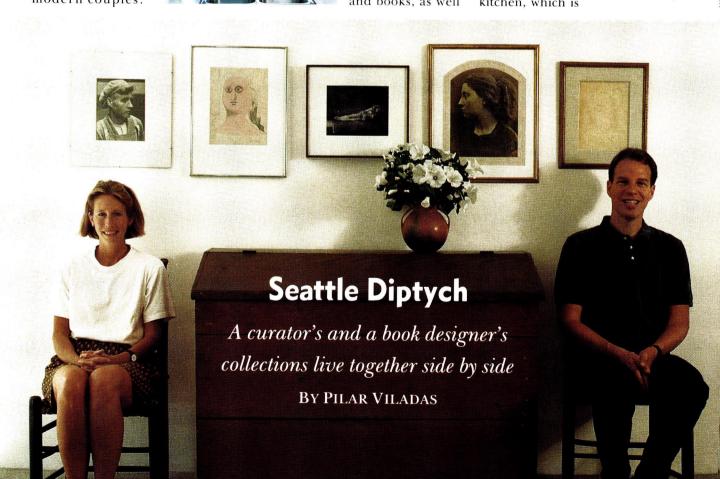
as the clusters of objects that punctuate the otherwise no-visual-nonsense look of the place. The open-plan first floor allows

Sims and Homans to do the sort of casual entertaining they like best. In the living-dining area American

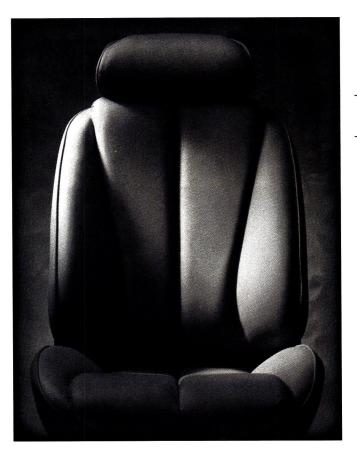
painted chairs from Homans's grandmother sit under a Neil Jenney painting, acquired—like works by Joel Shapiro, Elizabeth Murray, and Jennifer Bartlett-by Sims in the 1970s when he worked at O.K. Harris. It's only a short hop from there to the kitchen, which is



Katy Homans and Patterson Sims, below, combined their crockery, left.
Top: Paintings by Neil Jenney and Elizabeth Murray with a Betty Woodman vase. Above: Books of Homans's design.



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screened by a counter that holds a cheerfully motley assortment of folk art and design objects which Sims calls "a shrine to the tchotchke."

The kitchen shelves are crammed with pottery, ranging from Staffordshire to Fiesta ware to Russel Wright, as well as Homans's Royal Wedding souvenir cups and a copy of a mug from Eric Ravilious's Alphabet series. Sims is no slouch himself in the crockery department. "Whenever I felt lonely," he says of his bachelor days in New York, "I would buy a plate. I must have been very lonely."

The second-floor library and sitting room is a showcase for Sims's Shaker rocking chairs and for the couple's photograph collection, which runs the gamut from Julia Margaret Cameron to Duane Michals. (Homans has designed books for photographers such as André Kertész and Lee Friedlander.) And, of course, there are books everywhere—tools of the trade for Sims and a passion of Homans's since she pored over rare volumes in Harvard's Houghton Library before moving on to a graphic design degree at Yale.

New projects continue to make demands on the couple's time. Sims has been overseeing the installation of the museum's holdings of modern

art in its new building. Homans is at work on a Mark Tansey book, as well as two other books with Lee Friedlander. But their house will never be crossed off the to-do list. Says Homans, "For Patterson, the house is a continuous work of art. He's always changing things."

Thanks to Seattle's civilized pace, Sims and Homans now have the time to putter in their garden, designed by horticulturist Jean Albrecht, and to keep in touch with friends around town—things they couldn't do in New York. "We didn't sit there before and think how lucky we were," Homans explains. "Now we do."

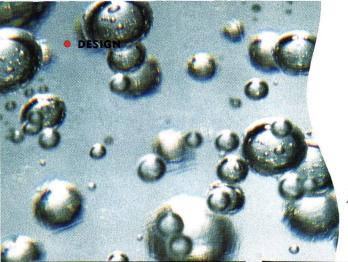


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Bubbling Over

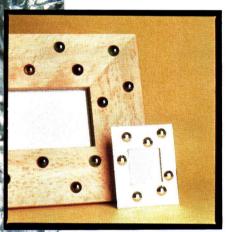
Effervescent objects bring a buoyant spirit to the year's end By Heather Smith MacIsaac













Bathed in bubbles. First row from left: Marcello Furlan's Murano glass vases. Wallpaper, c. 1930, from Secondhand Rose, NYC; glass candlestick by Mathias for D.O.T. Murano glass napkin rings and linen napkins from Barneys New York. Second row: Algerine Correia's glass bowl. Wood picture frame dotted with marbles by Wil Shepherd for Elements International and Ettore Sottsass's silver-plate frame for Swid Powell. Mossi vase from Lalique. Top right: Glass paperweights from Mottura. Below right: Angela Cummings's Seafoam earrings for Steuben. Details see Resources.

DESIGNERS ARE CELEBRATING THE HOLIDAYS WITH A BIT of the bubbly served up in objects that won't go flat once the festivities are over. Not since the thirties, when Glinda the good witch steered her sphere to Munchkinland and movie stars languished in foamy baths, have so many bubbles been surfacing as a decorative element. A candlestick by Parisian designer Mathias has tiny knobs of glass that give the subtle effect of bubbles drifting up a champagne flute. More bubbles spin around a bowl designed by Algerine Correia. And Angela Cummings, in her first collection of jewelry for Steuben, introduces the ultimate bubble-or bauble-nearly effervescent gold and crystal earrings called Seafoam. Favored as a geometric shape in the art deco era, the bubble is also natural, clean, and simple, making it a motif that's perfectly in tune with our time.

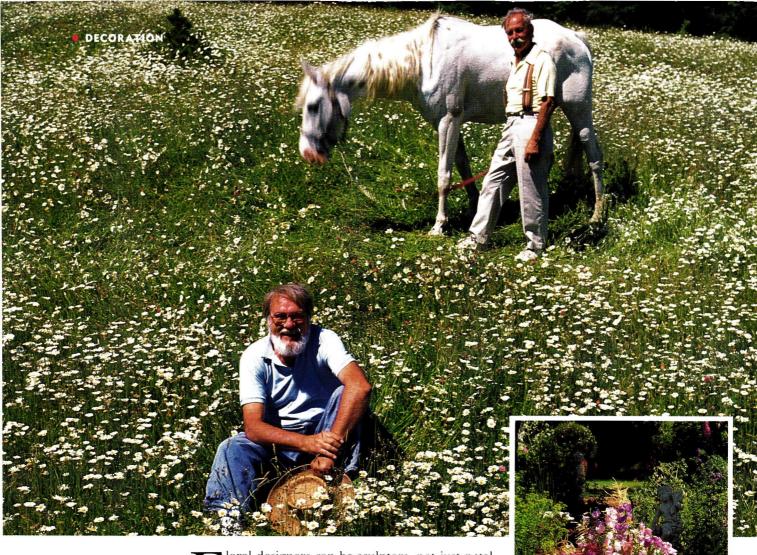
Fa, la, la, la, oooooh la la.



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A-List Flowers

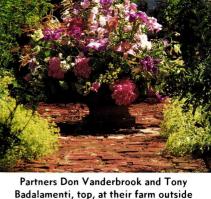
Three designers
supply the fresh
ideas for parties
coast to coast
By EVE M. KAHN

Ploral designers can be sculptors, not just petalpushers; they can bring parties into bloom nationwide and still plant their own backyards. These three floraphiles experiment constantly in pursuit of the best blossoms and the most natural arrangements.

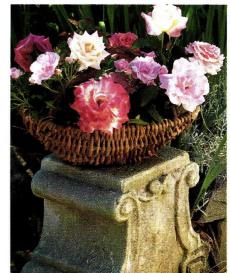
For **Don Vanderbrook** the thrill of flowers comes from good breeding—finding hybrids that look and behave like no others. With his partner, Tony Badalamenti, he lives, grows, and harvests on a ten-acre farm outside Cleveland surrounded by greenhouses, purposely unkempt meadows, and brick paths that wind past English formal beds. And he plans parties from New Hampshire to California—starting with the first scrap of gold lamé pinned to a tent's ceiling to the last tiny light bulb tied to a topiary rosebush.

Last spring for Queen Elizabeth's visit to Washington, Vanderbrook filled the British embassy with 'Royal Highness' and 'Queen Elizabeth' roses (the former are blush pink and flawlessly shaped; the latter bear up to eight flowers per stem). And for the opening of a Frans Hals exhibition at the National Gallery, he sent fabric swatches to a Dutch grower and had 5,000 tulips bred to flower out of season *and* match the tablecloths. "To get things to bloom on just the right day," he says, sounding undaunted, "is a challenge."

Vanderbrook's interests are, in part, hereditary; he comes from a family of professional hybridizers in up-



Partners Don Vanderbrook and Tony Badalamenti, top, at their farm outside Cleveland. Above: An urn of cut flowers. Below: A sampling of the eighty varieties of roses they grow. Details see Resources.

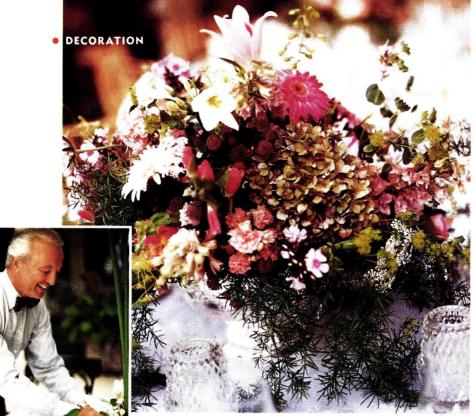


ESCADA

BY MARGARETHA LEY



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David Jones, <u>left</u>, at work on a centerpiece of Cyperus papyrus and stephanotis for Betsy Bloomingdale. <u>Above</u>: An English garden bouquet for Wallis Annenberg.

When Nancy Reagan receives overblown bouquets, she calls in David Jones to rearrange them

Kendall Bailey, right, with his topiary elephants. Above and below: His tropical arrangements rise in a Louisiana bayou.



state New York. By age seventeen he was experimenting with roses; at twenty-two he was making for ays into hydroponics. He settled in Cleveland after attending floral design school there, a decision he believes has boosted his career: "There's not enough local work, so I've had to look elsewhere." At the moment Vanderbrook is most passionate about breeds of foxglove and Canterbury bells he has imported from England and planted here for the first time. They thrive in American weather and, once cut, take days to wilt: "The Canterbury bells are especially exciting. They've seeded themselves everywhere. That's the beauty of my garden—things pop up."

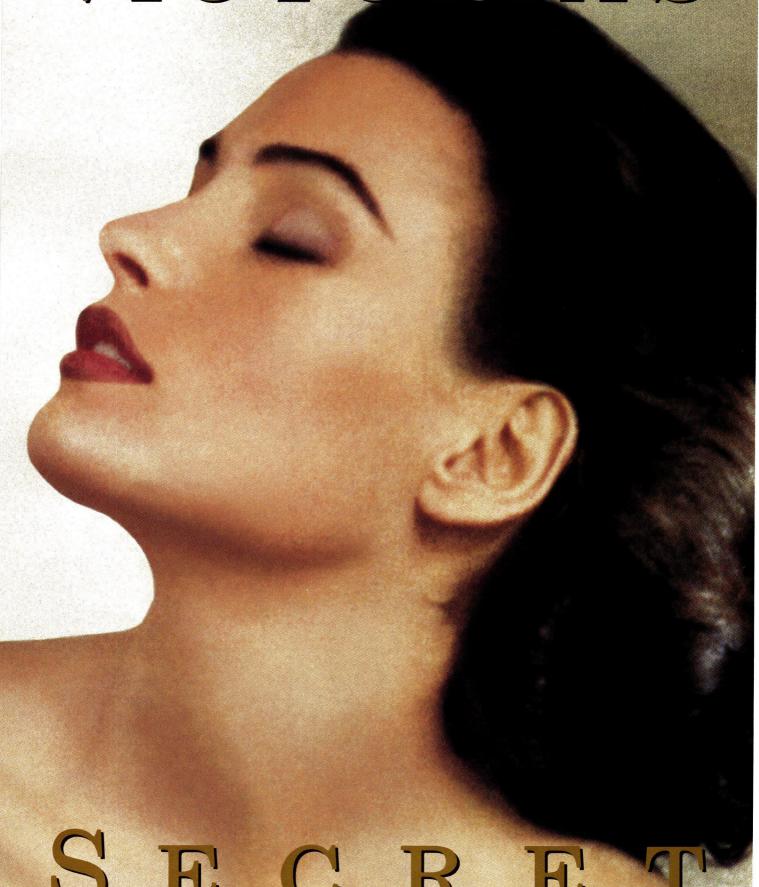
In Los Angeles **David Jones** tends to the floral likes and dislikes of a celebrity clientele. Nancy Reagan and

Elizabeth Taylor call him not only for regular doses of flowers but also in emergencies: an overblown clump of expensive blooms has just arrived from a fan, would he please transform it into something tasteful? "Mrs. R. will call in a panic and say, 'The flowers are here, come quick!' What she really loves are white orchids in the simplest arrangements," says Jones, who has also catered to Audrey Hepburn, Betsy Bloomingdale, Merle Oberon, and Marvin and Barbara Davis.

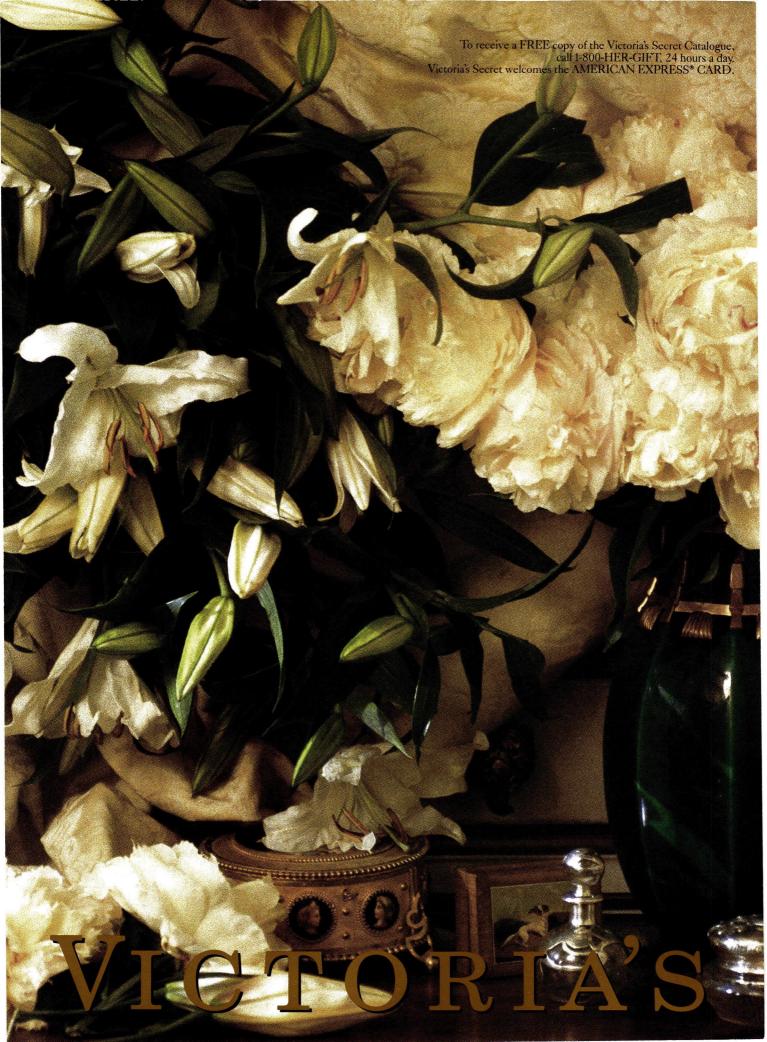
Jones arrived in town in 1962 after fleeing New York, where he had caught the flu one too many times. He opened his own shop after two brief stints as an employee "because I had all these ideas jiggling around in my head that I wanted to make reality. I wanted a darling little



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lourmet It's everything you love in life. shop, something to keep me busy, but then it just mushroomed." Intensive preparations are part of his appeal—he sees to it that Clorox is added to flower water to inhibit bacteria and always uses hot water for woody stems and tepid water for soft stems. Jones is also celebrated for his restraint. "Adding one more flower is often just like putting too much salt in the soup," he says. "I always know when to stop." Finger bowls of parsley capped by lone nosegays are a favorite design, as are white petunias strewn on a table just before dinner is served.

Not that Jones shies away when extravagance is required. He never hesitates to change all furniture, rugs, curtains, and lampshades for an event. Asked to plan a Christmas party in Los Angeles seven years ago, he created a New England–style winter fantasy. He gave the mirrors mullions and red paisley shades to make them resemble windows, he built an arc of bare branches covered with lights and fake snow over the dance

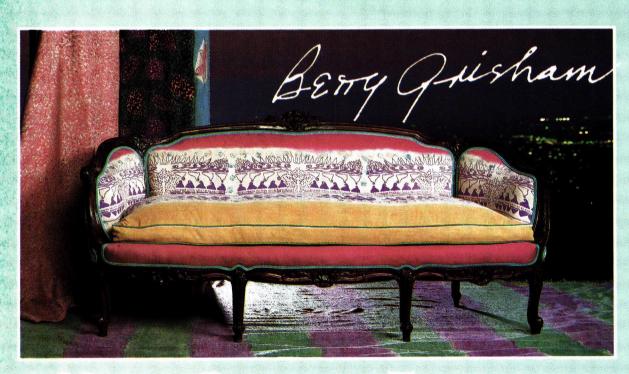
Kendall Bailey nurtures topiary angels and sews bridal veils for pigs

floor, and he arranged white amaryllis and narcissus on the tables. "You were just dazzled by it," Jones says. And after everything was ripped out the next day, he took solace, as he always does, in photographs.

"The day after a party is sometimes depressing—it can be tough to throw everything away," says **Kendall Bailey**, who is otherwise one of the most upbeat floral designers around. He has been known to arrive at the black-tie parties he plans in a chicken-shaped delivery truck, wears neon bow ties, nurtures topiary angels in his mother's garden, and has sewn tiny bridal veils for family pigs at weddings. He works out of his hometown, Shreveport,

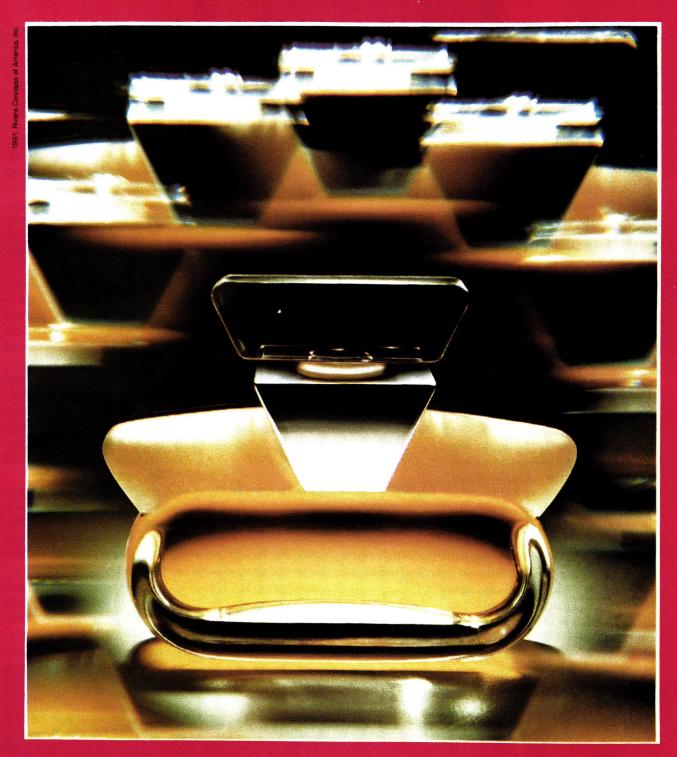
Louisiana, and flies from coast to coast with a staff of three dozen Shreveport women who dress in pink and call themselves Kendall's Krewe. (Bailey has fun with them, too; he surprises them midjob with sundaes or professional manicures.)

He has been called the Roadside Florist. "I'll stop the car to cut weeds I like," he says. Vegetables, fruit, tree branches, and grasses have all mingled with flowers in his work. His clients range from Dionne Warwick and Barbra Streisand to the Republican party-in 1984, at their national convention, he surrounded the dining tables with a peach orchard, and in 1988 he graced their preconvention meeting with topiary elephants. Bailey hates anything "floristy, fixed, or contrived," and he fantasizes about working alone on some lush island where he could gather plants as he pleased. "I'd have all the different heights and widths and stages of development I wanted," Bailey says. "And everything would fall just right. What luxury."



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ou can write anywhere. All you need is a pen and a notebook. On the other hand, it is more agreeable to do it in pleasant surroundings; not only that, but the more time you can spend getting yourself settled the longer you can defer the confrontation between the empty page and the sluggard brain.

For thirty years now I have lived in a house which, being something of a fantasy itself, might be supposed to favor the free play of the imagination. Whether it does or not I don't know, but some of the people who lived here before me have a fanciful air. The house was built by a certain Henry Disney Roebuck in 1775. The story is that he won a fortune gambling on the turn of a card, that the card was the ace of clubs, and that he had the house built in the shape of a trefoil to commemorate his coup. Alternatively the enabling factor could simply have been his mar-

riage to a rich widow a year or two earlier, for there was a similar plan for a "Gothic Mansion to be Erected on an Eminence that Commands an Extensive Prospect" designed by John Carter and published in *Builder's Magazine* in 1774. The cloverleaf is a highly practical scheme; it gives you three semiround rooms on each floor and no awkward passages. Nevertheless Mr. Roebuck soon



House of Character

A novelist dwells on the checkered past of her eighteenth-century castle

By ISABEL COLEGATE

Isabel Colegate and Roland, left, with bookshelves old and new in the library at Midford Castle, below, which was built in 1775 on a cloverleaf plan.

moved, was divorced by his wife, and ended his days living on his yacht somewhere off the South Coast. He sold the house to Mr. Pugh, a medical man who is remembered for his pioneering work on anesthetics, and when Mr. Pugh died, it passed into the pos-

session of the Conolly family, the last of whom married a certain marchesa di Santa Agata, who long survived him. She lived to a great age, surrounded by reminders of the Roman Catholic faith, to which she was devoted, and left the house to her favorite priest. He sold it in the early years of this century and put the money toward the founding of a nearby school for Catholic boys.

The new owner was Major Hepworth, who kept a well-turned-out carriage and a wife who wore a whistle round her neck; she blew it when-

ever she thought someone might be trying to steal her precious peacocks. Between the Hepworths and ourselves came Mr. Whately, a retired solicitor from Wales, whose wife soon died but whose two sisters-in-law lived with him until he died at the age of 104; they were then 94 and 96, respectively. During his last years, unfortunately, things went rather to pieces. His favorite chestnut



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trees were cut down and sold, and nothing was planted in their place. The old man was said to have heard the axes falling and the great trees crashing to the ground and to have struggled to rise from his bed while his ruthless nephew assured him he was suffering from delusions.

The room I usually work in was called the library because it had two glass-fronted bookcases put in when the house was built. It was some time before we got up the courage to fill the other walls with badly needed bookshelves because we were afraid of diminishing the effect of the delicate Gothic woodwork of the original ones. Eventually we put in the simplest shelves, painted the same color as the walls and curved to fit them, and wondered what we had been worrying about. This room being also the focus of life in the house, I try not to allow the chaos on my desk to spread too far into the rest of it. Fortunately, the glass-fronted bookcase nearest to my desk has a surprisingly roomy drawer—or, to be more accurate, a cavity in the stone wall—underneath it. If necessary, piles of papers, notebooks, letters, typescripts, and goodness knows what else can be hastily stuffed into it, in some cases never to be seen again.

There is, however, the dread necessity of the word processor. I resisted it until very recently and even now look on it as a harbinger of doom which turns the placing of a word on the page into a game and thereby undermines the purity of language and the clarity of thought, but used with ferocious self-discipline, it does save a lot of retyping. For this it's up to a spare bedroom so that when the green flickering screen bemuses me I can look out at the trees.

But then there is the telephone, prime saboteur of trains of thought; to escape that, I am driven out of the house altogether. The dog, Roland, suggests we run around the field, easier for him than for me since my spine has recently rebelled against all those hours of immobility at a desk. Roland may run; I follow at a tempo-

rarily more sober pace. There is a verb, "to stot," which means what deer do when, in running at speed, they take successive leaps into the air with all four feet off the ground; it is a means of locomotion much favored by Roland when in the grip of joie de vivre. So, stotting or not, we make the circuit and end up at the greenhouse where there is no telephone. The greenhouse is round the corner from the house, behind the marchesa di Santa Agata's chapel, which collapsed in the Second World War when it would have been unpatriotic to mend the roof. The chapel was mostly a heap of rubble when we came but is now tidied into something a little more picturesque in the way of a ruin, and the greenhouse, aspiring with its pinnacles and Gothic windows to seem a miniature orangery, shelters behind it in semisecrecy. Here a sentence begun has no excuse not to come to its due conclusion. You can write anywhere, of course, but there's a lot to be said for doing it in a folly.

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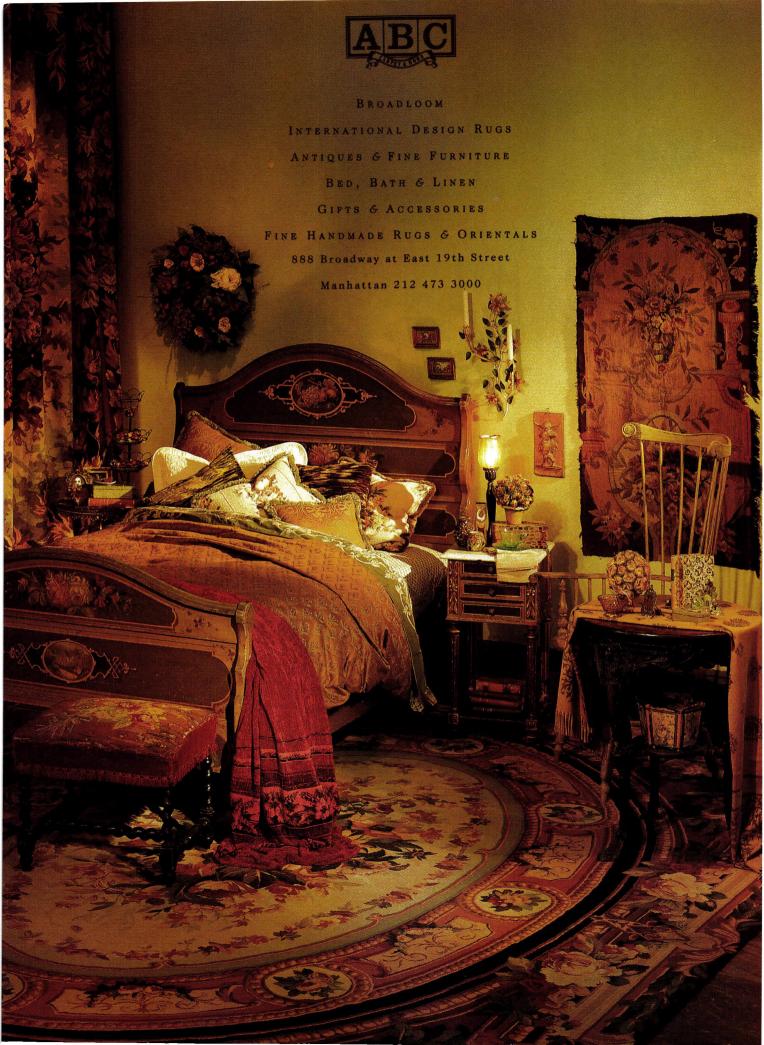
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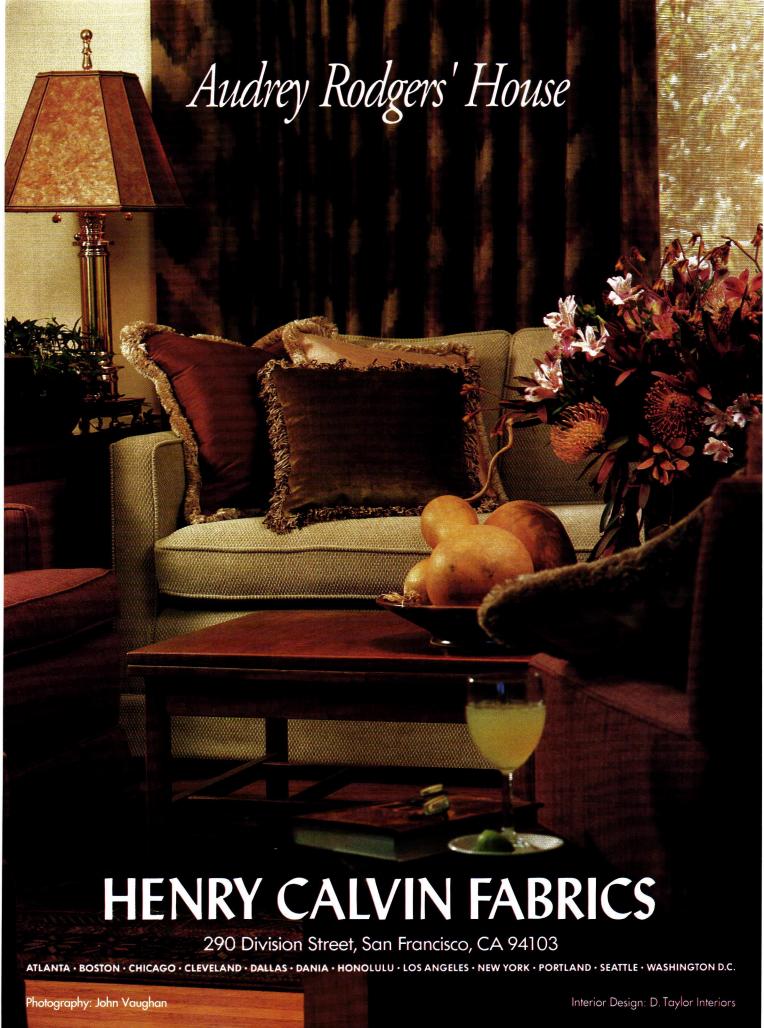


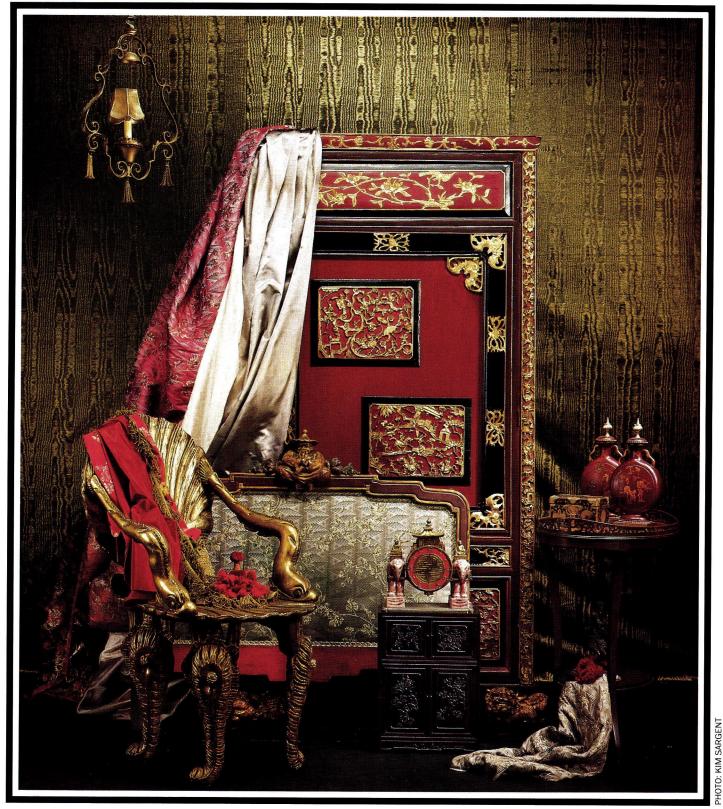


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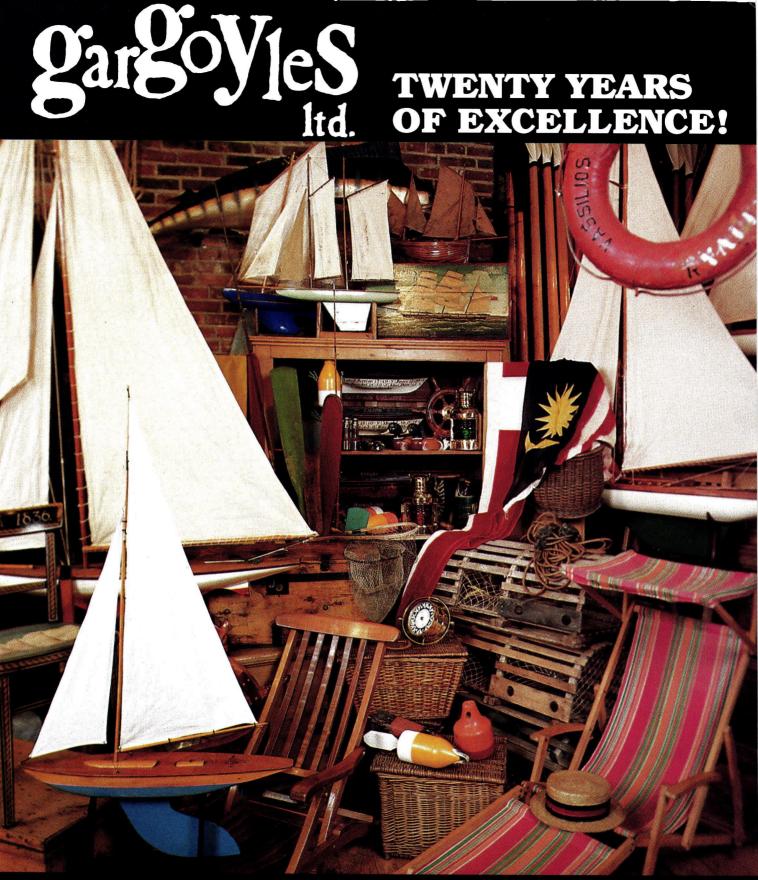
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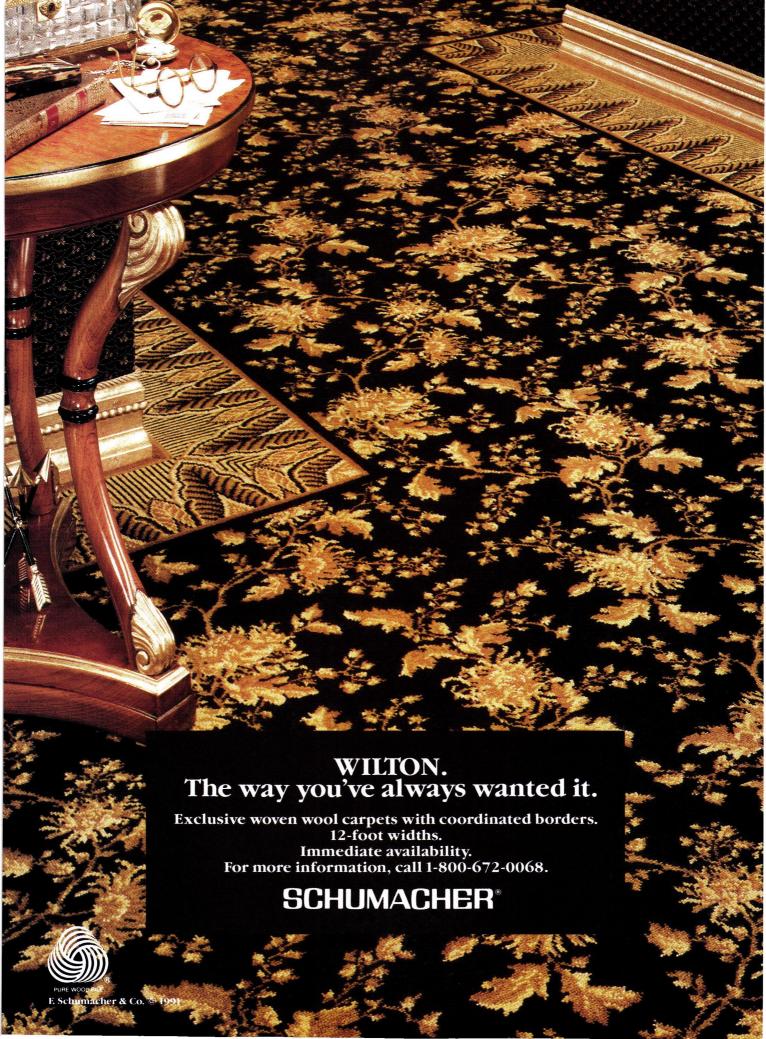




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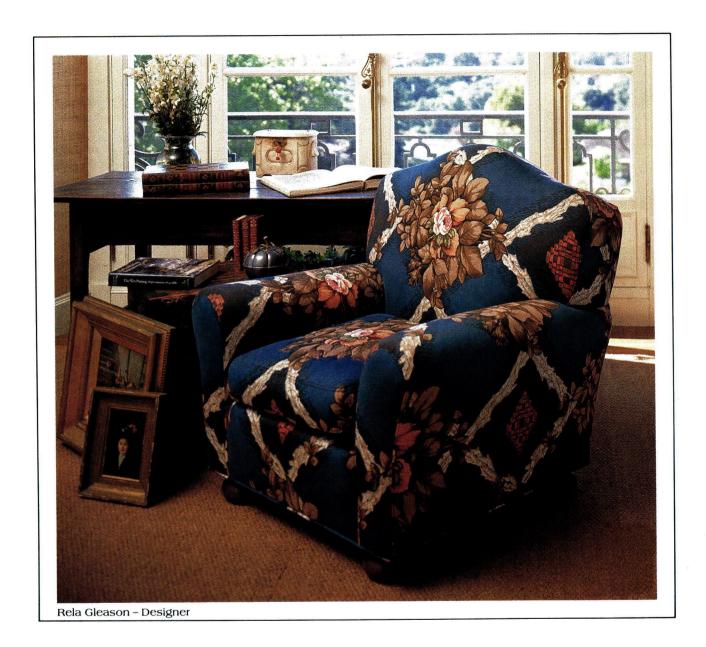
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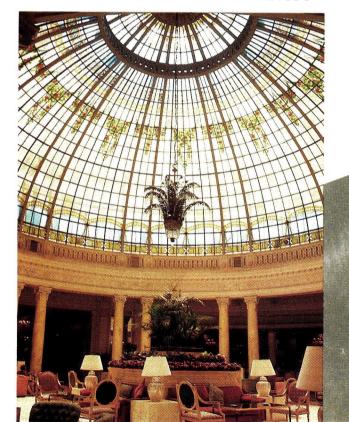
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Palace of Memories

Prewar glamour gilds Madrid's venerable hotel By David Leavitt



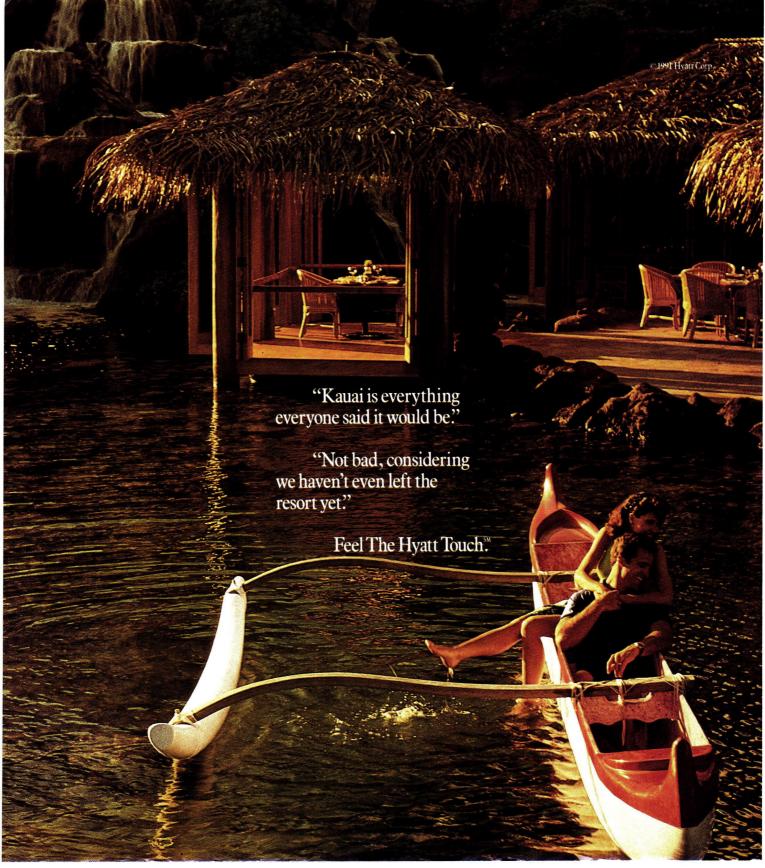
There exists, in my imagination, a certain Grand European Hotel, no doubt the legacy of too many rainy afternoons spent watching 1930s movies on television. Here couples move fleetly over polished dance floors, and arch young women thrust vivid remarks into the tinted black and white atmosphere. In the bar, intrigues and imbroglios unfold, while upstairs, secreted in some inaccessible suite—doors beyond doors—Garbo smokes a cigarette, a maid quietly unfolds satin pajamas, a silent waiter arranges a tray of drinks. This hotel is a dream without color but one that suggests color beyond imagination. I never thought I'd see it realized in the physical world until I stayed at the Palace in Madrid.

Grand hotels are worlds of their own, and the Palace is no exception. It provides not so much a respite from the inelegance of city life as an alternative to it, a fantasy in which city life is not weary trudges down dirty streets because the metro's on strike, not traffic jams, not drugs and poverty and sickness, but rather the thrill of arrival, dinners and dancing and cocktails, clothes that shimmer, and the heady sense of standing at the center of the world. Perfumes mingle, high heels click and echo on gleaming floors, bellboys respectfully

wrestle suitcases out of your hands. There is always discretion and a drink.

The Palace is famous for its extraor-

The aura of Garbo, left, seems to linger at Madrid's Palace, inset above left, a grand 1912 hotel facing the Neptune Fountain. The lobby's trompe l'oeil vistas, above, and the skylit rotunda, far left, provide a setting for fantasies of intrigue.

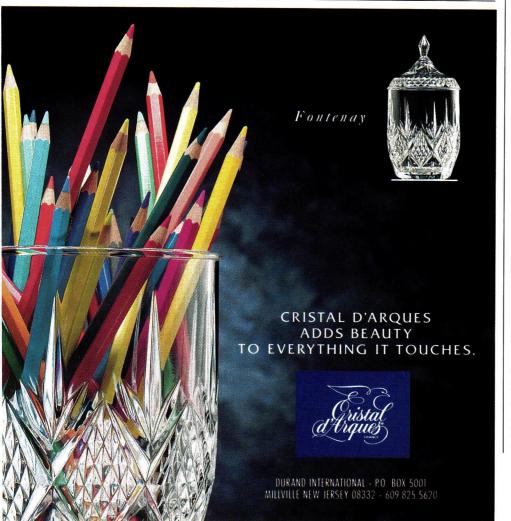


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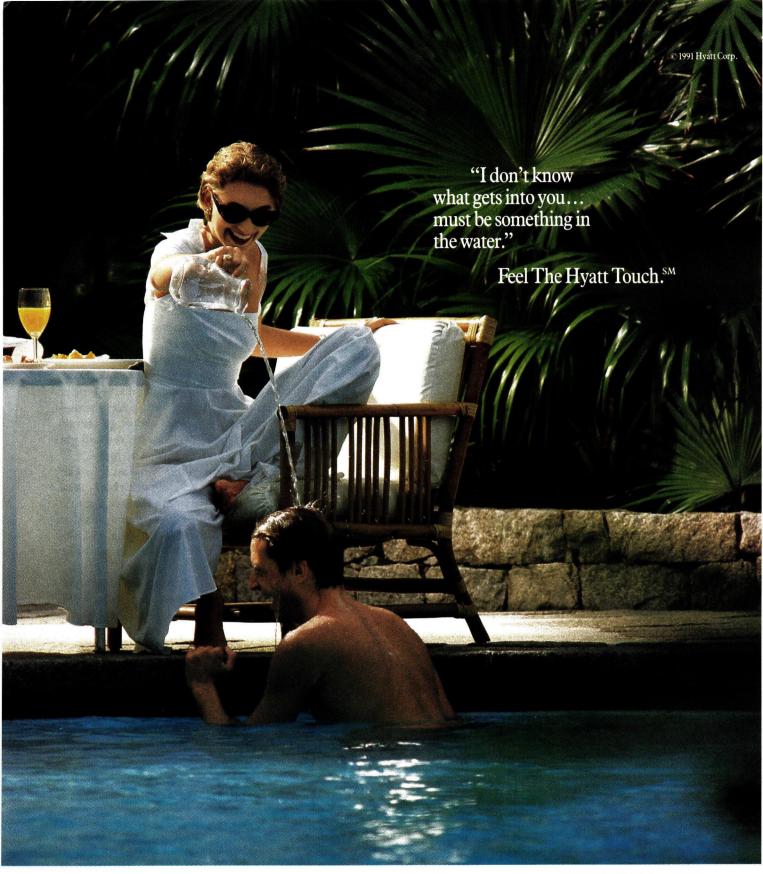




The Palace provides an alternative to the inelegance of city life

dinary rotunda-a carousel of a room, its stained-glass dome a glowing canopy adorned with garlands of roses. An intriguing variety of sofas and armchairs in pastel shades spread out over the intricate and vast carpet, the horses and carriages of the carousel. Across from you darksuited men discuss the fate of vast governments. A famed singer of sevillanas glides by, stirring up a cloud of dusty speculation in her wake. And who is that woman in dark glasses drinking a vodka alone by the columns? Somehow you're certain you recognize her. Upstairs the corridors are surprisingly airy and capacious, a marked contrast to the claustrophobic hallways of American hotels. The room is a 1930s room-elegant, old-fashioned, and (thanks to thorough but invisible restoration) without a touch of wear; marble everything in the bathroom, and lavish showers with widespraying flared heads.

Of course, such a place gets to you. That is its great advantage as well as its great danger. You forget that the Palace is not the world-which makes the world, when you step back out into it, a bit harder to bear. And Palaces, of course, cost dearly. The two times I've stayed there someone else was picking up the bill. Still, even if I can't afford the Palace, it's my favorite hotel. These days, when I go to Madrid, I usually find a room at some quiet place more suited to my income, but I make a point of visiting the Palace at least once and having a drink in the rotunda. I choose a seat in the carousel, I settle in, I order a drink, and I watch. Each time I swear I see Garbo. (Palace Hotel, Plaza de las Cortes 7, 28014 Madrid; 1-429-7551; fax 1-429-8266)



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Over the Alps in a Porsche

A Marchan March

hen the directors of Porsche handed me the keys to the new 968, a picnic lunch, and a road map with a marked course from the small southern German town of Donaueschingen to Bürgenstock, an idyllic mountain retreat in the Swiss Alps, I pictured a grand tour in a grand tour-

ing car. Once the flags were waved and my group of test drivers hit the open autobahn, however, the temptations of torque took over: the race was on to see who would get there first. Even I, a rather sheepish driver who considers 55 miles an hour on an American interstate a daredevil pace, felt completely confident zipping along at —well, yes—120. To me that says a lot about this car.

At first glance the 1992 Porsche 968, which arrives stateside this month, does not seem very different from the 944 it is replacing, but pop the hood and you'll discover that the 968 is eighty percent new. It offers more horsepower, more torque, and a new six-speed manual shift or a refined Tiptronic dual-function

automatic shift. The secret behind the added surge of power that I found so reassuring is Porsche's patented VarioCam, which adjusts the timing of the engine so that it runs at its optimum at all speeds, with lower fuel consumption and exhaust emissions.

Given the choice of a manual or an automatic model, my first impulse was to take the stick shift—don't all race car drivers use a stick?—but I opted for the Tiptronic instead. It was the best of both worlds. I could change gears with the flick of the shift lever—no clutch—or leave the car in automatic and let it switch on its own. On narrow winding alpine roads, which seemed to have more

80

Neither curves nor cows daunt a once-timid driver

BY ERIC BERTHOLD

cow crossings than guardrails, I felt secure enough to enjoy the scenery without having to downshift, and on steep inclines the ease of dropping to second gear made me confident I was in control.

I was also comfortable, at six foot four inches tall. The orthopedically designed seats gave me plenty of support; I can

honestly say that after eight hours behind the wheel I did not feel fatigued. The backseat of the coupe is, however, a little cramped for adults, even adults shorter than I am. (The cabriolet will have no rear seats.)

Some subtle design changes accompany the dramatic technical advances. The large round front headlights are in view at all times, although they retract into the fenders when they're not illuminated. Rear sill spoilers protect the area in front of the rear wheels on rough terrain. And special optics and color filters allow the red taillights to serve as yellow blinkers and white backup lights.

Why such a modest shift in styling? "Continuity is a key element," says Brian Bowler, president and chief execu-

tive officer of Porsche, North America. Evolution, not revolution—a reasonable position, given that some 550,000 of the 875,000 Porsches produced since the company's be-

ginnings are still on the road.

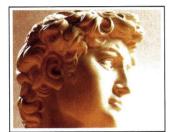
I did find one thing revolutionary about the 968 I drove: the anodized blue of its upholstery and exterior. But with twenty-seven color combinations, you can choose to be radical or conservative. At \$44,500 for the coupe and \$53,000 for the cabriolet, the company hopes the 968 will attract first-time Porsche buyers. I'd be happy to become one—even though I didn't win the race to Bürgenstock.





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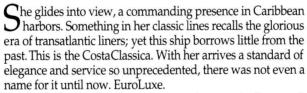




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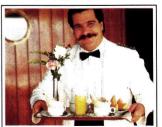


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Gift Rapping

HG's editors talk up their favorite books of the season

the editors' pick of gift books is, once again, full of visual delights as well as literary pleasures.

The Splendor of France (Rizzoli,

\$110; \$125 after Jan. 1). A lavish and magnificently produced album of France's great châteaux, mansions, and country houses with histories of each. Both architecture and interiors are presented in this pluperfect gift book, a sequel to Italian Splendor, issued last year. Nancy Novogrod

The Venetian Hours of Henry James, Whistler and Sargent (Bulfinch/Little, Brown, \$29.95). This view of Venice through the eyes of three late nineteenth century American expatriates captures the romance and real life of the city. A wonderful mix of paintings, drawings, etchings, and period photographs complements essays by Henry James and an intelligent text by art historians Hugh Honour and John Fleming. N.N.

The Architecture of Western Gardens (MIT Press, \$95; \$125 after Jan. 1). Like one of those vast formal landscapes that conceal nymphs and grottoes behind clipped allées, this sprawling yet orderly tome rewards the wanderer with unexpected vistas. More than seventy essays by international scholars, including editors Monique Mosser and Georges Teyssot, survey all manner of cultural terrain: from symbolism in Renaissance gardens to escapism at Disneyland, from the hydraulics

of eighteenth-century French cascades to the politics of twentieth-century German vegetable patches. Exceptionally legible garden plans are invaluable guideposts. Douglas Brenner

The Paris of Henri IV: Architecture and Urbanism (Architectural History Foundation, \$35). On my first visit to

Paris, at an impressionable age, I was fortunate in having a friend who led me straight to the place des Vosges. The ruddy brick walls surrounding the square looked exotic in the midst of an otherwise grisaille metropolis, and the age of Henri IV seemed as palpable as the patina that has since been scrubbed off the restored arcades. My encounter with this evocative relic took on new meaning as I read Hilary Ballon's absorbing account of life in a modern capital emerging from the Middle Ages. D.B.

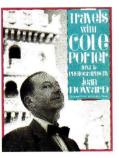
Horst: Sixty Years of Photography (Rizzoli, \$85). This glorious album of images that have become icons to today's fashion photographers is really a history of six decades of style. Horst's portraits have a timeless monumentality, his still lifes and advertising shots a surreal eeriness. Wendy Goodman

Vionnet (Rizzoli, \$150). She established the bias cut. bringing fluidity to fashion, and lived a thoroughly modern life at a time when women were prone to keeping their place. The photographs are exquisite and surprising-vintage black and whites, color studies of fabrics and accessories, even a dozen close-ups of Azzedine Alaïa draping a Vionnet dress. One beacon of sensuality: a 1908 photo of Mademoiselle Lantelme wearing a Vionnet negligee. It puts the 1990s to shame. W.G.

Travels with Cole Porter (Abrams, \$39.95) Soon after Cole Porter's wife died in 1954, their great friend, photographer Jean Howard, suggested that a trip abroad would do him good. Howard's record in pictures and words of the two grand—and we do mean grand—tours she took with Porter offers fascinating glimpses of a vanished way of life. Pilar Viladas

Seaside: Making a Town in America (Princeton Architectural Press, \$39.95). Modern town planning was not much to write home about until Robert Davis hired Miami architects Andres Duany and Elizabeth Plater-Zy-





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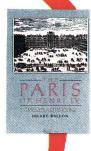
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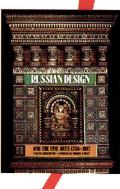


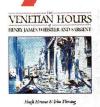
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berk to create a plan for Seaside, Florida. Editors David Mohney and Keller Easterling have put together a comprehensive history and analysis of this influential project. *P.V.*

The Italian Renaissance Interior, 1400-1600 (Abrams, \$125). Peter Thornton proves once again that he is a master at illuminating the history of domestic life in all of its minutiae. Beautifully reproduced paintings and drawings become valuable illustrations for topics as narrow as the "lettuccio and other forms of daybed," as broad as "fashion and the spread of ideas." Sketches, diagrams, plans, notes, and inventories accompany a fact-packed and fascinating text. Of special interest to city-dwellers is an examination of the concept of the apartment, an often overlooked achievement of the Renaissance. Heather Smith MacIsaac

Russian Design and the Fine Arts, 1750–1917 (Abrams, \$75). In the 1850s, when Victoriana was clogging the living rooms of Europe, Russia was happily in the midst of a national arts revival. The glorious but rarely seen results—

buildings of multicolored brick in patterns that mimic peasant embroideries, set designs with the stylized glow of icon paintings—are presented in a thoroughly researched book that may well inspire another *le style russe* revival. *Margot Guralnick*

The Art of Mark Rothko (Clarkson Potter, \$100). By combining the plates and essays from the catalogues of five Rothko exhibitions at New York's Pace Gallery, this handsome

large-format monograph illuminates the artistic evolution of one of America's most significant abstract painters. *Denise Martin*

The Great Country Houses of Central Europe (Abbeville, \$95). Over the entrance to Lazienki, the Palace on the Water of the last king of Poland, are the words, "This house hates sadness." Stanislaw August's retreat has seen more than its share

of sadness—but it has survived. Or, to be more precise, enough has been restored by the Polish government and photographed by Gerhard Trumler to allow us to appreciate its glories—as well as those of the other villas in Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary covered in this lush and timely volume. Michael Pratt's history of the region, the houses, and the families that built them is brisk and refreshingly candid. *D.M.*

Harriet Hosmer, American Sculptor, 1830–1908 (University of Missouri, \$29.95) How many young unmarried Massachusetts women hied off to Rome in 1852 to carve nudes from blocks of stone? Dolly Sherwood fashions a vivid picture of the artist and her circle. *D.M.*

The Gardens of Russell Page (Stewart, Tabori & Chang, \$50). "Whether I am making a landscape or a garden or arranging a window box I first attack my problem as an artist—my preoccupation is with relationships between objects." Russell Page's faithfulness to this credo—one of many revealing comments Marina Schinz and Gabrielle van Zuylen have drawn from his unpublished papers—is confirmed by photographs and text that chronicle his fifty-year career. Many Page gardens have vanished, but the survivors recorded here pay tribute to a landscape ar-

chitect of boundless confidence and a plantsman of great sensitivity. Senga Mortimer

Exquisite Corpse: Writing on Buildings (Verso, \$39.95). Michael Sorkin is the Lenny Bruce of American architecture: satirist, moralist, agent provocateur. As this country's most outspoken and contentious architecture critic, he attracted a cult following to *The Village Voice* during the building boom of the 1980s, when his kamikaze attacks on the ex-

cesses of the postmodern decade were aimed with deadly accuracy against the prows of such major targets as Philip Johnson, Donald Trump, and Tom Wolfe. Sorkin's fearlessness has not done his parallel career as a practicing architect much good, but his losses are his readers' gain. His courageous, outrageous, and often hilarious insights into the architectural culture of our times are expressed with antic brilliance and deep conviction. Like Bruce, Sorkin's hipster façade conceals a heart that breaks over missed opportunities and lost hopes, exemplified by his touching obituary of architect Alan Buchsbaum. *Martin Filler*

Also among our favorites are the following books by regular HG contributors:

The Golden Age of American Gardens: Proud Owners, Private Estates, 1890–1940 by Mac Griswold and Eleanor Weller (Abrams, \$67.50; \$75 after Jan. 1).

Hats by Jody Shields (Clarkson Potter, \$25).

The Irony Tower by Andrew Solomon (Knopf, \$25).

A Life of Picasso (Vol. 1, 1881–1906) by John Richardson (Random House, \$39.95).

Matisse, Picasso, Miró as I Knew Them by Rosamond Bernier (Knopf, \$50).

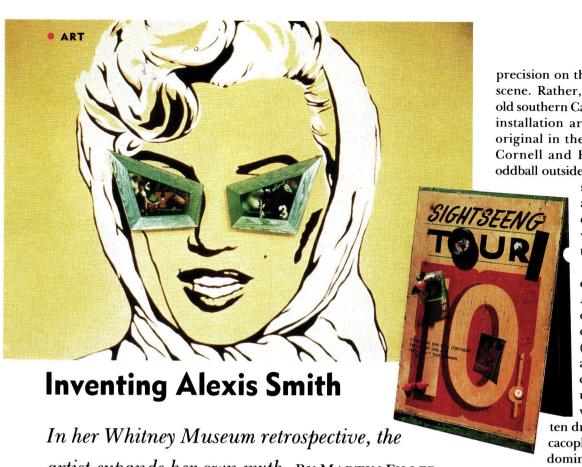
The Elements of Style by Stephen Calloway and Elizabeth Cromley (Simon & Schuster, \$65). ▲



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artist expands her own myth By Martin Filler

ust who is this Alexis Smith?" asks the poet Amy Gerstler in her "fictional biography" of the artist whose work is the subject of an exhibition at New York's Whitney Museum of American Art through March 1. Gerstler's answers are many: "Social historian with a pastepot. Irony-edged architect of the vernacular....Distiller of disillusionment, longing, and humor into a potent but sippable visual moonshine....Elegant pack rat. Sharpeyed scavenger...tickler of the ivo-

ries of the unexamined

American conscience. . . . Her oeuvre is the rearview mirror in which the USA, en route to who knows where, frequently checks her freckling complexion."

As that almost Homeric catalogue of epithets suggests, Smith and her work are neither easy to categorize nor place with

precision on the contemporary art scene. Rather, the forty-two-yearold southern California collagist and installation artist is an American original in the manner of Joseph Cornell and H. C. Westermann, oddball outsiders whose highly per-

sonal mixed-media assemblages ran counter to the prevailing directions in the art of their times.

Thus the show, curated by Richard Armstrong and accompanied by an excellent catalogue (Whitney/Rizzoli), is a long-overdue vindication of Smith's unique and necessary voice, which was often drowned out amid the cacophony of the eighties,

dominated by large-scale figurative painting of overreaching intent and underachieving content. Smith's intimate text-laden works were antithetical to that decade's taste for the grandiose gesture. Furthermore, her unabashed Americanness seemed embarrassing to some at a time when overt patriotism became associated with political conservatism and a reactionary stance toward art and censorship.

But Smith doesn't feel that the symbols she grew up with in fifties public schools can be the exclusive property of any one group. "People have lost their grip on what America is really about," she says in her Venice, California, studio, a funky storefront on a heavily traveled commercial strip. "We've produced some incredible artistic geniuses-eccentric, quirky people who have been naive and ingenuous and yet have had the guts to come up with something totally new. You're basically talking about a bunch of mavericks and misfits who came here to break out of the restrictions of an older world."

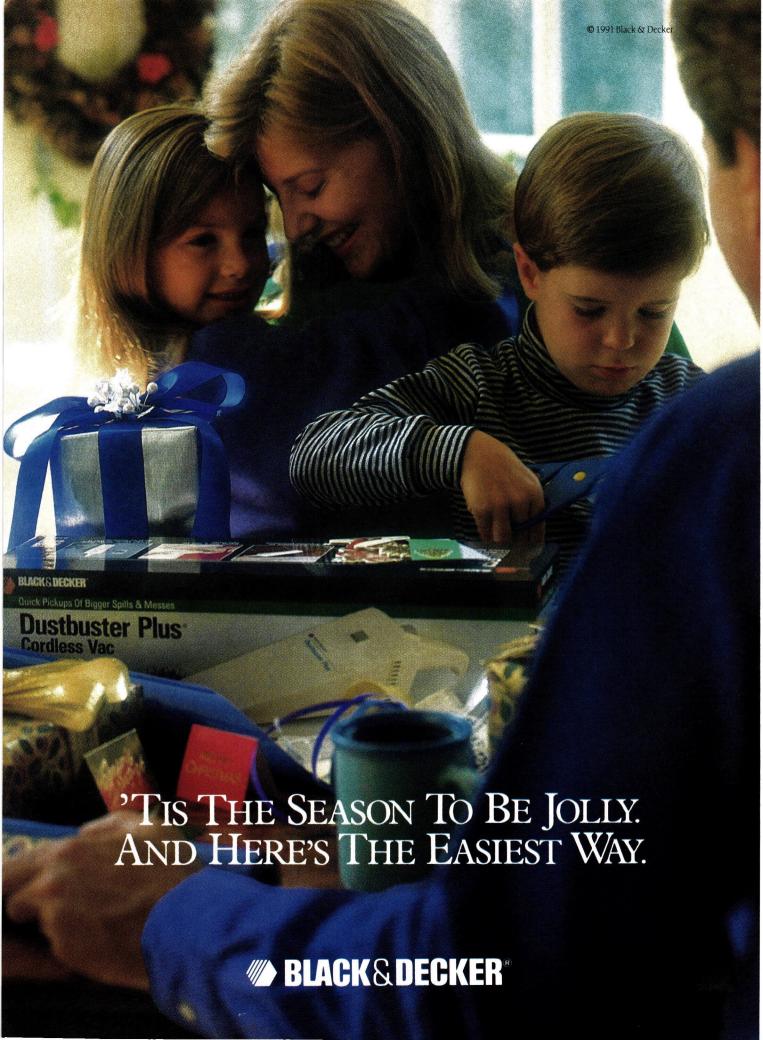
Much in the same way, in fact, that Smith herself broke free of her middle-class upbringing. Born Patricia Anne Smith, she was the daughter of



above, in her storefront studio in Venice, California. Top left: Men Seldom Make Passes at Girls Who Wear Glasses, 1985. Top right: Fruits 'n' Nuts, 1990. Right: Rocky Road, 1990.



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a psychiatrist and grew up on the grounds of a state mental hospital. (One theme in Smith's art is genius as the flip side of insanity.) At seventeen she renamed herself Alexis Smith after the forties movie star, reflecting her fascination with Hollywood, the power of popular icons, and transformations of the self, all quintessentially American preoccupations.

Although she had made collages as a child, Smith never considered becoming an artist until a classmate at the University of California at Irvine suggested she take art courses. Influenced by late-sixties conceptual art, Smith's earliest works were long on idea but short on artifact. Chaste sheets of paper bearing typewritten texts, those narrative pieces used photos and other found images to il-

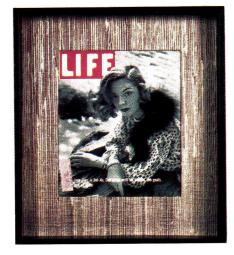
lustrate the words of writers like Jorge Luis Borges. Smith later moved into a less rarefied literary mode, adopting the popmetaphoric style of the L.A. mystery writer Raymond Chandler and the wellworn clichés that are woven deep into the fabric of everyday life. Although words now play a less impor-

tant role in Smith's art, brief texts still bring her seemingly casual juxtaposition into sharper focus.

Increasingly, Smith's work shifted toward three-dimensional pieces made up of the things she finds at swap meets, which in her hands become endowed with acute emotional connotations. "For whatever per-

verse reasons I've always had a strong affinity for the inanimate," she confesses. "I'm fascinated more with images and objects as symbols of people's belief systems. I like stuff from what I call the real world as opposed to art stuff."

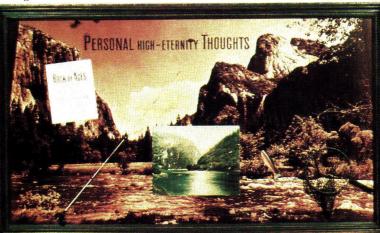
For example, in *Fruits 'n' Nuts*, an old sightseeing-tour sandwich board is embellished with a plastic basket of the title



There is a Twin

Peaks duality to

Smith's vision



Smith's Wild Life, 1985, top, mixes an old magazine cover and a mink stole. Above: Rock of Ages, 1988.
Below: Past Lives, installation by Smith and Amy Gerstler, Josh Baer Gallery, New York City, 1990.



foods, as well as a metal nut and bolt, a color postcard of jolly nudists bearing fresh-picked citrus, a tiny roulette wheel, plastic tanning goggles, a prize ribbon emblazoned LAST PLACE, a small swastika poker chip, and an inscription taken from Jack Kerouac's classic On the Road: "It was the end of a continent. They didn't give a damn." This ironic tribute to California as the punch line "land of fruits and nuts," a funny but pointed commentary on America's final destination, is characteristic of her double-loaded aim, resonant with multiple meanings and right on target.

Of late she has favored public installations, including *Past Lives*, an evocative gallery piece done in collaboration with Amy Gerstler and using Smith's own collection of chil-

dren's chairs; Snake Path, a reptilian slate walkway for the University of California at San Diego, scheduled for completion next year; and intricate terrazzo floor designs for Pei Cobb Freed & Partners' new Los Angeles Convention Center, set to open in 1994.

Although there is a Twin Peaks duality to

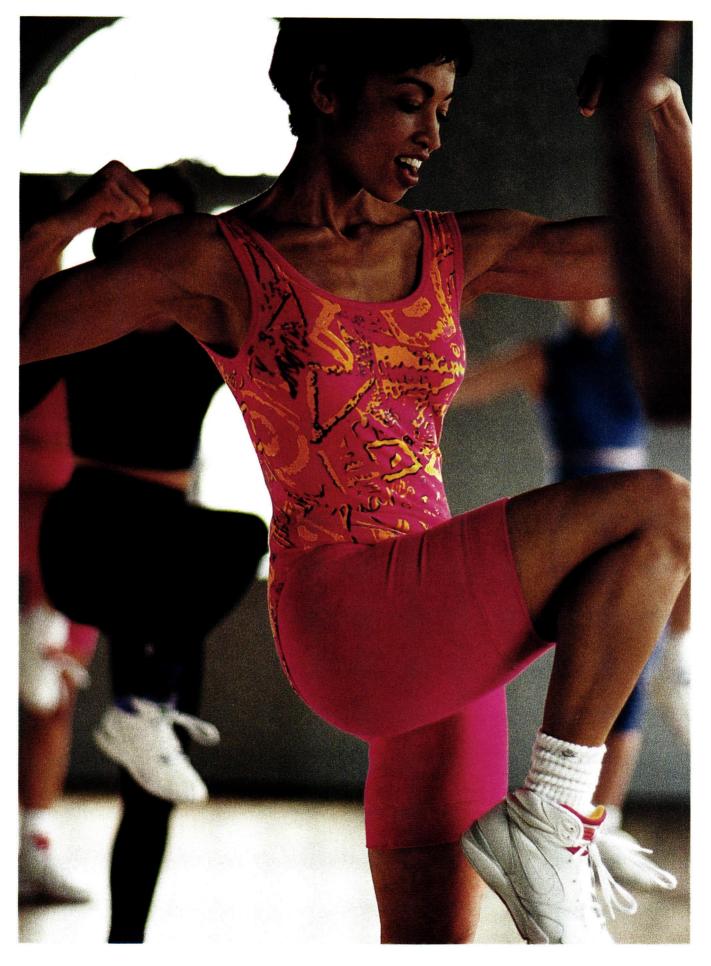
Smith's authentically American vision—familiar but far-out, warm but somewhat warped, comforting but also disturbing—she shuns any notion of heavy-duty social critique. And despite her frequent resort to domestic imagery and exploration of gender roles—as in her deadpan Jane series of 1985—she rejects being

labeled a feminist. "I'm interested in the transmission of experience," she explains, "the way people manufacture the world, and the myths and stories that seem interconnected with that. But I don't believe in cynicism. Cynicism does nobody any good, and I'm more committed to all the poignant contradictions of life. I believe in setting a good example." •

HG DECEMBER 1991

87







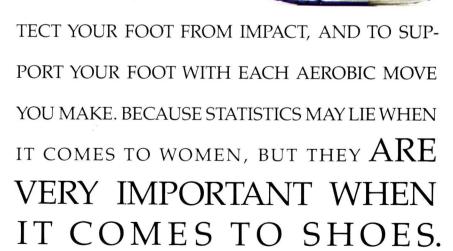
STATISTICS AND SIZES AND MEASURE-MENTS DO NOT MAKE UP A WOMAN. THEY DO NOT DESCRIBE HER FRUSTRATIONS OR HER VICTORIES, HER EFFORTS OR HER INTENTS. BUT THEY DO MAKE UP THE TOOLS SHE USES TO COMPLETE HERSELF. WHICH IS WHY NIKE

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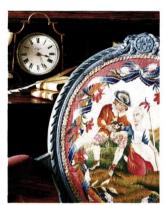


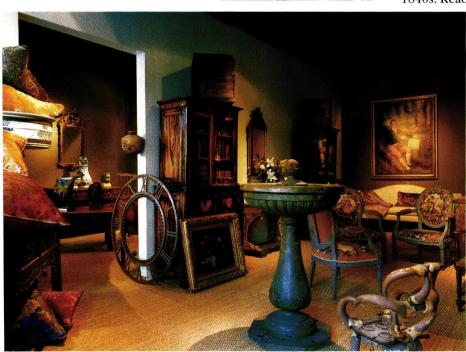
The Cambridge Beat

A former reporter and a decorator investigate newsworthy attics

BY CATHERINE BARNETT

Matz and Pribell, above, in the back of their truck, have an inventory that ranges from Anglo-Indian bureau bookcases to castiron birdbaths, below. Right: One of a set of four 18th-century Swedish chairs with French tapestry upholstery.





hen Marc Matz moved into his Cambridge storefront sixteen years ago, he was sandwiched between the dilapidated Broadway Snack Shop and a launderette. Miles from the tony boutiques of downtown Boston's Newbury Street, across the Charles River, down a potholed residential road dotted with pizza parlors, bike repair shops, and a Buddhist center, he and his partner, Heidi Pribell, have spearheaded the development of an unlikely antiques haven.

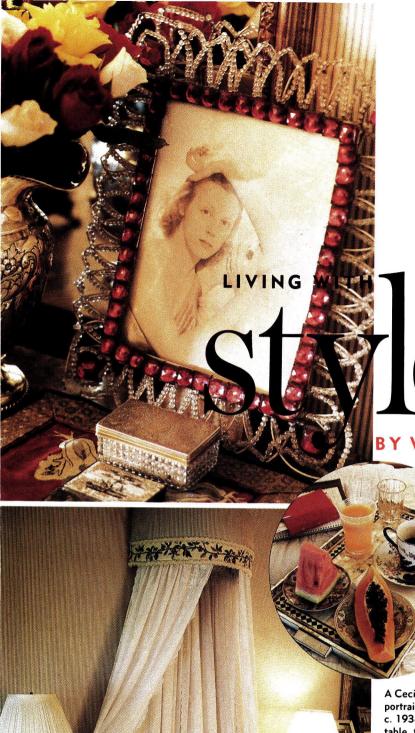
A visit to the gallery turns up welcome surprises, from an accordion-action Regency banquet table to a machine-age spun-aluminum compote. The unconventional stock reflects Matz's broad-ranging interests, which perhaps stem from the fact that he was an investigative journalist before he became a dealer. To augment his income, he worked in an antiques store in Maine, stripping the original paint off eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American furniture to make it, according to his bosses, more valuable. "I didn't know much about antiques at that point," Matz says, "but I sensed we were destroying the beauty of the pieces. I couldn't stand it." Eventually, he left to open his own shop where he could sell furniture with what he calls a good "grungy" surface.

Since then his journalist's willingness to pursue obscure leads has often panned out: several years ago he and Pribell were asked to examine a suburban New York estate up for sale. "We were skeptical," says Pribell, "until we saw the dilapidated Greek revival house and our hearts started to pound." In the front hall they found an Empire pier table and family portraits placed there 150 years earlier. A day at the mansion turned up a whale oil lamp with whale oil still in it, a bust of Napoleon now at Boston's Museum of Fine Arts, and a series of diaries chronicling, in a microscopic, almost hieroglyphic script, the building of lower Manhattan from the 1820s to the 1840s. Reaching up to clean out a closet, Matz was show-

ered with fetid water inadvertently preserved in an Imari bowl.

Pribell was working as a decorator when she stumbled upon the gallery seven years ago. "I was riding my bike," she says, "and I saw what looked like a Madison Avenue gallery. I couldn't believe it was right here." Their apt partnership developed quickly and combines Pribell's design experience with Matz's knowledge of antiques (he also wields the hammer at the auctions they hold several times a year). While Matz figures out the who, what, when, and why of an object, Pribell contemplates the where. But theirs is clearly not the hard sell. "The buying is always exciting," says Pribell. "The selling is still mixed with tears." (Matz & Pribell, 366½ Broadway, Cambridge, MA 02139; 617-661-6200)







The private side of a public champion of American fashion

BY WENDY GOODMAN

A Cecil Beaton portrait of Lambert, c. 1938, adorns a table, top left. Top right: Lambert at home. Above: Her breakfast tray. Below: Antique frames with photos of Lambert and her late husband, Seymour Berkson. Left: Mats protect the bed linens.

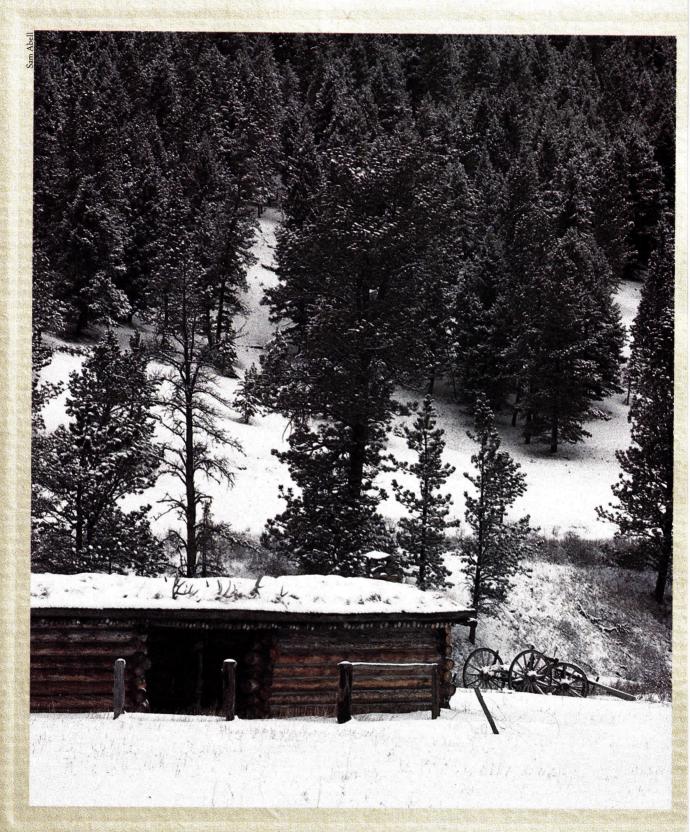


PUBLICIST ELEANOR LAMBERT has lived in a spacious Fifth Avenue apartment since 1946, when her campaign to put American fashion on the map was only just beginning. At home, the dynamic Lambert, who conceived of fashion press weeks, which paved the way for today's ready-to-wear shows, and who presides over the International Best Dressed List, prefers to spend most of her time in her distinctly feminine bedroom. There, perched on her canopied bed, Lambert works-she talks on the phone with Bill Blass, Tiffany's, and other clients, writes press releases—or reads one of the books or magazines piled high at her bedside. The room is lined in a Geoffrey Beene ticking and furnished with a mantel bought from Mrs. William Randolph Hearst and other treasures collected over the years. Her mother-of-pearl breakfast tray

is set with the same pieces every day, reminders of her travels. This quiet and beautiful place is a perfect haven for a powerhouse.

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December 1

HAVING JUST COME HOME from a cocktail party at one of New York's extraordinary apartments, where Monets and Rothkos mingle with a Matisse and an unforgettable Picasso, I am thinking about the qualities that enable those special sites where art and decoration meet to be also settings for life. Admittedly, possessing the judgment to amass things of aesthetic quality and the taste to take joy in them reflects a certain refinement, but we have all heard stories about the lonely and eccentric collector whose treasures are stashed away and enjoyed only as

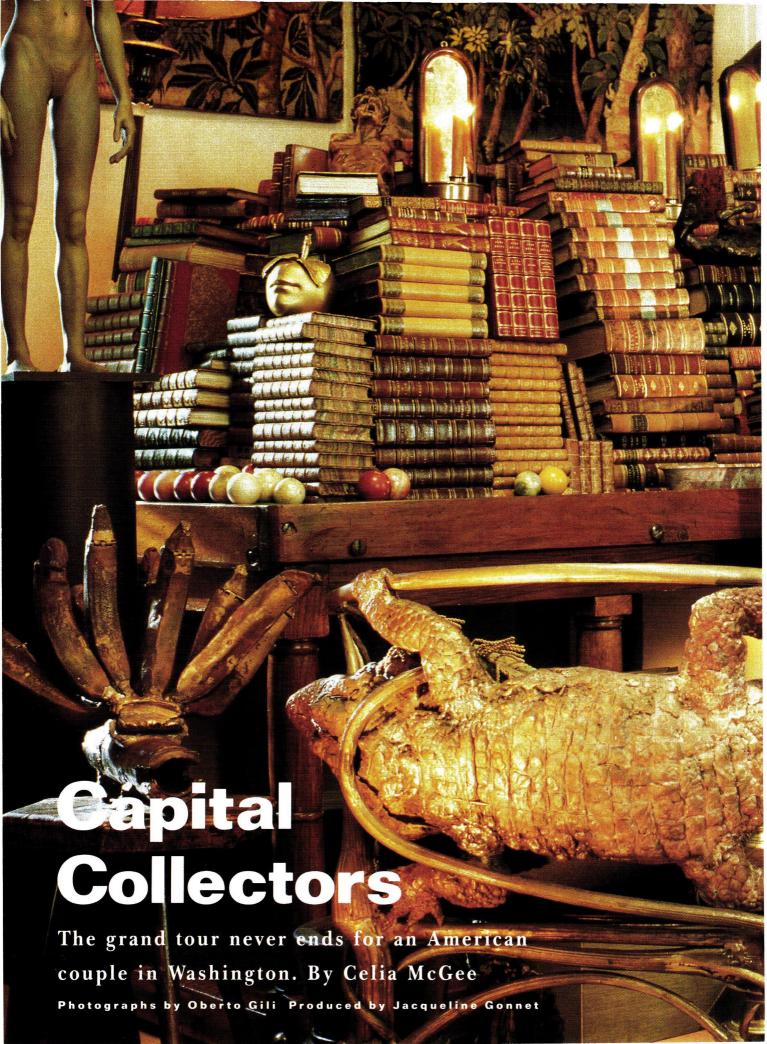
the most greedy and solitary of pleasures. How much luckier we are to encounter individuals like the Grunwalds of New York and the Washington couple featured in this issue whose collections of furniture and art are reflections of their rich involvements with interesting places and people. It's no coincidence that stories about such generous spirits appear in this holiday issue where they are joined by the lavish layering of decoration practiced by that twentieth-century aesthete Carlos de Beistegui, the startling juxtapositions of

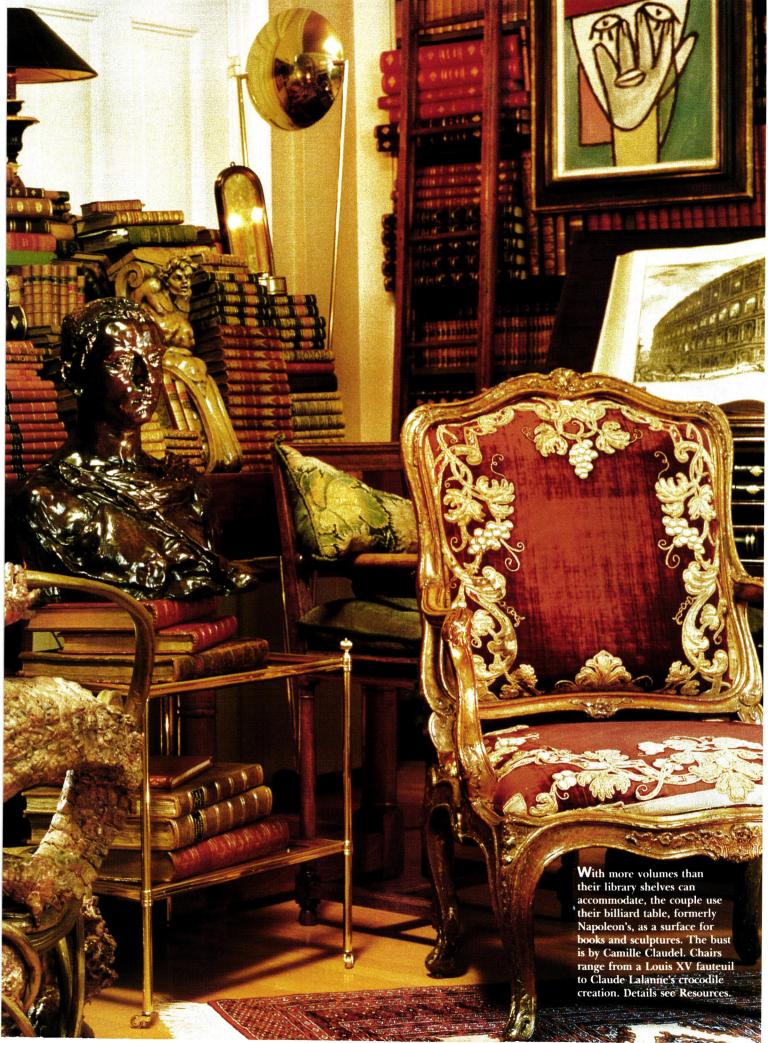


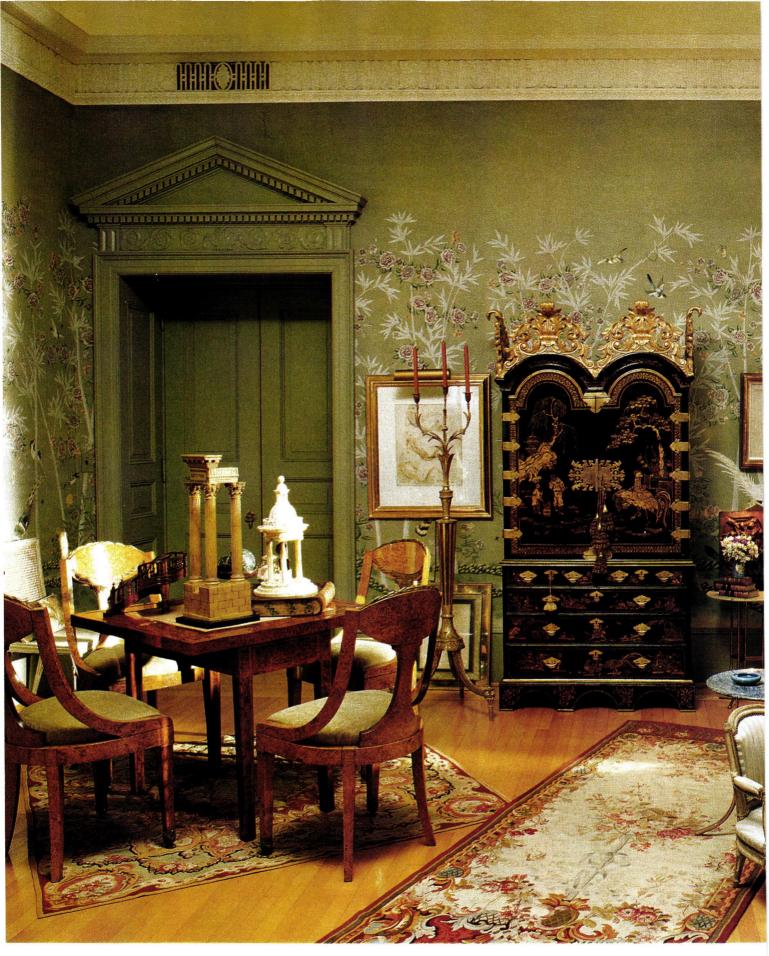
A Miró and a Picasso are among the works of art in Gian Enzo Sperone's New York loft.

modern art and wide-ranging furniture and objects in Gian Enzo Sperone's Manhattan loft, and the cutting-edge retro style of Sandra Bernhard as she brazenly throws open the doors of her North Hollywood house. And as long as we're talking about collectors and houses, I am very happy indeed to be featuring Anne Bass's sublime Paul Rudolph-designed, modern art-filled house in Texas. Then in the spirit of the season we deck the halls and wrap the gifts with the help of some experts in embellishment—that is, decorators. I hope your holidays are filled with art, life, hospitality, and good cheer.

Many Unrograd







Italian opera plays on the sound system at all times; opera stars



occasionally break into song at their dinners

NE WOULD HAVE THOUGHT that Henry Adams, who lived there, or Henry James, who visited with eagle eye, would have noted the paradox of Washington, D.C. But Adams was too busy bemoaning political corruption and James escaped to Mount Vernon. The capital of the United States is in many ways a very un-American city.

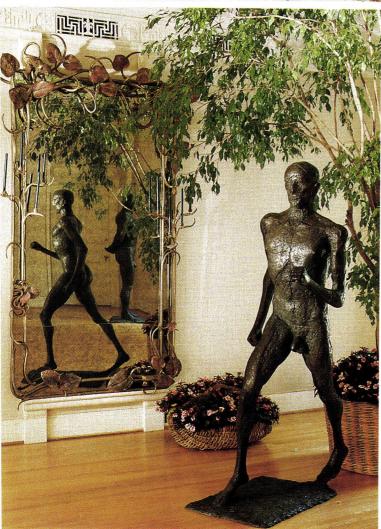
The prominent Washington couple with the stately house live happily according to this contradiction. "I like Washington because it's quite like Europe," says the husband. Throughout a residence filled with European and Asian art, decorations, and furniture, practically the only piece of Americana is an eighteenth-century weather vane in the garden. The couple were just doing what comes naturally when they chose a house that fronts on the strip known as Embassy Row.

They didn't turn the house into a foreign affair by staying at home. The husband has made his family business, founded in the Midwest three generations ago, a global presence. He and his wife visit England and Paris every spring. They've flown to Austria for the opening of the Salzburg Festival. Italian opera plays on the house's sound system all the time; opera stars have performed at their dinners.

It's reasonable that gentlemen and ladies on the grand tour, curiosity seekers from Victorian England, hold resonance for this couple. "They went anywhere where there was sun and happiness," says the husband, cradling one of the porphyry spheres those earlier travelers brought home from Greece and Italy as souvenirs. His wife has arranged clutches of the lapidary balls here—by the curved staircase in the front hall—and there—next to a Japanese writing table in the living room—

Years of globe-trotting contributed to a living room furnished with a Russian games table lined with Italian temple models, an English chinoiserie cabinet, a neoclassical French armchair, and an English child's chair, c. 1750. A Camille Claudel bronze rests on an English table. The rugs and pillow are Aubussons.





with her customary sense of the unusual and dramatic. It takes nerve, taste, and an ease around art that comes from growing up with it, to place Rodin's *Walking Man* on top of the dining room table. Or to allow the languorous Pre-Raphaelite beauty of Albert Joseph Moore's *A Palm Fan* to mix it up with a small Rodin, *The Minotaur*, and some Thai incense burners splashed with gold. Or

to put two Napoleonic fauteuils in the same room with a William and Mary black lacquer chinoiserie highboy, a nineteenth-century Russian games table, and a suite of Charles X chairs. The house springs surprises.

To say that the place is dramatic is not to suggest it's theatrical. The couple look for some-

thing in their art and objects as much as on the surface: "The things we like have to have been created with a certain amount of energy, a spirit that's still in them," says the wife. "Our French refectory table, a great oak slab in the dining room, is incredibly architectural and has that strength." She and her husband know that they're drawn to anything sculptural, especially along the strong impassioned lines of Rodin, of his ill-fated mistress, Camille Claudel, or the contemporary English artist Elisabeth Frink and her monumental bronzes. The attraction extendsor, more accurately, contracts-to a collection of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century walking sticks, several of them topped with carvings that the wife describes as "tiny sculptures." One has a likeness of a Chinese man with a silver braid that can be raised to dispense perfume; another bears a portrait of Lord Byron.

The walking sticks offer a confusion of form and function that appeals to the couple, who relish an element of fancy, so dear to the heart

It takes nerve, taste, and a considerable ease around art to place Rodin's Walking Man on top of the dining room table

A central spot on the 17th-century French table, opposite, is reserved for Rodin; one end is set with William III candlesticks, Ming vases, and Queen Anne silver service plates. Above left: François-Xavier Lalanne's gorilla sculpture interrupts the solemnity of a corner in the living room. Left: Running Man by Elisabeth Frink is framed by a Claude Lalanne mirror in the ballroom.



of the eighteenth century, in the things they own. This includes a number of pieces by the Frenchman François-Xavier Lalanne, and his wife, Claude, who would have done well in rococo times if they hadn't been born into our own. Two of François-Xavier's gorilla sculptures-which, if you opened their doors, would make dandy sideboards-flank an entryway in the drawing room and his bananacluster-shaped humidor fools the unwary in the library. Claude's floor-toceiling mirror sprouting bronze leaves and tendrils cast from her garden near Fontainebleau was commissioned after the couple saw a wall of smaller versions of the looking glass chez Yves Saint Laurent. The playful side of this collecting comes out especially when the couple entertain. "Because our dining table is so narrow," says the wife, "when we seat people there rather than at several round tables in the ballroom, their knees touch. So we put the women on one side and the men on the other." She leaves the table bare of linens and sets it with statuesque Georgian silver.

When she's not entertaining, the opposite end of the table from the Rodin is taken up by her group of Ching dynasty candlesticks: she recently acquired the last known pair of these blue and white porcelain altarpieces. Also in the dining room are four Ming vases from the Hatcher collection, sunken treasures rescued from the South China Sea only eight years ago and auctioned off by Christie's in Amsterdam to some of the world's most competitive bidders. Ceramics are the wife's special passion, not only the museum-quality Asian wares on display along one wall of the dining room but also the Flora Danica, Royal Copenhagen, and Limoges pieces that line the pantry. (Continued on page 181)

A late 18th century Japanese bamboo writing table is put to use as a bed tray in the master bedroom where several Chinese ceremonial robes are on display. The kidney-shaped desk with inset bookshelves is English, c. 1860. The painting over the mantel is by Cara Costea.



"The things we like have to have been created



with a certain amount of energy, a spirit that's still in them"





SEVERAL YEARS AGO NATHANIEL Kramer made a few major changes in his life. He moved out of his downtown loft, quit the family investment banking firm, where his "father, grandfather, and almost every other relative all worked," and became a fashion photographer. "My parents were appalled," he says. Despite this breach with tradition, however, the apple really didn't fall so far from the tree. Kramer's great-grandfather was a photographer—his 1919 panorama of a Gene Tunney fight, a masculine sea of straw boaters, hangs in the dining room. And when Kramer decamped for Manhattan's Upper East Side, he acquired an apartment in the very same building where he grew up and where his parents still reside. "I decided it was time to live in a real apartment," explains Kramer. "And then he proceeded to turn it right back into a loft," jokes his wife of nine months, Anne, a German-born model whom he met three years ago on a shoot.

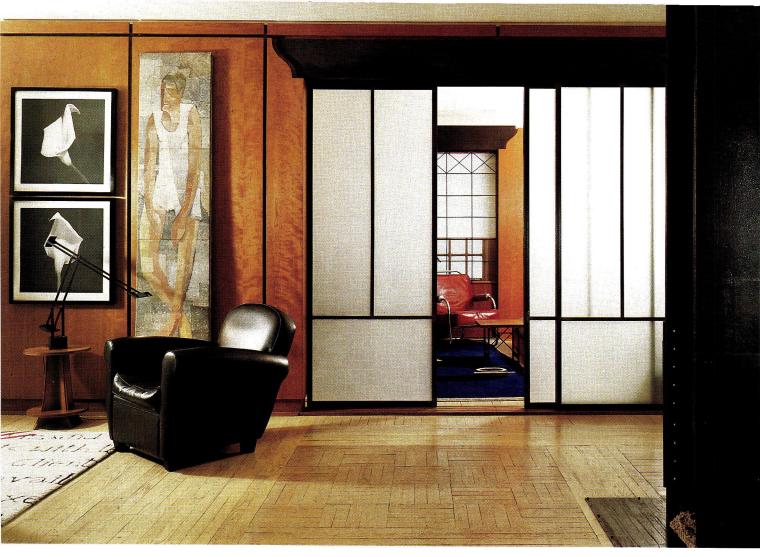
Their apartment, which Nathaniel believes was originally a service kitchen and pantry for the whole building, had at some point been chopped up into an awkward twobedroom dwelling with "no flow of space and very little light," according to Leonard Woods of Kroeger Woods Associates, Architects. By knocking down walls, Woods and his partner, Keith Kroeger, created a "sense of loftlike openness while still maintaining private areas such as the bedroom and the study." The architectural team brightened the gutted rooms by bleaching and pickling the dark floors. All the old parquet-a jigsaw puzzle of planks, squares, and herringbones-was left intact so that "you can still make out the blueprint of the former apartment," says Woods. The architects' desire to, as Woods puts it, "leave a record of what happened"-to allow the apartment's archaeology to remain apparent-shows up, too, in the remaining moldings that start and stop accord-

Focus

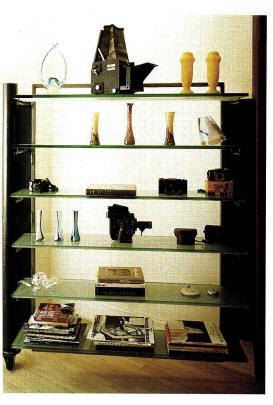
Creating a
downtown loft on
the Upper East Side,
a photographer
and a model take a
wide-angle
view on style
By Amy Fine Collins

Photographs by Michael Mundy

Produced by Anne Foxley



Original parquet floors outline the apartment's former layout



ing to the original plan. The existing doors, which had been painted innumerable times, were simply stripped and waxed. "Their weather-beaten look is in keeping with the loft aesthetic," says Kroeger. "The apartment was really treated like a gallery space because we knew Nathaniel would fill it with interesting objects."

Once Kroeger Woods laid out these backgrounds, Mark Zeff came on board to fill in the foregrounds with a mix of his own designs and several decades' worth of modernist forms. Worked up from a napkin sketch, Zeff's glass-topped and wooden-legged dining table bears traces of his idol Jacques-Émile Ruhlmann's spare polished aesthetic. Surrounding it are Zeff's steel and cherrywood Equus chairs, named for the slender ball-tipped tail that extends from the center slat. The horsey allusion couldn't be more apt

for Anne, an avid equestrian who spends weekends riding on Long Island, where the couple is building a country house. "When we're in the city, we live in the dining room," she says. "I've even used it as my photoediting room," adds Nathaniel, who says that for them entertaining usually means "hanging out here with a few old friends, eating, and then watching TV in the study."

Sympathetic to Kroeger Woods's work, Zeff tampered with only one section of their reconstruction. To

To draw light from the study into the entrance hall, above, Zeff installed a shoji-style screen crowned by a steel valance. A newly exposed steel girder post offers an unexpected counterpoint to the cherrywood paneling. Left: A Zeff-designed mobile set of shelves supports vintage cameras and Italian glass. Opposite: Zeff's sandblasted-glass dining table floats over the cherrywood seats of his Equus chairs. Lamps by Noguchi.

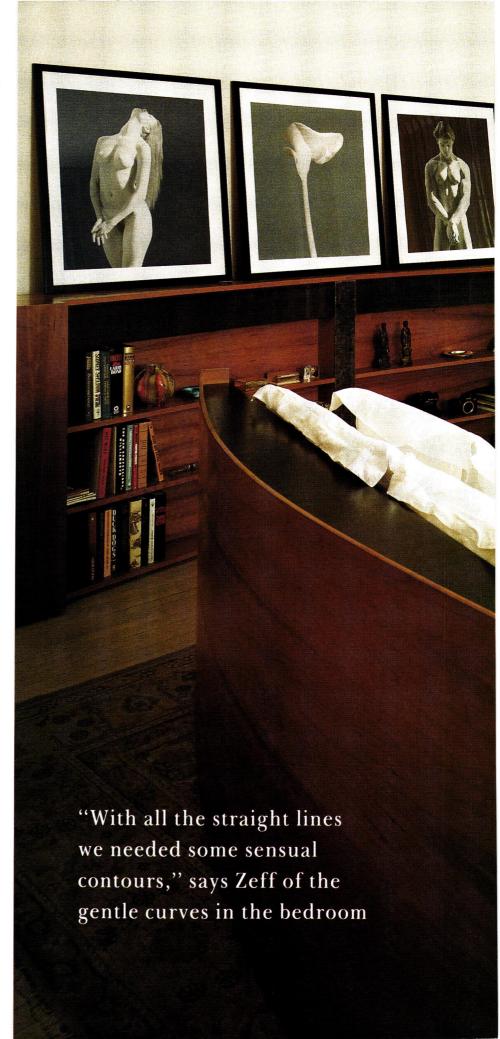


allow light to flood from the study into the entrance hall, he took out the study wall and inserted a sliding shoji-style screen of sandblasted glass. To hide its overhead tracking device, Zeff installed a large steel valance curved to suggest what he calls a "nineteenth-century silhouette"-a form echoed, on a smaller scale, over the study window. And in one of his most daring moves, Zeff, acting on instinct, ripped the plasterboard off an ordinary column opposite the front door and created out of the exposed steel girder post a rugged focal point for the apartment.

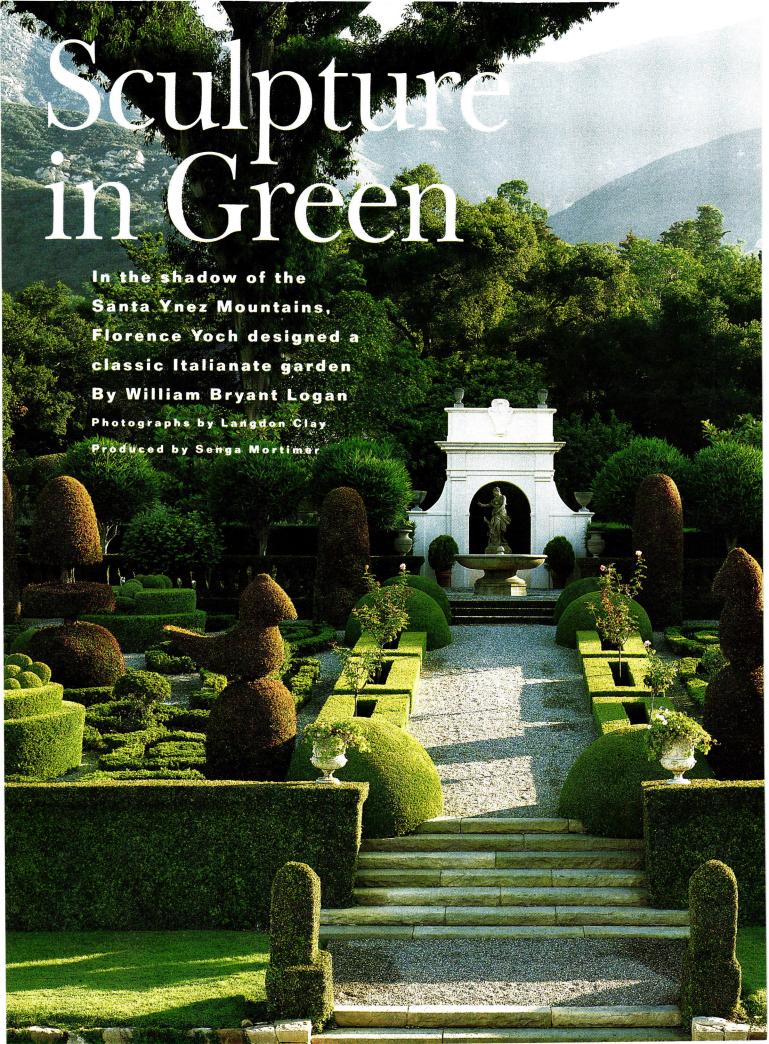
The entrance hall is articulated on one side by this metal monolith and on the other by a set of movable glass and steel shelves. Castored and attached by a pivot to the wall, "it separates the dining room from the entranceway," says Zeff. The shelves also help partition Anne's office where a slyly naive rug she designed for her husband as a surprise birthday gift rests below her sleek orderly desk. "I doodled a stick figure in red crayon on a scrap of newspaper and G. Fried Carpet reproduced it in exact facsimile," Anne relates.

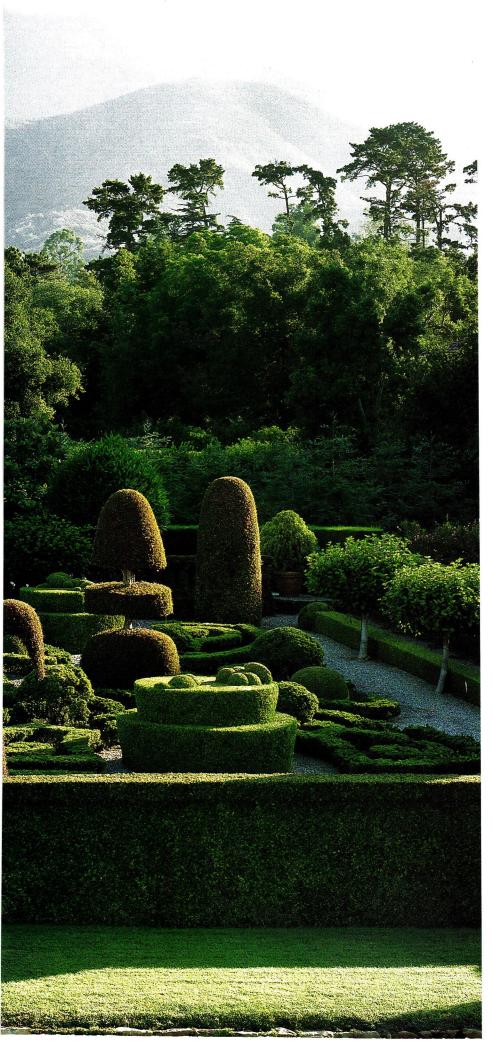
Just beyond, the living room stretches out, anchored by an Eileen Gray sofa slipcovered in deep blue canvas. Its rectilinear lines are softened by the loopy contours of a cork kidney-shaped coffee table picked up at a Los Angeles flea market by Nathaniel's stylist friend, Muriel Phan-Van-Thiet. And on a chest nearby stands another of her unorthodox discoveries, a cockeyed topper-shaped lamp that might have illuminated the Mad Hatter's tea party. "Muriel calls from wherever she's traveling to tempt us with her finds," explains Nathaniel. No stranger to out-of-town flea markets himself, he displays on the coffee table a group of sixties bud (Continued on page 178)

In the bedroom, Robert Mapplethorpe photographs rest on a cherrywood and iron bookcase Zeff designed to dovetail with the arced headboard. The steel tables are a 1929 Chareau design from Écart International. Nathaniel's rowing machine doubles as a wall sculpture.









ROUND 1925 A YOUNger neighbor asked southern California landscape architect Florence Yoch what a would-be garden designer should study. Yoch's list began with four years of Latin and chemistry. Given her own and her clients' taste for Mediterranean styles and details— Italianate in particular—the Latin isn't surprising. But chemistry? As one of the most notable designers then working on the West Coast, she certainly spent little time investigating ion exchange in the rhizosphere. Still, it is chemistry of a sort-perhaps even alchemy—that informs her best gardens.

At Il Brolino, a seven-acre estate in Montecito near Santa Barbara, California, she married straight line to curve, house to garden, and the whole to the landscape with a chemistry that verges on magic. Created in 1922–23 for lumber heiress Mary Stewart around a fine simple Mediterranean-style villa designed by architect George Washington Smith, the garden looks north to a saddle in the Santa Ynez Mountains and south and west to the sweep of the Santa Barbara Channel.

In Italian brolo means an enclosed garden; perhaps the diminutive -ino makes sense in the context of the immense ranch from which this estate and neighboring properties were carved. But the name is too modest, even so, since the garden consists of a whole series of linked terraces, edged in walls or hedges and supported by stone ramparts, surrounding the L-shaped house on all but the street front to the east. This framing is the key to Il Brolino's beauty. The hedging, clipped by hand into sharp angles, makes green walls; stucco walls covered with creeping fig appear to be precisely carved hedges

Beyond walls covered in creeping fig, Florence Yoch's topiary of boxwood, euonymous, and eugenia lines the path to an Italianate fountain and an arched exedra. The axial vista links Il Brolino's parterre with the Santa Ynez Mountains.





that happen to carry stone urns. In contrast to this formality, other walls of local yellow sandstone are irregularly dressed so that they look as though they had simply been picked up from the nearby landscape and set down here. Their buffs and ochers bring the light browns of the summer hills beyond the ramparts into the garden. If Il Brolino were to bear a coat of arms, it would show a pair of gardener's shears and a stonemason's hammer.

From the street, monumental iron gates open onto a broad gravel court. The visitor who turns immediately left to face the house might think the garden consists of nothing more than the elegant arches and corkscrews of topiary flanking the door and the slender columns of Italian cypress that rise against the walls. A turn to the right, however, is a glorious shock. There, climbing the slope and framed between rounded

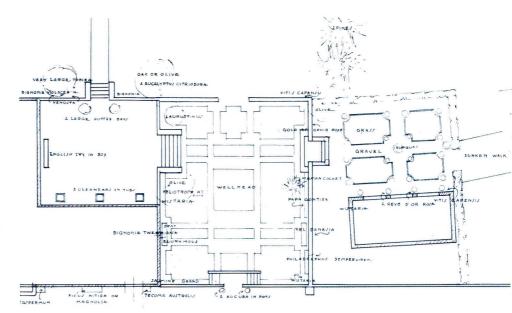
mountain peaks, is an astonishing topiary parterre, terraced behind a stone rampart.

As fantastical as its immense leafy birds and twin-domed cake stands appear, they are scaled to the hills behind, and they become part of the intricate geometry of straight line and curve. The axial path leads directly up from the front door, ending at the far northern end of the garden in a large exedra, a stone arch with big eucalyptus trees set off-center behind it. As Yoch's cousin James J. Yoch explains in *Landscaping the American Dream*, a recent study of her work published by Harry N. Abrams/ Sagapress, she redesigned the exe-

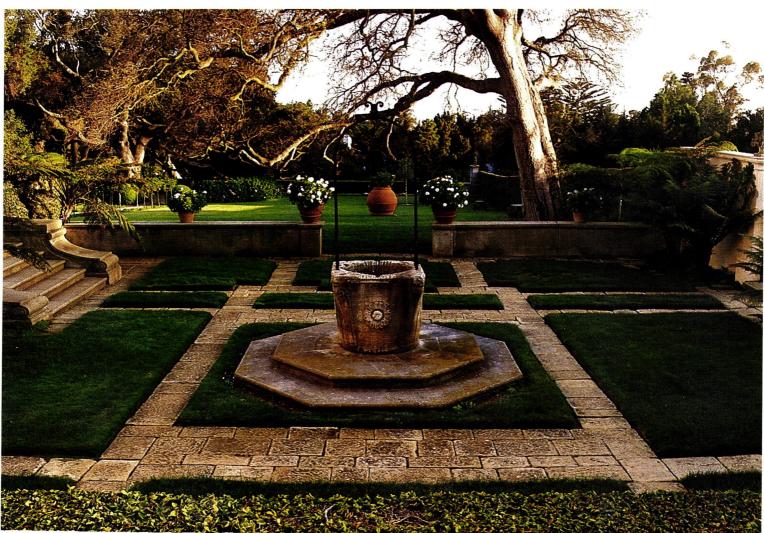
Topiary near the front door, above, mimics arches designed by the architect George Washington Smith. Center left: Florence Yoch in 1915. Left: Yoch's sketch for the stone exedra is one of a series of drawings analyzing scale within the landscape. Opposite above: A detail of her planting plan shows, from left, the gravel court, sunken garden, and cutting beds. Opposite below: A Florentine well is the focal point of the sunken garden.

dra five times, making it taller so the mountains could not dwarf it and softening its upright classical elevation with buttresslike supports.

In front of the exedra is a simple Italianate fountain surmounted by an early eighteenth century Diana (holding a rather phallic bow). The view of the garden from Diana's fountain is excelled only by that from the second-story windows of the house. Long low rectangles of boxwood border the topiary, punctuated at the ends of the path by taller mounds. Deeper inside the parterre, straight lines dissolve into labyrinthine scrolls of box and euonymus, out of which emerge taller rounded forms cut from a eugenia that puts out lovely dull red new growth in early spring. From Diana's vantage point or from the house, the geometry plays wonderful foreshortening tricks, distorting the onlooker's sense of actual dimensions and perspective. It is easy to see in this garden of the early 1920s how Yoch would later become an important designer of



It is easy to see in this garden how Yoch would later become a film set designer: she understood how to manipulate perception







If Il Brolino were to bear a coat of arms, it would show a pair of gardener's shears and a stonemason's hammer

landscape sets for films like *Gone with the Wind:* she understood how to manipulate perception. But more important at Il Brolino, the mixed patterning of the parterre makes a singularly graceful transition between the rectangular architectural mass and the hilly landscape.

To east and west, hidden behind hedges, are two smaller parterres. The eastern one is a four-square pattern of box with low Ligustrum texanum inside, each square outlining the shape of a different suit in a deck of cards. (Older photos of the garden do not show this parterre, and as none of the windows of the original house overlook it, it may not have been planned by Yoch.) The western parterre is a transition to the informal agapanthus- and clivia-planted oak woodland beyond, its neat squares enclosing pear trees and espaliered roses.

The ell of George Washington Smith's villa looks south and west, embracing a patio that complements the fairly narrow living and dining rooms within. Yoch designed the surrounding garden rooms for surprise, for intimacy, and for ease. Here the axes are all skewed. From the gravel court at the western end of the house a little iron gate leads down into a sunken (Continued on page 182)

Japanese boxwood traces playing card suits, *opposite*. Although this parterre may not have been part of Yoch's original plan, the juxtaposition of clipped foliage and rugged local sandstone walls is true to her design. *Above left:* Canterbury bells and roses bloom near an orange tree and trumpet vine outside the main parterre. *Left:* Rose standards and an ancient oak flank the axis through a balustraded terrace above the nearly hidden lily pond.







A Fine Italian Eye

IN A NEW YORK LOFT, ART DEALER GIAN ENZO SPERONE INSTALLS A GALLERY FOR EVERYDAY LIFE. BY MARTIN FILLER

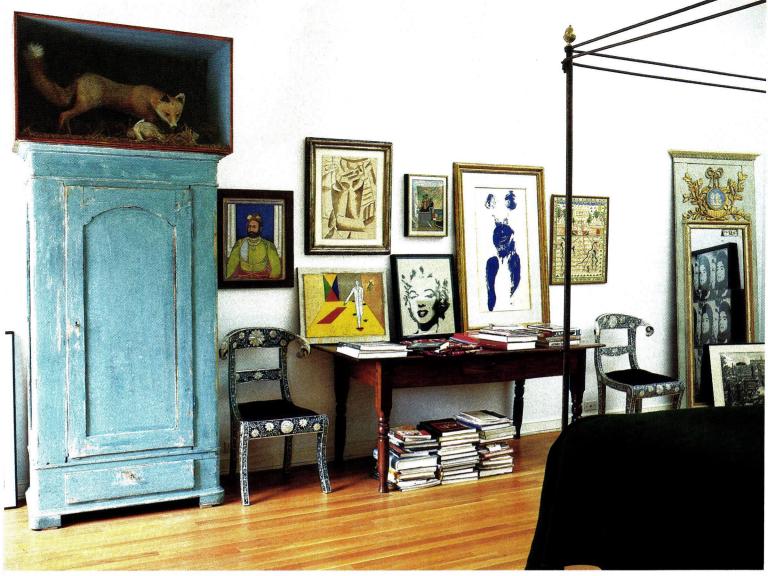
Photographs by Oberto Gili Produced by Jacqueline Gonnet

RACED TO ITS GREEK ROOTS, the word "cosmopolitan" can be taken to mean a person who lives in a universal city. On the evidence of his remarkable New York pied-à-terre, the Rome-based contemporary art dealer Gian Enzo Sperone might be deemed to be a leading citizen of that global community, composed in large part of members of the international art world. Precisely where this sophisticated domicile might be is not readily apparent at first glance, except perhaps for a few of the telltale details that give it away as a downtown New York loft. But this is not one of those itcould-be-anywhere interiors typical of the uptown condominium towers favored by the foreign flight-capital crowd. That the inhabitant is a man of exceptional cultivation and independence is as definite as the cultural identity of his home is vague.

Owner of Italy's most influential contemporary art gallery, Sperone was an early European champion of American art of the sixties, discoverer of the Arte Povera school, and maker of the reputations of such eighties stars as Francesco Clemente and Mimmo Paladino. Since 1975 he has been a partner, with Angela Westwater, in the SoHo gallery Sperone Westwater representing such major figures as the painter Susan Rothenberg and the sculptor Richard Long, in addition to such emerging talents as the young duo of David McDermott and Peter McGough.

From fall to spring, during the art season, Sperone comes to New York seven or eight times, staying about a week each month. Tired of hotels, he decided to take a loft in a late nineteenth century building, and the result is an intriguing mixture of palazzo and caravansary. "My first idea," explains Sperone, "was to create a silent Franciscan setting. But in the end I was won over by my nature, which is that of a fetishist traveler. And now, as you can see, the loft is more like a bazaar. The truth is that I love the style of living of the nomadic tribes of central Asia just as much as the lazy and routine life one happens





sheet of paper. That primitive impulse is echoed in the aboriginal-looking columns that mark the transition into the loft's largest area. But as it turns out, they are actually two of the structure's existing wooden supports stripped down by the architect to their basic material. As Wanzenberg notes, "Columns can be a problem in what they imply, so we took a bit of the edge off that."

The huge sweep of open space is divided between a sitting area at the street end and a larger gallery area at the center of the typically long and narrow floor-through. One of Long's hallmark floor pieces—concentric rings of granite paving blocks, entitled *SoHo Circles*—gives it the aura of a citified Stonehenge.

At the rear are two bedrooms. Sperone's eighteenth-century Italian iron tester bed faces a very personal and ever-changing gallery of small works, which he customarily

adds to and subtracts from during his sojourns. They range from delicately detailed Indian miniatures to the suggestive figural smears of one of Yves Klein's famous *Anthropométries* series of 1961 (immortalized in the film *Mondo Cane*, Klein had naked models slather themselves with blue gouache and roll around on paper).

The guest bedroom breaks all the middle-class rules for a comforting home away from home. Yet those who stay in it will find much to nourish their creative imaginations, if not to soothe their sense of displacement. Odd juxtapositions of form, line, texture, and material are the only constant. The bed and its adjacent table are covered in intricately embroidered fabrics from Uzbekistan, while over the bed hangs a Tibetan Buddhist tanka. On a roughhewn country table is a surreal painting of common garden mollusks, a row of silver-encrusted women's headdresses from Afghanistan, and a garish enameled Satsuma vase. A chrome and leather moderne lounge chair adds an urban counterpoint to the pungent oriental exoticism.

The works in Sperone's collection, including arresting paintings by Clemente, Paladino, and Gianni Dessì, can more than hold their own against the considerable visual competition. The striking interrelationships between art and objects are never facile, as many collectors can be in setting up too-perfect analogies of pictures and furniture. Interestingly for an art dealer, Gian Enzo Sperone does not establish a hierarchy of fine art over decorative art. Perhaps his quite literal belief in the spiritual power of inanimate objects gives his American home such a potent quality. As he says, "Great poets and great craftsmen all make the history of art. The fact is, it's almost certain that, like dogs, objects too have a soul."



that one happens to lead in a Western house"

Sperone's eye for the exotic makes for an unconventional guest room. A demonic untitled 1989 Clemente hangs above Mimmo Paladino's 1990 Souvenirs next to the 18th-century Italian bed. Beneath Alexis Rockman's Snails and Slugs, 1990, an array of Afghan women's silver headdresses.





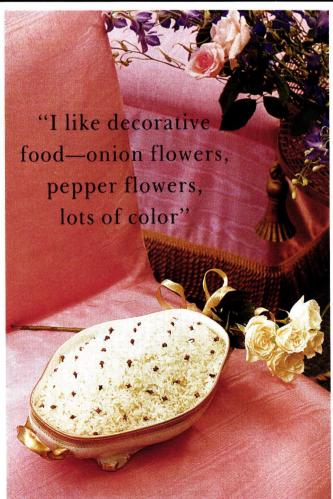




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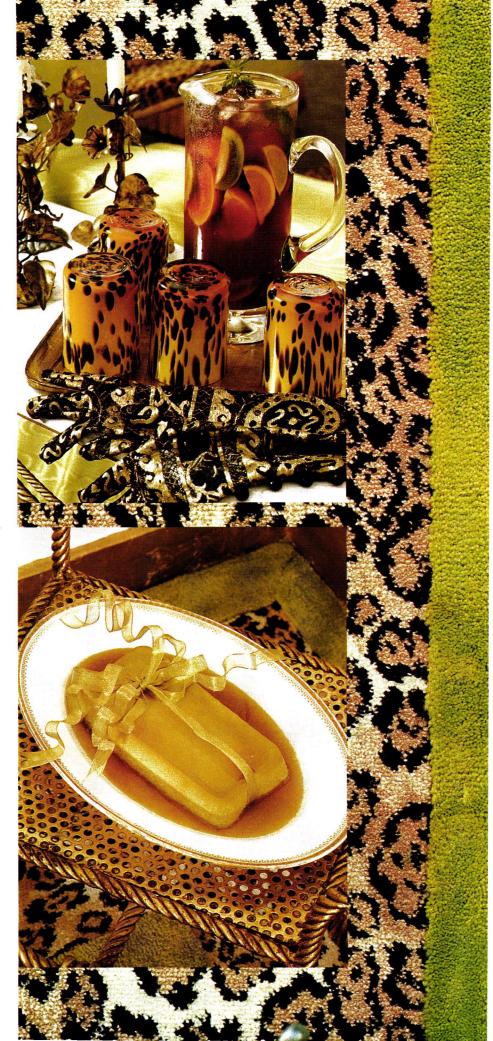
ALAYSIAN-BORN fashion designer Zang Toi says food is like fashion: "When you're making clothes, it's just a piece of cloth until you add the decoration and the look—then it's fashion. The same with food. Once you start decorating it, you make it appetizing. Food should be beautiful."

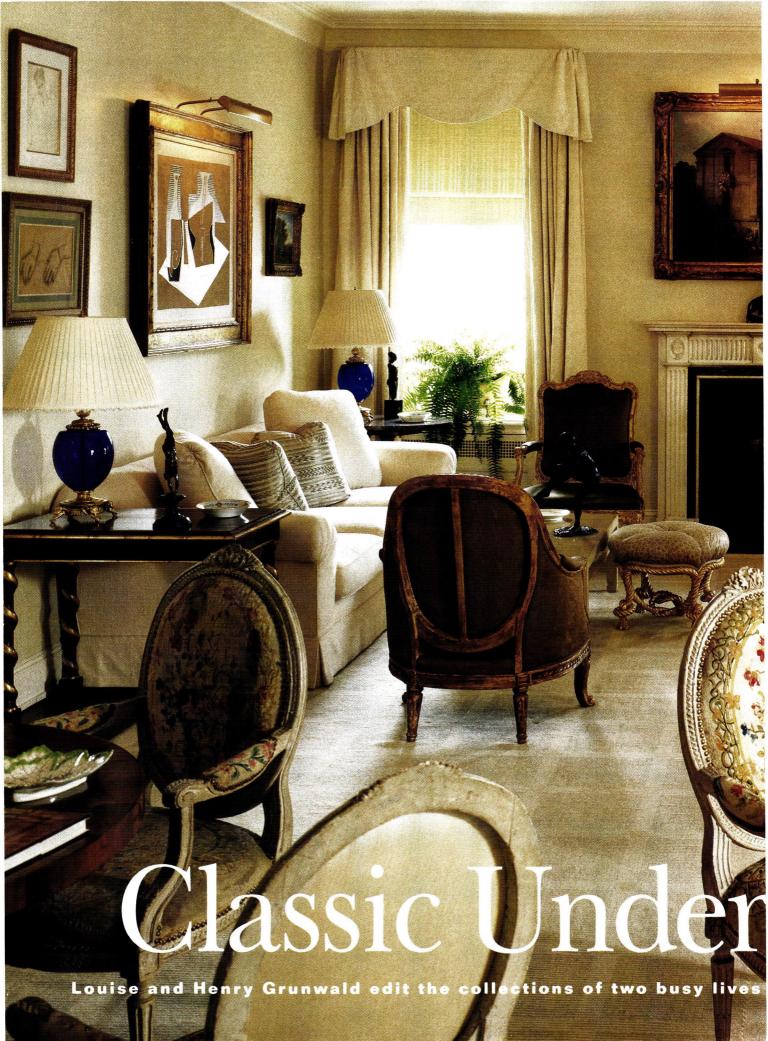
The Malaysian Chinese specialties that Toi whips up in the airy kitchen behind his showroom and workshop are wonderful to look at: a plate of tiny spring rolls atop an Italian wire stand full of roses and delphiniums, curried chicken with golden quail eggs and onion flowers on a goldbordered Limoges platter, coconut crème caramel wrapped in gold ribbon. They are also so wonderful to taste that invitations to lunch in Toi's showroom are almost as hot a commodity among fashion editors and buyers as a table at La Grenouille.

"Eating beautiful food has always been part of my life," Zang Toi confides. The youngest of seven children, he grew up on the east coast of Malaysia where his father owned a grocery store. "My family loves to eat," he says. "We all cook. One brother, Luon, is a professional chef, and when I was little, I used to watch him. I was the taster. I guess it rubbed off." Zang's recipes are full of references to his family: Mom's Magical Shrimp, Sister Mey's Golden Mixed Malaysian Vegetables, Dad's Fabulous Curried Chicken. (They are also full of thirteens—"my lucky number," he says, laughing.)

Toi left Malaysia at eighteen to finish high school in Canada. Then it was on to (Continued on page 178)

On a table draped with velvet, opposite above, Toi serves up a Malaysian Chinese feast of curried chicken; rice garnished with whole cloves, opposite below left; Zang's iced tea served in faux tortoise glasses from Henri Bendel, above right; and gift-wrapped coconut flan, right. Opposite below right: Model Anne Marie Regal relaxes in an orange and red moiré pantsuit from the 1991 fall collection. Far right: Toi added leopard print and chartreuse borders to an industrial carpet.





In the living room
Louise Grunwald and
decorators Albert
Hadley and Gary Hager
of Parish-Hadley
grouped 18th-century
French atmichairs with
modern pieces. A
Picasso bangs behind
the sofa and a Degas
bronze rests on the low
table. Above the mantel
is an Hubert Robert.
Details see Resources.

statement

By Resamond Sernier Photographs by Michael Mundy Produced by Senga Mortimer

Louise Grunwald does not set herself up as a collector, but she surprised Viennese curators with the assurance of her eye

RS. HENRY ANatole Grunwald is that rarity among New Yorkerssomeone who lives half a block away from the house in which she was raised and from which she was first married. She doesn't want to move up, down, or sideways from New York, NY 10021. She just wants to stay there forever with her husband of four years. Formerly editor in chief of Time Inc., Henry Grunwald retired in 1987 and was forthwith appointed United States ambassador to Austria, serving in Vienna, the city in which he was born and which he had left as a refugee after the Anschluss in 1938.

Louise Grunwald has had her

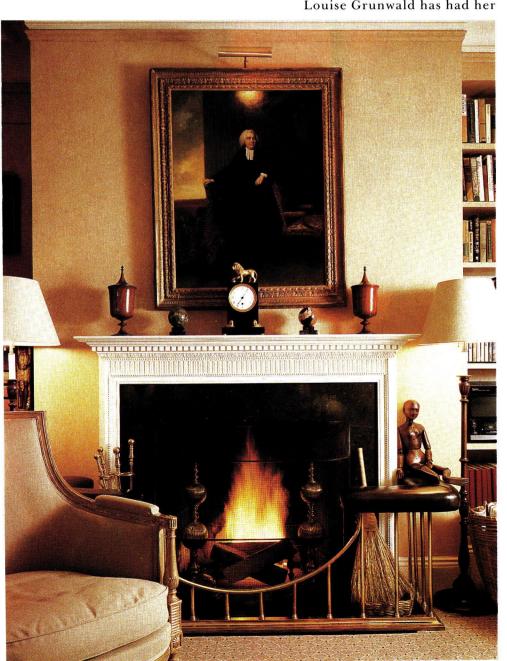
present apartment on the Upper East Side since not long before she and Henry Grunwald were married. "This was Gianni Agnelli's apartment, with all his things in it," she explains. "He had a big Manet here and a Turner of Venice over the sofa, the front hall was all Picassos—pictures from every period—and there were five Matisses. The decorating had been done by Françoise de la Renta in two weeks. It was all draped, and it was very attractive-Indian cottons and things like that." Other people might have been intimidated by the thought of the great paintings and seduced (as many a visitor had been) by the draped cottons. But although Louise Grunwald does not set herself up as a collector, she is perfectly secure in her tastes. When in Vienna, she surprised the staff of the Kunsthistorisches Museum by the amount that she knew and the assurance of her eye."Imagine," one of them said,

Louise Grunwald has been a lifelong looker—here, there, and everywhere—and a lifelong nester, too, who loves to have things around her that she has found. She is also a quick visual study who thrives on a little homework. "I can't imagine going to Mozambique without knowing something about it before I got there," she will say, already alight at the very name of that remote island.

"an ambassadress who never yawns."

Her tastes were not inherited. "I was brought up in a house on a grand scale built by Delano & Aldrich, the architects of so many big houses on Park Avenue. My mother didn't care much about pictures or furniture, and my grandmother left the most hideous junk. But my mother did care about clothes and about bibelots. It was through her that I learned about flea markets, especially in Paris but also in India and Bangkok-all

A Zoffany portrait of a judge, left, presides over the library. Carpet from Saxony. Opposite above: Old-master drawings are displayed in the morning room near Regency chairs and a Parish-Hadley designed banquette in Cowtan & Tout damask. Opposite below: A 17thcentury Flemish satyr stands alongside fragments of Greek and Egyptian figures.



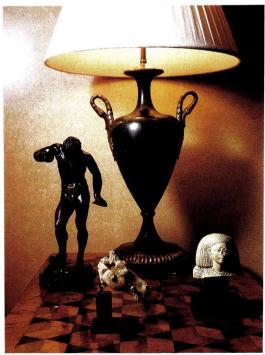


over the place. One of the great things about being married to Henry is that he enjoys antiquing as much as I do. Most men hate it, but he can spend five hours going from shop to shop on a Saturday. When Henry built a house on Martha's Vineyard, we decorated it together. We found everything on our travels, and nothing cost anything.

"I was still single when I set out to do this apartment. It was a moment when everyone was becoming very English, very chichi, very faux everything. I said to my decorators Albert Hadley and Gary Hager of Parish-Hadley, 'I can't look at those apartments anymore. They're so overdone.' I don't want fakery. I want natural walls. I don't want tassels and tiebacks. I want the rooms to be a background for pictures and ob-

jects and furniture that I like. I don't want anyone to walk in and say, 'Those are the most extraordinary curtains I have ever seen.' By now a lot of people have discovered that beige is a nice color, but I think we did interesting things with it then.

"This was just a pied-à-terre for the Agnellis. They spent at tops a month a year here, so there weren't many bookcases in the apartment. I had to add and add and add. Then Henry came into my life and I really had to add. Combining his books and mine was like combining two armies. And we both like to look at pictures, too. It was fun, though, because I came here from a much bigger apartment. With the lower ceilings, some things edited themselves—some of the furniture was just too big. There was a green églomisé mir-

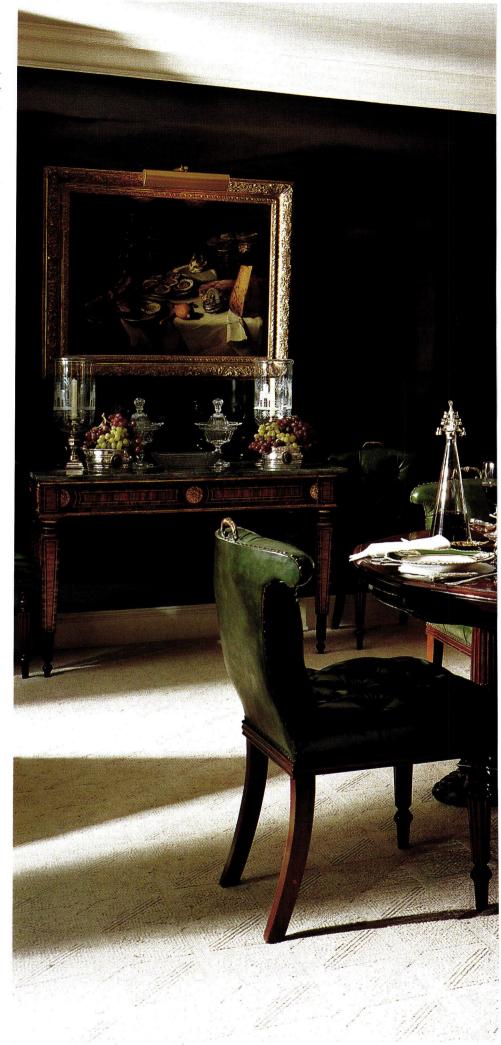


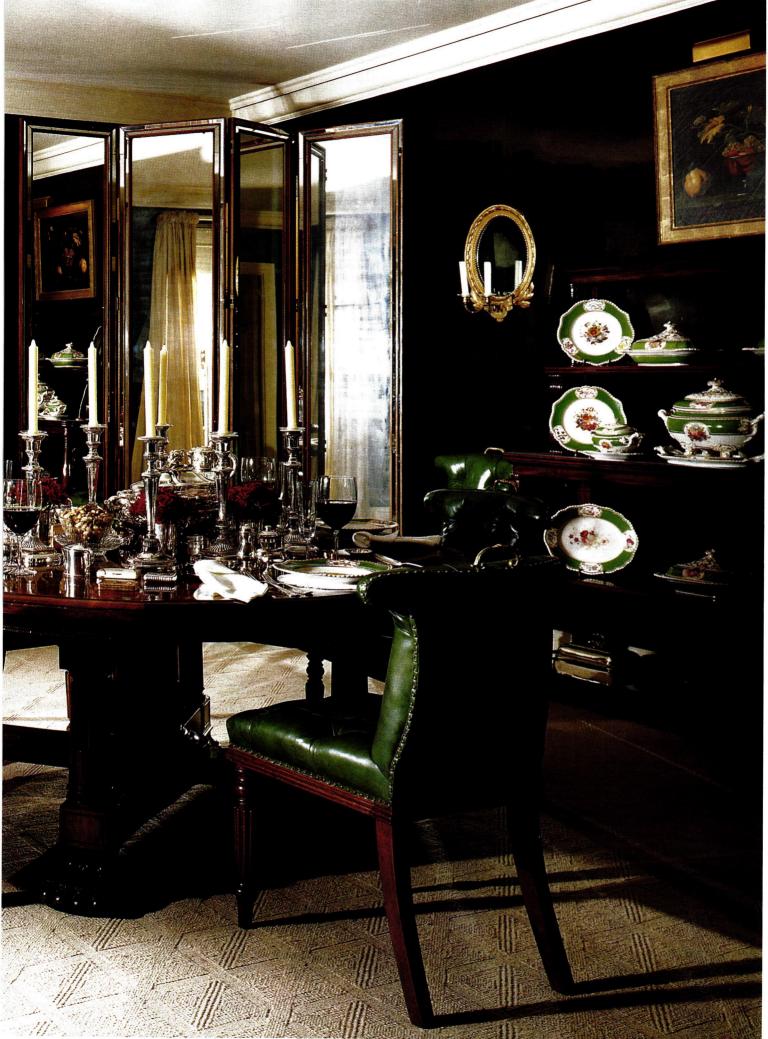
ror that I loved. When I asked Albert, 'Can't we use it somewhere?' he said, 'Louise, you can use it if you don't mind it sitting on the floor.'

"I never put things into storage. I sell them. It's not simply the economics of it. I just don't believe that things do well in storage. Gilt crumbles, for instance, so why have to worry about it? You should be able to put your feet up on the furniture. In my old apartment, I had a Bessarabian rug in a room I hardly ever used, and every summer it had to be restored. Who needs that? I wouldn't own fine French furniture that needed a special humidifying system and an expert to come and pamper it every month. We have every kind of thing in this apartment—every period, every place, every quality. That's a good tray, that's an eighteenth-century English chair, but this telephone table I found at a tag sale. There's no common denominator."

I don't quite believe that. There is the common denominator of private and shared affection. There is also the common denominator of a taste that is none the less sturdy for being without pretension. "The mixture of things fits in with our life. We have a lot of different kinds of friends. We don't travel in a pack or in one kind of group. We have a load of young journalists who come here. I want always to have young people in my life, and I don't want them to come to our apartment and think, 'Can I walk on this? Which fork do I use?' I want to be really comfy, really relaxed. That's why I like to have things that belonged to friends-torchères that were at Ditchley when Ronnie and Marietta Tree were there, some things bought from Kitty Miller's

Green leather-covered chairs that once belonged to Nancy Lancaster surround an early 19th century English mahogany dining table set with Chamberlain Worcester porcelain. Light reflects off lacquered walls and a mirrored screen designed by Syrie Maugham. Famine, one of a pair of paintings by Alexandre-François Desportes, hangs above an 18th-century Italian inlaid console (Feast accompanies a matching console against the opposite wall). Carpet from Rosecore.







sale, and a tea set that came from a tag sale at the house in Washington in which a friend of mine had died. Even the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* came from the house of a friend."

In this apartment the past is not dwelt on, but it is cherished. Even a cruel past can have a happy ending, and that is the case here. Given her lifelong allegiance to a neighborhood from which no one is ever likely to evict her, Louise Grunwald is particularly sensitive to the implications of her husband's appointment to Vienna. As she said to a visitor not long ago, "It was an amazing experience for Henry to have been born in Vienna, to be kicked out of Vienna by the Nazis, and to go back there as ambassador. Someone else might have gloated a bit. But I really don't think he did. He is very humble. If he ever had a certain feeling of triumph

there, I think it was when they named a park after his father, Alfred Grünwald, who wrote the words for more successful operettas than anyone can count. He was the Oscar Hammerstein of Vienna, and those operettas are still being played."

It is not in the apartment but in his Manhattan office that Henry Grunwald has the playbills for his father's operettas which his wife found for him in Vienna. But when I walk into that apartment, something of the feather-light hit songs from Countess Maritza seems to hang in the air.

David Roberts's 1848 prints of Egypt adorn the master bedroom, above. Beyond the 19th-century Russian desk are an Adam shield-back armchair in Brunschwig velvet, a Parish-Hadley chaise longue, and a japanned cabinet. Opposite: In front of a Georgian mirror, bisque vases and a blanc de chine cachepot flank a Fulco di Verdura painting.

"I don't want tassels and tiebacks. I want the rooms to be a background for pictures and objects and furniture I like"







Despot of Decoration

Twentieth-century absolutist

Carlos de Beistegui endowed his
surroundings with princely opulence

By John Richardson

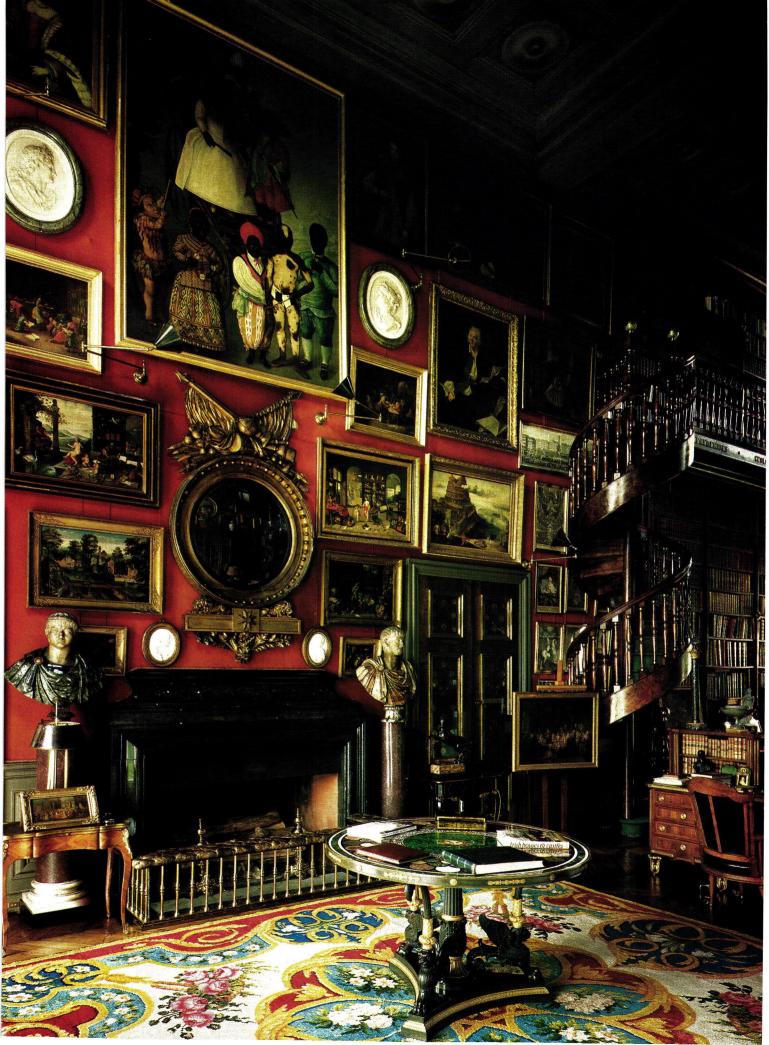


WENTY-ONE YEARS AFTER HIS death, the Mexican Maecenas Carlos de Beistegui continues to influence high-style decorating. He brought back to fashion the sumptuous overscaled look, eclectic but classical in feeling, that characterized great houses of the early nineteenth century from the hills of Wicklow to the shores of the Crimea. It is a look that Mario Praz's An Illustrated History of Interior Decoration also helped reinvent, one that implies noble birth, vast wealth, ancestral holdings, fastidious taste, a wide culture. Then, as now, a magnificently appointed house magnificently run was a shortcut to social acceptance.

The Beistegui family was not so much distinguished as upwardly mobile and exceedingly rich. The father had done well enough out of silver mines to be appointed Mexican ambassador to Madrid, where his wife became friendly with Alfonso XIII. The king decreed that young Carlos (born in 1895) should have Spanish nationality. Another friend of his mother's, Edward VII, decreed that Charlie, as the boy was known, should go to Eton and Cambridge. Beistegui ended up a grandee by osmosis. Had he been an authentic aristocrat, he is unlikely to have devoted his life to decorating. That would have been our loss. Charlie de Beistegui had remarkably little charm, but he was a decorator of genius and he was fortunate in having a client of genius: himself.

Besides decorating, Beistegui had two other passions—the nobility and women—passions that he combined in a series of liaisons with ladies of title: duchesses for preference, vicomtesses at a pinch. People said he never got married because romance was unthinkable with a mere *Madame* de

Carlos de Beistegui, above left, costumed for his Venetian masked ball, in a 1951 Cecil Beaton photograph. Left: A mantelpiece embellished the surreal Paris penthouse Le Corbusier designed for Beistegui in 1930. Opposite: During World War II, the patron-decorator amassed art and objects from many periods in the 19th century—style library he created at his Château de Groussay.





Beistegui. He got around this problem by siring the scion of at least one ducal family. An English friend of mine described the perils of staying in his château. The old lecher had put her in a bedroom without a lock. To keep him out, she had to block the door with a baroque armoire.

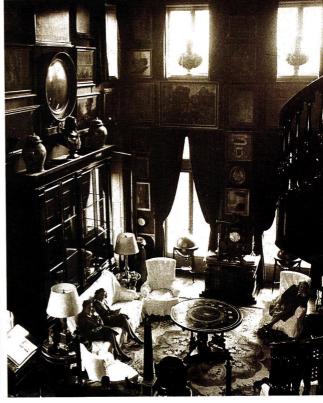
"Galanteries" notwithstanding, life chez Beistegui was stiflingly formal. It would have mattered less if there had been more substance and less show to the host's largesse. Liveried footmen would murmur the name of some rare vintage and pour a few token drops into an armorial wineglass. And just as the food was eclipsed by the place settings, the company tended to be eclipsed by the decor: silver chargers arranged in tiers like profiteroles, avenues of baroque busts, acres of simulated surfaces, and miles of specially woven silks and brocades.

The decorators who have carried on the Beistegui tradition (above all, Renzo Mongiardino and the late Geoffrey Bennison) have never lacked for discriminating clients. New money as well as old still aspires to a style that can endow opulence with a patina of taste and breeding, a style that plays things right up but, on occasion, right down. Beistegui

Groussay, above right. Right: The château's pagoda is one of a series of postwar garden follies. Far right: The library in the 1940s. Below left: The painted-metal Tartar Tent. Below right: The pyramid. Opposite: In one of the two wings added in the 1950s by Emilio Terry, the Louis XIII salon combines Italianate architecture with delft tile borders and a Dutch porcelain birdcage.

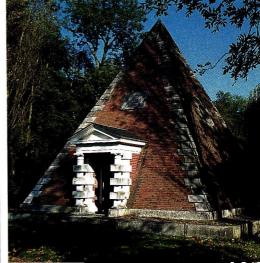


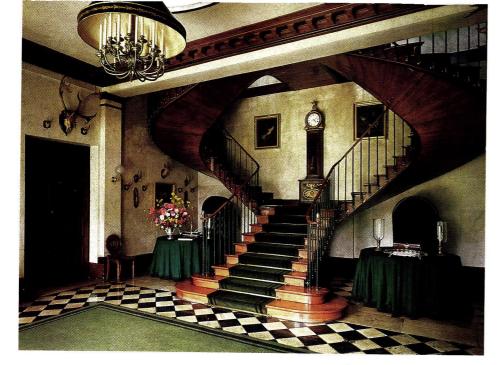




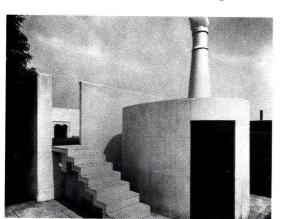
A decorator of genius, Beistegui was fortunate in having a client of genius: himself



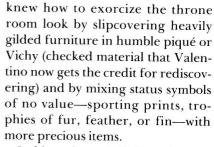




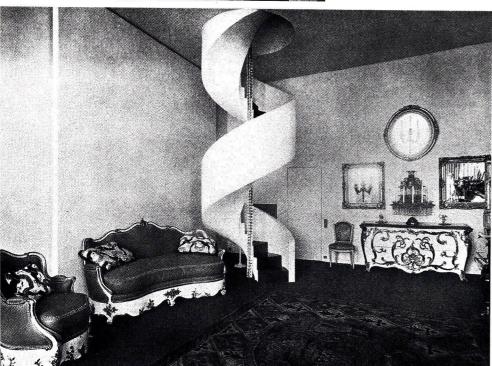
Beistegui turned against the modern movement: minimalism was bourgeois

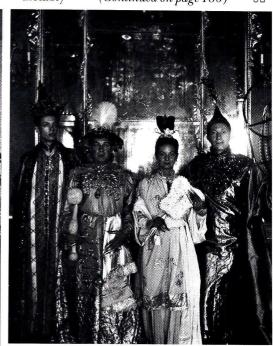


Guests in towering costumes by Dior and Dali, opposite, assemble at Beistegui's ball in the Palazzo Labia. The watercolor was painted by Alexandre Serebriakoff. Below right: Chilean guano magnate Arturo López with his wife, Patricia, at center, arrayed for the ball in Chinese dress by decorator Georges Geffroy, at right. Above: Trophies of the hunt are displayed in the faux bois and faux marbre lined entrance hall at Groussay. Left: Movable hedges and walls adjoin rooftop stairs at the Paris penthouse. Below: To Le Corbusier's chagrin, Beistegui installed Second Empire gilt furniture inside the modernist penthouse.

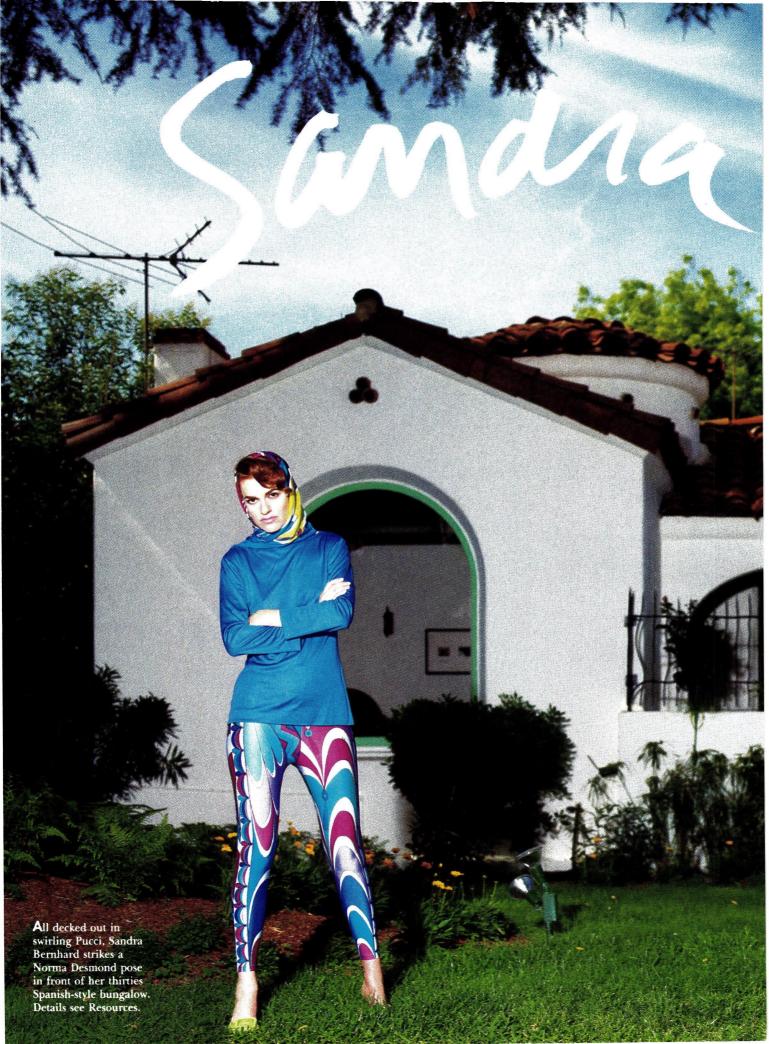


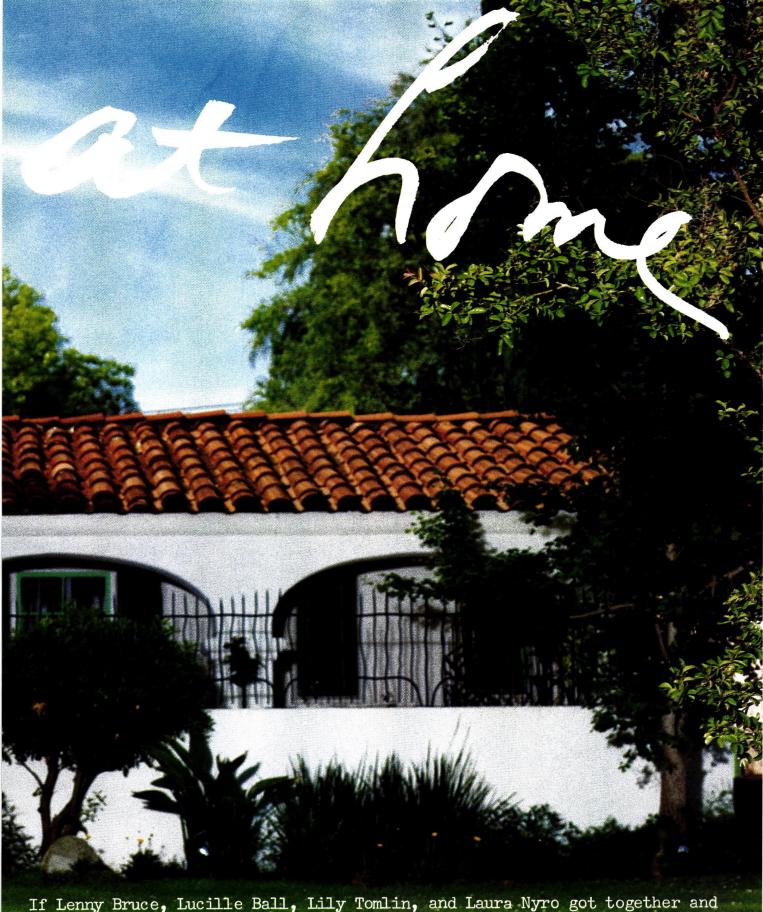
In his early years Beistegui entertained literary and artistic ambitions. In 1914 he published a book of poems illustrated with his own modish drawings. By the end of the twenties he had succumbed to modernism, and astonished le tout Paris by commissioning a surreal penthouse on the Champs Élysées from Le Corbusier. Everything in this playhouse was electric. You pushed a button and walls, windows, and mirrors slid aside. The roof garden was the ultimate folly: a walled room, open to the sky, furnished with a Louis XV fireplace and commode and a carpet of real grass. At the touch of a switch, walls of clipped box parted to reveal the top of the Arc de Triomphe. By the time the penthouse was built, Beistegui had turned against the modern movement: too bourgeois. When he came to decorate his aerie, he eschewed minimalism for thirties chic: Venetian chandeliers and blackamoors and tufted Second Empire upholstery. It was all a bit camp—and Le Corbusier was predictably (Continued on page 180)











If Lenny Bruce, Lucille Ball, Lily Tomlin, and Laura Nyro got together and had an incorrigible child, that incorrigible child might be actress, singer, dancer, stripper, writer, satirist, comedienne, social critic, full-service bad-girl Sandra Bernhard. HG tracks down the rapier-witted rising star of stage and screen in her North Hollywood bungalow, where she camps out

Photographs by Dewey Nicks Produced by Charles Gandee



York City where I was living with a pseudoschizo-phrenic in a studio apartment, which wasn't working out all that well. Anyway, I resisted buying a house for a long time be-

cause I'm always afraid I won't have enough money. But my friend Tanya, who sells real estate in the Valley, brought me here and I just fell in love with the house because it's the antithesis of all my personas. It's simple, it's calm, it has no bad vibes. It's a place where I can be completely myself. But I can also play

No stranger to Playtex gloves, Sandra, left, prides herself on keeping a tidy kitchen. Above: An entirely different woman, however, emerges in the living room, where Sandra, shimmering in Isaac Mizrahi sequins, welcomes visitors Loretta Young-style to her house. The upholstered armchairs are from Domestic Furniture Co., L.A. The sofa, from Dialogica, NYC, is entitled She's in Touch with Herself & He Surrenders.

roles, play games. Which is what I do very very well, if I do say so myself. Here I am in front of my little house stepping out into the world. The limousine is late. I've lost my sunglasses. But I've got attitude. Lots of attitude. And here I am in Mizrahi sequins with big hair. I always want to be in Mizrahi

sequins with big hair when entertaining in my very spacious living room. The woman in the kitchen is a combination of my mother, Jeanette, and my grandmother Edith, who spent eighty percent of her life in the kitchen making brisket and every imaginable Jew-

ish dessert. Yes, I like a tidy house. My house-keeper cleans the top of my Maytag, I clean underneath my Maytag.

That girl in the backyard is some-

body who likes to kick

back and take care of the

garden in cutoff jeans and

cowboy boots. And if the

yard was big enough, she'd have a horse and she'd jump on it and go for a ride. Eventually she might

meet up with a Gary Cooper type. The

bedroom? A lot of great things have hap-

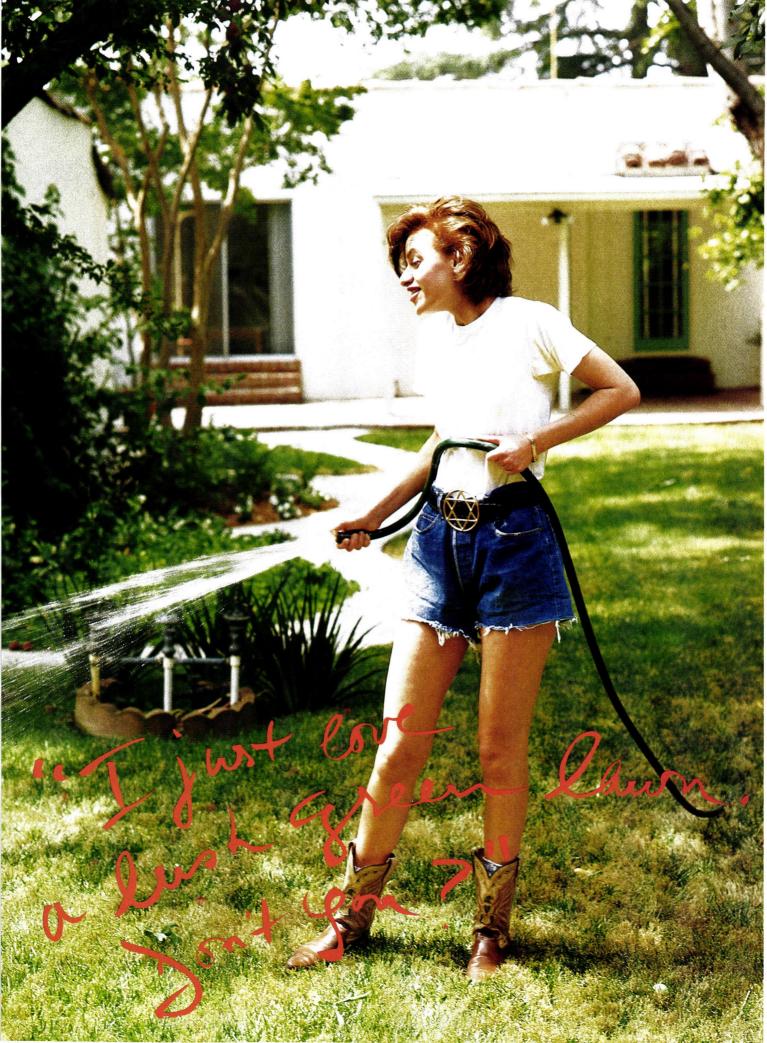
pened in that bedroom. But I/do insist

that all weapons be left at the door, and I

always keep a guard dog by the bed just in

case of violence...

In her bedroom Sandra sends seductive signals with scarlet red sheets and a black peignoir. The erotic photograph was a gift from best girlfriend Madonna; the mint-green bedside table is from Domestic Furniture Co. Opposite: Isaac Mizrahi's Star of David cowboy belt punctuates Sandra's athome ensemble of choice, cutoffs and a T-shirt.









INEVER COME HOME EMPTY-HANDED FROM A FLEA market," says Marie-Paule Pellé, as she surveys her Manhattan apartment. A tireless traveler who has rummaged through flea markets and antiques shops on four continents, she has created in this turn-of-the-century building on the Upper West Side a magical milieu with a decidedly European sensibility, a place that exemplifies her talent for taking disparate objects and forming them into harmonious and powerful collages.

Pellé is a legendary figure in publishing and design circles, a master stylist whose boundless creativity and restless spirit have enlivened numerous enterprises, ranging from *Vogue Décoration*, HG, and *Condé Nast Traveler* to the new Henri Bendel store on Fifth Avenue. "I have no rules," she says. "I go where my duty—which is my pleasure—calls me."

This energetic and engaging Parisian is dressed this morning in a black Nehru jacket of her own design, simple white pants, and large

Flair for the Unexpected

Master stylist Marie-Paule Pellé assembles a Cartesian collage in her New York City apartment By Gabriella De Ferrari

Photographs by Gary Deane



A collage of flea market finds combines a stove, a glass ball, and a fireplace fan, above. Right: A small portrait of Napoleon's son rests against a plaster relief. Below: A sunburst on the bedroom ceiling. Opposite: Original paneling and plasterwork create an oldworld setting for 1930s gilded iron chairs from Malmaison Antiques, NYC, a chandelier of Pellé's design, and a table dressed in a Pierre Frey fabric available from Clarence House.

"This place reminds me of Europe," says Pellé of her apartment. "It seems to be inspired by an English mansion"



coral earrings. The effect is muted and discreet. Her apartment is anything but. In the wood-paneled dining room a lively tablecloth harmonizes the sophisticated discord created by emerald-hued Venetian glassware, gold-bordered Italian dinner plates, Japanese and Chinese bowls, and French silver, all under a plaster chandelier Pellé designed. On the mantel a blue ceramic Brazilian ball with painted yellow stars, a gift from the late New York decorator Rubén de Saavedra, stands between two chimneys for hurricane lamps, one of them topped with a small costume crown.

A ceramic piece by Lisa Rubenstein stands on the window ledge in front of French trellises from the 1930s which Pellé installed to improve an unappealing view. Poised in the fireplace is a metal angel wing by Paul Mathieu and Michael Ray.

In the sitting room she pours coffee into the Chinese rice bowls that serve as cups. She admits that she bought the coffee we are drinking mostly because she found the label attractive. It is easy to like Pellé.

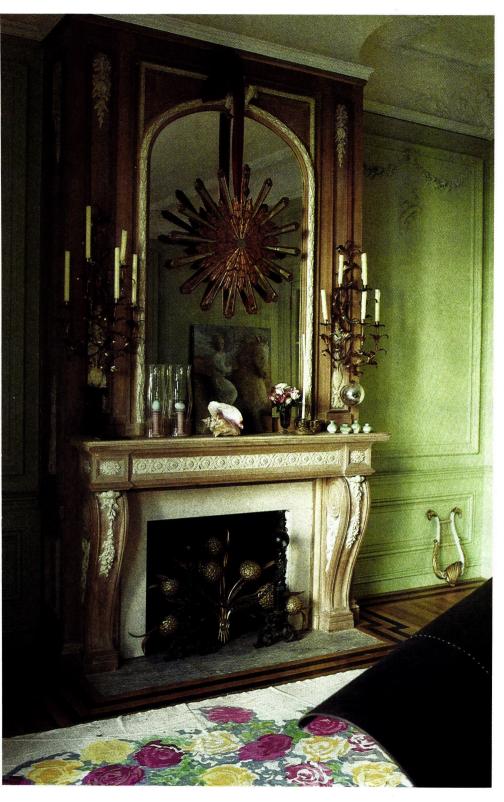
She is, above all, aesthetic. "I am not buying what everyone else is,"

she explains. "I am buying what pleases me." She rushes off to find a Christie's catalogue. "I just bought two great paintings," she confides, showing me reproductions of two twentieth-century American pictures, one a 1917 portrait of a young boy. "They wanted \$4,000 for one of them, and I got them down to \$500." These paintings speak more of Pellé's exquisite whimsicality than of an art historian's sophisticated eye. "I just fell in love with them," she says. "The eyes of the boy haunted me. They tell a whole story."

Hers is not the taste of a museum curator; it is visceral, instinctive.





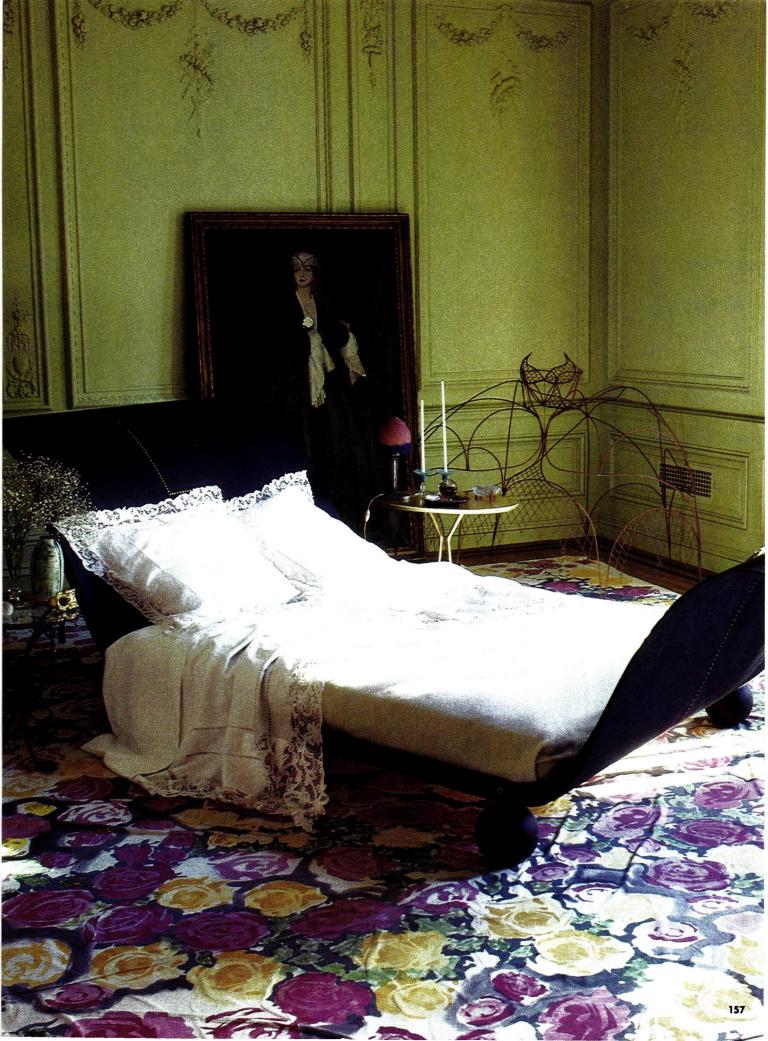


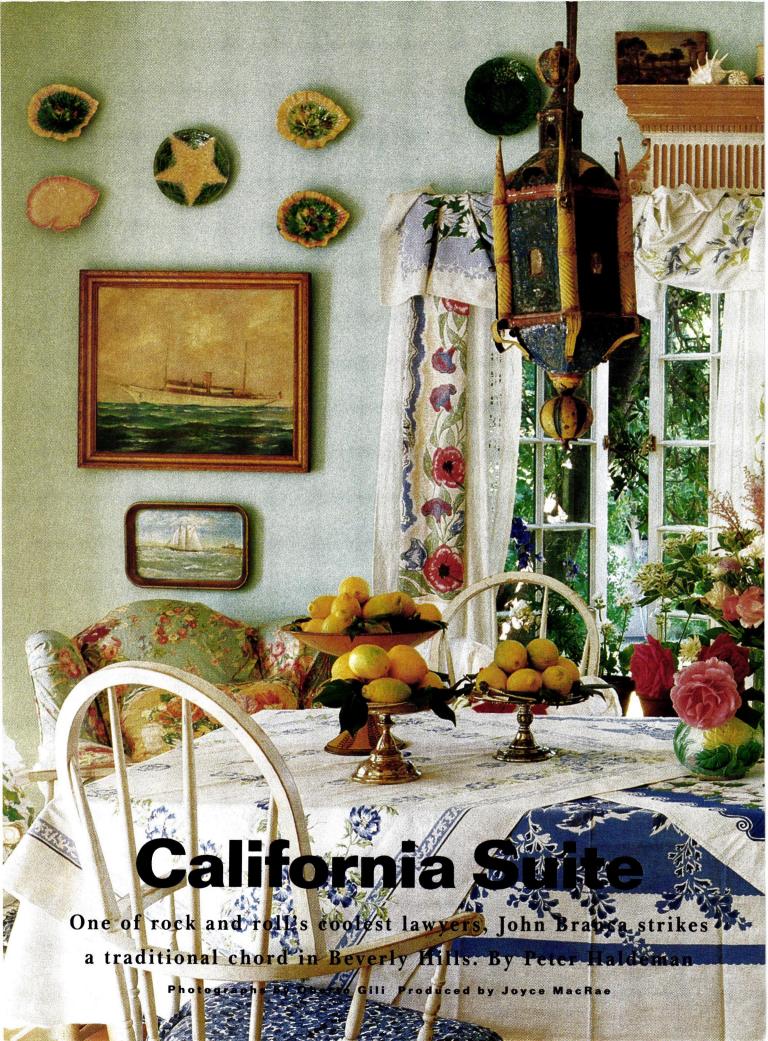
A devotee of flea markets, Pellé relies on her instincts. "I am not buying what everyone else is," she says. "I am buying what pleases me" "Once I tried to be reasonable," she recalls. "I was looking for an apartment, trying to find one the way most people do it, using all the rules of reason. It did not work. I need to be impulsive. Then it works." Pellé, who once bought a house because she liked its pink exterior, searched a long time before finding a Manhattan residence that suited her. "This one reminds me of Europe," she says. "It seems to be inspired by an English mansion."

The elegantly proportioned rooms, with original wood paneling and plasterwork, are painted in golden tints-in the bedroom, a muted green that captures the morning sun; in the sitting room, a soft beige. This palette provides a uniform light that helps integrate the diverse objects she collects. She seems to have a special fondness for the artifacts, real or imaginary, of departed royalists. Crowns are everywhere. Pairs are everywhere, too: the sitting room boasts a pair of judiciously placed white plaster medallions, one "real, found in Nice," one a copy. Over the fireplace a pair of nineteenth-century Italian wood and crystal girandoles frame an eighteenth-century French portrait, a small gilded wooden crown from a canopy bed, and a perfectly situated blue bowl from Kyoto. "I am a Cartesian," says Pellé. "I like balance, so I use pairs."

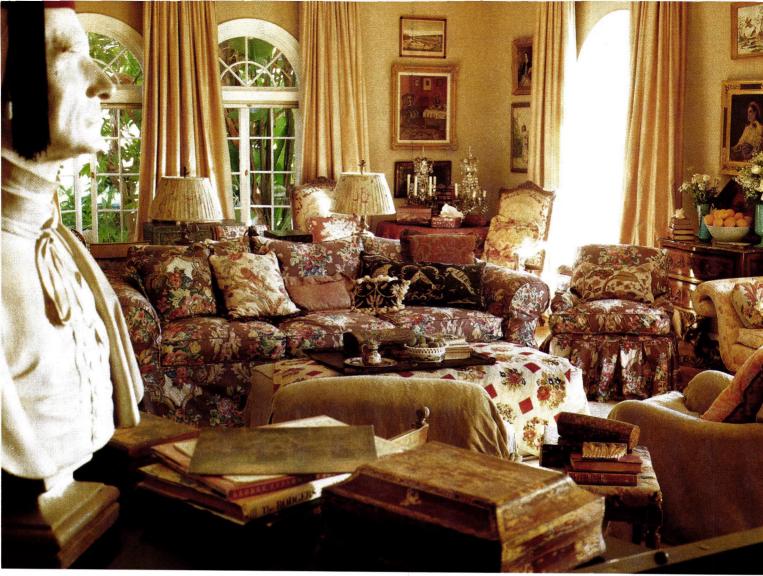
Her invented objects, collages of flea market finds, have their own order and balance. Between two glossy white pilasters in a hallway painted in a rich yellow taken from Russia's Pavlovsk palace, for example, a deep blue Bavarian glass ball meant to frighten (Continued on page 182)

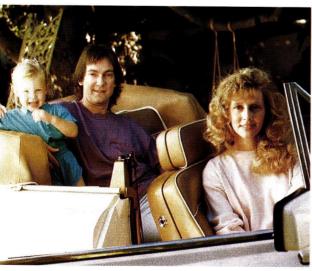
A painted floorcloth suggested by a Lacroix dress creates a flowery ground for a black steel bed made to Pellé's design, opposite. Poised in the corner is a delicate metal sculpture inspired by 18th-century court dress, which Pellé commissioned from Lucio Romero. Left: Gilded iron Italian sconces from the 1950s flank a mirror with an arched top, which echoes the garlands on the walls, and a Venetian sunburst with mirrored rays. The painting on the mantel is by Christine Rohmer.











John Branca represents bands like Aerosmith, but there's nothing rock and roll about his house FHOUSES TELL STORIES, LOS ANGELES HOUSES are Scheherazades. On a corner in Beverly Hills, a photogenic Mediterranean villa presents to the procession of videocam-sprouting Alamo rentals a vast expanse of salmon pink stucco relieved by green shutters and the noirish shadows of oversize palms and banana trees. Despite the presence of a black Jeep in its driveway and the absence of its address from any star map, the place fairly oozes faded glam: the chiaroscuro surface insinuates dimmer recesses concealing, perhaps, the detritus of better times for a movie queen whose hairstyle and wardrobe alone remain undisturbed by the years.

In fact, the house admits an abundance of sunlight, light that saturates pastel shades on the walls and settles on the evidence of a rich and hardly moribund existence—orientalist découpage screens plastered with monkeys and clowns, English horse and dog paintings, Russian and Turkish carpets in mellowed floral and geometric patterns, Indian games tables draped with rich Kashmiri paisleys and brilliant Chinese tassels, heavy Venetian grotto furniture, a bust of Liszt on a Steinway concert grand, and chests lad-

John Branca, left, with his wife, Julie, and daughter, Jessica, in a Rolls-Royce given to him by Michael Jackson. Above: In the living room sofas and chairs from Indigo Seas ring an oversize ottoman used as a coffee table, under the gaze of Franz Liszt. Opposite: An 18th-century Venetian commode holds delftware and a French tureen.





en with silver boxes, candlesticks, picture frames, seashells, and stacks of books. The imagination veers from actresses in decline to widely traveled expatriates of mysterious nationality.

But heed the Jeep. It hints at another scenario, one that can accommodate a forty-year-old music industry lawyer hunkered down in one of those grotto chairs, his shag haircut damp at the

tips from a late Saturday morning shower, blowing on his coffee and confiding, over the strains of Aerosmith that issue from a sound system no less powerful for being invisible, "My main idea was to put some furniture in it." John Branca's is a tale for our time and place, and it goes like this. He bought his first Elvis album when he was seven; learned keyboards and jammed in garages

above the Sunset Strip until, at sixteen, he was slick enough to open for the Doors at the Aquarius Theater; and instead

Chinese pottery and 18th-century chinoiserie chairs, above, lend an exotic touch to the dining room. Left: A mosaic fountain, vintage florals, and wicker give the garden room an alfresco air. Opposite: The bed is draped in linen, a pale pink accent to the chintz curtains and slipcovers. The Portuguese carpet is from Y&B Bolour, L.A.

At first, says Branca,

of overdosing or taking a Mulholland curve too fast, went on to UCLA, picked up a law degree, and within a few years was representing both Elvis's estate and the Doors. His clients came to include Michael Jackson, who, along

with his chimpanzee, Bubbles, was best man at John's wedding to Julie, a shy Stevie Nicks type he met in aerobics class. After the ceremony, performed by Little Richard, John and Julie shacked up in Beverly Hills, had a baby, Jessica, and called a decorator about fixing the place up.

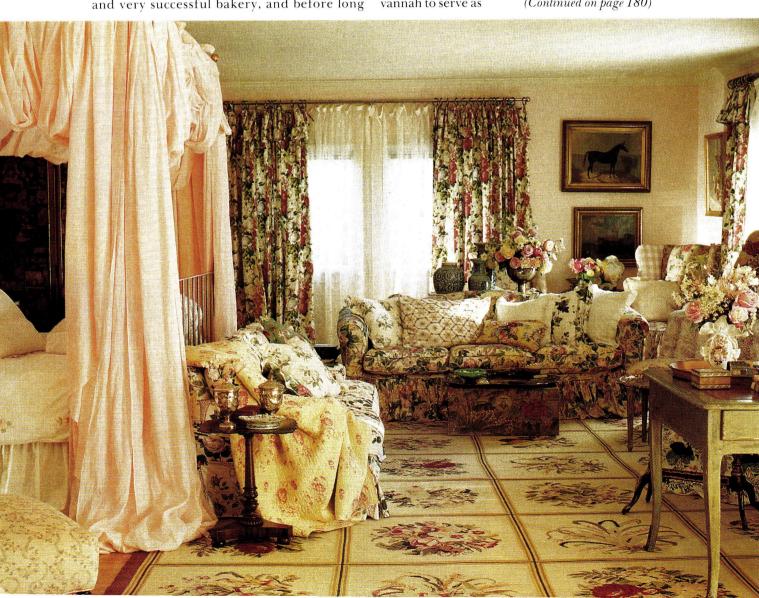
This would be Lynn von Kersting, who was raised on a ranch in Arizona, who put her feet up in "fabulous funny old family houses" in Palm Beach, Paris, and Malibu, and whose efforts on John Branca's behalf provide the occasion for sharing her own L.A. story: Lynn, who used to act, came here to do a play, but then she met Richard Irving, a friend of John's who ran a chic and very successful bakery, and before long

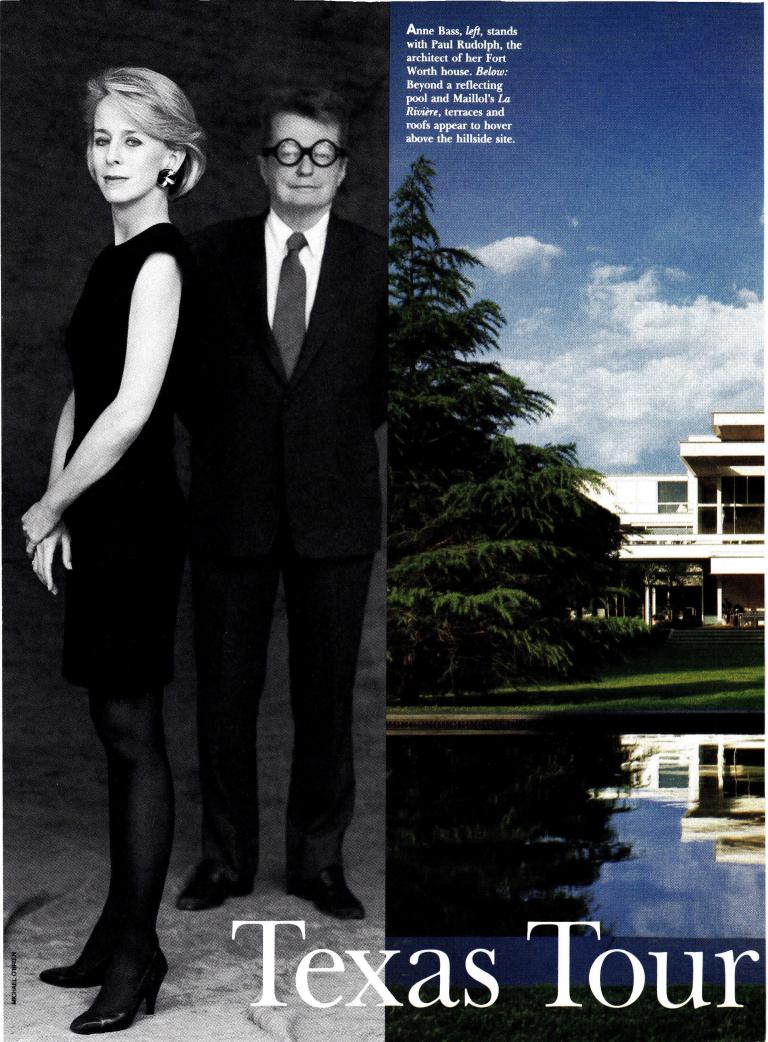
"my main idea was to put some furniture in the house," but he proved to be an avid shopper, especially for antiques

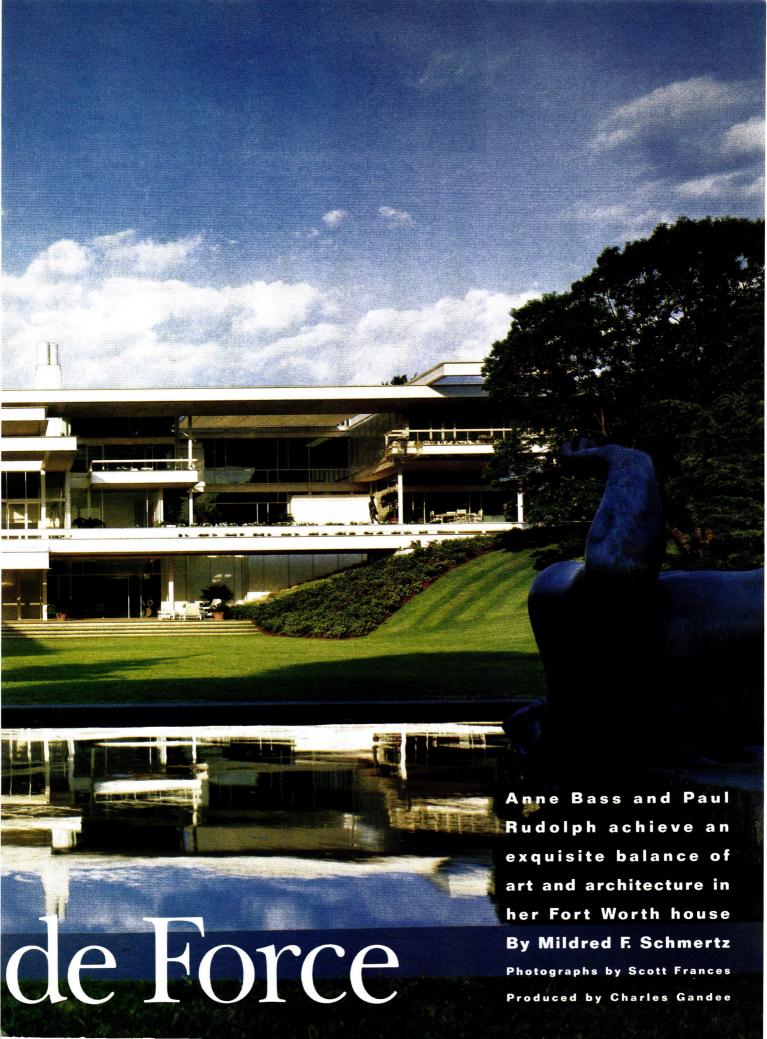
Lynn and Richard had opened the Ivy, a little restaurant with a battered picket fence and plates on the walls and chairs on the ceiling and other suggestions of a fabulous funny old house somewhere between New Mexico and

New England, a fairly unusual reference in Los Angeles at the time, and one that everybody loved, so when the Chinese health food restaurant next door lost its lease, Lynn took it over and turned the place into Indigo Seas, a showcase for all the hutches and ivory laces and seashells she had collected, and pretty soon everyone was heading over to Indigo Seas after lunch and Lynn was taking on decorating clients.

"For John we brought in these really cool 1940s tablecloths from the shop and made curtains for the kitchen," says Lynn over an Ivy lunch of blackened redfish. "Then majolica for the walls and a couple of carved mantels from Savannah to serve as (Continued on page 180)







HE ARCHITECT Paul Rudolph once proclaimed Frank Lloyd Wright's Fallingwater to

be "that rare work which is composed of such delicate balancing of forces and counterforces, transformed

into spaces thrusting horizontally, vertically and diagonally, that the whole achieves

the serenity which marks all great works of art." At the time he penned this tribute, Rudolph himself was about to design a house that could be just so described. Wright's masterpiece at Bear Run, Pennsylvania, finished in 1939, is the most famous twentieth-century house in America. In contrast, its direct descendant, Rudolph's Bass house in Fort Worth, Texas, begun in 1970, is virtually un-

known, having been off-limits to all media until now.

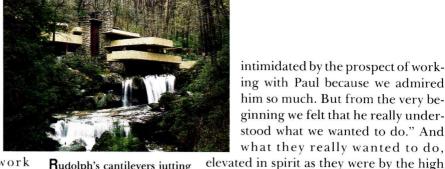
The house was commissioned by Anne Bass and her former husband, Sid Bass, only a few years after they graduated from college. In the first half of the sixties, when he was at Yale and she at Vassar, Yale was perhaps the liveliest and most influential center for the visual arts in America. Rudolph was a strong presence as chairman

of the School of Architecture and architect of Yale's new Art and Architecture building, completed during Sid Bass's years in New Haven. Many Yale undergraduates and friends from nearby colleges, whatever their majors, found Yale's art and architecture programs irresistible, attending exhibitions and auditing lectures, particularly those of the great architectural historian and critic Vincent Scully.

Anne Bass, who studied art history at Vassar, remembers that Scully's teaching gave her fresh insight into the world of contemporary architecture.

She recalls that in approaching Rudolph

as clients, the Basses "both knew that what Paul had done at Yale and elsewhere was not precisely what we wanted, but we realized that he had the vocabulary to speak to some vague idea of what we hoped to accomplish. We were very young and very



Rudolph's cantilevers jutting from a vertical core recall Frank Lloyd Wright's Fallingwater of 1939, above. Below: In its transparency and pure geometry, Mies van der Rohe's 1951 Farnsworth House is another precursor.



architectural culture that had entranced them at Yale, was to foster the creation of a masterwork that they themselves would live in and enjoy.

intimidated by the prospect of work-

ing with Paul because we admired

him so much. But from the very be-

ginning we felt that he really understood what we wanted to do." And

what they really wanted to do,

Rudolph, already in his early fifties, did find the Basses rather young to be launch-

> ing such an ambitious enterprise. He recollects, however, that vague and intimidated they were not. Even in the nascent stages of working with Rudolph, it is likely that Anne Bass soon revealed her own lean and spare aesthetic, her desire to reduce the house to its essentials, pure and clear. No other conceivable demand could have better matched Rudolph's own powerful architec-

tonic will. Thanks to Anne Bass's ardent and dedicated connoisseurship, the couple got their masterpiece. Rudolph has yet to build a greater house.

His design is all about space: boundless space; nest and cavelike space; space that stacks, projects, overhangs, recedes; space that inhabits sky, terraces, and inner court; space that focuses garden vistas, frames paintings,

> enfolds sculpture. Although Rudolph's other works of the period, such as the well-known Boston Government Service Center, embody monumental curvilinear elements in exposed corduroy-textured concrete reminiscent of Le Corbusier, the Bass house is composed of rectilinear shapes with no curves at all. There were reasons. At the beginning of the design process, reports Rudolph, Anne Bass

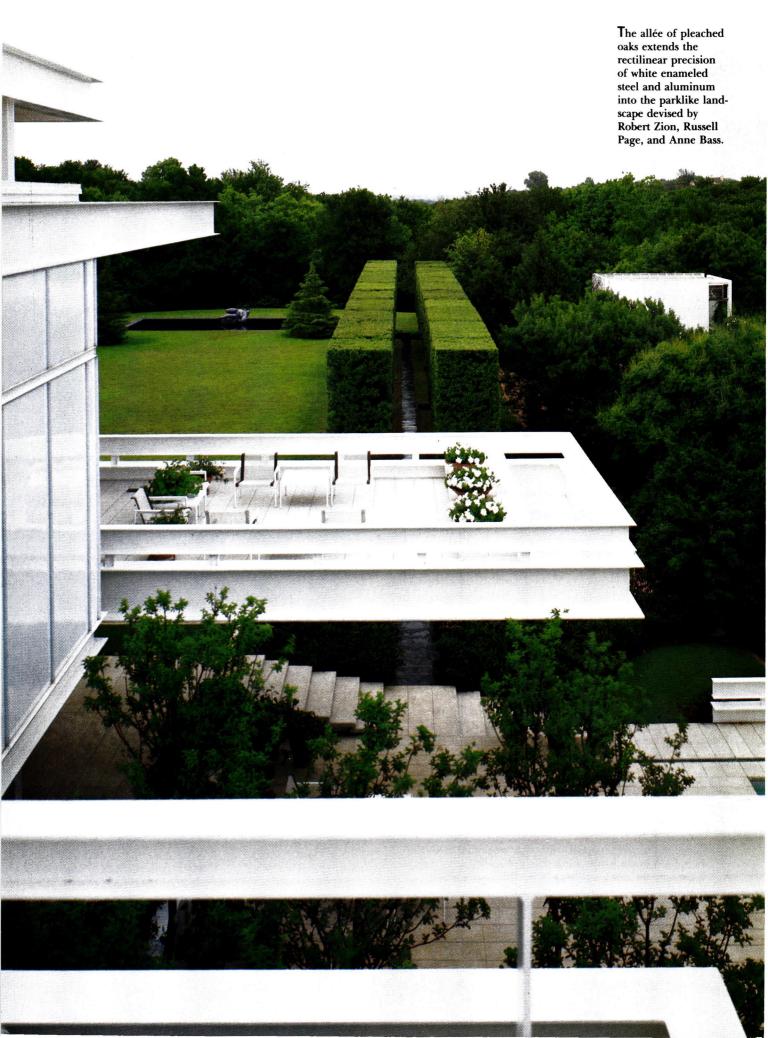
asked, "Well, do we have to have curves, or could we just have straight lines?" As it happened, Rudolph already had in mind a rectilinear house that would perch dramatically on the irregular hilly site.

> Furthermore, he believed that right-angled flat-surfaced walls would best display the contemporary painting and sculpture the Basses had begun to collect. These considerations led to a building framed in wideflanged structural steel,



An axonometric of the Bass house, above, displays its complex pinwheel plan and interlocking volumes. Below: Entry steps lead the way to a varied sequence of spaces.





enameled white, and enclosed by glass or white porcelain-enameled aluminum sheathing, its lightness and transparency recalling Mies van der Rohe's Farnsworth House in Plano, Illinois, of 1946–51.

Like Mies's classically modernist pavilion, the Bass house hovers slightly above the terrain. It is sited halfway up a slope and relatively close to the street, ensuring that as much of the land as possible can be used for lawn and garden. The plan is essentially a pinwheel organized by placing the long axis of each rectangular plane at a right angle to the one it adjoins. Three basic stories are subdivided into a series of twelve levels with fourteen different ceiling heights, plus a small penthouse. The various levels of the living and dining floors interact with those of the bedroom and study floors above. Several levels are placed at the low end of the hillside with a central court in the middle, facing the main view, and the service facilities partially dug into the slope. As the land falls away, the house floats above the ground in a series of cantilevers, which include the swimming pool and the automo-



bile courtyard. One of the more spectacular cantilevers is a forty-foot-long rectangular expanse under which one enters the house. Noting that the principal entrance is the fulcrum or point of balance between the hill and the house, Rudolph explains that the "ideal of weight and counterweight, similar to the movement of the human body, became the genesis of the house."

The multiple floor levels and ceiling heights are proportioned to the hori-

zontal dimensions of the spaces, allowing one to experience an extraordinarily varied series of environments in moving through the house. Intimate spaces open into ample ones, rooms are dark or light, inward or outward looking, intense or serene. The core of the

In one of the grander spatial contrasts that unfold as visitors ascend within the house, a low-ceilinged seating area, right, opens onto the two-story living room. Banquettes reflect Rudolph's preference for furniture integrated with its architectural surround. Silvery upholstery is keyed to the hue of gray carpet and the sheen of a Cedric Hartman lamp. Beneath a Calder mobile, a Mies table holds a Dale Chihuly glass bowl. A Rothko hangs to the left of the stairway. Above: Stairs between the entry and living room levels overlook a blue Ellsworth Kelly set in a black pool. Details see Resources.







"The ideal of weight and counterweight, similar to the movement



house is the vertical chimney mass, revealed at every level as it rises through the interior. Rudolph calls the chimney the stake or magnet around which the spaces of the living room, the upper portion of the study, the library, and stairs revolve.

He subscribes to the theory that once an architect has invented the best way to enter a building, half the design battle has been won. This is well demonstrated in the Fort Worth house. Anne Bass enjoys watching a firsttime visitor experience her architect's ingeniously complicated spatial sequences on the way from the car to the second-floor living and dining spaces. Beginning at the automobile arrival terrace, the entry route makes eight turns through a vertical height of fifteen feet to reach this principal floor. The visitor starts out by passing through a gate in a garden wall; a row of potted seasonal plantings straight ahead directs one to the left to the actual entry door. Purposely unadorned and almost secretive, the door opens onto a rather low dimly lit hall with a view to a brilliantly sunlit courtyard, the floor of which is a black reflecting pool with a single sculpture by Ellsworth Kelly, surrounded by white walls with ivy cascading from the top. Cantilevered stairs lead to a skylit planted landing, more stairs, more landings, more art, and finally to the seemingly boundless living room with its long axis directing the eye to a majestic view of the lawn and gardens beyond. For anyone not in the mood for spatial juxtapositions, however, there is a more direct route to this level via shortcuts intended for family use.

The Bass house is unquestionably one of the high points of a great architect's immense oeuvre, but how does it accommodate family life? Anne Bass recalls that from the beginning "it was a long struggle to achieve a

In the living room, above, a Morris Louis and a Frank Stella flank a garden vista. Behind a grouping of Mies Barcelona chairs, two Robert Graham dancers are silhouetted against the window. Opposite, clockwise from top left: Stairs between the second and third levels offer changing views of a Frank Stella and Matisse's Jazz series. Broad overhangs shade indoor and outdoor living areas, and grassy steps connect the lower terrace and lawn. Another Maillol figure faces the library on the far side of the inner courtyard. Bass family portraits by Andy Warhol, commissioned for this wall in the dining room, are mounted above more Mies chairs and a Rudolph-designed table surfaced in subway grating inset with pieces of mirror.



feeling of warmth. When we moved into the house, I remember going out onto the lawn with my daughters, who were then four and six. The temperature was a hundred degrees and one of the children said that there wasn't a tree to stand under. Two landscape architects later, there are plenty of trees." A dedicated and skillful gardener in her own right, Anne Bass first engaged Robert Zion, who was responsible for the overall layout of the grounds and the peripheral plantings. Russell with her in developing the domain beyond the house. Every aspect of the landscape was designed to reward contemplation from the many vantage points

offered by the architecture. The grand view focuses upon Maillol's sculpture La Rivière, centered in a black-tile reflecting pool that dominates the central axis of a broad and deep lawn. This magnificent sweep of

grass is bordered on one side by a gentle slope and on the other by an allée of thirteen-year-old pleached oaks. A path off the allée steps down to a rose garden, conservatory, pergola, and lily pond. Bordering the whole are carefully nurtured woodland and a meandering stream.

Just as the landscape was conceived to warm and enrich the house, the art collection was gradually selected to enhance this particular setting. "I have rather definite opinions about art," declares Anne Bass, "and I do like color-field, minimal work." Only once did the Basses directly commission a piece for a particular space, inviting Andy Warhol to do the series of family portraits assembled high on a wall in the dining room. Nevertheless, throughout the house, the positioning of paintings and sculptures in space produces the effect of inevitability.

Anne Bass confesses that she often buys an object without knowing exactly where it is going to go, confident that since it fits her aesthetic, she will eventually discover the right place. "Sometimes I've had a piece that I've moved around for several years, not knowing what to do with it, and then, all of a sudden, I discover just the perfect spot—I mean the perfect spot to me."

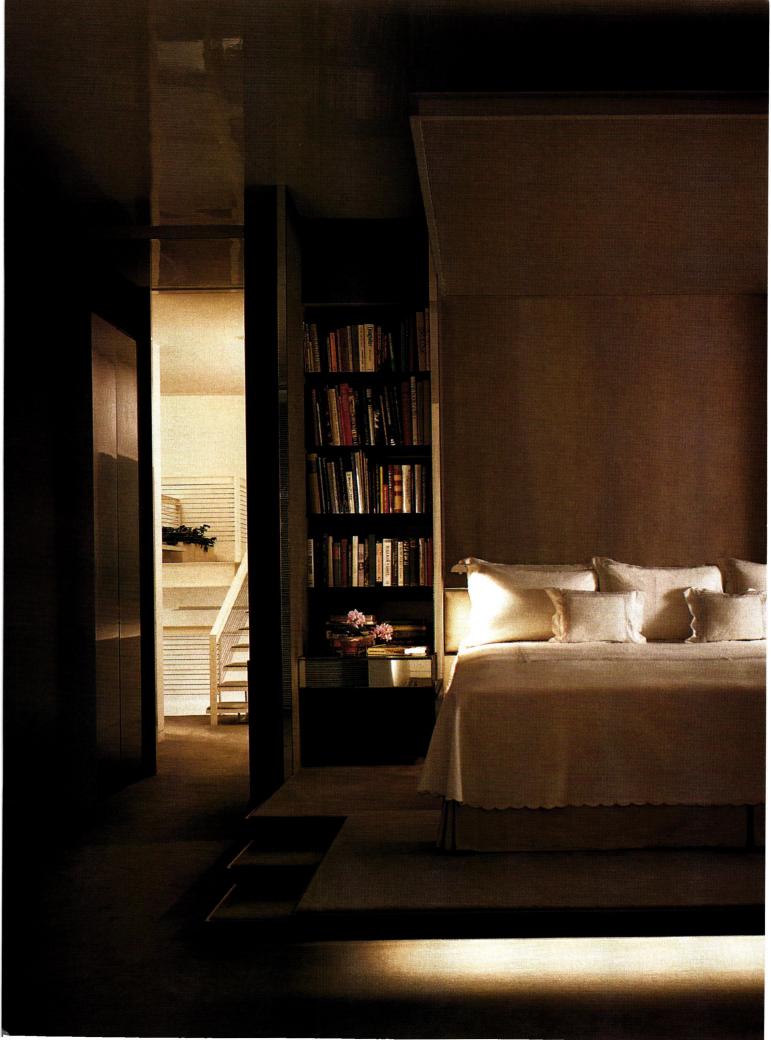
Today Anne Bass is making

Page subsequently collaborated with her in developing the domain beyond the house. Every aspect of the landscape was designed to reward contemplation Early on, Anne Bass revealed her spare aesthetic. "Do we have to have curves," she asked Rudolph, "or could we just have straight lines?"

few changes to her Paul Rudolph house, which she keeps in mint condition. Sustaining and nourishing architecture comes to her as naturally as her support of other arts. A leading patron of the New York City Ballet, she sees the painstaking upkeep of the house as analogous to a dancer's discipline. "Many dancers," she explains, "say that if you miss one day of class, you know what you have missed; if you miss two days of class, your teacher knows; and if you miss a week, your public knows. A house and garden are similar." To see Anne Bass's Texas tour de force is to know that she will never miss a step.

Elevated on a stepped platform, opposite, the master bedroom's modernist canopy bed is covered with embroidered linens. Top left: Bound volumes of botanical prints lie open beside miniature potted topiaries in the study Anne Bass has dedicated to literature on gardening history and landscape design. Above: A niche opposite the bed in the master bedroom frames a lighted acrylic sculpture by Robert Irwin. Left: Nighttime illumination presents a cross section through some of the twelve floor levels and fourteen different ceiling heights with which Paul Rudolph subdivided the three main stories of the house.





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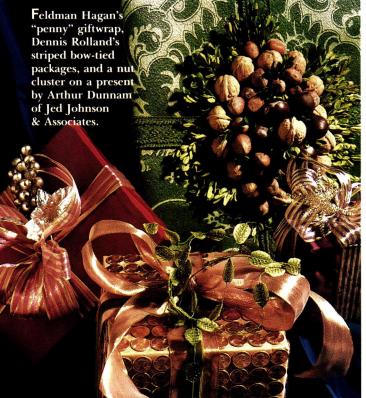
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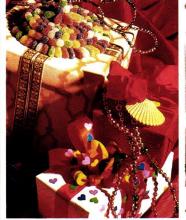
Decorators and floral designers spread good cheer

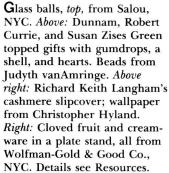
BY ALEXANDRA DE ROCHEFORT

uring the winter holidays, when most people spruce up their surroundings, professional decorators and floral designers don't stop with the mistletoe. Improvising with a wit and spirit reserved for the season, they transform everything from spare change to fruit and spices into a cause for celebration. Among this year's merriest offerings: a gift wrapped in pennies, a cascading cloved orange topiary, and, in the towering confections category, a six-foot replica of the Empire State Building made of peppermint sticks.



















Designers deck the halls. Clockwise from far left: Bilhuber's peppermint stick Empire State Building. Fantasia Floral's wreath of fresh pepper berries. Gilded star and leaf curtain tiebacks and a brass box on an organza tablecloth, all from Dampierre & Co., NYC; ball from Salou; calla lilies and vase from Renny, NYC. Hethea Nye's tree ornaments. Topiaries by VSF, NYC. Tulle-swathed table set by Bob Patino & Co. with flowers by Zezé, NYC. Bookshelves in Bunny Williams's apartment crowned with a starburst sculpture by R. W. Russell.









HG DECEMBER 1991

Sharp Focus

(Continued from page 112) vases plucked from the Marché aux Puces in Paris. He unearthed the trio of tall cubist paintings leaning by the windows in a less exotic locale—his parents' attic. Amused by the painted figures' distended Plastic Man proportions, Nathaniel guesses that his father bought them in the early fifties and stashed them away soon after. A suite of twenty-four hand-colored etchings by Miró hang on the other two walls ("I tell people they're Nathaniel's childhood drawings," jokes Anne), and from one corner a giant wooden studio camera, circa 1890, peers out like a boxy Cyclops. "I found it in a London antiques shop," Nathaniel says, fondly patting its brass lens.

Nathaniel's admiration for the photographer's art also comes through in the bedroom where a trio of Mapplethorpe photographs rest on a Zeff-designed curved set of shelves of cherrywood and iron. "With all the

apartment's straight lines we needed to introduce some sensual contours here and there," says Zeff, who gave the bed an arced headboard that can dovetail into the bookcase. Also composed of interlocking parts are the twin Pierre Chareau steel nightstands, whose segmented geometric tops fan open and closed like a hand of playing cards.

Perhaps all the mobile elements the sliding screen, the adjustable nightstands, the pivoting shelves, the Marcel Breuer wheeled chaise longue in the living room—appealed to Nathaniel because when the apartment was being decorated his life was in a state of flux. But now that this repatriated Upper East Sider has settled into a marriage and a flourishing photography career, the apartment has absorbed the couple's everyday paraphernalia and taken on an aura of stability. No doubt Kroeger Woods's and Zeff's designs will continue to adapt to Nathaniel and Anne's changing needs. "I try to provide a substantial environment," Zeff says. "That way my clients can go on with their lives when I bow out."

Couture Cuisine

(Continued from page 131) New York, where he studied fashion design at Parsons and worked for a New York designer before going out on his own. His first collection, presented in the fall of 1989, won accolades—and the patronage of the regal godmother of young designers, Martha's Lynn Manulis.

Now Toi is creating both his couture and his culinary magic in new quarters on 57th Street—and serving them up with an artistic flourish in a showroom that feels more like a living room than a commercial establishment. "It's more home than home," he says, the place where he spends nearly every hour of every day and where his friends hang out, drinking his special iced tea brewed with fruit and mint.

In the future Toi dreams of owning a brownstone with a boutique, a show-room, and a café, where the food will change with his moods and the seasons, just as the clothes do. "I've always wanted to combine food with fashion," he says. Until then, the magic words are "Won't you stay for lunch?"

DAD'S FABULOUS CURRIED CHICKEN WITH GOLDEN EGGS

13 quail eggs, hard-boiled

21/4 cups corn oil

½ cup jasmine rice

2 shallots, finely minced

4 tablespoons curry powder

2 tablespoons salt

1 stalk lemon grass, chopped

1 large chicken, cut into 13 pieces

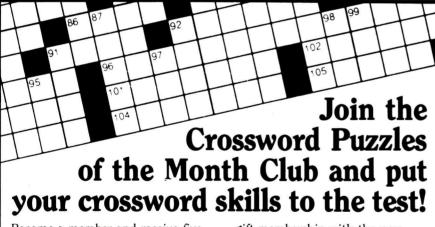
1 tablespoon sugar

7 small red chili peppers

3 cups coconut milk

Peel quail eggs, then deep fry in about 2 cups oil until golden brown. Set aside. Toast the rice in a frying pan over medium heat, then grind into a medium-fine powder. Set aside.

In a wok or large pot heat the remaining ¼ cup corn oil and brown the minced shallots over medium heat. Add curry powder, salt, and lemon grass. Cook, gently stirring, until golden brown. Add chicken, sugar, chili peppers, ¼ cup coconut milk, and browned rice powder. Cook 7 minutes, stirring constantly, then add 2¼ cups coconut milk. Bring to a rapid boil, reduce heat, and simmer 40 minutes. Stir in remaining ½ cup coconut milk and the eggs. Cook over medium heat 13 minutes. Serves 6–7.



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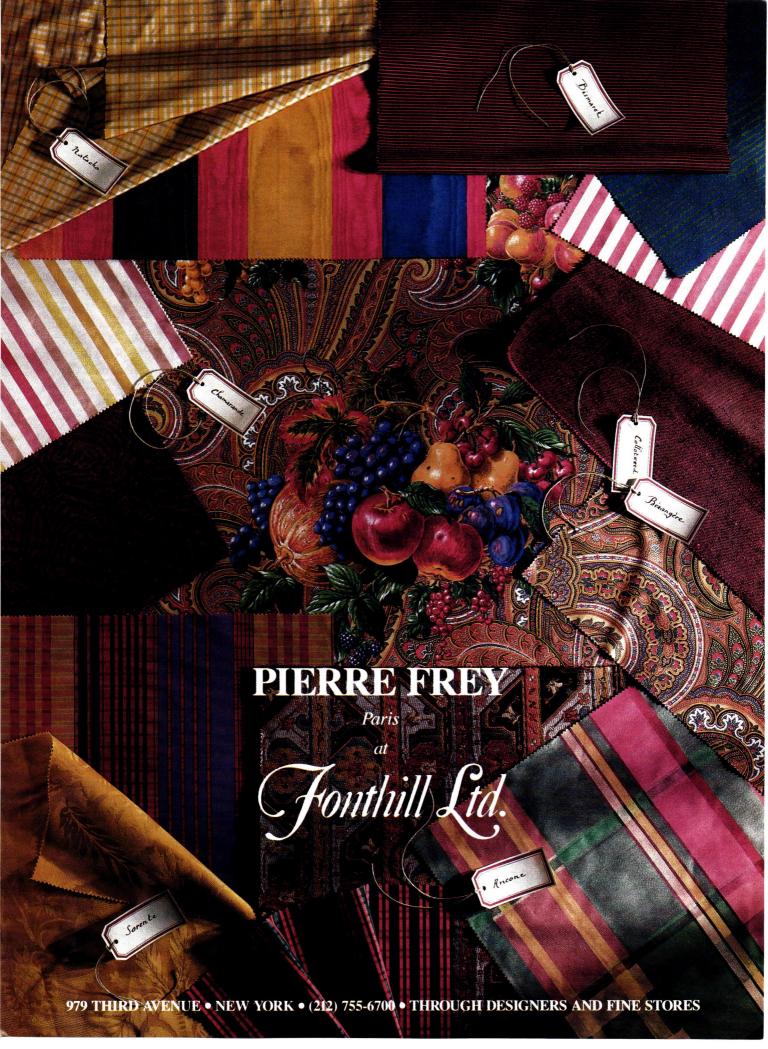
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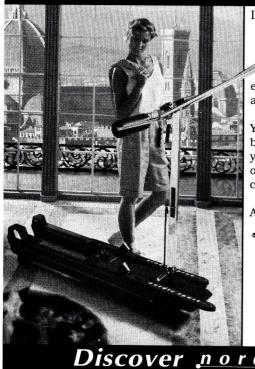
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Unexpected Flair

(Continued from page 156) away birds rests atop a plastic copy of an Austrian stove that was probably used as a theater prop; above that, a large paper fireplace fan reposes in a semicircular niche. Together the stove, the ball, and the fan are as beautiful as the finest of her antiques.

In her search for objects that meet her exacting standards, Pellé has begun to design furniture. The centerpiece of the bedroom is a bed that she had made in New Jersey—a sweeping black form of laminated steel. "At first they told me it was not possible to do. But they did it, and look how well," she says proudly. The impact of the steely black bed is softened by the lace-edged antique sheets that drape across it and by the vibrant bed of flowers below it: a canvas floorcloth inspired by a Christian Lacroix dress. Beside the bed is an ironwork end table that Pellé discovered, she recalls, "on the sidewalk at 74th Street and Lexington," and in the corner stands Lucio Romero's delicate

sculptural evocation of the underpinnings of eighteenth-century court dress. Leaning against the wall behind the bed is a moody portrait of Carlotta O'Neill, the wife of the playwright, by Abram Poole. That such disparate pieces can coexist successfully is a tribute to Pellé's visual sensibility.

Her signature style prevails in all her projects, whether created in her own quarters with relatively limited funds or in a public space like Bendel's, where chairman Leslie Wexner, inspired by Zola's novel Au Bonheur des dames, spent freely to realize his vision of a "ladies' paradise." Pellé's taste informs the look of the store, from the choice of materials to the design of the tea room, the coffee bar, and the wrought-iron railings—which, in typical Pellé style, echo a detail from her Paris apartment.

What's next? "I want to build a house in Africa," Pellé says. "I don't know where yet, but I already have the doors. They are big cedar doors that had been removed from a New Jersey courthouse. I have a dream, so I anchor my dream. The doors are the key to something I will do someday."

Sculpture in Green

(Continued from page 118) garden centered on a Florentine wellhead. From the gate, the vista extends over the well, through a low wall, and downhill to a large urn set in the middle of a lawn. Straight as this axis is, it is not centered on the house. The paving turns increasingly informal along the way, from the gravel of the drive, through the almost Mozarabic pattern of narrow stone paths and grass around the wellhead, to the swale of lawn beyond.

To look west from the terrace is even more intriguing. The line of sight traverses one edge of the sunken garden, flanks a small stone structure, and ends with a glimpse of the corner of a tall-hedged space set at a slight angle to the path. Inside the hedge is the cutting garden, filled with roses, phlox, Iceland poppies, gerberas, delphinium, ranunculus, and a wall of white callas. The tantalizing oblique view is an invitation to go and visit it.

The south garden turns the north parterre inside out. Instead of working sinuous elements into a rectangular geometry, it spreads down the hill in a single expanse of lawn, interrupted subtly by stone and water and hedged only at the perimeter. A straight stone path lined by rose trees and candytuft descends to a balustraded seating area under a gigantic gnarled old oak tree, a remnant of Montecito's original landscape. The whole terrace is curved, as are its benches. Even beside it, where a straight, nearly invisible stone wall steps down slightly to the lower lawn, the pavers are framed in unobtrusive stone volutes that look almost organic. The only architectural surprise in this part of the garden is an oblong lily pond—visible not from the gravel court but from the terrace balustrade-which reflects the oak tree.

During the first decades of this century, many Californians wanted to possess their own Arcadian fantasy of the Mediterranean world, a vision inspired as much by the colorplates in storybooks or travel literature as by the places themselves. At Il Brolino, Florence Yoch found the alchemy to make the difficult task of giving them their Mediterranean seem not only simple but appropriate. \triangle









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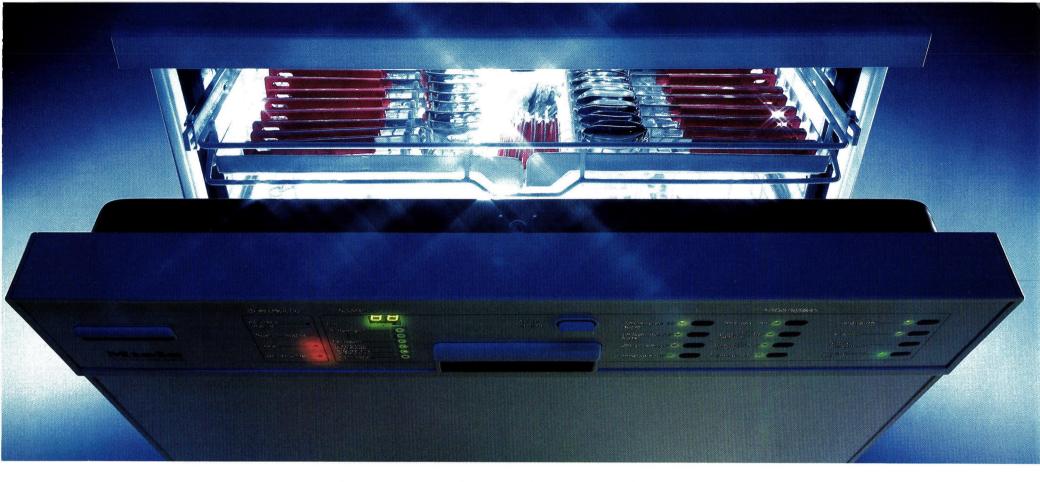
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Resources

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Page 18 Tree, decorated by Paul Bott of Twigs, NYC (212) 620-8188.

DESIGN

Page 52 Glass vases, by Marcello Furlan for L.I.P., Murano, at Ecco Italian Design, Jackson; Los Angeles County Museum of Art museum shop, Los Angeles; Kasala, Seattle; for other stores (407) 241-0662. Vintage bubble wallpaper, c. 1930, \$60 dble roll, at Secondhand Rose, NYC (212) 431-7673. Glass candlestick, \$175, by Mathias for D.O.T., at Adrien Linford, NYC (212) 289-4427. Italian 24-kt gold-speckled Murano glass and wire napkin rings, \$17.50 ea, from Cose, linen napkins, \$24 ea, by Liz Wain, at Barneys New York nationwide. Polka Dot etched bowl, \$300, by Algerine Correia for Correia Art Glass, at Gump's, Beverly Hills, San Francisco; Neiman Marcus, Chicago, Los Angeles: Bellardo, NYC. Wooden picture frame, 31/4"x51/2" opening, \$95, by Wil Shepherd for Elements International, Chicago, for other stores (312) 664-5222. Silver plate over brass photo frame, 2"x2" opening, \$85, by Ettore Sottsass for Swid Powell, at Bergdorf Goodman, Bloomingdale's, NYC. Mossi vase, \$1,165, designed c. 1933 by René Lalique, at Lalique boutiques, for other stores (212) 684-6760. Mexican glass paperweights, \$27.50, \$45, \$75 ea, from Mottura, at Fillamento, San Francisco (415) 931-2224, for other stores (213) 747-4800. Seafoam crystal/18-kt gold earrings, by Angela Cummings, clip and pierced, \$2,600, from Angela Cummings for Steuben Collection, at Steuben, NYC (800) 424-4240

DECORATION

Page 54 D. K. Vanderbrook Florist, 3113 Mayfield Rd., Cleveland Heights, OH 44118; (216) 371-0164. 56 David Jones, 8591 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069; (213) 659-6347. Kendall Bailey, 6336 Trailwood Ter., Shreveport, LA 71119; (318) 635-4506

CAPITAL COLLECTORS

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SHARP FOCUS

Pages 108-13 Decoration and furniture design, by Mark Zeff Design, 125 West 86 St., New York, NY 10024; (212) 580-7090. Architecture, by Kroeger Woods Associates, Architects, 255 King St., Chappaqua, NY 10514; (914) 238-5391. 108 1930 Marcel Breuer steel/chrome/cane chaise, by Tecta, at Nuovo Melodrom, NYC (212) 219-0013. 1924 Eileen Gray Lota sofa, by Palazzetti, for stores (212) 832-1199. Franco-Spanish wool rug, similar at Megerian Rug Gallery, NYC (212) 684-7188. 110 Custom sandblasted glass/steel sliding doors with steel valance, cherrywood paneling, leather club chair, cherrywood/iron table in study, similar to order from Mark Zeff (see above). Custom rug in entrance, to order from G. Fried Carpet, NYC (212) 737-3700. Tizio halogen lamp, from Artemide, for information (516) 694-9292. Eileen Gray Méditerranée wool carpet in study, by Écart International, for stores call Pucci International, NYC (212) 219-0142. Custom sandblasted glass/steel shelves, similar to order from Mark Zeff (see above). 111 Bridge sandblasted glass/cherrywood table, Equus cherrywood/steel chairs, \$325 ea, to custom-order from Mark Zeff (see above). Isamu Noguchi lamps with mulberry bark paper/bamboo shades and metal wire legs (#3X), from Akari-Gemini, for dealers (805) 966-9557. 112-13 Custom cherrywood/iron bookcase, cherrywood/iron bed, similar to order from Mark Zeff (see above). 1929 Pierre Chareau patinated-steel fan tables, by Écart International, for stores call Pucci (see above). 1860s Aubusson carpet, similar at Megerian (see above).

A FINE ITALIAN EYE

Pages 120–27 Renovation, by Alan Wanzenberg, Architect, 211 West 61 St., New York, NY 10023; (212) 489-7840

COUTURE CUISINE

Page 128 Suit with shorts in sketch, Zang Toi 1991 resort collection, at Fred Hayman Beverly Hills, Beverly Hills; Saks Jandel, Chevy Chase; Hirshleifer's, Etc., Manhasset; Henri Bendel, Martha International, NYC; to order from Henri Bendel, Boston, Chicago, Columbus. Oval gold-leaf tassel planter, by Paladio, at Objects of Desire, Miami Beach (305) 534-8300. 129 Denim jacket, Zang Toi 1991 spring collection, Fred Hayman Beverly Hills, Beverly Hills; Hirshleifer's, Etc., Manhasset; Martha International, NYC. Gold-leaf tassel bench, gold-leaf tassel étagère, by Paladio, at Objects of Desire (see above). Manolo Blahnik Puti gold leather/chiffon mule, Vitale gold mule on étagère, to order from Manolo Blahnik, NYC (212) 582-3007 Hammered sterling silver-plate serving spoon, at Wolfman-Gold & Good Co., NYC (212) 431-1888. 130 Moiré pantsuit, Zang Toi 1991 fall/holiday collection, at Fred Hayman Beverly Hills, Beverly Hills; Saks Jandel, Chevy Chase; Hirshleifer's, Etc., Manhasset; Henri Bendel, Martha International, NYC; to order from Henri Bendel, Boston, Chicago, Columbus. Wood earrings (#E4005), by Gerard Yosca, at Bonnie White, Atlanta; Punch, Boca Raton; Miss Baker, Providence; Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. 131 Faux tortoise glasses, at Frank McIntosh at Henri Bendel, NYC, Boston, Chicago, Columbus. Lace gloves, by La Crasia for Zang Toi 1991 resort/evening collection, at Fred Hayman Beverly Hills, Beverly Hills; Henri Bendel, NYC; to order from Martha International; Henri Bendel, Boston, Chicago, Columbus

CLASSIC UNDERSTATEMENT

Pages 132-39 Decoration, by Albert Hadley and Gary Hager of Parish-Hadley Associates, 305 East 63 St., New York, NY 10021; (212) 888-7979. 132-33 Custom handwoven hand-dyed wool rug, to order from Elizabeth Eakins, NYC (212) 628-1950. Splendido cotton/silk on pillows, to the trade at Quadrille, for showrooms (212) 753-2995. 134 Diagonal Ligne wool carpet, to the trade at Saxony Carpet, for showrooms (212) 755-7100. 135 Kansu silk on chairs, to the trade at Jack Lenor Larsen, for showrooms (212) 674-3993. Filosella Damask viscose/linen/cotton on banquette, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, for showrooms (212) 753-4488. Japanese Armour linen/wool on slipper chair, to the trade at Hinson & Co., for showrooms (718) 482-1100. 136-37 Parquetry wool carpet, to the trade at Rosecore Carpet, for showrooms (212) 421-7272. 138 Veronese Antique Velvet cotton/ Bemberg on chair, 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. Jacobean Damask linen on chaise, to the trade at Decorators Walk, for showrooms (516) 249-3100. 139 Modane Texture cotton on headboard, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above).

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Pages 146-47 Pucci Lycra leggings, silk jersey top, and silk crêpe scarf, created by Emilio Pucci, at Emilio Pucci Boutique, NYC; Neiman Marcus, Los Angeles; Bergdorf Goodman, NYC (leggings only). Salem suede mules, by Manolo Blahnik, to order from Manolo Blahnik, Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; Neiman Marcus, Los Angeles. 149 Two-Button billiard cloth upholstered chairs with gold-leaf legs, to order from Domestic Furniture Co., Los Angeles (213) 936-8206. Elle s'Écoute II s'Abandonne (She's in Touch with Herself & He Surrenders) sofa, upholstered in cotton velvet, round crushed-velvet pillows. Splash side chair, upholstered in Stella rayon jacquard, all by Monique and Sergio Savarese, at Dialogica, NYC (212) 966-1934; Modern Living, Los Angeles (213) 655-3898; Limn, San Francisco (415) 397-7474. 150 Lace peignoir, at Trashy Lingerie, Los Angeles (213) 652-4543. Custom bedside table, to order from Domestic Furniture (see above). 151 Vintage

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1950s cowboy boots, similar at Leathers & Treasures, Los Angeles (213) 655-7541.

FLAIR FOR THE UNEXPECTED

Page 152 1930s faux bois pedestals in 19th-century style, African stools with leopard pillows, copy of Renaissance helmet, 19th-century gilded-bronze candlestick lamps, Largillière school portrait on mantel, 19th-century gilded bed crown, 19th-century Italian wood/crystal girandoles, similar at Malmaison Antiques, NYC (212) 288-7569. 154 King of Rome, portrait of Napoleon's son, similar at Malmaison (see above). 155 1930s French gilded wrought-iron chairs, 1930s French window trellis, similar at Malmaison (see above). Penang cotton for tablecloth, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. Forged-iron candelabra, to custom order from Chaumet, Paris (1) 44-77-24-00. Polished cast-aluminum angel wing in fireplace, limited edition, to order from Paul Mathieu and Michael Ray, Aix-en-Provence (42) 26-58-20. One-of-a-kind striped ceramic/pewter vase (without pink ball) on window ledge, by Lisa Rubenstein, NYC (212) 966-3595. 157 Abram Poole portrait, similar at Malmaison (see above).

CALIFORNIA SUITE

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Statement Required by 39 U.S.C. 3685 showing the Ownership, Management and Circulation of HG HOUSE & GARDEN, published monthly (12 issues) for October 1, 1991. Publication No. 0489-450. Annual subscription price \$24,00.

1. Location of known office of Publication is 9100 Wilshire Bou

Location of known office of Publication is 9100 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, CA 90212.
 Location of the Headquarters or General Business Offices of the Publisher is 350 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017.
 The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, and managing editor are: Publisher, I. Kevin Madden, Advance Magazine Publishers Inc. Published through its division, The Condé Nast Publications Inc. 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Editor, Nancy Novogrod, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.
 Managing Editor, Dana Cowin, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.
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6. Extent and nature of circulation.

| | | Average No. Copies each issue during preceding 12 months | Single issue nearest to filing date |
|----|--|---|--|
| A. | Total No. Copies printed | 773,111 | 790,313 |
| В. | | | 1,50,515 |
| | Sales through dealers and carriers, street | | |
| | vendors and counter sales | 81,737 | 85,000 |
| | 2. Mail subscriptions | 543,048 | 555,825 |
| C. | Total Paid and/or Requested | | |
| | Circulation | 624,785 | 640,825 |
| D. | Free Distribution by mail, carrier or other means, samples, complimentary, | | |
| | and other free copies | 22,168 | 29,658 |
| E. | Total Distribution | 646,953 | 670,483 |
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| | after printing | 14,658 | 10,830 |
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| G. | Total | 773,111 | 790,313 |

7. I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and (Signed) J. Kevin Madden, Publisher

pillows of old chintzes or 1930s printed tablecloths. \$125-\$250 ea, 19th-century tin lantern from Provence, carved mantel fragments from Savannah used as shelves, \$850-\$950 ea, antique majolica on walls and shelves, \$70-\$250 ea, similar at Indigo Seas (see above). 160 Sofa custom-slipcovered in English handblocked chintz, 1920s chair with English handblocked chintz slipcover, \$2,650, Victorian club chairs with taupe damask slipcovers, \$2,850 ea, oversize English ottoman with linen slipcover, \$1,600, bust of Franz Liszt with fez, \$720, 19th-century lacquer tea caddy, assorted pillows of 19th-century document chintz, antique Fortuny prints, or early 19th century embroidery, all with antique trims and/or Chinese tassels, from \$150, faded floral lampshades, by Indigo Seas, \$300-\$500 ea, blue opaline and Bristol vases, \$65-\$150 ea, 19th-century crystal girandoles with amethyst drops, \$1,440 pr, similar at Indigo Seas (see above). 19th-century English floral and diamond needlepoint throw, similar at Y. & B. Bolour, Los Angeles (213) 659-1888. 161 Antique Venetian painted-wood/gesso mirror, English giltwood sconces, c. 1850, conch shells, \$24 ea. 19th-century Chinese small lacquer trays, 19thcentury Staffordshire plates, similar at Indigo Seas (see above). 162 19th-century Chinese export blue and white pottery jars, \$150-\$400 ea, 19th-century Indian cotton cloth on table, dining chairs custom-upholstered in document print linen, 19thcentury Chinese lacquer pigskin trunks, \$400-\$1,200 ea, 18th- and 19th-century Creil plates on walls, pair of 19th-century black and white Staffordshire plates, three 18th-century English engravings of a Captain Cook voyage, \$1,602 set, three 19th-century Venetian charcoal drawings in the oriental manner, \$2,160 set, similar at Indigo Seas (see above). Chaise custom-slipcovered in Katmandu cotton paisley, pillows of Anglo-Indian fabrics, \$125-\$250 ea, 1930s wicker settee with vintage upholstery, \$2,450, 1930s wicker wingback chair with vintage upholstery, \$950, Chinese export leather trunk with painted flowers, \$1,200, floor lamp with floral shade, \$1,350, 1930s memory-work pieces on far table, \$95-\$600 ea, oil painting of birds of paradise, \$480, similar at Indigo Seas (see above). Souvenir de Majorque painting, 1936, by Lilly Steiner, similar at Los Angeles Fine Art Gallery, Los Angeles (213) 855-2599. 163 Irish handkerchief linen draped over bed, love seat with English chintz slipcover at foot of bed. \$2,450. 19th-century English floral quilt on love seat, \$850, 1930s sofa with English chintz slipcover, \$3,600, assorted pillows of English or French chintz, \$150-\$250 ea, 19th-century Chinese wallpaper-covered trunk, \$850, Vieux Paris porcelain vase with painted flowers, \$95, similar at Indigo Seas (see above). 1920s Portuguese needlepoint carpet, similar at Y. & B. Bolour (see above).

TEXAS TOUR DE FORCE

Pages 164-73 Architecture, by Paul Rudolph, Architect, 246 East 58 St., New York, NY 10022; (212) 319-9244. 168-73 Custom-color Prestige cut-pile wool carpets throughout, 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, 168-69 Satin La Tour cotton/silk upholstery, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pg 138). Chrome/stainless-steel adjustable lamps (#1U/WV), to the trade from Cedric Hartman, for showrooms (402) 344-4474. Barcelona glass/steel table, by Mies van der Rohe, to the trade at KnollStudio, division of the Knoll Group, for dealers (800) 223-1354. 170 Flat Brno armchairs, by Mies van der Rohe, to the trade at KnollStudio (see above). 171 Barcelona upholstered leather/steel chairs, stool, by Mies van der Rohe, to the trade at KnollStudio (see above). 172 Cesca chair at desk, by Marcel Breuer, to the trade at KnollStudio (see above). 173 Chain and Line 324-thread-count cotton bed linens, to order from Pratesi, for stores (212) 288-2315.

GREATIDEAS

Page 175 Glass ball ornaments, Vienna, 1901, \$32.50, Sunshine, \$32.50, Celestial, \$30, Comet,

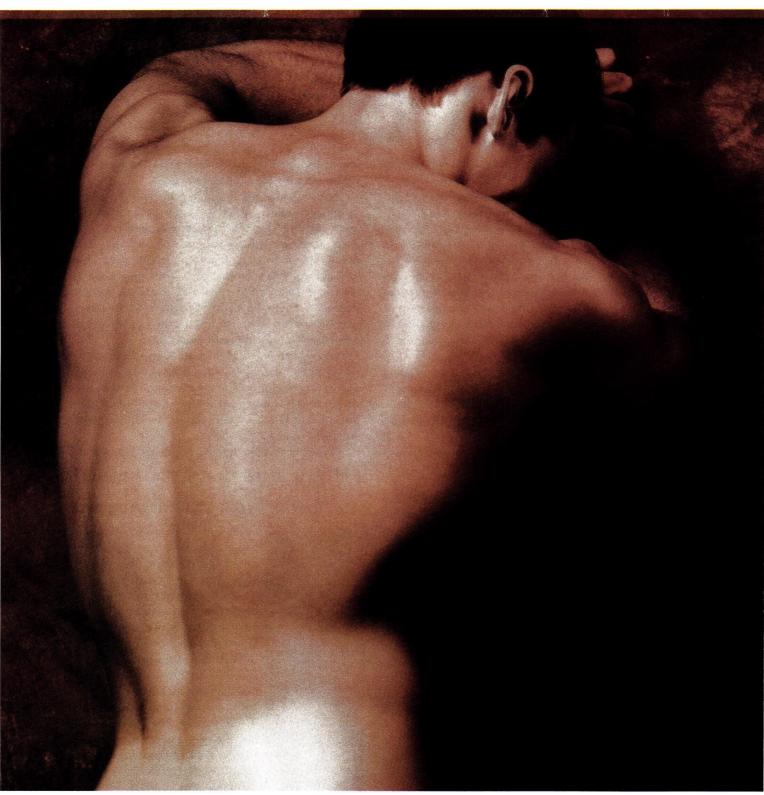
\$35, similar at Salou, NYC. (212) 595-9604. Grand Galon Directoire spun-rayon ribbon on gumdrop present, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 155). Hand-strung glass ball garlands on wire, at Judyth vanAmringe, NYC (212) 925-4749. Custom slipcover, to order from Richard Keith Langham, NYC (212) 744-1110. Patricia Sun wallpaper, to the trade at Christopher Hyland, for showrooms (212) 688-6121. Blackberry creamware dessert plates, \$25 ea, copper plate stand, \$200, French wire ribbon, \$4.25-\$5.50 yd, at Wolfman-Gold & Good Co., NYC (212) 431-1888. Custom gift wrapping, from \$120, by Feldman Hagan Interiors, NYC (212) 472-1290. Watteau Silk Taffeta on Rolland's gifts, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pg 138). Milliken wallpaper on Dunnam's gift, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 155). 176 Pepper berry wreath, \$125, from Fantasia Floral Design, NYC (212) 517-3458. Gilded carved-wood star tieback, \$130 pr, gilded carvedwood leaf tieback, \$320 pr. French brass decorative box, \$260, custom silk organza tablecloth, \$250, at Dampierre & Co., NYC (212) 966-5474. Celestial ball, \$30, similar at Salou (see above). Calla lilies, brass vase, from Renny Design for Entertaining, NYC (212) 288-7000. Cascading cloved orange topiary, \$150, pineapple dried-rose topiary, \$175, from VSF, NYC (212) 206-7236. Table flowers by Zezé, NYC (212) 753-7767. Gold ballroom chairs, to rent from Props for Today, NYC (212) 206-0330. Aster service plate, \$45, English King sterling flatware, \$362 4-piece place setting, from Tiffany & Co., to order (800) 526-0649. Gold porcelain ramekins, \$12.50 ea, French gildedglass candies, \$15 ea, champagne flutes, \$40 ea, laurel napkin rings, \$12 ea, gold paper doilies, 10 for \$13, at Wolfman-Gold & Good Co. (see above). Cotton jacquard napkins, from Pratesi (see above for pg 173). One-of-a-kind copper/wood/crystal votive candle sculpture, by R. W. Russell, similar at Stubbs Books & Prints, NYC (212) 772-3120. ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE

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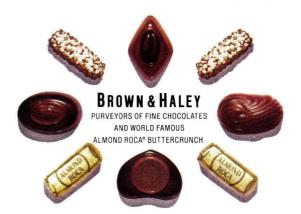
HG-House & Garden (ISSN 0018-6406) is published monthly by The Condé Nast Publications Inc., 9100 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills CA 90212. PRINCI-PAL OFFICE: 350 Madison Avenue, New York NY 10017. Bernard H. Leser, President; Eric C. Anderson, Vice President-Treasurer; Pamela van Zandt, Vice President—Secretary.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

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POSTMASTER: Send address changes to House & Garden, Box 53916, Boulder CO 80322.



THE END OF FRENCH RESISTANCE.



Gandee AT LARGE

I asked Bob Bray to tell me a Christmas story

"When Mother shot herself with Dad's .22-caliber rifle, I stood over her and looked at the fresh pool of blood as red as the duchess of Windsor's fingernails and I made a silent vow to myself that someday I would be fa-

mous. The radio was blasting Elvis singing 'Don't Be Cruel.' It was 1956. I was thirteen. OK, so maybe the radio wasn't blasting Elvis, but if at a strategic moment in her autobiography Diana Vreeland can look up and see Charles Lindbergh making his way to Paris, I can have Elvis on the radio. Yes, definitely Elvis.

"Anxiety and lack of an audience muted any sounds my voice might have made to call for help. I suppose it was anxiety. I have always had difficulty naming feelings and I have had too many to try naming them all. The scarier ones got buried before they got named.

"My brother, ten years older, was in the army's language school in California at the time. Dad was not at home. Dad was never at home. Never.

"If it is true that less is more, I was born with everything. We lived in a town called Fox, in nowhere south-

ern Oklahoma, in a three-room shack without plumbing. It was at the foot of a recently toppled wooden oil derrick at the end of a dusty dirt road. To add further embarrassment and humiliation to this circumstance, Dad, who never finished anything, had painted the house the same shimmering silver as the oil field storage tanks that littered that part of the country. 'The best primer money can buy,' he had said, before permanently tilting himself back in a chair at the domino table in the pool hall which was to become his home and hangout for the rest of his life. Occasionally I would hitchhike into town to sneak a peek at him through the window. Sometimes he would notice me and wave but usually not. Dominoes was a serious game re-

quiring a concentration which could not allow the burden of a family. Nonetheless, I loved him.

"Mother regained consciousness; Dad appeared at the screen door. This duel of uncanny timing was as shocking an event as Mother's 'accident,' as we came to call it. No words were spoken. We made eye contact, significant eye contact: Mother, stoic; me, painfully questioning; Dad, predictably, not readable. But he did handle all the details with an efficiency totally alien to our household, quickly driving to the general store to call for an ambu-

lance, putting Mother into bed. I cleaned the red off the highly waxed yellow floral linoleum.

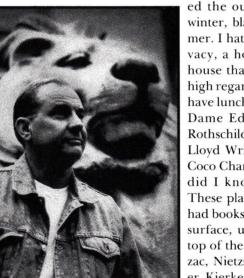
"The arrival of the local black hearse, which doubled as the ambulance, added its own worn morbidity to the scene. Mother was taken away and, with her, her very special brand of schizophrenia, which she had polished and honed to the delight and the fright of her children. The surreal evening came to a close quickly. Dad in his '52 Chevy followed the hearse. I could see them both a mile away where the dirt road intersected the pavement. The hearse turned north toward the state hospital, Dad turned south toward his domino game.

"You're asking, what does all of this have to do with decorating? I'm telling you, it has everything to do with decorating. As far back as my memory reaches, my environment was a source of shame, a symbolic manifestation of one family's malfunction, a billboard blatantly stating NO SELF-ESTEEM HERE.

"I hated heating bath water on the kitchen stove. I hat-

"If it is true that less is more,

I was born with everything"



Bob Bray at the New York Public Library.

ed the outdoor toilet-freezing in winter, black widow spiders in summer. I hated too-small spaces, no privacy, a house that did not work, a house that insulted my inexplicably high regard for aesthetics. I wanted to have lunch with Bertrand Russell and Dame Edith Sitwell at Pauline de Rothschild's. I wanted to wear Frank Lloyd Wright's cape to take tea with Coco Chanel at 31 rue Cambon. How did I know these people existed? These places? The books. The shack had books—in every corner, on every surface, under anything on legs, on top of the refrigerator. Voltaire, Balzac, Nietzsche, Camus, Schopenhauer, Kierkegaard, Steinbeck, Faulkner,

Hemingway, Wolfe, Lawrence, Dostoyevsky, Twain, Whitman, Tolstoy, Fitzgerald, Capote. My mother and brother were avid readers with a religious reverence for anything in print. The books were their legacy to me.

"Long before my formal training, I had the books. Long before the travel and the work with the rich, the famous, the artists, the writers, I had the books. Long before my partnership with Mike Schaible, I had the books. Barbara Bush is right. Reading educates. Education saves children. In America anything is possible. In a democracy anyone can decorate. Give a book for Christmas."