# HG

HOUSE & GARDEN

Special Issue

JANUARY 1992
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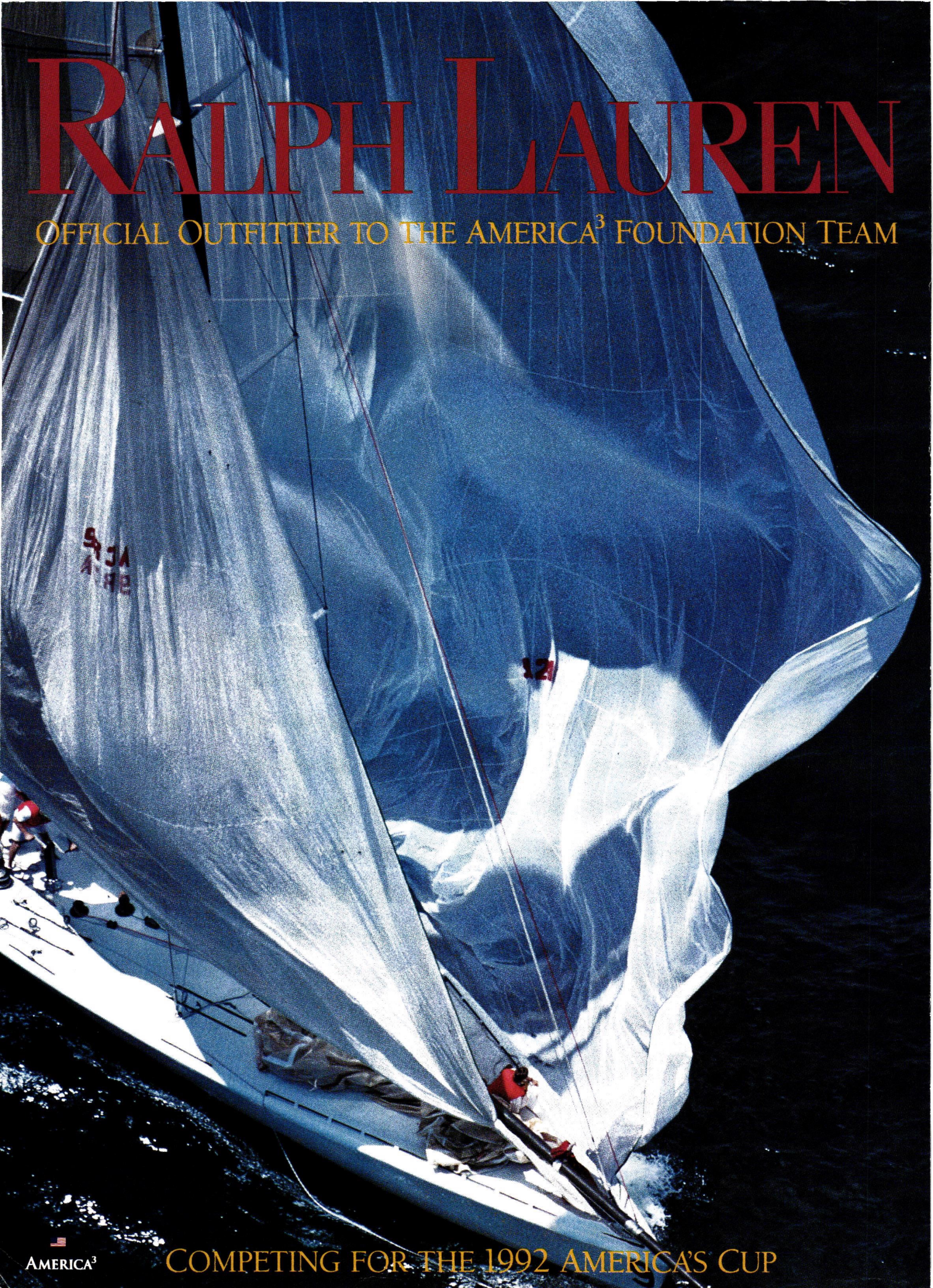
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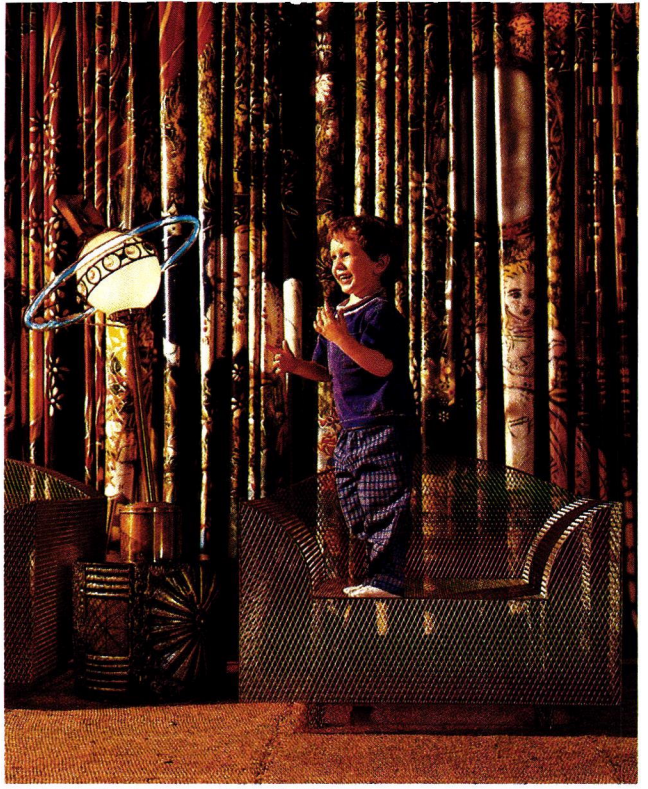
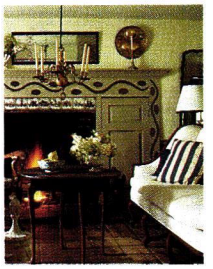
**HOUSE & GARDEN** January 1992 Volume 164, Number 1

# HG

# JANUARY



*Nicholas Berini gazes into the future, above. Page 38. Below: Hollywood's stark modernism. Page 94. Left: Michael Kalil's Zen-like tower room. Page 86.*



**COVER** *Decorative details enrich the living room of a 1728 Connecticut house. Page 46. Photograph by Oberto Gili.*

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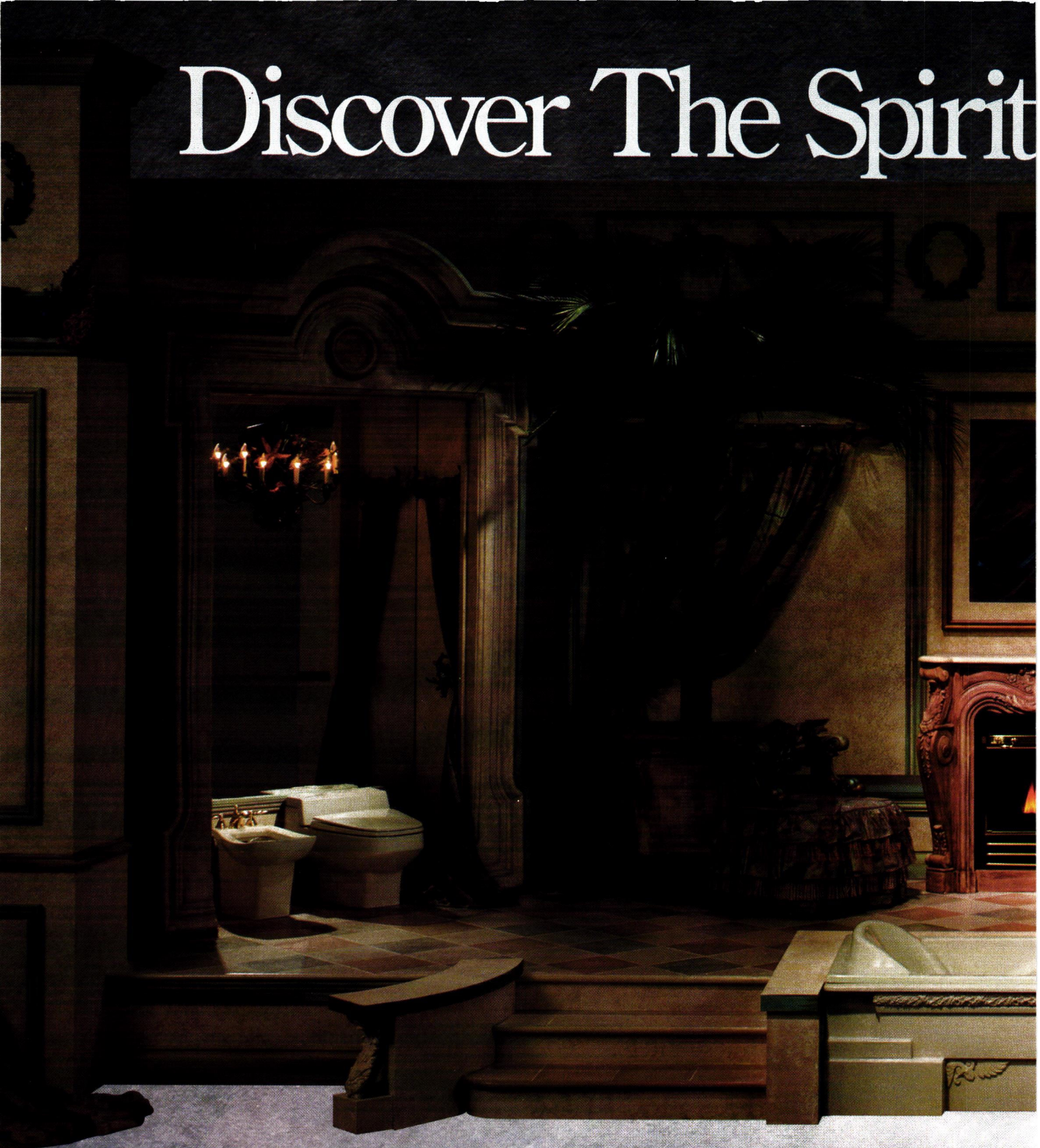

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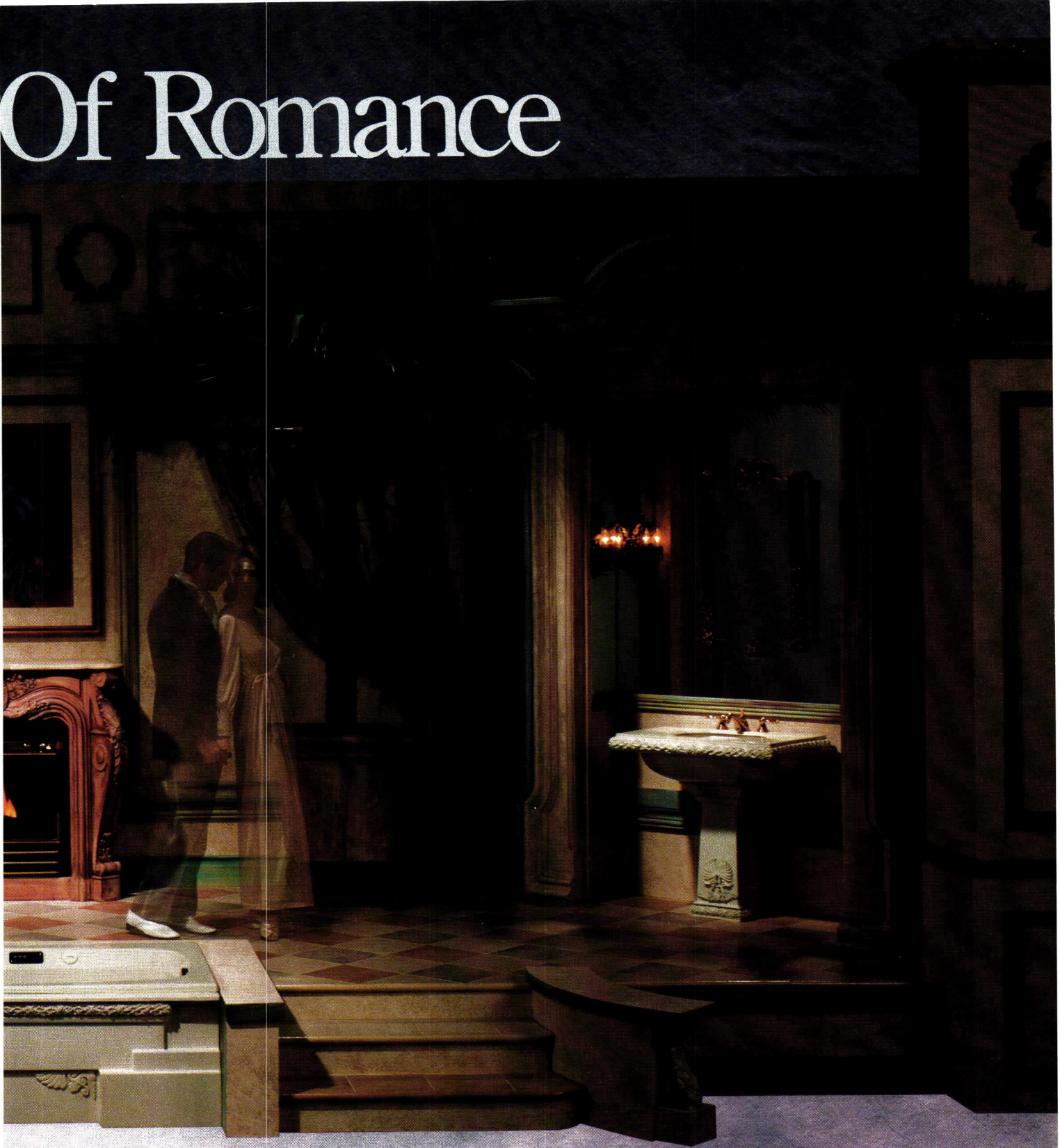

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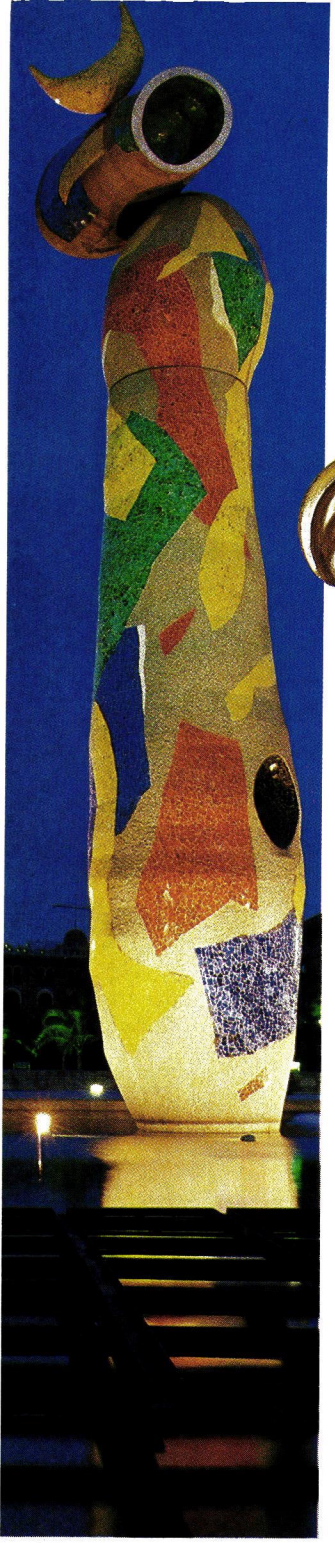

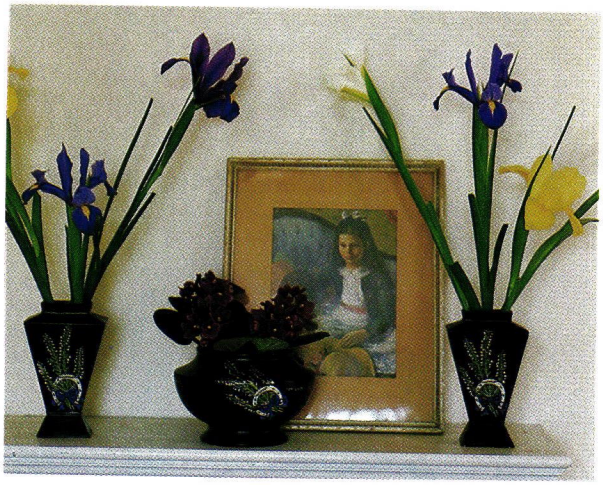

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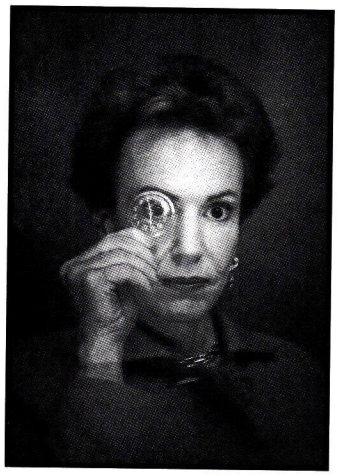

*Astrologer's lucky vases with flowers, above right. Page 26. Above left: A gilded finial at George Smith, NYC. Page 18. Far left: A Miró sculpture in Barcelona's Plaça de l'Escorxador. Page 20. Left: Trend forecaster Faith Popcorn. Page 124. Below: A sketch of the future. Page 34.*

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CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: MELBA LEVICK; MONICA STEVENSON; CURT RICHTER; RUBEN TOLEDO; DAVID BARRY

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Tip-toe on the tulip-topped table.

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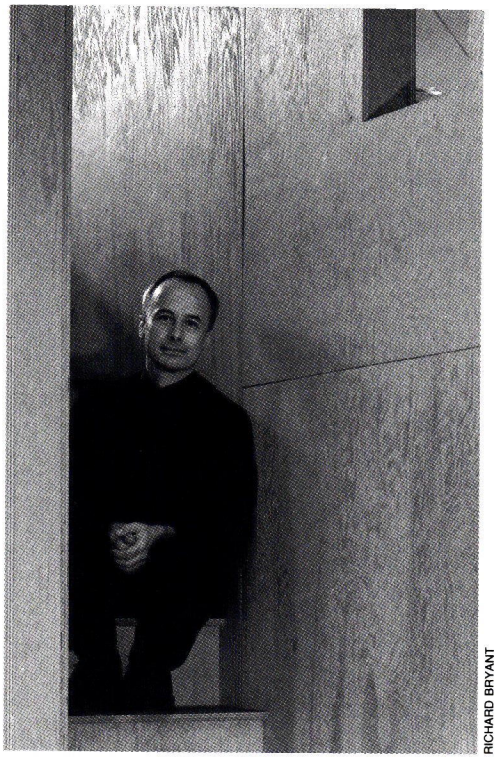
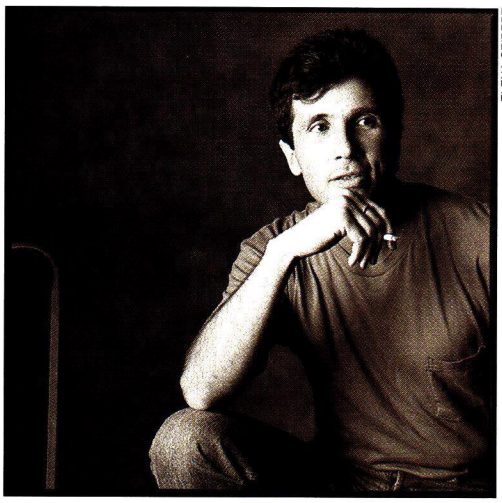

RICHARD BRYANT

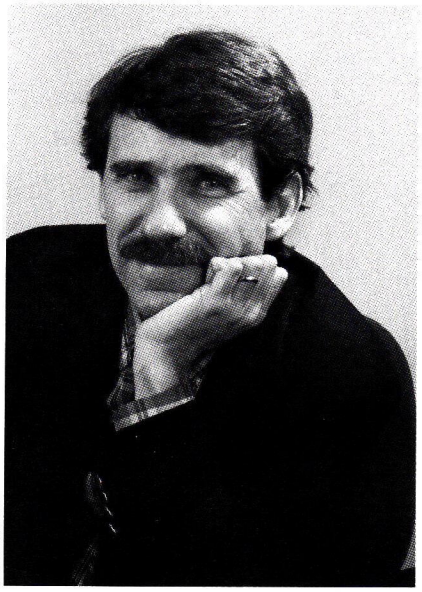
**Richard Bryant** is an architect whose specialty is photographing buildings rather than designing them. For HG he captures a Thames-side penthouse he describes as a "high-tech fantasy." The first photographer to receive a Royal Institute of British Architects Fellowship, Bryant says he has "no preference for either modern or ancient styles—just for quality." His next project is a book documenting the construction and installation of a new exhibition center designed by Gustav Peichl which opens in Bonn this June.

BRIGITTE LACOMBE

**Jean Pagliuso** takes a break from photographing Hollywood celebrities on and off the set to focus on a family at rest in their weekend house on Long Island. Pagliuso, a longtime friend of the owners, Susan Calhoun and Charlie Moss and their two children, wanted her pictures to reflect the "extraordinary warmth and energy I always feel when I sit at their dinner table." Based in New York but in demand on both coasts, she recently photographed the cast of the movie *The Addams Family* and is at work on a book about American waitresses.


ELENA SEIBERT

**Michael Cunningham** is the author of the recent novel *A Home at the End of the World.* In this issue he details the unexpected pleasures of a dilapidated post office turned weekend getaway. "Susan Calhoun and Charlie Moss started with an empty potato field and trucked in the building. Since then their house has never stopped growing." Cunningham currently resides in a Greenwich Village studio, but he notes, "I've lived on a Nebraska farm and in a cave in Greece, now I crave a derelict post office."


ROBYN REEVES

**Peter Travers,** a movie critic and a senior features editor at *Rolling Stone,* chronicles Hollywood's visions of life in the next century. "Since the 1920s nearly every filmmaker has predicted an unremittingly bleak and sterile future. Houses in these movies look like labs." Travers himself lives in an antiques-filled Victorian with a laser disc screening room and a 5,000-volume video library, his sole concessions to what he calls "menacing modernism."

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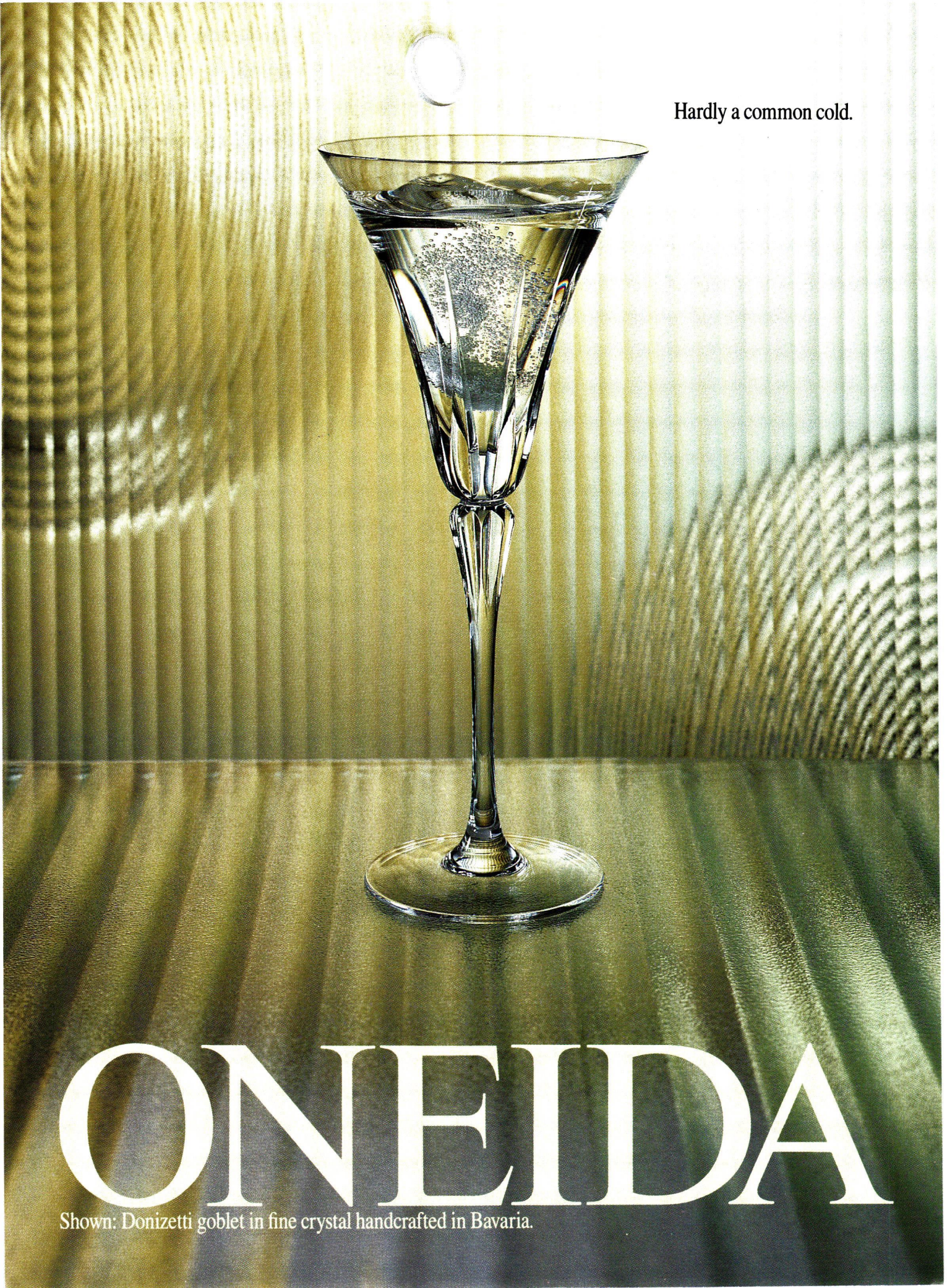

Hardly a common cold.
ONEIDA
Shown: Donizetti goblet in fine crystal handcrafted in Bavaria.

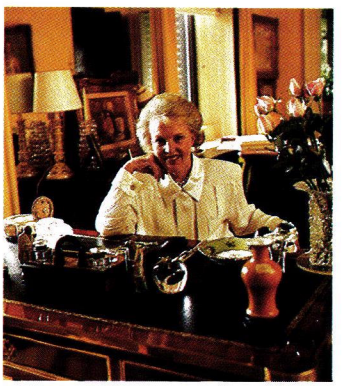
# Notes

HG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY By Eric Berthold

**Christopher Hyland** believes in taking that extra step for his line of fabrics, wallpapers, trimmings, and furniture. His latest venture is the Humanist cabinet. Handmade of mahogany and modeled after the neoclassical façade of the New York Public Library, Hyland's "tribute to the Renaissance and the age of exploration" has a barometer, moonstones tucked into secret drawers, music boxes, an Italian inscription meaning "one must have roots," and—in a nod to the twentieth century and beyond—space age rockets traveling among the sun, moon, and stars. (Christopher Hyland, NYC 212-688-6121 to the trade only)

SCOTT MATTHEW OSMAN

**Potholder** Staffordshire border *(above)* to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils. For showrooms (212) 838-7878.



**Chair Apparent** Betty Sherrill of McMillen *(above)*, Jim McCollom, and Veronica Hearst cohost New York's Winter Antiques Show, Jan. 18–26. Call (212) 665-5250.

**Fine Print** Turkish portrait, c. 1750 *(above)*, and other antique works on paper from London's Lucy B. Campbell at Trevor Potts, NYC (212) 737-0909.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: NG; YURI MARDER; NG; MONICA STEFANESCHI; TIM LEE; MONICA STEFANESCHI (2)

**Table Grapes** Platinum Lustre service plate from Tiffany & Co. (800) 526-0649.

**It's a Sham** Pillow covers *(left from top)*, 18-Karat Gold by Paloma Picasso for Martex (800) 533-8229; Saint-Rémy by Patrick Frey (203) 785-9376; Mon Rouge by Paloma Picasso for Martex; Folia by Esprit (800) 533-8229.

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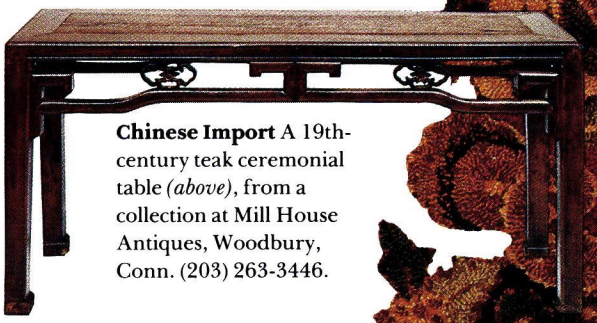
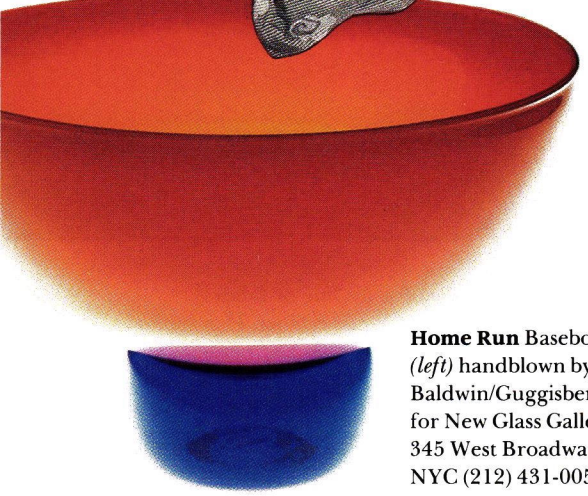


**Chinese Import** A 19th-century teak ceremonial table *(above)*, from a collection at Mill House Antiques, Woodbury, Conn. (203) 263-3446.



**Home Run** Basebowl *(left)* handblown by Baldwin/Guggisberg for New Glass Gallery, 345 West Broadway, NYC (212) 431-0050.

**Hooked Up** Handmade and hand-dyed custom carpet from Elizabeth Eakins, 21 East 65th St., NYC (212) 628-1950.

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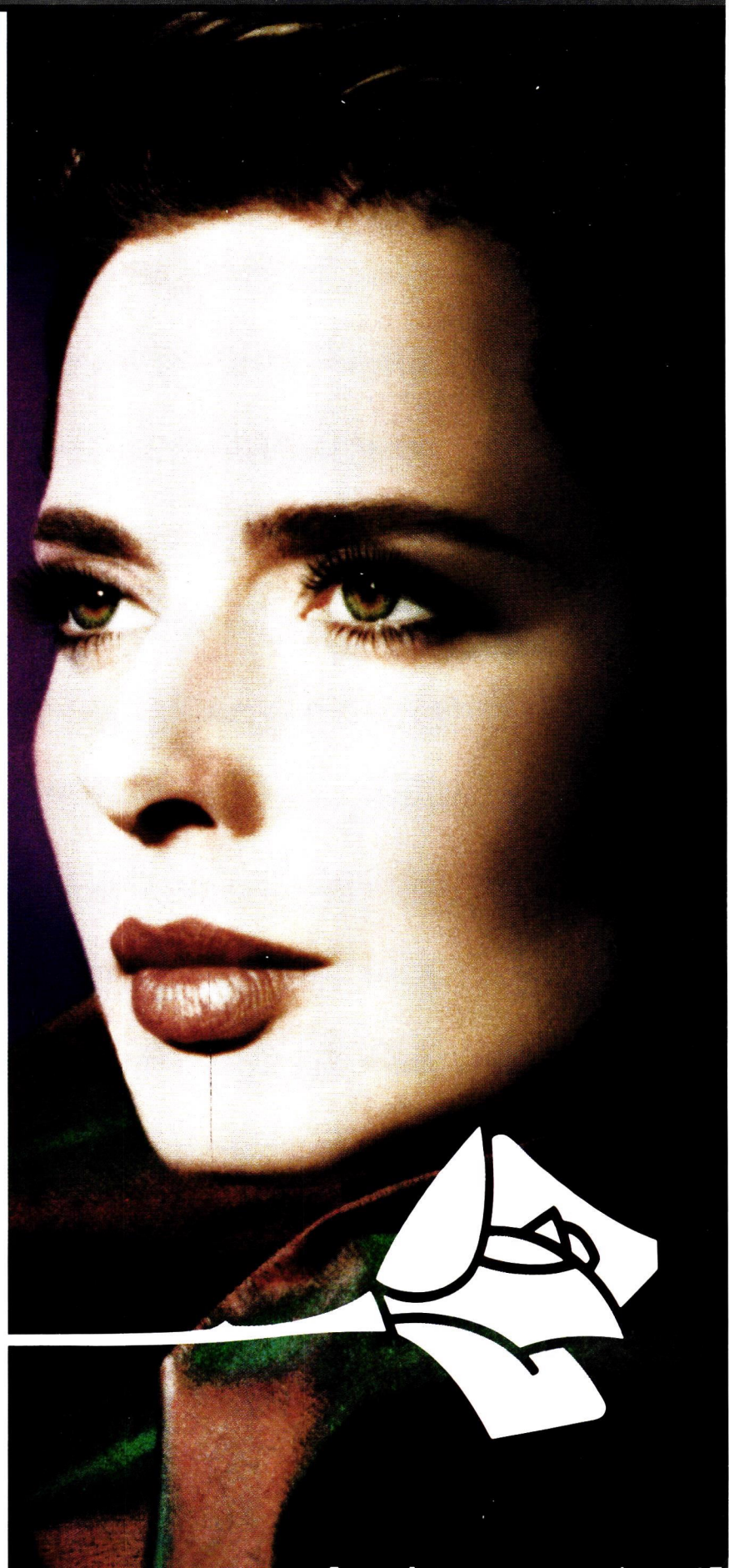

# LANCÔME
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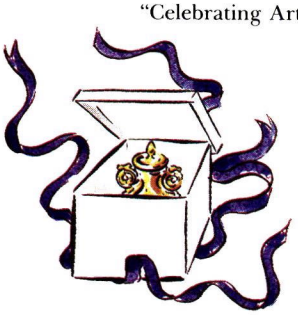
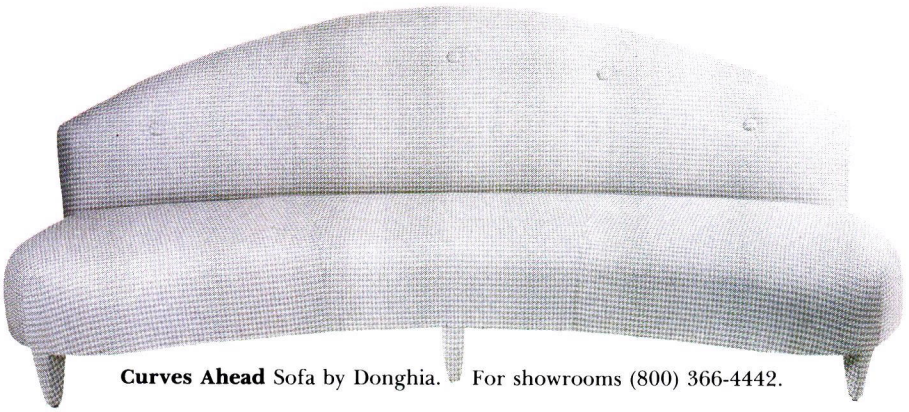
**Light and Shades** Hand-painted landscape (*above left*) by Leslie Horan (212) 675-7164; pair of silk-pleated skirted creations by Paul Nikhel of Bhon Bhon (212) 874-2951; and mahogany veneer by Lights Up, for stores (718) 802-1690.

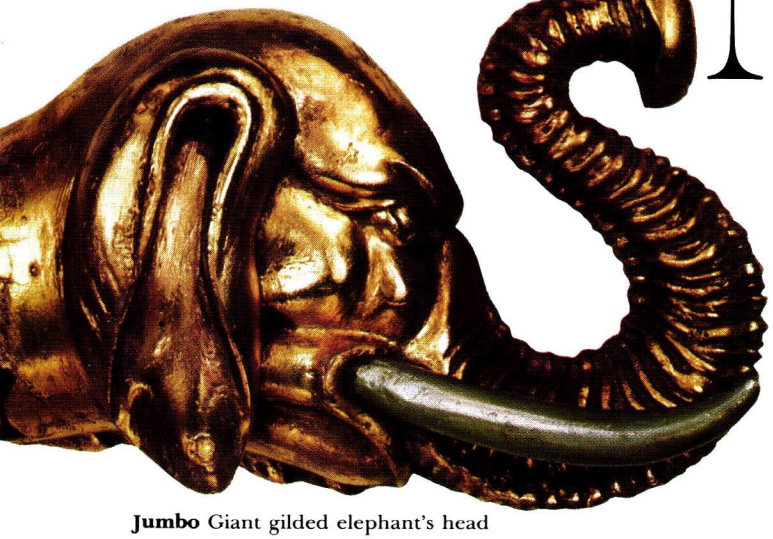
**Showtime** The Frick Collection will be the beneficiary of "Celebrating Art and Antiques in New York: Eleven Treasures Revealed," Jan. 16–25, a joint undertaking by Didier Aaron, Chinese Porcelain Co., Colnaghi, Dalva Brothers, Richard Feigen, J. J. Lally & Co., Newhouse Galleries, Rosenberg & Stiebel, Garrick Stephenson, Vernay & Jussel, and F. P. Victoria & Son. For information (212) 879-2700.





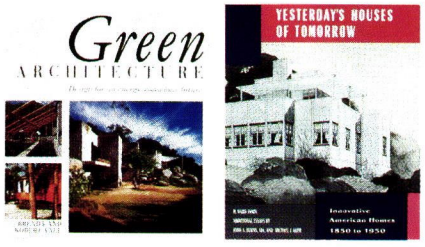
**Curves Ahead** Sofa by Donghia. For showrooms (800) 366-4442.

# notes



**Jumbo** Giant gilded elephant's head finial (*above*) at George Smith, 73 Spring St., NYC (212) 226-4747.

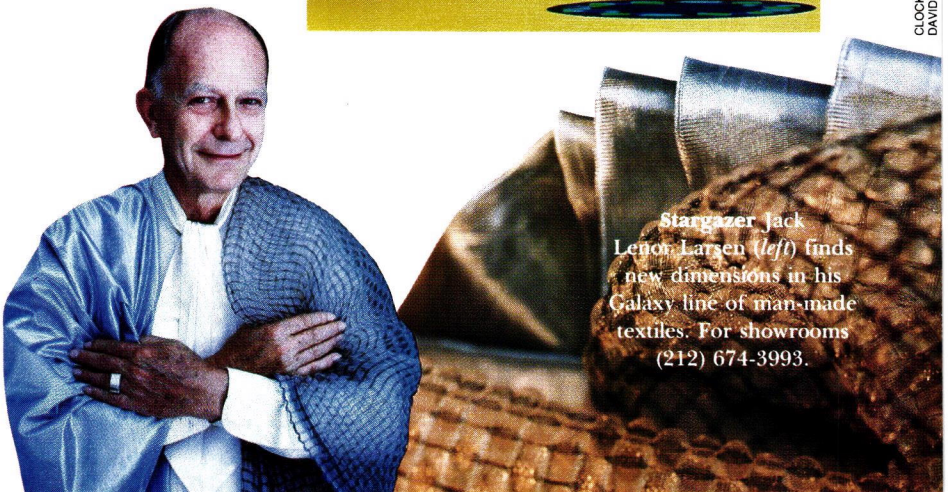
**At Your Service** For the jet set the Hotel Metropolis (*below*) opens this spring at 25 Mason St., San Francisco. For information (800) 553-1900.







**Future Reference** Look forward and back (*above*) with *Green Architecture* (Bulfinch, $40) and *Yesterday's Houses of Tomorrow* (Preservation Press, $29.95).



**Stargazer** Jack Lenor Larsen (*left*) finds new dimensions in his Galaxy line of man-made textiles. For showrooms (212) 674-3993.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: MONICA STEVENSON (5); RON CHAN; DAVID BARRY (2); NC; MONICA STEVENSON; MONICA RANGNE

*GOOD NEWS*

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# Barcelona's Urban Voyage

*The city's landmarks—old and new —testify to the power of design*

BY HERBERT MUSCHAMP

Columbus, the multiculturalists insist, did not discover the New World. And it's historically as well as politically correct that Native Americans had pitched their tents upon the continent centuries before European explorers stumbled onto it. But so what? Columbus discovered something far more important than a land mass. He discovered the spirit of exploration—the courage to sail into the unknown. He discovered that the horizon is not a brink to be feared but a frontier to be crossed. That's the achievement honored by the colossal statue of Columbus high over Barcelona's harbor.

Today people are traveling to this port city to see the exploring spirit at work in the fields of architecture and design. This summer will throw a spotlight on the stadiums and other architecturally distinguished sports facilities created for the Olympic Games, but a commitment to renewal has been pulsing through every quarter of the city for much of the past decade. New parks, new street scapes, the renovation of historic landmarks, the rediscovery of the waterfront—all offer stunning evidence of what can be accomplished when a city puts a premium on design. What a shock, in these days of accelerating urban decrepitude, to discover a place where people still think cities have a future and are actively engaged in building it.

**In Barcelona the turrets of a new industrial park, above, echo the fantastic towers and domes of Antoni Gaudí's 1905 Batlló house, above left.**

Design is not the whole story in Barcelona, of course. The post-Franco climate of political and artistic freedom, the revival of the Catalan language, economic investment from abroad, massive immigration, the opportunities generated by the Olympics are all major forces behind the city's rejuvenation. But for once a city's government has allowed its architects a major role in urban affairs. They've responded with proof that the shape of an entire city can be as dynamic as any form of art.

Barcelona is hardly a new city, nor is this the first occasion even in modern times that a burst of inspired building has followed a period of cultural oppression. In the early eighteenth century Barcelona fatally miscalculated its allegiance in the War of the Spanish Succession and was demoted from the status of a sovereign state to that of a provincial town. The city's medieval walls became, in effect, its prison; for a century and a half a royal decree prohibited development outside the walls.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: A.G.E. FOTOSTOCK (2); LLUIS CASALS

What a shock it is these days to discover a place where

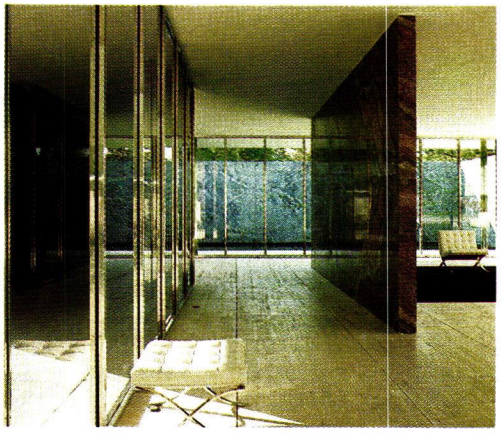
When the ban was finally lifted in 1859, the result was the *eixample*—literally "expansion," though "explosion" would more accurately convey the transformation that followed. To begin this undertaking, the Old World borrowed from the New, adopting a grid system of perpendicular streets common in America's industrial towns. But Barcelona's architects transformed the grid into an urbanism as distinctive as the Nash terraces of London, the Haussmann boulevards of Paris. For the eixample ushered in the "age of modernisme," the highly wrought ornamental style that largely shaped the Barcelona we see today.

Modernisme arose from a mix of contradictory impulses: regionalist pride in Catalan culture pulled against the desire to emulate advanced ideas in design elsewhere in Europe. Efforts to draw upon the city's Gothic heritage collided with wild rebelliousness against tradition. The result was a flamboyant synthesis of medieval archaism, a Moorish flair for pattern, the flowing line characteristic of French art nouveau, and an exuberance that is sui generis. Antoni Gaudí's surrealist extravaganzas are the period's best-known works; his unfinished church of the Sagrada Familia has become the city's unofficial symbol. But Gaudí's contemporaries Josep Puig i Cadafalch and Lluís Domènech i Montaner were scarcely less adept at demonstrating that architecture need not take a second place to any art in bold imagination. Looking up at the fantastic roofline of a building by Gaudí or Puig i Cadafalch, we may be tempted to wonder how they coaxed their patrons into building these things. The answer is that they didn't have to do much persuading. Though the style had its detractors, for its advocates modernisme was more than a style. It was a cause, a way of life that inspired a passion as intense as that aroused by the Bauhaus some years later.

Like the modernistas, today's designers are profoundly conscious of their rich regional heritage. And they are even more aware than their predecessors that design is an international language. That is why projects by Arata Isozaki, Norman Foster, and Frank Gehry have arisen alongside buildings by native talents such as Federico Correa, Oscar Tusquets, and Ricardo Bofill. That is also why enormous symbolic importance was attached to the 1986 reconstruction of the Barcelona Pavilion, the masterpiece designed by Ludwig Mies van der Rohe for the 1929 International Exposition. It is deeply moving to enter this minimal enclosure of marble and glass, the seed crystal to which the skylines of so many modern cities can be traced. What is remarkable is not only the building's legendary beauty—for once, a building is as stunning as its photographs—but the fact that it has been brought back intact from the legendary realm. The original pavilion stood for only six months; to see it now is like encountering the Grail. And like a grail, the reconstruction urges us onward, saying we *can* pick up again where we left off.

The pavilion also makes the polemical point that the leading architects in Barcelona today consider themselves modernists, but for them modernism is not a matter of style. It is a spirit of adventure. Let's see what it would be like to make a railroad overpass into a work of modern art. Let's find out whether it's possible to turn the median strip along a depressing stretch of arterial roadway into a linear park. (It is.) Let's get every architect's pipe dream off those

**Mies's Barcelona Pavilion stands again.**



people still think cities have a future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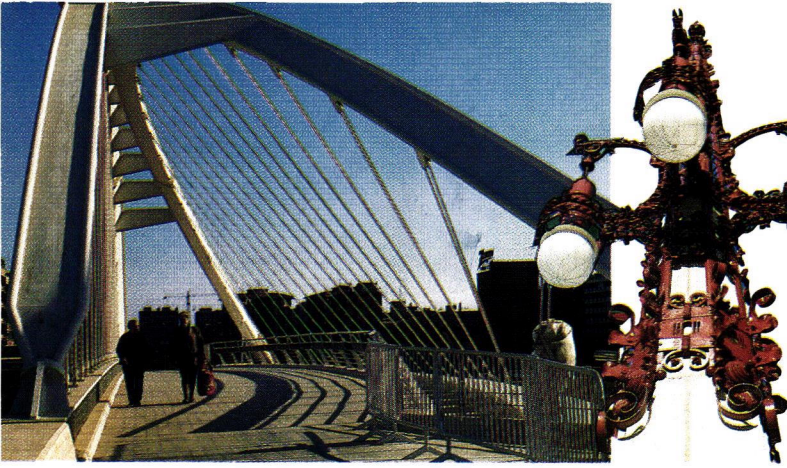


drawing boards and give it a whirl in the streets.

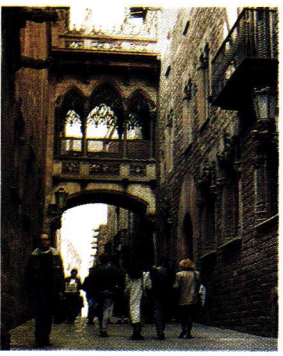
Distinctly unmodern is the architects' understanding that the city is an organic entity, not a blank slate for utopian fantasies about how people should live. Yes, Barcelona has its blockbuster buildings, its equivalents of the Grands Projets of Paris: Richard Meier's Museu d'Art Contempori de Barcelona, Gae Aulenti's interior renovation of the Palau Nacional, the new sports pavilions, and, most impressive of all, Olympic Village, which will bequeath to the city a new neighborhood on the waterfront. But the impressions

## Architects here understand that the city is an organic entity

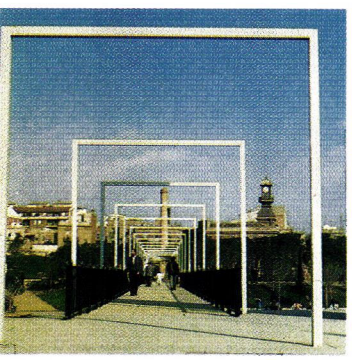
that linger are those made by rather petits projets: the wild tumble of steel cable that Antoni Tàpies fashioned into a sculpture for the roof of the museum dedicated to his work; the repaving of Plaça Real, a serene neoclassical square located just off the Ramblas, Barcelona's bustling rialto; the handsome enclosure Tusquets made to enlarge Domènech i Montaner's stunning modernista Palau de la Música Catalana; the live palm trees planted to complement folk artists' painted palm trees, which brought life to a vacant tenement lot for years.

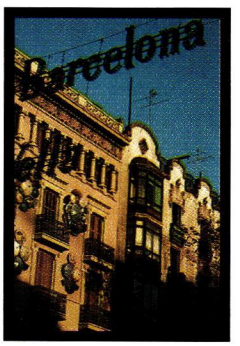
These projects exhibit the comprehensive overview of urban planning without sinking into the deadly uniformity it usually imposes. The approach is one that Gothic builders would have appreciated: the goal is not only to create perfect works of art but also to engage communities in the process of their creation. Barcelona's brilliant success in this regard was tellingly illustrated during my visit last summer, which happened to coincide with a mayoral election. Each candidate had designated a consulting architect to advise on new urban projects. Just before election day, interviews with each of the architects appeared in the major newspaper. On the front page. Clearly, design is not only new here, it is news.

Has Barcelona gone over the top with design? Isn't there something potentially suffocating about a designer city? I've heard some Americans complain that they feel deprived of something "authentic" now that every tapas bar in town has adopted the same design motif of old and new, juxtaposing a sleek modern wall against a rough stone surface. And even trendy locals have grown bored with hypersleek designer bars. But to get a feeling for the substance behind the style, you have to leave the city's fashionable areas and head for the working-class districts, an easy trip on the excellent subway system and one well worth several detours. For it is here, in the new espais urban, that Barcelona's renewal shows its socially idealistic heart.

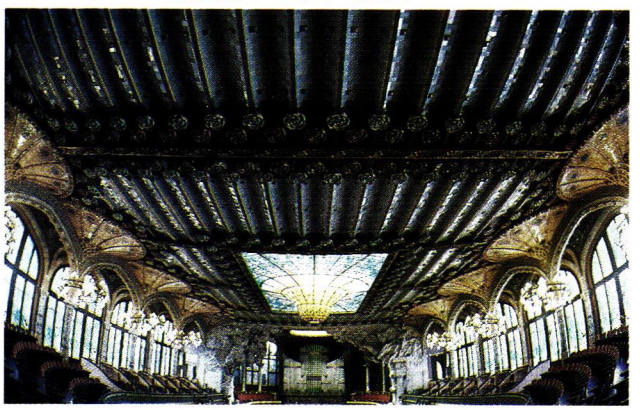


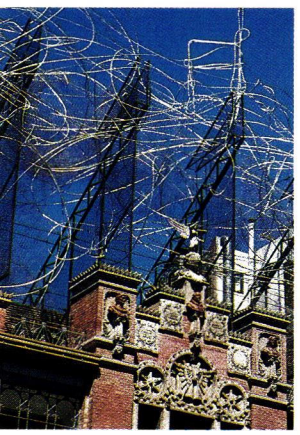
The city's urban fabric encompasses a medieval street, above left, the bustling Ramblas, above right, gracious façades, right, a modernista street light, top right, and a state-of-the-art bridge, top left.






Amenities old and new. Above: Parc del Clot. Above right: Parc de la Pegasso. Right: Palau de la Música. Below: Tàpies's *Nuvol i Cadira*. Below right: Beverly Pepper's *Fallen Sky*.





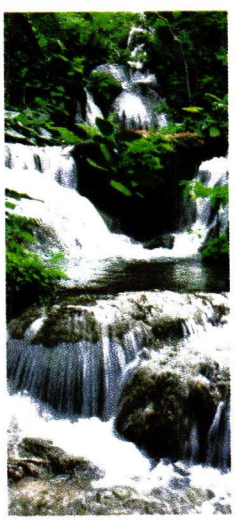
BOTTOM RIGHT: MELBA LEVICK. MIDDLE RIGHT: ALEXANDRE GAULTIER/ESTO. OTHERS: A.G.E. FOTOSTOCK

The architecture in these neighborhoods is the sort that gave mainstream modernism a bad name: big, isolated, shoddily constructed housing blocks designed with little provision for street life or outdoor recreation. But—oddly, in an environment so oblivious to context—the designers of new urban spaces have tried to work within the existing framework rather than fight against it. Instead of sending in the bulldozers to start over from scratch, the city's planners scoured these zones of desolation for places to insert landscaping, recreational facilities, and other amenities. Commissions were awarded to different teams of architects, designers, and artists, many of them young practitioners trained by Oriol Bohigas, then the commissioner for urbanism and still the leading figure behind the current design boom. This approach has ensured enormous diversity, both in the size of the projects and in their design.

Parc del Clot, designed by Dani Freixes and Vicenç Miranda, is typical. Situated in a district of old industrial buildings and modern apartment blocks, the park occupies the site of an abandoned railway roundhouse. Freixes and Miranda built upon the history of the site without resorting to pat postmodern formulas. Remnants of the old roundhouse have been incorporated into the new landscape, its battered brick arches refashioned into lyrical arcades and pergolas, including a richly romantic setting for sculpture by Bryan Hunt. Along one stretch of partly demolished wall a cascade of water tumbles into a reflecting pool. Elsewhere are secluded spots for relaxation and open fields for games.

Not all of Barcelona's public spaces are so successful, and there's considerable disagreement about which work and which don't. The Plaça dels Països Catalans, for example, has been a focus of controversy since its completion in 1983. Located between a train station parking lot and a bleak intersection of avenues lined with dull modern monoliths, the plaza was designed not to soften the site but to reinforce its harshness. The space is dominated by a flat translucent canopy raised high on stark metal columns, a structure with all the charm of an airplane hangar abandoned to high winds. On my first visit I gave the plaza a thumbs-down; surely this was a classic example of the arrogance that compels architects to sacrifice human needs to the dramatic visual statement. But later that evening I was haunted by this "statement," and on a return visit I found I'd become a staunch enthusiast. Albert Viaplana and Helio Piñón, the designers, have succeeded in turning an urban wasteland into architectural poetry on the order of *The Wasteland*. I wouldn't want every park to look like this. But in a city where new parks seem to grow on trees, why should all of them look like enchanted forests? And if some of them turn out to be duds, that's the risk of exploration. Why venture over the horizon if you already know what you will find? ▲


BREATHING SPACE



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Tina Beebe presents in watercolor, left, part of the palette found in a California artichoke.

# Shades of Tomorrow

*Color consultants on both coasts scope out the spectrum of things to come*

BY HEATHER SMITH MACISAAC

It took only a brief conversation with color consultants Donald Kaufman and Taffy Dahl in New York and Tina Beebe in Los Angeles to realize that predicting the specific colors of tomorrow is as fruitless as it is intriguing.

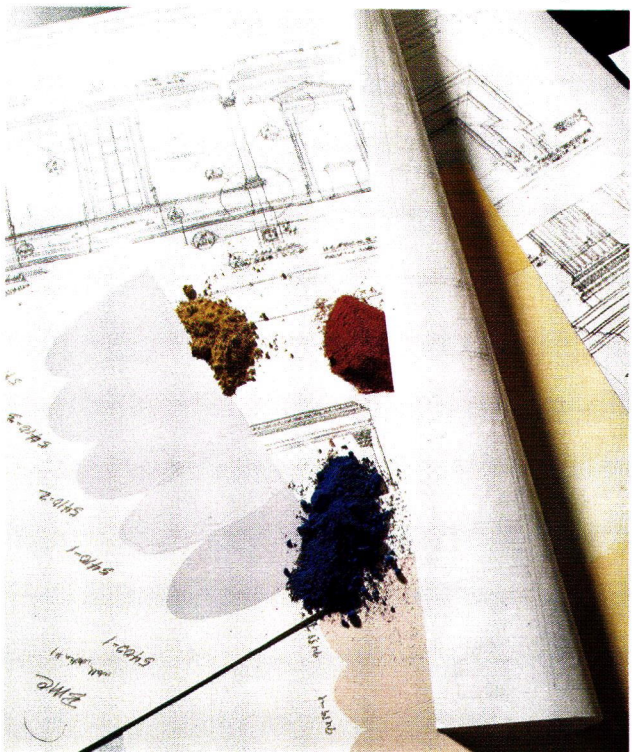
Once a color-field painter, Kaufman could now be tagged a color precisionist, having developed with Dahl formulas for more than 40,000 colors in his fifteen years as a consultant to architects and designers. So it follows that he considers technology as important as the dictates of fashion in determining color's future. He speculates that paint industry chemists may find a way in their own product to achieve the effect of the special coatings now used in the automobile and cosmetics industries. Or as the micro end of computer technology heads off into the decorative arts ozone, wallcoverings may become programmable surfaces capable of changing color instantly, thus eliminating painted walls altogether.

What Kaufman knows absolutely is that technology will have to put environmental safety ahead of special effects. "We've already seen a drastic drop in the quality of artificial light sources due to energy concerns," he explains. "And color is really light." With polluting oil-based paint following dangerous lead-based paint down the path to obsolescence and latex paint not adequately filling the gap, Kaufman is looking to science to ensure that the "gorgeous colors found in lead paints" of yesterday are not lost to the next generation.

Meanwhile, he and Dahl in their forthcoming book, *Color: Natural Palettes for Painted Rooms* (Clarkson Potter), demonstrate that even an amateur can produce a luminous and complex neutral shade by incorporating pigments from across the spectrum. "Blue," they advise, "is the pigment most often missing from the warm neutrals many people choose."

Like her New York counterpart, Beebe knows all about proportioning pigments to arrive at a certain color. Beyond that, her approach is anything but formulaic. She cuts open an artichoke to demonstrate the range of color found in a natural object most people would simply label green. Her travel souvenirs are likely to be leaves, stones, and bags of dirt for color references. "Just as there is no such thing as a bad plant in nature, there is no bad color," she asserts. "It's all how you use it." In her office in Santa Monica, so-called ugly colors no client would ever agree to—poison green, hot curry, and swamp green—have metamorphosed into stimulating earthy shades.

Beebe sees a reaction against the pastel shades, often used in unfortunate combinations, that dominated the eighties. "The more color Michael Graves used," she says, "the subtler my palette grew." She believes that in the future "people will use fewer colors more thoughtfully. In Italy you see the same shades—sienas, ochers, greens—over and over, sometimes with a wash, sometimes rubbed in. They have a sense of time and connectedness to them." Perhaps it's time to revive harvest gold and avocado green. ▲



Donald Kaufman and Taffy Dahl take a technical approach, right, to color. Details see Resources.

DAVID FRAZIER

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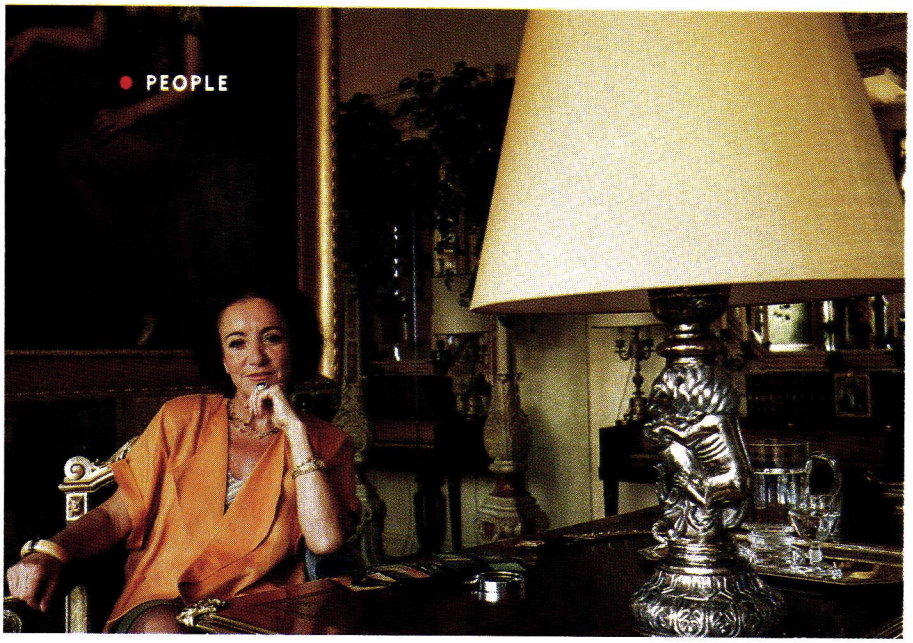


# Good Vibrations

## *In London and Paris, two visionary women look ahead*

BY PRINCE MICHAEL OF GREECE

There are—don't you agree?—buildings that kill. There are houses that give cancer, houses that bring ruin." Yaguel Didier, queen of clairvoyance in France, pauses, then shares this story of one of her clients: "I saw only good things, but, contrary to what I had foretold, all he had was trouble—in his career, in his finances. Finally, I told him, 'But it is your house. *It* is bringing this ruin.' From the very moment he decided to move he found work again."

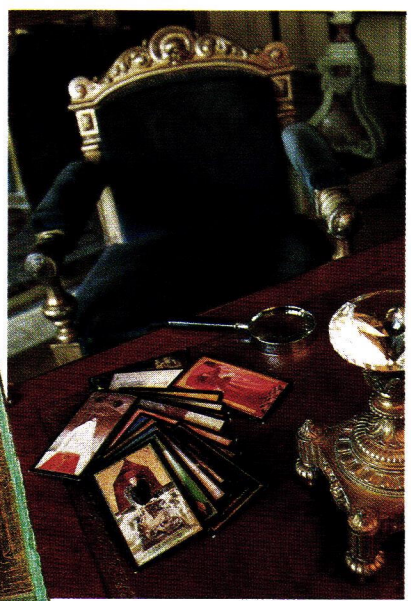
The notion that a house can have an ambiance that is baneful or beneficent dates back to pagan antiquity when architecture and decoration reflected a whole system of ideas about soil and underground water; the orientation of buildings, rooms, furniture; the auras of different objects and colors. Since then, Christianity and rationalism relegated these principles to the level of superstition. But, whether by tradition or instinct, astrologers and clairvoyants are in touch with these ideas and apply them at home. Visits to two well-known parapsychologists show that the results can be deeply comforting.

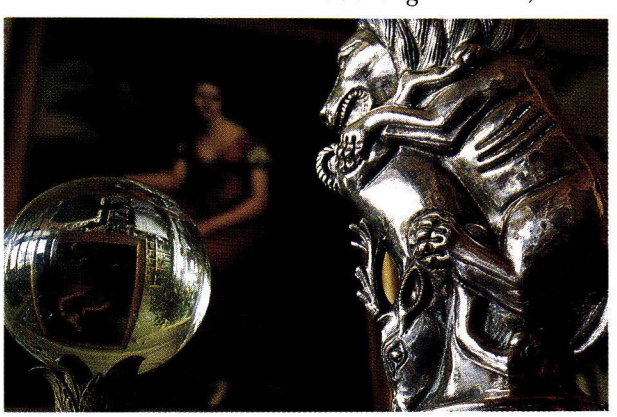
The first, the elegant and wise Yaguel Didier, exercises her gifts on behalf of a clientele that ranges from artists and actors to politicians and businessmen. She and her husband, an editor with a passion for auctions and flea markets, have a handsome apartment in Paris's seventh arrondissement filled with family pieces and treasures from the salesrooms at Drouot.

The second is Shelley von Strunckel, a rising star among astrologers and since early October the inheritor of one corner of Patric Walker's domain: a daily horoscope column syndicated in newspapers worldwide. Born and raised in Hollywood, she was in the fashion business "before I got into something sane," she says with a smile. Today many of her private clients are entrepreneurs. Von Strunckel keeps an apartment in New York but lives most of the year with her barrister husband in a maisonette in London, off Sloane Square.

Both Didier's and von Strunckel's apartments are flooded with sunlight. After several moves, Didier says, "I knew immediately this was the right place because of the light." One end of the room where she works is composed entirely of windows. Von Strunckel's study, too, has a large window, from which the curtains are pulled back. "To work you need light," she explains. "It keeps people's anxieties from accumulating in the room. And because sunlight is made up of all the colors of the spectrum, it cleanses my crystals."

Von Strunckel's window is often open. "The room





Paris clairvoyant Yaguel Didier, above, sits at her 18th-century desk, right, to read tarot cards, below, designed by Marina Karella. Bottom right: Antique Indian lamp.

PATRICK BURBAN

Astrologer Shelley von Strunckel, bottom, sees clients in her London study. Left: On her desk, a head and a relief by Eduardo Paolozzi, based on an image by William Blake. Below left: Charts, she says, are "maps of someone's nature." Below: Her living room.

fills with sensitive feelings," she says. "If you walk into a consulting room after a day of people being rather anxious, you are going to feel anxious yourself. So literally changing the air is important."

In Didier's consulting room the impression of light is intensified by yellow walls: "For two or three years I have worn yellow. I use yellow or similar shades on my walls, in my curtains. These are bright colors that correspond to something very important."

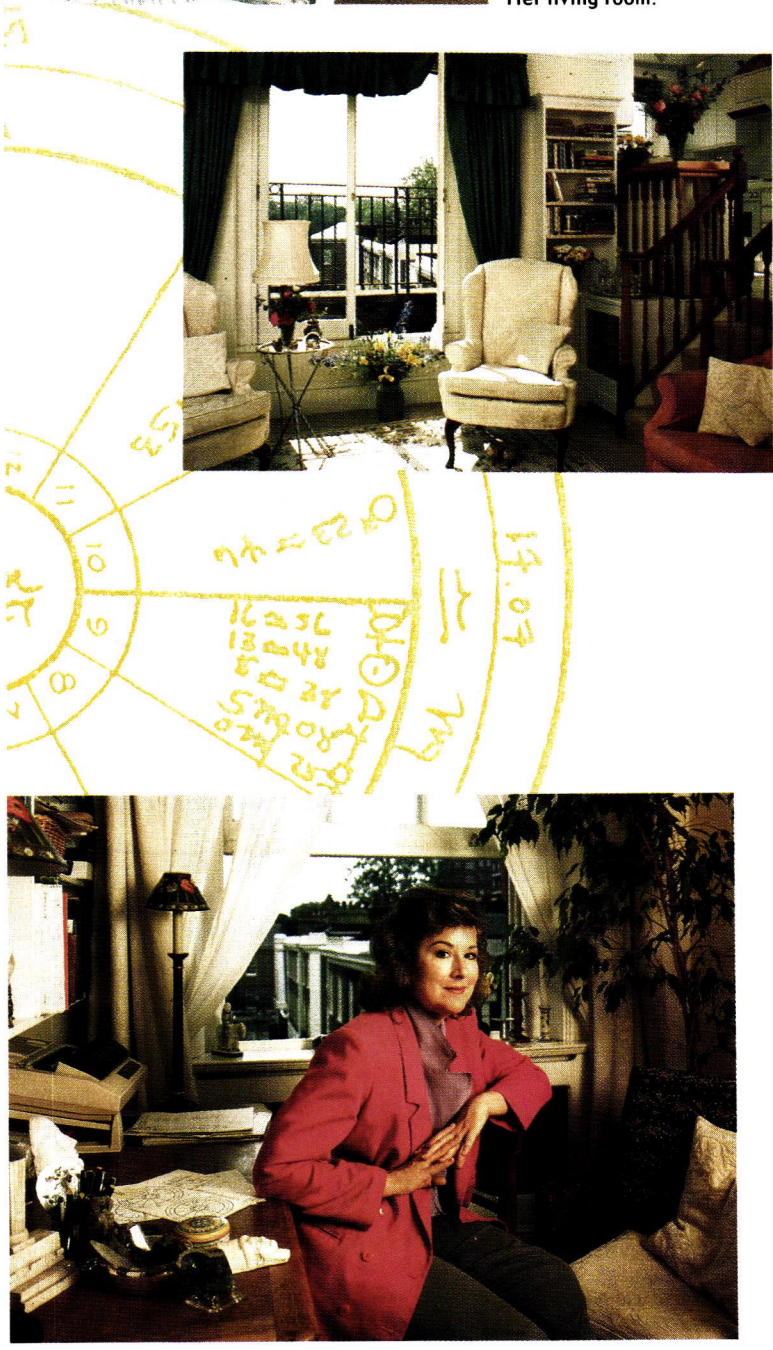
"Colors, of course, have vibrations," agrees von Strunckel, whose living room is done in creamy tones; the only dark note is the green of the curtains, which were in the apartment when she moved in. "We forget that colors are waves just like sounds. I heard about a study which found that violent criminals calm down when you paint the walls around them shocking pink. And monastics usually wear black because it encloses vibrations—it clothes the aura. Black acts as an insulator. I think good decorators know these things instinctively and use the colors that will create the right vibrations for the people who live there."

Of course, both women are infinitely sensitive to vibrations. "The idea of even one of my rooms not having positive vibrations would horrify me," says Didier. One contributing factor, she continues, may be the nature of the ground on which the house is built. "There is nothing worse than stagnant water, which, as everyone knows, can cause both psychological and physical ailments. Moving water is somewhat better, but water is never very good." Von Strunckel says she is convinced that her apartment absorbed the positive energies of the previous occupants, "very nice people who lived a happy life."

For Didier the placement of furniture is crucial: "You must always have the head of the bed facing north and the foot toward the south." She confides that she initially positioned her consulting chair—a gilded Italian piece from the early nineteenth century—with its back to the window. "This made me feel as if I were being sucked out the window; I picked up all of the vibrations coming from the street. So I changed. I put my armchair with its back to a mirror—something you must always do so that as soon as someone opposite you sends bad waves in your direction the mirror automatically sends them back."

Plants, too, play a role. "This isn't just because of aesthetics," explains Didier. "I couldn't remain working in a room without plants. I speak to them, I talk things over with them, they filter the air by absorbing negative energy; they are part of my well-being. When I work, I look constantly at these two small plants that are there on my bookcase." Foliage plants, she cautions, are better than flowering ones: "They might be killed by bad energy."

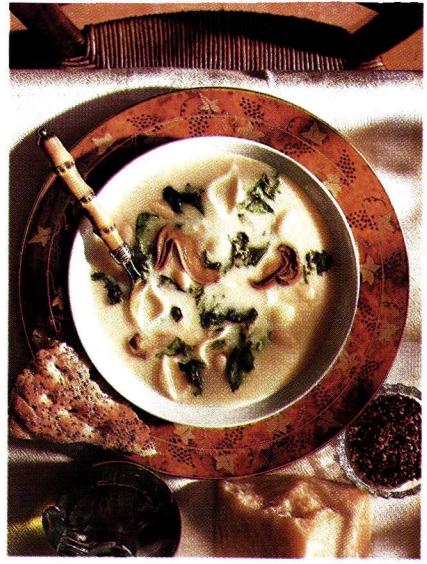
Von Strunckel, too, keeps a green plant, in her case a ficus tree, close to her desk, but she also favors vases of cut flowers: "I think flowers actually have some kind of vitamins in them. They're restorative." ▲



"Light keeps people's anxieties from accumulating in the room"

CURT RICHTER

# Diet for a Large Planet



Cannellini, pasta, wild mushrooms, and greens, below left, make an elegant Revisionist Pasta Fazool, above left. China by Bernardaud; flatware by Buccellati. Details see Resources.

*Meals that are low on the food chain rate high as haute cuisine*

BY LESLIE LAND

There have always been vegetarians among us, including such famous examples as Sylvester Graham, the whole wheat man, whose campaign for temperate eating began back in 1830. Still I think it's fair to say that the American bean and grain revolution has been a mighty slow comer, taking off in earnest only twenty years ago, when Frances Moore Lappé published *Diet for a Small Planet.*

Unfortunately, until we were well into the 1980s, earnestness was all. Eating low on the food chain, no matter how ecologically correct, tended to be pretty disastrous from the gastronomic point of view. In restaurants and home kitchens across the country, especially in university towns, unyielding moral righteousness combined with culinary ignorance to confuse stolidity with virtue. Fiber-obsessed nutritional extremism soon joined the party, repelling all but dietary fanatics, and as a result most American food lovers missed out on a truth well known to nearly everyone else: meals based largely on fresh vegetables, beans, and grains can be absolutely delicious.

They can be infinitely various too, as different as the cuisines of Morocco and Mexico, Italy and India, Greece and Indonesia. All over the world, endless combinations of velvety legumes and firm chewy grains are lightened with vegetables and herbs, and seasoned and sauced in ways that use meat, if it is used at all, for flavor rather than bulk.

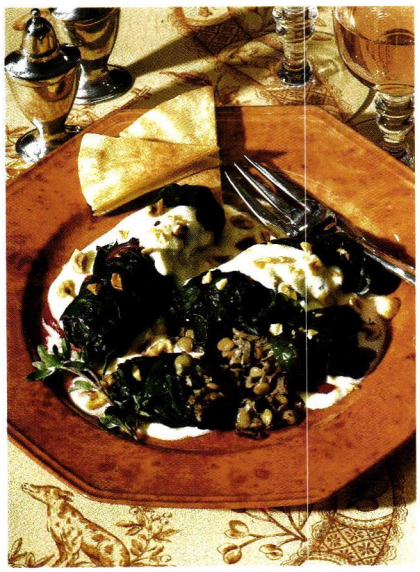
Of course, it's a far cry from even the best burritos and similar simple fare to Swiss chard dolmas filled with an earthy mixture of wild rice and lentils and glazed with golden avgolemono. My favorite bean and pasta stew, accented with smoky wild mushrooms and streaks of stir-fried bitter greens, has at most a cousinly resemblance to the semisolid pasta fazool my pal Bill grew up eating in the kitchen of his Sicilian grandmother. The sweet-hot peanut sauce that unifies kaleidoscopic gado-gado (Indonesian-style vegetables) is a protein booster all right, but nobody eating this gorgeous main dish salad is likely to be thinking in those terms.

Different as they are, these modern freewheeling versions of classic dishes have important things in common besides a vegetable base. They have big flavor, first and foremost—the specter of stodge is best dispelled with strong seasoning and tasty embellishments like wild mushrooms, Parmesan, or apricots.

But just as crucially, they're not afraid of fat. Egg yolks in the lemon sauce for the dolmas, olive oil for the

TOM ECKERLE/STYLED BY ROSCOE BETSILL

pasta—and the best burritos are likely to be filled with lard-enriched refritos and garnished with avocado or sour cream. To put it baldly, there is no first-class bean-and-grain without the binding, emollient, plain old tastiness of fat. I'm not talking greasy—heaven forfend! These dishes are, in fact, pretty reasonable in percentage of calories from fat. But forget the tiny smidgeons recommended in some new age recipes. Fat-deprivatory health-nuthood will win no more friends for a vegetable diet than the old holiness did.



Swiss chard dolmas. Salt and peppers from Pierre Deux; cloth, Clarence House.

Finally, good beans take forethought. Old-fashioned overnight rehydration followed by slow cooking in fresh water is what produces the tastiest, most digestible beans. The "well-drained canned" sort so beloved of the convenience-minded can no more be substituted for the real thing than margarine can replace butter. As always, quality is key. Attention to detail, fine ingredients, and a cosmopolitan frame of reference make meals that are low on the food chain into haute cuisine.

### REVISIONIST PASTA FAZOOL

½ pound dried cannellini, soaked overnight
1 medium onion
10 sprigs Italian parsley
1 stalk celery, coarsely broken
2 carrots, cut in chunks
¾ ounce dried porcini mushrooms
8 ounces small pasta
2 tablespoons dark green extra-virgin olive oil
12 leaves escarole, roughly shredded
6–8 inner leaves curly endive, roughly shredded
2–3 cloves garlic, minced
Salt
Freshly ground pepper
Parmesan

Drain beans. Peel onion, leaving it whole. In a large kettle combine beans, onion, parsley, celery, and carrots with 8 cups water. Bring to a simmer, partially cover, and cook until beans are very soft, 2–2½ hours. Meanwhile place mushrooms in a small heavy pan, cover with ¾ cup boiling water, and simmer gently, stirring often, until mushrooms are plump and water has evaporated. Set aside.

When beans are tender, remove vegetables and discard. Take out about 1 cup of beans, mash them, and reserve. Bring bean liquid to a boil, add pasta, and cook until tender, about 5 minutes. While pasta is cooking, heat oil in a wide skillet and sauté greens until just wilted. Stir in garlic and remove from heat. When pasta is cooked, lower heat and stir mashed beans into soup to thicken. The liquid should be no thicker than thin cream. Add a bit of boiling water if necessary. Taste and adjust salt.

Place a portion of mushrooms in the bottom of each bowl, ladle in the soup, and place greens on top. Serve accompanied by pepper, Parmesan, and additional extra-virgin olive oil. Serves 6.

### SWISS CHARD DOLMAS

*Dolmas*
⅔ cup lentils
2 large onions, chopped
3 tablespoons butter
4 cloves garlic
1 heaping tablespoon minced marjoram or 1½ teaspoons dried
2 teaspoons thyme leaves or 1 teaspoon dried
1 teaspoon salt
1⅓ cups wild rice
18 large leaves of Swiss chard
1–2 tablespoons olive oil
*Avgolemono sauce*
2 eggs
3 egg yolks
⅓ cup lemon juice
1½ cups chicken broth
Salt
½ cup hazelnuts, toasted, skinned, and chopped (optional)

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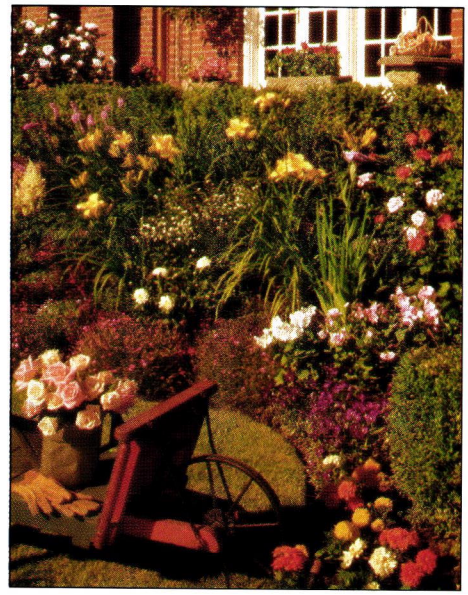

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*Dolmas.* Pick over lentils, rinse, and place in a saucepan. Add 1 cup boiling water, cover tightly, and simmer about 10 minutes until almost tender. Turn off heat and let sit, covered. Meanwhile sauté onion in butter over medium high heat until well colored. Mince 2 cloves garlic. Add garlic and seasonings to onion and sauté briefly. Rinse rice, add to onion mixture, and cook about 1 minute. Stir in 2⅓ cups boiling water and cook covered over low heat until rice is just tender. Drain lentils and mix with rice. Adjust seasonings.

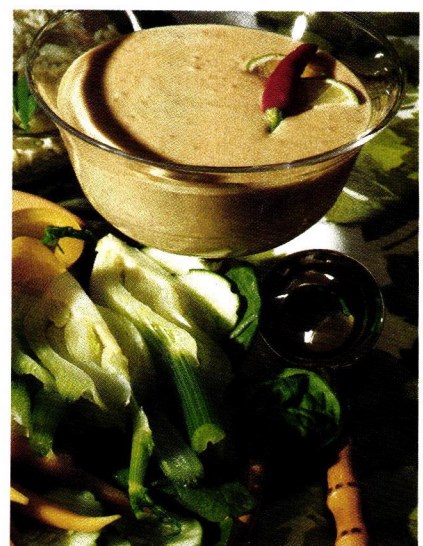
Holding chard leaves by stems, dip them in boiling water until pliable. Remove stems, including the thick center rib at the bottom of the leaf, and cut stems into 1-inch pieces. Add olive oil to cover the bottom of a nonreactive pan big enough to hold dolmas in two layers. Arrange stem pieces in the pan.

Loosely roll about ⅓ cup bean mixture in each leaf, folding in sides, and set the rolls seam-side down on stem bed. (There will be extra filling.) Leaves should be close but not tight. Quarter remaining garlic cloves and tuck between leaves. Weigh down with a plate. Add 1 cup boiling water, cover tightly, and simmer 40 minutes. Add boiling water during cooking if necessary to prevent scorching.

*Avgolemono sauce.* Combine eggs and yolks, then beat in lemon juice. Heat the broth until hot but not boiling, then add to egg mixture in a thin stream, beating constantly. Cook, whisking energetically, in a nonreactive double boiler until thick. Do not allow mixture to boil. Salt to taste.

Put a bit of chopped stem on each plate. Place the dolmas on top and blanket with sauce. Sprinkle with chopped nuts if desired. Serves 6.

**Gado-gado. Bowl by Ralph Lauren Home Collection.**



There is no tasty bean-and-grain without fat

### GADO-GADO

- 10 cups mixed raw vegetables, such as cabbage, carrots, onions, fennel, eggplant, zucchini, summer squash, and bell peppers
- 2 cups snap beans
- Vegetable oil
- 1 medium onion, thinly shredded
- 3 cloves garlic, thinly sliced
- 1 dried chili pepper
- ½ pound freshly ground peanut butter
- Salt
- 1 tablespoon lime juice
- 1 tablespoon tamari
- 1 tablespoon dark brown sugar
- 14 ounces unsweetened coconut milk
- 2 cups bean sprouts
- 1 cucumber
- 1 large bunch spinach, coarsely torn
- 3 hard boiled eggs, halved (optional)
- Boiled rice

Prepare the vegetables up to several hours ahead. Shred cabbage, julienne or slice carrots, cut onions in eighths, julienne fennel, cube eggplant, slice zucchini and summer squash, and julienne bell peppers. Leave snap beans whole. Steam each, individually, until just tender and set aside.

To make the sauce, heat ⅓ inch vegetable oil in a skillet until almost smoking. Fry onion shreds until dark brown and crisp, then drain. Reduce heat and fry garlic slices until light gold and crisp, then drain. Remove stem from chili pepper, break pepper coarsely, and grind in processor with onion and garlic. Add peanut butter and grind again to mix, then add salt, lime juice, tamari, sugar, and coconut milk.

Transfer the mixture to a saucepan and rinse the processor with about ¼ cup water, then add water to sauce. Heat gently, stirring often. Add more water if necessary to get the texture of heavy cream.

Shortly before serving, heat oven to 375 degrees. Line cookie sheets with parchment paper, spread out the vegetables and the sprouts without mixing, and sprinkle lightly with water. Cover tightly with foil and bake 5 minutes or until thoroughly heated.

Score edges of cucumber with a fork and slice thinly. Spread out the spinach on a large platter. Arrange the hot vegetables on top, keeping different items separated. Garnish with cucumber slices and eggs and serve with sauce and boiled rice. Serves 6. ▲

TOM ECKERLE/STYLED BY ROSCOE BETSILL

The latest electronic books give art a new immediacy.

# Log-in Library

## *Computers expand the boundaries of the illustrated book*

BY JILLIAN BURT

In the course of an afternoon I plucked at the strings of an African thumb piano housed at the Smithsonian, I took a convertible for a bracing spin around Vienna's Ringstrasse, I compared buildings on a fifteenth-century map of Florence with the way they look today, I surveyed all of the Louvre's paintings featuring four-poster beds—and I never budged from my desk chair.

Computerized coffee table books offer far more than just a good read. Stored on laser discs and CD-ROMs—the same kind of compact discs that contain music—the latest generation of electronic publications enable text and photographs to mingle with sound and moving images. They also enable the reader to chart his or her own course by avoiding a prescribed order of pages, offering instead a vast number of possible pathways. Slide Philips's disc *Treasures of the Smithsonian* into a Philips interactive disc player, which attaches like a VCR to a television, and an index of options lights up the screen. The choices range from taking a self-directed architectural tour of the fourteen museums that make up the Smithsonian to browsing through a card catalogue of some two hundred exhibits available for viewing, including the African thumb piano, played by moving a cursor that acts like a pick. You can freeze frames, leap from one locale to the next with the press of a button, or access information almost endlessly.

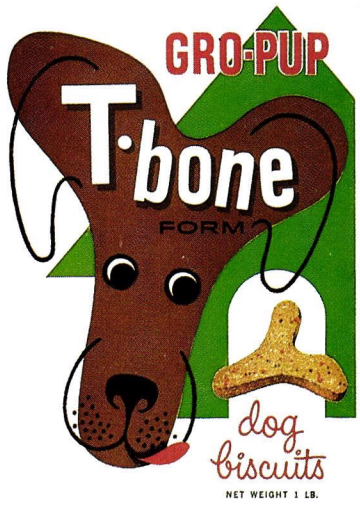
If *Vienna: The Spirit of a City,* a laser disc published by the California company Voyager, were a traditional coffee table book, the table would have to fill a banquet hall. Created by Austrian filmmaker Titus Leber in conjunction with a team of technical wizards, the disc contains 15,000 still pictures, twenty minutes of motion footage, and extensive musical excerpts—all of which make it possible to move from a performance of the Vienna State Opera's *Macbeth* to an in-depth study of the opera building.

Electronic publishing has become big business and Sony, Microsoft, McGraw-Hill, Simon & Schuster, Time Life, and ABC are all preparing for a paper-free future. So far, the primary focus of computerized books has been on education and reference because of the extraordinary storage capacities of CDs, but companies like Philips and Voyager are fast ushering art, architecture, music, and travel books into new dimensions. Voyager has discs that explore every nuance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, that detail the evolution of châteaux along the Loire, that contain almost the entire holdings of the Louvre.

The drawback to this new species of books is the fact that there is no standardized playing equipment and to make use of what's out there requires a battery of machines. But more sophisticated computers are appearing daily, such as NeXT's new model, which offers unrivaled color reproduction, CD-quality sound, and a disc drive that projects video images. Meanwhile, Bill Gates's Interactive Home Systems is considering production of flat computer screens that can be framed on walls and display digitally reproduced works of art. And Sony's new Data Discman, not much bigger than a Walkman, is forging the way for books that are as dense in content as encyclopedias and as portable as paperbacks. ▲

**Coming attraction: computer screens that hang on the wall and digitally display paintings**

COURTESY NEXT COMPUTER/ILLUSTRATION BY ROB DAY



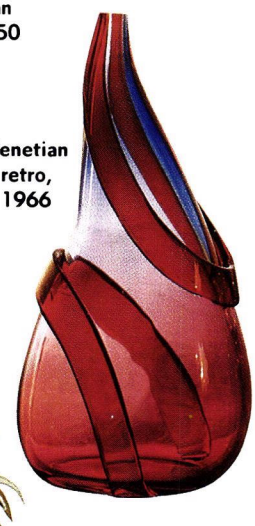

Dog food box, 1960: the next pet rock

Neck art by Memphis, 1990

Precolumbian couple, c. 250

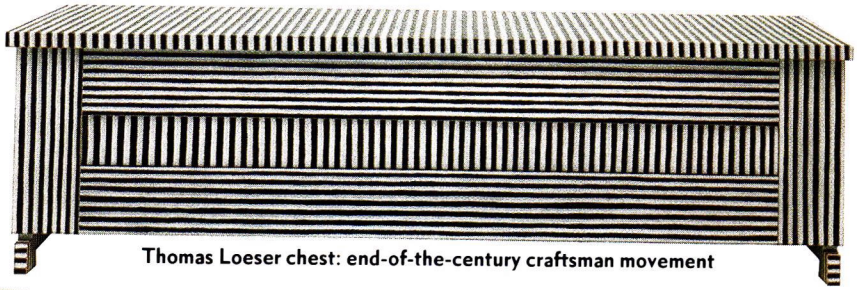
# The Must-Haves of the Millennium

*Tastemakers predict the trends of tomorrow*

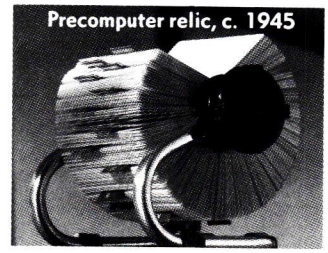


Venetian retro, 1966

Tomorrow's potpourri



Thomas Loeser chest: end-of-the-century craftsman movement



Precomputer relic, c. 1945

William III: ripe for rediscovery

**Robert Loughlin,** *antiques finder, New York City.* Here are things that will start to look better and better: mason jars (clean practical storage); Witco's tiki furniture, used to great effect in Elvis's Jungle Room; American colonial-style furniture from the fifties; AMC Pacer cars (advanced futuristic design); and Rolodexes (computers will render them obsolete).

**Wendy Wasserstein,** *playwright, New York City.* We'll be longing for comfortable things made of flannel with elasticized waists and for soft antiques like pillows—and we'll have feathers instead of flowers and potpourri.

**Scott Bruce,** *collectibles maven, Cambridge.* Pet food packaging will give pet owners entree into collecting. Today's dog food box will be tomorrow's bone-anza.

**Mrs. Henry Parish II,** *decorator, New York City.* American arts and crafts designs will have a growing appeal.

**Gene Siskel,** *movie reviewer, Chicago.* Americans will move away from collecting objects to collecting more basic pleasures—bigger houses, longer vacations. Internationally, young generations, chafing under the omnipresence of American culture, will mine the history of their own nations, especially those along the Pacific rim. In short, jingoism abroad; don't-fence-me-in at home.

**John Loring,** *design director, New York City.* Nineteenth-century American masterpiece silver—particularly those extravagant trophies—will attract attention again. So will Venetian glass from the sixties and seventies.

**Mario Villa,** *designer, New Orleans.* New art forms such as laser art, electrical-particle art, and computer art will have their day along with handmade furniture from what's going to be known as the "end-of-the-century craftsman movement."

**Isaac Mizrahi,** *fashion designer, New York City.* Posters and logos for things like Funny Face's Rootin' Tootin' Raspberry will start to look remarkable.

**Evan S. Connell,** *novelist, Santa Fe.* As always, what I'll be collecting is Precolumbian art. Will everyone else follow? I doubt it; it's an acquired taste, like green olives.

**Steven Guarnaccia,** *illustrator, New York City.* These are some of the things I'm salting away in a drawer: plastic action figures like Killer Tomatoes, McDonald's Happy Meals Toys (my favorite is a Big Mac that transforms into a dinosaur), ties designed by Memphis, and nightclub invitations that will stand for the eighties the way psychedelic posters stand for the sixties.

**Paul Rudnick,** *playwright and novelist, New York City.* The bookshelf will be packed with such titles as *New Jersey Style* and *Martha Stewart's Joy of Sex.* My favorite, *Recession Revival,* spotlights the ultimate in early nineties chic: the back-up-the-van legacy of Conran's, Pottery Barn, and Ikea. The nostalgia-prone will yearn for particleboard breakfronts, chunky foam sofas, and lumpy stemware, all of which require some assembly. It's a mood that says comfort, quality, and Dad didn't make partner.

**John L. Marion,** *auctioneer, New York City.* Serious collectors will explore classic early nineteenth century furniture.

**Thomas Hine,** *design critic, Philadelphia.* Collecting is all about choice, and with space at more and more of a premium as the years go by, one very sane choice will be to free yourself of your collections. ▲

Aboriginal spirit figure, 1990

CLOCKWISE FROM BOTTOM LEFT: COURTESY AUSTRALIA GALLERY, NEW YORK; COURTESY DIDIER AARON, NEW YORK; COURTESY PETER JOSEPH GALLERY, NEW YORK; COURTESY SCOTT BRUCE; COURTESY STEVEN GUARNACCIA; COURTESY SOTHEBY'S, NEW YORK; COURTESY TIFFANY & CO., NEW YORK; NC; COURTESY ROLODEX CORPORATION

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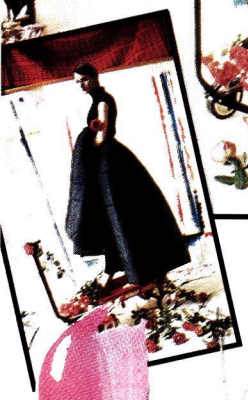
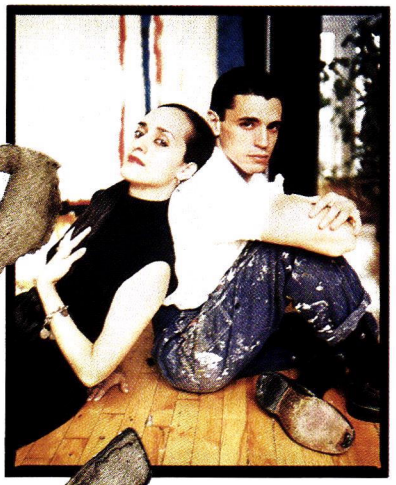


Fanciful shoe, below, from Ruben's Galeries Lafayette mural.



Isabel and Ruben Toledo, above.

LIVING WITH

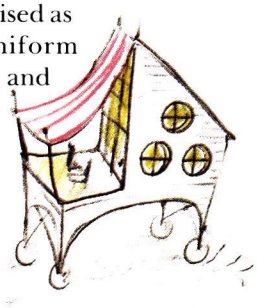
# style

BY WENDY GOODMAN

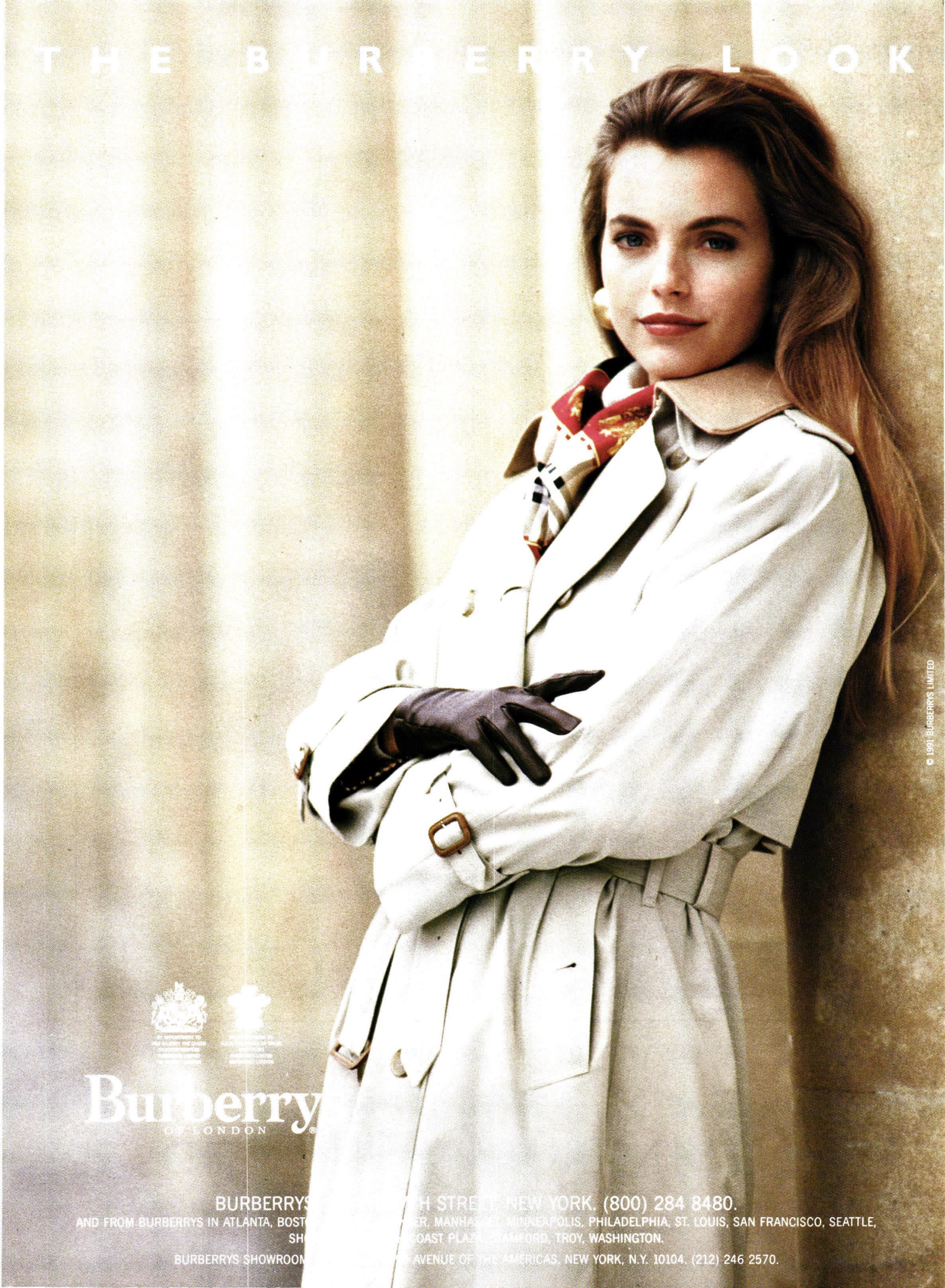
Isabel's jersey dress, top center inset, with a lightweight organdy and fiberfill apron, top left, and an overskirt, above left inset. Ruben's portable garden, top right, and covered wagon, c. 2001, below right. Details see Resources.

## Ruben and Isabel Toledo romance the future

CUBAN-BORN ARTIST RUBEN TOLEDO AND his fashion designer wife, Isabel, are traditionalists tuned into tomorrow. Isabel, who has always created her own clothes, went into business in 1986 after her husband whisked a handful of her designs over to Bendel's. A satin-lined red denim suit with a jodhpur-style skirt and a burlap pantsuit with a matador jacket were purchased on the spot. Ruben's whimsical illustrations are sought after by such clients as Romeo Gigli, New York's Galeries Lafayette, and *Visionaire* magazine. And for the future? Looking forward to the "marriage of new technology and raw nature," he predicts a portable garden as the urban alternative to a country getaway. Isabel, who says she has a penchant for "practicality disguised as fantasy," anticipates a uniform that is innovative in shape and materials but has an old-world look. Two flights of fancy grounded in truth.



RUVEN AFANADOR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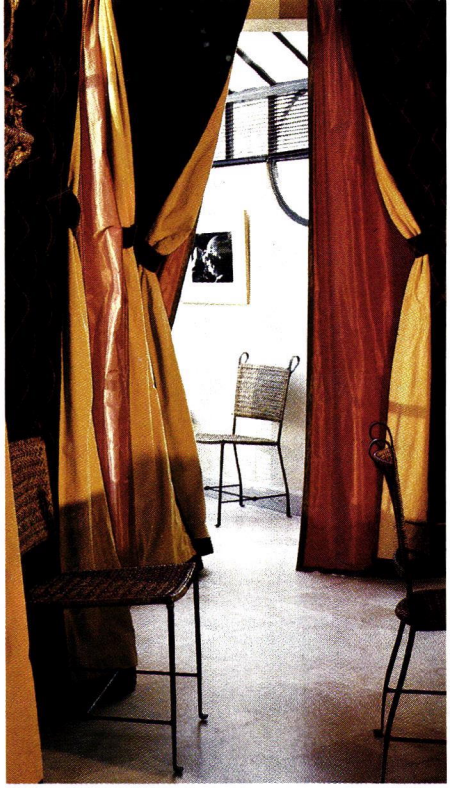
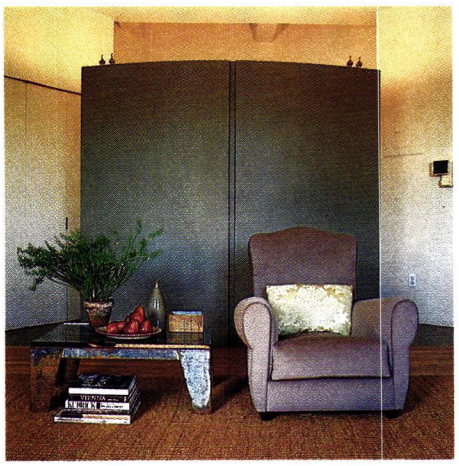
# 1992



What will the houses and apartments of the future look like? This is the question we set out to answer in our January issue, seeking out current examples of architecture and design that steer clear of trendiness and address understandable human issues. Far from the totalitarian landscapes of *1984* and *Brave New World,* the future we envision is shaped by individuality and craftsmanship. As taste is disseminated on a mass level, the hand of the artist becomes ever more important; with this in mind, we offer a Los Angeles house where painter and sculptor Izhar Patkin served as project director. The closest these real-world interiors come to science fiction is the apartment by designer Michael Kalil, who drew on his space age sensibility, honed during projects at NASA, to domesticate silence and weightlessness. In architect John Young's London penthouse, the look is high tech, but the industrial elements are customized. As we face the next century, many of us are tightening our hold on traditional values and creating family homes that display a reassuring degree of old-fashioned comfort, like the recycled village post office recrafted by contemporary architects for Susan Calhoun and Charlie Moss. As a rallying cry for conscientious architectural restoration, we present a house in Connecticut that puts a 1990s spin on eighteenth-century furniture and decoration. Preserving American gardens also receives attention in our article on Frank Cabot, the founder of the Garden Conservancy. The strong role of tradition in many of these stories may mask the underlying modernity of their subjects, but it serves to emphasize that finding new uses for the past is the way of the future.



**In New York, above, minimalism expanded; in London, below, industrial detailing; in Paris, above right, modernism revisited.**

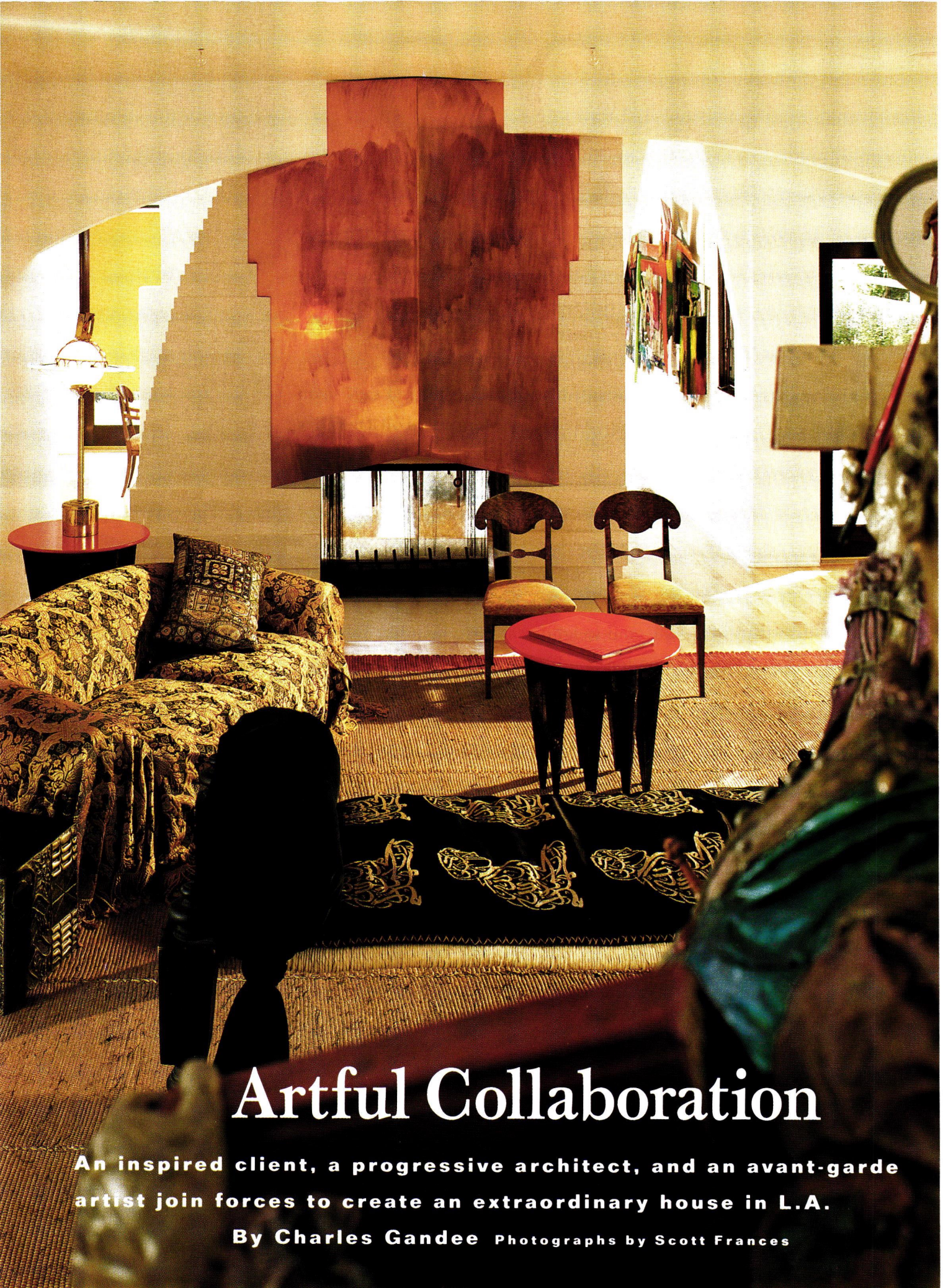
**On Long Island a growing family, above, recycles an old village post office.**

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: TODD EBERLE; FRANÇOIS HALARD; JEAN PAGLIUSO; RICHARD BRYANT

Nancy Novogrod

EDITOR IN CHIEF

# and beyond...



# Artful Collaboration

**An inspired client, a progressive architect, and an avant-garde artist join forces to create an extraordinary house in L.A.**

**By Charles Gandee** Photographs by Scott Frances

Nicholas Berini, a copper-sheathed door, and a Jonathan Borofsky painting greet visitors to the Berini house. *Opposite:* In the living room a copper fireplace hood registers architect Michael McDonough's fascination with Frank Lloyd Wright. Artist-working-as-decorator Izhar Patkin looked to the Middle East and North Africa for aesthetic inspiration. Details see Resources.

AN ORDERLY SEQUENCE OF DISTINCT events tends to occur in the design and construction of a house: first the architecture, then the decoration, then the art. In terms of aesthetic risk taking, that sequence also tends to adhere to an established hierarchy that calls for playing it safe on the architecture—"Nothing wrong with using Mount Vernon as a model"—being somewhat more adventuresome with the decoration—"A Le Corbusier chaise in ponyskin could be nice"—and, finally, cutting loose on the art—"Honey, you're right, Schnabel's broken plates would be fun in the dining room."

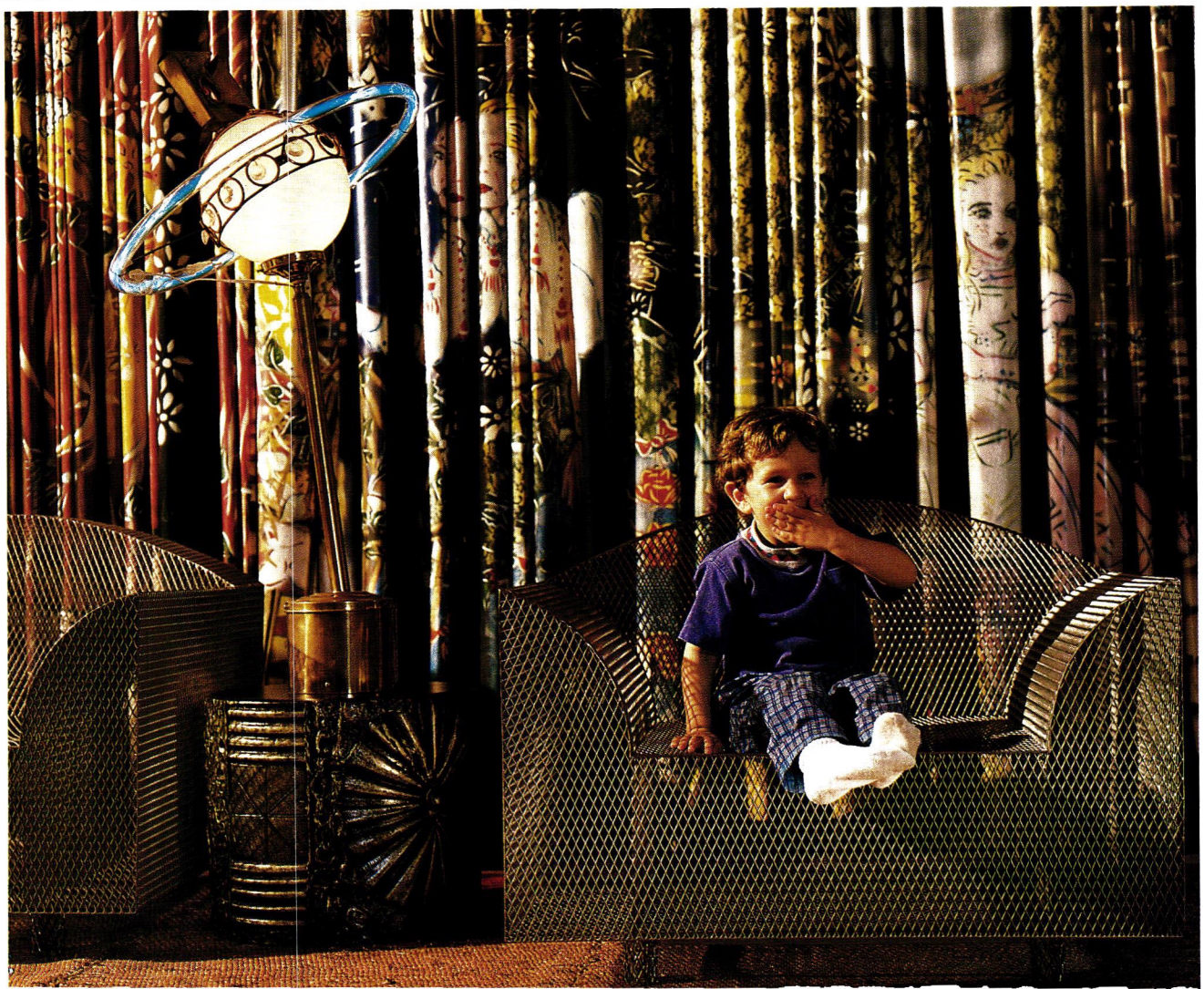
The question Marsha and Stephen Berini posed is what happens when that sequence, those distinctions, that hierarchy are ignored.

What happens is an exhilarating visual experience not all that dissimilar to that of Alice (as in Wonderland), who—Can it be sheer coincidence?—makes a cameo appearance in the Berinis' living room on a billboard-size black rubber curtain painted by artist Izhar Patkin.

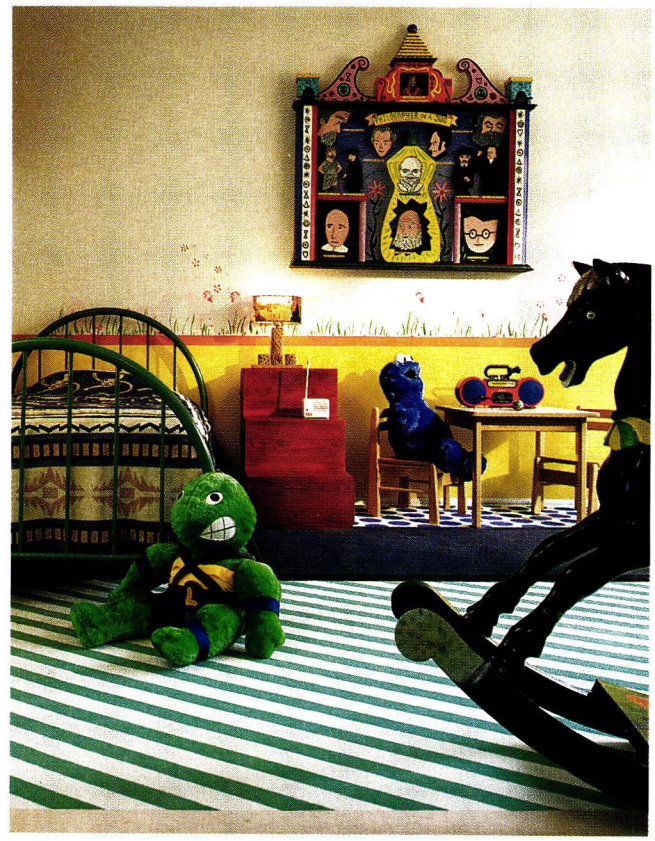
"I don't want to be constrained by convention," explains Marsha Berini, who knows all about convention. Prior to moving to California to start a family with husband Stephen, she, like Stephen, was a successful real estate developer in New York. Although at the beginning of the project the couple were uncertain whether the 7,000-square-foot Los Angeles house would be for them or for sale, they nonetheless felt it worthwhile, as they say, "to push some existing boundaries of architecture."

For that the Berinis called on Manhattan-based architect Michael McDonough, who had not only designed Marsha's loft in Greenwich Village but had also decorated the couple's weekend house on Long Island and renovated their beach house in Santa Barbara. "I like Michael," says Marsha matter-of-factly. "He's free-spirited in a way I appreciate." McDonough, whose signature is a certain glib edginess (he once proposed tying a house together with rope), looked on the cross-country commission as an opportunity to explore twentieth-century California design. "What I wanted to do was include almost everything, from Mexican folk to seventies Sea Ranch," recalls the architect, who will—if you ask—trace the aesthetic debt he racked up in designing the Berini house to an all-star lineup that includes Frank Lloyd Wright, Rudolph Schindler, Richard Neutra, Bernard Maybeck, the brothers Greene, and an MGM set design-

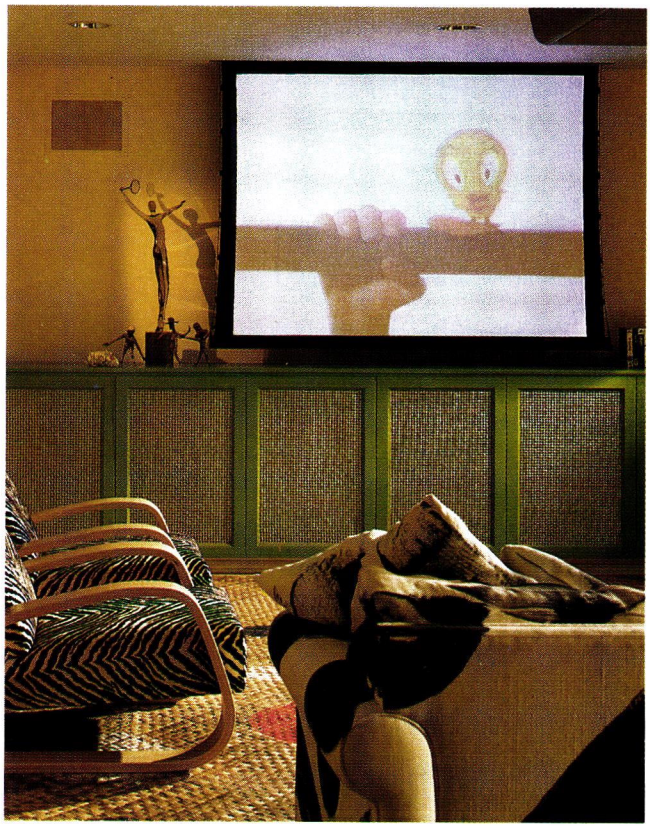
**Izhar Patkin's *Don Quijote Segunda Parte* stands behind a chaise by Calvin Churchman in the living room, *left*. The gold lamé rag rug was made by one of Patkin's Amish contacts in Pennsylvania. *Opposite above:* In the dining room, Biedermeier chairs surround a custom table by L.A. decorator Barbara Barry. Elsa Rady created the blue and yellow wall piece. *Opposite below:* A pair of perforated-metal Shiro Kuramata chairs from Vitra Seating flank a lamp by London fashion designer Vivienne Westwood. Patkin's painted rubber curtain, *Maids of Honor*, was inspired by Velázquez's *Las Meninas*.**



In the library, artist Nikki Moser hung a red brocade curtain from a gold rope to shield the TV in the bookcase. Above the Steinway, a painting by Ben Vautier; on the Steinway, Nicholas Africano's 1986 cast-bronze and glass *Actor*.



Cookie Monster meets Ninja Turtle in Nicholas's bedroom where a pop carpet by Roy Lichtenstein and a wall sculpture by Rodney Alan Greenblat argue the point that art isn't just for adults. The fifties blanket is from Territory, L.A.

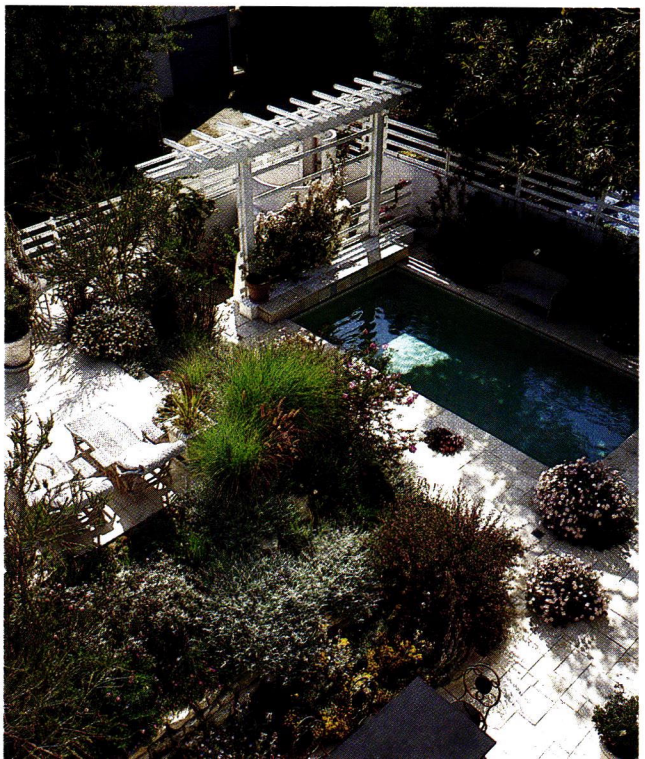


A potentially dark basement media room is ushered into the light thanks to lemon yellow walls, lime green cabinets inset with metallic grilles, polka-dotted Hawaiian floor mats, and a pair of zebra-print Alvar Aalto chairs from ICF.

Four artists contributed to the guest bedroom. Calvin Churchman designed the ebonized-wood bed and side table, Nikki Moser fabricated the African batik bedspread, and Patkin painted the floor mats. The diptych is by Luciano Perna.

In the library, X marks the spot where artist Kim MacConnel did his ultra-graphic mural, where McDonough introduced a mastaba-shaped window, and where Patkin applied couturier Romeo Gigli's textured velvet to cover a side chair and Venturi sofa. Sculptor Eric Rhein's lamp illuminates Nicholas Africano's painting.

To ensure that the house not look like an Izhar Patkin installation,



er whose name he can't recall. The result, which McDonough alternately refers to as modern, multicultural, and deconstructivist, is an architectural smorgasbord of buff stucco, strip windows, and flat roofs, surprisingly polite, all things considered, in its stylistic stance.

But if McDonough had his cadre of sources, so did Izhar Patkin, the Israeli-born Manhattan artist whom the Berinis enlisted to take charge of the interiors. "Izhar's aesthetic is very rich, very baroque," says Marsha. "He borrows from cultures—Middle Eastern, North African—that make no distinction between decorative and fine art." Which is what Marsha likes. In whirlwind visits to the West Coast, Patkin assumed responsibility for everything from curtains and carpets to furniture and fabrics. To ensure that the Berinis' house not look like a Patkin installation, he enlisted the assistance of a small army of confreres. Kim MacConnel painted walls, sofas, and floor mats. Calvin Churchman designed ebonized wood furniture. Vivienne Westwood supplied lamps modeled after her logo. Romeo Gigli was called on for

the artist enlisted the assistance of a small army of confreres

velvet. And an Amish source was tapped to make a rag rug out of gold lamé. Although Patkin took to the furniture marketplace with enthusiasm—buying pieces by such disparate talents as Arne Jacobsen and Shiro Kuramata—he also reused everything the Berinis had. "Throwing things away is tacky," he says. At times his resolve required a bit of ad hoc ingenuity, as in the case of the quite-a-bit-too-slick-for-what-we're-trying-to-do-here halogen lamp that he wrapped in aluminum foil.

"A lot of environments are created by throwing money at them," offers Marsha. "This house is not about that. This house is about another kind of choice; it's about reveling in a luxury that doesn't have to do with money." ▲

On the exterior, *right* and *opposite below,* McDonough tips his hat to Wright, Neutra, and Maybeck. In the garden, landscape architects Burton & Spitz tip theirs to contemporary concerns, such as drought. *Opposite above:* Patkin left his imprint in the master bedroom with a perforated felt curtain and a halogen lamp covered in Reynolds Wrap. *Above:* Tinted concrete tiles capped with floral Malibu tiles line the master bathroom.

In the living room of their 1728 house the Sergeants reinterpreted the snake and egg motif in a sophisticated palette. The Flemish settee, Connecticut tea table, and Dutch tiles are 18th century. Details see Resources.

# Revisionist History

**Connecticut antiques dealers Gary and Darien Sergeant achieve authenticity without being bound by archaeology. By Brooke Hayward**

**Photographs by Oberto Gili Produced by Deborah Webster**

The original Queen Anne symmetry has been restored outside, *opposite above*, and inside, where one of the two parlors is now the dining room, *opposite below*. James Griffith painted the fanciful mural, inspired by a medieval herbal. *Above:* A gilded Georgian mirror reflects an 18th-century table from Philadelphia.

FOR THOSE OF US WHO LIVE IN the northwest corner of Connecticut, a bit of serendipity appeared several years ago in the guise of a shop operated by a husband and wife team of knowledgeable antiquaires. This refreshing state of affairs has brought our household, among others, to the verge of bankruptcy, but never mind. Darien and Gary Sergeant are as charming as they are informed—and together they have more expertise in remodeling antique houses and acquiring antique furniture than most of us could acquire in several lifetimes.

The Sergeants' shop in the village of New Preston offers the first clue to their very particular style. Just outside their small street-level space—right next door to their friend Timothy Mawson's haven for gardeners—a staircase leads up to an airy two-story room with white walls, dark beams, and French doors that open onto a balcony overlooking the East Aspetuck River. Inside, a stairway climbs to a small loft, its painted floor a faded blue black Byzantine sky with swirling gold stars. The furniture and objects are mainly eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American and European pieces, often of exceptional quality. The effect is one of remarkable sophistication.

"I buy from Maine to the Carolinas, driving, flying—whatever I have to do to get the goods," says Gary Sergeant, who has been an antiques dealer since he was twenty-three. "My personal passion is for early Queen Anne furniture, but it's unaffordable today for most people, so we buy across the board," he explains. "We have far more neoclassical than ever." For years Gary and Darien, also a veteran of the antiques circuit, dealt privately, building up a clientele. A two-fan carved Queen Anne highboy that arrived at their door from a house on Cape Cod at eight one recent evening was sold, sight unseen, by nine to a Washington, D.C., client who had spent three years looking for something like it. Says Sergeant, "I told him patience is everything in collecting."

Patience is also everything in restoring an eighteenth-century house from the ground up, as the Sergeants have been doing for most of the past decade. Built in 1728 by the Sanford family, well-known and apparently well-to-do early settlers, the classic center-chimney Connecticut house is one of the oldest buildings in Redding. Over the years, says Gary, it had been "federalized": the original Queen Anne entry was removed, walls were torn out, and paneling was thrown into closets. The foundation was in such bad condition that the floorboards in the back of the house were resting on dirt. "When Gary came here, I had done the structural work," says Darien, who moved in with her son, Seth, a few years before Gary came on the scene. "The house had already been jacked up, the sills had been replaced where they had to be, and the clapboards had been put on one end of the house."

Darien was well equipped for this undertaking with experience, if not money. A would-be architect—she made detailed drawings of lighthouses when she was three—she had gone into partnership with a restoration carpenter. "We started by taking down an eigh-

In the parlor, *left*, the painted Philadelphia table between the windows consorts with japanned English furniture, including a tea table and a c. 1765 George Prior clock. *Opposite:* The Sergeants installed period paneling, then had it finished in faux marble and stone patterns. Striped fabric on chairs from Manuel Canovas.

teenth-century house in Ansonia," she recalls. "We had three or four weeks to get it all down before the bulldozer was going to trash it." Eventually vertigo struck and she retired her work boots—"I had five dogs and three cats and a young son, and I couldn't leave them"—and exchanged her interest in the Ansonia house for building supplies for her own place in Redding.

Once the structure was sound, the Sergeants set out to restore the original Queen Anne symmetry: two matching parlors and equal numbers of windows on both sides of the front doors. They added a kitchen and a bathroom and converted the old long kitchen, or keeping room, into a living room. Although Gary says that they gradually moved away from "a Pilgrim's view, with everything authentic and original and perfect," they took pains to use period hinges, timbers, paneling, and architectural elements. They even used hand-forged rose-head nails for the exposed flooring, paneling, and exterior clapboard siding.

Gary did a lot of the physical work himself, with help from builders who specialize in old houses. But it was Darien who drove the complicated machinery of this project. She is passionate about details. Take the window frames, for example. "The sash was made at Maurer & Shephard Joiners in Glastonbury. The windows are twelve-over-eight, with muntins about an inch across."

"My thing is the eighteenth century," says Darien, "although through Gary I've learned to love nineteenth-century neoclassicism. My bedroom is early eighteenth century Dutch with a Hudson Valley kas," a cupboard originally used to store clothing and bedding. The walls are a masterpiece of grisaille painted by artist James Griffith, a friend of the Sergeants', in a palette that ranges from pure white to charcoal gray shot with mauve. The design, of course, is Darien's, a marriage of a motif from another eighteenth-century painted kas with trompe l'oeil pilasters in the seventeenth-century Swedish style.

Downstairs the paneled walls in one parlor are painted with flamboyant—yet true to the period—taupe swirls and striations of faux marble, with interior panels of a deep green faux fossilized stone. These patterns provide a perfect backdrop for a Chippendale sofa and japanned English furniture. In the other parlor, now a dining room with an eighteenth-century Philadelphia Quaker table and a period corner cupboard from a Connecticut estate, James Griffith created a playful mural inspired in part by a medieval Italian herbal. "I told him no people," Darien recalls. "I made him sand one person out. Animals," she asserts, "are better." The Sergeants have had the dining room painted four times; finally, Gary says, the room sparkles as it should when they eat by candlelight.

One bit of painting they did themselves. In the long kitchen they found a bit of faded red paneling with a snake and egg motif in black. "We couldn't live with black and red," says Gary, so they re-created the pattern in a grayish purple on taupe paneling. "It's not black and red," Gary admits, "but it's the proper decoration for the house and it looks great." It's also a perfect example of how the Sergeants have remained true to the house's origins yet achieved a fresh modern look.

Now they are addressing their garden. Gary has just planted some espaliered apple trees, and who knows what's next? "In the eighteenth century," he points out, "trees were often planted in pairs. Sometimes they flanked the center of the entryway and were called marriage trees. We lost one of ours to the hurricane a couple of years ago; it fell right on the house. So we had to start all over again with the roof."

The inside is almost finished, he says. "We really just have some incidental alcoves." He pauses. "Of course, there's a whole attic." ▲

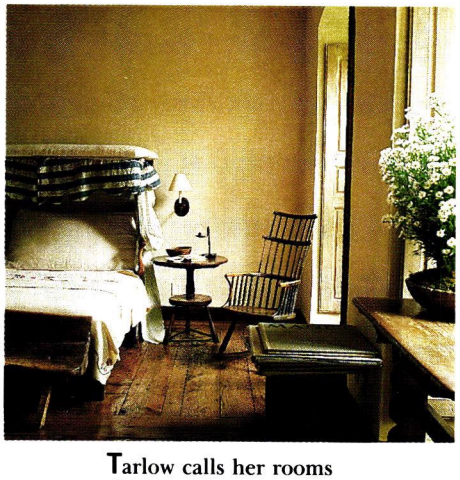
The decorative painting is new, but true to the spirit of the period

For the walls of the bedroom, Darien chose a design from an 18th-century kas, or painted cupboard, from the Hudson Valley, anchored by trompe l'oeil 17th-century Swedish pilasters. An 18th-century Flemish walnut table and Swedish chair complement the modern pencil-post bed, dressed in linens Darien made with tablecloths from a local shop.

They moved away from what Gary Sergeant calls "a Pilgrim's view"

The wave of the future will be to do away with decorator rooms—nothing contrived, connived, or too perfect. People will forget about re-creating English and French looks and relax into their own good taste.

—**ROSE TARLOW**



TIM STREET-PORTER

**T**arlow calls her rooms "backdrops for objects I adore." A guest bedroom houses 17th-century English library chairs, *top*, and, *above*, an 18th-century French bed that folds up into a settee.

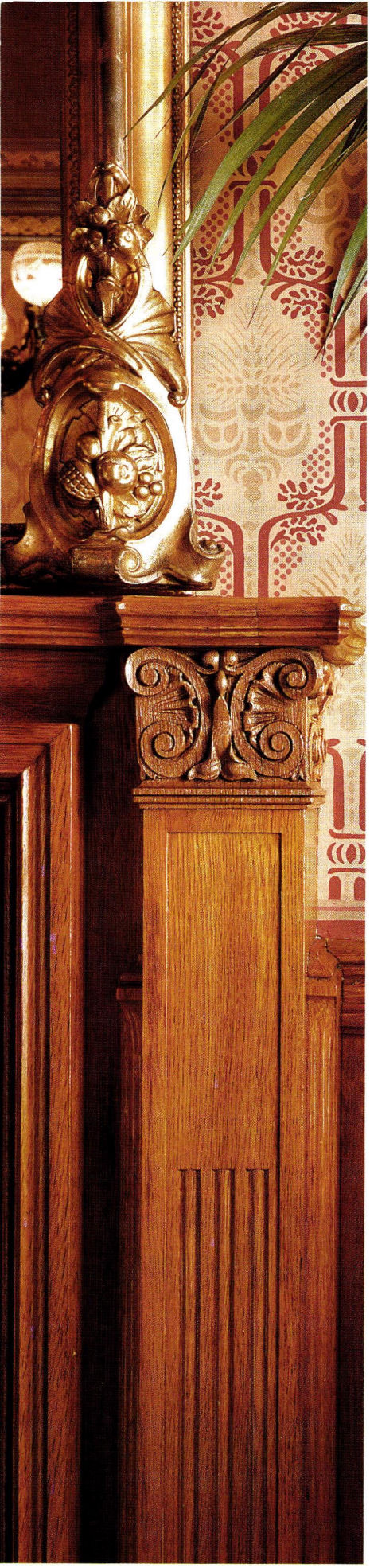
CLASSICAL . . . COMFORTABLE . . . FUNCTIONAL . . .

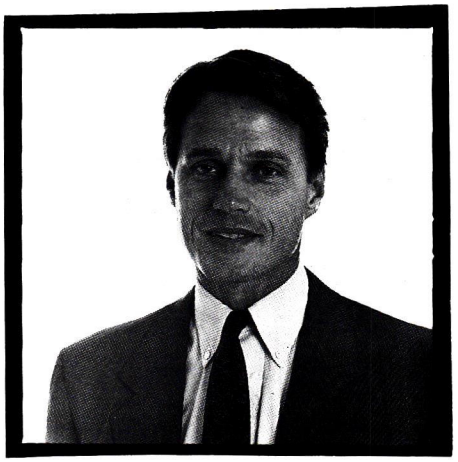
**A** Manhattan couple listen to music and their children study in their Hampton-created media room, *below,* featuring c. 1785 Réveillon wall panels and an array of upholstered surfaces. *Far right:* Tole topiary and a Russian chair, c. 1810, on a stenciled floor.

The older we get the more faith we have in design from the past, in richly executed objects of great refinement and comfort. Minimalism is for the very young.

—**MARK HAMPTON**

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: SARA BARRETT; MICHAEL MUNDY (2)





We'll recommit to doing things the slow hard good way. People who do fine work wind up loving their lives, not rushing to have a beer and forget what lousy work they do.

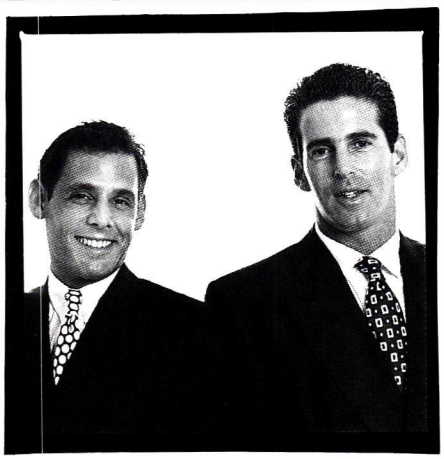
—**JED JOHNSON**

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: MICHAEL MUNDY; SARA BARRETT; MICHAEL MUNDY

Johnson revived a late 19th century dining room, *above*, with handwoven silk curtains, stenciling, and gilding of a quality equal to that of the original oak mantel, *far left*.

AMERICAN . . . HANDCRAFTED . . . NOSTALGIC . . .

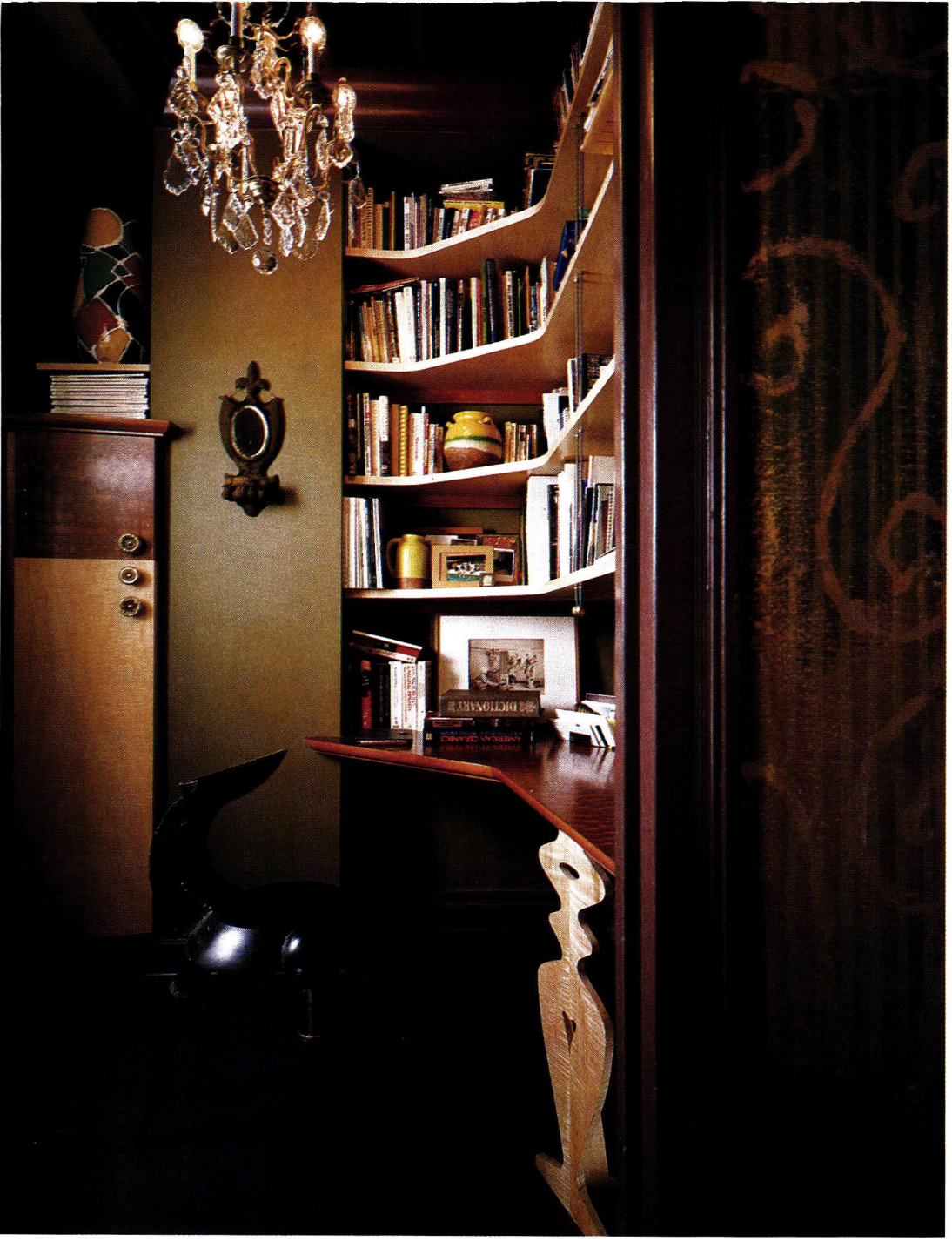
Diamond and Baratta's quintessentially American kitchen, in Manhattan, *above* and *far right,* has braided rugs, a quilt-patterned floor, colonial-inspired custom cabinets, and a center island that discreetly accommodates a microwave oven.



The future is about rooms that are warm and honest, about plaids and checks and kitchens with gingham wallpaper and soup on the stove.

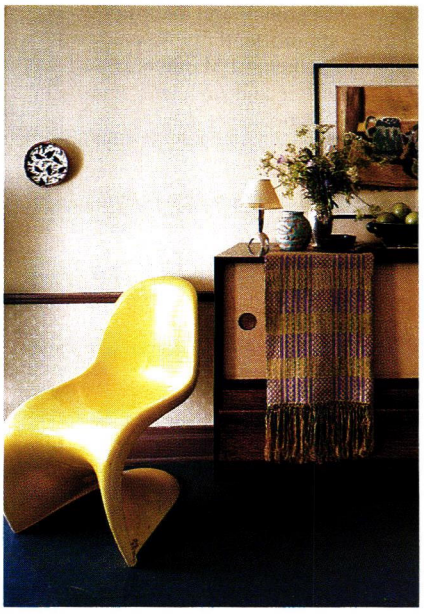
—**ANTHONY BARATTA AND WILLIAM DIAMOND**

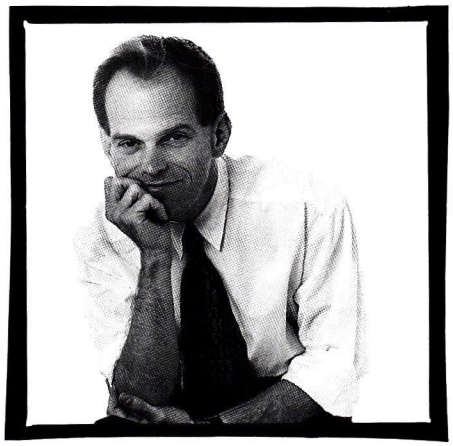
CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: MICHAEL MUNDY (2); SARA BARRETT



In his New York studio apartment, *opposite*, architect Salasky paint-stained the floor and used visual tricks, such as the placement of a mirror at ceiling level, to enlarge the space. Mary Bright produced stylized swag curtains and the velvet bedspread, *above*, and Elliott Levine painted the fabric that lines a wall outside the tiny library, *left*. *Below:* A refinished Paul Laszlo sideboard and a Verner Panton chair.

CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: MICHAEL MUNDY (3); SARA BARRETT





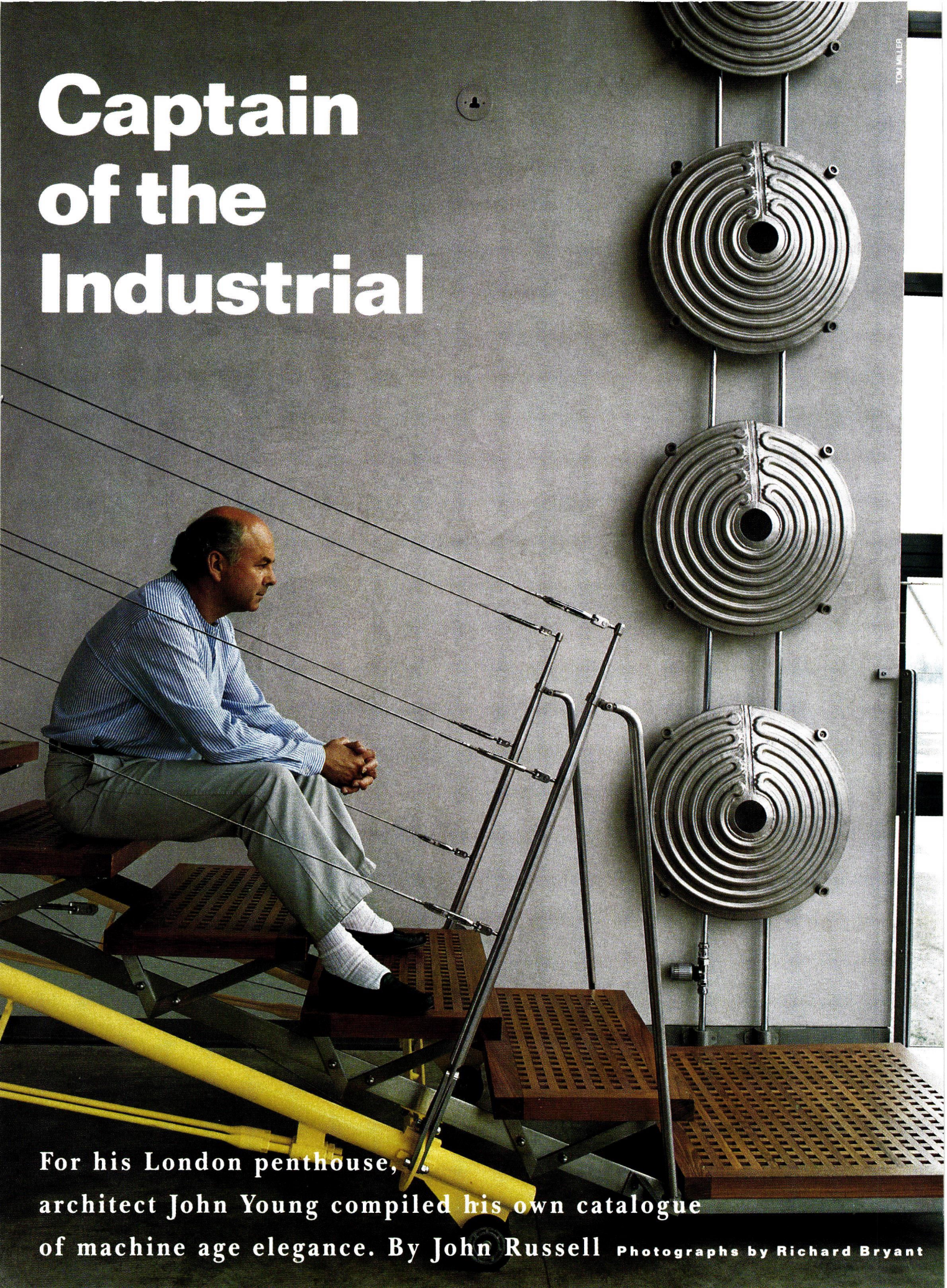
The arts and crafts are flourishing again and a new class of artisans is about to emerge who will revitalize the alliance between the designer and the craftsman.

—**FRANKLIN SALASKY**

CULTIVATED . . . QUIRKY . . . COMPLEX . . .

MICHAEL MUNDY

# Captain of the Industrial



TOM MILLER

For his London penthouse, [redacted] architect John Young compiled his own catalogue of machine age elegance. By John Russell **Photographs by Richard Bryant**

John Young, *opposite*, sits on the stairway to a sleeping platform suspended within his two-story living area. Wall-mounted coiled heaters were adapted from industrial units. *Above:* Teak stair treads fabricated by an English boat works rest on an armature of stainless and painted steel. Details see Resources.

THE PENTHOUSE APARTMENT of the architect John Young on the north bank of the Thames in Hammersmith, in west London, is like nothing that was ever built before. There are plenty of other penthouses in London, and some of them are quite spectacular. Since the city's Docklands were thrown open for residential use, some of those aeries stand high above the water and can be seen for miles around, like John Young's. The peculiarity of his penthouse, which he shares with his wife, the fashion designer Marianne Just, and their three-year-old daughter, is that down to its last detail it is a triumph of the will.

The Young apartment has, in fact, an obsessional quality. Everything in it is the way it had to be, no matter how disparate the components or how far-flung their sources. As a director of the Richard Rogers Partnership and a key figure—"I'm the one who gets things built"—in projects such as the new headquarters of Lloyd's of London, the new Reuters building in the Docklands, and in much else besides, John Young has traveled the world in search of suppliers who will provide nothing but perfection.

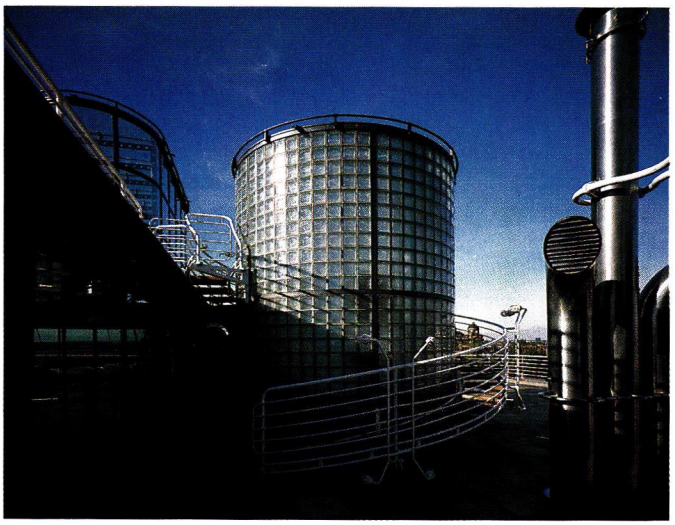
Over the years he has made list upon list of firms of that sort. Many of them are British firms that are quite small but work to the highest possible standard. Small boat-building firms are a constant source of inspiration to Young and when he needs to move the stainless-steel cupboards that hold his personal belongings, he does it by turning the wheels of racing yachts. At the lightest touch, hefty chains go into action and the mobile storage units get on their way.

In Young's penthouse the machine-patterned stainless steel, the waxed granolithic floors, the teak decks and stair treads, the underfloor heaters, the flue terminals, the finned tube pipework, and the motorized internal blinds all come from different firms, none of them enormous, all over the British Isles. It was not from one firm, but from three, that the shower controls, the shower curtains, and the shower heads were ordered. Few of us have stood under, or even heard of the brine shower at Carskiey House on Kintyre in western Scotland, but it too played a part in the design.

If I go on to say that in Young's bathroom the cedarwood hot tub comes from Kojiya in Japan, the laboratory faucets are made in Denmark, the wooden stools are Portuguese, the bidet is adapted from a Swedish design for a vandalproof toilet, and the washbasin is standard issue for enlightened American surgeons, it will be clear that the phrase "a triumph of the will" has not been used lightly.

John Young does not turn primarily to fancy firms that have been in business since the industrial revolution was hot news. In the words of architectural critic Deyan Sudjic, Young "scans the technical catalogues and haunts the by-pass workshops that weld steel subframes and cast glass bricks . . . [and] the scruffy little sheds around Bristol that supply the aerospace industry." Just occasionally he will settle for preindustrial products. The gigantic earthenware jars that stand on the roof and protect Marianne Just from Peeping Toms come from the Meon Valley in Hampshire. But fundamentally this apartment is distinctly of our own day.

John Young also picks ideas out of the air. It was from a chance sighting of a stainless-steel truck in Japan that he got the idea for the stainless-steel moiré effect that sets both the storage units and the entire kitchen ashimmer with light. The industrial Platecoil heaters—



Boat builders are a source of inspiration to Young—yacht wheels steer his mobile closets

River light reflects off stainless-steel cabinets and a granolithic floor in the kitchen, *opposite*. In the background is Marianne Just's workroom. *Top:* Glass bricks encircle the rooftop bathroom tower. *Above:* In the living area, a Le Corbusier sofa and chairs from Atelier International face a Gae Aulenti table.

Down to its last detail the penthouse is a triumph of the will.

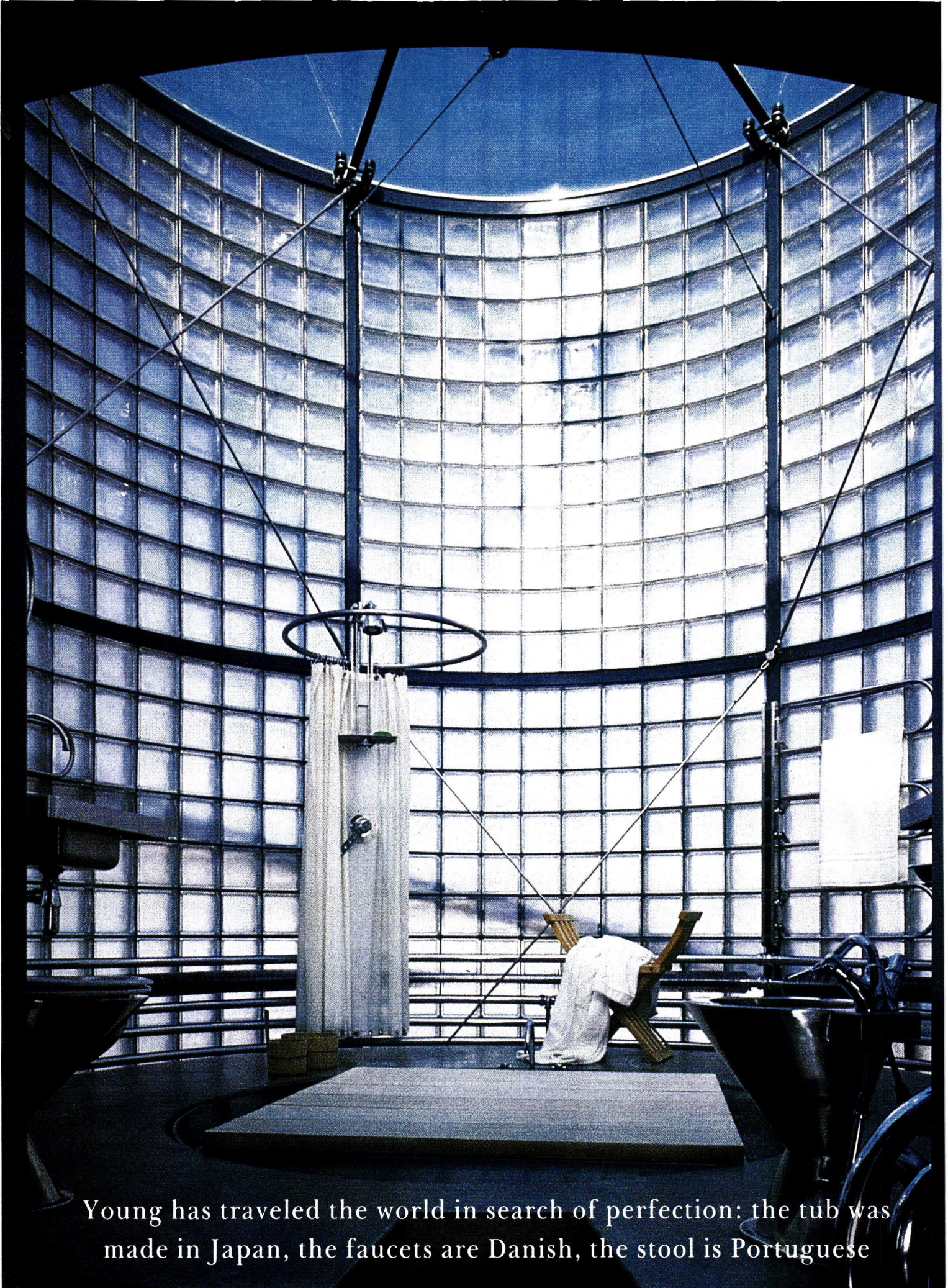
Everything, without exception, is out on show

like Japanese shields, flat on the wall—that keep the Thames-side damp away were made to order by a firm in Wichita Falls, Texas. The spiral ramp to the bathroom tower at the top of the apartment was prompted by one on an oil tank Young had seen in Lovell, Wyoming. A gasholder in Rotherhithe, London, and a water tower in Fresno, California, left their mark upon him. So did the nacelle of a 1920s American airship, the widow's walk on an eighteenth-century sea captain's house in Massachusetts, and a kitchen blind from a firm in Germany.

The site of the penthouse was also fundamental to its design. It was in

1986 that Young bought two apartments at the top of the block of flats that he and his partners had built for a speculative developer, only a few yards from their own offices. He combined the two flats and connected the upper level to the roof, from which he now commands 360-degree views. Young loves views, and the bigger they are the more he likes them. His takes in the Thames, the adjacent reservoirs, and the now dis-

Hung from the ceiling on stainless-steel rods, the concrete sleeping platform, *left*, overlooks the dining area and the Thames. Glass discs inset in the floor echo the curves of a Ward Bennett table and Le Corbusier chairs. A teak gangway and more stairs lead to a glass-walled lookout. *Above:* Jutting above a row of prewar gables, the penthouse combines apartments on two stories of a block of flats designed by the Richard Rogers Partnership.

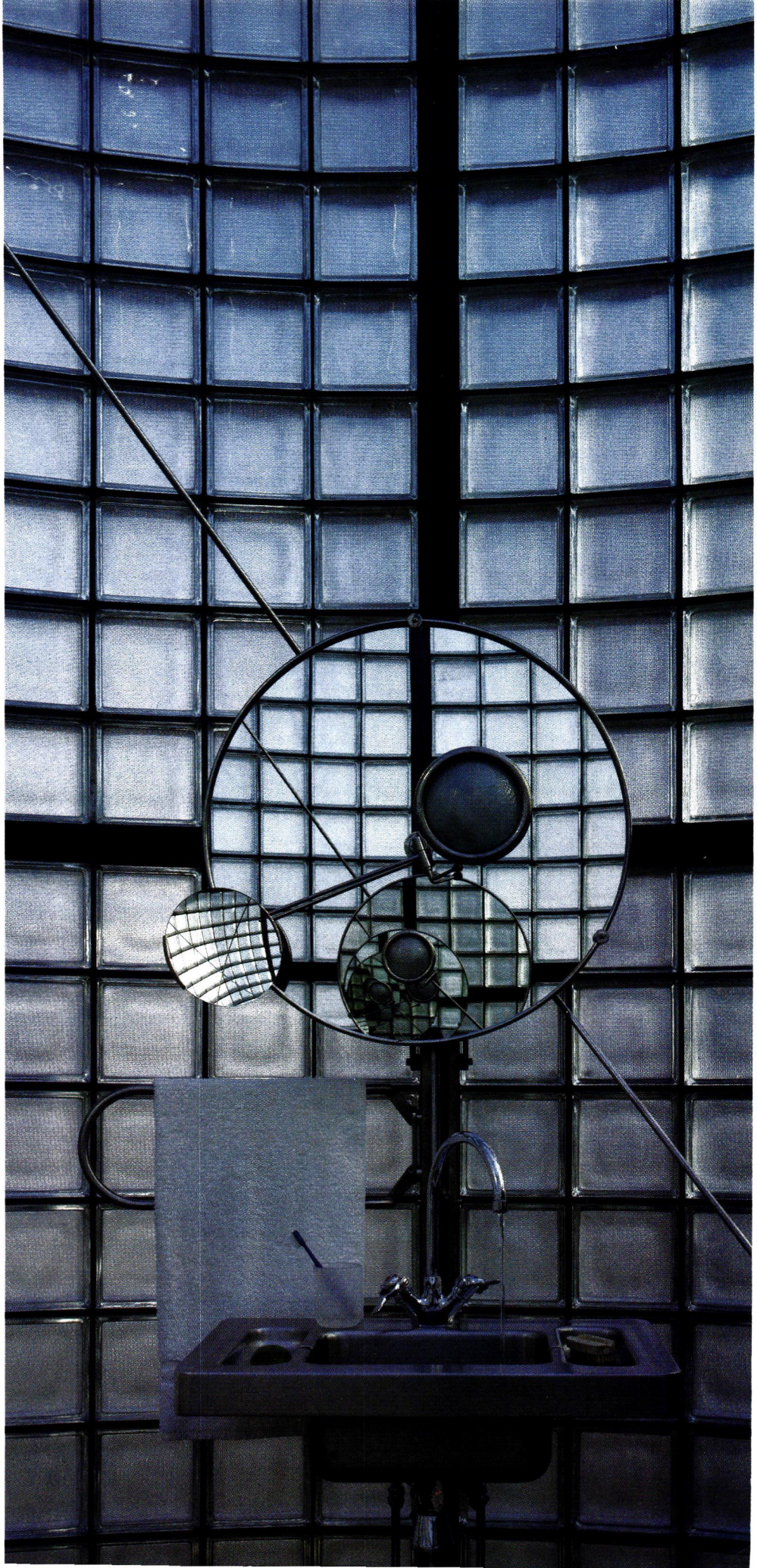


Young has traveled the world in search of perfection: the tub was made in Japan, the faucets are Danish, the stool is Portuguese

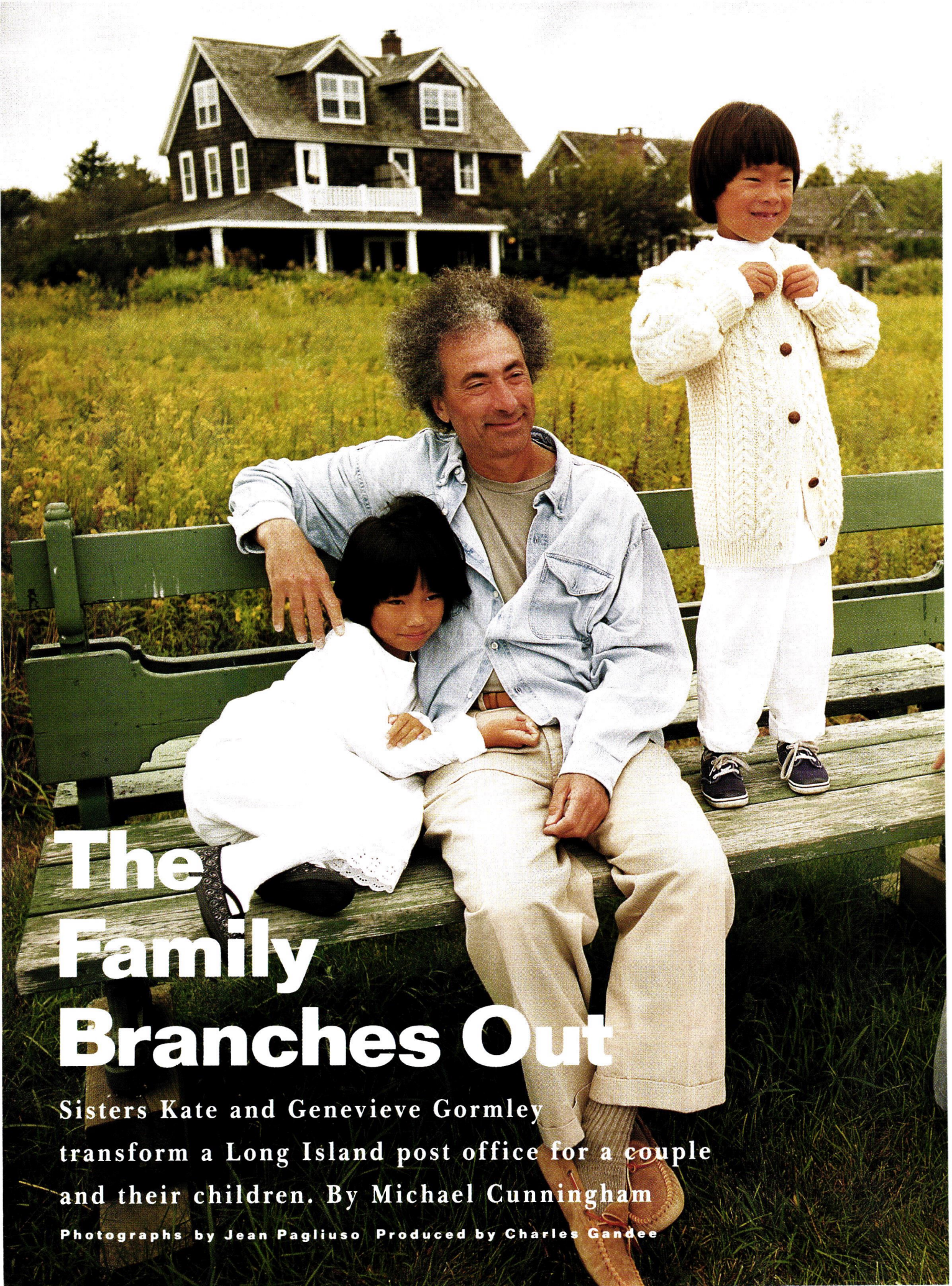
used Harrods Depository on the opposite bank—"like an Indian palace." Equally important to him are the sculling life and the bird life on the Thames. Oarsmen pull their way up and downstream, much to the delight of Young, who is enough of a waterman to have wanted to sling a boat on davits above the river below his apartment. (The necessary local approval remains hopelessly tangled in red tape.)

As for the bird life, it is one of his major delights. "When I was ten years old, I wanted to be the second Peter Scott," he says, referring to the English birder, bird preserver, and bird painter, son of Captain Robert Scott, the Antarctic explorer. "There was no money in ornithology. But right here I have seen about 50 of the 130 species recorded around Hammersmith. We have pintails, golden eye, shovelers, wild ducks, wildfowl. We get cormorants and herons. Between them, the Thames and the reservoirs are a natural stopping-off place for migrating birds. I even saw a small seal once. In the winter months we have flatfish—sea fish—up here. And since the water was cleaned up, we have salmon again."

Turning back from the window and taking a brisk look at the 3,200 square feet of his domain, John Young says, "This apartment is all about detail." As if I hadn't noticed. It is a place in which everything, without exception, is out on show. This applies to the unbalustraded sleeping area suspended from the ceiling by stainless-steel rods, to the waxed and warmed surface of the floating concrete floor, to the plaster mixed with marble dust and linseed oil, and to the trumpet notes of bright red and even brighter yellow in the double-height living area. And when he says, "There is a key to it all—zero compromise," I have no trouble believing it. ♠



**Stainless-steel fixtures surround a Japanese cedar hot tub in the bathroom, *opposite*. Diagonal rods brace the glass brick cylinder against wind loads. *Right:* One of a pair of Eileen Gray mirrors is centered above a surgical washbasin.**



# The Family Branches Out

Sisters Kate and Genevieve Gormley transform a Long Island post office for a couple and their children. By Michael Cunningham

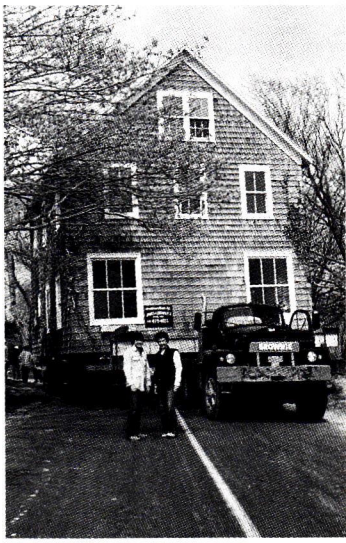
Photographs by Jean Pagliuso Produced by Charles Gandee

TOP RIGHT AND CENTER RIGHT: COLLECTION OF SUSAN CALHOUN AND CHARLIE MOSS

When Susan Calhoun and Charlie Moss had a derelict post office from Wainscott, Long Island, moved to a former potato field, they insisted on riding in it as it made the quarter-mile journey. The image is quintessential Calhoun and Moss: a kind-faced man with wild black hair and a fair woman with ferocious blue eyes standing at the prow of a prim shingled building in which they meant to shelter Moss's son, Rob, their as-yet unborn children, and a galaxy of friends. Since that day twelve years ago they've adopted Mary, now seven, and Sam, now six. They've changed the original building from a country post office to a modest weekend place to an ongoing project that may never be finished.

It's the house you wish you'd grown up in, the one with window seats and broad porches and hundreds of hiding places. Somehow it doesn't feel precious. The inhabitants are too quirky and forceful, and the ever-changing

**A** French park bench is a convenient perch for Charlie Moss, Susan Calhoun, and their children, Mary and Sam, *opposite,* outside their Long Island weekend



house. Since the couple moved the former post office, *top* and *above,* to their land a dozen years ago, it has grown, *below,* with their family. Details see Resources.

design is too intelligent.

Calhoun and Moss started with little more than the old post office—a plain wooden building erected around the turn of the century—and a field gone to seed. It didn't seem like much. But the field fronted a pond where wild geese lived in summer, and the post office had generous windows and pine plank floors. Calhoun and Moss planted trees and wild grasses. They left the scarred floors and, with the help of architect Tod Williams, added a porch and put dormers in the attic.

After Mary arrived, they brought in Kate Gormley, a young Harvard-trained architect who shared their affection for the original building's unassuming, matronly serenity. Gormley, who later enlisted her sister Genevieve, embarked with Moss and Calhoun on a series of additions: a playroom, more bedrooms, more porches, and an arbor. "I love these old houses that just got added on to," Kate Gormley says. "This is a farmer's house, not a merchant's house. It has this wonderful clumsiness. We've worked hard to keep it imperfect and innocent."

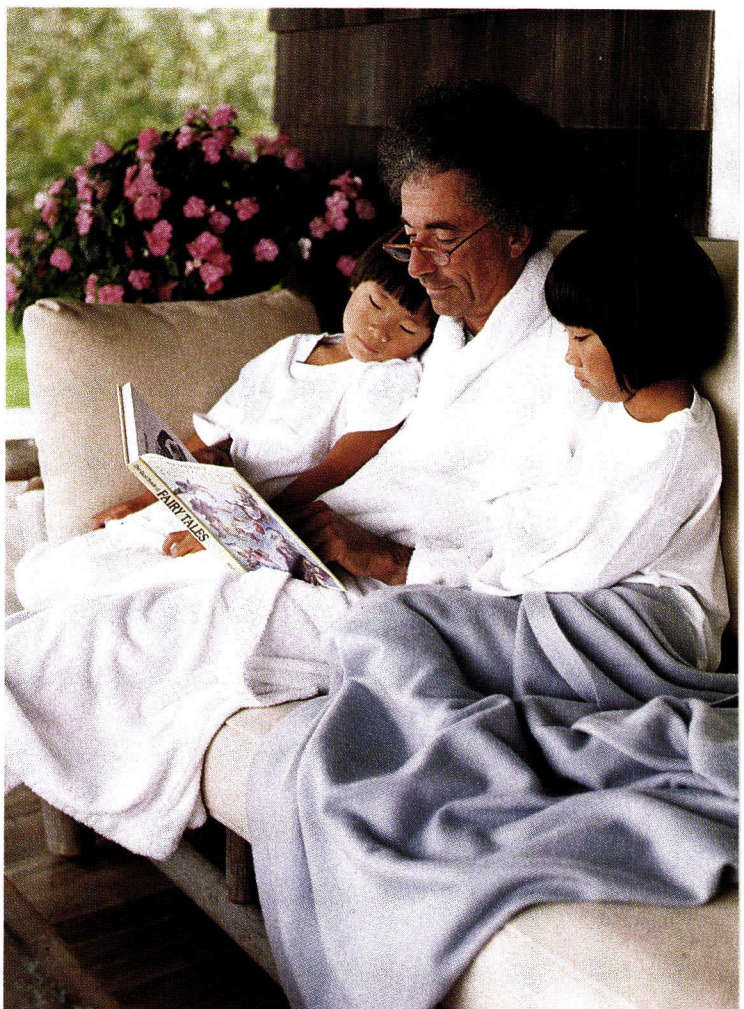
Imperfect and innocent it is, but at the same time it's inspired and beautifully—almost heartbreakingly—balanced. Picture your grandmother's farm married to a Zen garden. Every room is airy and high-ceilinged, scoured by light. A wooden swing set, designed by Kate Gormley, stands in the middle of a lawn with a Shaker simplicity that borders on the profound. The latest addition, yet another porch, holds a vast spare wooden table that could seat two dozen in a pinch.

"The house keeps changing," Kate Gormley says, "be-

**S**imple antiques, *right,* from a French tilt-top table and a deep-skirted Windsor chair to a bean pot and a carpenter's level, coexist happily with the living room's original bead and board walls. *Below:* The dining room links the old house with the new playroom. *Above:* Sam rings the bell for lunch.

Picture your grandmother's farm married to a Zen garden

MARY


FAIRY TALES

cause the family keeps changing. Tables get bigger, decks get bigger. Susan can't bear stasis. Charlie always says, 'Why can't we keep it the way it is?' Then we do it, and he loves it."

Kate and her two children have a weekend house nearby, and she and Genevieve keep up a running dialogue with Moss and Calhoun about the next project. Asked if she has any qualms about working in such a traditional form, Kate Gormley says, "The need to be new is wonderful. But there's something about that primal house that interests me." She cites Louis Kahn's assertion that a brick wants to be an arch. "I ask wood what it wants to be," she says, "and it wants to be a gable."

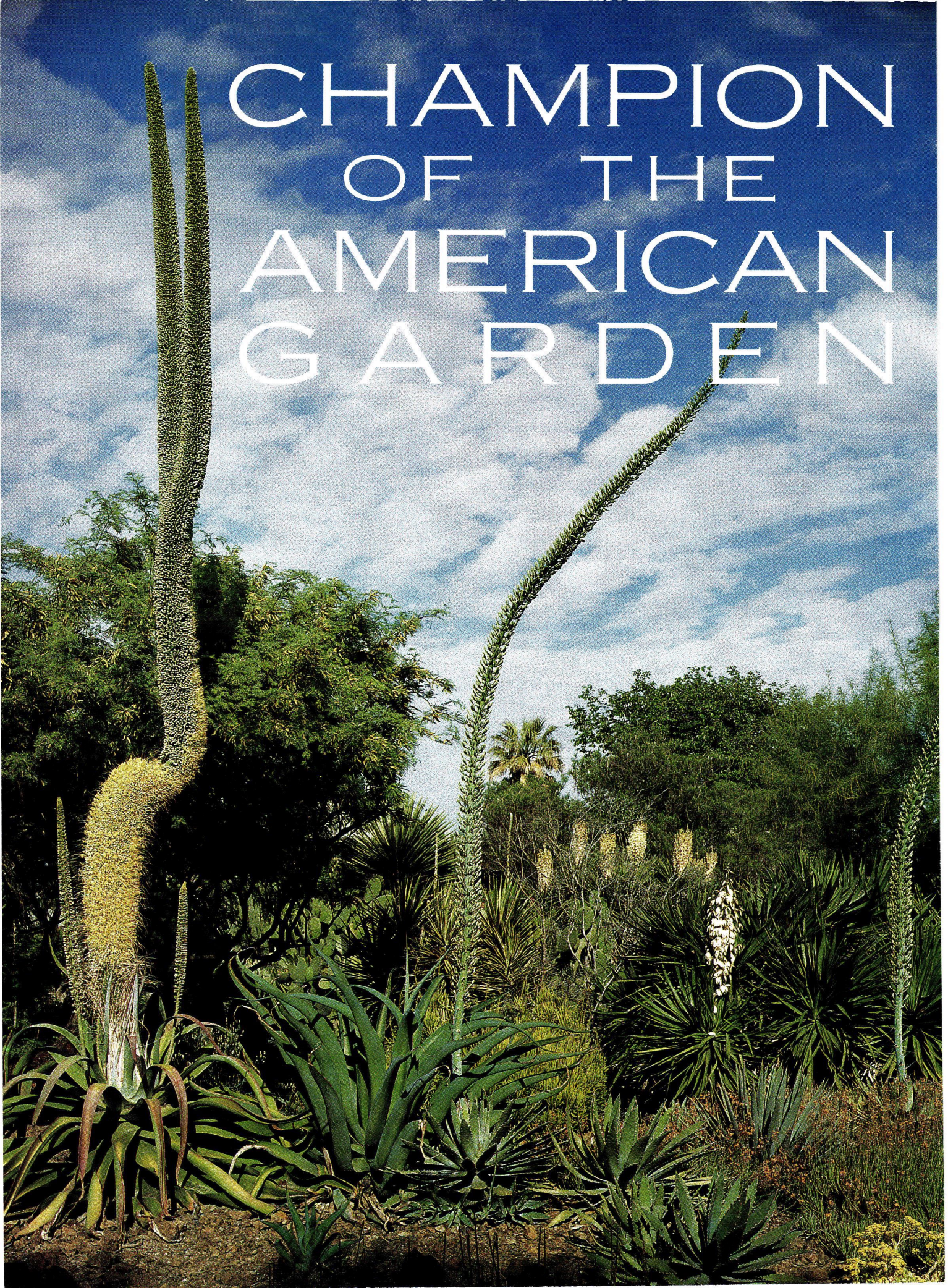
The house she's built with Moss and Calhoun, though traditional, is slightly eccentric and utterly personal. It's full of mismatched chairs and tables, most bought on whims, some showing evidence of a half-dozen coats of paint. Sofas are soft and deep. Although Moss and Calhoun have paintings and sculptures, their favorite decorative device appears to be photographs of family members and friends.

Like any home, this one can't be appreciated independently of the lives lived within. Moss and Calhoun keep a collection of hand-carved walking sticks near the door, and before a walk on the grounds, guests are given their choice. At meals everyone's place is marked by a smooth stone, with his or her name painted on it. As guests come and go, the stones bearing their names accumulate in a bowl on the sideboard. At season's end the stones are put back outside under the cryptomeria trees, with the understanding that next spring a new crop of named stones will begin to accumulate.

Conventional wisdom tells us we court tragedy when we try to create deeply rooted futures for ourselves out of whole cloth. Look at Jay Gatsby. Look at Charles Foster Kane. But Calhoun and Moss—with the Gormley sisters' help—appear to be pulling it off. Their house has a calm, stoic majesty, and it's not hard to imagine it still standing, still unfinished, in the year 2091. It's not hard to imagine Mary's and Sam's grandchildren reading on one of the porches. By then the house will be surrounded by hundreds of stones bearing the names of the people who've been, at least temporarily, sheltered there. ▲

**The bedroom, *above*, looks out on a pond. *Opposite, clockwise from above left:* Mary, Susan, and Sam; antique fixtures; Charlie and the children wrapped in an Hermès throw; the playroom, by Kate Gormley. *Left:* Genevieve and Kate Gormley.**

"We've worked hard to keep the house imperfect and innocent"


CHAMPION
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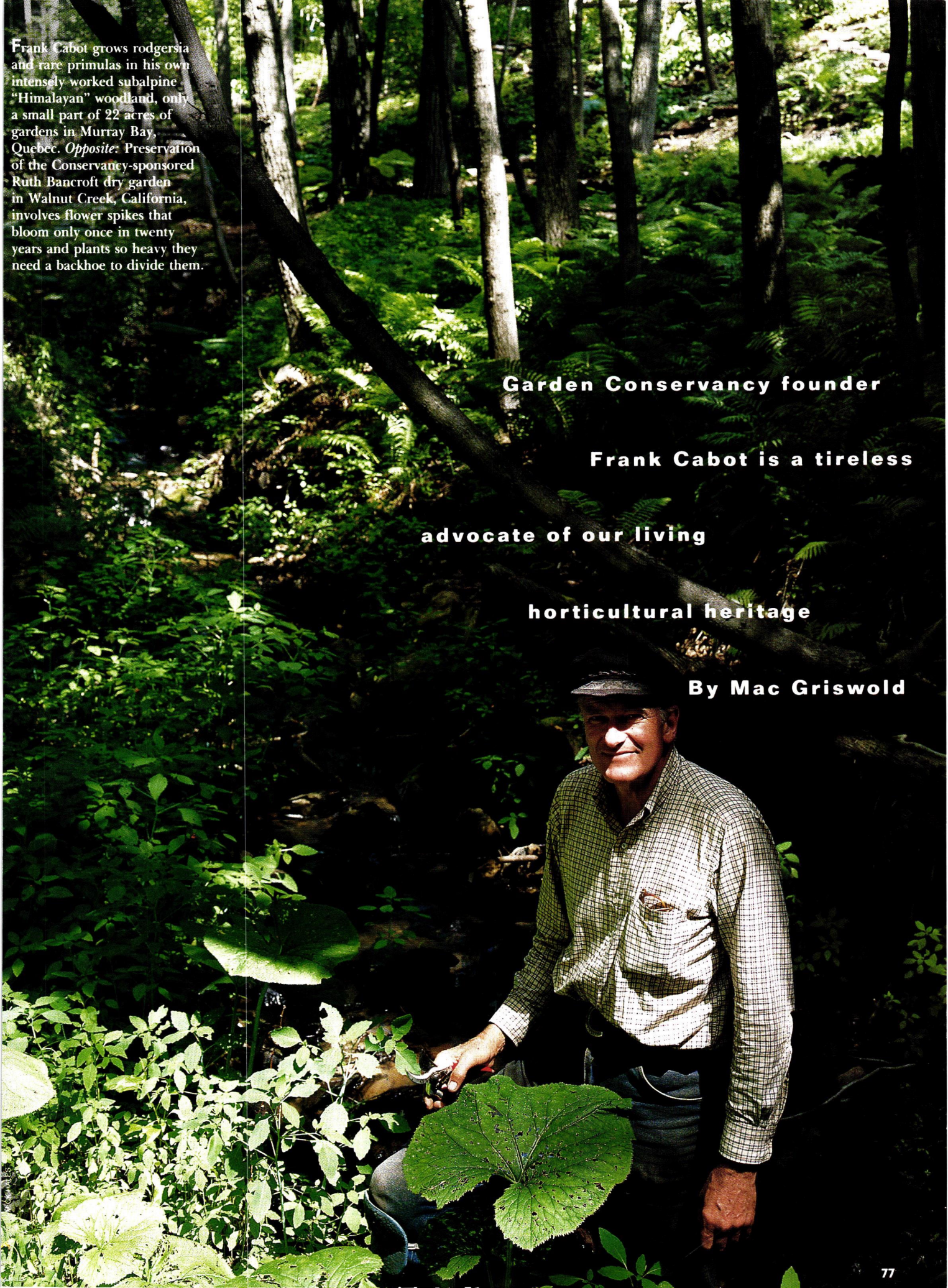


Frank Cabot grows rodgersia and rare primulas in his own intensely worked subalpine "Himalayan" woodland, only a small part of 22 acres of gardens in Murray Bay, Quebec. *Opposite:* Preservation of the Conservancy-sponsored Ruth Bancroft dry garden in Walnut Creek, California, involves flower spikes that bloom only once in twenty years and plants so heavy they need a backhoe to divide them.

## Garden Conservancy founder Frank Cabot is a tireless advocate of our living horticultural heritage

By Mac Griswold

THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION preserves old mechanical apple peelers as part of the precious record of American ingenuity; the National Register of Historic Places safeguards birth sites and battlefields as well as buildings of architectural merit; in the Midwest, wilderness conservationists have finally put some of the last tall grass prairies off-limits to the plow. But until 1988 the preservation of great American gardens was horribly haphazard. It's true that garden archaeology and an interest in what had really been planted has melted the ice cap of public park thinking at the gardens surrounding some historic houses like Mount Vernon and Monticello. A few places, like H. F. du Pont's Winterthur in Delaware, have been protected by endowments or by very active local support—and by the indelible personalities of their creators. The recent resurgence of gardening breathed life into a few others, such as the Conservatory Garden in Central Park. Many more have gone the way of the bulldozer or died of not-so-benign neglect.

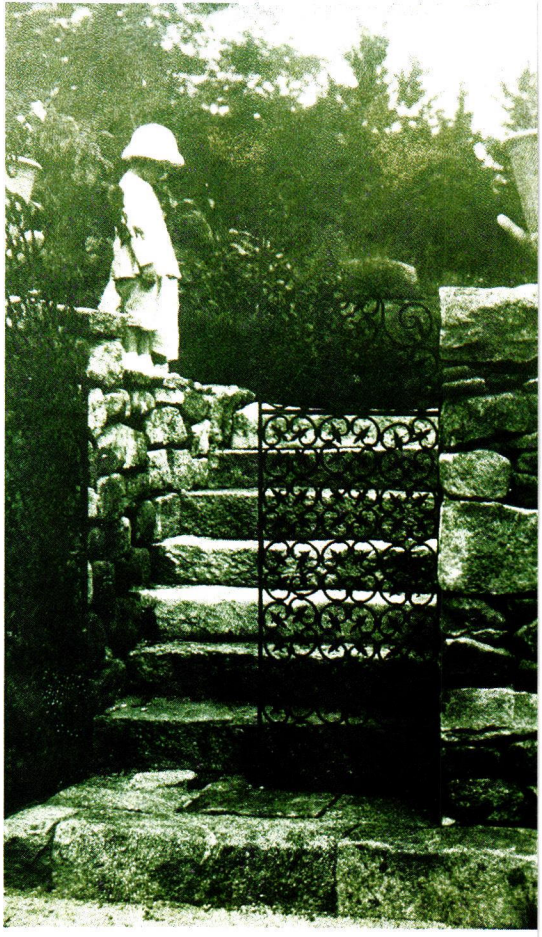
Americans have always been uneasy about their great gardens; their beauty has always been suspect as undemocratic. Since the days of Thoreau, gardens have also been considered less pure, less meaningful, than what we have so reverently called "nature," meaning wilderness. A change in thinking has occurred with the nineties. Mediated nature, which includes the art and craft of gardens, has new meaning, thanks in part to the writings of Tony Hiss and Michael Pollan.

Frank Cabot, founder of the Garden Conservancy, first witnessed the wanton destruction of a garden in the 1950s. After his grandmother died, her nineteenth-century garden

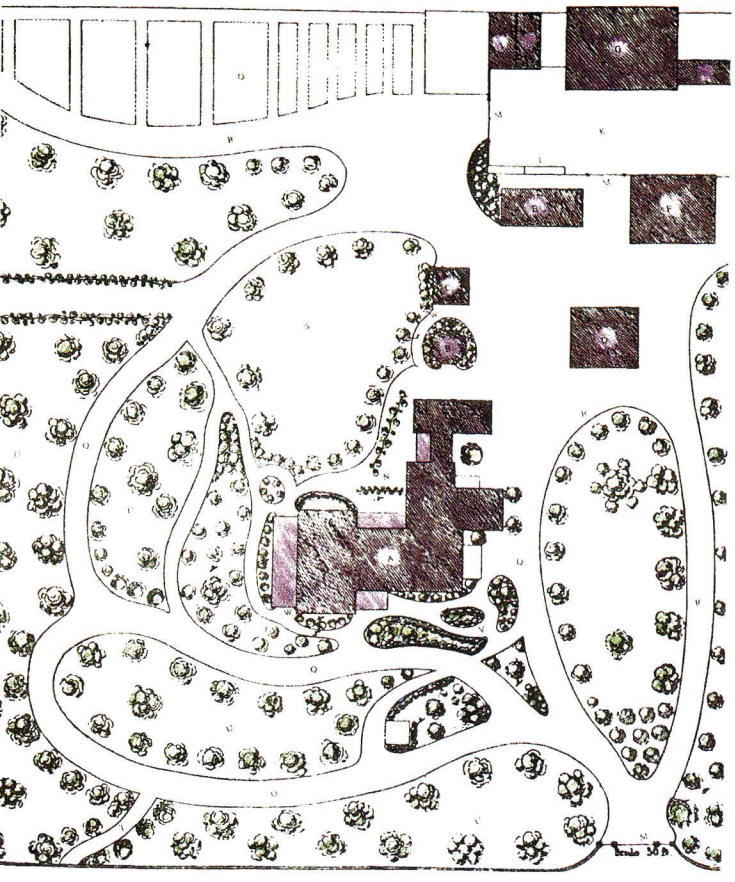
at the family's summer place in Murray Bay, Canada, was plowed up "to save money." Always brimming with flowers and people, it had been a haven of raised beds, old apple trees with whitewashed trunks, and even a mushroom house. Cabot is a man of overwhelming enthusiasms—when his wife, Anne, wanted a pony trap, he bought most of Quebec City's horse-drawn calèches, seventeen in all, which were being withdrawn from service. Small wonder that he now has two superb gardens of his own, one in Murray Bay, not far from the site of his grandmother's

**Ruth** Bancroft's agaves, *opposite above,* demonstrate what xerophytic plants could mean to California's water-poor gardens. *Opposite below:* Cabot with Bancroft. *Above:* Cabot's garden in Cold Spring, New York. *Right:* Yellow ligularia and orange zinnias are part of an effort to use the entire color spectrum arranged in beds by hue. English gardener Caroline Burgess has a free hand to experiment with effects of American heat and light.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: MICK HALES (3); FRED MERTZ/NYT PICTURES



## Transcendent gardens, Cabot feels, are always the passionate creations of individuals



The turn-of-the-century John Hay estate in Newbury, New Hampshire, *above left,* is the Conservancy's third project. *Above right:* In the 1920s Clarence Hay's son contemplated steps designed by Prentice Sanger. *Opposite above:* Paths and plantings melt into fields and forests at Cabot's Murray Bay garden. *Opposite below:* Interest in garden plants has taken Cabot as far as Sichuan, China, where he collected seed in 1988. *Left:* The Conservancy is working with the Hermitage in Ho-Ho-Kus, New Jersey, on a previously unexecuted 1851 landscape plan.

Ganna Walska's Lotusland in Santa Barbara, California, *right,* seen here in the 1950s, will open next year, thanks partly to Conservancy advocacy.

garden, and one in Cold Spring, New York. Both gardens are still evolving in surprising ways after thirty years. If any American knows what gardening can really mean in terms of passionate involvement and what the far-reaching implications of "preservation" are, it's Cabot.

Like most great gardeners, he is a tireless garden visitor, and in 1988, on the advice of English gardener and writer Penelope Hobhouse, he found himself contemplating Ruth Bancroft's four acres of cacti, succulents, and California native species in Walnut Creek near San Francisco. Every American interested in gardening has wistfully gazed at gardens abroad and understood they are considered part of a nation's cultural patrimony. Eighty-year-old Ruth Bancroft was concerned that there seemed no way to plan for her beautiful garden's long-term future. Cabot stewed; Anne Cabot asked him a question: "If a Nature Conservancy can thrive in this country, why not a Garden Conservancy?"

"Having the idea and some letterhead" is what made the Garden Conservancy exist, says Cabot modestly, as if it has *(Continued on page 116)*

FROM TOP LEFT: JOHN HAY FAMILY COLLECTION/PHOTO LUCINDA BROCKWAY (2); MICK HALES (2); COURTESY GANNA WALSKA LOTUSLAND FOUNDATION; FROM WILLIAM H. RANLETT, *THE ARCHITECT,* VOL. 2 (1851; REPRINTED BY DA CAPO PRESS, 1976)

# Decades of Decadence

**Nineties nostalgia and a sense of fleeting time lead to exquisite excess as each century creates its own fin de siècle aesthetic**

**By Stephen Calloway**

ONE OF THE ODDEST THINGS ABOUT CIVILIZATIONS IS that the cleverer they get the more they feel themselves to be on the brink of decline and disaster. As we read apocalyptic reports of urban decay, the collapse of law and order, and the decadence of modern life, it is worth remembering that history does offer one great consolation: we have been here before. The barbarians have, so to speak, always been at the gates. Every civilization carries within it the seeds of its own destruction. But where do we get this haunting sense of the end of civilization as we know it, especially as we approach the end of a century? What is it about living through the nineties that quickens our sensibilities and puts phrases like "the end of an era" upon our lips?

In English we speak, quite optimistically, of the "turn of the century," but the French *fin de siècle* may come nearer to evoking the mood of the times. The need to eulogize a shared past before facing the unknown future is a centuries-old obsession, ritualized in New Year's Eve toasts as well as in epic poems. Even Homer's contemporaries seem to have lamented the lost nobility of their forefathers and feared that things were falling apart. Citizens of the Roman Empire looked back with melancholy nostalgia to the republic and beyond, to Athens in the days of Pericles. Collectors sought out the works of the best Greek sculptors as embodiments of a perfection they feared could never be attained again. Of course, the decline and fall of Rome did not take place overnight. There was a long twilight before the Dark Ages, and the art and architecture of the late empire has its own distinctive heaviness and opulence. But the rank charms of this period found no favor with neoclassical connoisseurs until well into another heavy and overblown era, the nineteenth century.

Given the curious cycles of fashion, it is surely not too fanciful to look back and to see a distinct "nineties" character developing over the centuries. By the 1590s, for example, the pure forms of the Renaissance had given way throughout Europe to the gloriously inventive but perverse games of first mannerist and then early baroque architects and designers. Contemporary painters and sculptors created oddly elongated languorous figures, while poets and writers became ever more precious. The seventeenth century was a period of almost unprecedented strife in

**BAROQUE FINALE** Cherubs mimic the extravagant ways of late 17th century Versailles, *opposite*, in a detail from a painted French fan.

VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON

How do we get this haunting sense of the end of civilization?

Europe, but by the 1690s, in court circles at least, ostentatious luxury in dress and furnishings had become the order of the day. Upholstery weighed down by silver and gold bullion fringe and tassels was a prized sign of wealth and status. At Versailles, one of Louis XIV's mistresses was portrayed bathing in a gilded tub filled from crystal and ormolu ewers. Such splendor was not always matched by refinement of manners, however. Periwigged grandees at court could be seen wiping the food from their lips on their lace cuffs and publicly urinating into silver flower tubs.

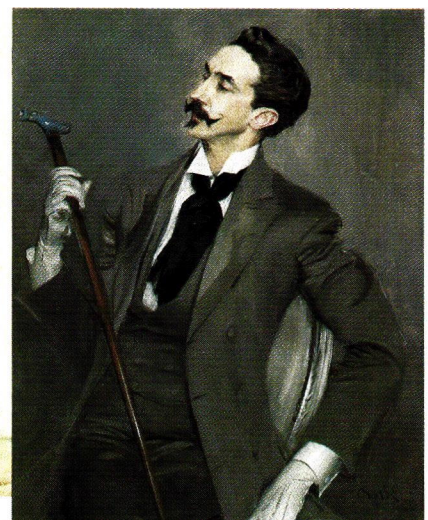
Although observance of social niceties became far more widespread during the eighteenth century, and the Enlightenment produced an Age of Reason, the finale of the century was nonetheless extreme. The spirit of revolution in Europe that first sparked in France in 1789 made the 1790s a decade of impossible ideals and dark deeds of political pragmatism. The ancien régime gave way to a parvenu society almost certainly as decadent as that which was swept away. Popular prints of the day reveal the bizarre excesses to which fashion in decoration and dress were carried. Exotic schemes for rooms mingling Pompeian grotesques with lavish drapery and leopard-skin carpets were all the rage. The artfully disheveled wild-haired dandies of the day, the incroyables, were unable to turn their heads because of great collars and cravats worn up and over the chin; their female counterparts, the merveilleuses, appeared in all seasons in revealing slips of dampened muslin intended to evoke the costume of the ancient world.

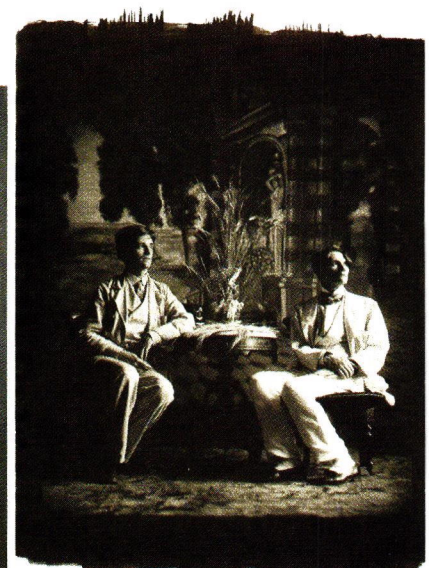
**SITTING OUT THE CENTURY** Nineties-style attenuation, *above from left,* in a chair in the style of Daniel Marot, c. 1690, and pieces by Sheraton, c. 1795; Charles Rennie Mackintosh, 1897; and Bonetti and Garouste 1991. Details see Resources.

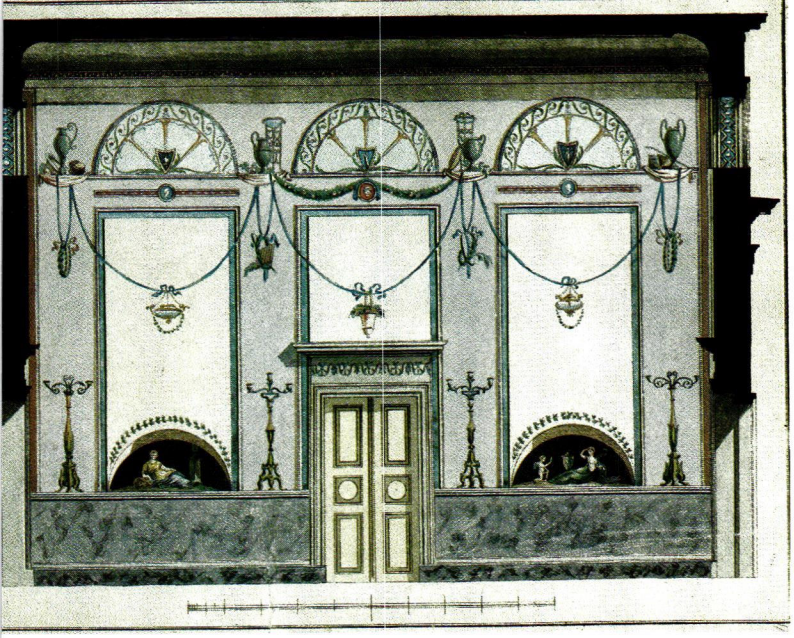
By the end of the nineteenth century, decadence was once more in vogue; the true fin de siècle had arrived, its seemingly novel ideas recalling the attitudes and styles of previous decadent eras at the ends of other centuries. Paintings such as Thomas Couture's *The Romans of the Decadence,* a sensation at the Paris Salon of 1847, had started a fashion among artists and writers for scenes steeped in the imagined luxuries and depravities of antiquity. Jacques-Louis David's earnest depictions of Roman virtue that had appealed to French revolutionaries were no longer wanted. Instead the public clamored for the vices of Nero and Heliogabalus (respectably bordered in gilt frames) and searched for reflections of contemporary morality in lurid tales of the Byzantine court or images of Sappho, Cleopatra, Salome, or other storied femmes fatales.

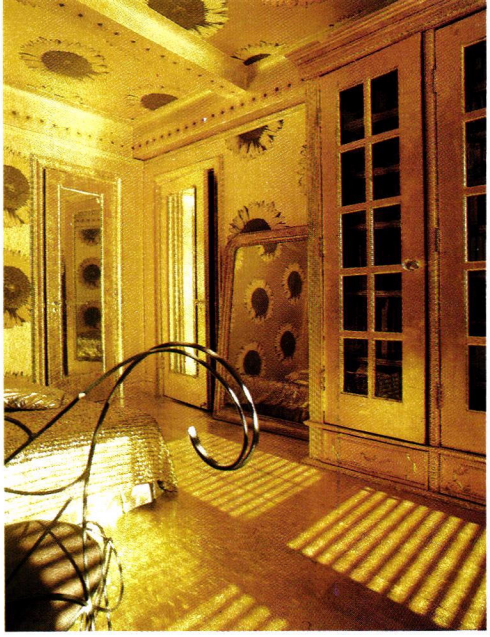
CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON; METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK, FLETCHER FUND, 1929; VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM; COURTESY GALERIE NEOTU, PARIS; COURTESY ROBERT MILLER GALLERY, NEW YORK; MUSEE D'ORSAY, RÉUNION DES MUSEES NATIONAUX/BY ARRANGEMENT WITH ARS, NEW YORK/SPADEM; COURTESY DIDIER AARON; VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM

**NINETIES DANDIES** *Below from left:* Nicholas Hilliard's *Young Man among Roses,* c. 1590; an incroyable of the 1790s; *Comte Robert de Montesquiou* by Boldini, 1897; self-portrait by McDermott and McGough, 1991.









**NOSTALGIA FOR A GOLDEN AGE**
Neo-Pompeian decoration, *left*, from a German handbook of the 1790s. *Right:* The gilded 1990s, in John Badum's New York apartment decorated by Tim Goslin. Chair by André Dubreuil.

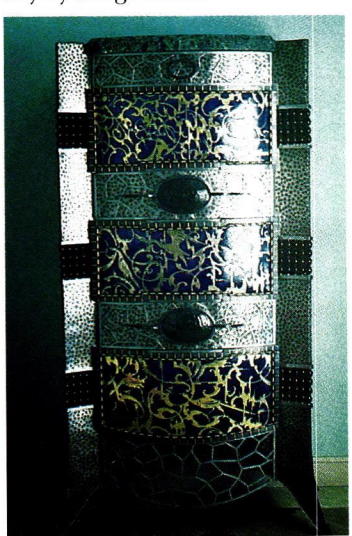
This often ridiculous *Last Days of Pompeii*–style kitsch was only one side of the coin. The more serious aspect involved writers, artists, and designers who cast themselves as decadents in a self-conscious rejection of the vulgarities of late nineteenth century industrial and commercialized culture. All avidly read *À Rebours* (Against the Grain) by Joris-Karl Huysmans, the 1884 novel Oscar Wilde called the "Breviary of the Decadence." Following the lead of the book's exquisite antihero, the duc Jean Floressas des Esseintes, they made a cult of extreme sensibility. They delighted in the pursuit of the obscure in art and literature, and they liked to proclaim their interest, real or merely feigned, in "strange sins" in order to épater les bourgeois. The bourgeois were of course, at that time, delightfully easy to shock.

These leaders of the new fashion espoused the philosophy of art for art's sake, first preached in England by aesthetes of the previous decade such as Wilde. With an eye to his position as a tastemaker, Wilde had taken great pains to create a rarefied atmosphere in his Tite Street house in Chelsea, then London's bohemian quarter. Designed for him in 1884 by the avant-garde architect E. W. Godwin, it featured such novel effects as a dining room entirely in ivory lacquer. But these decorations were short-lived, for in 1895 Wilde found the barbarians at his own gate. The sale of his household goods hastily organized after his trial resembled the looting of an ancient city by an ignorant horde. The writer never saw his furniture and most of his books again.

Godwin had also built one of the most successful and famous of all studio houses for the painter James Abbott McNeill Whistler, just across the street from Wilde's. In decorative schemes for this and other houses Whistler applied paint in subtle washes of aesthetic-style colors—sage greens, lilacs, and sharp yellows—and arranged the blue and white china he had begun collecting in the 1860s, when it was valued by only a few rival connoisseurs like Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Whistler's ideas on the framing and hanging of oil paintings and etchings were no less idiosyncratic than his penchant for oriental-inspired furniture. By the end of the century his style of decoration had become a cult. He himself had become the friend, or more often the sparring partner, of the brightest wits in the art world, among them that strange dandified youth Aubrey Beardsley, whose all-too-brief career flashed through the nineties like a rocket across the sky in one of Whistler's paintings of fireworks.

When Beardsley moved into an otherwise unremarkable row house in stuffy Pimlico, he set about realizing one of the fictional rooms described in *À Rebours*. It had sulfurous orange walls and the woodwork was finished in the deep dark blue of night. On the walls he hung rows of erotic Japanese prints and his growing collection of rare Italian engravings. Here, where daylight rarely penetrated the heavy blinds, the "Fra Angelico of Satanism" sat at his desk drawing by *(Continued on page 119)*

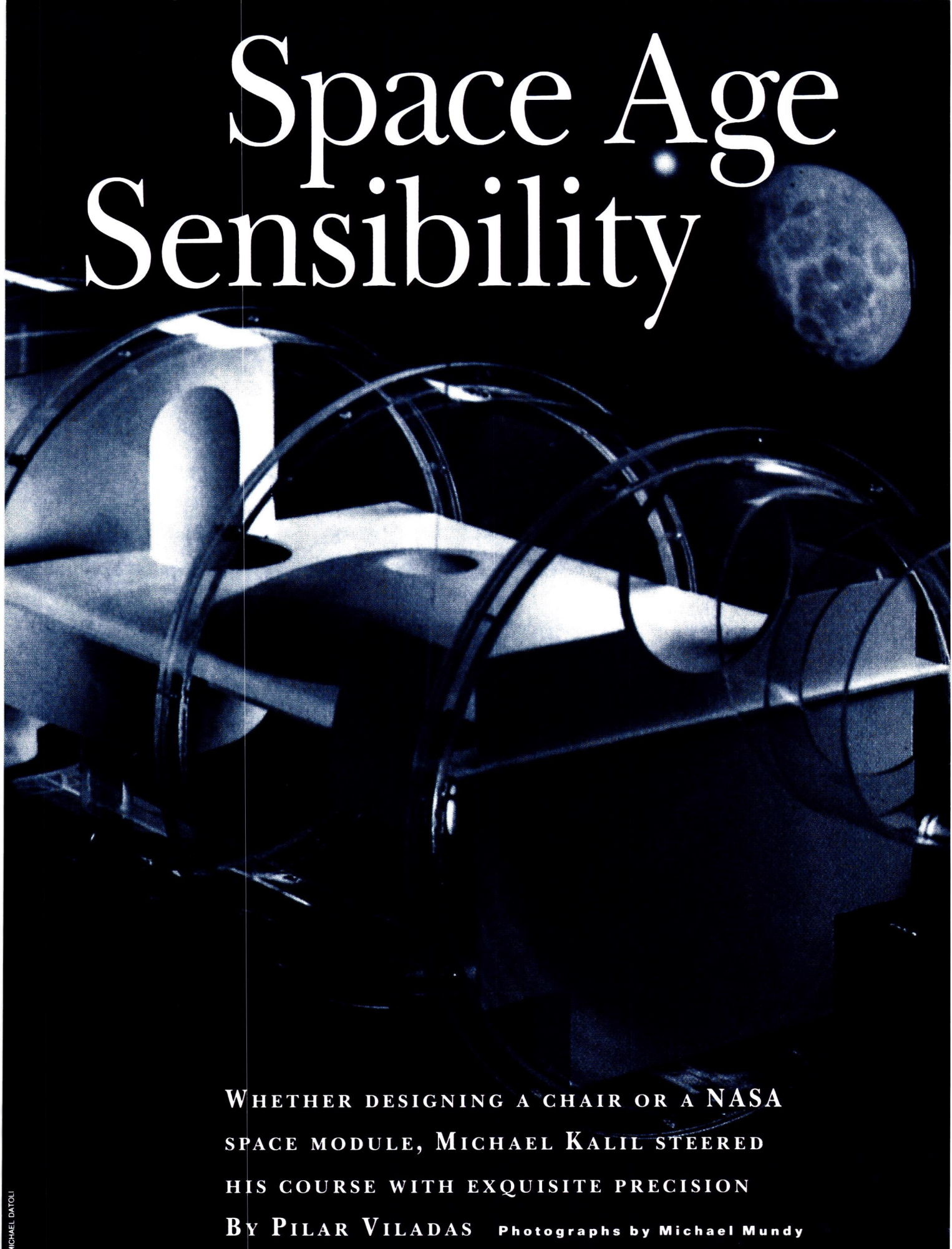
CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK; PARIS BRISBANE DICK FUND, 1930; DAVID FRAZIER; JAMES MORTIMER; JEAN-CHRISTOPHE BUGGEA!



**FIN DE SIÈCLE REFINEMENT**
Jean-Louis Riccardi has decorated his Paris apartment, *right*, in a present-day turn-of-the-century manner. *Left:* A Dubreuil chest in iron, copper, enamel, and marble evokes the opulence of an earlier era.

Michael Kalil looked beyond conventions, both in his space habitat for NASA, *opposite*, and in his earthbound projects, including the cerebral living room of a Manhattan apartment, *left*, on which he worked for ten years. Details see Resources.

# Space Age Sensibility



MICHAEL DATOLI

**WHETHER DESIGNING A CHAIR OR A NASA SPACE MODULE, MICHAEL KALIL STEERED HIS COURSE WITH EXQUISITE PRECISION**

BY PILAR VILADAS **Photographs by Michael Mundy**

HE WAS NOT LIKE ANYONE ELSE. SHORT and round, with close-cropped hair and a gray beard, Michael Kalil looked like a cross between Santa Claus and a Buddhist monk. He could design the most luxurious, beautifully detailed sofa you've ever seen, but he was equally at home imagining the interiors of a space habitat for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. A paradox? Yes and no. Michael designed things that seemed to have nothing to do with one another, but to him they were all connected. His space habitat looked nothing at all like the results of other designers working for NASA, people who did this sort of thing full-time. They made conventional rooms with floors and walls and kitchen cabinets. Not Michael. The way he explained it, in outer space there is no gravity, so what use was there for floor and ceiling, top and bottom? Instead he created a single wavy plane to form a continuum of space, punctuated by openings between the working and sleeping areas.

His earthbound projects—and there are only a handful because he worked slowly and meticulously—are similarly unconventional. Examples of austere luxury, they are formally minimalist yet comforting in their solidity, light, proportion, and detail. He knew what human beings need to be happy in a space, and that is what he gave them—nothing more or less. A self-described "space engineer" who was literate in music, weaving, and sculpture as well as design, Michael died last summer at the age of forty-seven, weeks after HG photographed this Manhattan apartment. This ten-year work in progress (for which Michael Kriegh and Dale Goncher served as design team) illustrates more fully than any of his other built work his uncanny knack for celebrating both the cerebral and the sensual.

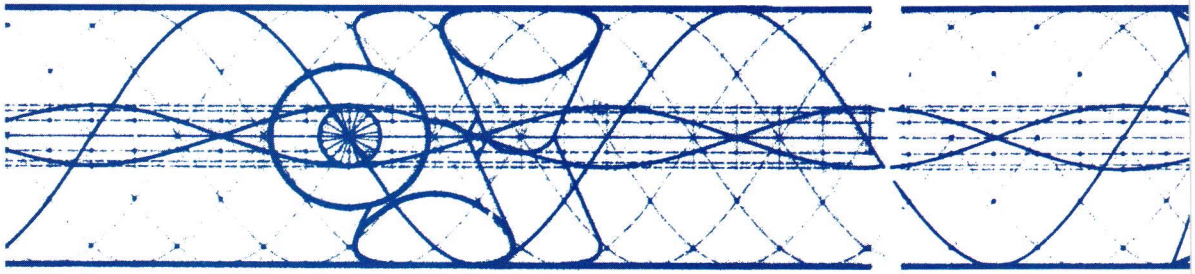
The apartment's design is governed by a strict proportional system—accurate to within a quarter inch—but when you look at the ebony panels used in the floor and for three pivoting screens in the living room, all you can say is, "Ooooh." In one bathroom a chromed towel bar over the sink is bent into a curve derived from Michael's NASA project. But when you turn a knob and water pours out of the bar, you are reduced to a delighted, "Aaaah." Michael worked out and talked out his designs endlessly, but the finished products leave you speechless.

This apartment didn't have particularly good bones, but after Michael got (not quite) through with it, it became a paragon of luxe, calme et volupté. He accomplished this mostly with light and the expertise of Peter Barna, a New York–based lighting designer. Michael thought that light should appear to be coming in from somewhere else, that you shouldn't see its source. So light shines mysteriously from a box-shaped recess in a living room wall, bounces off a little mirror in another wall, and creates a square of illumination on a dining room wall. Light beams up through the dining table from a concealed lamp in the table's column base. It even, at certain times of the year, creates a rainbow in the stairway to the tower meditation room when sunlight (and there is plenty of it) hits a prism in the ceiling. Needless to say, Kalil's rooms are not filled with clever little lamps.

Nor are they filled with much else. The living room contains a sofa and three chairs, all covered in charcoal suede. They were meant to seem like big stones in a field of moss—a large rug of a color so lush that the word "green" only begins to describe it. There is a wool and silk square, with a deep pile, tufted into the wool carpet and set at an angle near the entrance to the spiral stair that leads to the tower room. Michael meant the square to be a stepping-stone from one room to the next, but then much of his work was about metaphor. He once said, "I want people to look at a window as sun, air, and view, not as glass and metal; not to think of a roof as tile, but as rain and snow."

Michael also wanted people to think of bathrooms as water. In his bathrooms, water comes from magical, unexpected places—the aforementioned towel bar or, in the master bathroom, from a faucet in a stepped wall of tile and polished stainless steel. He was proud of his tiled bathrooms, which he usually managed to design so precisely that not a single tile had to be cut to fit. He also did wonderful things with Corian, a synthetic material whose potential is still underexploited in the design world. He fashioned a troughlike sink out of Corian; he turned it into a bathtub and formed bars of it into an ingenious faucet that doubles as a soap holder. Michael

**A** wavy line from a NASA study, *right,* reappears in the tower room window, *opposite below. Above:* The lustrous ebony pivoting screens and floor panels in the living room embody a strict proportional system.

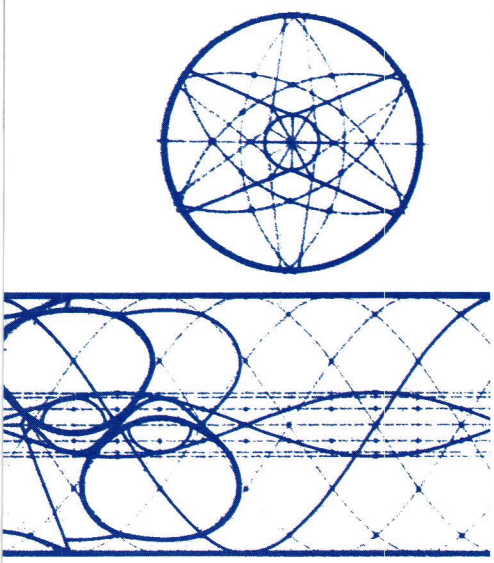


PLAN: MICHAEL KRIEGH

In Kalil's rooms the light shines mysteriously from a niche or is refracted by a prism; you can rarely see its source

had no prejudices where material was concerned. Whether they were natural or man-made, he zeroed in on their essential qualities, always rendering them elegant—but never forbidding.

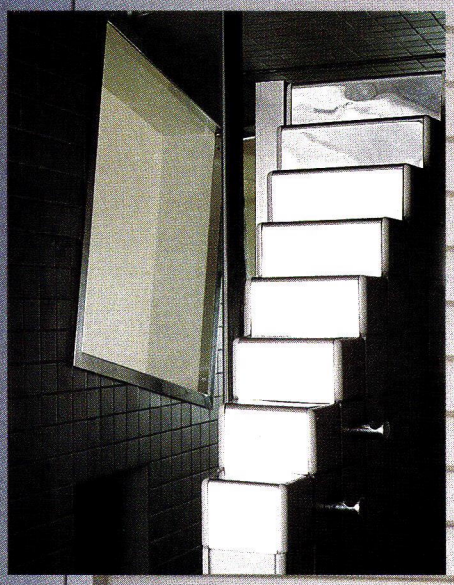
But it is in the apartment's tower room that his talent for the transcendent really hits you—quietly, of course. A tall room with big windows, it is furnished with a pair of long upholstered benches and a lot of light. A niche in one corner glows with light from a concealed source. A window has a folding screen of wood slats through which the afternoon sun casts a dramatic pattern of bars on the wall. Elegant but unpretentious, the room is Michael Kalil at his best. It is the room that he was proudest of, and he never saw it finished. But if we can learn the lessons embodied in this room, that's what counts. ▲



**A** mysterious beam of light issues from the dining room table, *above,* which is surrounded by Kalil's adaptations of a chair designed by Philippe Starck.

The austere living room is ornamented solely by removable ebony grilles that fit into the floor to conceal speakers and a box for firewood. The fireplace itself is a void in the wall, above the narrowest of shelves. Kalil designed the sofa and chairs to sit like rocks on moss—a deep green wool and silk custom carpet by V'Soske. The spiral stair leads to the tower room.

His projects are minimalist yet comforting in their solidity



The tower room is a radiant expression of Kalil's talent for the transcendent

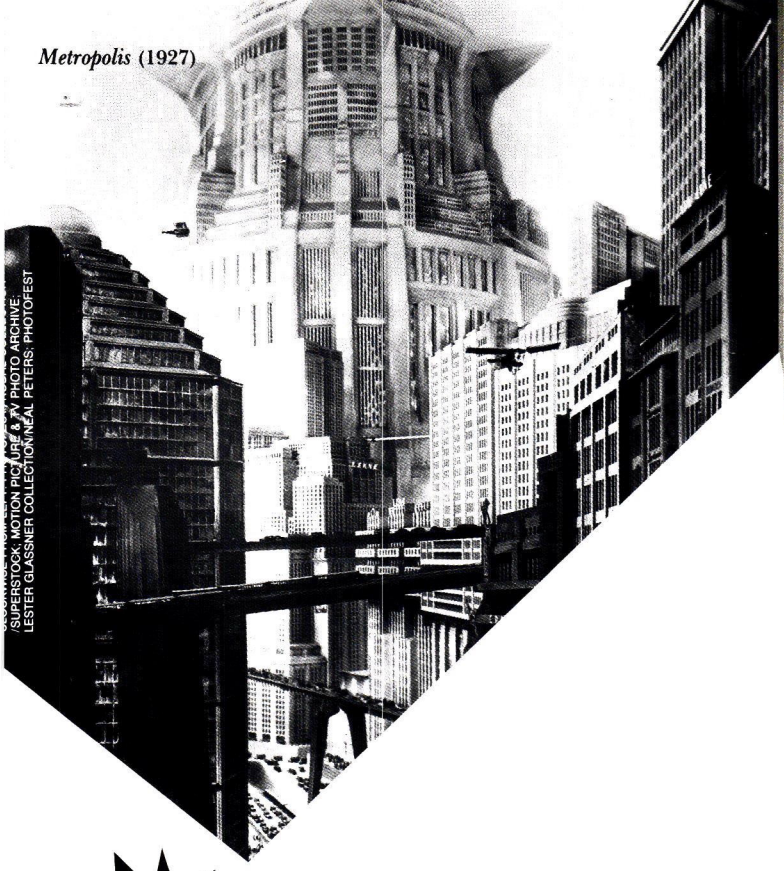
The plaster walls and handwoven upholstery fabric in the tower room glow in the late afternoon sun. *Above left* and *above right:* Light from the bedroom streams into the master bath through a square window set at an angle. A stepped wall of tile and polished stainless steel contains faucets for the shower and the stainless-steel tub, a physical therapy model. *Above center:* In the second bathroom a soap holder of Corian becomes a work of art.

# R E E L

*Flash Gordon Conquers the Universe* (1940)

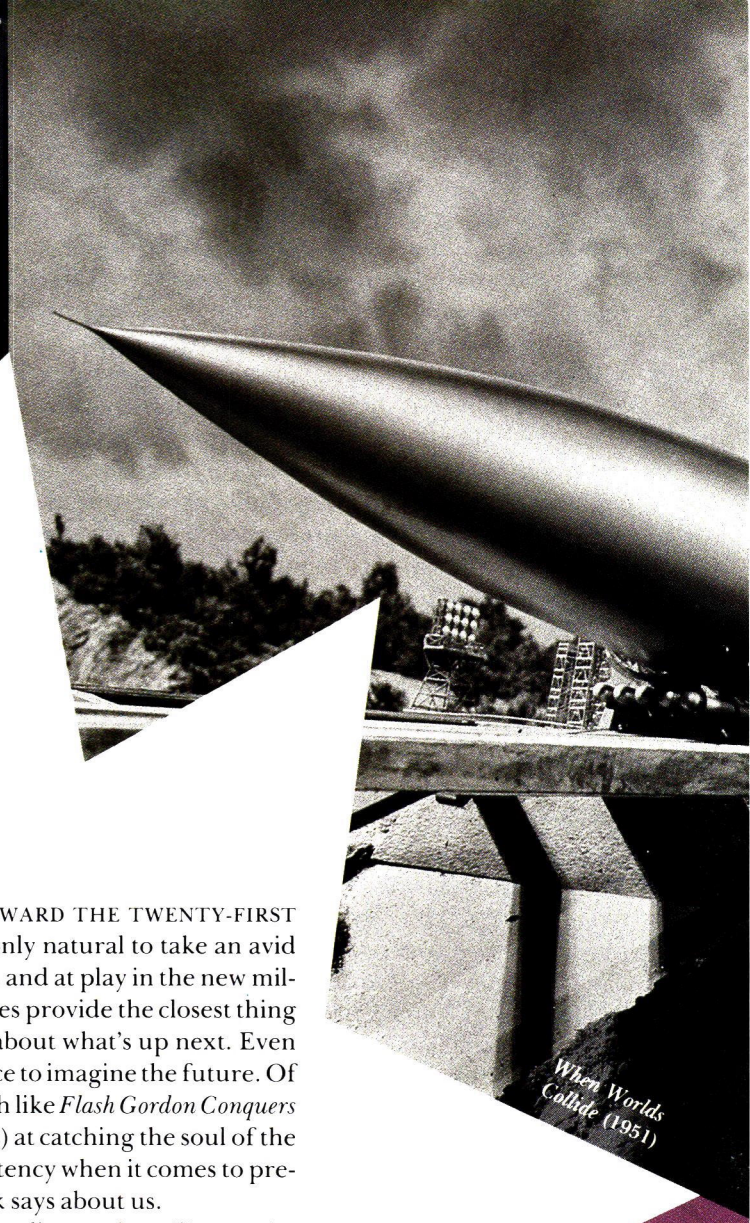
**When moviemakers imagine**

# PROJECTIONS



*Metropolis* (1927)

/SUPERSTOCK; MOTION PICTURE & TV PHOTO ARCHIVE; LESTER GLASSNER COLLECTION/NEAL PETERS; PHOTOFEST



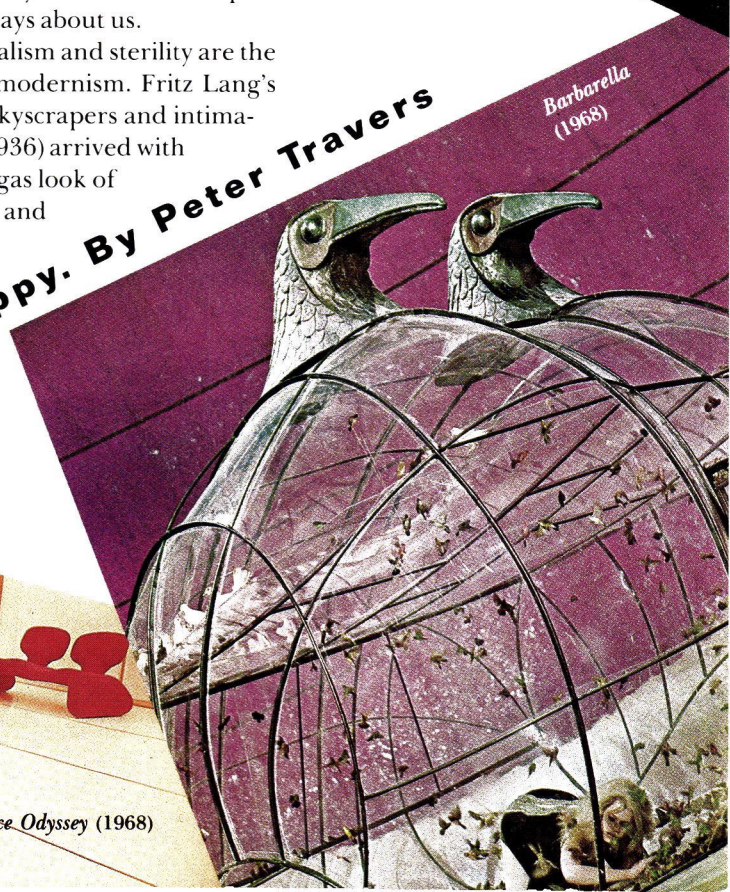
*When Worlds Collide* (1951)

# the future, the ending is rarely happy. By Peter Travers

NOW THAT WE'RE NO LONGER SLOUCHING TOWARD THE TWENTY-FIRST century—sprinting is nearer the mark—it's only natural to take an avid interest in the prospects for life at home, at work, and at play in the new millennium. And since we can't predict the future, movies provide the closest thing to a crystal ball. Hollywood is famous for obsessing about what's up next. Even before movies could talk, they gave visionary talents the chance to imagine the future. Of course, the quality of these films varies considerably. Pop trash like *Flash Gordon Conquers the Universe* (1940) is no match for *2001: A Space Odyssey* (1968) at catching the soul of the new world. But movie fantasies achieve an astonishing consistency when it comes to predicting what that new world will look like. And what that look says about us.

The news isn't cheery. If Hollywood is to be believed, minimalism and sterility are the watchwords for a style that might best be termed menacing modernism. Fritz Lang's silent classic *Metropolis* (1927) set the tone with its forbidding skyscrapers and intimations of a robot society run by machines. Next, *Things to Come* (1936) arrived with a script by H. G. Wells. It's easy to laugh off the prefab Las Vegas look of the film's edifices with their artificial sunlight, big-screen TVs, and glass elevators—the actors' togas complete the Caesars Palace touch—but the dehumanization still runs deep. So does the threat of annihilation. Either we're constructing rocket ships to flee to other planets, as in Rudolph Maté's *When*

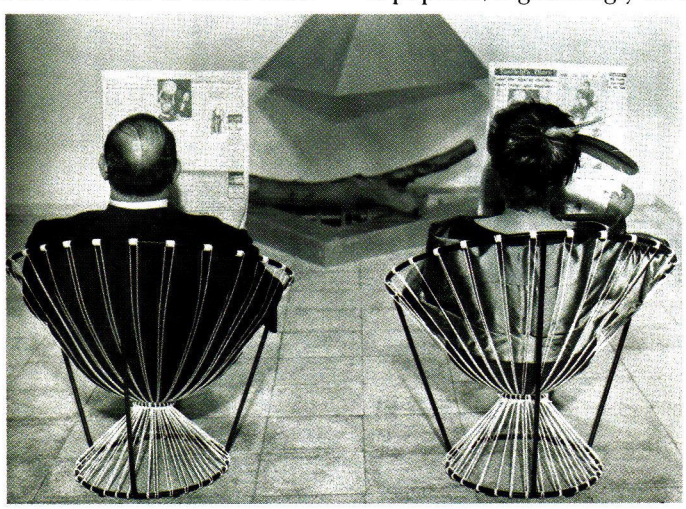
*2001: A Space Odyssey* (1968)



*Barbarella* (1968)

*World's Collide* (1951) and Edward Bernds's *World Without End* (1956), or we're rebuilding from the ruins, as in Ridley Scott's post-apocalyptic *Blade Runner* (1982). Match up the cold skylines of these movies with the rat's maze of offices in Jacques Tati's *Playtime* (1968) and the fear of being employed in an urban mecca during the twenty-first century hits like an ulcer's first ping.

Homelife is hardly more felicitous. Houses resemble blindingly white and tidy pillboxes with interiors that reflect a mechanized efficiency utterly devoid of personality. Woody Allen takes satirical aim at these phenomena in *Sleeper* (1973). He plays a seventies health store owner who wakes from a two-hundred-year cryonic nap to learn that the latest word in nutrition is deep fat, cream pies, and hot fudge. Chased by police, who want to simplify his brain, he disguises himself as a robot and works for ditzy Diane Keaton who lives in one of these ultramodern monstrosities. There's no decent art in Keaton's living room, just a huge TV screen—a staple of most futuristic movies. There's no library either: books are as rare as overstuffed chairs, lace curtains, and oriental rugs. François Truffaut's *Fahrenheit 451* (1966), which envisioned a world where all books are burned and individual thought and style are scrupulously suppressed, obviously had its impact. Allen has his most ruinous run-in with an electronic kitchen that has little use for the human element.



***Mon Oncle* (1958)**

In *Mon Oncle* (1958), the incomparably funny Jacques Tati also does battle with a computerized kitchen regularly sprayed for germs even though nothing in it is touched by human hands. Visiting his sister and brother-in-law's symmetrical nightmare of a house, Tati tries to make peace with a string chair not intended for the human form. Bedrooms in these movies are equally utilitarian and totally devoid of romantic atmosphere. The ubiquitous white headboards, white sheets, and harsh lighting are enough to kill any fugitive amorous stirrings. Sex is now provided quickly and hygienically by machines like the orgasmatron in *Sleeper* or the kinkier device in which Jane Fonda finds herself trapped in *Barbarella* (1968). Nature is similarly devoid of color and variety. Gardens and fresh flowers are practically nonexistent. In *Mon Oncle* the trees have been treated so the leaves never shed. In *Sleeper* what few vegetables still grow are giant mutants. Food is particularly unappealing: it's either weird synthetic chicken as in David Lynch's horrific *Eraserhead* (1978) or globs of gray mush like the kind found in *2001*.

With white seeming to be the only shade on the decorator's palette, life on earth gets awfully monotonous. But it's a small price to pay when you consider the alternatives. In *Forbidden Planet* (1956), loosely based on Shakespeare's *The Tempest,* a mad scientist and his daughter both show a regrettable fondness for green, which extends from the walls to the furniture and clothing on the planet they have colonized. Not just any green, mind you, but a bilious shade of avocado that turned up a lot in fifties movies and in fifties households. With any luck we won't be contending with that color again.

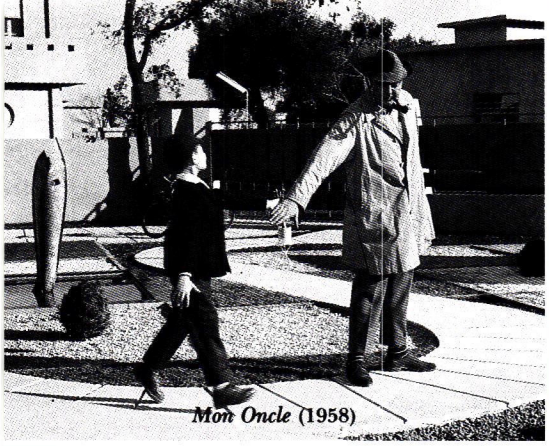
It's difficult to pinpoint where people go for fun, though they can get there faster since cars can fly. As far back as *Just Imagine* (1930), motorists were zipping around art deco skyscrapers. But the traffic gets just as clogged in the sky as it does on the freeways. Moon travel is popular, if grindingly slow, as shown to great effect in *2001*. It requires staying at Hilton space stations that look like white tombs relieved only by red spider chairs that mark the danger to come. The one overt joke in Kubrick's film involves a traveler reading instructions on how to use the toilet when cruising in zero gravity.

Fashion also takes a nosedive. From the looks of the *Star Wars* epics (1977, 1980, 1983), polyester double-knit makes a comeback and turns us into a nation of movie ushers. But plastic surgery doesn't lose its allure. In Terry Gilliam's *Brazil* (1985), a doctor stretches a woman's jowls like Silly Putty and pins them to her neck to demonstrate how smooth her face can be.

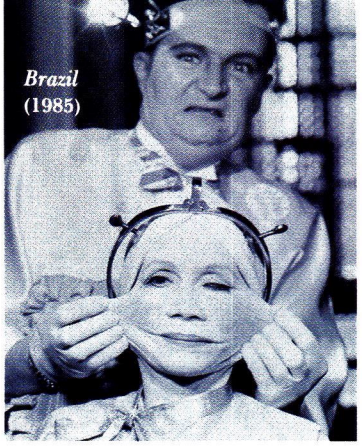
Technology is king in the future, leaving humanity on the fritz. Video phones proliferate in Wim Wenders's just released *Until the End of the World,* so we can see each other while we talk. Sadly, it hasn't helped us listen more intently. Though William Hurt plays a man trying to preserve his father's invention—a machine that can videotape dreams—the film is really about what one character calls the "disease of images," which has undermined words and feelings in the modern world.

It's no accident that cinema fantasy emphasizes the menace of what's ahead. The best of these films are cautionary fables; they show us what could be if we're not careful. Maybe a loveless universe gets the decor it deserves. Watching several of these movies consecutively can leave you feeling as reformed as Scrooge after a visit from the ghost of Christmas future. Swearing off technology, you'll want to wallow in clutter and in the beauty of a sumptuous fabric, a spring garden, or an antique porcelain teacup. ▲

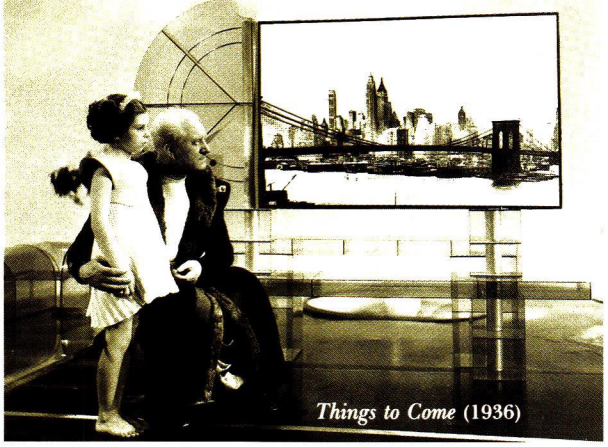
CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: PHOTOFEST (2); EVERETT COLLECTION; PHOTOFEST (4); KOBAL COLLECTION/SUPERSTOCK (2); EVERETT COLLECTION; M. PELLETIER/SYGMA



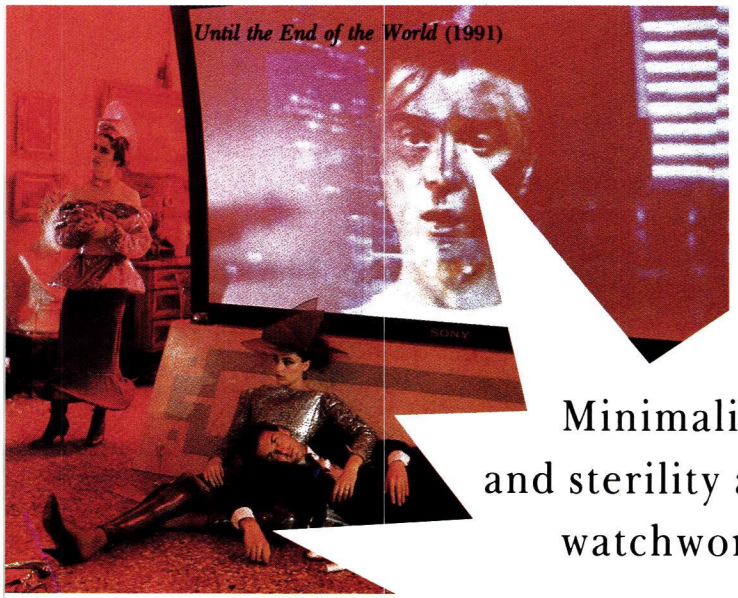
*Mon Oncle* (1958)



*Brazil* (1985)



*Things to Come* (1936)

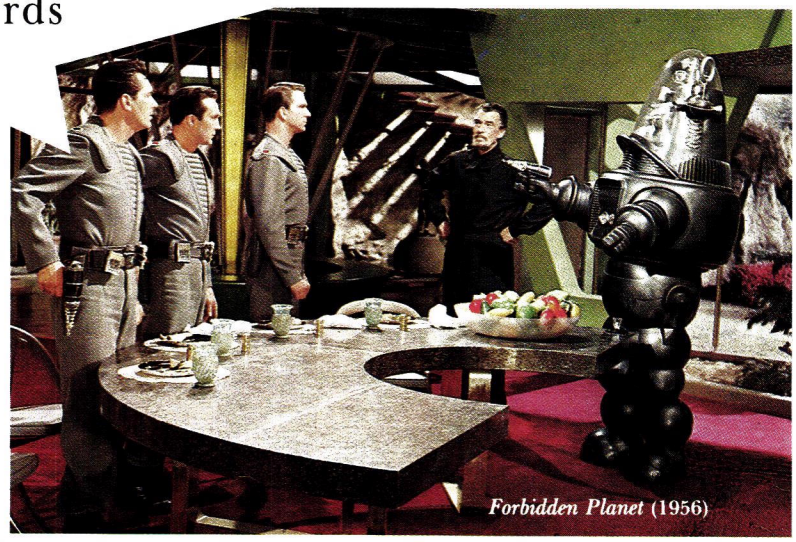


*Until the End of the World* (1991)

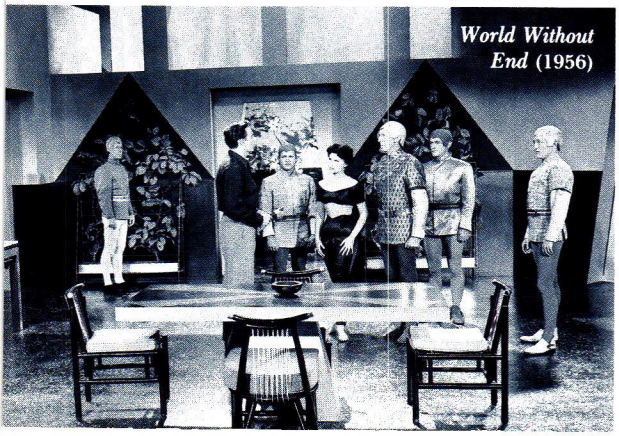
*Flash Gordon Conquers the Universe* (1940)

Minimalism and sterility are the watchwords

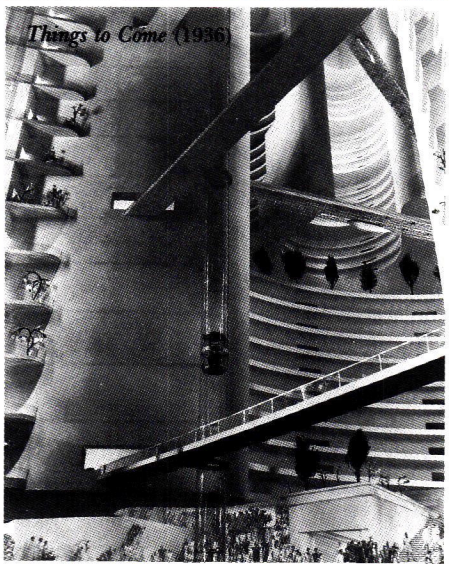
*Sleeper* (1973)



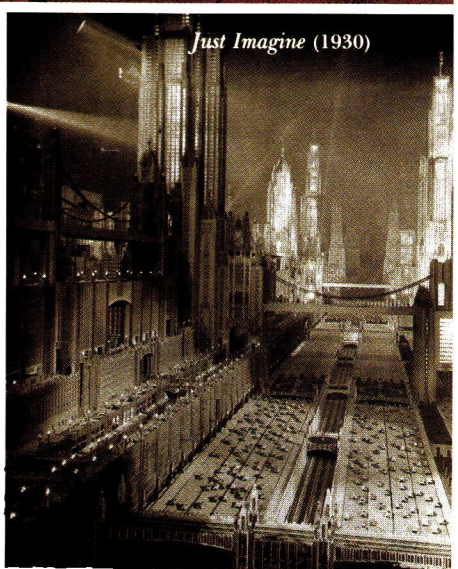
*Forbidden Planet* (1956)



*World Without End* (1956)



*Things to Come* (1936)



*Just Imagine* (1930)

In the loft shared by purist Joseph Lembo, seated, and flea market maven Robert Warner, *opposite*, an apple picker's ladder, *above*, and a mirror define a corner, while a variety of chairs surround a mobile table by Andrée Putman for Écart. Details see Resources.

# Minimalism Moves On

## A designer and an artist put everything in its proper place

**By Heather Smith MacIsaac**

**Photographs by Todd Eberle**

IT HAS HAPPENED MORE THAN ONCE that designer Joseph Lembo has been driven out of places by clutter, so dedicated is he to minimalism. As an adolescent member of an average family in Queens Village, New York, he made his first commitment to spareness when he redid his bedroom in Homasote and sisal with white plastic furniture. "Crowded closets were a real turnoff for me," reveals Lembo, who then, as now, limited his wardrobe to a "few clothes that were repetitive." By the time he met artist Robert Warner in 1984, Lembo had graduated to gray industrial carpet, a mattress covered in perforated vinyl on a platform, and, as a small concession to comfort, two lawn chairs, but he admits that he

"still had no idea what collecting was about."

Warner, on the other hand, was as immersed in collecting as Lembo was detached. He grew up sifting through thrift shops and attending auctions with his parents; hunting and gathering are his lifeblood. His artful constructions in boxes, with a nod to Joseph Cornell, are a direct outgrowth of a childhood spent arranging objects, often supplied by his father, a tool and die maker. "The repetition of things was always particularly important to me," Warner says. "I'd have not one but three or four radios lined up on a shelf."

Where Warner added, Lembo took away. Theoretically, their relationship was doomed; in fact, it barely survived life in a 400-square-foot studio apartment. "At that stage, I thought adding a single flower bordered on overkill," recalls Lembo. "And Robert would come home from the flea market with six full shopping bags." Eight years later, having settled down in a Greenwich Village loft three times the size of the studio, they are still hashing out their aesthetic differences. But the interior ultimately works because the two men, along with Lembo's partner at Lembo Bohn Design Associates, Laura Bohn, like the same things—if not in the same quantities—and agreed on the architectural fundamentals that needed to be added and subtracted.

During the renovate-and-flip days of late eighties real estate, Lembo and Bohn decided to go against the market's demand for rooms and design a space as open and flexible as possible. That meant removing a drop ceiling over the kitchen, reconfiguring storage, reorienting the entry to eliminate a tunnel effect, keeping the bedroom open to the living room so that both spaces could benefit from northern and eastern exposures, and, where walls were needed, stopping them short of the ceiling. A curved wall divided in half by a shallow vertical reveal now screens off the laboratory-like kitchen. Another wall, this one capped with molding, serves as a backdrop for the bed on one side and a closet on the other. The walk-in/walk-out closet has its pluses—"It's so pleasant to look out at trees and sky when you're getting dressed," says Lembo—and its minuses—"The right wood hanger has to be used or I risk confronting Joseph Dearest," jokes Warner.

Yet another wall, at the opposite end of the loft, encloses the designated area for Warner's many boxes of miscellany. "I moved in thinking I would edit down, but I couldn't," he confesses. "So before long I had to get a studio." The supplies he does keep at home are stored in cupboards Lembo designed with doors of metal screening nailed to rough-cut cedar frames. "It was my way," explains the designer, "for Robert to display his things but have them veiled."

Like the structure of the interior, the decorating is ordered yet adaptable. The bedroom, with views of the Chrys-

Northern light fills the space when the linen curtain dividing bedroom and living areas, *above left,* is pulled back. In a departure for Lembo, pillows on the sofa flaunt rich fabrics from Clarence House, Jack Lenor Larsen, Brunschwig, and Lee Jofa. *Left:* Warner's storage area and the kitchen are tucked behind pale aqua and gray walls that stop short of the ceiling. *Opposite:* A hand-toned blueprint by Don Freeman and a milking stool from Saint Barts flank a club chair by Lembo Bohn upholstered in a Donghia mohair.

"I used to think adding a single flower bordered on overkill," Lembo recalls. "It was time for a change"

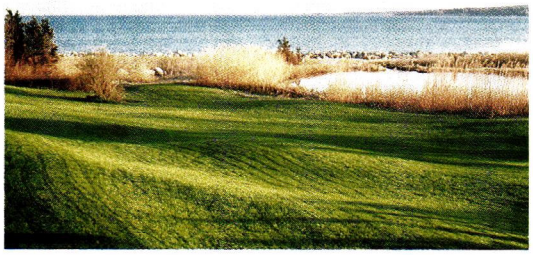
ler and Empire State buildings, a fireplace surrounded by an antique doorframe, and a linen curtain that can be pulled across to enclose the space, is an evocative oasis within the loft. To either side of the Fortuny-upholstered headboard are nightstands of opposite character—a spindly piece of Philadelphia porch furniture and a squat nineteenth-century Chinese pine table lit by a stone urn cum lamp from Vicenza. A deep window ledge of taupe laminate and cedar keeps a candlestick or two above, blankets and linens below, in good order. Hanging opposite the bed is a late eighteenth century portrait of a governor of West Virginia bought at the auction of Andy Warhol's collection because Lembo was crazy about the brown shade of the subject's waistcoat.

A six-foot-square mirror—"the largest we could fit in the elevator," says Lembo—rests on the floor in the dining area, reflecting an antique Swedish armoire, a contemporary steel and glass table on wheels by Andrée Putman, and wood chairs of various sizes and vintages, all of the same deep brown hue. Upholstered pieces by Lembo Bohn—a generous chocolate-colored leather sofa, a square cement-colored ottoman, and two man-size but graceful club chairs in taupe mohair—gather on a sisal rug that defines the living area.

Most would view the palette as neutral. For the restrained Lembo—"He's out painting the town taupe," Warner is apt to say—it represents a real branching out. "It was time for a change," Lembo admits. "I'm looking now to enhance bare-bones design." A few years ago deco-inspired club chairs and the colorful silks, velvets, and damasks on the sofa pillows and the headboard of the bed would never have appeared in a Lembo Bohn interior. The freestanding walls that are so successful at bridging the scale gap between Lembo's big bare spaces and Warner's little busy boxes have become the perfect canvases for experiments with color. Like a mood ring, the bedroom/closet wall has already gone from yellow to white to dark violet to chartreuse.

But there are some things that will never change. Lembo prefers to spend his Sunday mornings sleeping on pure-white linens—colored sheets give him headaches—while Warner religiously hits his favorite Manhattan flea market at five thirty, in time to pick through the best stuff before meeting his breakfast club, a group of other hard-core junkers. "I thought by osmosis Joseph would like having more things around," the artist says with a sigh. But after three years of decorating their own place, what feels empty to Warner still feels full to Lembo; he just can't shake the minimalist credo that getting rid of stuff is the healthy, natural thing to do. ♠

**A** Fortuny-covered headboard, *opposite*, designed by Lembo Bohn is set off by a chartreuse wall that separates the bedroom from the closet. The bedside lamp is a 17th-century stone urn that Lembo and Warner shipped home from Vicenza. *Above left:* On the other side of the bed a table that Warner found at a favorite flea market holds two of his pieces. *Left:* Bookcases and drawers run the length of the freestanding closet.



# FERTILE GROUND

**Three artists map out their own aesthetic landscapes. By Jim Lewis**

ONCE IT WAS POSSIBLE TO THINK OF NATURE AS God's surrogate, either stern and fearsome or sweet and loving, but in any case authoritative. It was the great object of which we were the subjects, and art about nature began by acknowledging as much. But the world has since become our ward, an ecological entity that we're charged with protecting from ourselves. Like middle-aged men and women suddenly called upon to care for their aging parents, we now seem to be faced with the task of nurturing our nurturer, and neither sublime nor picturesque visions seem sufficient to our responsibilities. So land art now cooper-

**Janis Hall,** *top right,* **sculpts the land with bulldozers.** *Top left:* **Serial photographs of** *Mnemonic River* **in Massachusetts show her use of contours and plantings to heighten awareness of light, shadows, wind, and other transitory phenomena.** *Above: Waterland* **in Connecticut is a microcosm of regional terrain.**

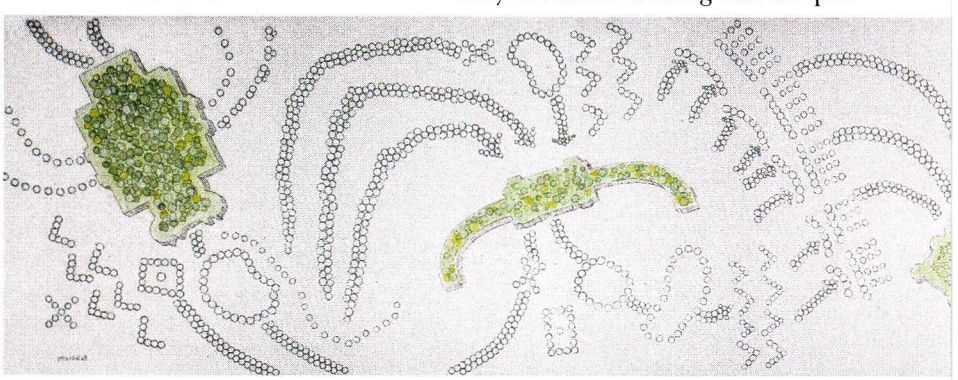
PORTRAIT: RUVEN AFANADOR. OTHERS: JANIS HALL

ates with nature, and its purpose is to make the landscape not just more beautiful but better, stronger, more comprehensible.

The very idea of nature as a medium is rooted in the earthworks movement of the sixties and early seventies, in Michael Heizer's desert drawings and excavations and Robert Smithson's stone walkways and planted mirrors. Smithson's writings in particular, with their call for an art that engages a site outside of galleries and living rooms, helped artists enlarge the boundaries of their practice by giving them a foothold in the world. But nature as a specifically political and environmental problem to be confronted wasn't his first concern, and the debate about the right purpose of art made for the earth has gone on—somewhat underground during the more citified eighties, but with renewed force in the past few years. The result is an explosion of hybrid work with wildly different and sometimes contradictory intentions and directions.

In one corner, for example, there is Janis Hall, whose work tends toward the metaphorical. Hall began her career as a sculptor; after graduating from Mount Holyoke with a major in visual art, she served as an apprentice to Isamu Noguchi. Architecture school was next—first at Cambridge, then at Harvard—but Hall kept returning to the problems of sculpture, and when she started to make her mark in the mid eighties, it was as a kind of land artist, creating environments that idealize and abstract elemental forces. As such, she is among the more traditional of the environmental artists practicing today, one of the few whose work plays closest to the forms of landscape design—though the concept of a garden is hardly her starting point. "I think of myself as an artist who happened to go to architecture school and then fell in love with the land," she says. "I end up working in the interstices of the two."

On an estate in southern Massachusetts she has created *Mnemonic River* by bulldozing a lawn into soft rippling hillocks—complete with islands of wildflowers and grasses—that seem to flow into a nearby waterway. As the sun's position changes, shadows roll across the terrain, turning the whole into an elegant, almost cinematic meditation on light, land, wind, and water. For *Waterland,* a former gravel pit in the Housatonic Valley of Connecticut, Hall sculpted a ten-acre site into a pattern of ridges and remnants of old hedgerows. Both pieces have the effect of compressing the broadly distributed features of the area in which they're built, until they can be compassed in a glance. Hall sees the experience as almost mystically revealing: "When the sun is alive, the elements are engaged—and you're actively engaged as well. You're connected, and you're able to transcend it."



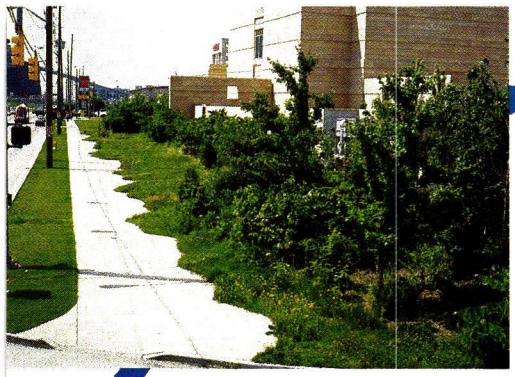
For all her metaphysical yearnings, Hall's technique is on a continuum with landscape architecture as it's understood in professional schools and trade magazines. A less conventional territory has been staked out by Alan Sonfist, and the result is predictably disconcerting to the professions it crosses. "Local landscapers generally start out in opposition to my work," he says, "but in time they come around."

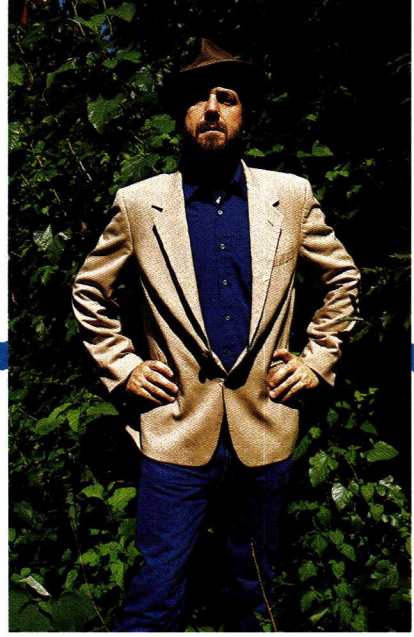
His strategy is to replant primeval landscapes in the midst of urban and suburban development. It's a kind of reverse earthwork: Sonfist belongs to the same generation as Heizer and Smithson, but he finds the prospect of taking culture out into nature appalling. "I would never go into the desert," he has said, "a footprint stays there twenty years." Instead he gives cities back a piece of their natural past, of the landscape and rock formations that lie beneath them and behind them in time. Strollers through lower Manhattan may have happened upon one such hole in the city's history, a fenced-in plot of land on LaGuardia Place near New York University, overgrown with oaks, beeches, and wildflowers and sculpted in imitation of the ground undulations that the Dutch settlers discovered and described when they first arrived on the island.

"I grew up in the South Bronx, where the original forest was destroyed," Sonfist says. "And I thought, we have to reestablish a connection to the historical natural world." Such connections are not easily made: the artist spent four years on a fellowship at MIT in the early seventies ironing out his program, and the research that goes into each piece is considerable. Prehistoric conditions are uncovered by studying climatic changes and plant migration patterns, by reading the firsthand accounts of early settlers, and, Sonfist admits, by a certain amount of guesswork.

That information serves as the raw material for his designs: in Paris, marshlands and mixed forests laid out in the shape of city landmarks—the Louvre, the Palais de Chaillot, Notre-Dame—along a ten-mile strip reclaimed from a defunct highway system; on a private estate outside Florence, nested circles of plantings that echo the yearly cycles and historical changes in the local landscape, including olive trees, Tuscan stone, Greek laurel, an herb garden, and, in the center, a virgin forest; in Boca Raton, *(Continued on page 123)*

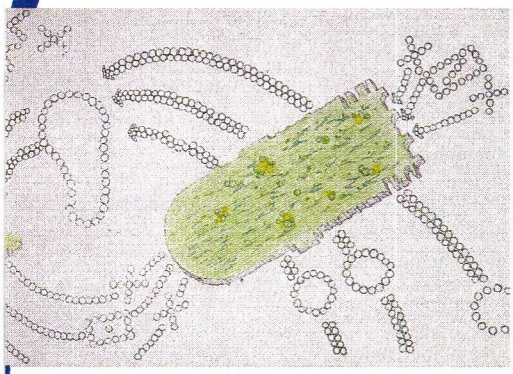
CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: JANETT MARIE BRAUN AND WILLIAM C. GRIMES COURTESY CHRISTOPHER AND ANN M. STACK; BOB WESLER; COURTESY MAX PROTECH GALLERY, NEW YORK; COURTESY WALKER ART CENTER, MINNEAPOLIS (2); HOUSTON CHRONICLE; NC





**Alan Sonfist,** *left. Far left: Time Landscape of Indianapolis* re-creates primeval conditions. Sidewalk represents the White River. *Below: Circles of Time*, near Florence, embodies the history of the Tuscan landscape. *Below left:* Sonfist's project for the outskirts of Paris re-creates historic marshes and forests that underlay the city's monuments (Notre-Dame at right). Hedges retrace Napoleonic battle lines.

**Sonfist gives cities back the landscapes that lie behind them in time; Chin asks, "How do you sculpt an ecosystem?"**



**Mel Chin,** *far left,* beside a geopolitical artwork from 1989. *Above:* Chin tends *Revival Field* on the site of a hazardous waste dump outside Saint Paul, Minnesota. Dwarf corn, bladder campion, and other plants extract heavy metals from the soil. *Left:* Model for the installation.

Light floods the dining room, *right*, of an 1880 house, *opposite*, transformed by Jacques Grange. Antique stone tiles, parchment-style walls, and curtains of embroidered Manuel Canovas fabric and flame taffeta set off a Francis Jourdain table. Details see Resources.

# Modernism à la Mode

**Jacques Grange finds a new twist on the French style of the thirties**

**By Françoise Labro**

**Photographs by François Halard**

WHEN YOU GET TO THE gate, don't stop at the concierge's," Jacques Grange advised. "You'll find the house easily by yourself: it's yellow, the yellow of Russian palaces." Speaking, as is his habit, at an incredible pace, Grange had briefly described his latest project—"one of the two or three things I like best of everything I've done till now"—in one of the enclosed residential communities known in Paris as villas. Built in the suburbs during the nineteenth century, these enclaves are now islands of green and quiet in the city.

The secluded yellow house, neither mansion nor town house, bears a slight resemblance to Vallée-aux-Loups, the house where Chateaubriand once lived—nothing ostentatious, but with a certain elegance. "When we came back from the

United States after three years in Boston," says the owner, "we wanted a real house—a place that was easy to live in, where our three daughters and our friends could feel at home. When we saw this for the first time, the house was a wreck, but we bought it for the location, the garden, and the charm of its exterior. All the architects and decorators we saw told us, 'What a mess! It's in terrible shape.' So we decided to consult with someone of real stature, and we thought of Jacques Grange."

A brief tour of the house—a graceful 1880 structure and a smaller building from the 1970s—impressed the renowned decorator. "Instead of pointing out all its defects, Jacques was able to see its good points: site, charm, proportions," the young

woman continues. "He gave us a sketch of the two main parts of the building redesigned and linked by a conservatory. He solved the problem of balancing the exterior volumes, and we were immediately won over."

Grange acted as architect as well as decorator. He designed a winter garden to link the two units, added a floor to the main wing to house the children, and worked out an entirely new floor plan to suit the family's everyday life. Today nothing remains of the original interior except the staircase and the tile floor of the entrance hall. "I was able to empty the house like a well, to reshape and enlarge it," he says. "It was a joy."

The question of style did not arise immediately. The couple, young and open-minded, were not sure what they wanted, but they knew what they didn't want. Grange, for his part, began by suggesting what he calls "something obvious"—the kind of reinterpretation of the past for which he is so well known. "I brought out some rough sketches that were very nineteenth century—very much in the tradition of Madeleine Castaing," he recalls, referring to the doyenne of Paris decorators in the 1950s. "Right away the owner told me, 'No, that's not what I want.' Then I proposed what is really my own taste." Grange, who had just completed Yves Saint Laurent's dacha in Normandy, wanted to work with wood again, but this time treated as simply as possible. So he proposed using blond fluted wood in the bathroom, along with terra-cotta and unpolished stone. This time the clients' response was enthusiastic.

The aesthetic on which Grange and the couple agreed owes much to Jean-Michel Frank in its elegance, its

**Grange's passion for Jean-Michel Frank is reflected in the living room's fir walls, plaster fireplace, Frank-inspired carpet, c. 1940, and his versions of a Frank sofa and upholstered chairs. Unadorned contemporary pieces, among them two off-white terra-cotta tables by Eugène Brunelle and limewood stools by Christian Liaigre, amplify the tone of purity and restraint. A Jean-Michel Basquiat canvas hangs over the sofa.**

The new winter garden links dining and living rooms. The chandelier is 18th century; the Écart chairs are copies of 1929 originals. *Opposite:* The kitchen was inspired by the owners' visit to Monet's house at Giverny.

Grange says the house reaffirms the basics of his own style: "simple things, light, space"

simplicity, and its reliance on sumptuous materials beautifully handled. Light woods play a prominent role: specially finished fir on the living room walls; carved oak moldings from a bookcase made by Armand-Albert Rateau for couturière Jeanne Lanvin; tinted and polished oak floors. Antique paving stones were cleaned, recut, and sandpapered before being installed in the kitchen, the winter garden, and the dining room, where they play off against exquisite parchment-style walls.

The owners brought only one family piece with them; everything else was purchased for the new house within old walls that Grange created for them. It is a lively mix of art deco classics and up-to-the-minute pieces by young French designers; a straw marquetry commode by Frank and an oak dining table by Francis Jourdain, one of the founders of the Union des Artistes Modernes, mingle with contemporary vases and lamps by Marcial Berro and furniture by the likes of Olivier Gagnère and Christian Liaigre. The artworks range from Chana Orloff sculptures from the 1920s to Gaston Chaissac pieces from the 1960s and a large 1984 canvas by Jean-Michel Basquiat.

"The truth is," says Grange, "I don't like the Napoleon III style. I only like the poetic nineteenth century of Castaing. For me this house represents the culmination of a personal evolution. It's an affirmation of what is truly my style, the basics of which I laid down in my house in Paris—simple things, light, space." In Grange's embrace of these essentials may well be the seeds of a new direction for French decoration. ▲

In the entrance hall, *above left*, 19th-century busts rest on an antique table, and a porphyry amphora, *left*, fills an alcove next to a plaster mirror and a stool by Paul Mathieu and Michael Ray, both from Galerie Pierre Passebon. The stairway and tile floor are the only remaining elements of the original interior. *Opposite:* Bennison linen on the walls envelops the bedroom in roses, while a neo-Gothic chair gives the dressing room a crisp linear accent.

# American Garden

*(Continued from page 80)* been easy to decide exactly what kinds of gardens to sponsor, or exactly how to do it, or to create a groundswell of interest in the rarefied heights of ornamental gardening. Refusing to generalize, Cabot remains firmly indefinite about what makes a great garden, as opposed to merely a good one. "A great garden has a numinous quality," he says, "the sum of the activities and decisions of the person gardening." Transcendent gardens, Cabot feels, are always the passionate creations of individuals. The Conservancy has a screening committee of horticultural and design experts, chaired by Marco Polo Stufano of Wave Hill. They determine whether a garden has that numinous quality and if it is feasible to sustain that individual's creative spirit and passion when he or she is no longer around.

Part of Cabot's mission is to posit gardens as works of art. Although it's a cliché to think of gardens as pictures or sculpture, they are obstinately not just that. Because growth, soil, climate, and light can be controlled but never dictated, gardens are more like ballet or opera. Complex, composite, and ephemeral, they have a life of their own despite the best and most powerful intentions of their makers. This strange independence is part of what makes the long-term preservation of gardens valid and exciting. The work of the Conservancy is like mounting a new production of Massine or Lully—and just as difficult.

Cabot and his confreres—who include many of the most lustrous names in American gardening today as well as such specialists as William T. Hutton, one of the nation's foremost land conservation tax lawyers—have moved swiftly in just three years. The infant Conservancy, formally organized in 1989, began with Ruth Bancroft's dry garden as its first full-scale experiment, which will operate under a conservation easement that assures its future as a public garden. Plans for a horticultural library and reception center are under way, as well as for a trial ground to test the drought-resistant plants increasingly important to California gardening. An advisory committee has been gathered which understands that the spirit of Ruth Bancroft's unique venture is as fragile and quirky as any of its spiny denizens.

Effecting the transition between private and public ownership is perhaps the most important feature of the Conservancy's work, since the gap, no matter how brief, is a dangerous one. Into it fall the tender plants that are often the top note of the garden's individual song. Even more at risk is the sense of the creator's informed eye, the eye that guides the pruning shears, that registers a better place to put a plant, or seizes on a new treasure in a catalogue.

Not all of the Conservancy's projects are as encompassing as the Bancroft garden. "Sometimes our job is just to find the person who really knows what he's doing," says Cabot in speaking about another garden at the Hay estate in Newbury, New Hampshire, where landscape architect and Conservancy screening committee member G. K. Fenderson is now advising. Like the Bancroft garden, which stands on land first cultivated by Ruth Bancroft's husband's grandfather, Hubert Howe Bancroft, great chronicler of America's westward expansion, the Hay garden reaches back into American history. John Milton Hay (1838–1905) was Abraham Lincoln's private secretary throughout the Civil War. When his son and daughter-in-law, Clarence and Alice, inherited his rural retreat, they made elaborate gardens typical of the Gilded Age. Although the outlines had been preserved for the public by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service since Alice Hay's death in 1987, many of the more labor-intensive plantings had been let go. Fenderson knows his plants, especially alpines, and a superb rock garden needs refurbishing. "Conserving a garden doesn't always mean sustaining the pitch of an outstanding artist's work," says Cabot. "The Hay garden is so New England—no nonsense, not too fancy."

Impressively high marks from the Conservancy's screening committee for Lotusland, Ganna Walska's teeming fantasy in Santa Barbara, California, helped confirm the garden's decision to go public. The Hermitage, a newly restored Gothic revival house in Ho-Ho-Kus, New Jersey, wanted to know how to deal with architect William Ranlett's unexecuted 1851 plan for the garden, so Cabot's group has planned a symposium that will take place in March to bring together landscape architects, plantsmen, and historic preservation experts. Painter Robert Dash, whose Sagaponack, New York, garden should rank as a national treasure, has approached the Conservancy about how to pass it on to the public sector. Assessing the significance of a garden aesthetically and in terms of its regional importance, gauging the community support which ultimately will allow each project to fly on its own, planning access roads and parking, making the blueprint for long-term management, inspiring great gardeners to get trainees so that it's possible to transmit what their eyes and hands alone can express—all these are missions for the Conservancy.

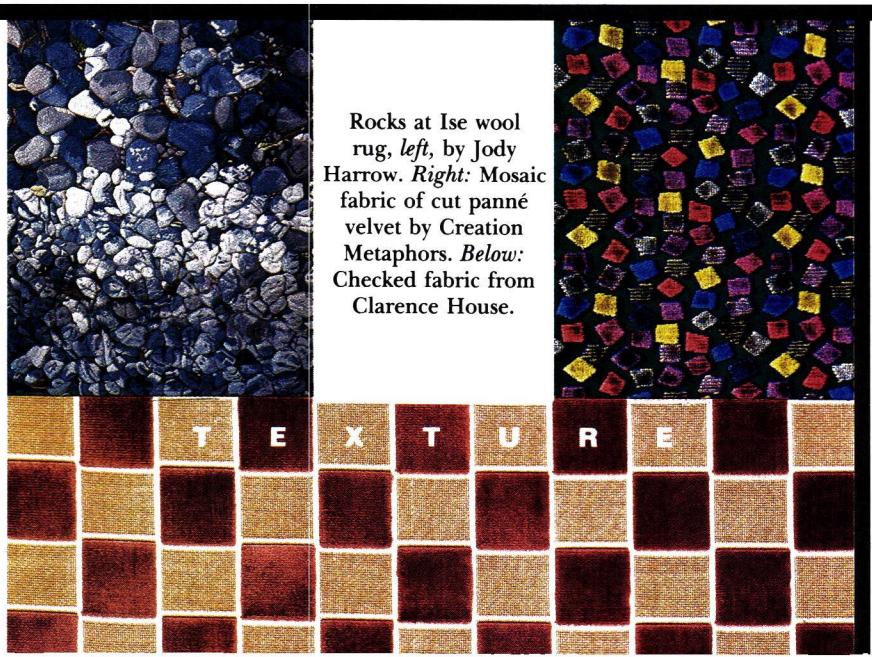
That this organization exists means for the first time there is a national advocate voice for gardens and gardening, a clearinghouse for garden expertise, and a chance to mesh garden conservation with historic-preservation and landscape efforts, federal, state, and private. All of the gardens will inspire novice gardeners as well as expert horticulturists. Even the esoteric Bancroft garden poses the question, why not grow cacti in a dry climate instead of hybrid teas? Already there are two thousand members in forty-eight states and a newsletter about gardens to visit and current projects. Because Conservancy members include some of the most serious and talented gardeners in the country, a series of open days in their private Edens has been a great success and will be expanded.

"Why are people interested in this now?" muses Cabot. "It's more than a nostalgia trip or an extension of historic preservation. It has something to do with the deterioration of the quality of life and the closing in of open spaces, but more so with where we ourselves are going today, that we are focusing inward, not outward." Like a garden, the Conservancy idea is simple; like gardening, carrying it out is hard work, obsessive, complicated, and satisfying. Uneasy as we are with our standing as human beings these days, gardens preserved for more than private pleasure offer us a sense of ourselves as nurturers instead of destroyers. ▲

# great ideas

**HG takes stock of forward-looking shapes and materials, from furniture with sexy silhouettes to tiles made out of recycled shampoo bottles**

S-curves form a steel floor lamp with paper shade, *left,* curl up into a velvet ottoman, *right,* both by Goodman/Charlton at Modern Living, L.A., and frame the headboard of a maple bed, *far right,* from Dialogica, NYC. *Top left* and *top right:* Me Tarzan and You Jane chairs by William Sawaya for Sawaya & Moroni. *Center:* Detail from Mathieu and Ray's Lucrèce wallpaper for Donghia. Details see Resources.

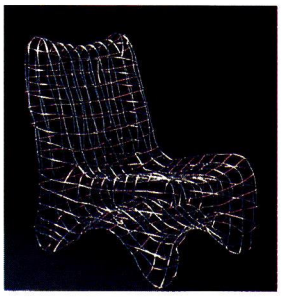



Rocks at Ise wool rug, *left,* by Jody Harrow. *Right:* Mosaic fabric of cut panné velvet by Creation Metaphors. *Below:* Checked fabric from Clarence House.

Antonio Citterio updates the tea cart for Kartell: rolling trolleys, Filippo, *above left,* and Gastone, *above right,* collapse flat for storage.

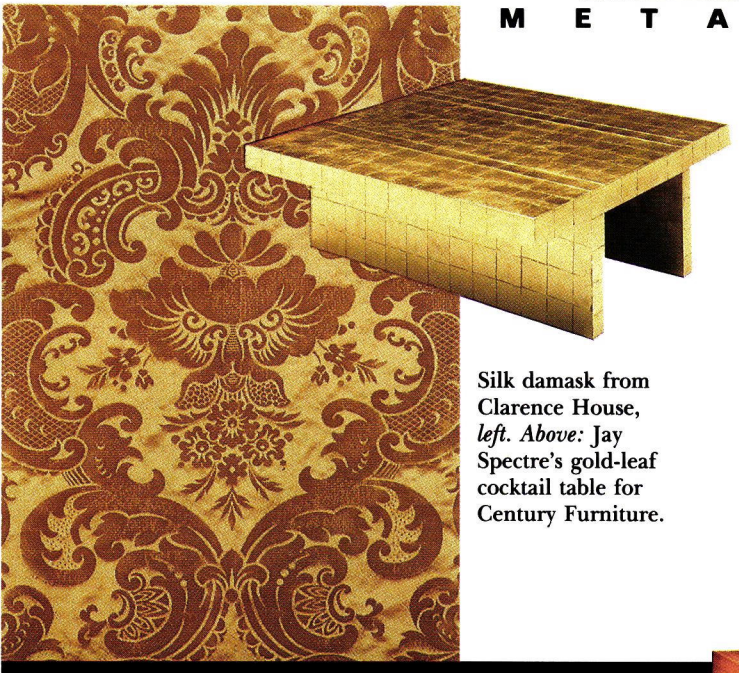
CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: NC (2); MONICA STEVENSON; NC; MONICA STEVENSON; NC (2); MONICA STEVENSON; JACQUES BEAUCHAMP; MONICA STEVENSON

# great ideas



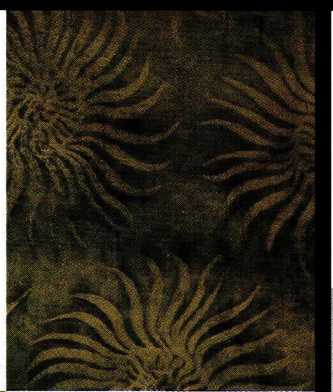
Trouvailles's silver-leaf bench, *far left,* after an Elsie de Wolfe design for a Newport "cottage." *Left:* Wire Skeleton chair by the New York design firm Godley-Schwan. *Above center:* Flexible stainless-steel mesh by Hawver Interior Materials. *Above left:* Herringbone vinyl wallcovering from Innovations. *Above right:* Groves Brothers' Fortuny-style cotton at Christopher Norman, NYC.

## METALLICS

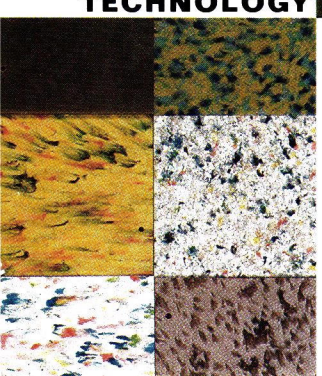


Silk damask from Clarence House, *left. Above:* Jay Spectre's gold-leaf cocktail table for Century Furniture.

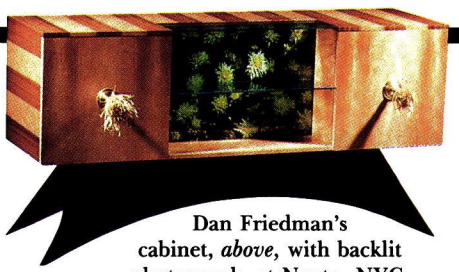
Copper-leafed silk, *above,* by Upper South Studio. *Left:* The Urbanus Company's steel table with checkerboard top of bronze, gold, gun metal, and verdigris finishes, at John Boone, NYC.



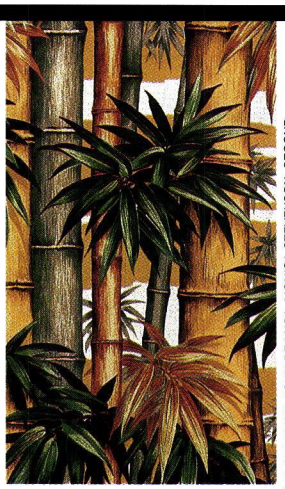
## TECHNOLOGY



A table by Leo Blackman, *above left,* is cut from sheets of recycled shampoo bottles and other scrap plastics from S & S Contract Furniture, Marquand, which also makes tiles, *left. Above:* Rubberized silk by Nigel Atkinson.

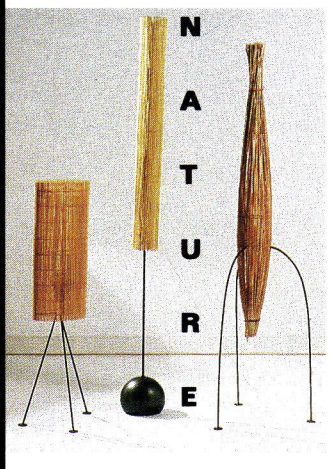


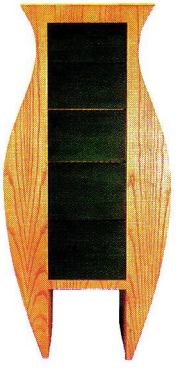
Dan Friedman's cabinet, *above,* with backlit photograph, at Neotu, NYC.



Anduze cotton, *above,* by Pierre Frey at Fonthill. *Left:* Nicholas Simile's ash-veneered chest. *Far left:* Robert Lewis wicker lamps with steel legs at Modern Age, NYC.

## NATURE





TOP ROW, FROM LEFT: NC; MONICA STEVENSON; JOHN DE LUCA; MONICA STEVENSON. SECOND ROW: MONICA STEVENSON; NC; MONICA STEVENSON (2). THIRD ROW: MONICA STEVENSON (2).

# Decades of Decadence

*(Continued from page 85)* candlelight. It is a quintessential nineties image. Perhaps the echoing decadence of successive centuries' nineties is really just a figment of the hypersensitive mind. Yet there are common visual traits, too, of which the most distinct is a tendency toward the attenuation of forms. Everything from the human figure in portraits to the glazing bars of windows seems to become leaner, more mannered. It is only a short step from the languid lovelorn fop in Nicholas Hilliard's late sixteenth century *Young Man among Roses* or the stretched-out saints of El Greco to the wisplike figures of 1790s fashion plates; while in the 1890s artists as different as Sargent, Boldini, and many of the French symbolists indulged in similar elongation in their quest for the ultimate elegance. Turning to the work of architects and furniture designers, one can perceive an affinity between, say, the high-back chairs created by Daniel Marot in the 1690s, the tall slender forms that appealed to Charles Rennie Mackintosh in the 1890s, and the spare shapes of today in the work of Bonetti and Garouste, André Dubreuil, and Tom Dixon.

Are we in the 1990s running true to form and sliding into decadence, or will the end of this decade—not just the end of a century but of a millennium—have a special character all its own? There are certainly signs of the former. Young designers in New York, London, and Paris creating their own apocalyptic look combine it with tongue-in-cheek baroque. A contemporary duc des Esseintes would not find fellow devotees of decadence in opium den–like antiques shops stuffed with old brocades but in smart galleries, such as the aptly named En Attendant les Barbares, where chic Parisians buy neoprimitive objets by clever urban designers. In interiors on both sides of the Atlantic the English country-house look is at last giving way to more imaginative forms of "pleasing decay." All the same, excessive nostalgia is a lingering problem. A whole generation of architects and designers who play endlessly with the modernism of the twenties and thirties have been deluded into thinking they are actually being modern themselves.

Even if, in classic nineties fashion, we are redefining our concepts of decadence, where are our supersubtle connoisseurs, our wits and dandies—and where are our creators of masterpieces? We have not yet seen, as in the days of Caligula, a horse made into a consul, but in architecture and decoration we may just be fiddling while Rome burns. ♠

# Resources

**DESIGN**
**Page 24** Donald Kaufman and Taffy Dahl, at Donald Kaufman Color, 410 West 13 St., New York, NY 10014; (212) 243-2766 by appt (custom work only).

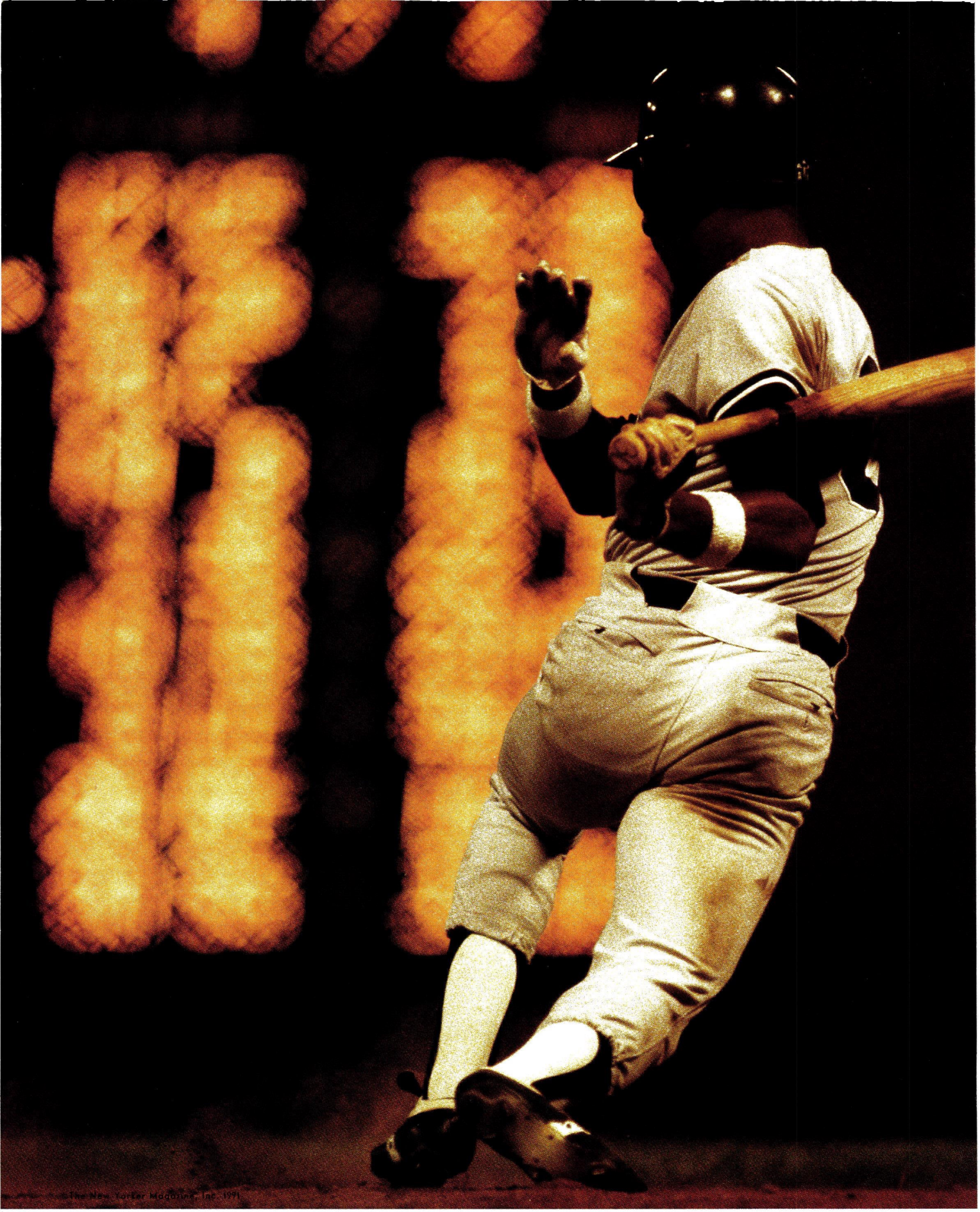
**FOOD**
**Page 28** Arbre de Vignes porcelain, by AMR/Bernardaud, for stores (201) 507-1550. Bamboo spoon, at Buccellati, NYC (212) 308-2900. Chair, at Pierre Deux, for stores (800) 874-3773. **29** Loupe d'Orme plate, by AMR/Bernardaud (see above). Pewter salt/pepper, at Pierre Deux (see above). Marquis de Pierre cotton, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. Sterling-silver fork, by Puiforcat, for stores (212) 684-6760. **30** Handblown footed bowl, by Ralph Lauren Home Collection, for stores (212) 642-8700.

**STYLE**
**Page 34** Dress, apron, and overskirt, to order from Isabel Toledo, NYC (212) 563-4960.

**ARTFUL COLLABORATION**
**Pages 38–45** Architecture, by Michael McDonough, Architect, 131 Spring St., New York, NY 10012; (212) 431-3723. Landscape architecture, by Burton & Spitz, Santa Monica (310) 828-6373. Izhar Patkin artwork, at Holly Solomon Gallery, NYC (212) 757-7777. **38** Chaise, to order from Calvin Churchman, NYC (212) 686-5386. Pillow on chaise, to order from Nikki Moser, NYC (212) 468-2817. Tables, similar at Secondhand Rose, NYC (212) 431-7673. **41** Custom table, to order from Barbara Barry, Los Angeles (310) 276-9977. How High the Moon chairs, by Shiro Kuramata, to order from Vitra Seating, for showrooms (800) 336-9780. Orb neon lamp, to order from Vivienne Westwood, London fax (71) 284-1527. Metal table, similar at Secondhand Rose (see above). **42** Curtain, to order from Nikki Moser (see above). Striped/polka-dot/solid nylon carpet, by Roy Lichtenstein for Vorwerk's Dialog Collection, for stores (516) 767-1110. 1950s Western blanket, similar at Territory, Los Angeles (213) 937-4006. Alvar Aalto chairs with zebra print, to the trade at International Contract Furnishings, for showrooms (914) 365-2500. Bed, table, to order from Calvin Churchman (see above). Batik bedspread, to order from Nikki Moser (see above). **43** Mural, by Kim MacConnel, represented by Holly Solomon Gallery, NYC (212) 757-7777. Lamp, to order from Eric Rhein, NYC (212) 995-8326. **44** Knotted pillow, embroidered pillow, bedspread, to order from Nikki Moser (see above). **45** 1920s Malibu tiles, similar at Territory (see above). Belle Époque sink, at A.F. Supply, for stores (800) 366-2284, in NY (212) 243-5400 ext 31. Vanity, benches, similar at Panache Antiques, Los Angeles (213) 653-9436. Side 1 cabinet, by Shiro Kuramata for Cappellini, to order from Maxfield, Los Angeles; for other stores (212) 366-5346.

**REVISIONIST HISTORY**
**Pages 46–53** Selected antiques, from Sergeant Antiques, Main St., New Preston, CT 06777; (203) 868-9948. **48–53** Decorative painting, designed by Darien Sergeant, executed by James Griffith, Clarendon Springs (802) 438-5394. **48–49** Reproduction Queen Anne chairs, similar to custom-order from Irion, Paoli (215) 644-7516. **50–51** Decorative painting of faux stone center panels, designed by Darien Sergeant, executed by Paul Gannon, New Preston (203) 938-9366. Michelle viscose/cotton (#4274-03), to the trade at Manuel Canovas, for showrooms (212) 752-9588.

**WHAT'S NEXT?**
**Pages 55–56** Antique and contemporary furniture, at Rose Tarlow–Melrose House, 8454 Melrose Pl., Los Angeles, CA 90069; for other showrooms (213) 653-2122. **57** Réveillon panels, similar at H. M. Luther Antiques, NYC (212) 505-1485. Custom gold-leaf panel frames, similar to order from J. Pocker & Son, NYC (212) 838-5488. Moiré Rose chintz on sofa and armchair, to the trade at Lee Jofa, for showrooms (201) 438-8444. Linovert Texture linen (#98192-1) on sofa, to the trade at Scalamandré, for showrooms (212) 980-3888. Ninon Taffetas cotton/silk for curtains, Nadia Silk Texture cotton/silk on chaise, Vaison Brocaded Stripe silk/cotton on sofa pillows and chair, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, for showrooms (212) 838-7878. Mantel, c. 1810, similar at Hodsoll, London (71) 730-3370. Chaise, similar at John Allsopp Antiques, London (71) 730-9347. Painted finishes, designed by Mark Hampton, executed by Elisa Stancil, Sonoma (707) 935-0818, Parsippany (201) 428-8777. Custom faux inlay floor border, designed by Mark Hampton, painted by Franklin Tartaglione and Dave King of Dynaflow Studios, Brooklyn (718) 834-0382. **58** Jed Johnson & Assocs., 211 West 61 St., New York, NY 10023; (212) 489-7840. Custom stenciling and gold leafing, designed by Jed Johnson, executed by Leo Sans Decorative & Ornamental Painting, Vernon (203) 872-4785. 17th-century Persian carpet, similar at Dildarian, NYC (212) 288-4948. Horsehair on chairs, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 29). **59** William Diamond Design, 270 Lafayette St., New York, NY 10012; (212) 966-8892. Handcrafted rugs, designed by William Diamond Design, similar to order from Art Underfoot Custom Collection, Dept. 1/92, 12 Godfrey Rd., Upper Montclair, NJ 07043; (201) 744-4171 catalogue $10. Custom floor stenciling, designed by William Diamond Design, executed by David Cohn, NYC (212) 741-3548. Custom cabinetry and millwork, designed by William Diamond Design, fabricated and installed by Beech Assocs., NYC (212) 876-6554. Cotton lace (#Q8205) to the trade at Decorators Walk, for showrooms (516) 249-3100. Lights, similar at Urban Archaeology, NYC (212) 431-6969. Custom handmade Windsor chair, similar to order from Mario Rodriguez, Brooklyn (718) 387-6655. **60–61** Bentley LaRosa Salasky, Architects & Decorators, 160 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10010; (212) 255-7827. General contracting, by Massartre, Brooklyn (718) 499-8296. Coleville wallpaper to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 29). Custom bedspread, curtains, designed by Franklin Salasky and Mary Bright, fabrication to the trade by Mary Bright Originals, NYC (212) 677-1970. **60** Luxury Velvet (#T33849) for spread, by J. H. Thorp, to the trade at Decorators Walk (see above). One-of-a-kind hand-gilded cotton, still life painting, both by Elliott Levine, to the trade to order at John Boone, NYC (212) 758-0012. **61** One-of-a-kind Turkish rug, similar to the trade at Stark Carpet, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Troy, Washington, D.C.; Gregory Alonso, Cleveland; Dean-Warren, Phoenix. Veneer handmade cotton for curtains, to the trade from Tyler Graphic, for showrooms (212) 924-6693. Baby Ball lounge chair, by Bentley LaRosa Salasky for Brickel, to the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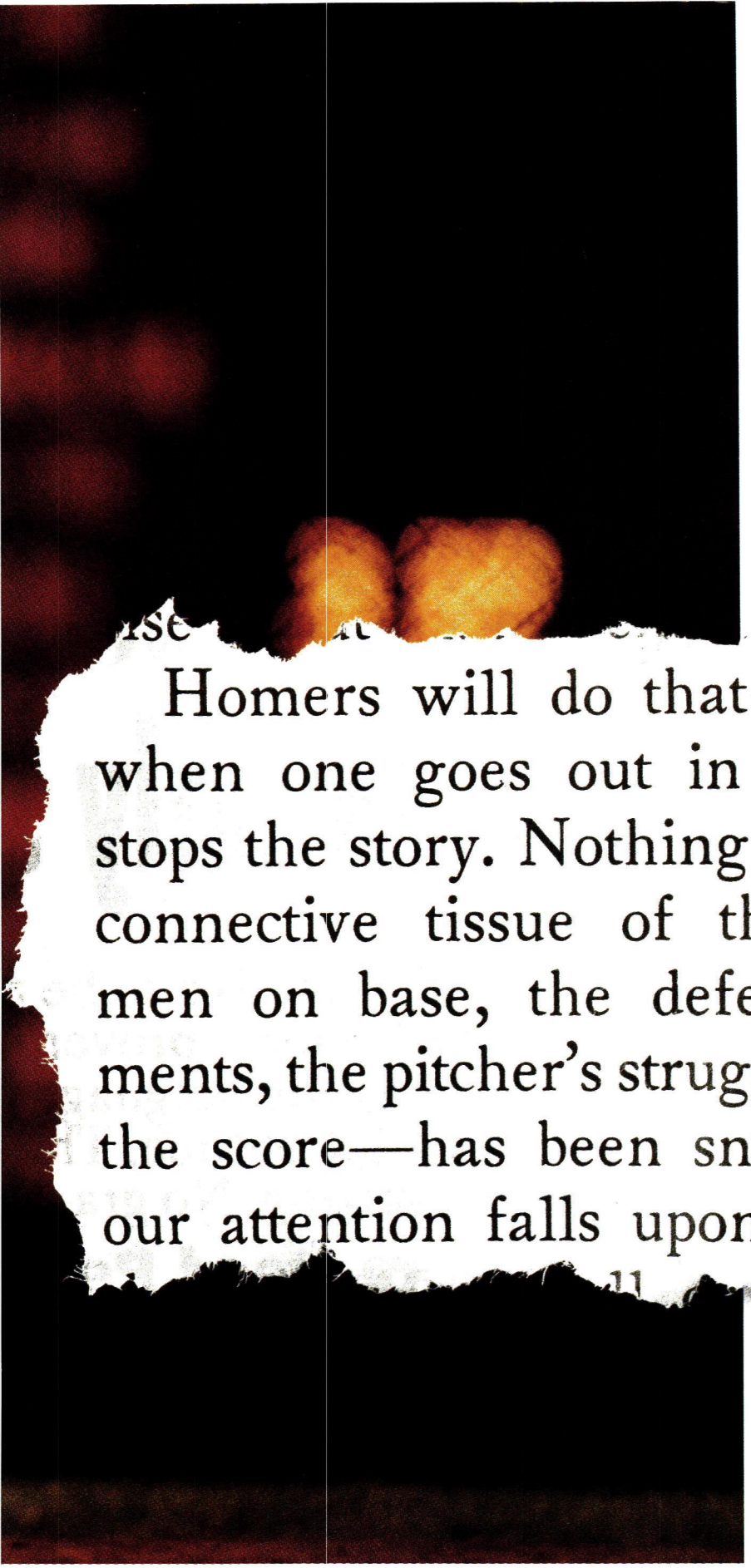

THE SPORTING SCENE
Homeric Tales
Roger Angell
May 27, 1991 Page 68

Homers will do that to you. Even when one goes out in mid-game, it stops the story. Nothing *ensues*, for the connective tissue of the game—the men on base, the defensive deployments, the pitcher's struggles, the count, the score—has been snipped, and all our attention falls upon the hero.

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# Resources

trade at Brickel Assocs., for showrooms (212) 688-2233. One-of-a-kind screen, table cotton, both by Elliott Levine, to the trade to order at John Boone (see above).

**CAPTAIN OF THE INDUSTRIAL**

**Page 64** Le Corbusier three-seat sofa (#LC-2), lounge chairs (#LC-2), to the trade at Atelier International, NYC, Chicago, Houston, Los Angeles. Tavolino con Ruote coffee table, by Gae Aulenti for Fontana Arte, at Modern Age, NYC; Luminaire, Chicago, Coral Gables; Diva, Los Angeles. **66** Le Corbusier chairs (#LC-7), to the trade at Atelier International (see above). **69** Eileen Gray Satellite mirror, c. 1920, $4,000, by Écart International, at Pucci International, NYC (212) 219-0142.

**THE FAMILY BRANCHES OUT**

**Pages 70–75** Architecture, by Kate Gormley, Architect, and Genevieve Gormley, Designer, 45 East End Ave., New York, NY 10028; (212) 517-4121. Landscaping, by Frank Arabito, Hobe Sound (407) 287-3781. Garden maintenance, by Joe Warren, East Hampton (516) 267-7617. **70** Bench, similar at Balasses House Antiques, Amagansett (516) 267-3032. **72** Picnic table, benches, to order from Kate Gormley (see above). Sculpture above mantel, by Christopher Hewat, at Victoria Munroe Gallery, NYC (212) 226-0040. **73** Cocktail table, similar at Balasses House (see above). Mirror, floor lamp, similar to the trade at Arthur E. Smith, NYC (212) 838-8050. Bookcase, to order from Kate Gormley (see above). **74** Soap dish/cup holder, similar at Richard Camp Antiques, Wainscott (516) 537-0330. Cashmere/wool throw, from Hermès, for stores (800) 441-4488. Sofa, to the trade from John Cianciolo, NYC (212) 751-8428. Table, chairs, cupboard, to order from Kate Gormley (see above). **75** Desk, clock, similar at Balasses House (see above). Chair, similar at English Country Antiques, Bridgehampton (516) 537-0606.

**DECADES OF DECADENCE**

**Page 84** Argyle chair, by Mackintosh, $2,130, to the trade at Atelier International (see above for pg 64). Chaise Barbare, by Bonetti and Garouste, $2,000, at Neotu Gallery, NYC; Galerie Néotu, Paris. **85** Gold room, decorated by Tim Goslin, NYC (212) 777-6404. Sunflower wallpaper, by Tim Goslin, for dealers (212) 777-6404. Paris apartment, decorated by Jean-Louis Riccardi, Paris (1) 47-27-07-76. André Dubreuil chest, Fr300,000, similar at Galerie Mougin, Paris (1) 40-20-08-33.

**SPACE AGE SENSIBILITY**

**Pages 86–93** Architecture, by Michael Kriegh, R.A., NYC (212) 473-3918. Architectural consultation, by Dale R. Goncher, Architect, NYC (212) 794-9556. **89** Café Costes chairs (without upholstery adaptation by Kalil), by Philippe Starck, at Driade, NYC (212) 888-5375. **90–91** Custom carpet, similar to the trade to order from V'Soske, for showrooms (800) 847-4277. **92** Corian, by Du Pont Corian, for dealers (800) 426-7426. **92–93** Custom handwoven chenille on banquette, linen/cotton rib runner, similar to order from Sam Kasten, Stockbridge (413) 298-5502. Custom banquette, designed by Michael Kalil and Michael Kriegh, design collaboration and fabrication by Jan Girard, similar to order from Michael Kriegh (see above).

**MINIMALISM MOVES ON**

**Pages 98–103** Design and upholstery, by Joseph Lembo and Laura Bohn of Lembo Bohn Design Assocs., 1 Gansevoort St., New York, NY 10014; (212) 645-3636. General contracting, by Bohn/Fiore, NYC (212) 736-4063. Curtain, shade, upholstery production, by Flam Assocs., NYC (212) 665-3140. Custom cabinetry, woodwork, by L.S.Z. Custom Woodwork, Long Island City (718) 784-4331. **98–99** Mobile table, by Andrée Putman, to order from Écart, Paris (1) 42-78-88-35. Armchair, similar at Pure Mädderlake, NYC (212) 941-7770. Crystal bowl, at Steuben, for stores (212) 752-1441. Maurer's Flischi lamp with perga shade, at Light/Inc, NYC (212) 838-1130. Constructions on mantel, by Robert Warner, NYC (212) 645-3071. Oberlin eyeglasses, by Robert Warner for Morgenthal-Frederics Opticians, for stores (212) 838-3090. **100** Glazed Chintz, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 29). Peking silk/polyester/cotton, to the trade at Jack Lenor Larsen, for showrooms (212) 674-3993. Raphael silk damask, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, for showrooms (212) 838-7878. Taffeta, to the trade at Lee Jofa, for showrooms (201) 438-8444. Sy sofa, to order from Lembo Bohn (see above). Leather on sofa, to the trade at Jack Lenor Larsen (see above). **101** Mari chair, ottoman, to order from Lembo Bohn (see above). Mohair on chair, to the trade at Donghia Furniture/Textiles, for showrooms (800) 366-4442. Adamo Basket cotton on ottoman, to the trade at Glant Textiles, for showrooms (206) 725-4444. **102** Mazzarino cotton on headboard, at Fortuny, NYC, for showrooms (212) 753-7153. Constructions, by Robert Warner (see above). **103** Isadora linen on pillows, Laroche linen for bed, to the trade at Donghia (see above). Shams, from Ralph Lauren Home Collection, for stores (212) 642-8700.

**FERTILE GROUND**

**Pages 104–07** Janis Hall, 320 Central Park West, New York, NY 10025; (212) 496-0887 by appt. Alan Sonfist, Alliance for Environmental Art & Architecture, 205 Mulberry St., New York, NY 10012; (212) 431-9563 by appt. Mel Chin, 125 Rivington St. #5, New York, NY 10002.

**MODERNISM À LA MODE**

**Pages 108–15** Jacques Grange, Didier Aaron et Cie, 118 rue du Faubourg-Saint-Honoré, 75008 Paris; (1) 47-42-47-34. **108–09** Limousine melton (#4135) (without embroidery), to the trade at Manuel Canovas, for showrooms (212) 752-9588. Jourdain table, similar at Galerie Eric Philippe, Paris (1) 42-33-28-26. Antique boxes, similar at Leda, Paris (1) 40-20-01-79. Topacio chairs, 1929, by Écart International, to the trade at Wicker Works, for showrooms (415) 626-6730. Antique pilasters, basket, 1940s André Arbus light fixtures, similar at Galerie du Passage, Paris (1) 42-36-01-13. **110–11** Tela Sardegna cotton on sofa and chairs, by Rubelli, to the trade at Bergamo, for showrooms (718) 392-5000. Art Deco armchairs, similar at Galerie du Passage (see above). Épave stools, to order from Christian Liaigre, Paris (1) 47-53-78-76. **112** Chandelier, similar at Alexandre Biaggi, Paris (1) 42-86-08-40. Bronze, similar at Galerie du Passage (see above). **113** Empire chairs, similar at Galerie du Passage (see above). Étoile handblown-glass lights, by Marcial Berro, to custom-order at Galerie Pierre Passebon, Paris (1) 42-36-44-56. **114** Busts, similar at Galerie du Passage (see above). Striped wool carpet, to custom-order at Madeleine Castaing, Paris (1) 43-54-91-71. Plaster mirror, Mathieu and Ray stool, to order at Galerie Pierre Passebon (see above). **115** Blue Roses linen/cotton, at Bennison Fabics, NYC (212) 941-1212. Chair, similar at Galerie du Passage (see above). Marcial Berro lamp on table, Mathieu and Ray blanket, similar to custom-order at Galerie Pierre Passebon (see above).

**GREAT IDEAS**

**Page 117** Swerve floor lamp with shade, $750, Escargot ottoman with wood feet, $1,400, $1,280 COM, both by Jeffrey Goodman and Steven Charlton, at Modern Living, Los Angeles; Limn, San Francisco. My Darling queen-size bed, $2,300, satin/velvet bedspread, cotton velvet pillows, by Monique and Sergio Savarese for Dialogica, NYC (212) 966-1934. Me Tarzan, You Jane chairs, by William Sawaya for Sawaya & Moroni, to the trade at Stilnovo, Coral Gables; Domus Design Center, Frederic Williams, NYC; retail at Diva, Los Angeles; Postmark, San Francisco. Lucrèce wallpaper, by Paul Mathieu and Michael Ray for Donghia Furniture/Textiles, for showrooms (800) 366-4442. Rocks at Ise hand-tufted rug, by Jody Harrow, limited edition, to the trade at Schumacher, NYC; retail at Limn, San Francisco; for other dealers call J. Harrow Design, NYC (212) 888-9366. Mosaic cotton/acrylic/polyester velvet, by Creation Metaphors, to the trade at Ian Wall, for showrooms (212) 758-5281. Carré Royale cotton/acetate/rayon, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 29). Filippo trolley (#4471), Gastone trolley (#4470), tops available in five colors, by Antonio Citterio for Kartell, at Luminaire, Chicago, Coral Gables; Diva, Los Angeles; Modern Age, NYC; Limn, San Francisco. **118** Mme. Elsie bench, to the trade at Trouvailles, for showrooms (617) 926-2520. Shirred Stripe silk (#121-6) on bench, with crystal fringe (#ST5401-0), to the trade at Scalamandré, for showrooms (212) 980-3888. Skeleton wire chair, to order from Godley-Schwan, Brooklyn (718) 383-2323. Stainless-steel mesh (#121), $49 yd, by Hawver Interior Materials, to the trade at Innovations, NYC, for other showrooms (212) 627-8615. Diamond Plate vinyl wallcovering (#100-DP7), to the trade at Innovations, for showrooms (800) 227-8053. Ceci cotton, by Groves Brothers, to the trade at Christopher Norman, NYC, for other showrooms (817) 332-1274. Damas Grigne silk, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 29). Shinto coffee table, by Jay Spectre for Century Furniture, for dealers (800) 852-5552. Jester handmade table, by Urbanus Company, to the trade at John Boone, NYC; for other dealers (305) 576-9510. Sea Level silk, to the trade from Upper South Studio, for showrooms (919) 724-5480. Waste Not/Want Not table, to order from Leo Blackman, NYC (212) 477-4480. Recycled plastic sheeting, tiles, to order from S & S Contract Furniture, Marquand (314) 783-5434. Silk/polyurethane, 36" wide, £120 meter, to order from Nigel Atkinson, London (71) 377-6343. Gramercy cabinet, by Dan Friedman, limited edition, $6,000, at Neotu Gallery, NYC (212) 982-0210. Anduze cotton, by Pierre Frey, to the trade at Fonthill, for showrooms (212) 755-6700. Robert Lewis lamps, from left, $300, $250, $350, at Modern Age, NYC (212) 674-5603. Sultana chest, by Nicholas Simile, limited edition, to the trade at Frederic Williams, NYC; Trimarco, San Francisco; for other sources (718) 387-6311.

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# Fertile Ground

*(Continued from page 106)* Florida, seed-filled metal capsules designed to deteriorate in 300–500 years, spawning a primordial forest. The goal of all this work is not merely to provide a park; it's an effort to reintegrate our cities with their quickly receding environmental past, in the hope of changing our behavior in the future. "It's easy enough to talk about saving the rain forest," Sonfist says. "But its importance is easier to understand when you can see nature around you."

Inasmuch as seeing is one of his concerns, Sonfist, like Hall, is essentially a visual artist; our experience of the work begins with its impact on our eyes. By contrast, Mel Chin describes himself as a conceptualist rather than an environmental artist, and his work is accordingly more intellectual. But the concepts that occupy him are of the almost magical transformations of earthly materials, and so he too has something to say about the use and abuse of nature. In a show at the Menil Collection in Houston (partly organized by the Walker Art Center) last summer, Chin exhibited a group of works that stressed the "geo" in geopolitical, elegies to the victims of regimes in Ethiopia, Tibet, and Pakistan made out of materials like gut, dirt, beeswax, blood, and tea. The newly planted *Revival Field,* at a waste dump site outside Saint Paul, Minnesota, is his most ambitious project to date. If it succeeds, it might change the way we reclaim the poisoned land.

One day, while conducting what he terms free research, Chin came across an article about plants called hyperaccumulators, which thrive in toxic environments and leech heavy metals out of the ground. A little digging led him to a heavy-metals specialist at the U.S. Department of Agriculture. Together they worked out a plan to sow a field with a variety of plants—dwarf corn, romaine lettuce, alpine pennythrift, bladder campion—in a circle of land within the dump. Planted in the shape of crosshairs, it literally targets an area for renewal. *Revival Field* went on line last fall, and if all goes as planned, the crops will soak up cadmium, which, when the plants are harvested and incinerated, can be recycled and resold.

As a science experiment (the field comes complete with control areas, and it will be closely monitored over the next three years), it's a biotechnological breakthrough, a way of making up for our own misconduct by putting nature to work on itself. As an artwork, it is difficult and complex, in part because the "media" Chin works with—molecular transformations, industry, communities, ecosystems—are invisible, and to a certain extent abstract. He admits that the project is ongoing, fluid, and perplexing. "How do you sculpt an ecosystem?" he asks, not entirely rhetorically. "What are the aesthetics?"

It's a question that all three artists—and others like them—are asking and attempting to answer. With the greening of the art world one can expect that it will be asked again and again—and answered in startling ways, over the course of the coming years. ♠


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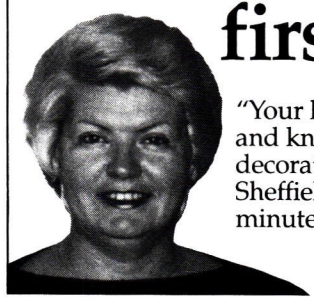

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AT LARGE

## The future according to Faith B. Popcorn*

In Doubleday Book Shop's Fifth Avenue window, Faith Popcorn's *The Popcorn Report* is proudly displayed on the best-seller rack, right up there on the top shelf alongside Norman Mailer's *Harlot's Ghost* and Alexandra Ripley's *Scarlett: The Sequel to Margaret Mitchell's "Gone with the Wind."* For obvious reasons *The Popcorn Report,* like *Scarlett,* carries an explanatory subtitle: *Faith Popcorn on the Future of Your Company, Your World, Your Life* it reads in emergency-orange type. Since the future of my company, my world, my life is a subject of some considerable interest to me, I hurried down to 1 Madison Avenue to see Popcorn at BrainReserve, an organization she founded in 1974 to advise everyone from American Express to Tupperware on which way the consumer winds are blowing. Popcorn, you see, is the "Nostradamus of marketing." It says so on her dust jacket.

Although the BrainReserve offices might best be termed generic grim—gray vinyl walls, gray acrylic carpet—the aesthetic tempo took a turn for the upbeat when Popcorn sashayed in: spiky red hair, shimmering gold Bulgari watch, electric magenta swing dress. With her hands thrust jauntily in her pockets, which made the dress billow out like a tent, Popcorn ushered me to her corner office, all but skipping down the corridor. "Any messages?" she asked her assistant, one Mary Kay Moment. "No?" said Popcorn. And then she made a mock sad face. "What a dress!" I offered, to bolster her sagging spirits. Popcorn grinned. Ear to ear. "It's right on trend," she said with self-congratulatory enthusiasm.

"Do you know that they're trying to make it rain on Mars?"

Popcorn's insouciance seemed partially attributable to personality, partially attributable to the sales figures she had just received from her publisher. Three weeks after hitting the bookstores, 46,074 copies of *The Popcorn Report* had been sold, thanks no doubt in part to the author's whirlwind seventeen-city book tour. "I went on eleven media shows a day," she said with gusto, adding that the radio call-in shows were particularly exhilarating: "I got great questions—like 'What do you think about same-sex marriages? Will they be supported by the government in the nineties?'" Popcorn's answer? "I hope so, but I don't think so." I think Popcorn wanted to tell me she was a liberal person.

But liberal or conservative, a private audience with the Jeane Dixon of consumerism is an opportunity. So I took it. Reeling off a list of people, places, and things, I asked Popcorn to illuminate their futures. Money: "I think people are going to hide their wealth and hide their success for fear of the have-nots coming to get them." Elitism: "Like I've got the watch and you don't? Forget it. [I was tempted to point out that she had the Bulgari and I didn't, but I didn't.] Actually the Lexus is a great symbol of the nineties: wear the luxury on the inside." The Detroit auto industry: "They don't want any feedback, so they just die." Sex: "No sex. Voyeurism. Porno tapes are doing very well." Department stores: "They don't know what service is. Now they're tying things to the wall. I mean it's like what else can we do to frustrate the consumer? Department stores are a thing of the past." Decorators: "They will function as lifestyle consultants, a little bit like the old efficiency experts." Government: "I'm predicting a new kind of leader—a warm folksy Will Rogers kind of leader." George Bush: "As far as I'm concerned, the best part of George is Barbara. I wish Bush was Stormin' Norman. I love Norman; he's gutsy and sexy and ethical and centered."

What else does Faith see ahead? "We are going to be measured in body fat, not in pounds. Pounds will be like 'Remember rotary dials?'" What else? "There is a collective concern that the planet is ending. Do you know that they're trying to make it rain on Mars?" I didn't know. "They're trying to turn it green so we'll have another planet to trash after we trash this one." What else? "In the eighties everybody was full and happy and driving BMWs. Nobody wanted to ask questions, like 'Is this really my money?' and 'Is the planet OK?' I mean, we keep throwing stuff in the ocean. It's not that big an ocean. So the nineties will be remorseful and regenerative. We call it the decency decade." What else? "Cocooning, the need to protect oneself from the harsh unpredictable realities of the outside world. We'll be staying home more because of AIDS, the environment, the economy." What else? "Everything is going to be home-delivered." What else? "I'm predicting saloning, which is staying home for the weekend with friends: 'Don't come for dinner, come for the weekend.'" It was somewhere around this point that I decided that I wanted to go home for the weekend, it being Friday afternoon and all. So I did. Right on trend? **Charles Gandee**

*Faith Popcorn is not her given name. Her given name is Faith Plotkin. She changed it from Plotkin to Popcorn because she wanted to be "fabulous," as she says, "like Holly Golightly."

DAVID BARRY