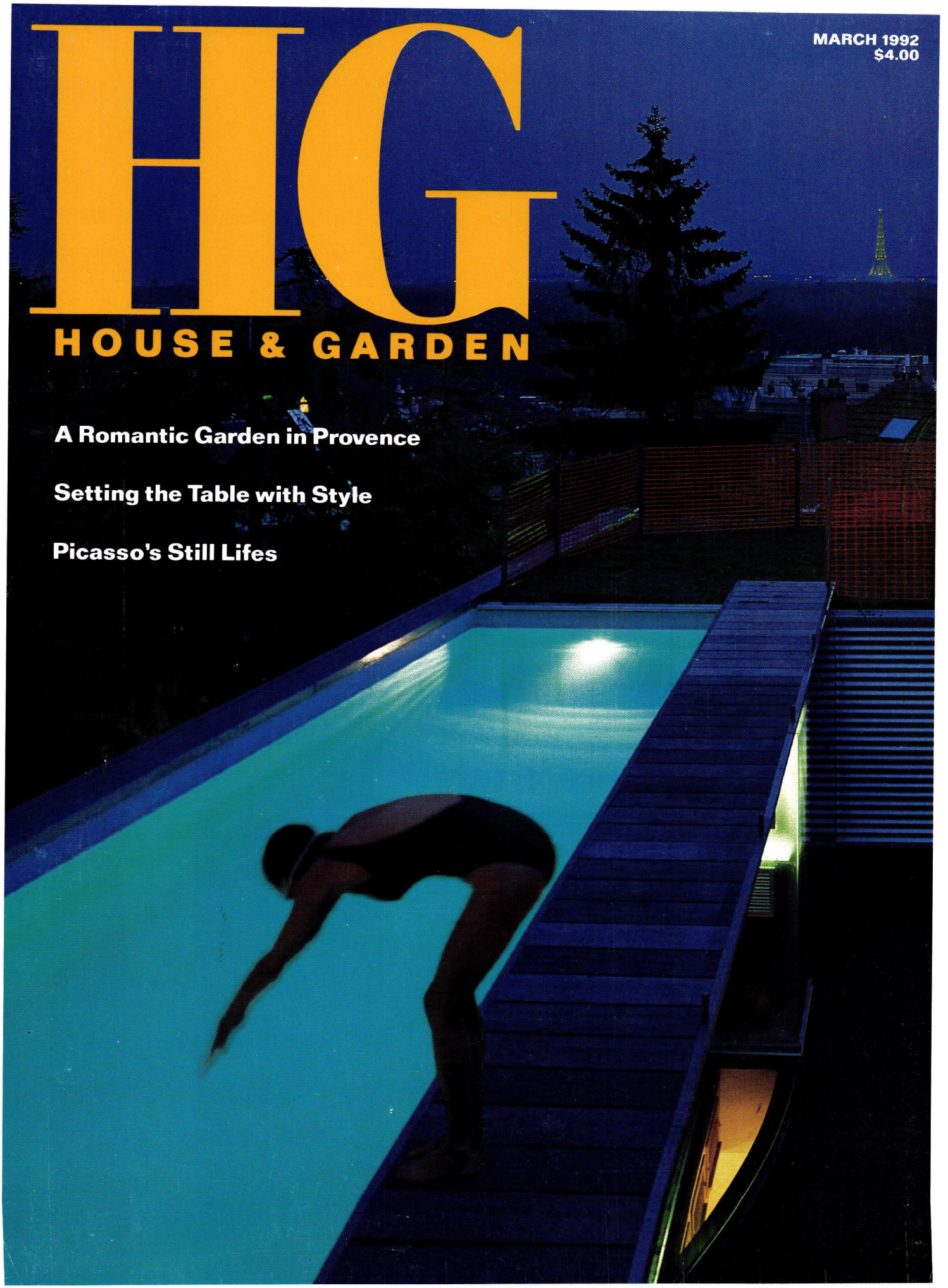

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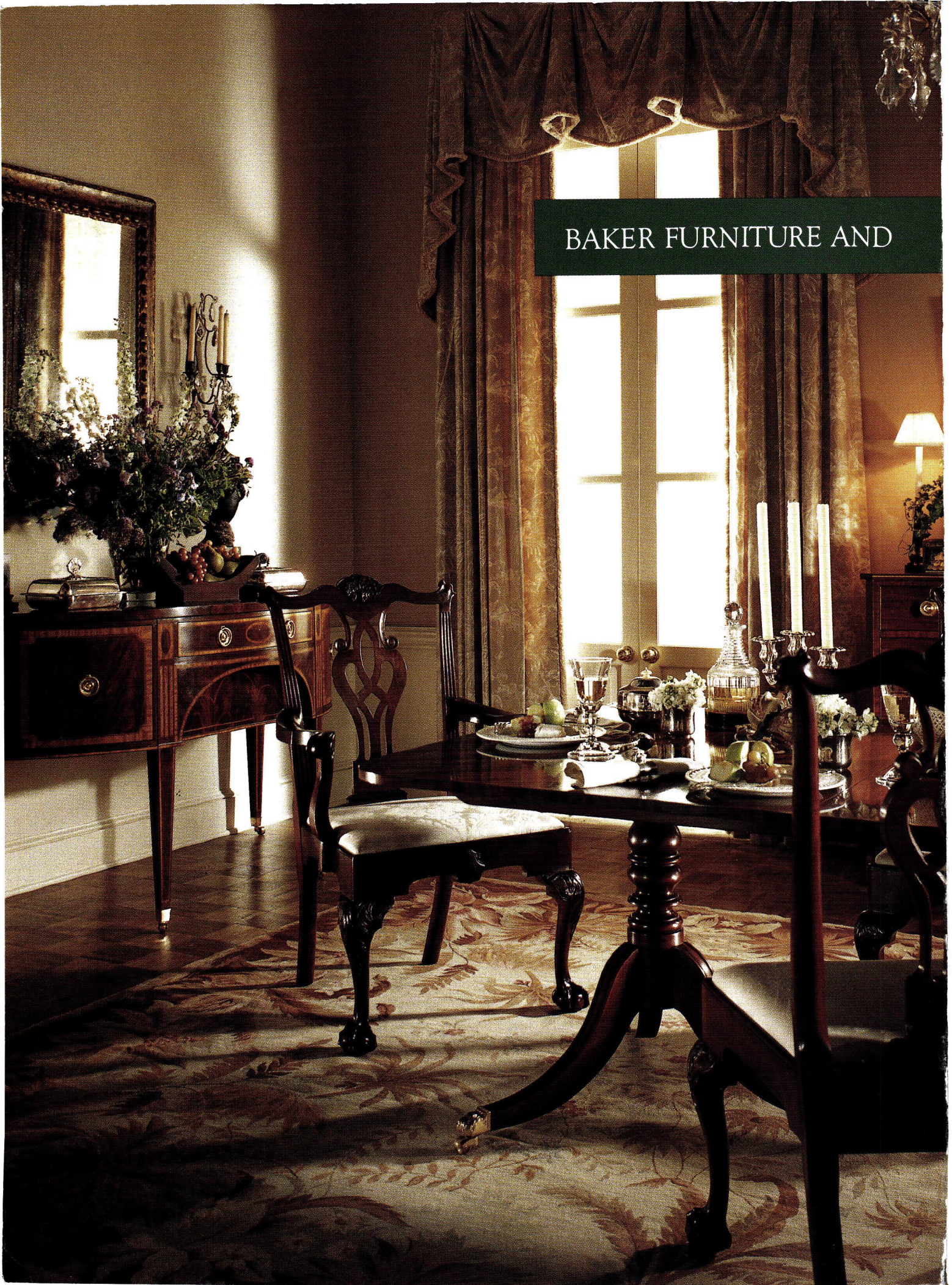
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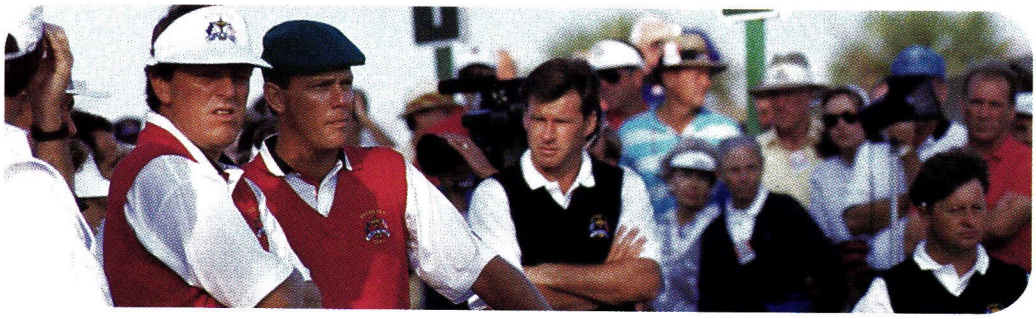

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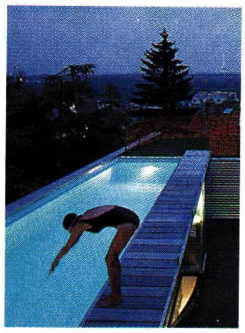
HG

Eccentric antique and modern pieces in photographer Mario Testino's Paris apartment, left. Page 128.

American rococo slab table, above, at the Metropolitan Museum. Page 154. Left: Rose-covered trellises in a Provençal garden. Page 120.

MARCH

COVER
Rem Koolhaas's rooftop pool outside Paris. Page 158. Photograph by Peter Aaron.



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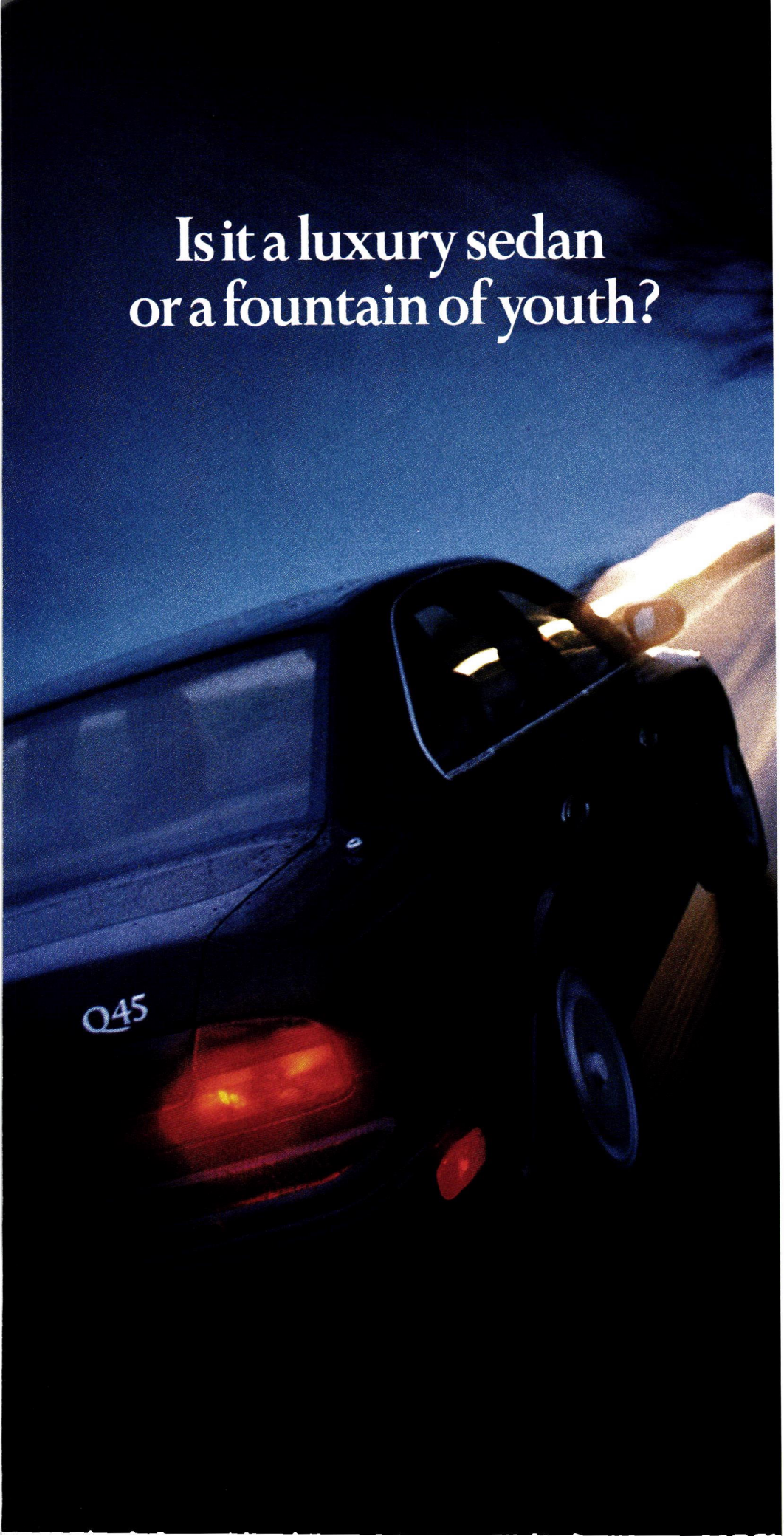
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK, JOHN STEWART KENNEDY FUND, 1918



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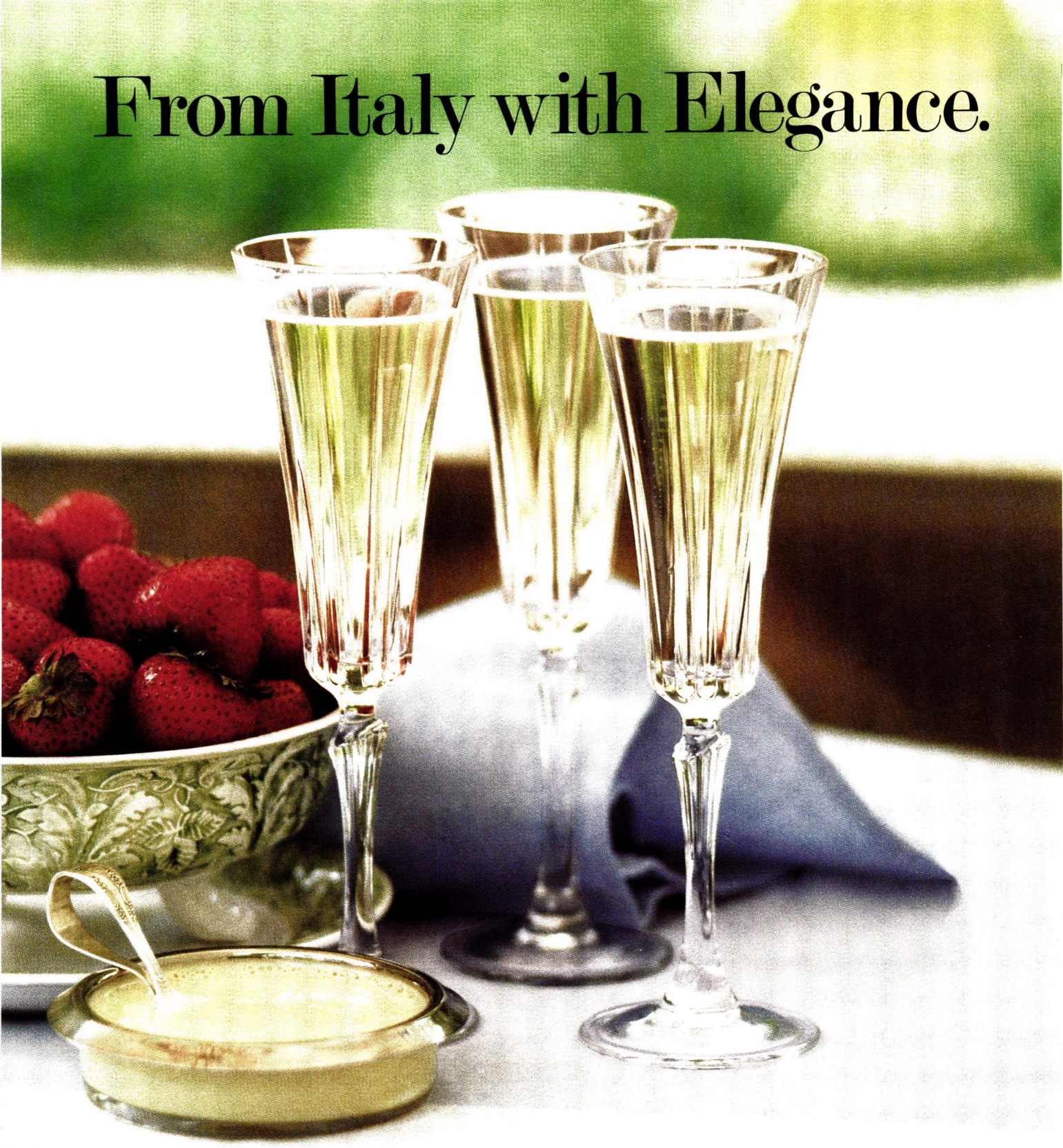

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Brightly colored vases and bowl from Barneys New York. Page 167.

MARCH

HG

François-Xavier Lalanne's studio, above, near Fontainebleau. Page 50. Right: Ashley and Allegra Hicks's room, named L'Archive des Chaises, for last fall's 1991 French Designer Showhouse. Page 58.

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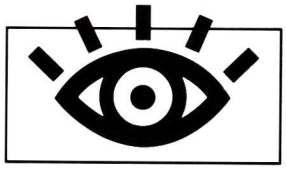

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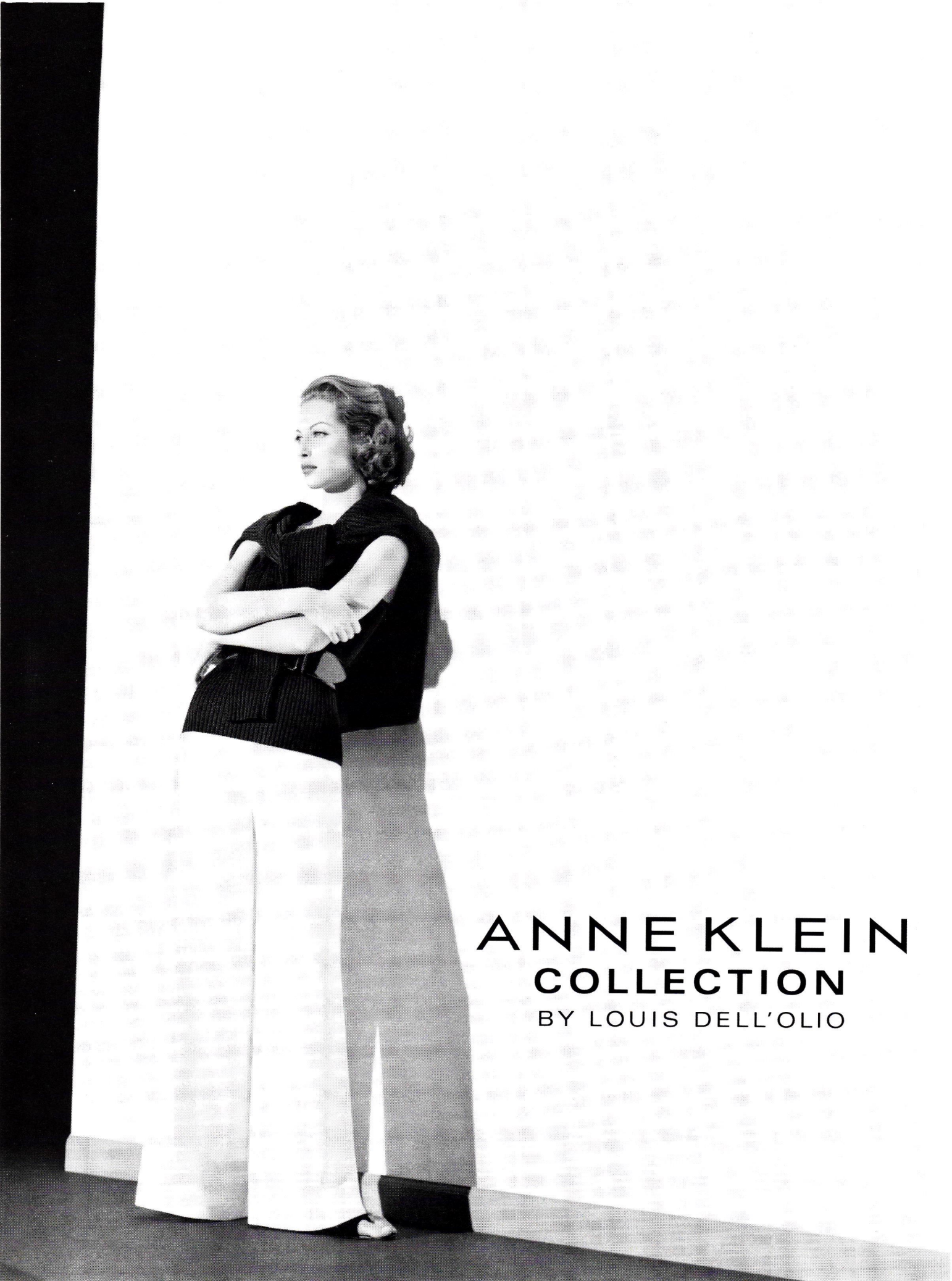
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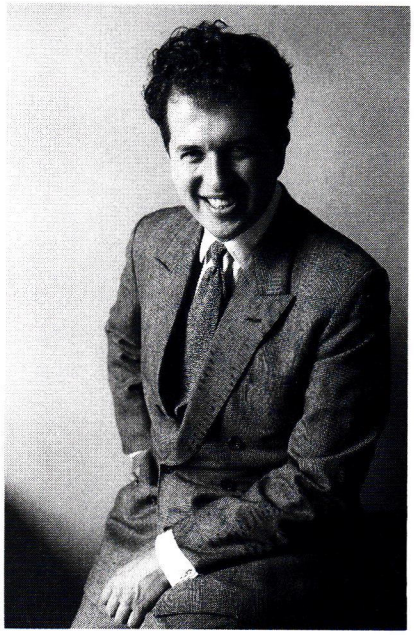
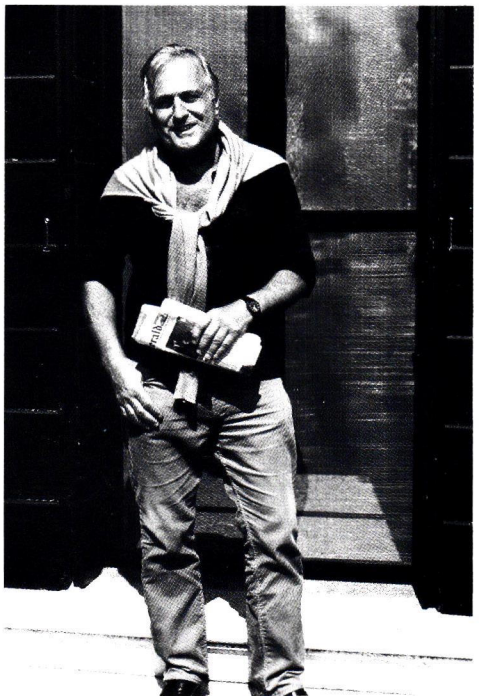


SIMON FLURY

Mario Testino, a fashion photographer celebrated for his electric palette and stylized architectural backdrops, aims his lens at his own apartments in Paris and London for HG. "The camera captures what it is I love best—saturated color and layers of objects, everywhere," says the Peruvian-born Testino, who admits to spending far more time at flea markets than in the darkroom.

JANET O'HARA

Suzanne Hart joins decorator Bob Denning in his kitchen and discovers a meat-and-potatoes man behind the damask and tassels. Hart is a free-lance design, fashion, and food writer and an avid cook. Like Denning, she finds that preparing the feast is far more fun than entertaining.



John Richardson is an art historian and an HG editor at large. This month he reports on the Cleveland Museum of Art's still-life exhibition "Picasso and Things," which he considers the "most important show of Picasso's work in more than a decade." A friend of the artist's when they both lived in Provence, Richardson is the author of the critically acclaimed *A Life of Picasso*, published early last year by Random House; the second of the four-volume series is due in the fall of 1993.

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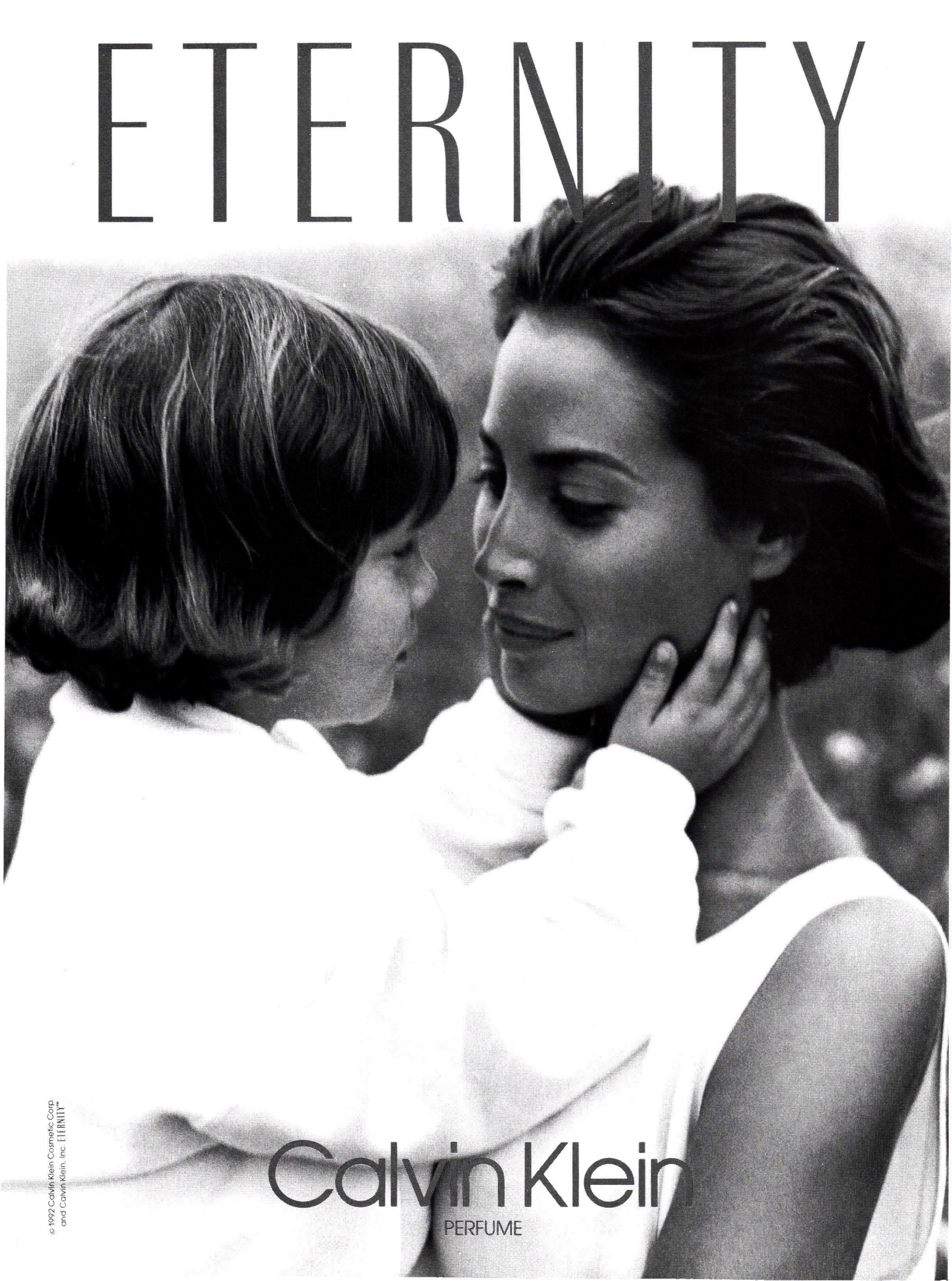

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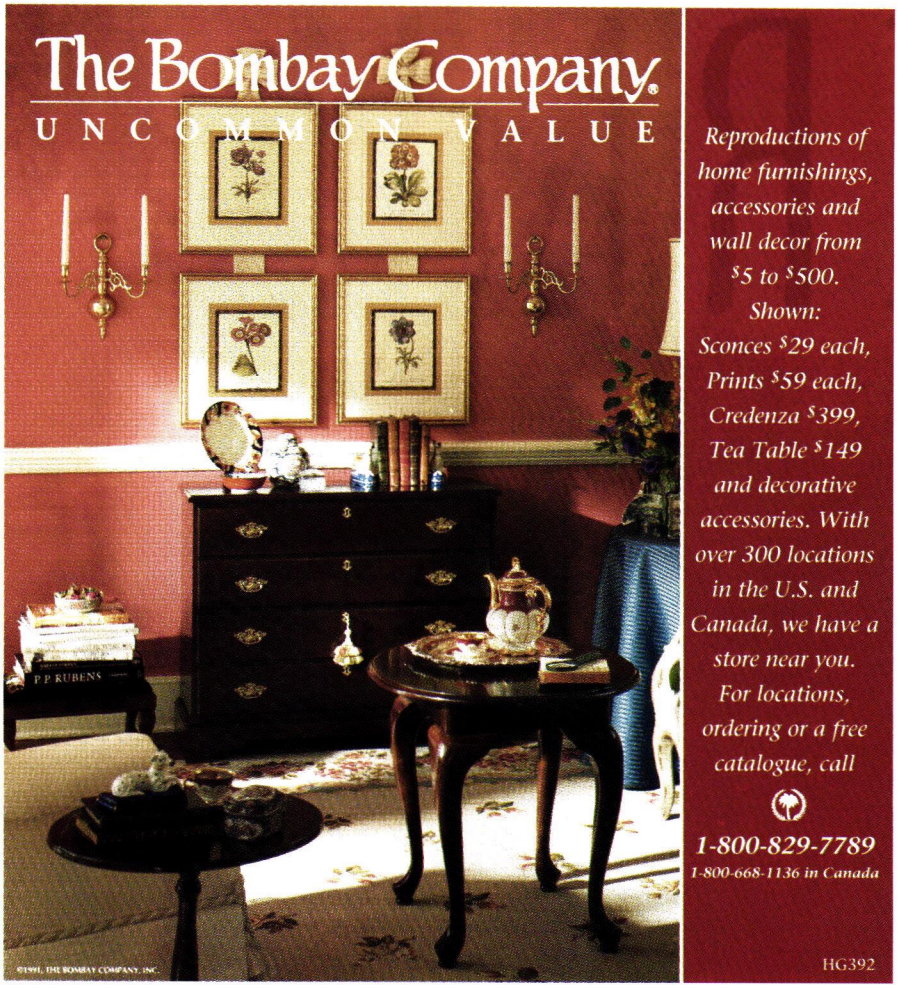

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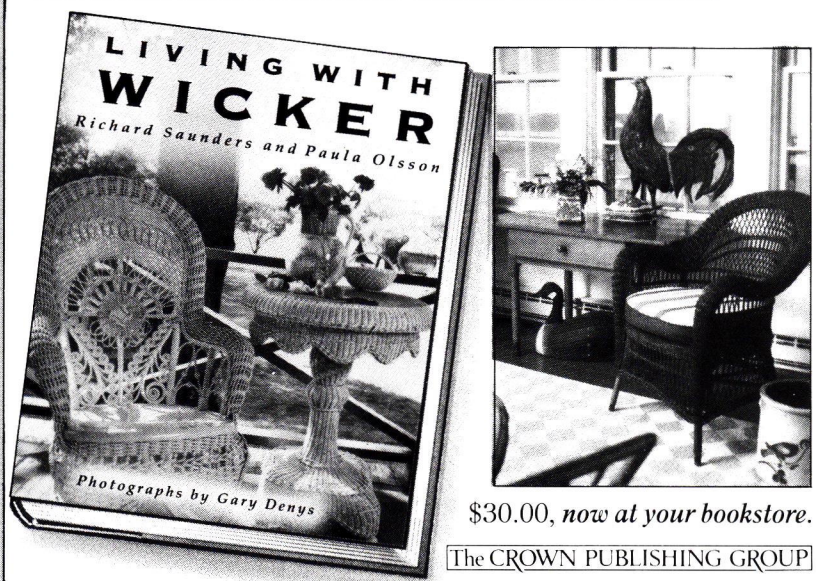

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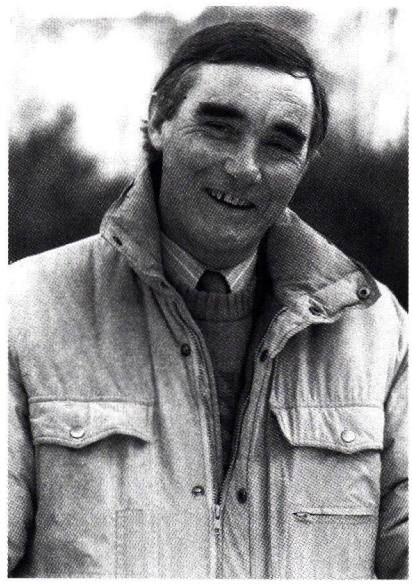
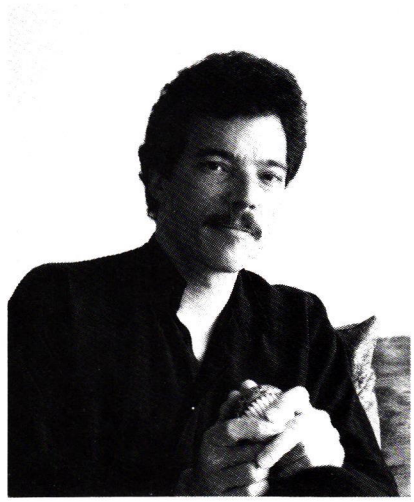


MICHAEL JOHNSON

Jerry Harpur, who photographs gardens exclusively, focuses on the hillside terraces of La Casella in Provence. The villa's owners, Claus Scheinert and Tom Parr, chairman of Colefax & Fowler, have "achieved a garden that combines the best of English and Provençal styles," says Harpur, who laments, "I rarely get down in the dirt of my own garden in Essex. Instead I spend my time photographing other people's places."



Jeffrey Book explores the renewed appeal of mud as a construction material in HG's "Architecture" column. "Natural materials are energy- and pollution-conscious; they're also typically indigenous to the site. Ancient approaches to building are economical and therefore very modern," he says. A freelance journalist and the coauthor of *The One-Minute Maniac,* a spoof on fanatical time management, Book is also a furniture designer whose work includes the Earthquake bookcase and the Hot Seat chair.

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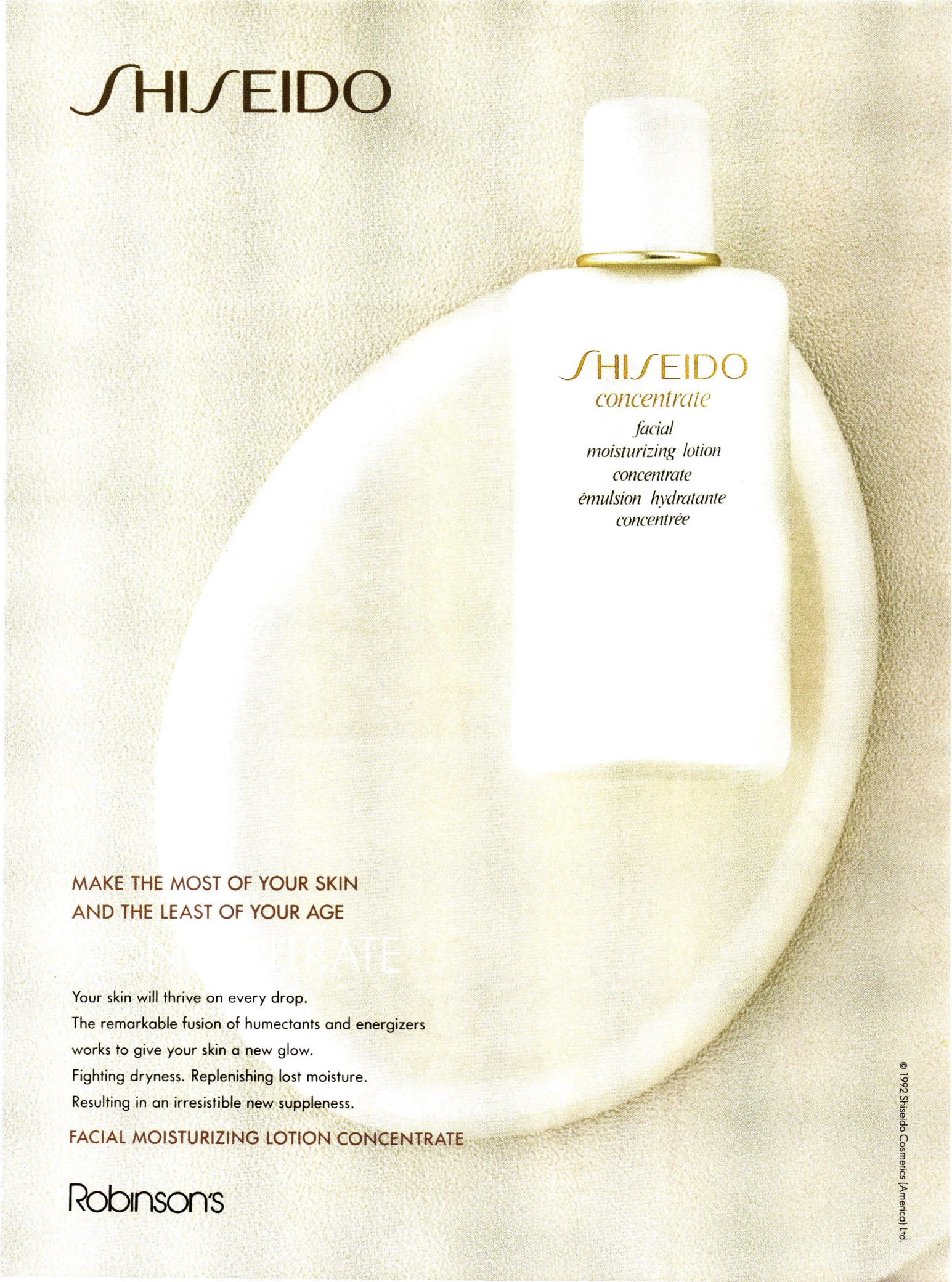

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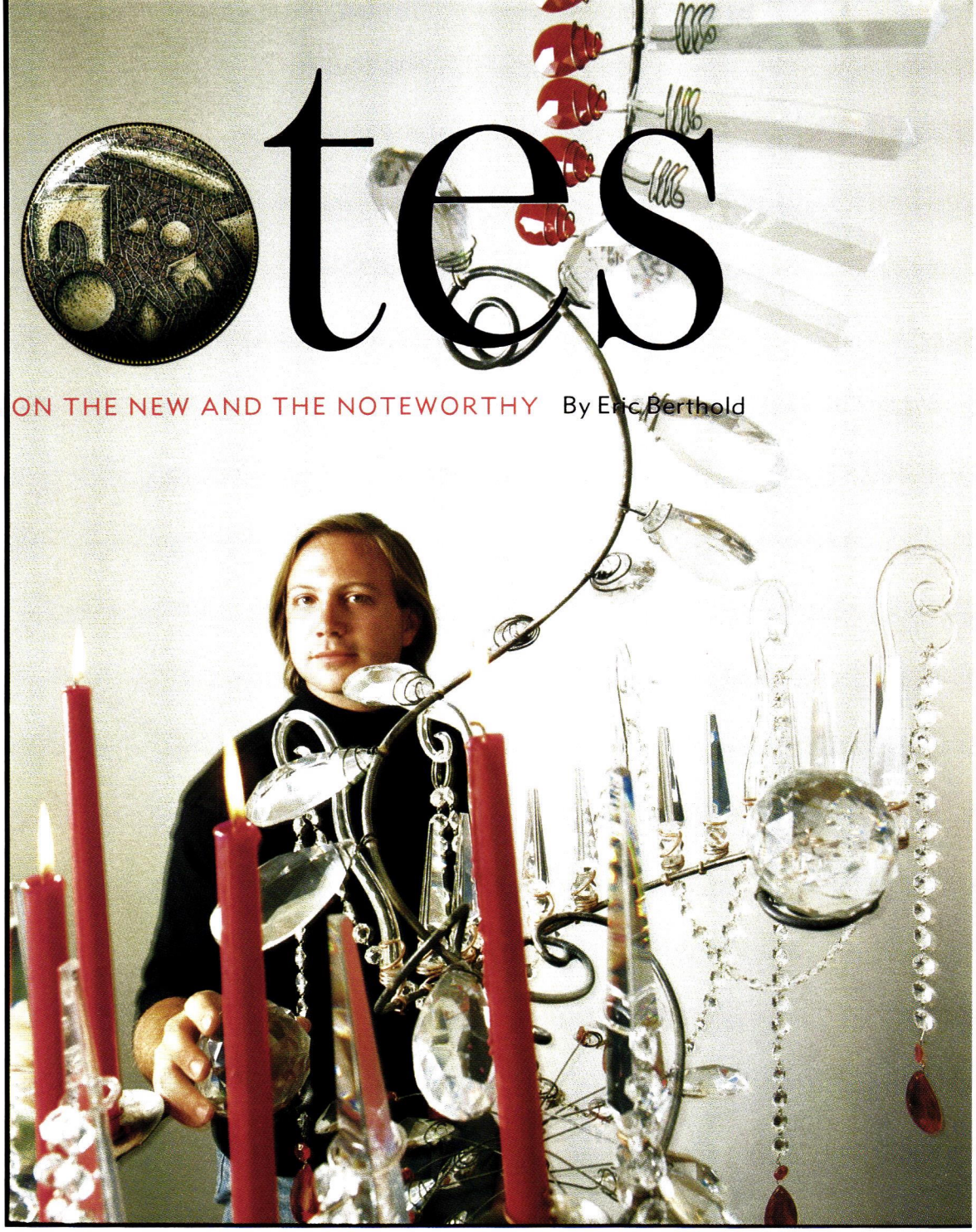
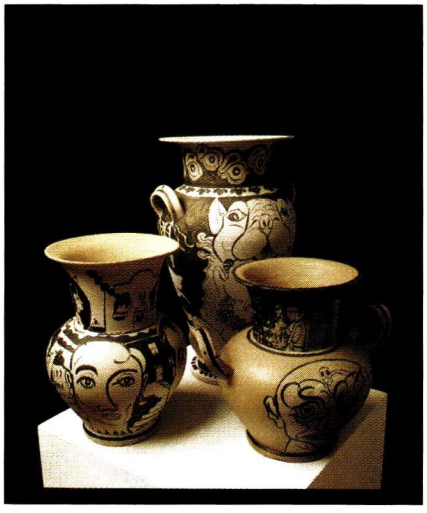
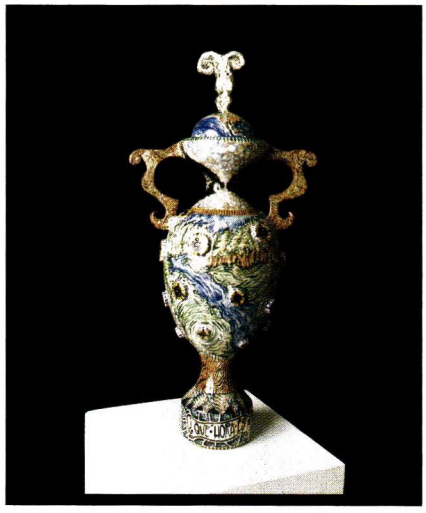
HG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY By Eric Berthold

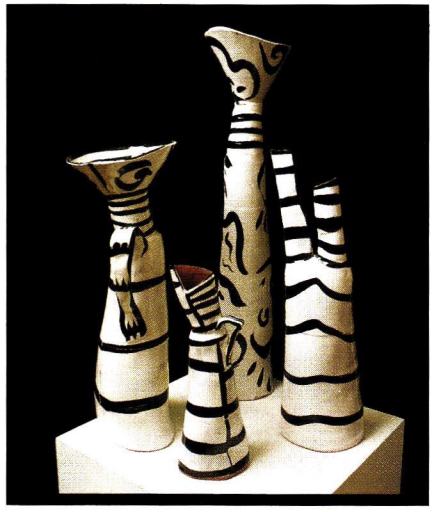


At Archon,

Edward Pate and his artists have more to show than their ceramic, wood, and metal creations. "Almost every piece is a commentary on today's values," says Pate (*right*), with a Bob Russell light sculpture Pate calls deconstructivist: "Cocteau meets Liberace." Among the ceramists whose work appears in Pate's New York showroom (*below from left*), David Barthold combines classical shapes and his own take on mythology; Matt Nolen names his porcelain urn *Qué hora es?* to point up the fragility of civilization; and Caryn Kreitzer employs graphic glazes to call attention to the organic forms of her earthenware. A Nolen platter (*top center*). (Archon, 212-581-1909 by appt.)







DAVID FRAZIER

a.d.: isabella ginanneschi. photo: javier vallhonrat

joan vass usa®

View Master Hans Bol's 16th-century panorama of Antwerp Harbor (*above*) is among the wares at the European Fine Art Fair, March 14–22, Maastricht, the Netherlands. For further information (73) 14-51-65.

Sporting Goods Cups from Royal Worcester (*above*) evoke 1930s illustrations. Call (609) 866-2900.

Basket Case Wood, bamboo, and wicker (*below*) combine to hold magazines and more, $72, from Tulip Tree Collection, Washington Depot, CT (203) 868-2802.

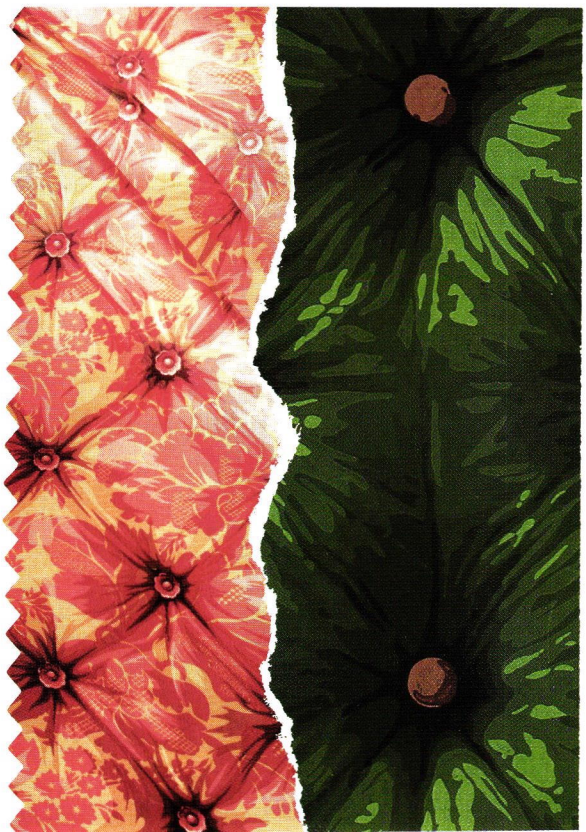
Grecian Formula Ionia garden chair (*above*) in cast aluminum by Veneman. For stores (714) 951-2010.

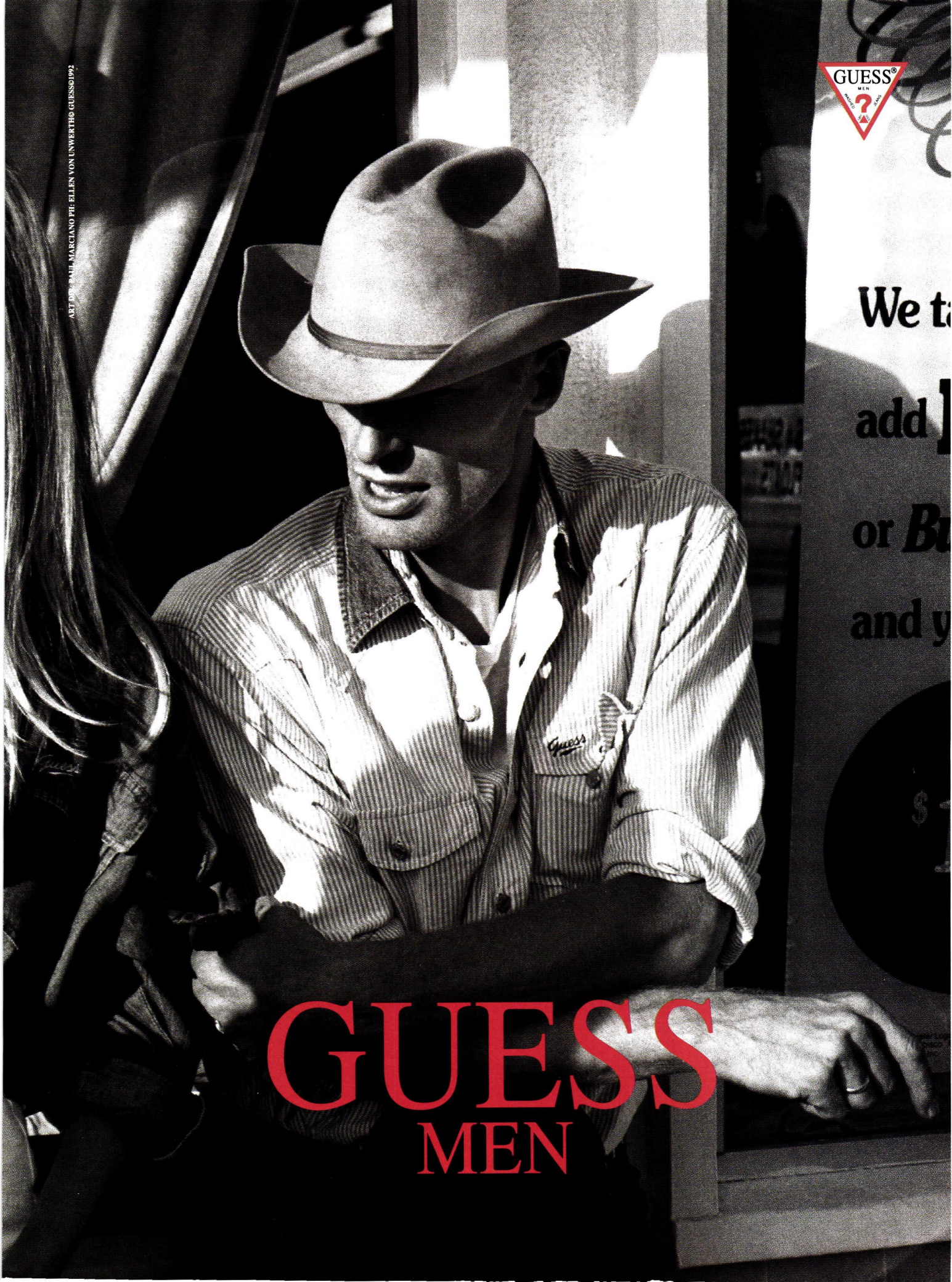
CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: SCOTT BOWRON FOR HABOLDT & CO.; MONICA STEVENSON, NC (3); MONICA STEVENSON; DAVID FRAZIER

notes

Rest Stop The "fainting couch" (*right*) from a Vermont inn reinterpreted for Thomasville's Country Inns and Back Roads Collection. For showrooms (919) 472-4000.

Tuft Enough Philippe Deshoulières's plate with faux tufted border (*left*); for stores (212) 684-6760. Rosecliff cotton from Scalamandré's Newport Collection (*right*); for showrooms (212) 980-3888. Zuber's trompe l'oeil wallcovering (*far right*); for showrooms (212) 486-9226.

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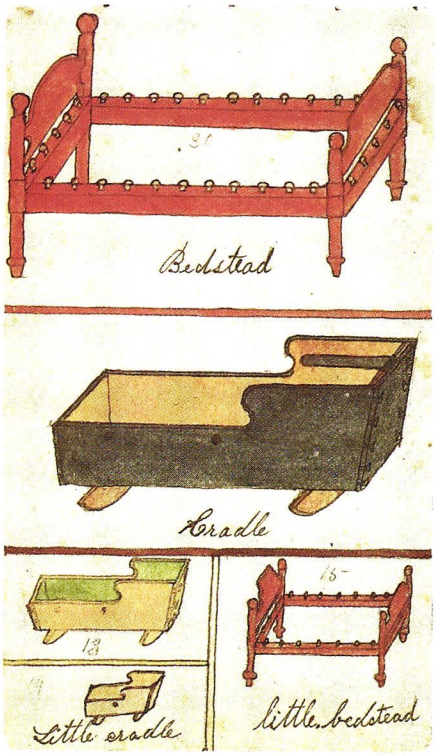
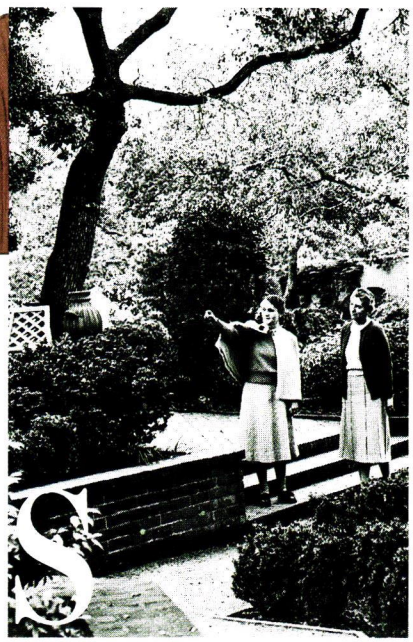


New Order
Amish furniture (*left*) by Henry Lapp (1862–1904) on paper (Good Books, $15.95) and in reproductions made by Old Road Furniture Co. For information (800) 762-7171.

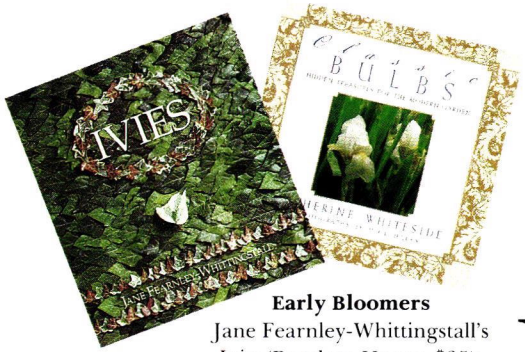
Heavenly Light
Chandelier by Barry Goralnick and Michael Buchanan. To the trade (212) 826-9898.

L.A. Edens Huntington Library shows Florence Yoch garden designs through June 1; (818) 405-2141. Yoch garden tour caps a symposium at Scripps College, Apr. 3–5; (714) 621-8000 ext. 8326.

Perennial Border
Copies of Florence Yoch terra-cotta garden tiles (*above*), $20 each, from Hollyhock, L.A. Call (213) 931-3400.



Snappy Crackle Footed bowl (*below*), $150, from the Weekend Retreat collection at Sarreid. For stores (919) 291-1414.



Early Bloomers
Jane Fearnley-Whittingstall's *Ivies* (Random House, $35); Katherine Whiteside's *Classic Bulbs* (Villard, $40).

Curlicues Cachepot, $34.50, from FrenchWyres. Call (903) 597-8322.

From the Roof of the World
InnerAsia Trading Co. revitalizes weaving in Tibet by importing tiger stripe (*below*) and other traditional Gangchen carpets. Call (212) 689-6886, by appt.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: NC; MONICA STEVENSON; ANN SUMMA; NC; MONICA STEVENSON; NC; MONICA STEVENSON; NC (2)

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Pacific Overtures

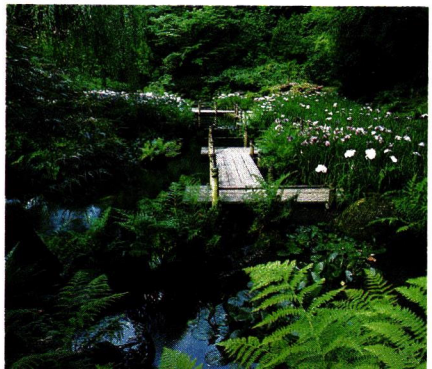
The Northwest offers a sampling of Japanese garden types

BY PETER SELIG

Gardeners who travel don't always have more inspired gardens than those who stay close to home, but travelers—armchair or otherwise—can hardly help broadening their horticultural horizons. Until recently, the favorite destinations abroad for American gardeners were England, France, and Italy, countries whose precepts still dominate our own backyards. But in the past few years the Japanese garden—once viewed as the exotic province of a few connoisseurs—has begun to loom ever larger as a source for design ideas applicable to our landscape.

For thirteen centuries Japanese garden makers have successfully addressed challenges that many of us now face in this country: small and often irregular plots of land and the desire for a year-round sense of harmony with nature despite a sometimes hostile environment. The miniature idealized landscape of the Japanese garden can provide seemingly limitless vistas within fixed boundaries. Stones are always the single most important element in shaping the terrain; plants are conventionally used as a foil to achieve subtle contrasts of texture, shape, and hue, despite a predominantly green palette. There are no elaborate borders with the sorts of flowers that refuse to flourish far from an English cottage garden. Moss, ground covers, and gravel are preferred over lawns. Although it is possible to introduce obvious Japanese garden features like stone lanterns, teahouses, and bonsai to an American setting, they can easily look as contrived and out of place as Italianate topiary or parterres de broderie. Better to seek the essence of Japanese style, its spirit of accessible tranquillity. In gardening, as in literature, the most literal translation may not be the most accurate or elegant.

Fortunately, a trip to the Far East is not the only way to encounter the spirit of Japanese landscapes firsthand. Three of the finest examples outside Japan can be visited in the Pacific Northwest, a region whose large Japanese-American population and proximity to Asia have left their mark for generations. Major gardens at Washington Park in Portland, Oregon, at Seattle's Washington Park Arboretum, and at the Bloedel Reserve, also in the Seattle area, were created by Japanese designers who have adapted ancient traditions to the New World. Their



A blanket of snow in the Japanese Garden at Washington Park in Portland, Oregon, above, sets off an all-season composition. Left: Iris bloom in the park's green Strolling Pond Garden.

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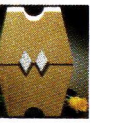


The "view" may be a single perfect rock

work offers countless lessons in the use of scale, proportion, and asymmetrical balance to encourage meditative communion with nature.

The economy of means through which this bond can be achieved—with or without Pacific Northwest rainfall—is nowhere clearer than in the classic dry garden (also, not surprisingly, an economical means to water conservation). Usually associated with Zen Buddhist temples, it is composed of stones, gravel, and sand, whose placement can suggest mountains, seas, rivers, and vegetation. The variety of natural imagery and symbolism these few materials can conjure up is difficult for the Western mind to grasp in the abstract, but easy to experience face-to-face. A superb example is the Seki Tei at the five and a half acre Japanese Garden in Portland, which in fact comprises five separate gardens. Designed nearly thirty years ago by P. Takuma Tono, these landscapes are extraordinarily faithful to Japanese originals—both in style and in level of upkeep. The dry garden, for instance, is spread with the same sand used in the classic Ryoan-ji Zen garden in Kyoto (this sand is said to retain its raked patterns even in a heavy downpour), and some of the more sculptural stones have also been imported. But throughout the entire complex, such exotic specimens have been combined with stones from the area of Mount Hood and eastern Oregon as well as locally grown trees and shrubs. Paths meandering over the wooded hills lead to other variations on age-old themes, such as the Tea Garden; the Flat Garden, where white sand appears to ebb and flow against islands of thyme and banks of moss and evergreens; and the Strolling Pond Garden, with its ever-changing views of still and moving water.

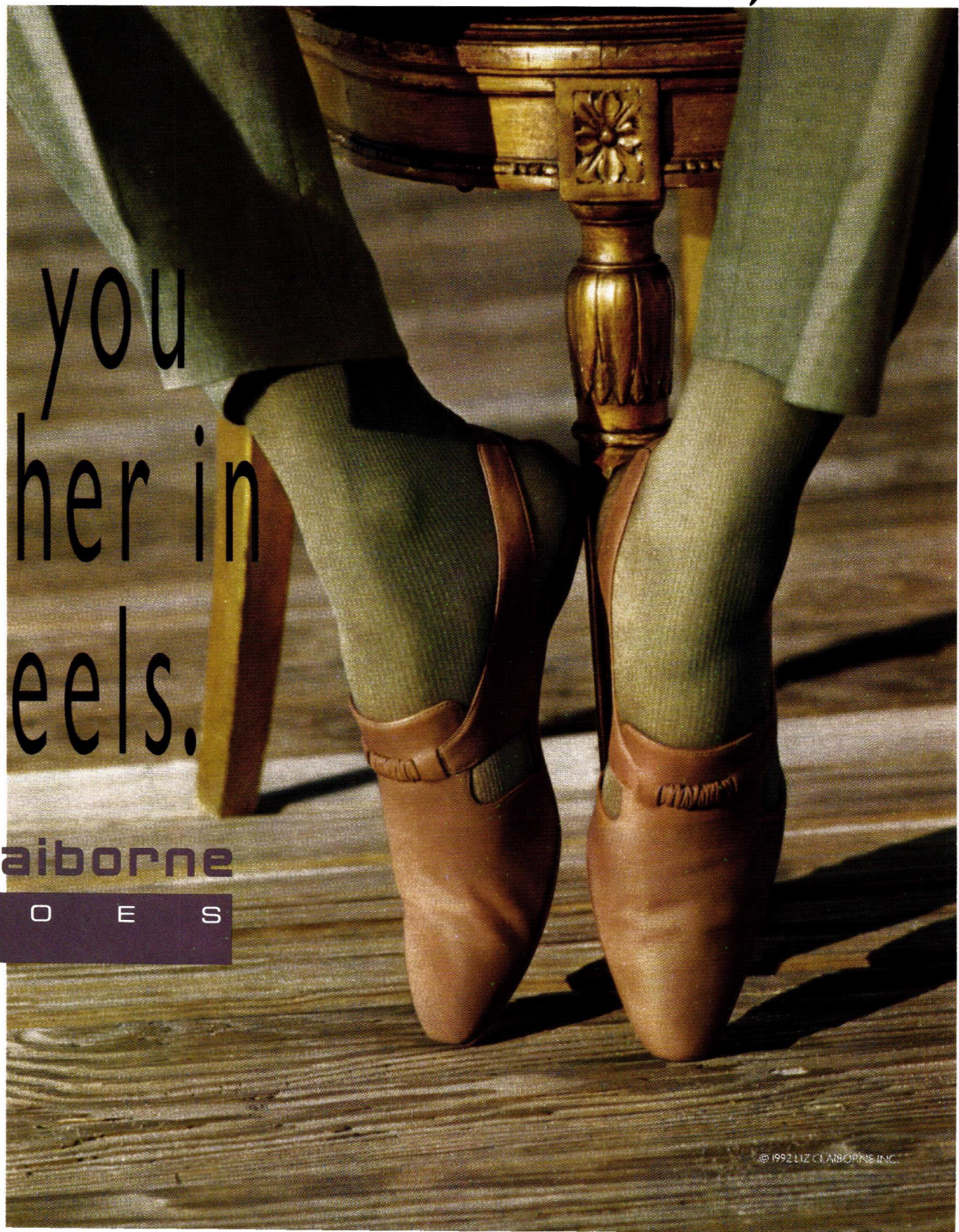
All three and a half acres of the Japanese Garden at Washington Park Arboretum in Seattle were laid out in 1960 as a stroll garden, a type that can be traced to the pleasure grounds of sixteenth-century villas and the aesthetic tenets of the tea ceremony. The design—a seven-man collaboration headed by Juki Iida of Tokyo—takes full advantage of a technique known as hide and reveal, the composition of controlled views that gradually unfold along a winding path. These vignettes may focus on a waterfall, a man-made mountain, or even a single perfect rock.

At the start of the Seattle project, Iida later recalled, "I could not imagine how a large-scale, formal (shin-style) Japanese garden could be built outside of Japan where Japanese stones, trees, and plants would not be available and where only non-Japanese and foreign-born Japanese gardeners would be at my disposal. . . . How wrong I was!" Iida went to the Cascade mountains to handpick some five hundred boulders, which were individually wrapped in bamboo matting for protection in transit and placed on-site according to exacting plans. Azaleas, camellias, flowering fruit trees, and rhododendrons were then planted along with conifers, mosses, and ferns. Iida noted: "The one thing we had in great abundance was the Washington State flowering tree, the rhododendron. I therefore was obliged to use these gaudy plants, but I tried to hold the color down as much as possible." Another patch of color is provided by a wisteria trellis beside a pond that forms part of a landscape in the "fishing village" style, with compact "mountains" and "foothills." A

A wisteria trellis, top, in the Japanese Garden in Seattle's Washington Park. Above: The Bloedel Reserve's dry garden. Right: Native trees and Japanese-inspired terrain at Bloedel.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: SAXON HOLT; MARY RANDLETT; SAXON HOLT

The more a woman has to be on her toes, the less you see her in 4" heels.



Liz claiborne

SHOES

For thirteen centuries Japanese garden makers have successfully addressed challenges that many of us now face

hedge of box, cedar, and osmanthus surrounds the Tea Garden where visitors can occasionally participate in tea ceremonies organized by the Shosei-kai Tea Club.

The venerable principle of borrowed landscape—the incorporation of external scenery into the garden design—plays a large role in making the cultivated areas in the Portland and Seattle parks seem larger than their actual dimensions. Whatever scenic borrowing occurs at the Bloedel Reserve is purely an aesthetic gesture. This is a 150-acre private estate on Bainbridge Island, of which sixty-six acres are landscaped in the midst of a forest (open to the public by appointment, the estate is forty-five minutes by ferry and car from downtown Seattle). Reflecting the wide-ranging taste of its founders, Prentice and Virginia Bloedel, the reserve incorporates European and American garden styles as well as Japanese. Fujitaro Kubota, a Washington landscaper, was commissioned to design the Bloedels' first Japanese garden in 1965, next to the site of a then unbuilt guesthouse—the glass and wood structure completed two years later blends elements of Japanese temples and Northwest Native American longhouses, a suitable addition to a culturally hybrid setting.

Working without drawn plans, Kubota and his two sons arranged stones and plants in the landscape until the result—an interpretation of the "pond and hill" style—pleased his eye. (Kubota's own twenty-acre garden, now a Seattle city park, may also be visited.) Seven years ago, Koichi Kawana of UCLA designed an exquisite dry garden of gravel and rocks with granite edging on the opposite side of the guesthouse, where it seems to float among towering Douglas firs. Though the nearby moss garden initially designed by Seattle-based landscape architect Richard Haag follows no specific Asian model—and is planted with native moss, hemlock, fir, red cedar, and alder—any Japanese gardener would feel at home in its green-carpeted sanctuary. There could be no better reminder that "borrowed" landscape ideas may inspire some of a gardener's most cherished views. ▲

For visitors information: Japanese Garden at Washington Park, 611 Southwest Kingston Ave., Portland, OR 97201; (503) 223-1321. Japanese Garden at Washington Park Arboretum, 1502 Lake Washington Blvd. East, Seattle, WA 98155; (206) 684-4760. Bloedel Reserve, 7571 Northeast Dolphin Dr., Bainbridge Island, WA 98110-1097; (206) 842-7631 by appt. Kubota Garden, 9817 55th Ave. South, Seattle, WA 98118; (206) 725-4400.

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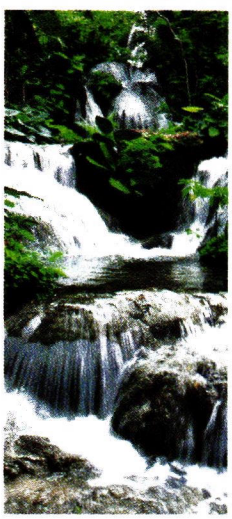

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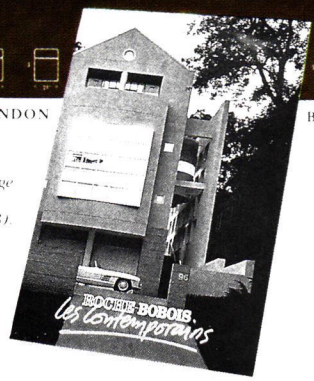

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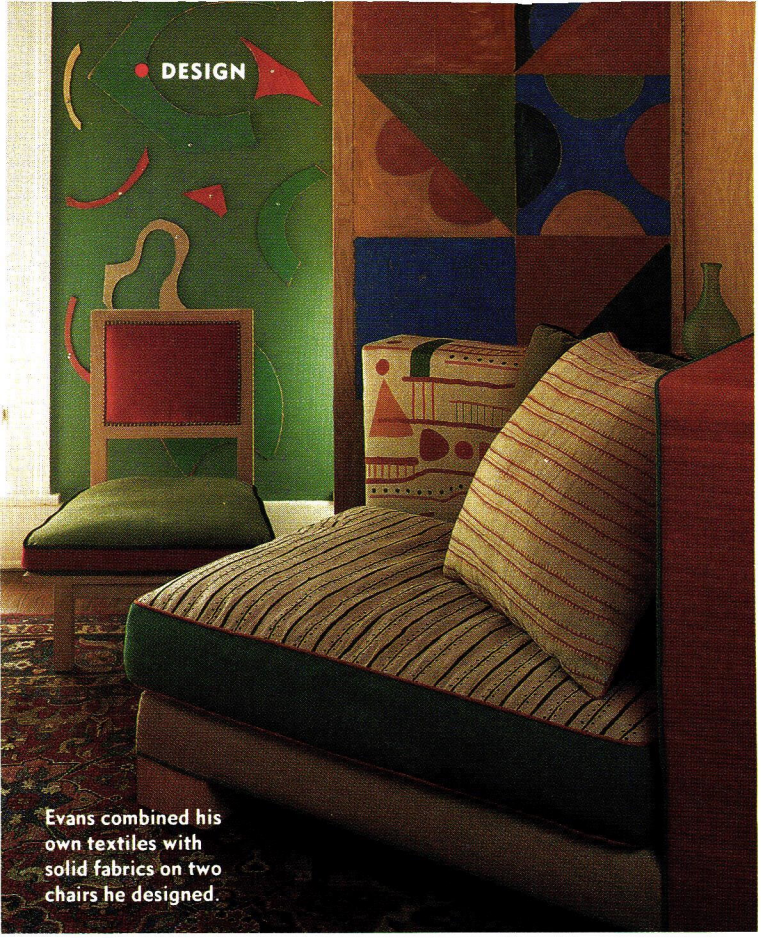
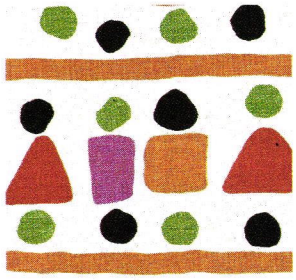


Evans combined his own textiles with solid fabrics on two chairs he designed.



Fabric of Art History

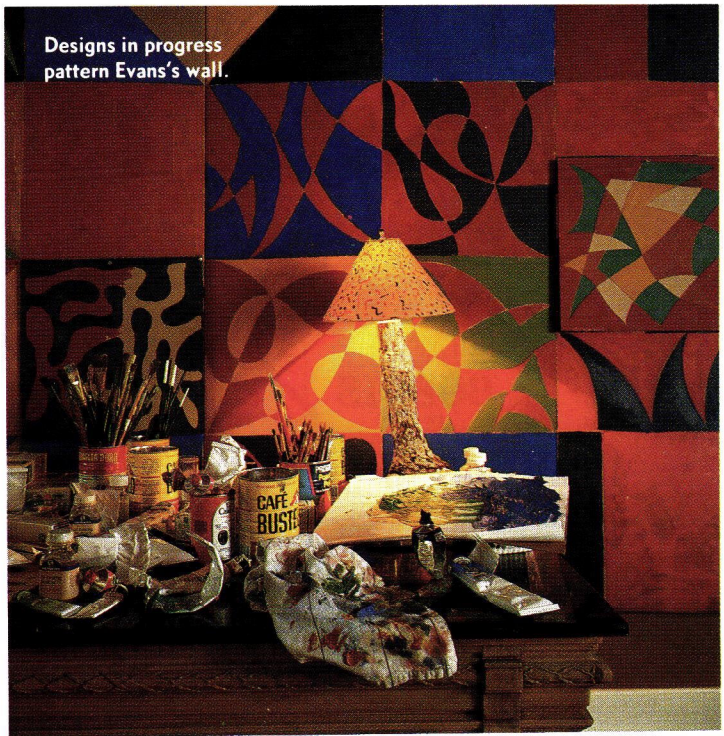
Abstraction animates the textiles of designer Gregory Evans

BY HEATHER SMITH MACISAAC

Gregory Evans has never officially studied design, though he has decorated interiors and run his own shop in L.A., specializing in objects and custom upholstery, and has now produced a collection of printed linen fabrics. Nor has he ever formally studied art, though one could say that he earned more than an MFA by working with David Hockney for seven years on stage designs for opera and ballet. "We were painting sets at the Teatro Lirico in Milan," recalls Evans, "when it first occurred to me that there was no reason the interior of a house couldn't be just as theatrical. After all, the home is where dramas are played out every day."

Evans arrives at most of his textile designs by painting on cardboard. Cutout shapes are pushpinned to the walls of his Hollywood bungalow, and vibrant compositions are assembled into panels and collages—Evans's domestic adaptation of stage sets. Not only is cardboard an inexpensive material to experiment with, its color provides a neutral background akin to the natural linen on which Evans prints his designs, most of which are rooted in painting. Stripes are loose lines, dots are irregular; one fabric catches the frenzy of a brush darting between palette and canvas, another displays Léger-like geometric shapes. A de Stijl show inspired his method of assembling planes of fabrics, both solids and prints, in a single piece of furniture.

Evans used to dabble in bright pinks, blues, and greens, but he has moved in the direction of "richer, more primitive tones," especially reds, twenty shades of which appear in his living room. His latest textiles are color-charged in a relaxed, natural way. Says Evans, "My fabrics seem happy to me." ◆



Designs in progress pattern Evans's wall.

Gregory Evans, top right, on a sofa he adapted from a doodle. Above left: Three prints from his collection. Details see Resources.

GREY CRAWFORD

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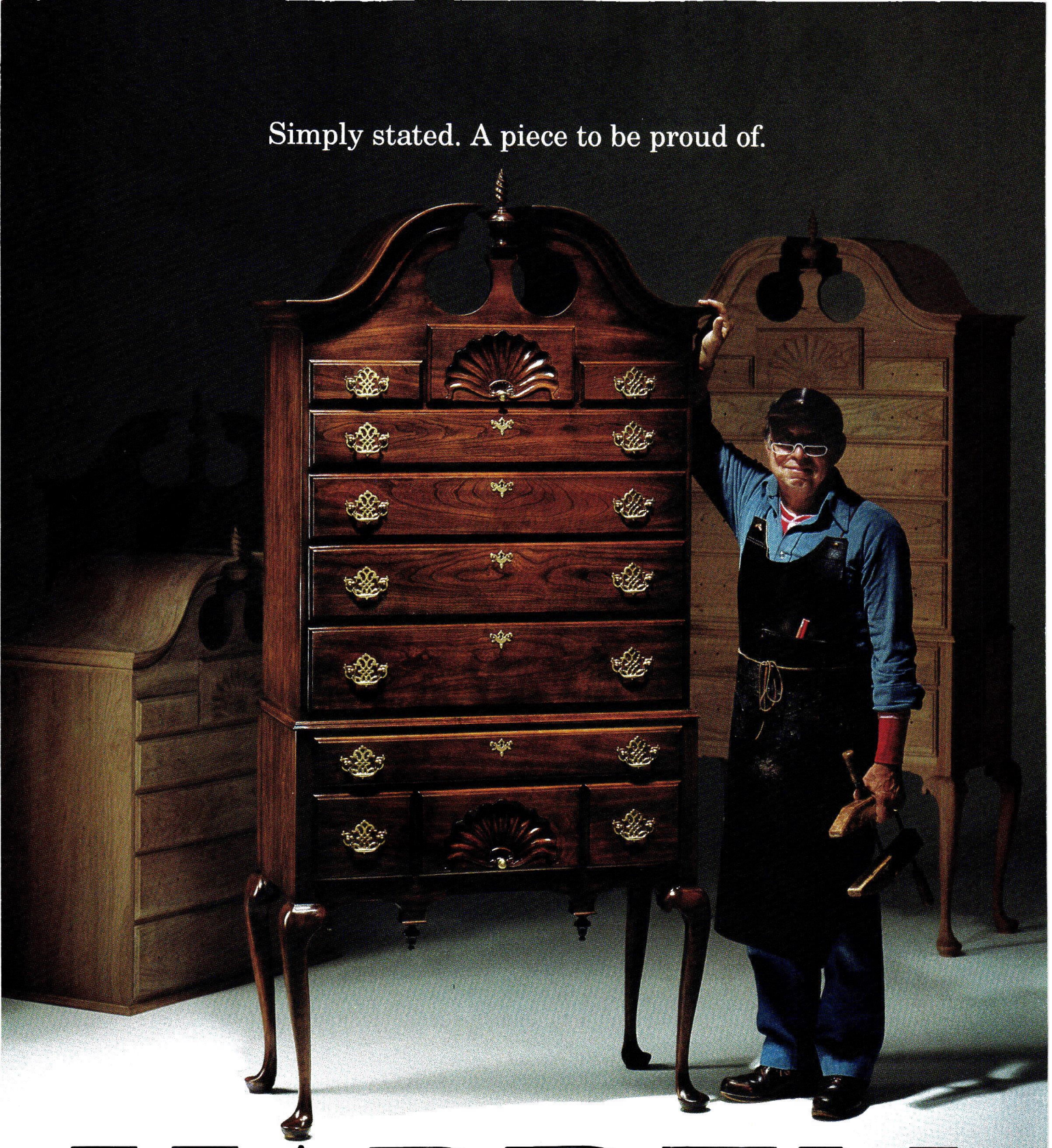

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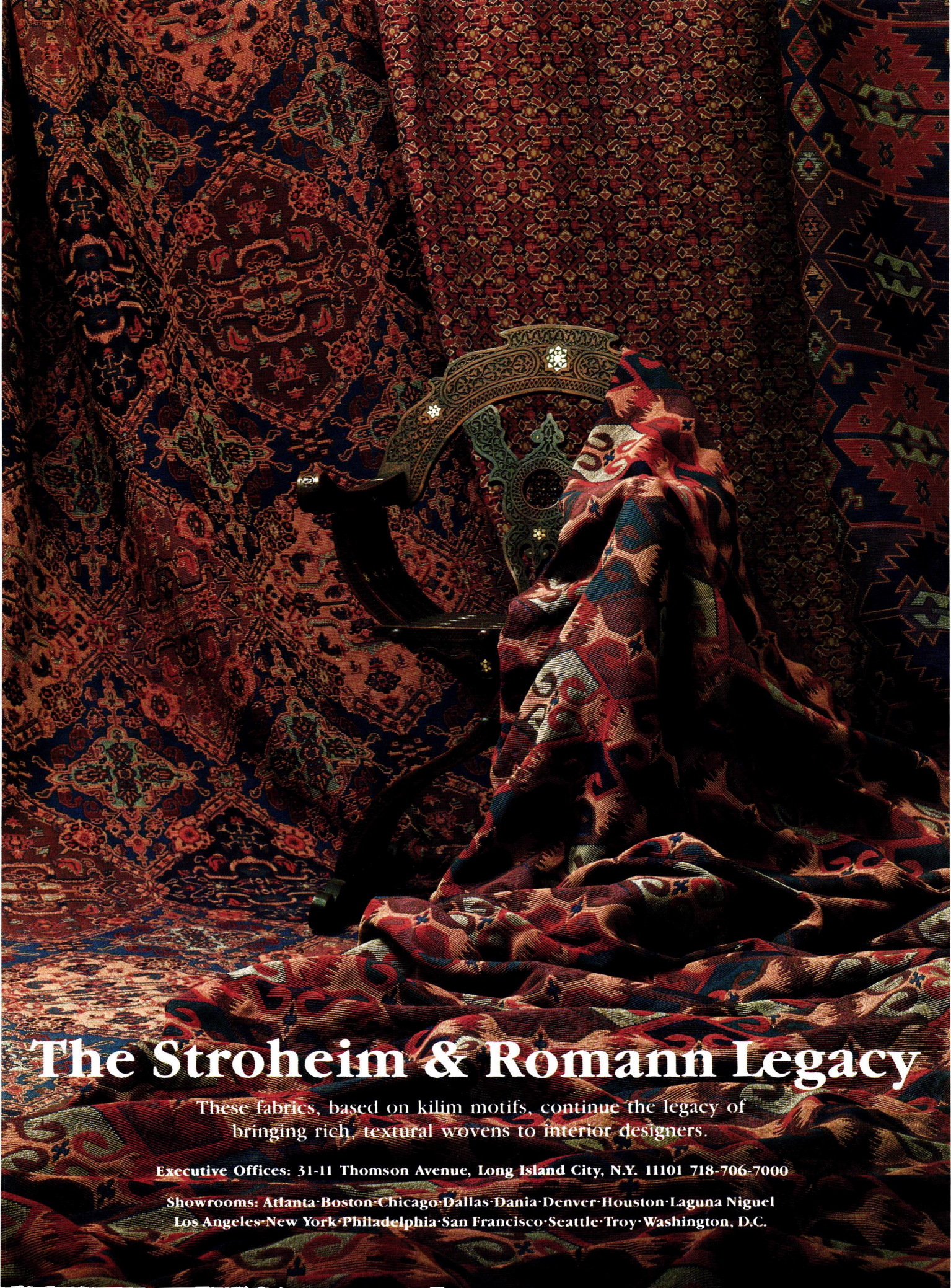
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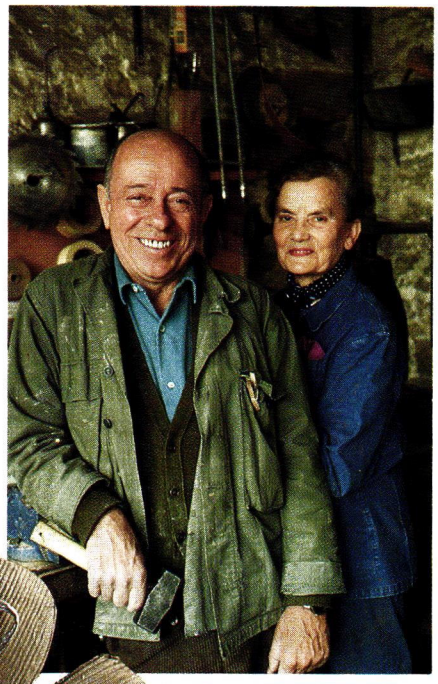
Mother Nature's Feast

François-Xavier and Claude Lalanne invite flora and fauna to dinner

BY FRANÇOISE LABRO

For thirty years François-Xavier and Claude Lalanne have been living in a surrealist world filled with animals and plants of their own making. At their studios near Fontainebleau, he sculpts an astonishing bestiary—"Animals have always fascinated me, perhaps because they are the only beings through whom one can be in contact with another world"—while she creates botanical forms in bronze, copper, gold, and silver. Now, for the gallery Artcurial, in Paris and Munich, they have turned their fancy to the table.

François-Xavier has designed a Limoges porcelain dinner service with a border of animals in silhouette—elephants, rhinoceroses, giraffes, gazelles—and a silver coffee service engraved with the same outlines. The profile, he says, is the most explicit expression of animals' mass. Claude has made flatware with the presence of jewelry—silvered bronze, sterling silver, or silver-gilt formed, cast, and chiseled into the shapes of shells and plants of the earth and the sea. "The work is the same for a piece of jewelry or a large sculpture," she says. "What counts is the form and what it conveys to me." She adds that it can take months to "find the form, the weight, the handle, the right balance" for a set of flatware. "You cannot require of guests too acrobatic a dinner." ▲



François-Xavier and Claude Lalanne, inset above. Animals encircle his porcelain, top left, and coffee service, above, while her flatware, left, recalls shells and plants. Details see Resources.

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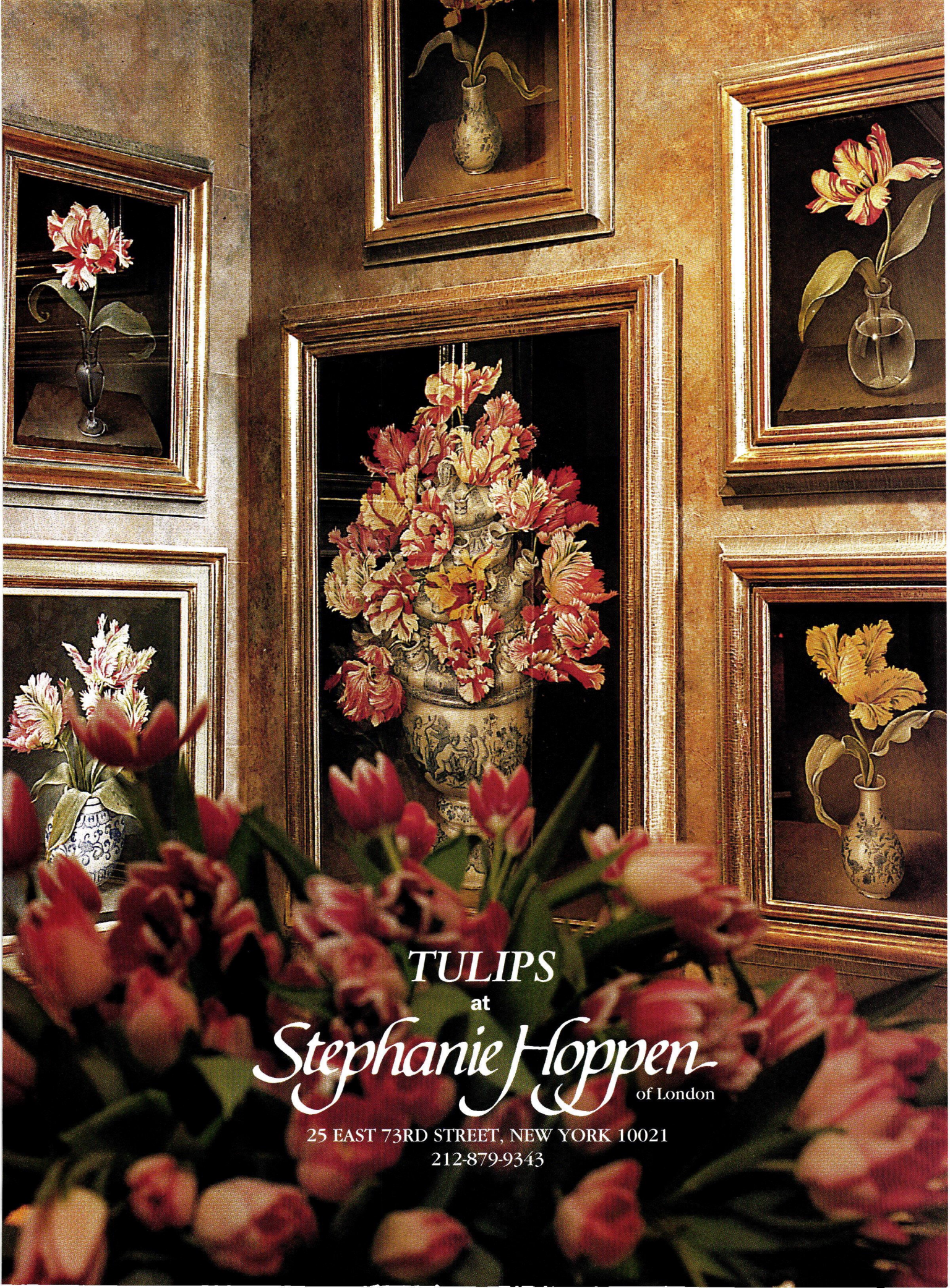
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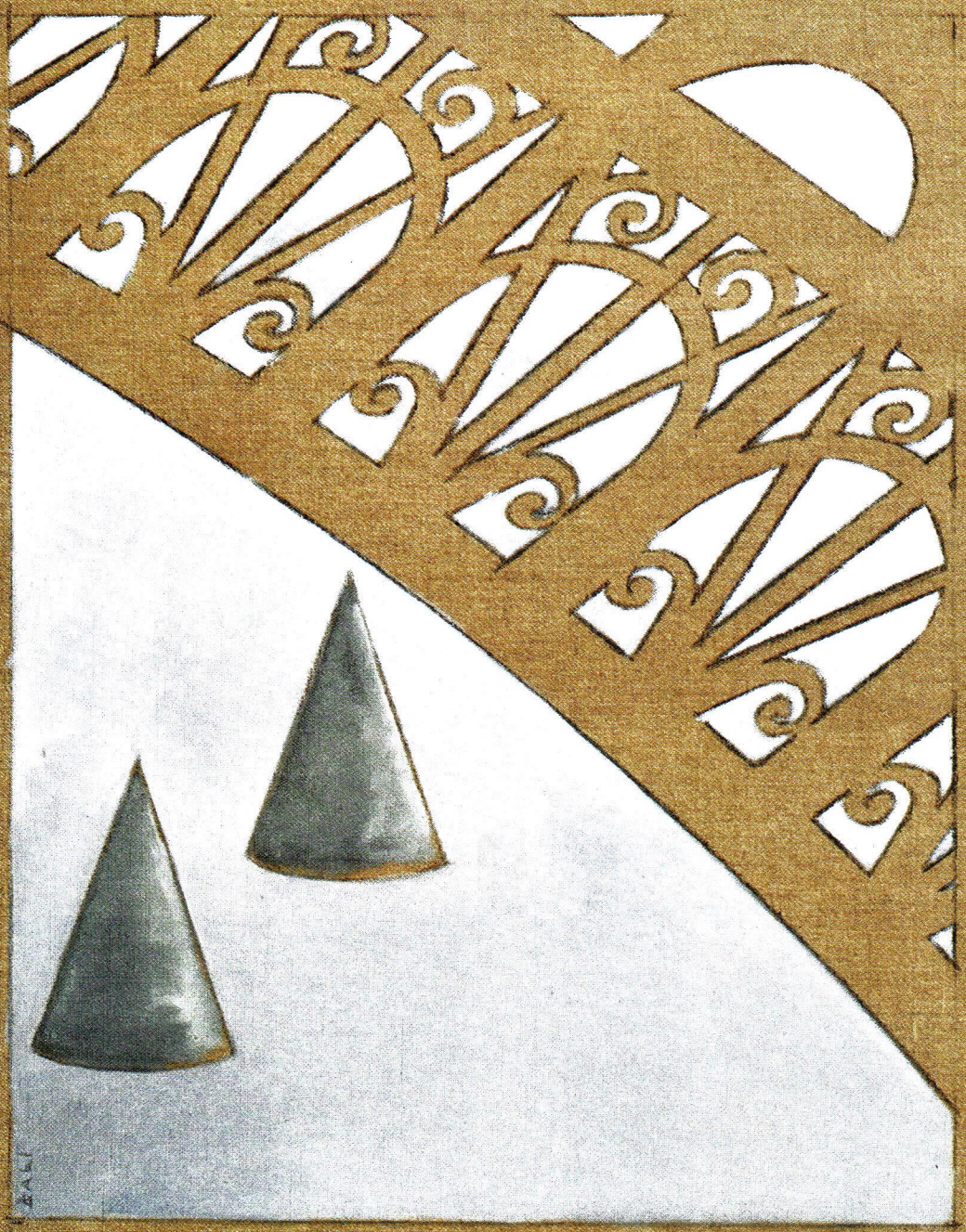

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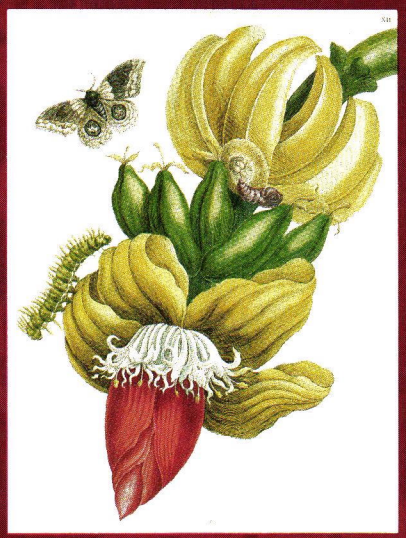

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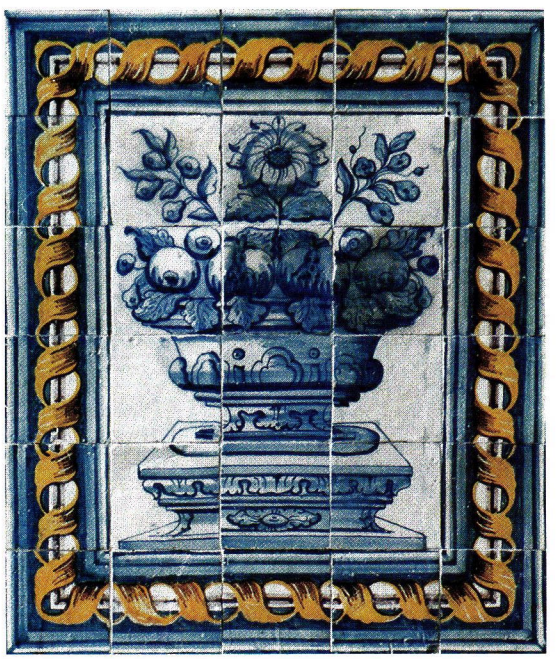

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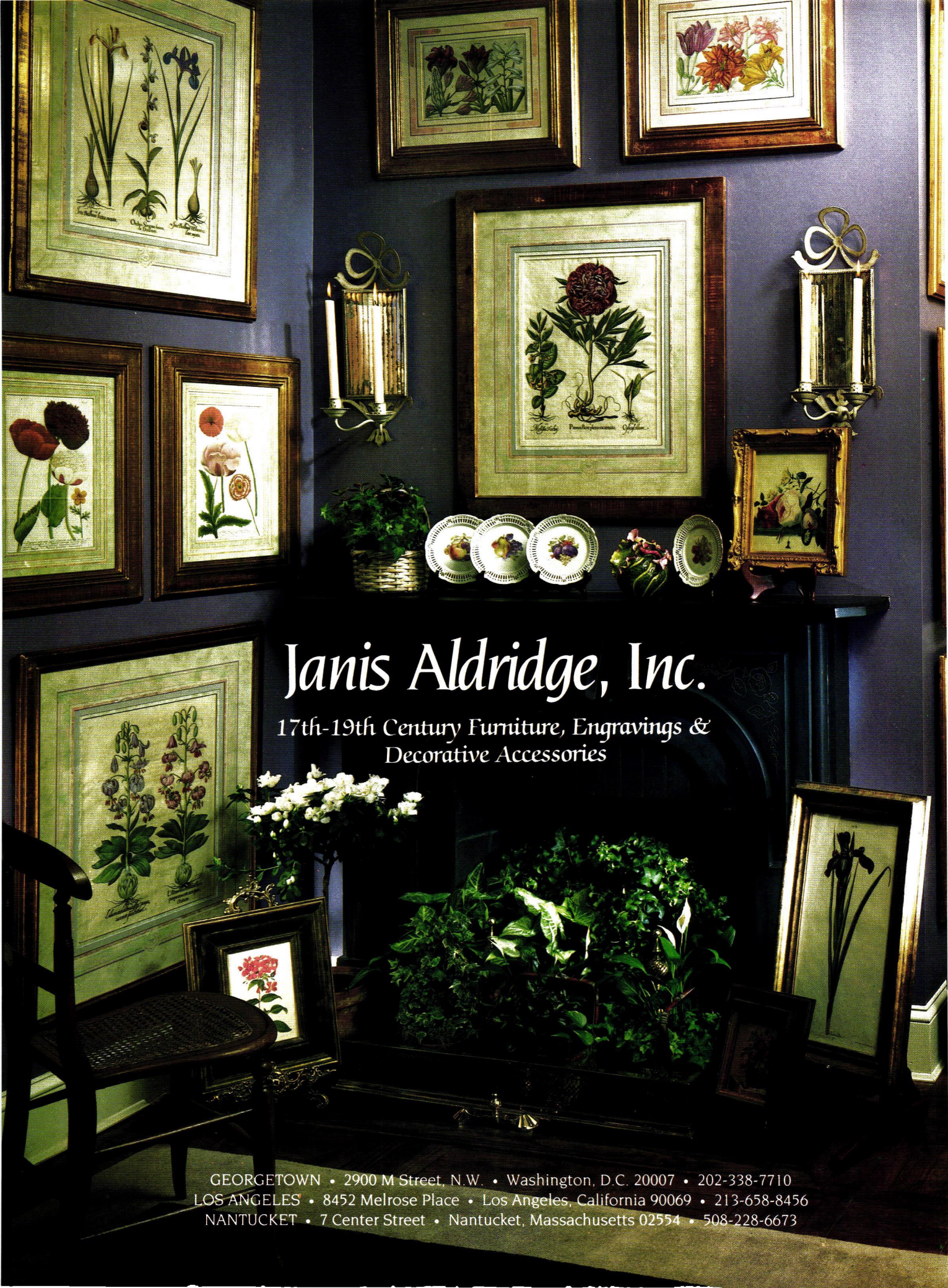
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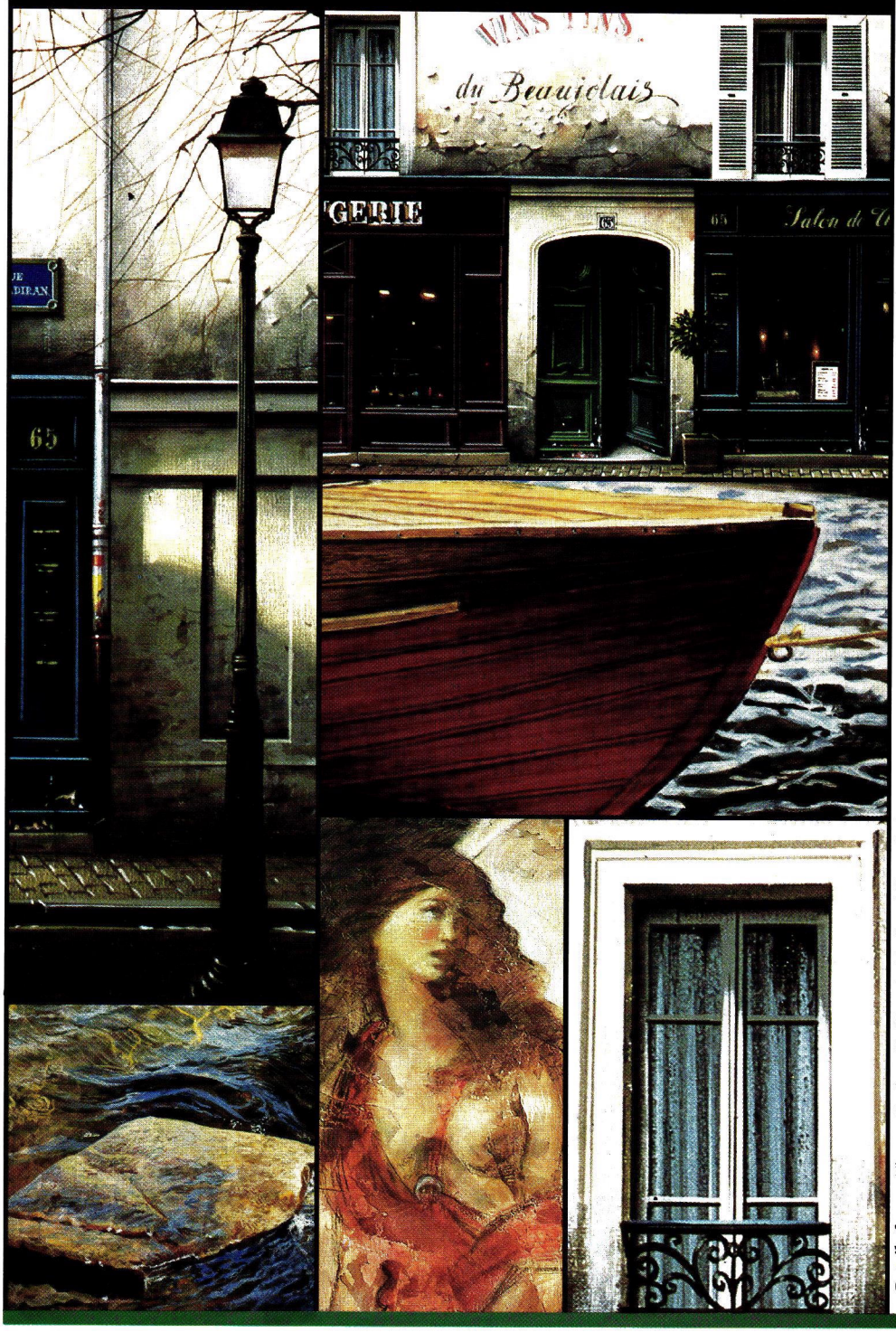

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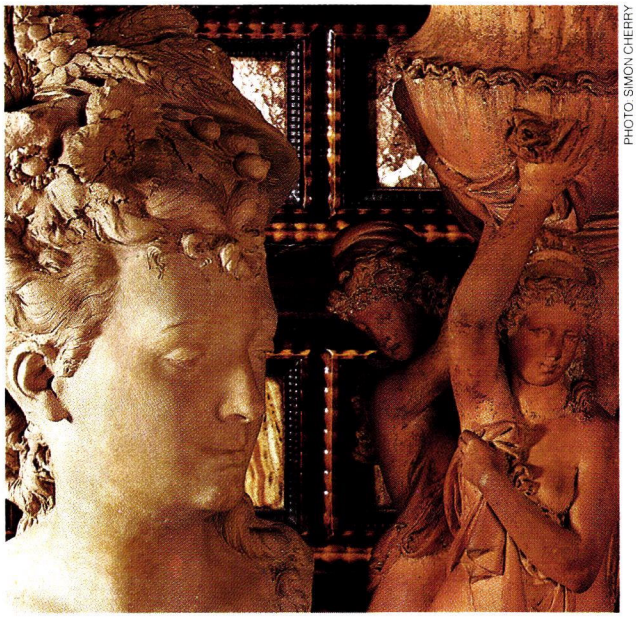

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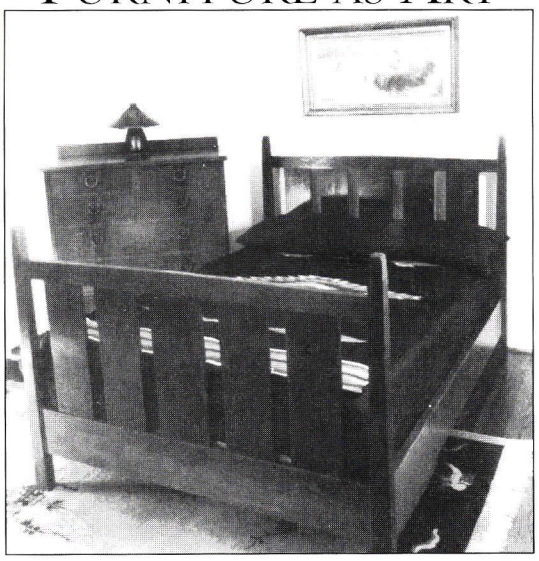

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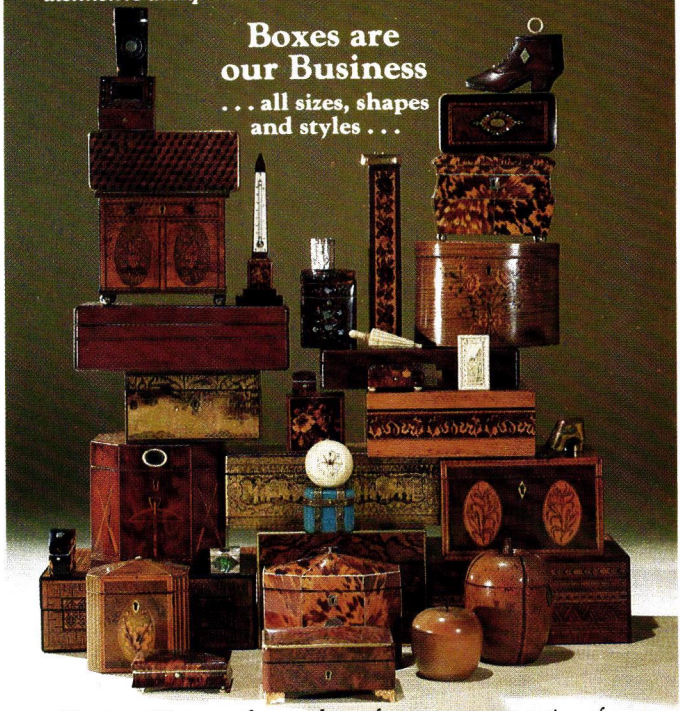

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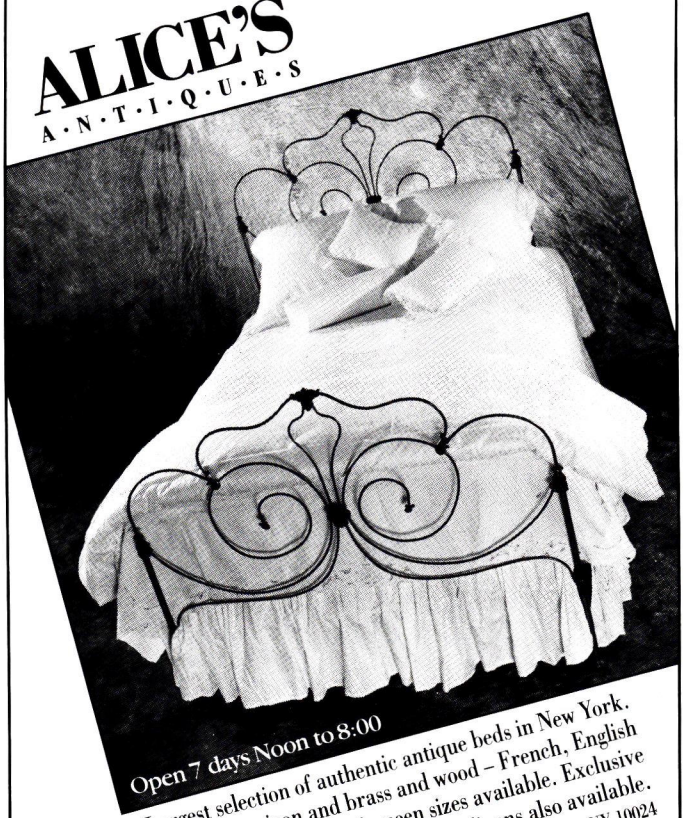

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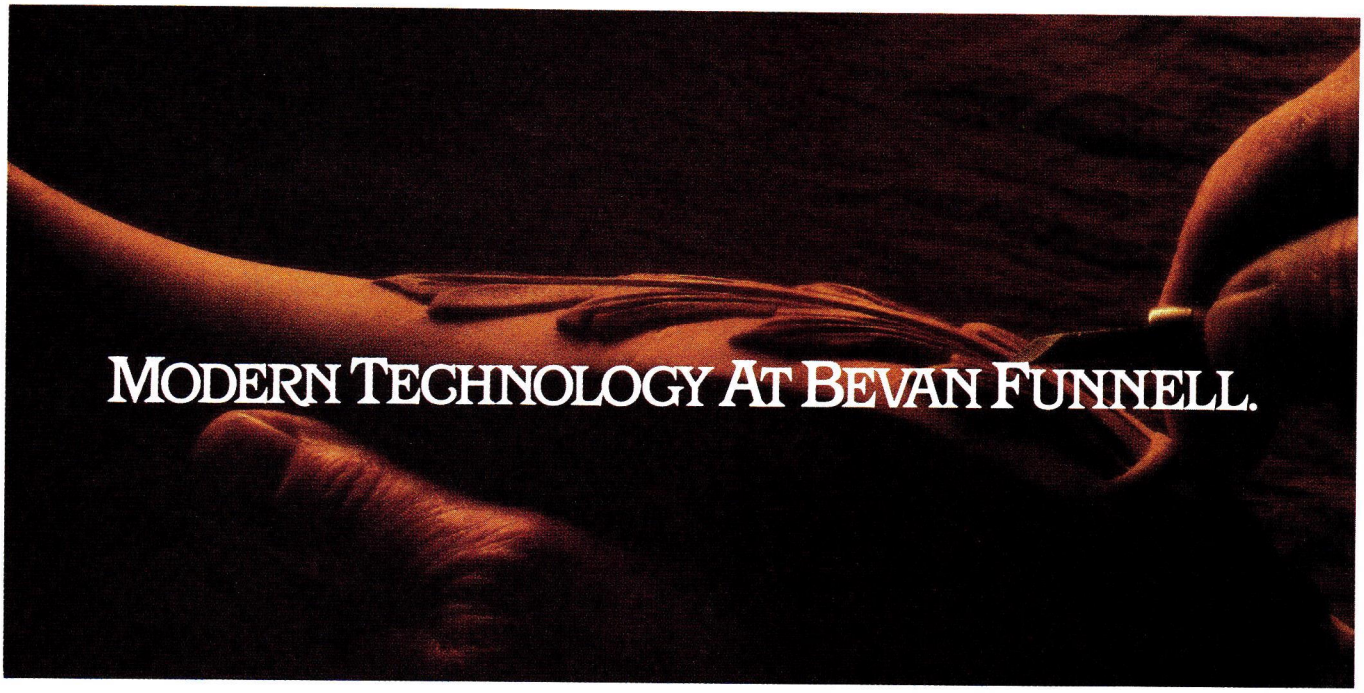

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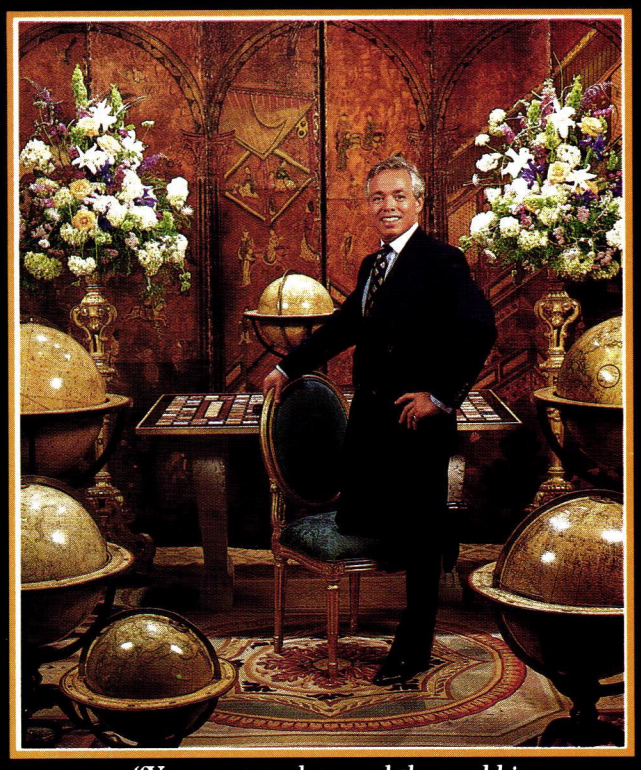

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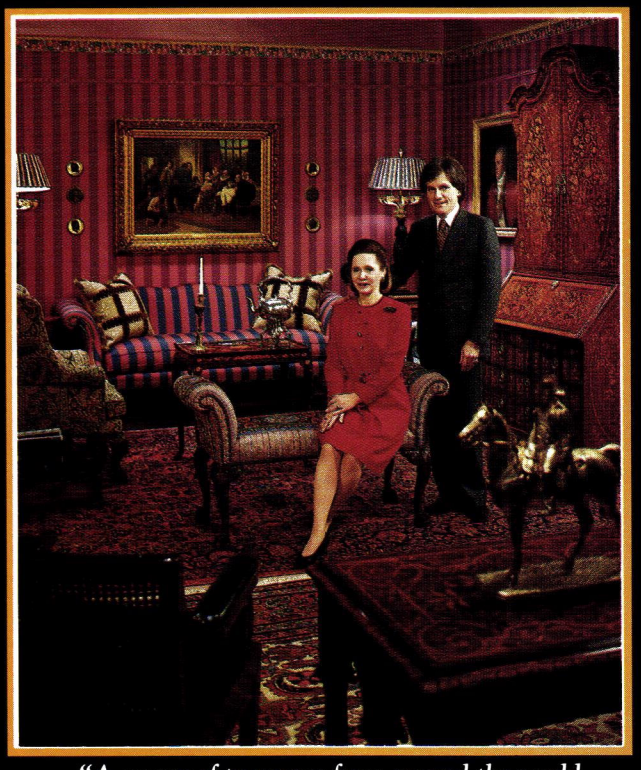

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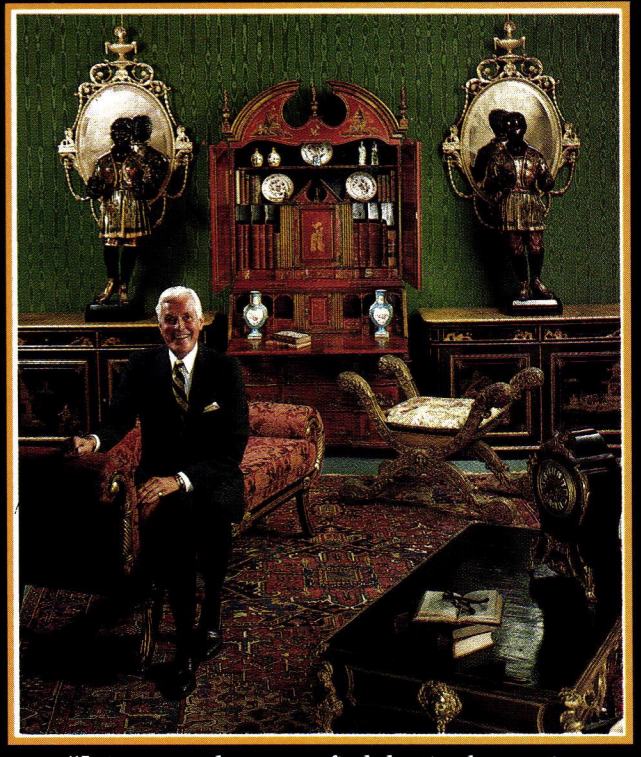

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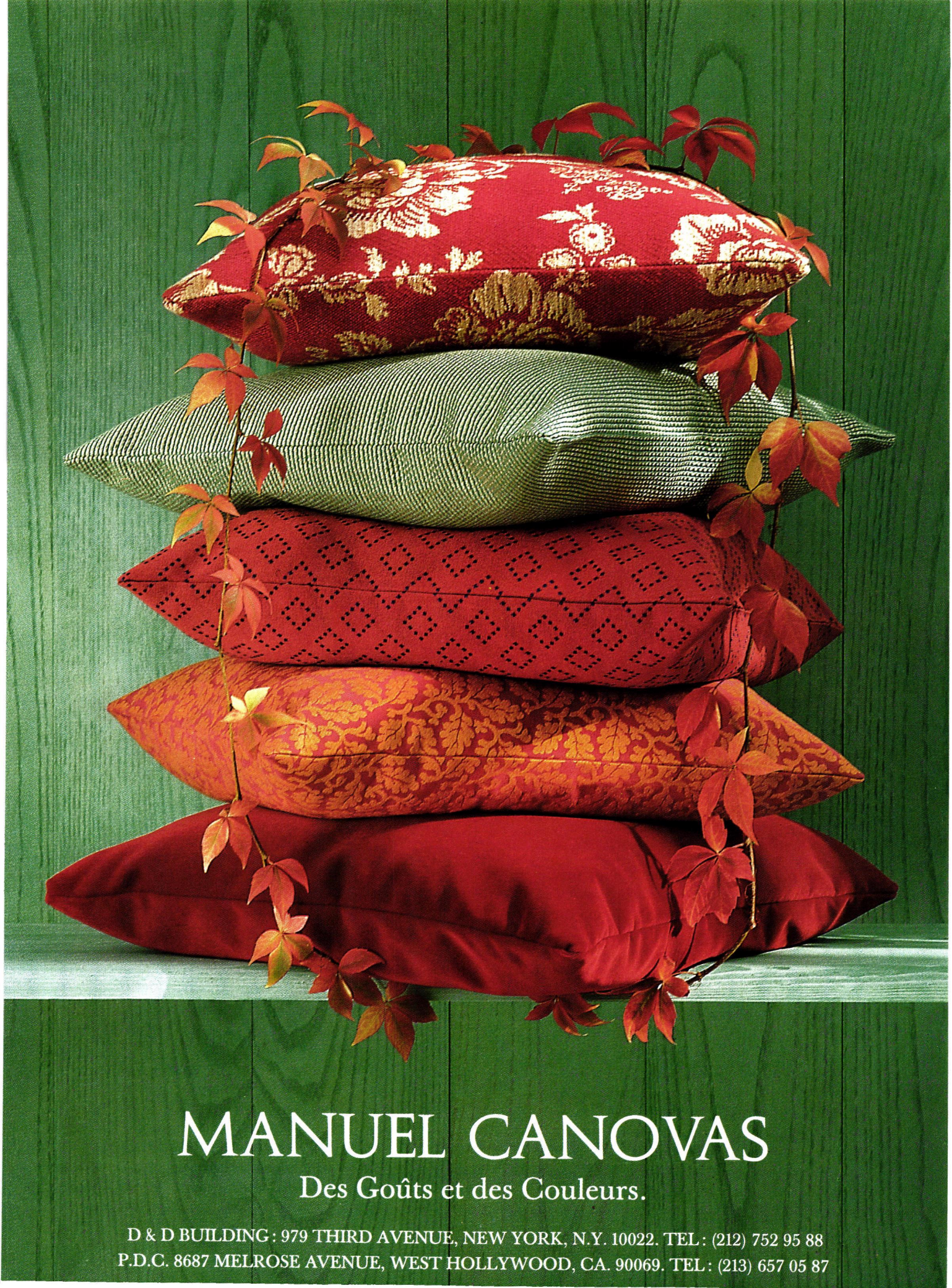
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The Honeymooners

Ashley and Allegra Hicks start married life in the New York design world

BY WENDY GOODMAN

Ashley and Allegra Hicks are sojourning in New York for another year or so. Married in Oxfordshire in October 1990, the young English architect and his Italian designer wife decided to spend some time in Manhattan before settling in London. "It was partly my father's suggestion, New York being such a center for architecture and design," says Ashley, who is working in Peter Pennoyer's office while Allegra designs and paints furniture. "And it's rather romantic to have an extended honeymoon in a place neither of us is from."

Both Ashley and Allegra grew up surrounded by style. The son of celebrated English decorator David Hicks and grandson of the late Earl Mountbatten of Burma, Ashley recalls that "my own rooms as a child were always very spectacular. My first bedroom, when I was about eight years old, was done in khaki fabric that my father must have ordered from my grandfather's tailor. The armchairs were covered in khaki with red felt piping—so was the bed. And the walls were covered in a striped fabric with a tented ceiling. So it was rather like being in a campaign tent and sleeping in a uniform, which was very chic." At Broadlands, his grandparents' home in Hampshire, "I used to spend most of my time in this extraordinary room in the attic where all my grandfather's uniforms were kept. I went up there when they were all out shooting and his valet would be off somewhere, not paying attention."

Allegra and Ashley Hicks, above left, painted their living room, top right, in shades that remind them of their wedding trip to India. Above right: One of Allegra's trompe l'oeil tables. Details see Resources.

Allegra was raised in a thoroughly modern glass house in Turin, a city known for the baroque fantasies of Filippo Juvarra and Guarino Guarini. Her father, industrialist Carlo Tondato, designed the family house after seeing a Frank Lloyd Wright residence in Chicago. She studied faux bois and faux marbre techniques in Brussels, then became a decorative painter in

CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: THIBAULT JEANSON (2); EDINA VAN DER WYCK

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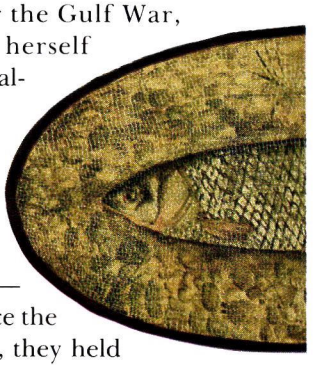
London, working for clients in Paris, New York, and even Kuwait City. During the Gulf War she saw television footage of tanks gathering in front of a royal residence where she had painted an entire suite; this dramatic demonstration of the advantages of portability helped shift her focus from walls and doors to tables and chairs.

In Manhattan the couple has set up housekeeping in the town house where decorator Robert Couturier used to live. The walls of the living room are now a slightly ochered yellow with gray banding, a scheme inspired by the Hickses' wedding trip to India. "We wanted to have warm color," says Ashley, "as everybody in New York seems to have these off-white walls; especially uptown it's a bit safe and easy. Also we have no light at all, so it would have been very cold without color." The spicy shade also suits the group of Indian miniatures hanging over the sofa. "We bought them in India for less than the cost of framing one of them here," Ashley confides.

Another souvenir of their grand tour—a coffee table whose top is a map showing their itinerary in trompe l'oeil woods and ivory—is Allegra's handiwork. She got the idea, she says, from a table depicting Edwina Mountbatten's travels. Most of the other furniture in the Hickses' New York pied-à-terre came from sales at Sotheby's and Christie's during the Gulf War, when Allegra often found herself bidding in nearly deserted gal-



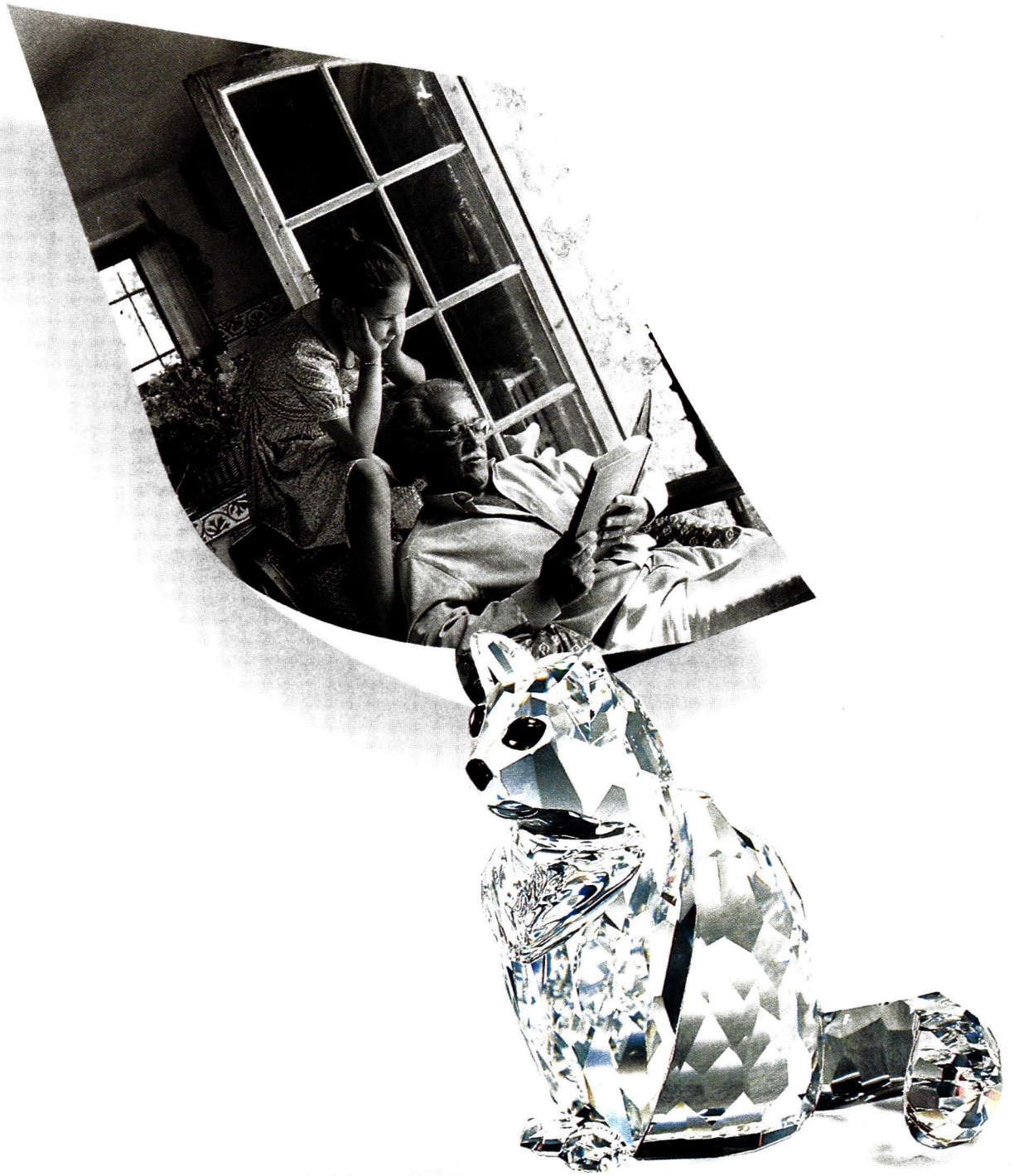
L'Archive des Chaises was an ideal project for a couple who fell in love wandering in period rooms

leries. The chair seats and tablecloths are raw burlap—thrifty but inspired chic. Since the pair will soon be moving on, they held themselves to a minimal decorating budget.

In the Hickses' room for the 1991 French Designer Showhouse, painted armchairs adorn the wood paneling and a round table, above left, while a printed genealogy of chairs marches across the walls, left. Above right: Allegra's faux mosaic fish.

Meanwhile, Ashley and Allegra are making the most of their time in New York. For last fall's 1991 French Designer Showhouse, they conceived a whimsical room they named L'Archive des Chaises. They transformed the walls into what they call a genealogy of chairs—using the kind of simple printing machine Japanese children use to make greeting cards—and hung at the windows blinds of linen silk-screened with drawings of French antique furniture, the product of Allegra's first venture into textiles. Both Ashley and Allegra designed chairs for the room. Hers are garnished with small painted chairs; so is her wonderful round table on which eighteenth-century fauteuils upholstered in solid colors float over a faux parquet star. The room is an expression of a shared passion for things French—a perfect honeymoon project for a couple who fell in love wandering around the Louis XVI rooms at the Victoria and Albert Museum. ▲

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: MICHAEL MUNDY; EDINA VAN DER WYCK; MICHAEL MUNDY



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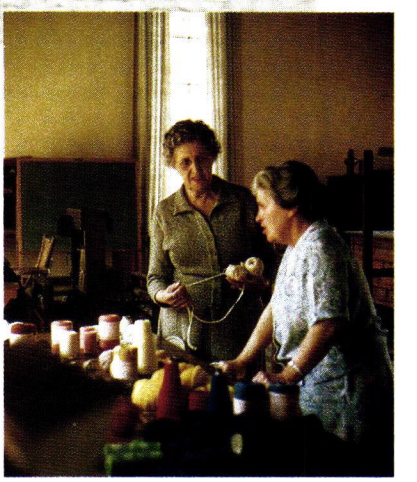
Lessons in the Wisconsin Soil

Landscape architect Jens Jensen left behind city parks and grand estates to create a school in the midwestern woods BY WILLIAM BRYANT LOGAN



It is late afternoon in Door County, Wisconsin, near the tip of a stony peninsula whose dolomite undergirding stretches all the way to Niagara Falls. On one side is Lake Michigan, on the other Green Bay. Here, the man who put the prairie in the Prairie School—the landscape architect Jens Jensen—spent the last sixteen years of his life creating the Clearing, his own school and his greatest work. To reach the 128-acre tract, you have to go through the town of Ellison Bay. In a roadside apple orchard the architecture of leafless branches stands out against the sky. Gray bands of clouds mirror the cracked and faulted limestone bluffs that front Green Bay. Farmers out here say that the first would-be settler of nearby Ephraim arrived around 1850, put the only handful of good topsoil in his pocket, and left for Milwaukee. So maybe it was only fitting that Jensen would tell his students at the Clearing to break dead branches off the trees, throw them down, and step on them. "You're preparing for the next generation," he'd say.

It was a rough place for one of the most famous American landscapers of the teens and twenties to found what he called a school of the soil. Jensen had planned subtle sinuous gardens of mainly native plants for the estates of the midwestern rich. He had designed or refurbished all the best public parks and playgrounds in Chicago. He had been instrumental in efforts to conserve areas of natural beauty, leading his Friends of Our Native Landscape at gatherings dedicated to the Crabapple Blossom, the Full Leaf, and the Fallen Leaf, and presenting a yearly masque in which the Friend at last vows to protect the Faun's land from the Builder.

All that would have been more than enough for a full life, so it surprised Jensen's faithful secretary, Mertha Fulkerson, when in the winter of 1935 he told her they

Jens Jensen poses at the Clearing in 1936, top, outside the old log cabins he had moved to the "campus" from other locations in Door County. Above: Mertha Fulkerson, at left, teaches weaving at the school. Left: A view of the Clearing from the lodge.

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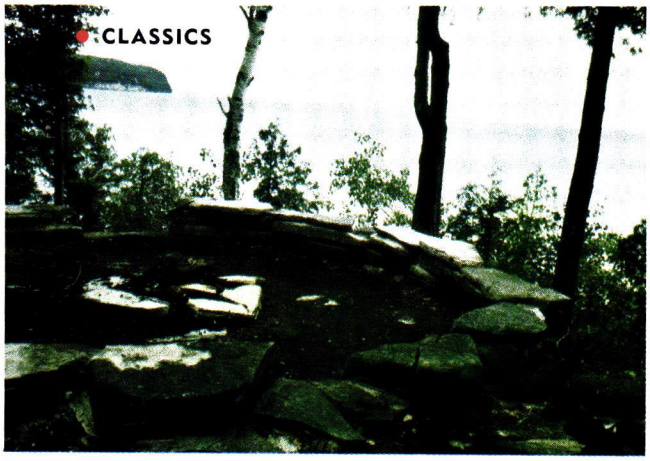

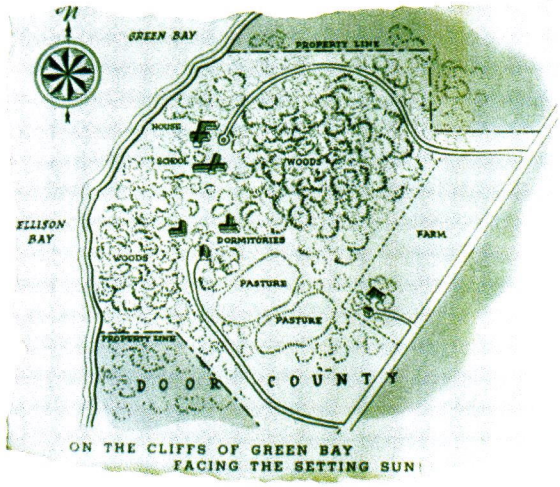

A council ring for school gatherings on a bluff above Green Bay, left. Right: Jensen's map of the Clearing.

would move north to Door County, where he already owned his 128 acres, as soon as the ground thawed. There was no time to lose. "One of these days I shall be an old man," he explained. He was then seventy-five.

For all but his last two years at the Clearing, Jensen led his school of the soil. By soil he meant far more than just Door County's poor handful of loam: for him it was a principle that brought a true balance to life, a sifter of real values from false ones. His students did physical work in the mornings—helping to build the school mainly—and studied arts and crafts, science, and other subjects in the afternoons. To make the buildings for the wooded "campus" he took apart and reassembled log houses from the area. Jensen's own house and the main school building were constructed of limestone quarried on-site; the quarries later became sunken gardens. Local craftsmen executed the details he designed: the lily pad-like light fixtures, the sawtooth woodcarving of post and rails, and above all the fireplaces with their huge blocks of stone.

Jensen wrote, "I believe that every community . . . has within it sufficient intellect for a fine culture fitting for that community." At the Clearing he set out to prove it, both through the Door County natives whose help he sought and through the young people he brought here to learn. They would sit around the council-ring fires at night, trying to become friends in the way their teacher said that birches and moonlight were companions. The intellect was not only, or even chiefly, in the people. It was in the land.

Even today one can see how Jensen gardened, shaped, and built not to imitate nature but to reveal its intelligence. For the most part the Clearing is a simple statement by and about the landscape and the weather. Old fields are kept open to let the sun in, so one can watch the shifting patterns of light and shade. Trails are carpeted with sawdust from local mills to mute the sound of walking and make it easier to listen. (The softness underfoot is exquisite.) Buildings were sited to command the bluffs, and Jensen cleared broad swaths to direct views down to the bay and the setting sun—from which direction, he thought, hope came. And he and his students observed the habits and relationships of plants—the horizontal urge of hawthorns, the tenacity of pines on shoreline rocks, the intimate communities of shrubs, ground covers, and trees—imagining that the laws governing these might also govern human society.

It was and remains a completely wild idea. Jensen was not the only one to hold it. The interaction of science, art, nature, and community that he preached was one face of the movement that included his friends ecologist Henry Cowles, architects Louis Sullivan and Frank Lloyd Wright, sculptor Lorado Taft, social reformer Jane Addams, and many others. But in Jensen it reached an almost inarticulate pagan purity. The best symbol of this outlook is the little hideaway he built for himself at the Clearing. Set into the bayside promontory, the one-room shack is almost invisible, even when you're standing at the door. The cracked and stacked limestone of the bluffs is so perfectly repeated in the pattern of the stones taken to construct the room that it is virtually impossible to tell where the man-made begins and the glacier-made ends. Inside, a fireplace is hidden like a small recess in the living rock, and the rough wood front of the shack looks west over Green Bay, where storms are born. Here art is nature, and nature art.

> Intellect was not only in the people but in the land

No famous architect or landscape architect came out of Jensen's school. Yet it did actually educate at least one person, a rare achievement for any institution. Mertha Fulkerson had become Jensen's secretary when he maintained offices in Ravinia, Illinois. Having helped him run the Clearing, she kept it open against all odds after his death and until her retirement in 1969. At the start, he'd sent her to Cranbrook to learn weaving from his friend Pipsan Saarinen so she could teach it at the Clearing. A decade after Jensen's death, she was still teaching it. The ladies who now attended the courses would tell Fulkerson they could already weave, whereupon she'd ask if they could warp a loom. No, they couldn't, so she taught them. "Once we learn to control our craft," she wrote in her diary, "the possibilities open wide, and we are free to create the things we desire." Not even Frank Lloyd Wright could have put it better. ▲

The Clearing is open to visitors mid May–Oct. 31 on weekends, 1:00–4:00 P.M., and offers summer courses by enrollment. For information (414) 854-4088.

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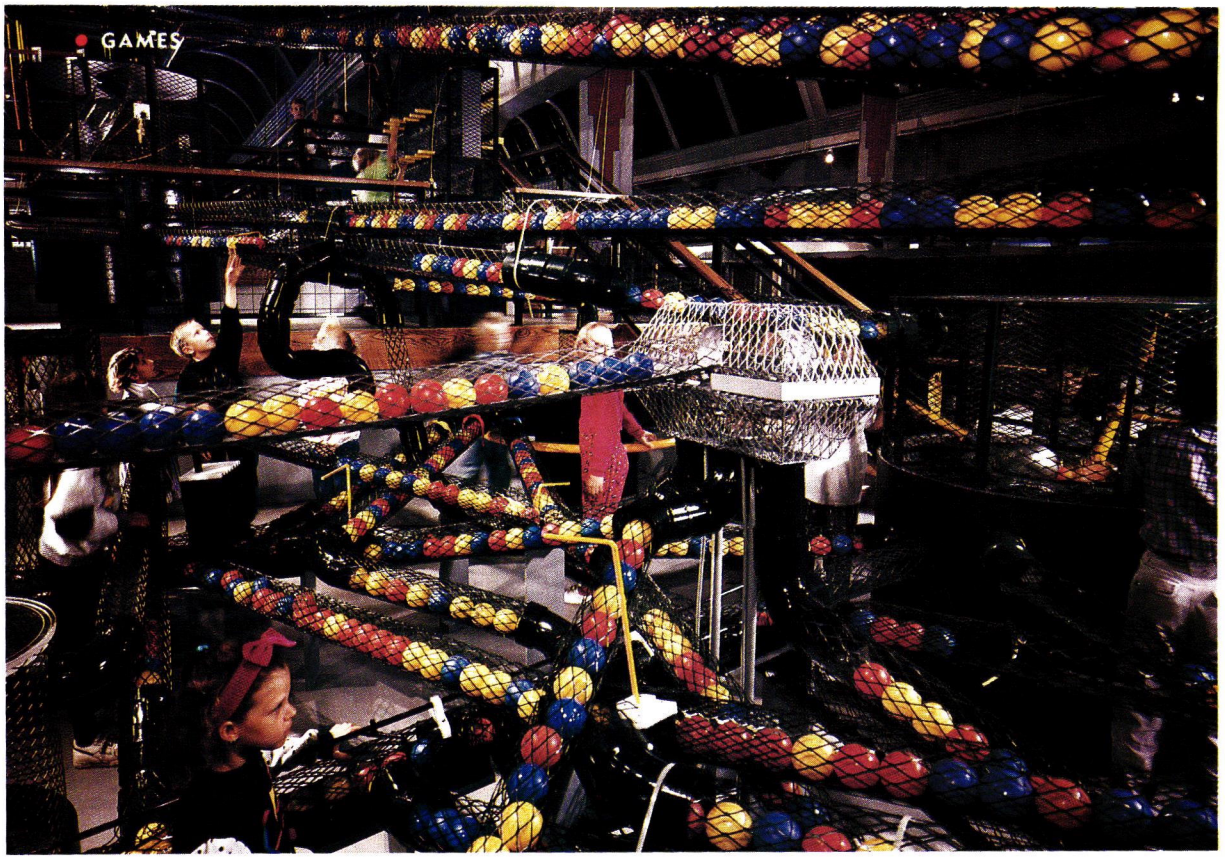
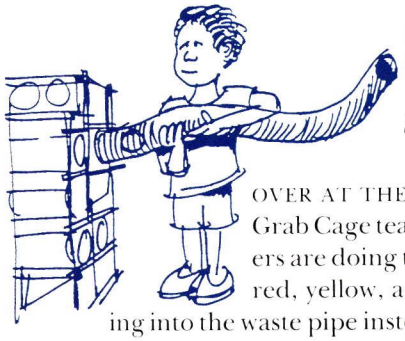


In the Innovation Station at the Henry Ford Museum, left, children pull levers, turn wheels, and solve the problems of operating a giant machine to sort colored balls. Below: The Hopper Drop crew tips a basket to release the flow of balls.

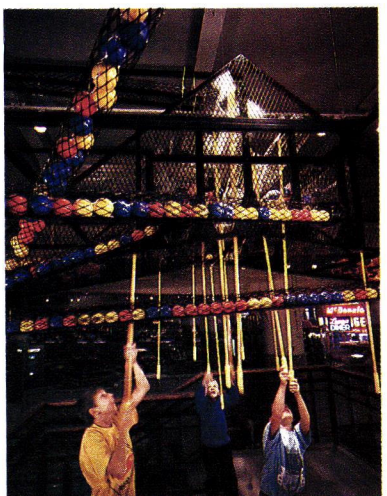


Design for Learning *Innovation is the name of the game at the Henry Ford Museum*

BY EDWIN SCHLOSSBERG

OVER AT THE INNOVATION STATION, THE Grab Cage team is in trouble: the three sorters are doing the best they can, but precious red, yellow, and blue plastic balls are flowing into the waste pipe instead of zipping down chutes to the Water Wheel, the Tube Lift, or the Ball Bop. "We need another kid." "Hey, you guys at Pins and Paddles, we're getting too many balls." "Let's try pushing the yellow balls this way."

Two years ago the staff of the Henry Ford Museum and Greenfield Village in Dearborn, Michigan, asked my firm, Edwin Schlossberg Incorporated, to design an exhibit that would help both children and adults understand innovation—the force behind the Wright brothers' bicycle shop, Edison's Menlo Park laboratory, the original Newcomen engine, and the museum's other remarkable displays. How can you explain the concept of newness, especially to children, to whom so much of what they see and feel is new? Perhaps, as we thought, by concentrating on innovation as a process of taking ordinary things and making something new with them. In this vast fourteen-acre building dedicated to ingenuity, enterprise, and the history of American technology, we wanted to focus the attention and interest of visitors so that they themselves could become innovators. To do this, we realized, would require engaging them in an experience rather than showing them information. In other words, we wanted to create an exhibit that *is* innovative, not just an exhibit that is *about* innovation.



What we designed is a huge closed-system machine that is powered by people. The Innovation Station is a giant learning game, a 3,200-square-foot maze of tubes, pulleys, levers, wheels, ropes, cranks, pedals, valves, and 5,000 balls. As it is usually played, the aim of the game is to separate the balls into three bins according to color—and to experience the kind of problem solving, teamwork, and communication that is at the root of invention.

After a brief explanation from a staff member, twenty to thirty volunteers take their positions. Then the Energizers bring the machine to life: two teams of three players pedaling stationary bicycles, operating step machines, and turning hand cranks move columns of balls twenty-six feet up, then across to a platform near the vaulted ceiling; the crews at the Hopper Drop and the Octo Snake tilt overhead baskets and manipulate tubes to start the balls on their downward flow to the distributors, sorters, and filterers. Ev-

TIMOTHY HURSLEY. ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL JOYCE FROM ESI PROPOSAL

ANDREW FEZZA

ery player at every workstation has a job that provides several options; every player can change the outcome of the process; and every player is dependent on other players. Because it requires more than twenty people to run, the Innovation Station reinforces the message that we must all work together and keep in touch with one another—an important lesson in an age of complex technology and complex social circumstances.

From the highest platform, players can see into the displays of trains and cars and furniture and lights; it's like being backstage in the museum.

The Energizers bring the huge machine to life

As one participant put it, "It's real different from looking at things and walking away."

So when you approach the main gallery, you hear shouts and clanging, laughs and wheels whirring. In the midst of all the wonderful tools and inventions that have gotten human beings this far, the Innovation Station provides a new stage from which to explore ways to get us even further. President Harold K. Skramstad Jr. and the staff of the Henry Ford Museum are willing to experiment so that we can all learn together. For me, too, it is a real joy to create tools that enable us to understand more about ourselves and the world. The Innovation Station feels like a new start. (Henry Ford Museum and Greenfield Village, Box 1970, Dearborn, MI 48121; 800-343-1929) ▲

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL JOYCE FROM ESI PROPOSAL

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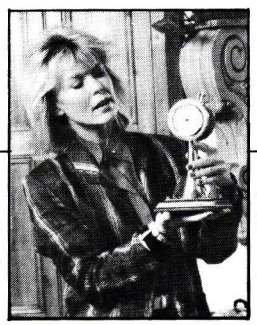

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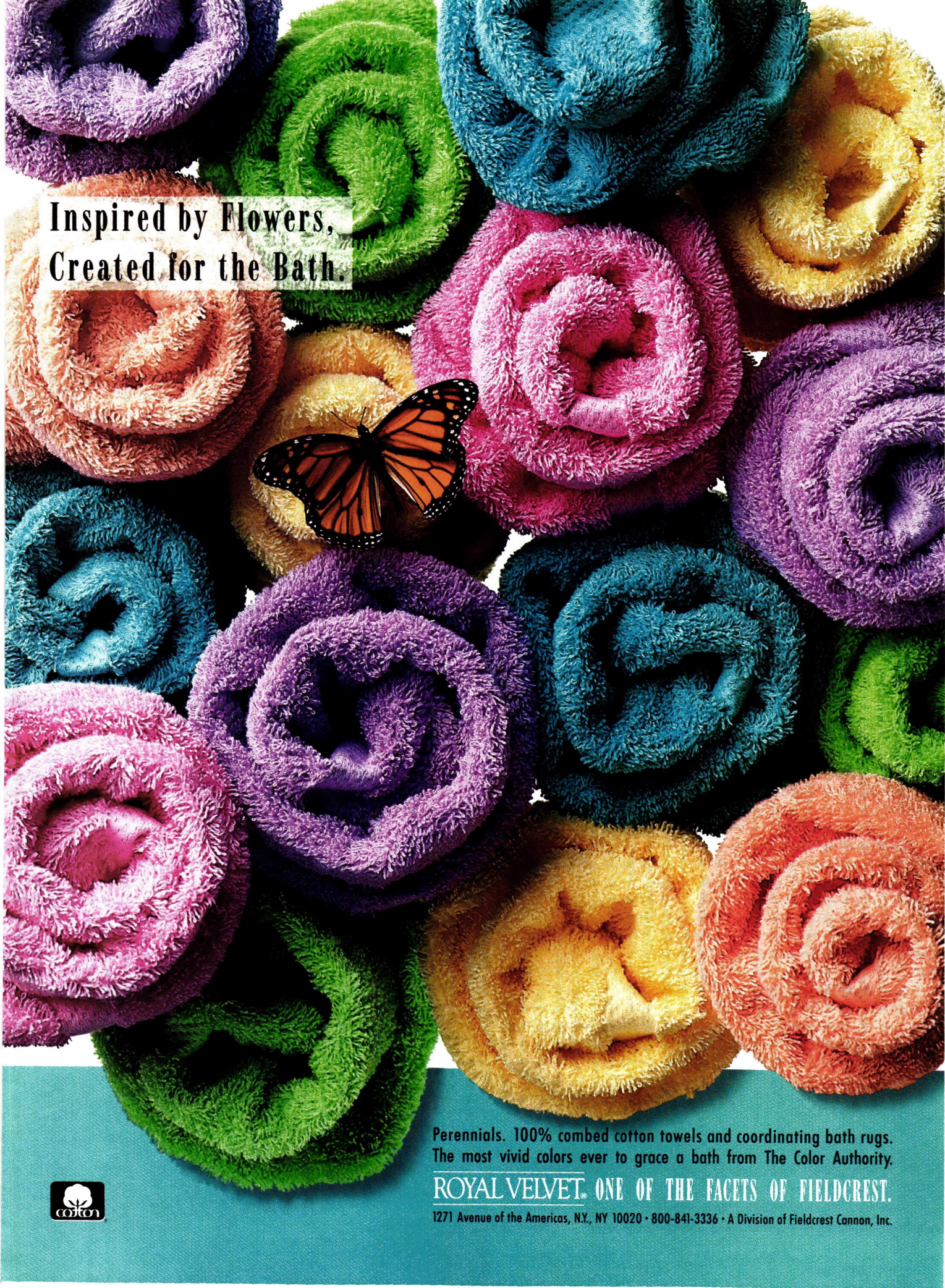
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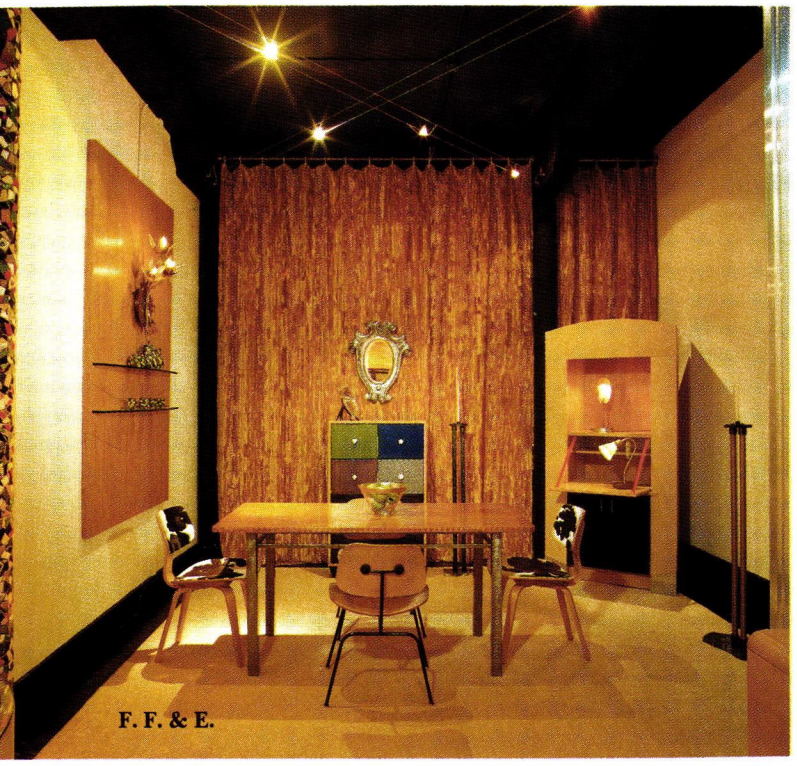
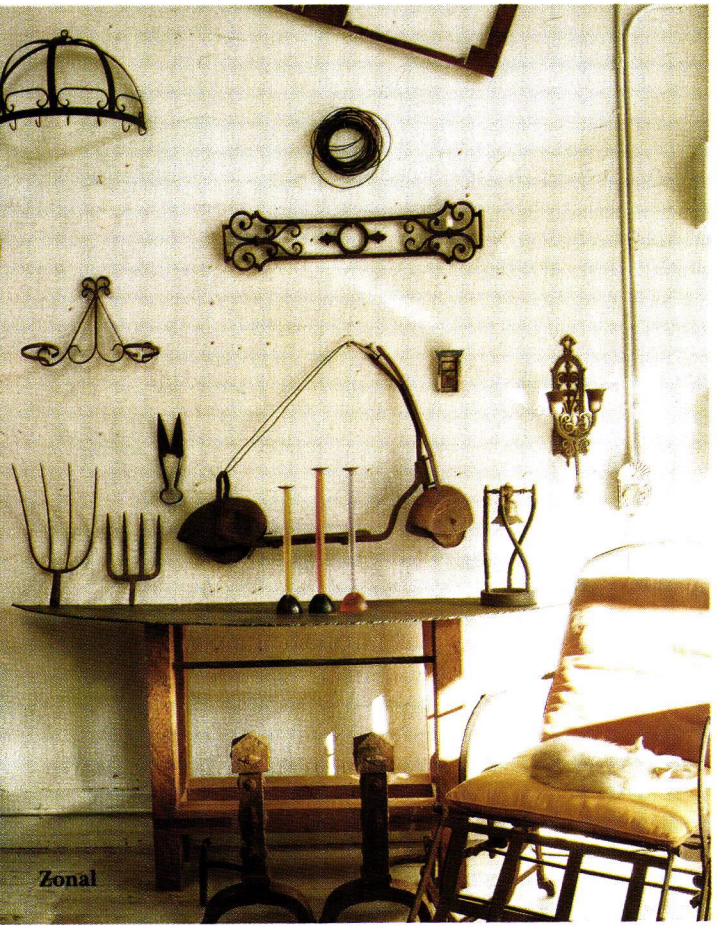

F. F. & E.

Bell'occhio

Shaking Up San Francisco

Young design entrepreneurs give their neighborhood a new edge BY EVE M. KAHN


Zonal

De Vera

BOTTOM RIGHT: ALAN WEINTRAUB; OTHERS: DAVID LIVINGSTON

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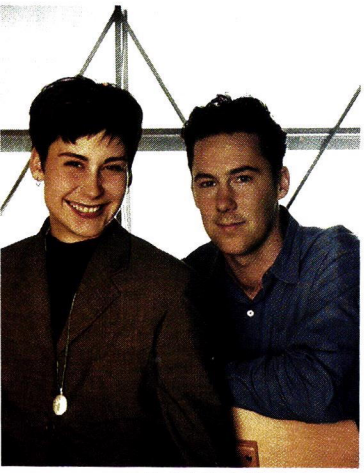

F. F. & E.'s Julie Reiner and Anthony Price.

Two years ago the Hayes Street area, just blocks from San Francisco's Museum of Modern Art and opera house, was a hinterland of nondescript storefronts. Now few other strips in town can match this one's vibrant and varied collection of design-oriented shops. Run by youthful people who are willing to take risks, they specialize in everything from art furniture (Antonio Conti Art Gallery, 416 Hayes Street) to espresso, paintings, and flowers, all in one stop (Whatever, 601 Laguna Street). For shopping breaks, you can even linger over a cup of Darjeeling and have your fortune told under Byzantine-style fabric domes (Mad Magda's Russian Tea Room, 579 Hayes Street).

F. F. & E. Furniture, Functional & Essential is a showcase for playful color-charged design. Owners Anthony Price and Julie Reiner, both in their twenties, try at once to provide what Price calls the "staples of people's houses," to offer vintage modernist design, and to nurture craftspeople and small innovative manufacturers. Hence the gallery's mix can include 1950s Eames chairs and practical blond-wood cabinets as well as free-form flamboyant sofas by New York–based Dialogica and spidery chandeliers that look like George Booth cartoons gone mad. "This town makes you feel as if you can do anything," says Price. Custom commissions and requests for interior design, preferably in an energetic style, are welcome. (437 Hayes Street; 415-703-0718)

Bell'occhio's Claudia Schwartz and Toby Hanson.

Bell'occhio The attractions of this eccentric little shop are in part nonvisual: the sweet, clean scent evokes the way summer houses smell in our dreams. As for the hard-to-pin-down wares, Toby Hanson, who co-owns Bell'occhio with Claudia Schwartz, describes their requirements as "unpredictability, attention to detail, and sense of humor." That allows for French silk roses, hand-painted marbled ribbon; boxes that resemble overgrown acorns; and flacons of "antihysteria water," a mint-laced Italian potion. Among the weirdest goods are the velvet stick-on beauty marks that come with historically researched advice on placement: a spot on the nose suggests chutzpah; the chin, discretion; and below the eye, coquettishness. "What we sell," Hanson concludes, "is raw material for imaginations." (8 Brady Street; 415-864-4048)

Zonal Proprietor Russell Pritchard, a former New York set designer and prop stylist, believes that success will never spoil the neighborhood. "We're very bohemian, we all have good leases, *and* we like each other," he says. At Zonal the drawing attraction is rust; it covers almost all of the furniture and sculptural artifacts Pritchard sells. It adds a lively orange crust to ordinary lengths of Victorian iron fencing and brings poignancy to a high chair. "If something is too rusty to use," explains Pritchard, "we just hang it on the wall and gaze at it." The shop also contains the not-so-rusty work of a few local artists such as Tommy Steele (no pun intended), who makes spare metal and wood tables and chairs. Pritchard's own contributions are small-scale but unmistakable: he subtitutes crystal doorknobs for finials on dozens of Victorian iron beds, thus transforming them from paint-needy relics into serviceable whimsies. (568 Hayes Street; 415-255-9307)

Zonal's Russell Pritchard with Nipsy.

De Vera Federico de Vera likewise reveres detritus, but in a minimal way. Movable white dividers and shelves display offerings as diverse as rocks dipped in silver and Henry Moore etchings, all united by their pared-down beauty. "The things I choose are beyond many people," says de Vera. "I buy the best of all the best." A few of his wares come from local artisans, including Peter Olsen's somber pillars of woven wire, and the rest have caught his eye at auctions, flea markets, and antiques emporiums in California and his native Philippines. De Vera's taste encompasses three-thousand-year-old Persian glass bracelets, nineteenth-century porridge spoons, fishing line floats, bronze insects, and utilitarian candle sconces made for Michigan miners and improved by de Vera with one-flower glass vases. He devotes days not only to perfecting displays but also to pondering why and how his treasures were made. "Behind everything there is a question," says de Vera, "and the answers do not give themselves away with ease." (334 Gough Street; 415-558-8865) ▲

De Vera's Federico de Vera.

BOTTOM RIGHT: CHRISTOPHER IRION. OTHERS: DAVID LIVINGSTON

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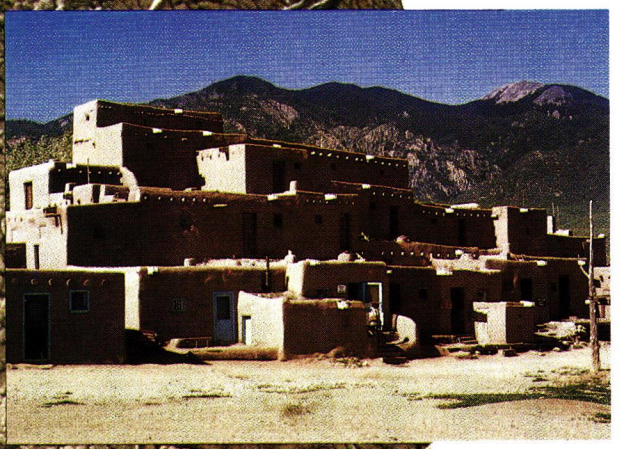
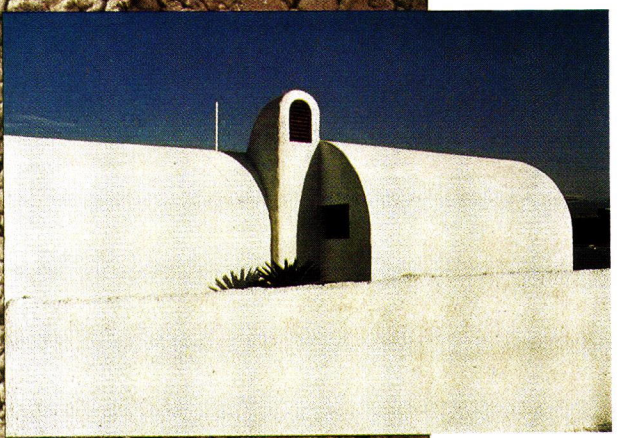
Making the Most of Mud

Earth architecture receives a warm welcome everywhere from the third world to outer space

BY JEFFREY BOOK





They dot the arid crescent that stretches from western China through the Middle East to northwest Africa and beyond, to Mexico and the southwestern United States: buildings, fashioned from earth, housing more than a billion and a half people. American pueblos, North African mosques, Iranian villages, Afghan outposts—all very picturesque and, in Western terms, substandard. In fact, as California architect Nader Khalili points out, earth architecture is a highly adaptive alternative to the mixed blessings of first-world progress. "The forms and materials are timeless—they have worked for centuries," he says. "But the third world has tried to imitate the West, becoming more and more dependent on concrete and steel. Modern architecture has almost destroyed the native forms."

Khalili's own conversion from successful designer of high-rise office buildings and parking structures to earth alchemist occurred in the mid 1970s. "I had a dream of sheltering people around the world using the earth under their feet," he recalls. Closing his Los Angeles and Teheran offices, he bought a motorcycle and spent the next five years on an odyssey through the desert villages of his native Iran. He rediscovered age-old patterns of earth architecture, founded on the arch: lengthened, it becomes a vault; rotated, a dome or an apse. Lacking wood for scaffolding or framing, rural builders create entire villages of adobe with traditional methods, such as layering arches at an angle until a vault is formed. As with the Arctic igloo,

Twigs on the 12th-century mud mosque at Dougouba in Mali, far left, offer footholds for replastering. Top left: Built in 1907, the Great Mosque at Djenné, Mali, is one of the world's largest adobe structures. Center left: The Pueblo at Taos, New Mexico, is more than 500 years old. Above left: California architect Nader Khalili designed this prototype house in Santa Barbara County—complete with Middle Eastern wind catcher tower—to be built from prefabricated ceramic modules or formed on-site.

CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT CAROLLEE PELOS (3); DEBRA DENKER

tute of Architecture, Khalili presents hands-on workshops and develops better ways to build with earth. "I'm very interested in prefabricated ceramic modules, such as vaults that are constructed and fired vertically, then transported to the building site," he says. "Each one is an integral unit of floor, walls, and vaulted ceiling, a monolithic structure. Placed on a sand or slip-joint foundation, it becomes earthquake-proof."

Khalili wants to take earth architecture to the moon, fusing high tech and low, prehistory and the twenty-first century. "Every pound you carry to the moon is equal to two to three pounds of gold in cost," he notes. "If we can build structures out of moon materials, we can save NASA the equivalent of tons of gold. And it's heaven on the moon, because gravity is one sixth of Earth's. That means arches can be shallower, walls can be higher, domes bigger."

Working with the Space Studies Institute, Alcoa, and McDonnell Douglas, the architect is exploring methods that would harness solar or microwave energy to fire lunar rocks and soil, which contains a high amount of ceramic flux. "One approach is to fire the surface of mounds, which become domes when you excavate underneath," he explains. "Or you could put lunar soil on a gyrating platform—a big potter's wheel—and focus the sun on it as it spins, forming ceramic modules as it cools." He is studying terrestrial lava flows and tubes to learn more about moon magma's potential: "The principles of earth architecture will work anywhere in the universe."

Unfortunately, applying them in the United States is made difficult by building codes and hidebound loan practices. (Most recent examples of what adobe purists deride as "Santa Fake style" are sheathed in stucco.) Khalili hopes to establish an Earth Art and Architecture Institute in the high desert town of Hesperia, California, which has given site plan approval for his multivaulted design. "Any kind of earth building should be encouraged—ceramic, adobe, rammed-earth," he says. "Earth architecture now seems as exotic as martial arts once did. But people are becoming more earth-conscious, more concerned about pollution and energy use. I believe American ingenuity will overcome the obstacles of financing and permits."

He wants third-world policymakers to view earth architecture with new respect, as shelter suitable for astronauts, drawing on the same ceramic technology that underlies space shuttle tiles, new tennis rackets, and tomorrow's car engines. "Nations beg for development money so they can buy concrete and steel, yet what they already have is ten times better suited to their lives than what they import," he says. "And if traditional knowledge is combined with the latest techniques, the result will be even better." Noting the payoff in self-sufficiency and cultural continuity, Khalili always comes back to the spiritual dividend: "Building with earth is sacred work." ▲

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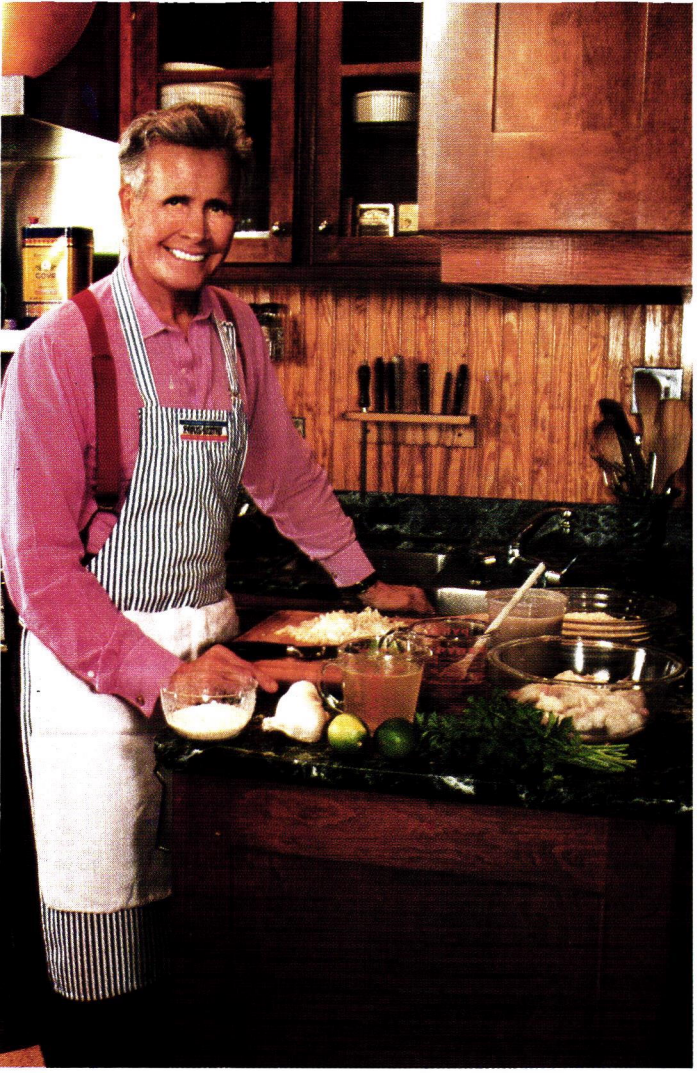

Denning's Pot-au-Feu

A decorator indulges his passion for cuisine bourgeoise

BY SUZANNE HART

The first thing I do before I start to cook is pour myself a large glass of wine," confides Bob Denning with obvious relish. This seasoned decorator likes nothing better than messing around the kitchen. He is passionate about food: "Cooking is like decorating—it never bores me. I love the preparation, the shopping. I'm fascinated by vegetable stores. I love to do the fluffing up; washing the spinach three times calms me. I'm a big slob, but I'm good to vegetables. I love to dice things, just for the sound of the knife across the board."

Like his decorating, Denning's food mingles the luxurious with the comfortable. A catalogue of favored dishes reads like the most sublime potluck—mashed potatoes with leeks, pot-roasted fillet of beef, second-day chicken in cream sauce. There is a meat-and-potatoes kind of guy beneath that natty urbane exterior. He takes pleasure in flaunting a few plebeian preferences. On the subject of free-range chickens: "Forget about those walk-around birds—they remind me of the chickens I get in Jamaica. I love a big meaty Perdue, one of those juicy Oven Stuffers." And he boasts of his generous hand with butter, cholesterol be damned. His nod to dieting: "I eat one meal a day. I find that it works for me as an old adult."

A self-taught cook, Denning learned from his mother what not to like. "She was one of the first health nuts," he recalls. "Until I was fifteen, I never tasted any seasonings. She always said good cooks have bad stomachs. Anything with butter she called a suicide meal." He credits the French couple who cooked for him for twenty years with having formed his taste for what he calls "bourgeois, not cruise boat, French" and his partner Vincent Fourcade with being his best critic. "He sat in kitchens all his life. He can't cook but he's French and can tell when something is wrong. He tells me when a dish is too fancy."

In cooking, Denning adheres to a principle that is simplicity itself: nearly everything—fish, shrimp, beef, or chicken—can be roasted in a 500-degree oven on a bed of vegetables in a 4½-quart Le Creuset pot. "It's foolproof, even in lousy ovens," he insists. At first his technique sounds a little cavalier: "I read recipes all the time, but I can't follow one, so I fake my way through it" is hardly the stuff that inspires trust. But the hot-oven method makes sense. Once the process is demystified, the cook is free to embellish, to experiment with different vegetable combinations and seasonings—poultry with carrots, celery, whole shallots, and bunches of fresh thyme or a combination of endive, leeks, and peppers with beef.

Ease is important to Denning. "I hate fuss. I'm a slave to the Cuisinart, but I only know how to use the metal blade. One time I lost the attachment and I thought I'd lose my mind. When I finally got a replacement part, I kissed it."

What other equipment does a decorator put in his kitchen? "In the country I have three disposals, three sinks, and two ovens." One of the ovens, a Garland, has never been fired up. "It's filled with pots, and I'm too lazy to take them out. Instead I use an electric oven—terribly low-class but self-cleaning," Denning says.

For a decorator who is known for

Bob Denning, above left, swears by a 500-degree oven and a Le Creuset pot for many favorite dishes, including braised beef with endive, left. Right: Risotto with lime and shrimp. Flatware by Christofle. Details see Resources.

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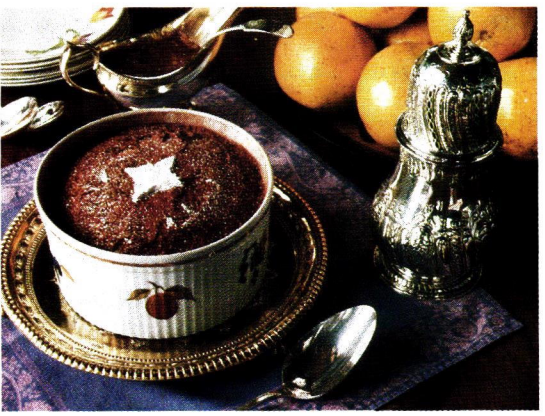
doing things on a grand scale, he proffers some remarkably practical entertaining advice. His one rule is that soup plates rest on silver dishes: "I hate place mats." For water glasses, his choice is big tumblers, the kind from Pottery Barn. "And I'd love one of those two-tiered side tables from

"Cooking is like decorating—it never bores me," says Denning



Chocolate marquise in a soufflé dish by Spode.

an import store in the dining room stocked with serving spoons so you never have to get up during dinner."

Denning rarely cooks for himself; he thrives on the big production. "Cooking for people is a great joy, but once dinner is on the table, that's the end for me," he says with a smile. "Then I wish they'd all go home."

BRAISED FILLET OF BEEF

4 pounds fillet of beef, trimmed of fat
2 cloves garlic, chopped
8 tablespoons olive oil
9 large endive leaves
2 leeks, chopped
½ large white onion, coarsely chopped
Bunch fresh thyme
Salt and freshly ground pepper
½ cup white wine
¼ cup plus dash Pernod
4 tablespoons vinegar
1 red pepper, cut into strips
1 green pepper, cut into strips
1 yellow pepper, cut into strips
2 tablespoons chopped parsley

Preheat oven to 500 degrees. In a large frying pan, thoroughly brown beef and garlic in 2 tablespoons olive oil over high heat. In a 4½-quart enamel Le Creuset pot or Dutch oven, arrange 6 of the endive leaves, the leeks, onion, and thyme. Season with salt and pepper. Pour wine, ¼ cup Pernod, the vinegar, and 4 tablespoons olive oil over vegetable mixture. Put browned meat on top of bed of vegetables, cover pot, and braise 45 minutes. Remove cover and cook additional 15 minutes. Remove meat from pan and cut into ½-inch slices when cool.

In a separate frying pan, sauté remaining endive over high heat in remaining oil and dash of Pernod until the leaves are lightly coated, but have not lost their shape. Remove from pan. Cook peppers in the same way.

Line bottom of a serving dish with a layer of braised vegetables and top with a layer of sliced beef. Alternate layers of vegetables and beef, ending with meat. Carefully stand lightly cooked endive leaves and pepper strips around the edge of dish. Sprinkle with parsley. Serves 4–6.

ROAST CHICKEN

1 roasting chicken, about 3½ pounds
Salt
Freshly ground pepper
1 white onion, halved
6 sprigs parsley
6 sprigs thyme
3 stalks celery
3 carrots
6 large shallots, peeled
½ pound mushrooms
½ cup olive oil
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
2 tablespoons chopped tarragon

Preheat oven to 500 degrees. Wash and dry chicken. Season chicken inside and out with salt and pepper. Stuff onion, parsley sprigs, and thyme into cavity and truss bird. Cut celery stalks in half lengthwise, then across. Cut carrots into quarters, then halves. Leave shallots and mushrooms whole. Line bottom of a 4½-quart enamel pot with celery, carrots, shallots, and mushrooms. Place chicken on top of vegetables. Pour olive oil over chicken. Roast, basting frequently, until meat thermometer registers 160 degrees when inserted in thigh, about 45–50 minutes. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and tarragon. Serves 4.

RISOTTO WITH LIME AND SHRIMP

6 tablespoons olive oil
½ large onion, chopped
7 large shallots, chopped
2 garlic cloves, chopped
24 jumbo shrimp, peeled and deveined
2 pounds arborio rice
1 teaspoon coarse kosher salt
1 cup white wine
½ teaspoon saffron
1 cup fish broth, heated
3 cups chicken broth
Juice of 3 limes
¼ cup plus 2 tablespoons grated Parmesan
1 bunch Italian parsley, chopped
Freshly ground pepper

In a heavy-bottomed enamel pot, heat 4 tablespoons olive oil and sauté onions, shallots, garlic, and half of the shrimp. As soon as shrimp are cooked, about 3–4 minutes, remove from pan and cut into ¼-inch pieces. Reserve.

Add rice to pot and sauté over medium-high heat, stirring constantly, until rice is coated with oil. Season with kosher salt. Stir in wine, ½ cup at a time, allowing the rice to absorb most of the liquid each time. Add saffron and fish broth, ½ cup at a time. Stirring vigorously, add ½ cup of the chicken broth, then ⅓ of the lime juice, then the remainder of the chicken broth in ½-cup portions. Never allow rice to dry out. Add cooked shrimp and let mixture simmer gently, stirring often. When rice is still slightly chewy, mix in ¼ cup Parmesan and remaining lime juice.

Meanwhile, in a frying pan sauté remaining shrimp over high heat in 2 tablespoons oil. Stir in all but 2 tablespoons parsley and set aside.

In large serving bowl, mound risotto and garnish with whole shrimp. Sprinkle on remaining parsley and Parmesan. Add freshly ground pepper to taste. Serve immediately. Serves 4–6.

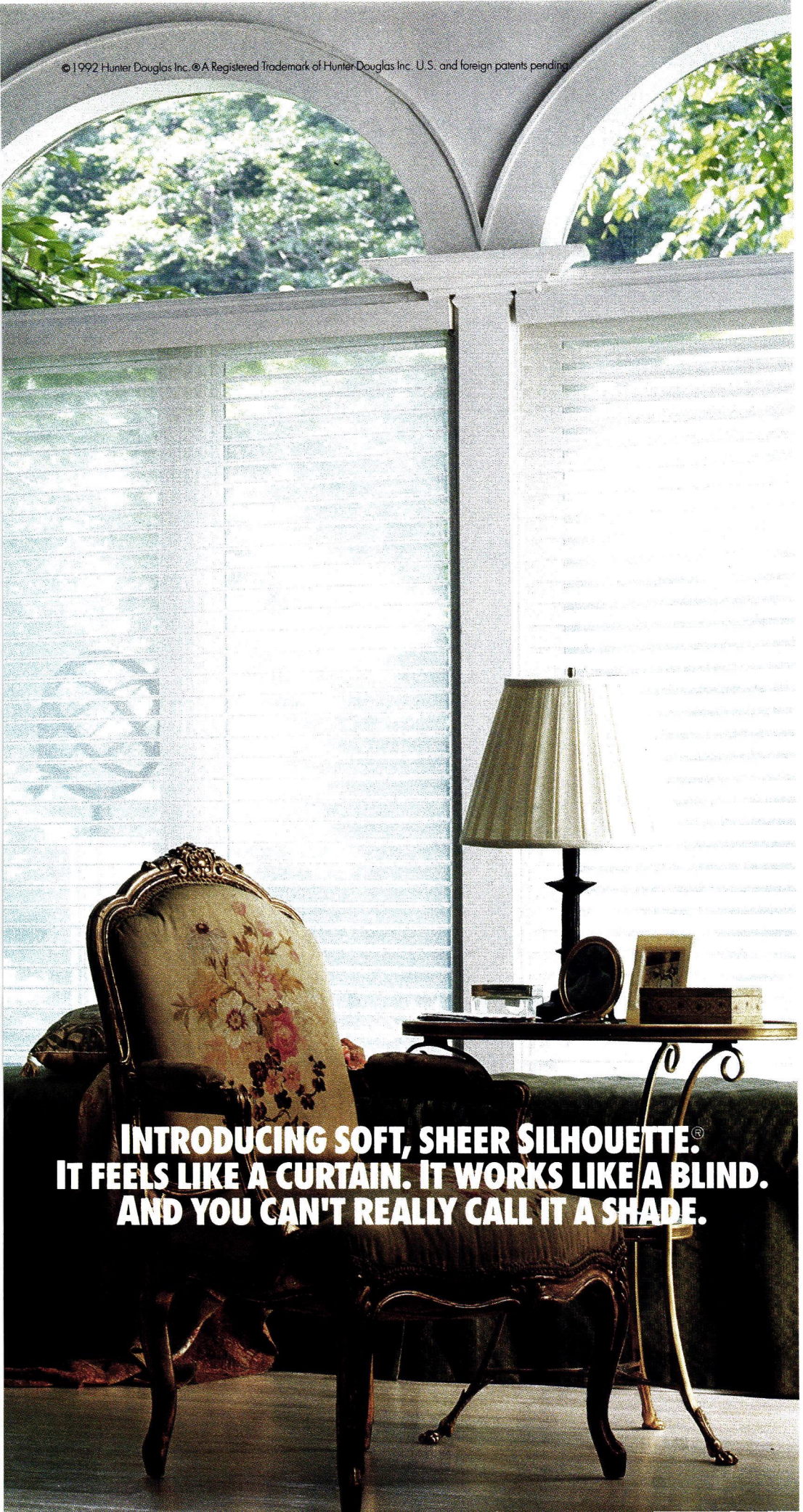
CHOCOLATE MARQUISE

½ pound butter
10 ounces semisweet chocolate
8 eggs, separated
¼ cup Cognac
Cocoa powder
Confectioners' sugar

Melt butter and chocolate in a double boiler. Pour into large mixing bowl and refrigerate 15 minutes. Stir 1 egg yolk at a time into mixing bowl with the butter and chocolate until all 8 yolks are incorporated. Add Cognac and stir.

Meanwhile, in a separate bowl beat egg whites until soft peaks form. Gradually fold whites into chocolate mixture until color is even, not streaked. Spoon mixture into 8-inch soufflé dish and chill in freezer at least 3 hours (or maximum of 24 hours). To serve, sprinkle with cocoa powder and confectioners' sugar. Serves 8. ▲

EDGAR DE EVIA



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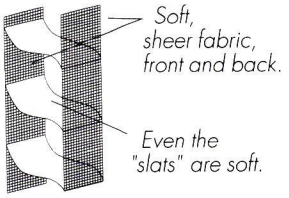

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The Allure of Arles

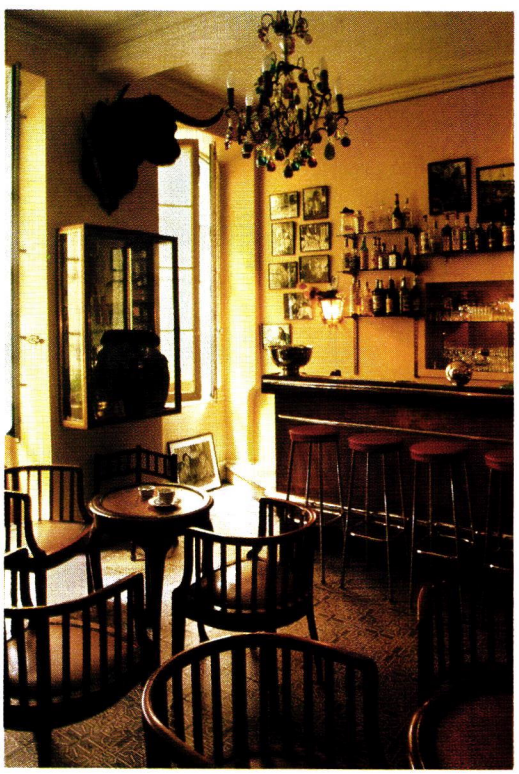
The Grand Hôtel Nord-Pinus renews the attractions that drew everyone from Henry James to Simone Signoret

BY CHRISTOPHER PETKANAS

A hotel with a soul," Jean Cocteau said of the Grand Hôtel Nord-Pinus in Arles. Historian James Pope-Hennessy urged travelers to follow Stendhal and Mérimée and put up at the hotel so that they might "supplement routine sight-seeing with personal observation of the city's rather torpid life." The bon vivant Rory Cameron always chose the Nord-Pinus for the ancient Roman fragments that are incorporated into part of its façade—a reminder that Arles once served as the capital of Roman Gaul. On his "little tour in France" in 1882, Henry James was seduced by the same relics, risking the plate of tripe he feared awaited him inside "for the sake of this exceptional ornament."

"For me as a child the Nord-Pinus was the temple of vacationing society and above all of tauromachy," says couturier Christian Lacroix, perhaps the most famous contemporary Arlésien. "I remember so well Germaine, high priestess of the temple, in her pastel suits—adulated, feared." The redoubtable Germaine, who had once been a singer, and her husband, Jean Bessière, a former music hall clown, took over the hotel in 1927 and propelled it into fashionability. After Bessière died in 1975, Lacroix recalls, "the shutters closed, the walls began to crack, and the salons became inhabited with ghosts. But the antique gods of the Forum had another fate in mind for the Nord-Pinus."

It is the nostalgic vision of Anne Igou, the young Provençale who acquired the Nord-Pinus from Germaine Bessière in 1987, that makes it possible to experience Arles today at its most intimate and stylish. A native of the marshy Camargue, just south of Arles, Igou



A statue of the poet Frédéric Mistral, top, stands before the entrance to the hotel. Above: Christian Lacroix's Nord-Pinus boutique. Above right: The bar where Picasso caroused after the bullfights. Right: Wrought-iron beds and antiques in suite number 10.

ALEXANDRE BAILHACHE

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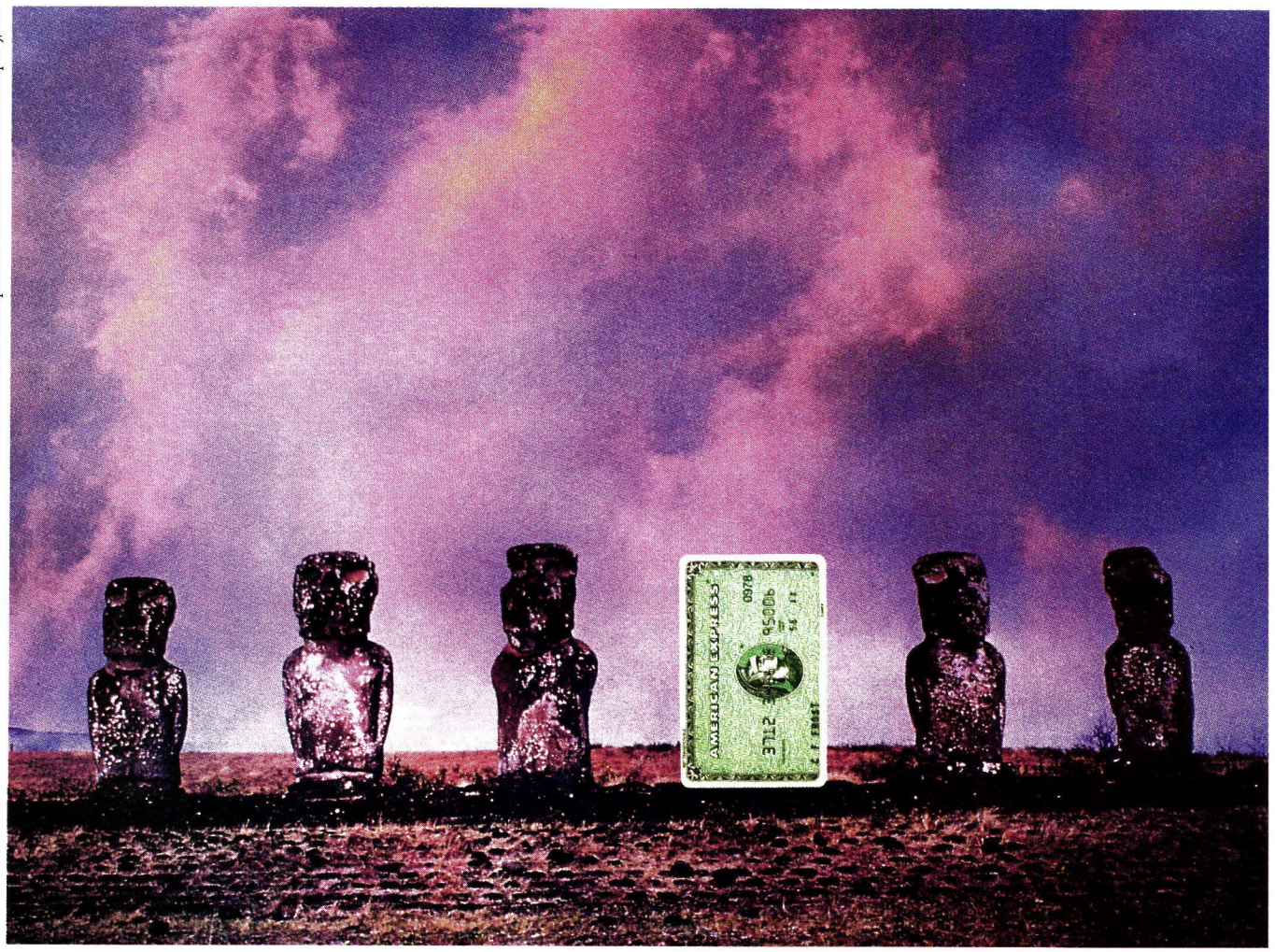

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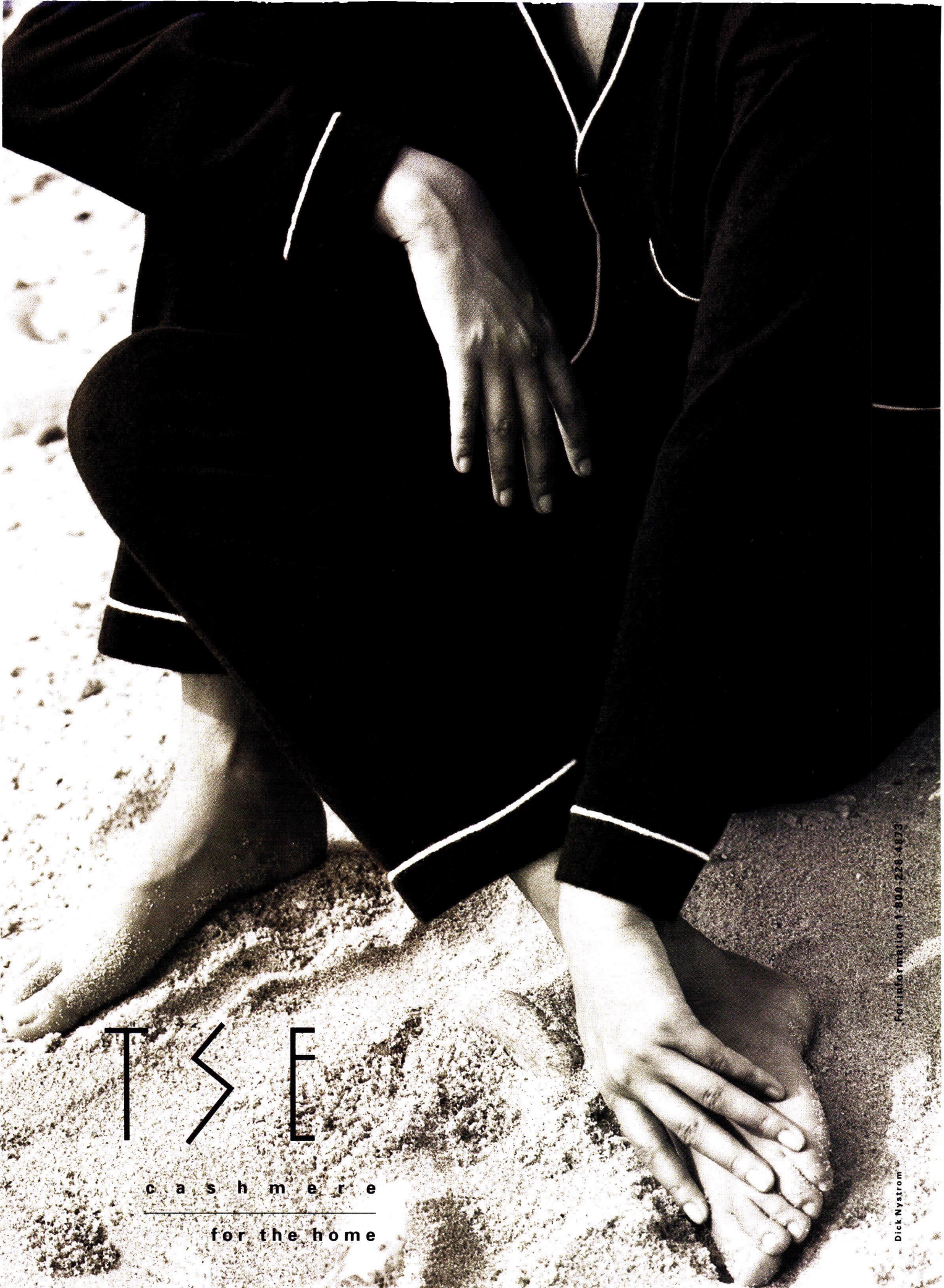
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grew up in the glamorous shadow of the Nord-Pinus's passing patrons: the snake-hipped matador Dominguín, Picasso, Christian Bérard, Yves Montand, and Simone Signoret, all of whom might be thrown together for a pastis before attending the bullfights in Arles's Roman arena.

The city is still devoted to the cult of the bull, with a sporting season that opens this year on Easter weekend. In the traditional competition known as "la course camarguaise," men enter the arena on foot, armed only with hand rakes, and try to snare the rosette attached to the animal's forehead and the tassels and string twisted around its horns. Easter weekend and September 12 and 13 are the occasions for this season's full-blown bullfights, the latter in celebration of the local rice harvest. Not that bulls are the city's only attraction: in July, Arles hosts a photography festival of exhibits and workshops, an event that dates back to 1934. The Nord-Pinus does its part with permanent displays of the work of Peter Lindbergh, Dominique Issermann, and François Halard.

In rehabilitating the hotel, Anne Igou sought to re-create a rakish, almost underworld atmosphere that would be especially hospitable to artists. During the slow winter months, painters and sculptors whose work is shown informally in the hotel are allowed to use vacant rooms as studio space. The cartoonish three-dimensional cardboard ballerinas and troubadours of Mathias and Nathalie have come to symbolize the insouciant style of the place.

This being Arles, the backdrop for the various art exhibits tells a bold story of bull worship: Igou hung vintage posters announcing corridas in Madrid and Valencia in the stairwell; a mounted bull's head went up in the bar above a vitrine containing a sequined matador's jacket; and kitsch foulards printed with images of the charging animal were framed for the guest rooms. Taking in the overstuffed leather club chairs and giant terra-cotta olive jars in the lobby, the expansive bathrooms, and the Spanish beds of swirling wrought iron made up with old-fashioned square quilts and white piqué bedspreads, the French government gave Igou's efforts four stars.

Her restrained rehabilitation of the Nord-Pinus also includes a brasserie under the direction of Bernard Dumas, chef-owner of Le Vaccarès, generally regarded as the finest restaurant in Arles. And the choicest suite, number 10, Rory Cameron's favorite, has again become the preserve of the matadors: since the hotel reopened in 1989 after fourteen years of inactivity, young men with romantic names like Chamaco, Espartaco, and Manzanares have spent nervous nights before their appearances in the arena in the room overlooking the place du Forum, with its statue of the Provençal poet Frédéric Mistral sentimentally enclosed by a fence of tridents, an emblem of the Camargue.

Last spring Christian Lacroix chose the hotel as the site of a vest-pocket boutique scented with lavender and decorated by Jean-Louis Riccardi with the giddiness of a 1950s hatbox. Many of the flamboyant accessories, sold to the beat of the Gipsy Kings, also native sons, are adorned with taurine motifs. "Anne has revived the Nord-Pinus with subtlety and affection," says the couturier. "The toreadors are back and with them not only those like me who yearn for the past but all those who want to feel like Arlésiens." (Grand Hôtel Nord-Pinus, place du Forum, 13200 Arles; 90-93-4444) ▲

"For me as a child the Nord-Pinus was the temple of vacationing society and above all of tauromachy," says Christian Lacroix

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THE LOUIS VUITTON STORY BEGAN IN 1837 when the founder of the luggage dynasty walked into Paris from the Jura looking for work. He apprenticed himself to a trunk-maker and packer and was sent to the great houses to prepare ladies' trunks for stage-coach trips. He even packed up for Empress Eugénie. Vuitton opened his own shop in 1854; its success was soon secured with his invention of flat trunks, which could be piled onto trains and steamers, unlike traditional domed trunks. As the art of traveling evolved, the Vuitton family kept pace with a succession of luxurious trunks and suitcases for clients ranging from African explorers to Coco Chanel and the Aga Khan. In an effort to foil imitators, the signature LV motif was designed in 1896. Today the company has 150 boutiques and is still on the cutting edge. To commemorate the Louis Vuitton Cup—the America's Cup challenger trials in San Diego this spring—Vuitton is introducing a limited edition of seaworthy blue bags. Philippe Starck has also created a scarf for the collection. What's next for Vuitton? A customized case for outer space?

The Vuitton world. Clockwise from top left: Founder Louis Vuitton; America's Cup contenders, 1886; new Louis Vuitton Cup bags; tea case for a maharajah, 1926; secrétaire for Leopold Stokowski, 1936; explorer's bed/trunk, 1879; Vuitton logo pennants. Details see Resources

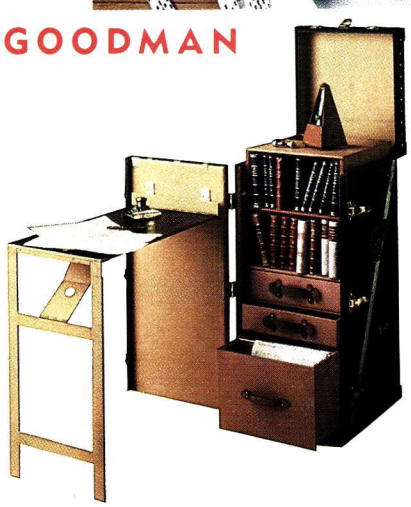
CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: COURTESY LOUIS VUITTON ARCHIVES; BEKEN OF COWES; NC; COURTESY LOUIS VUITTON ARCHIVES (3); KELLY STRIBLING SUTHERLAND

LIVING WITH

style

BY WENDY GOODMAN

Louis Vuitton carries on the tradition of the grand tour



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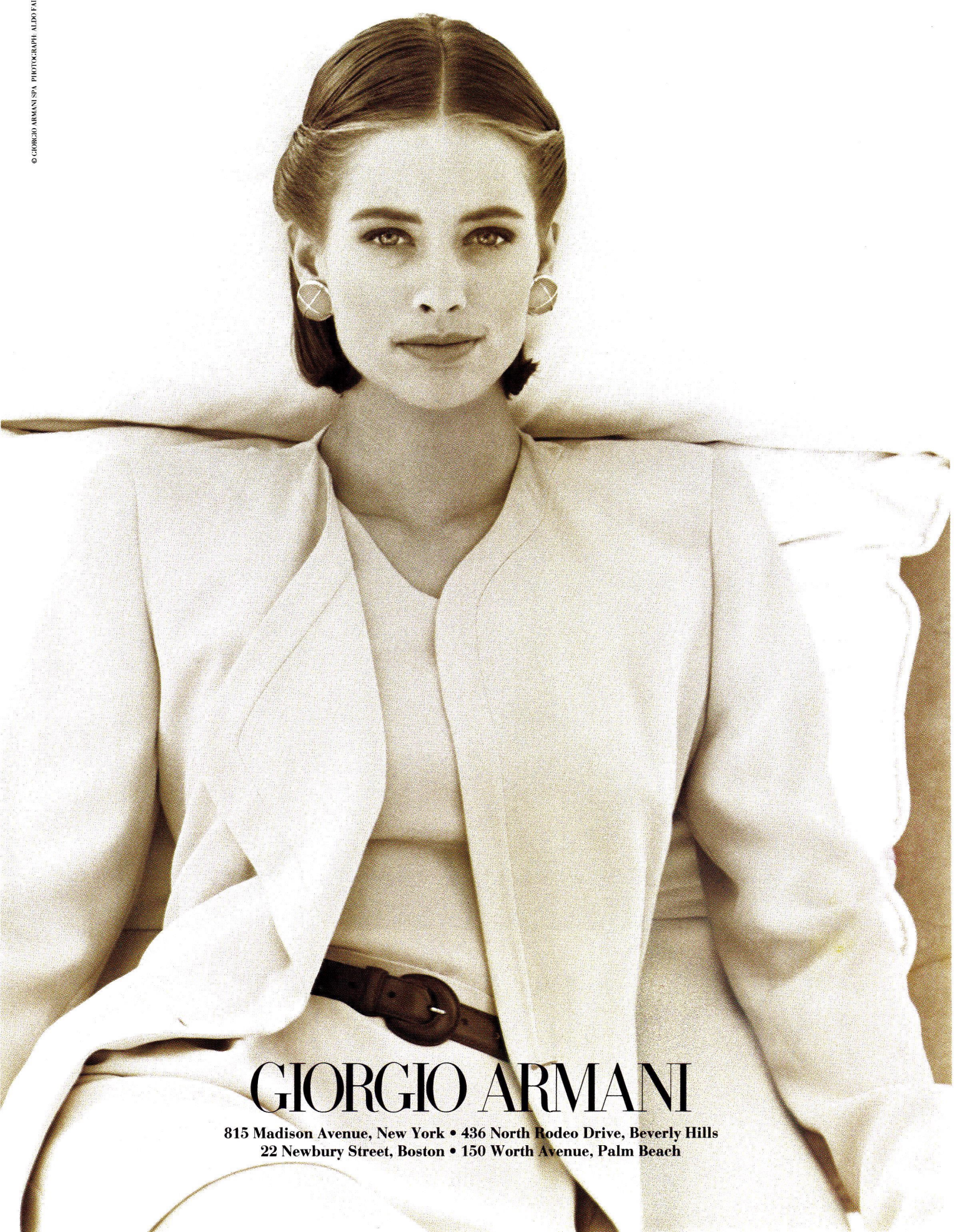

GIORGIO ARMANI

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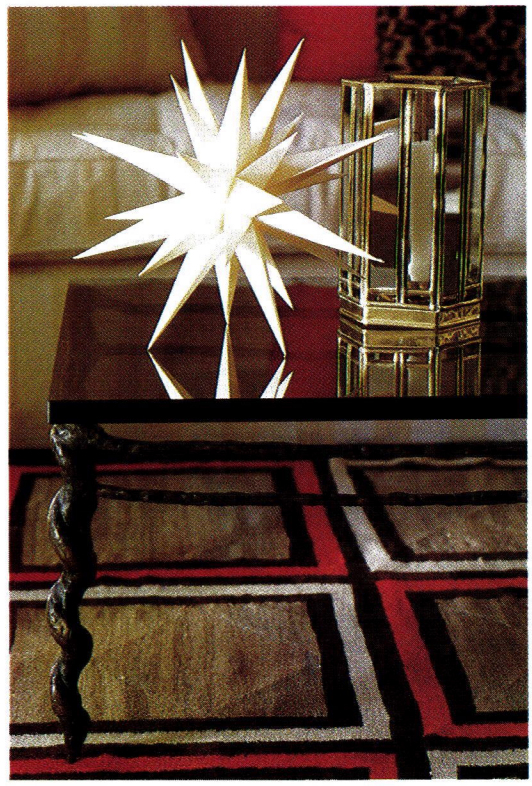
March

I WANT TO EXPRESS myself. I'm tired of having what other people choose for me," said my hostess as she guided me through her extravagantly proportioned house. A few years ago I definitely would have said that self-expression in decorating was a noble goal. But the more I look at successful houses, the more firmly I become convinced that responsibility goes hand in hand with space. The good news about the 1990s, with all their economic and social turmoil, is that we are being forced to select our possessions with greater care; self-expression now often means self-editing. There is also a growing regard for decorative solutions that are not necessarily fueled by money—the idiosyncratic apartments of fashion photographer Mario Testino and designer Anna Sui achieve their own particular grace with trophies carried home from flea markets and local antiques shops. Some people, such as noted decorator Albert Hadley, can seamlessly incorporate the eccentric element; in his tasteful rooms objects, furniture, and art look as though they were born to occupy their present spot. Even when all the elements are sublime, experience gives a special edge. Architect François de Menil's dining room composition—a Shaker table, Josef Hoffmann chairs, and a 1956 Rothko—reflects his years of collecting and education. The role of balance and proportion, always governing factors, is demonstrated in the classically English-style Chicago house, decorated by the preeminent London firm of Colefax & Fowler, where symmetry and order hold sway over an abundance of porcelains, drawings, and furniture. As for self-expression in decorating, in its successful incarnations it is governed by an equal mix of originality and knowledge—and an understanding of one's responsibility to space.



In Albert Hadley's living room, a table by Mark Sciarrillo stands on a Navajo rug.

WILLIAM WALDRON

Mary Novogrod

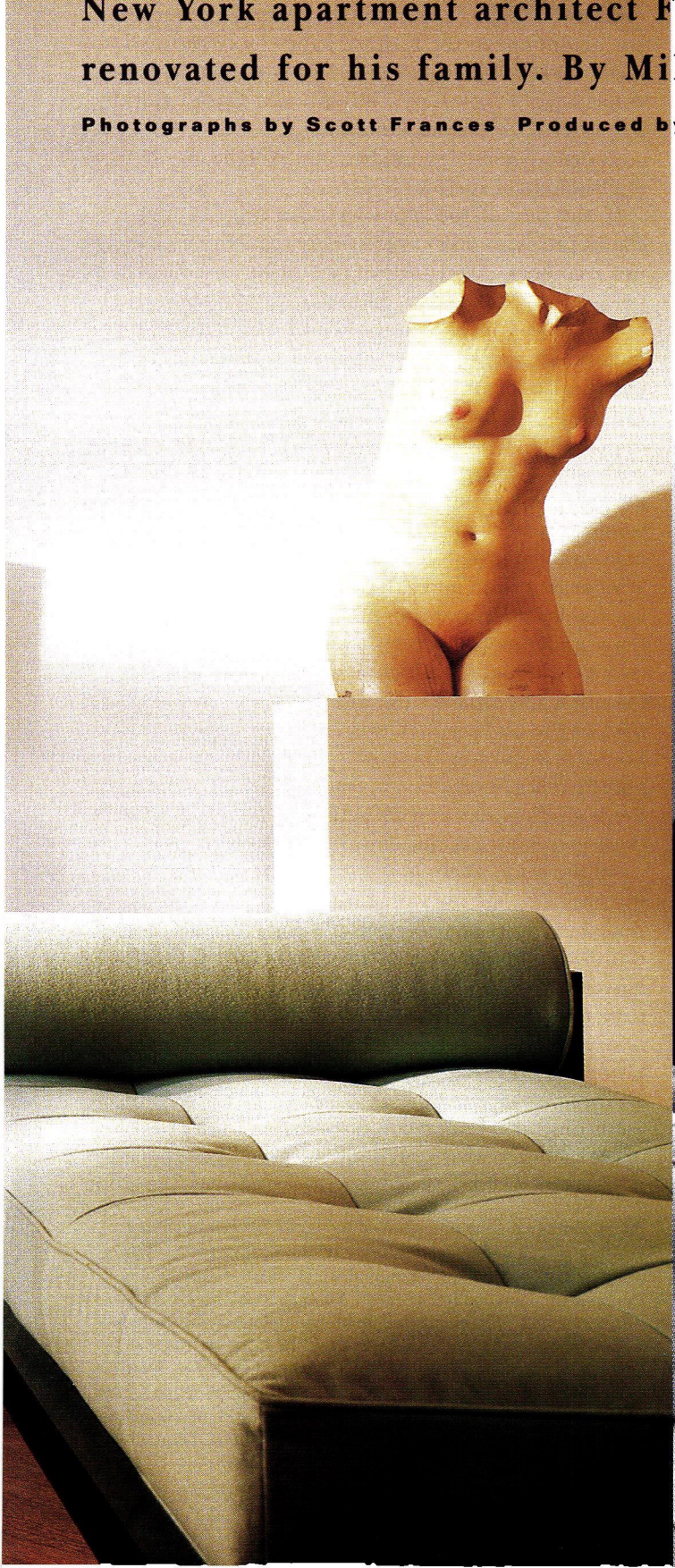
EDITOR IN CHIEF

François and Susan de Menil, in a Valentino suit, pose with their son, *opposite*, in the library. *Right:* Picasso's *Enfant assis* hangs above a stone mantelpiece designed by the architect. The attenuated contours of an Alberto Giacometti lamp contrast with the robust curves of a René Magritte torso and a Menil daybed. Details see Resources.

Domesticating Art

Modern masterpieces are right at home in the New York apartment architect François de Menil renovated for his family. By Mildred F. Schmertz

Photographs by Scott Frances Produced by Charles Gandee



Any one of the Menils' paintings, sculptures, chairs, tables, or other objects could be given pride of place in an anthology of its period

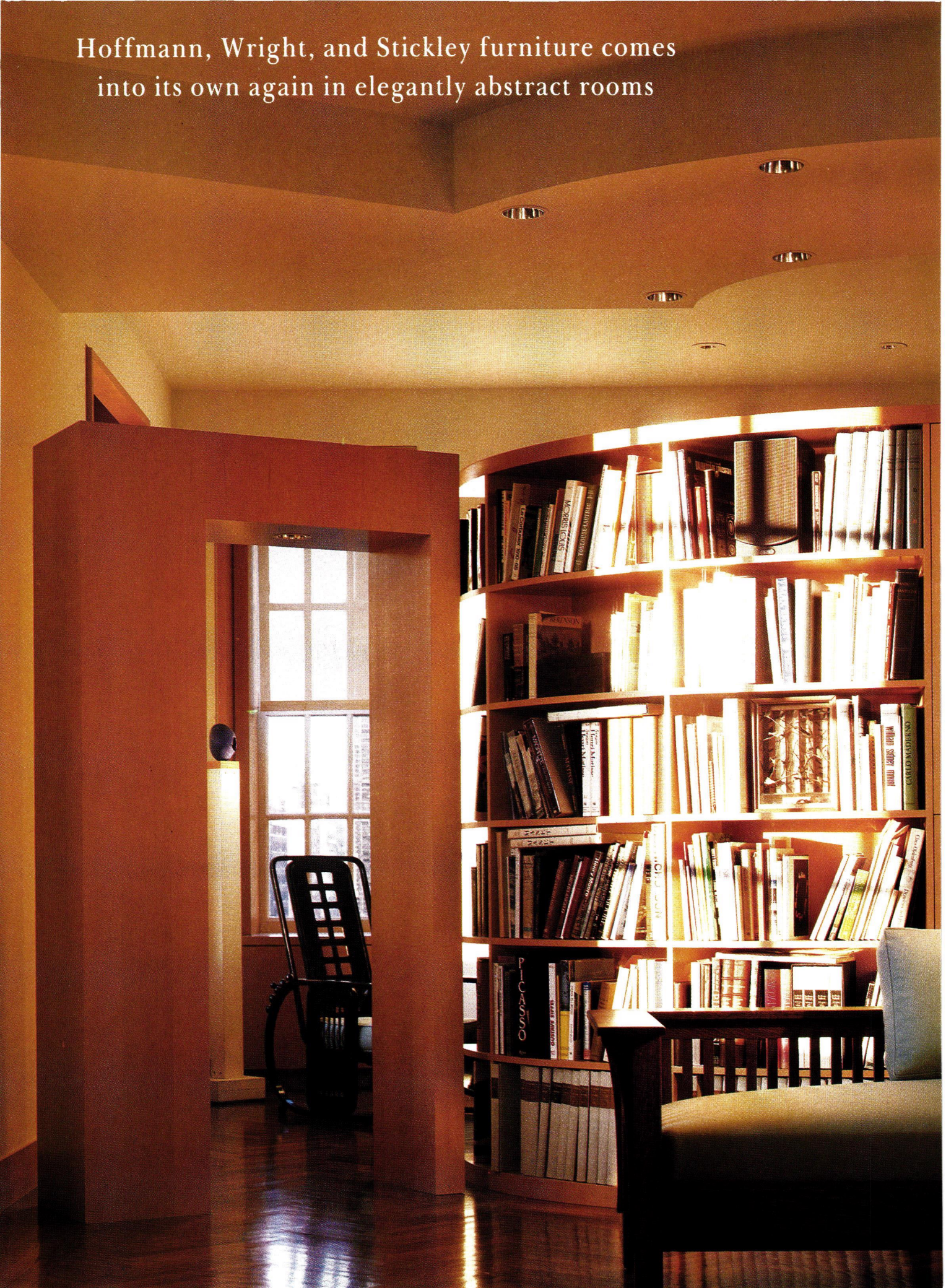
ARCHITECT FRANÇOIS DE MENIL, HIS WIFE, Susan, and their son live with disarming ease and grace amid a collection of twentieth-century art that museum curators anywhere would kill for. The couple's New York apartment, filled though it is with Picassos, Magrittes, and Rothkos, sculptures in the form of lamps by Alberto Giacometti, and furniture by Josef Hoffmann, Otto Wagner, Adolf Loos, Frank Lloyd Wright, and Gustav Stickley, is neither awesome nor intimidating, because of the discernment, personal sensibility, and skill the Menils have applied to their surroundings.

If any one of the paintings, drawings, sculptures, chairs, tables, or other objects were exhibited in a museum, it could be given pride of place in an anthology of its period. Taken together, however, as arranged by the Menils in happy disregard of curatorial categories and hierarchies, the collection tells a consistent story of people who are very much at home with art. The apartment, in a handsome prewar building, retains the well-proportioned, well-lit, but not unusually large rooms of its original layout. François de Menil believed that "to remove all the walls and do some modernist curves and weirdness would have been inappropriate." Because the rooms are in fact similar in scale and shape to those designed by the Wiener Sezession and Prairie School architects for artists, intellectuals, and connoisseurs who scorned pretentious opulence, the effect is domestic, comfortable, even relatively modest—with none of the grandiosity that all too often accompanies the will to collect. The very best turn-of-the-century furniture, whether dispersed from houses in Vienna or Glasgow or Oak Park, can seem like ghostly relics perched on museum pedestals or adrift in the boundless space of lofts. In the Menil apartment, these pieces once again come into their own.

All the same, there has been no attempt to re-create the sort of period interiors for which such furniture was designed: in its pure elegant abstraction, the setting is unmistakably contemporary. François de Menil removed all existing paneling, cabinetwork, moldings, and trim, refacing the walls with plain plaster surfaces edged in steamed beechwood. His only direct references to the historic provenance of the furniture are in homage to Hoffmann's ornamental grids, subtly reinvented in the patterning of glass and beechwood doors and in custom-made cabinetwork throughout. Exquisitely simple mantelpieces of Virginia black serpentine and gray soapstone

Mark Rothko's *Olive over Red, opposite,* looms behind Josef Hoffmann vases on a Shaker table in the dining room. The dining room chairs were designed by Hoffmann for the Purkersdorf Sanatorium, c. 1903. All carpets by Stark. *Above left: By the Sea* by Jasper Johns is visible through the stainless-steel risers and mahogany rail attached to stone treads. *Left:* The guest room combines Robert Rauschenberg's *Levee* with a Kolo Moser stool, chairs, and desk from Barry Friedman, NYC. The custom Menil bed and night table are wood and stainless steel. Joseph Cornell boxes are displayed in the bookcase.

Hoffmann, Wright, and Stickley furniture comes into its own again in elegantly abstract rooms

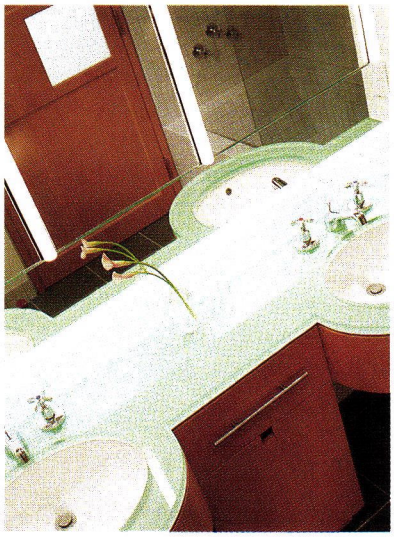


introduce more monumental geometry—and a suggestion of classical order—to the living room and library. Separating those two rooms is a new bookcase wall whose curves (cleanly modern, but not "weird") are echoed in the ceiling and vary the prevailing grid. The spaces have all been designed to be accommodating to art in general, but not keyed to particular works since the Menils expect to move pieces in and out of storage as they continue to acquire. Much of the collection was bought without any specific installation in mind. François de Menil reports that he bid on the Stickley sofa in the living room, "somewhat over Susan's objections," before the room itself took shape. "I thought the sofa was fantastic looking, but since we didn't have any place to put it, we stored it." The Shaker table in the dining room is another favorite object whose desirability was never linked to a preordained site.

Collecting began for François de Menil long before he ever thought he would become an architect. The son of noted art patrons, Dominique and the late John de Menil, his visual education started early: "In some ways it could be said I grew up in a museum." He acquired his first piece in 1966, when he was twenty-one, a Jean Tinguely motorized steel manikin. "I bought his *Dissecting Machine* and a Ferrari. They both cost the same." By then, Menil had also begun to make films in France, choosing as his subject the lives and works of Tinguely and Niki de Saint-Phalle. Eventually he was to do a film on the work of Mark di Suvero. "It was a classic kind of documentary. Mark's sculptures are all about space, and I think that in many ways, even as a filmmaker, I had a relationship with architecture all along." Filmmaking led to film producing and collaboration on a commercial success, *Stir Crazy*, starring Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder and directed by Sidney Poitier. But Menil had come to feel that the frustrations he experienced in the world of motion pictures—and, briefly, the Broadway theater—outweighed his successes.

In 1977, while pursuing his career in filmmaking, he engaged the Corbusian modernist architect Charles

A Gustav Stickley sofa in the living room, *opposite,* stands with its back to the curved bookcase and an angled portal that leads to the library beyond. The opening offers a glimpse of a Ken Price sculpture and Hoffmann's reclining chair, or Sitzmaschine. *Above:* The Menils have centered a 1956 Cy Twombly above the living room fireplace where a Magritte bottle perches on the mantel shelf. A pair of barrel armchairs designed by Frank Lloyd Wright are grouped with an Otto Wagner stool and a cabinet by Adolf Loos. The coffee table, whose base is a 1972 yard sale find, supports a Cornell box and a Hoffmann vase.



Gwathmey, of Gwathmey Siegel & Associates, to renovate his office. Soon Gwathmey was at work on four other projects for Menil: a new house in East Hampton and the restoration of others in Manhattan, Houston, and Santa Monica. The latter had been designed by Richard Neutra in 1938. The 10,000-square-foot East Hampton project, with its array of Hoffmann furniture, was Gwathmey's most ambitious house to date. "It was exciting for Charlie," Menil recalls. "He always called me the patron or the duke, but in a friendly sense. He had a certain vision of me, I guess. But he also allowed me into the process. He made it fun. I got involved directly."

In 1983, Menil's involvement in the art of architecture became a vocation. At the age of thirty-eight he enrolled in the Irwin S. Chanin School of Architecture at New York's Cooper Union, an institution where every student is granted a full scholarship. The tacit need to justify receiving this largesse, combined with the demands of a distinguished faculty, makes Cooper a tough school to get into and finish. The fact that most of Menil's classmates were just out of high school, as well as his teachers' awareness that their pupil was already a noted patron of architecture, can hardly have made his academic life any easier. But Menil was too busy *(Continued on page 172)*

In the beech-lined kitchen, *above*, chairs by Otto Prutscher, from Galerie Metropol, NYC, are pulled up to a Menil table. *Left:* A thick glass counter tops master bathroom cabinets. *Opposite, clockwise from left:* In the Menils' son's room a collection of framed notes to the couple from Jean Tinguely and Niki de Saint-Phalle hang behind a Stickley child's chair and a Menil bed and table. Seated in a 1902 Hoffmann chair with original leather upholstery, the young Menil mimics the pose of a 1923 Picasso. A Wagner chair faces away from the master bedroom TV, flanked by a Hoffmann armchair (beneath a John Chamberlain collage) and stool (near the dressing table). Custom cabinets hold an African mask and Susan de Menil's collection of Kelly bags from Hermès.

The effect is comfortable, even relatively modest, with none of

the grandiosity that often accompanies the will to collect

Tex Mix

CeCe Kieselstein-Cord rearranges the past in her family's Dallas house

By Wendy Goodman

Photographs by Oberto Gili

The "Jimi Hendrix fantasy chair" in the living room was painted by CeCe Kieselstein-Cord's brother Chris Eddy; the bamboo furniture came from her grandmother's sleeping porch. "The only thing we bought was fabric," says decorator Greg Jordan. Details see Resources.

"IT ALL REALLY STARTED," SAYS NEW YORK DECORator Greg Jordan, "when CeCe invited me to go to the Cattle Barons' Ball in Dallas. When I got there she said, 'You know, we're buying a new house around the corner. Should we throw out all this furniture?' "

"I wasn't going to throw it out," interjects CeCe Kieselstein-Cord. "It was Barry," she says, referring to her designer husband. "Barry was going to throw it all out."

"I said, 'Let's use everything we've got—we'll slipcover everything,' " Greg continues.

"And I said, 'I hate slipcovers. They slip around.' "

"Then we were visiting friends," Greg says, "and I noticed that they had the most unbelievable zinnia patch. CeCe and Barry have these pieces of beautiful brightly painted furniture, and I knew that zinnia colors would work."

"I would rather stay in my angel house," says CeCe, "than go to Le Cirque"

"I thought he was having a spell! He starts pulling up these zinnias and putting them in a little plastic bag." CeCe shakes her head. "Remember, you're dealing with somebody who doesn't like color—me. I won't have color and I won't have pattern near me. I said to Greg, 'Have you lost your mind?' I called Barry and said, 'Greg's gone crazy. All I told him was I wanted a Santa Fe–looking house and he's making it into a zinnia patch.' "

Listening to these two talk about the Kieselstein-Cords' Dallas house is more like hearing an irrepressible comedy team perform a favorite turn than hearing two exacting pros discuss a decorating project. If she declares she hates orange "with a passion," he's sure to respond, "We're going to do a chili pepper red on absolutely everything."

The Kieselstein-Cords bought the house in question in June 1990 to replace their Dallas "courtin' house," where CeCe was living when she met Barry. They had used the old place as a pied-à-terre, and CeCe had stashed in the attic boxes of memorabilia from her childhood in Louisiana and her college years in Dallas and Madrid. When they decided they needed a more comfortable space, she settled on a small yellow house with wisteria vines in full bloom, right around the corner: "It was a perfect little-old-lady cottage. That's why I loved it."

Today there's a remarkable amount of orange for a little old lady's cottage, not to mention the yellows, greens, and reds and the border of hand-painted chili peppers in the kitchen. And CeCe loves it all. For her, what she calls her "angel house," after a collection of Mexican tin figures, is a getaway from her hectic life in New York and a link with her own southern past. For her husband, it's a regional headquarters for the ever-expanding operations of his lines of jewelry, belts, and handbags. And for both of them and their daughter, Elisabeth Anne, the house is fun. "It's like going to camp," says CeCe. "I would rather go and stay in my little angel house and eat cheese roll-ups than go to Le Cirque or those balls or any of that stuff!"

The credit, CeCe says, belongs to Greg, who also decorated the family's Manhattan and Millbrook, New York, residences. "Let me tell you about me and decorating," she declares. "They just don't agree. I hate it. I want everything fixed that very minute. It usually doesn't work that way, but it does with Greg. I trust him implicitly." The zinnia picking tested her faith, she allows, "but finally I closed my eyes and handed it over to him."

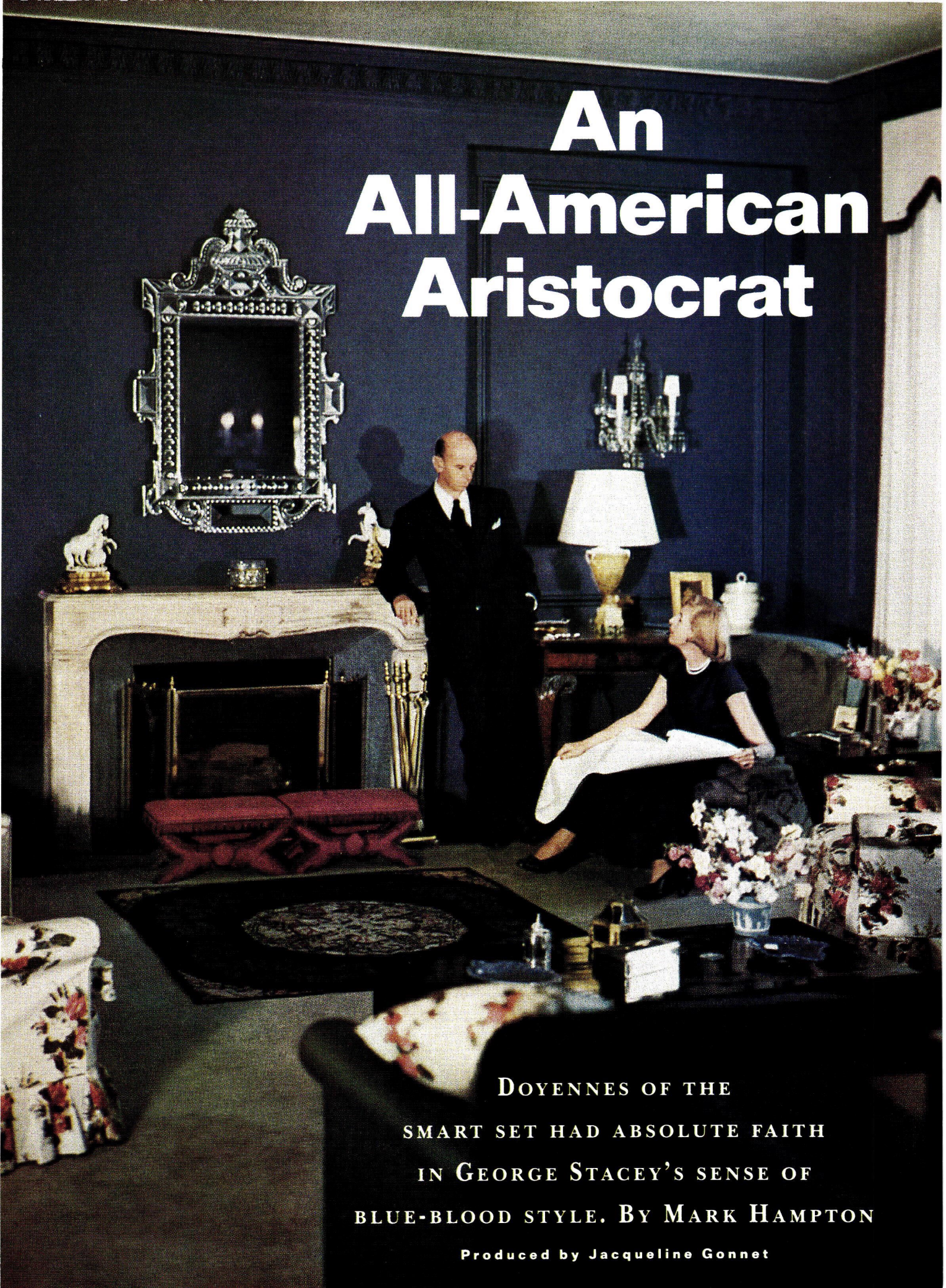
After CeCe's friend Carol Taylor stripped wallpaper and did some cosmetic work, Greg and his assistant, Robert Southern, took over. Working on a shoestring budget, Greg and Robert sorted through the furniture in the courtin' house, ploughed through boxes in the attic, and salvaged treasures from the dilapidated garage. After only five weeks the house was finished, and Greg welcomed the family with a pitcher of homemade lemonade and cookies on the porch.

For CeCe, *above left*, with her husband, Barry, and daughter, Elisabeth Anne, the Dallas house is a "total escape" from life in New York. "I love my cantina," she says of the dining room, *opposite*. "It's like sitting in a Mexican restaurant." The rugs, the furniture, even the shades, came from the house around the corner where CeCe lived before her marriage.

"This place is really a scrapbook of CeCe's past," he says, pointing out the Victorian chairs that belonged to CeCe's Aunt Anne and the bamboo couch that was once on her grandmother's sleeping porch. "The only thing we bought was fabric for the curtains and slipcovers, for less than $30 a yard." This house is dramatically different from the couple's understated Manhattan apartment and their Millbrook house, which tend toward darker shades; Barry played a more active role in those decorating schemes. The clear bright colors and informal atmosphere of the Dallas cottage simply reveal another facet of his clients' characters, Greg explains. "The challenge for a decorator is to figure out what makes a client singular and then translate that to an environment that is unique. Every project I do looks completely different."

CeCe interrupts—but this time to agree: "There's not another house like this anywhere. And I'm telling you the one thing about this house: when you walk in the front door, you just start smiling." ▲

A vase of gerberas in front of the newly slipcovered living room sofa, *above left,* proves the perfect match for a palette inspired by a patch of zinnias. *Left:* In the kitchen a cabinet, the stove hood, and a hand-painted frieze pick up the chili pepper red theme that runs through the house. *Above:* The tin cutouts that hang above a simple Irish cupboard in the dining room are the resident spirits of CeCe's "angel house." *Opposite:* When CeCe was a child, her bed was done up in French provincial style; now it is the color of a pale yellow zinnia, with an antique quilt and a canopy of pieced-together bandannas.



An All-American Aristocrat

DOYENNES OF THE SMART SET HAD ABSOLUTE FAITH IN GEORGE STACEY'S SENSE OF BLUE-BLOOD STYLE. BY MARK HAMPTON

Produced by Jacqueline Gonnet

ONE DAY LAST year I went to see a house in East Hampton that George Stacey decorated nearly thirty years ago for a woman who lives there still. Paradoxically, though her rooms continue to bear the Stacey stamp of boldly stylized chic, they have aged to a mellowness rarely found in fashionable interiors of the not-so-distant past. Many of us redecorate to erase once-trendy flaws, the unconscious mistakes we made trying to be in style. And back in the sixties, when this lovely East Hampton house was being done up, there were a lot of popular trends that are now, mercifully, almost impossible to remember. George Stacey, however, never embraced Mylar wallpaper or chrome and plastic tables—or the fads of any other era.

He has always relied on strong color schemes and carefully selected furniture and objects, each piece beautiful on its own but arranged with an exquisite sense of balance and logic. Brilliant hues are played off against dark or smoky tones with old-master bravura (if George had gone in for painting altarpieces, the most important figures would almost certainly have been dressed in red and green or yellow and blue, shimmering with gold or silver highlights). And because George is a classicist of sorts, as well as the possessor of a fine and highly trained eye, his decorative compositions have crossed the years intact, carrying their beauty with them.

George is incapable of incoherence or confusion—in his work or in conversation. A man of well-chosen words and enormous wit, he knows no greater pleasure than to sit and engage in the kind of chat that pokes fun at everything and everybody—except for the seriously absorbing topics of architecture and decoration and the distinguished and stylish people who have been his friends and clients for all his professional life. This love of amusing talk has guided him in his arrangement of rooms, which have without exception been designed for intelligent, comfortable habitation. They have never been the kind of glamorous set pieces that look striking in photographs but are murder to sit in. Yet George has always admired glamour, both in people and in houses.

If you were to see him dressed in his customary black turtleneck, black coat, and black hat, you might think he was a private detective. His speech, however, is pure Connecticut Yankee, which is what he is. The only child of two only children, he was born in Stratford, Connecticut, in 1901. His father owned a lumber mill, but the family business did not appeal to George, who preferred to spend his time drawing house plans (his favorite building in Stratford was a sea captain's Greek revival house with a compass built into the newel post). After high school he worked in a Bridgeport decorator's shop and saved his money—a wise practice, because when he decided to set off for design school, a course his father opposed, he had to go it alone. But after the Parsons School of Design in New York had awarded George two scholarships, parental disapproval was finally overcome.

One of these scholarships came about because the famous Parsons teacher William Odom recognized George's talent and administered a particularly skillful test of his eye. On the pretext of delivering some school papers, he was summoned to Odom's Fifth Avenue apartment. As George stood there awaiting further instructions, he was asked which piece of furniture he considered the best in the room. He promptly pointed to a commode that must have been the owner's favorite piece too, because Odom soon arranged for him to study in Paris. A new epoch in George's life was about to begin, an epoch dominated by France and things French. The Parsons program in Paris was rigorous and thorough, involving extensive study in museums and hôtels particuliers as well as bicycle trips into the countryside to measure details of châteaux. The American participants, at least the most intellectually tenacious ones, came away with a deep knowledge of French architecture and decoration. George's point of view was altered forever.

Returning to New York two years later, he knew he wanted to work for one decorator, Rose Cumming, whose original use of color and materials was both flamboyant and arresting. George got the job, but the way he tells it his stint with Rose lasted only one day. He quit after spending eight hours cleaning the cellar. He then worked briefly for Taylor & Low, a Madison Avenue decorating firm owned by Louise Tiffany Taylor and her sister, Elisabeth Low (later famed as society decorator Elisabeth Draper). The trouble with that job was the drawing assignments that fell on his shoulders: despite fond memories of sketching abroad, he hated to draw on demand.

Another trip to France was planned, undoubtedly for the purpose of raising his spirits. On his travels George met Hans Van Nes, a young Hoosier who soon became a close friend and with whom he decided to go into the antiques business. The plan was for George to live in Paris, find the furniture, and ship it back to Van Nes in New York, a procedure that worked fine until the Depression. (Van Nes went on to become a respected photographer.) More significantly, however, this arrangement established George's pattern of spending part of the year in

Minnie Astor consults George Stacey in 1948 in the Manhattan living room he decorated for her. Balancing intense color and brilliant highlights, Stacey offset deep blue walls with a Venetian mirror and crystal sconces, crimson benches, and chintz-covered chairs.

JOHN RAWLINGS

France and part in the United States. To this day he maintains a flat in Paris, a house in a converted barn at Houdan, a pied-à-terre in New York City, and a small country house in Locust Valley, New York, that was once a client's squash court.

It is clear to me, both from George's own words and from my knowledge of his personality, that he was never meant to be an employee in somebody else's decorating firm. When the antiques business went under, he struck out on his own. His first client, Mrs. Ward Cheney, was just the sort of chic woman who came to figure prominently in the Stacey roster. The list would grow to include Mrs. Harrison Williams, all three Cushing sisters (Babe, who became Mrs. William Paley; Betsey, later Mrs. John Hay Whitney; and Minnie, later Mrs. Vincent Astor), Grace Kelly, and Ava Gardner. Frances Cheney was the "funniest woman I ever knew," says George, still an admirer half a century later. Over some twenty years he helped the Cheneys decorate a big new house in Locust Valley and several apartments and another house in Manhattan. The evolution of his style can be seen in these rooms.

There was almost an air of Hollywood drama about the Cheneys' 1935 country house with its pinkish beige palette. In the living room a semicircular satin sofa curved behind a vast round lacquer coffee table, the epitome of sleek moderne elegance (the house itself was cinderblock, acclaimed at the time as the last word in modernity). As George's taste became increasingly romantic, he went on in the forties to place a square Edwardian banquette in the middle of the living room at the couple's apartment overlooking Central Park. The center banquette (or

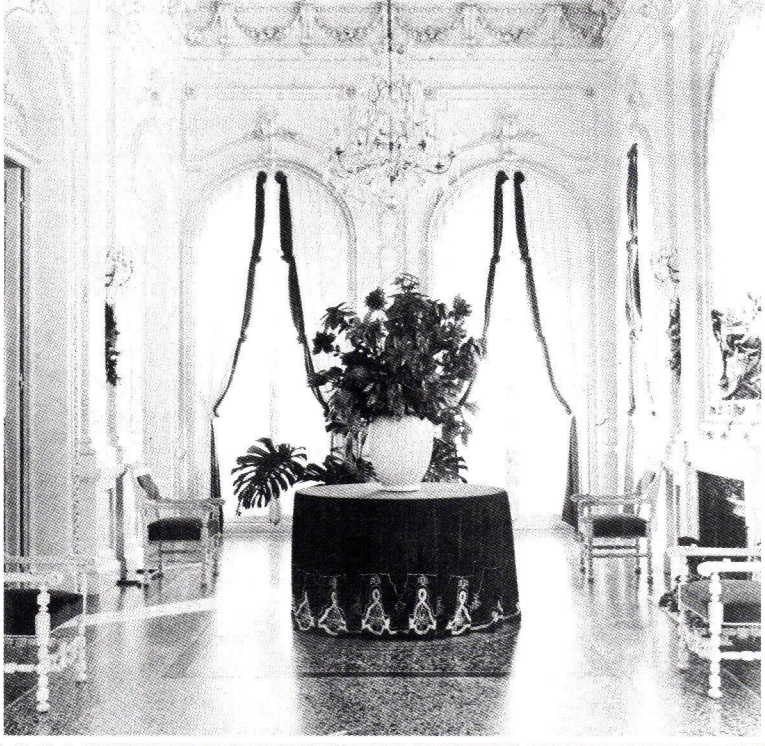
Chic women like Babe Paley and Ava Gardner moved from one Stacey interior to another

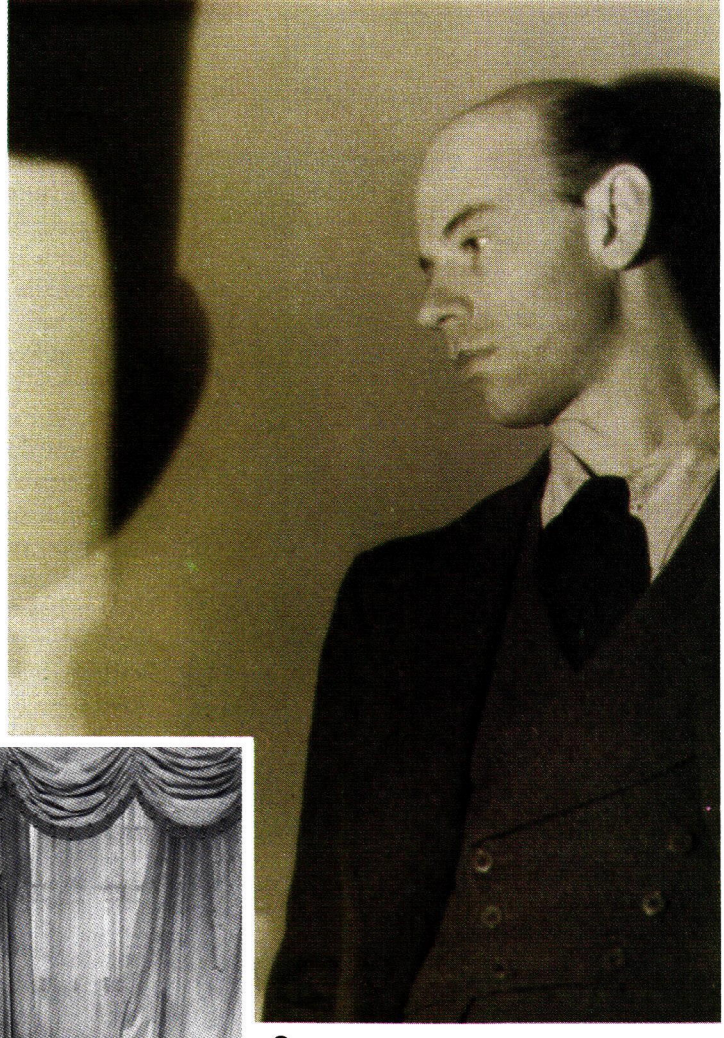
borne, as it is called in France) exemplified George's ability to assimilate Victoriana into his designs. He mined the same vein in rooms decorated for Babe Paley and Betsey Whitney during the forties and fifties. Some of this tufted luxury hints at the sumptuous manner of Syrie Maugham. I once asked George what he thought of Mrs. Maugham. "I guess I was pretty impressed," the laconic Yankee allowed.

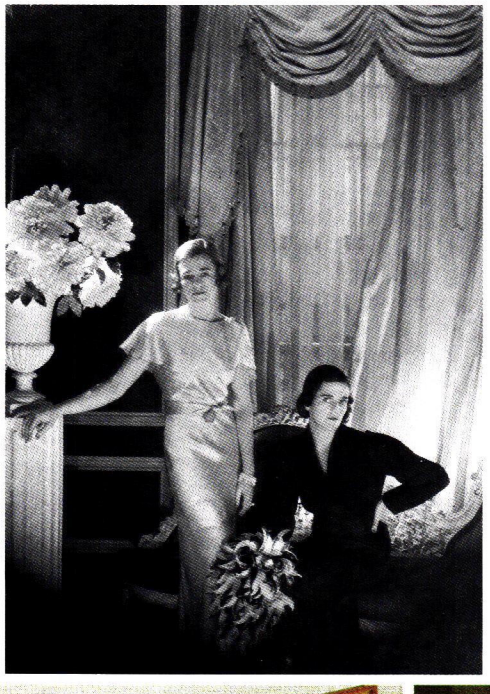
The Cheneys' house on Sutton Square, with its typical New York brownstone proportions, was an expression of the deliberately old-fashioned coziness that has become popular once more in the past twenty years. Classic upholstered pieces, scaled down in the manner of William Odom, were combined with French and English antiques in various styles. The flowered needlepoint living room carpet, an appropriate companion to the Cheneys' collection of eighteenth-century embroidered pictures, was an exception to George's long-term preference for solid colors underfoot. He favored, and still favors, a plain carpet be-

For a 1950 *Vogue* portrait in her Long Island living room, *above*, Babe Paley wore a Charles James dress in the spirit of Stacey's Victorian-inspired interior. Hand-screened canvas walls are the backdrop for a Toulouse-Lautrec and a sofa tufted in the Belle Époque manner. *Right:* The hallmark Stacey mix of 18th-century French gilded furniture and comfortable modern upholstery in Ava Gardner's house in Madrid, early 1960s.

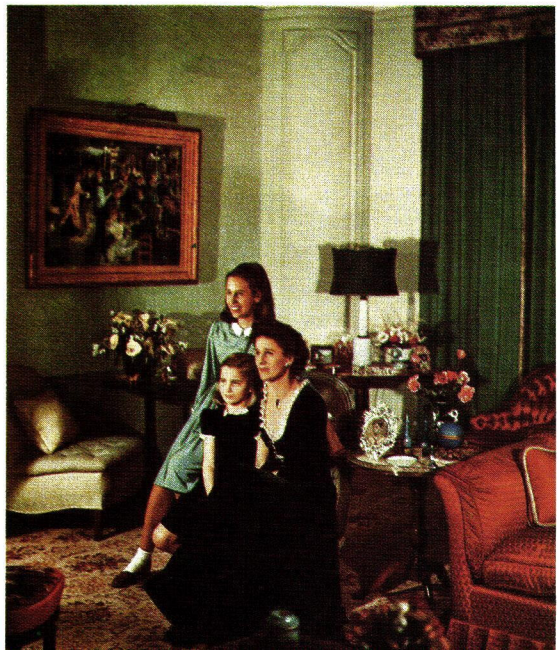
CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: JOHN RAWLINGS; FROM *THE FINEST ROOMS BY AMERICA'S GREAT DECORATORS*, EDITED BY KATHARINE TWEED, COPYRIGHT © 1964 BY THE VIKING PRESS, INC., BY ARRANGEMENT WITH PENGUIN BOOKS USA; HANS VAN NES; CECIL BEATON; JOHN RAWLINGS; FROM *THE FINEST ROOMS BY AMERICA'S GREAT DECORATORS*; BETTMANN ARCHIVE; HANS VAN NES

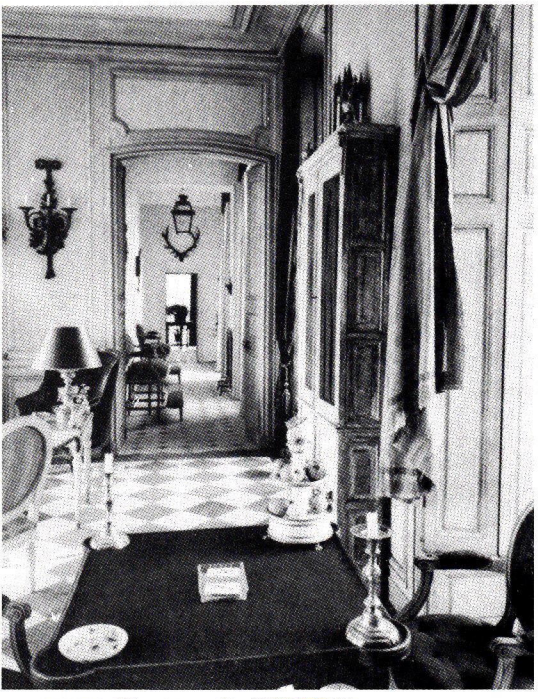






Stacey in a photograph by Hans Van Nes, c. 1939, *above*. *Above left:* An antechamber in Monaco for Princess Grace, 1959. *Far left:* Mrs. Ward Cheney's Long Island living room, 1935. *Left:* Frances Cheney and her sister Alice Gates, 1934. *Below left:* The Cheneys' Sutton Square living room in the 1940s, with framed embroidery and a needlepoint carpet. *Below:* Betsey Whitney and daughters in a room designed for mementos and art, 1945.





Stacey's salon at the Château de Neuville, c. 1962, *above left. Left:* A 1945 sketch of his Long Island house. *Below left:* The Neuville boudoir. *Opposite, clockwise from above right:* Stacey, photographed by Duane Michals. A 1945 view of the decorator's living room shows French furniture with a Chinese coffee table and an Italian screen. Mark Hampton's watercolor of the salon in Stacey's converted barn at Houdan.

cause it does not fight with the lines of the furniture, and good furniture takes precedence over everything else. This, by the way, is a central point of the Stacey style. Not concerned with this statement or that, George never got wrapped up in the complex architectural renovations that occupy so much of a decorator's time these days. Nor has he pursued the signature look many designers strive to achieve through continual and highly publicized repetition.

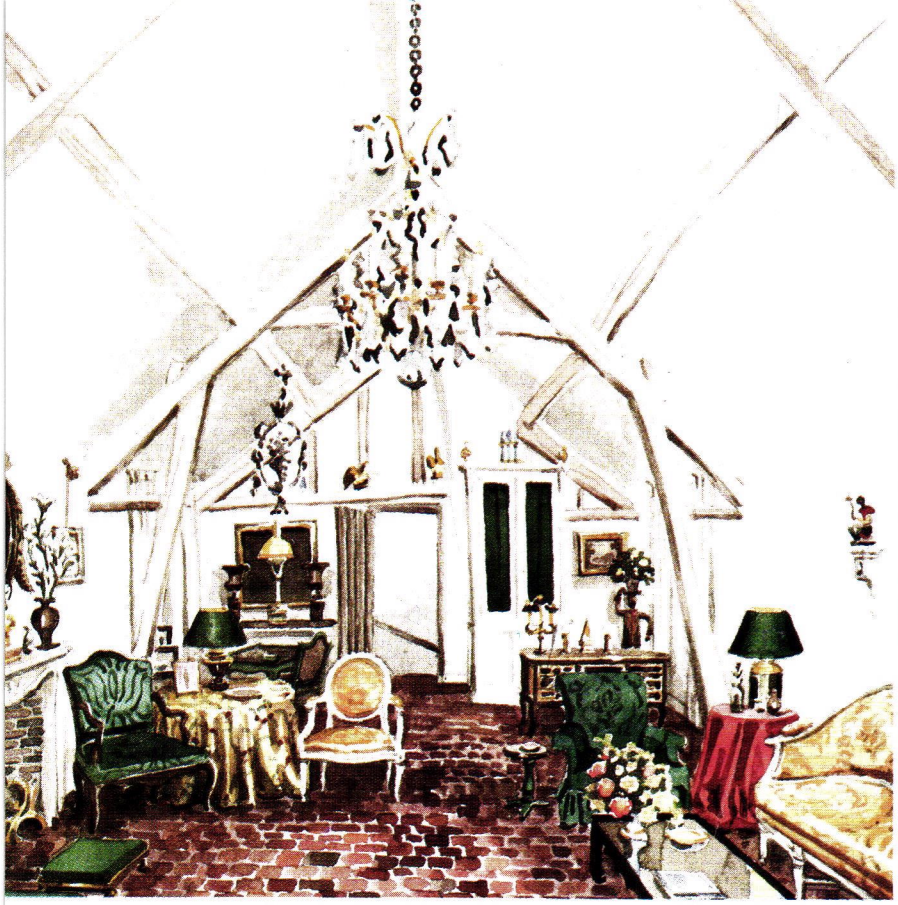
Throughout his long career, George has often used the worn surfaces of antiques—painted wood, leather, brass—to counteract the brightness of a high-keyed palette. The balance of old and new elements within a room is strictly even, never tipping completely to one side or the other. Clients for whom he decorated successive houses and apartments unquestionably enjoyed watching their collections of antiques appreciate in value as they moved them from one Stacey interior to another—and the loyalty he inspired is legendary. The many rooms he did for Babe Paley, for example, led to commissions for an apartment on Gracie Square and a Stanford White house in Rhinebeck, New York, for Mrs. Paley's sister Minnie and her first husband, Vincent Astor, as well as a house or two for Bill Paley's sister and brother-in-law, Blanche and Leon Levy. Governor and Mrs. W. Averell Harriman called on George to do their house off Fifth Avenue as well as the private quarters of their official residence upstate. At the Governor's Mansion, Harriman would introduce him as "Minister of the Interior."

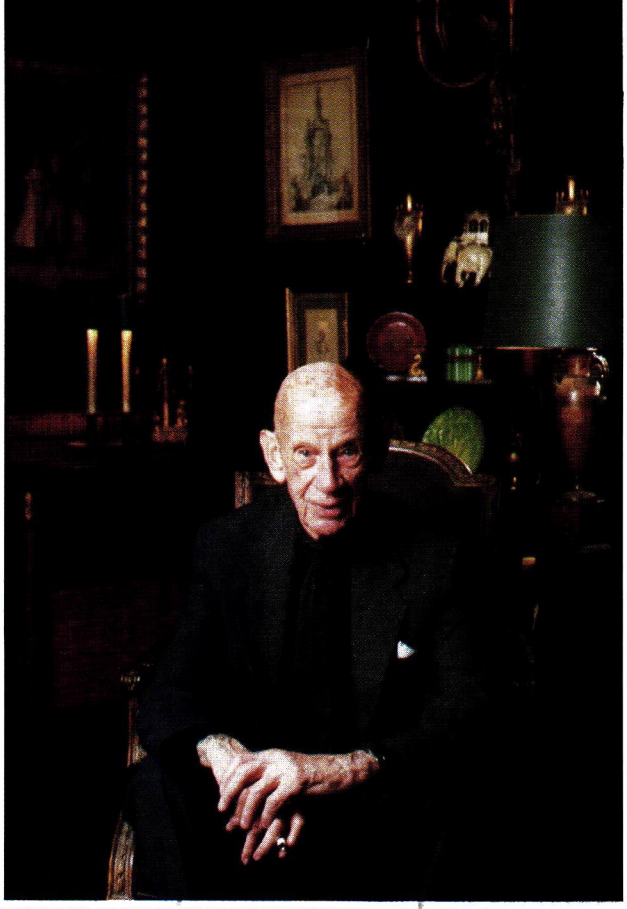
In 1956, George took a twelve-year lease on the Château de Neuville, located between Versailles and Dreux. Making the most of harmoniously proportioned Louis XIII architecture, stone floors, severe boiseries, and relatively simple enfilades, he put together rooms of what legitimately could be called "timeless beauty"—a cliché that would make George gag. The Victorian flourishes with which he embellished New York apartments were banished from the château. There his Connecticut Yankee qualities were fully in control. His admiration for the Francophile classicism of the American expatriate Ogden Codman is apparent; so is a lack of interest in period rooms. Instead, he achieved the skillful mixture of periods and styles that prevails when collectors possessing the necessary taste wave aside a curatorial concern with dates.

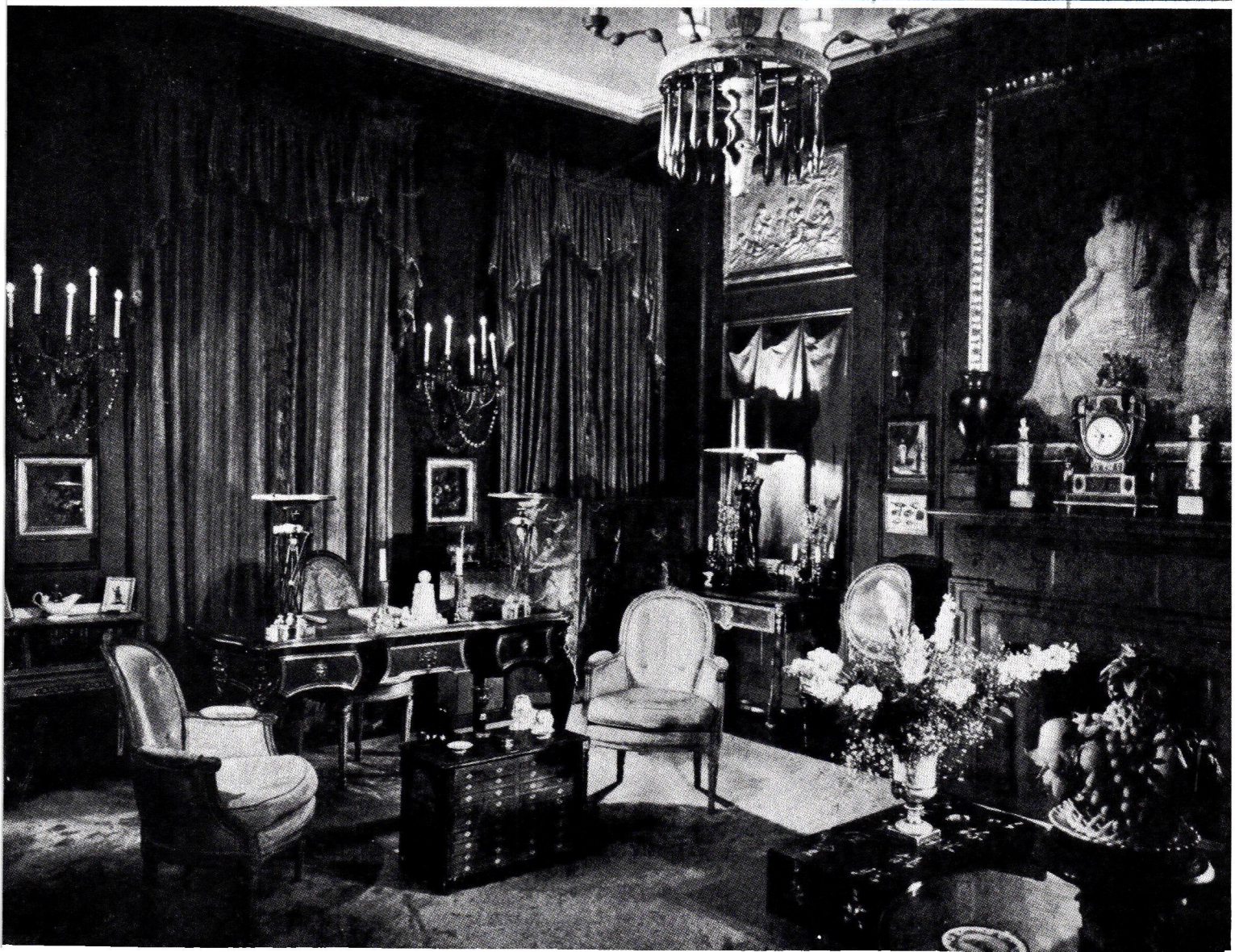
The years George lived at Neuville were also years when he did a great deal of work for Princess Grace of Monaco and Ava Gardner. While the princess was still Grace Kelly, George had decorated her New York apartment across from the Metropolitan Museum, and after she married in 1956, he was asked to cheer up the Palais Princier, a job for which even the crotchety Somerset Maugham complimented him. The projects for Ava Gardner covered an even longer period and included two houses and an apartment in Madrid as well as her London flat. The drawing room color scheme in Madrid was quintessential Stacey: brown damask sofas, gilt chairs covered in red and in yellow, and walls and curtains in a mauve gray—all set off by a white carpet. The London drawing room palette was no less typical, with scarlet and forest green fabric on gilt chairs, white on the sofa, and again a white carpet. The only departure from his usual practice was the presence of framed panels of antique Chinese painted canvas worked into the paneling of the room. Like highly figured carpets, elaborately patterned wallcovering is, in George's opinion, a distraction from the more important issue of good furniture.

Intrinsic quality has always meant far more to him than the shifting dogma of fashion, and not surprisingly, he has attracted clients with a sure sense of their own style. Mrs. William G. *(Continued on page 172)*

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: B. BOUCHER; NC; DUANE MICHALS; ESTATE OF ANDRE KERTÉSZ; B. BOUCHER; FROM *HOUSE & GARDEN* (SEPTEMBER 1945), COPYRIGHT 1945 THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC.





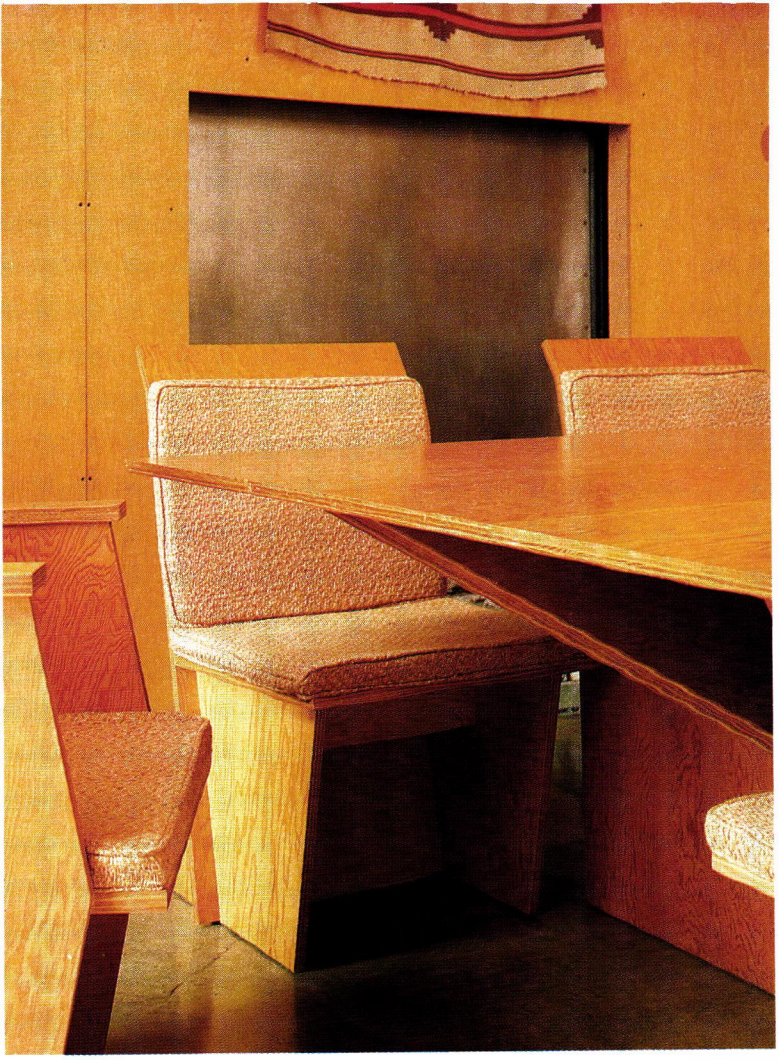


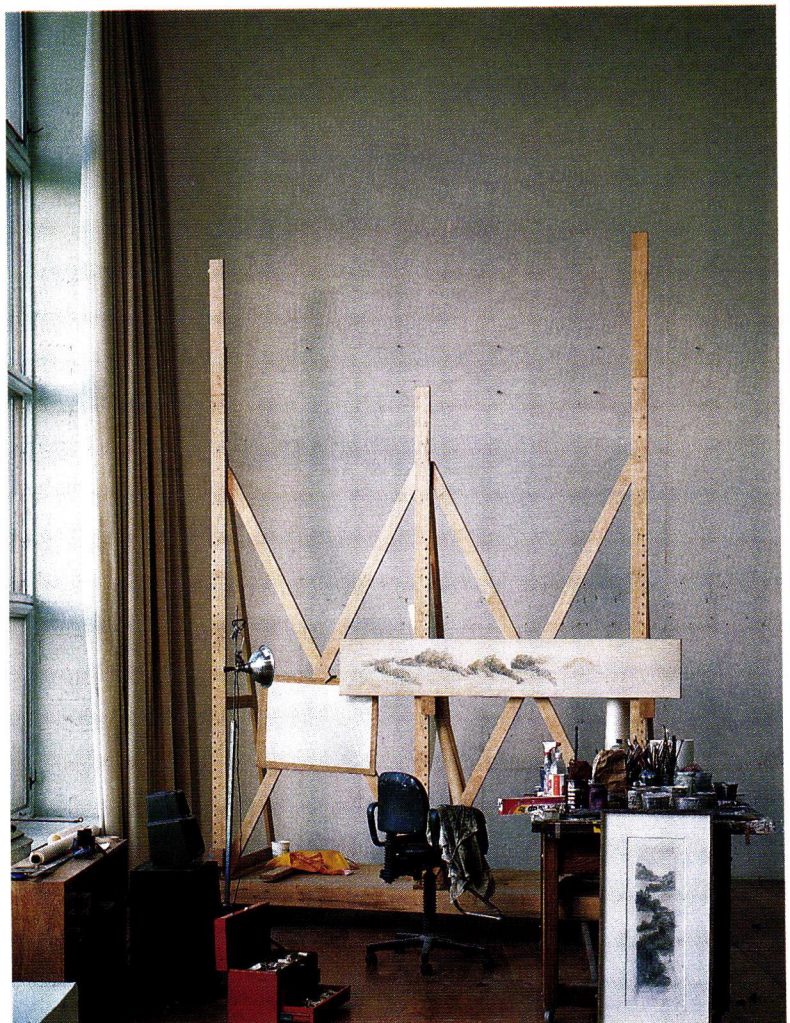
The dining room overlooks the porch and the studio beyond. *Opposite:* Plywood lines the main room, divided into dining and living areas by a fireplace. Deutsch's honey-toned palette extends from his furniture to his hanging sculpture. The painting is by William Wegman. Details see Resources.

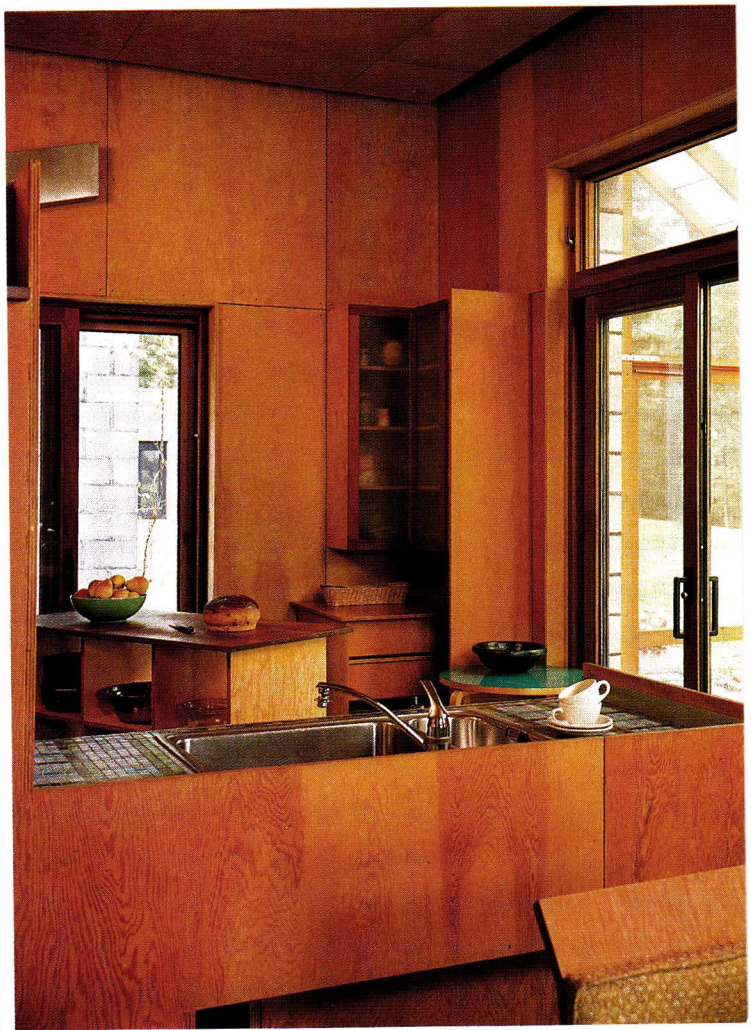
Artist's Materials

With plywood and concrete, painter David Deutsch composes a minimalist hideout. By Heather Smith MacIsaac

Photographs by John Hall







AS A YOUNG ARTIST IN THE late sixties, David Deutsch used to head for the Hollywood Hills on his motorcycle just to look at the modern cliff-hanging houses. But it was the modest fifties-era Palm Springs motels of his childhood that had incubated in his head until they emerged more than thirty years later as a country house and studio. He traded the gentle clatter of palm fronds for the rustle of pine boughs in Columbia County, New York, but transferred the idea of arranging buildings in a compound and imparting them with an aesthetic that is lean and functional to the point of being nondescript. "If he were still alive, I might have commissioned Rudolph Schindler," explains Deutsch, "but hiring an architect is like buying art. If you get somebody good, in the end it's his house, not yours."

The artist's compound on a parcel of land just under 200 acres (a property visually isolated from civilization of every sort) is 110 percent Deutsch, and he is the first to confess his obsession. "It's ridiculous but I want to take this project to the very end; I want it to be me me me." Deutsch has chosen to express, literally in concrete form, his "almost violent opposition" to architectural contrivance. The theme of his compound is an absence of ornament and referential decoration. The materials, plywood on the interior and concrete block on the exterior, were chosen for "their cultural transparency—you see them everywhere."

If, as Deutsch asserts, the trick for any artist is to "find a vocabulary and make it something big," then his language is rooted in "drab and commonplace" materials, especially plywood. "Woodgrain patterns intrigue me," he understates. As early as 1969, he created a room of fir plywood in a Venice, California, building that, appropriately enough, architect Frank Gehry took over after the artist vacated. Deutsch made paintings composed of rotating panels of plywood, explored the wood's optical effects in wall installations, and refashioned his city studio and loft in plywood. It was inevitable that the material would surface in his country place.

A grove of pines at the edge of a meadow shelters the group of three buildings that make up Deutsch's compound. There's a main house of two staggered cubes (living areas in one, bedroom and bath in the other); an L-shaped garage and guesthouse; and another cube, this one forty-foot-square (he paced a room at the Metropolitan Museum to arrive at the dimensions), for his painting studio. Every room has multiple views, every window is a door, even the central pane of the north-facing glass wall of the studio. "I like the idea," he says, "of structures that anchor the landscape in all directions, with no front or back." The views are of a panorama of forest and field remarkably like that of Deutsch's painting, *Landscape with Two Antennae,* finished two years prior to his buying the land. "Another boost for

A pine grove, *above,* shelters the group of concrete buildings, which include the house, at left, and the studio, right. *Below:* Deutsch's *Landscape with Two Antennae. Opposite, clockwise from top left:* Deutsch had fabric woven to resemble plywood for his dining chairs. Orange-stained cedar frames the porch. The artist designed an open-plan kitchen, all in plywood. The forty-foot-square studio is lit by a wall of windows.

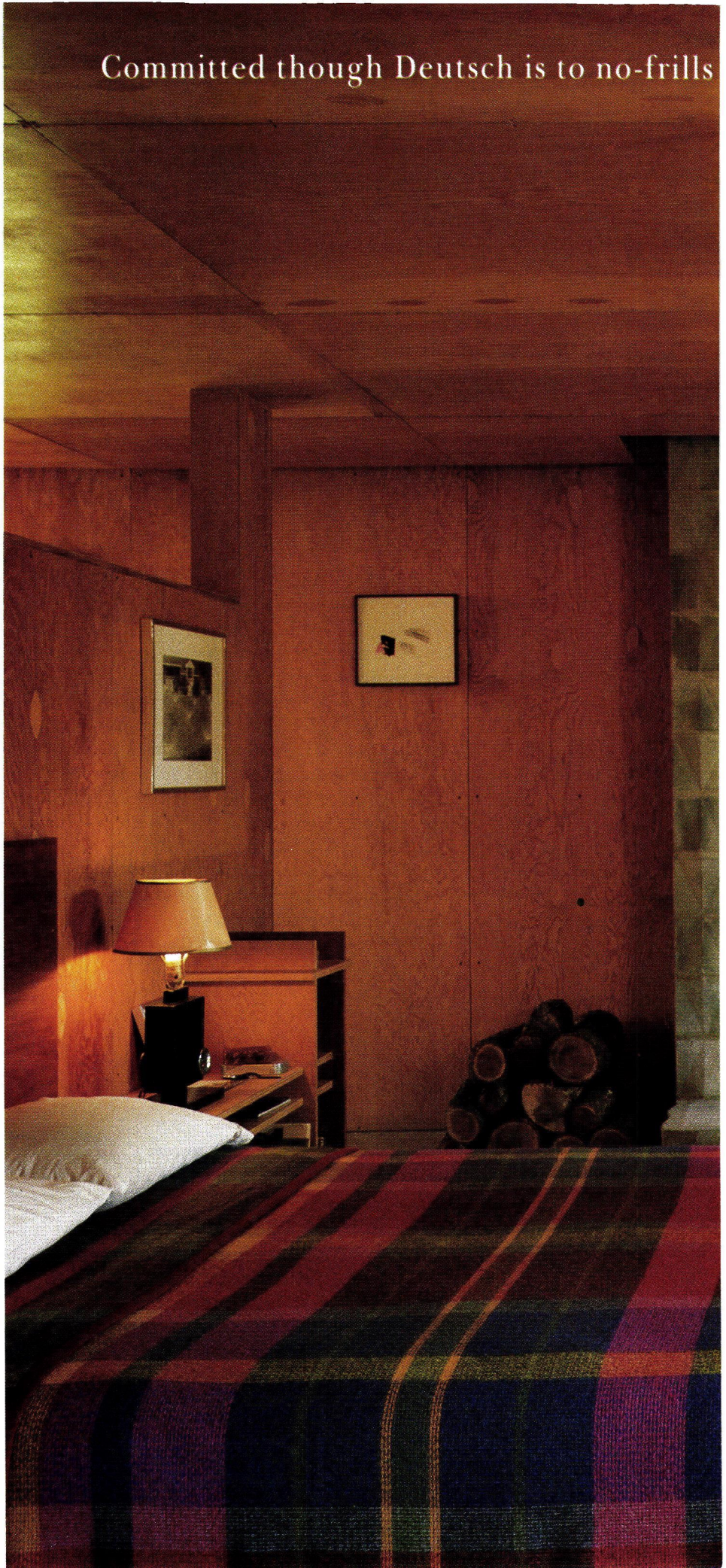
Deutsch chose plywood and concrete for their "cultural transparency"

the life-follows-art theory," he jests.

Much as Deutsch likes cross-country skiing and fly fishing, he insists that the country means nothing to him unless he can work. His guests are often left to their own devices during the day while he paints. At mealtimes, they gather around a dining room table with views of the kitchen, the screened porch, and beyond a fireplace to the living room. It is a total plywood environment, save for the heated concrete floor. Deutsch's furniture is an exploration

of intersecting plywood planes. Pushed together, the dining chairs form benches on either side of the table. Twin sofas and ottomans in the living room are upholstered in fabric he had specially woven to resemble plywood. "Furniture made out of anything else would be decadent next to walls of such a common material," states Deutsch, who collects no objects, only his friends' art. Offsetting the warmth of the wood are the master bedroom fireplace and bathtub in concrete pyramid block and the kitchen and bathroom surfaces tiled in Italian glass in shades of green and blue.

As committed as David Deutsch is to common materials and no-frills architecture, it is an opposition to mediocrity that fuels him. His compound is a strong statement and he is proud that it does not kowtow to any trend or taste—particularly, as luck would have it, that of the local tax assessor, who lowered Deutsch's taxes after noting his improvements as "temporary shelter." ▲



Committed though Deutsch is to no-frills

architecture, it is opposition to mediocrity that fuels him

Deutsch's bedroom faces west, but morning light spills over the headboard-partition that screens the bathroom. A skylight enables the sun to accentuate the forms of the concrete pyramid block fireplace. A/D Gallery in New York commissioned Deutsch's standing desk, which he made out of lawn furniture materials. *Opposite:* Italian glass tiles cover the poured concrete tub and separate shower area.

I love this room because it's otherworldly," says Anna Sui, *opposite,* in what she calls her Brian Jones jacket. A life-size mannequin of Diana Vreeland clad in Sui's new black denim pant-suit, *below,* presides over the all-red living room, with its ball-fringe window treatment, piles of pillows, and exuberant vintage metal furniture. Details see Resources.

MICHAEL O'BRIEN

Anna Sui Suits Herself

ANNA SUI'S LIVING ROOM revolution began quite by chance when the fashion designer's best friends, photographer Steven Meisel and Keeble Cavaco & Duka's creative director, Paul Cavaco, came over to visit. After ten years of living in a sea of clothing racks and filing cabinets, Sui had developed a longing for floors clean enough to walk on. "When Steven heard me musing about sanding the floors, he said, 'Wait a minute. Back up. You are *not* having a blond floor.' Paul insisted that it should be red," she recalls. "So after four agonizing weeks of living in rotating patches of the apartment, the floor was hand-stained red." The walls soon followed.

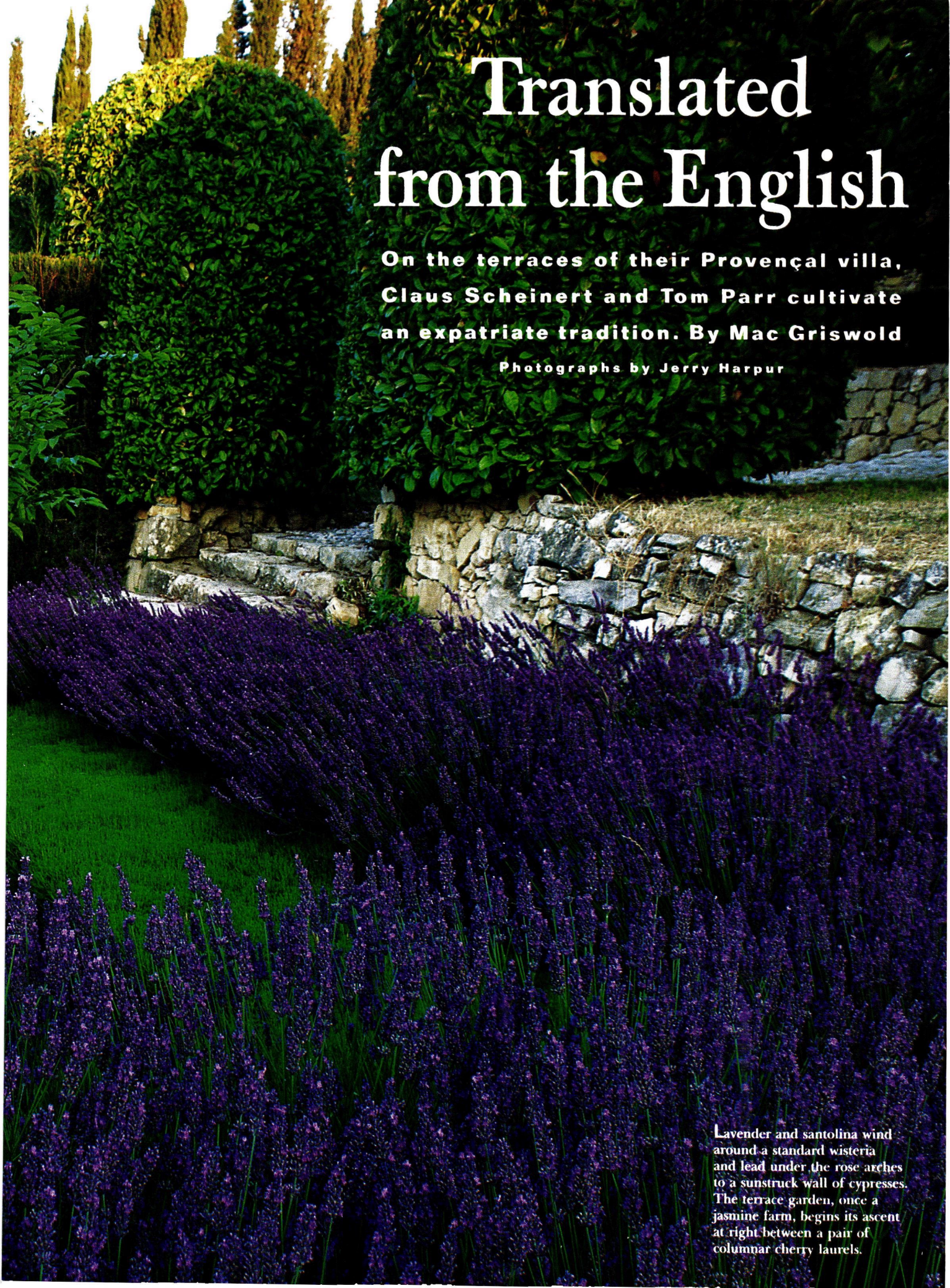
Then Sui bought books on decorating and started collecting "whatever my eye and heart were drawn to"—pillows, miniature tin-can furniture, even a dining room set. The centerpiece of the living room is Greer Lankton's mannequin of the late Diana Vreeland. Mrs. Vreeland changes outfits for every party and sports new looks for every season.

"I always joke with my married friends, 'Would your husband let you live in a house like this?' " Sui says. "But I don't have to answer to anybody—and for the moment this is everything I love!" **Wendy Goodman**

Translated from the English

On the terraces of their Provençal villa, Claus Scheinert and Tom Parr cultivate an expatriate tradition. By Mac Griswold

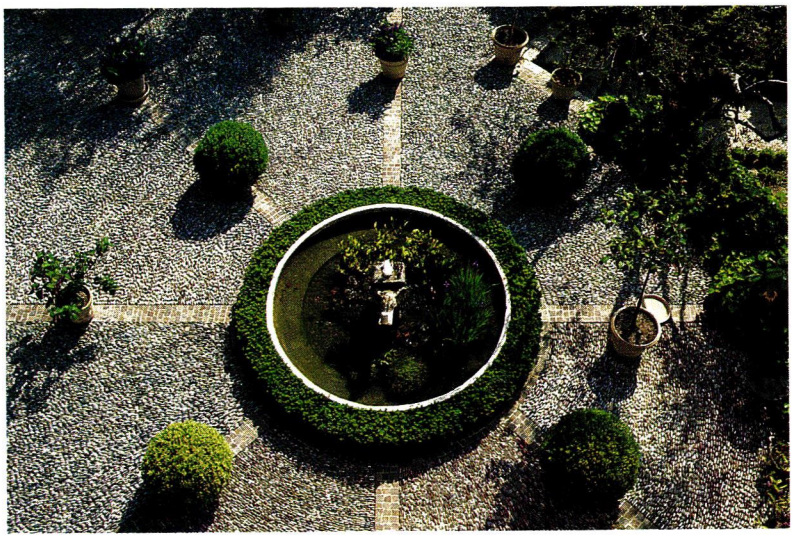
Photographs by Jerry Harpur



Lavender and santolina wind around a standard wisteria and lead under the rose arches to a sunstruck wall of cypresses. The terrace garden, once a jasmine farm, begins its ascent at right between a pair of columnar cherry laurels.

AT THE RISK OF BEING called an Anglomaniac, I have to say only the English have mastered the art of gardening in Provence," wrote Ernest de Ganay about sixty years ago. His readers were French, and the 1936 issue of his imposing folio-size periodical, *La Gazette illustrée des amateurs de jardins*, was devoted to the celebrated gardens of the Côte d'Azur. Most were created in the first thirty years of this century, many indeed by the English, who, never having learned how to keep their houses warm, came for the mild winters. There were great gardeners among them, such as the American expatriate Lawrence Johnston of Hidcote, drawn to the Mediterranean coast by the chance to grow things that would not flourish in damp sunless England. The ravishing plants they introduced are now used by every gardener in Provence. The English arts and crafts trick of balancing a garden design between romance and practicality, between castle and cottage, has never been bettered. Profound—if unlikely—echoes can still be heard today.

Profound—if unlikely—echoes of English arts and crafts gardens can still be heard in Provence



Claus Scheinert, ex-Münchner, ex-businessman, stands in the gardens of La Casella, the domain he and Tom Parr, the chairman of Colefax & Fowler, the English decorating firm and fabric house, have created in Provence. Around him lie restrained patterns of white roses, gray and green santolina, and lavender—shades of the marchioness of Salisbury's plantings at Cranborne Manor. Above him pale climbing roses spray through the olive branches the way they do in the far-off apple trees of Sissinghurst. As neat, bright, and restless as a cockatoo, Claus explains how he learned about English taste, gardening here for the first time in his life beginning in 1985. (His teacher, of course, was Parr, who knows nothing about gardening but everything about taste.)

"Tom always says to his clients, 'Suitability, suitability, suitability,' " announces Claus, "but I always want to try everything." It is Tom Parr's kind of bravura British reticence that Ernest de Ganay remarked on at the Villa Eléonore-Louise, Lord Brougham's retreat near Cannes, which was a hundred years old by the time Ganay wrote. He called it a "gentleman of a garden, with irreproachable taste, whom one constantly wishes to consult."

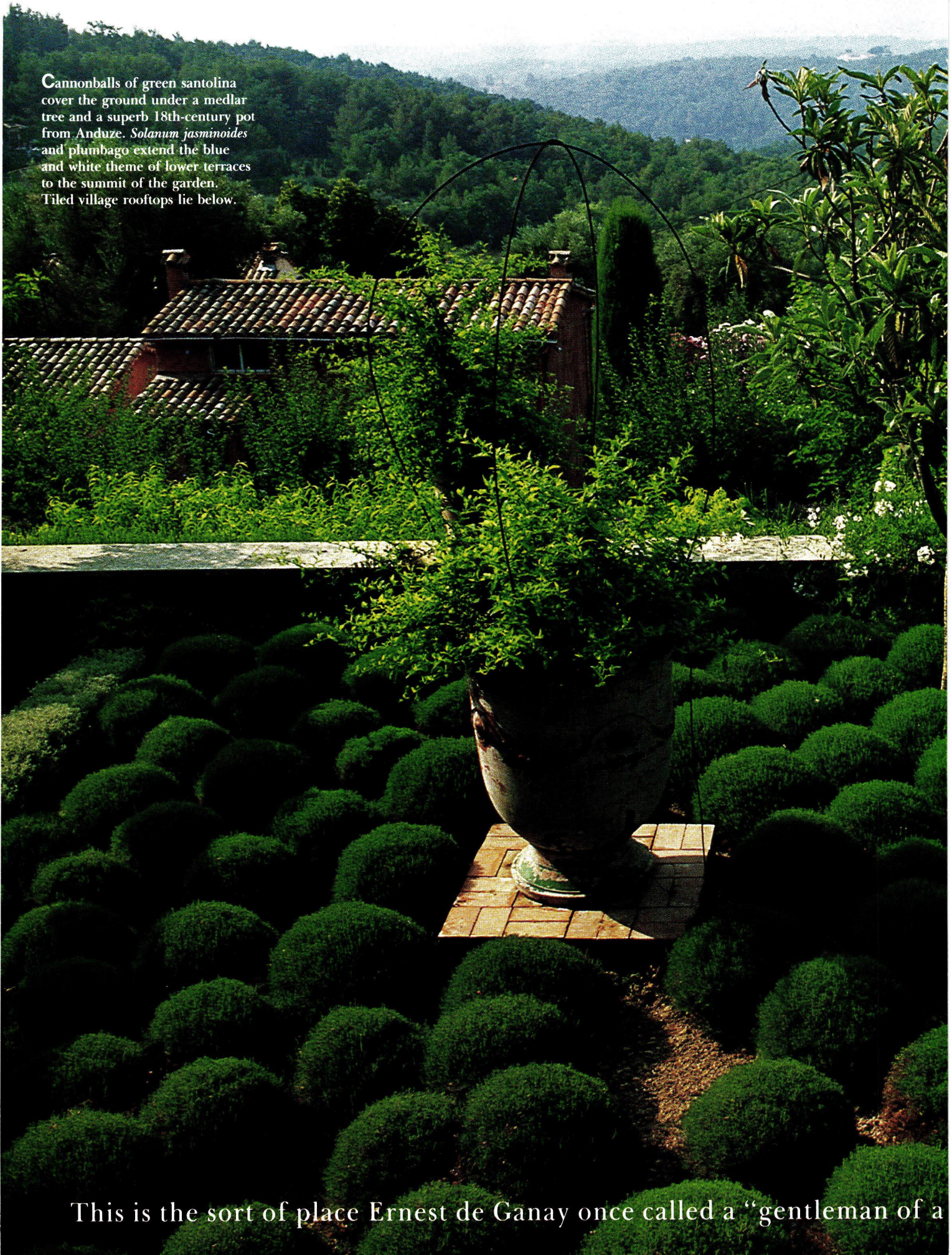
Besides making use of Tom's ability to say no to the inappropriate, Claus also read madly, observed constantly, and took lessons (and cuttings) from the canonical gardens of the region, especially those at the Villa Noailles, La Mortola, and La Chèvre d'Or. "In six years you can learn to be a doctor, if you work day and night," says Claus, who has applied somewhat the same tactics to his education as a gardener.

La Casella (The Little House), a warm apricot copy of the Hermitage de Pompadour at Fontainebleau, is the work of Robert Streitz, a follower of the architect Emilio Terry. Like every other self-respecting villa on these south-facing hills, it came with a garden and a sunning terrace. On the steep slope next to the salon lay a modest heap of planted retaining walls, topped with a square of strident tea roses. A thirty-foot-tall slab of cherry laurel, as thick and final as a tombstone, blocked the western view over the adjoining weedy terraces. Once they were a thriving jasmine farm that sold flowers to nearby perfumeries.

Tom did the house, sweeping away partitions and filling the rooms with Colefax & Fowler in an astringent mode—more Beau Brummel than flowered chintz—as befits such a neoclassical miniature. The original garden spaces around the house became extensions of the rooms they adjoined, and Tom altered their proportions, widening the main terrace and paving the precipitous little entrance court with a flat wheel of cobblestones, with a reflecting pool for a hub and brick patterns for spokes.

Meanwhile, Claus burst through the cherry laurels to "his" garden. For months he had waited silently, or nearly silently, while various well-known garden gurus fooled around unsuccessfully with the terraces.

On the lowest terrace, *opposite*, English gardening with a Provençal twist marries lavender, roses, and santolina with orange trees and potted agapanthus. *Above:* Seen from an upstairs window of the villa, the cobblestone wheel in the entrance court is set with brick spokes around a hedged reflecting-pool hub.



Cannonballs of green santolina cover the ground under a medlar tree and a superb 18th-century pot from Anduze. *Solanum jasminoides* and plumbago extend the blue and white theme of lower terraces to the summit of the garden. Tiled village rooftops lie below.

This is the sort of place Ernest de Ganay once called a "gentleman of a

garden . . . whom one constantly wishes to consult"

Roses spray through olive branches as they do in the apple trees of Sissinghurst

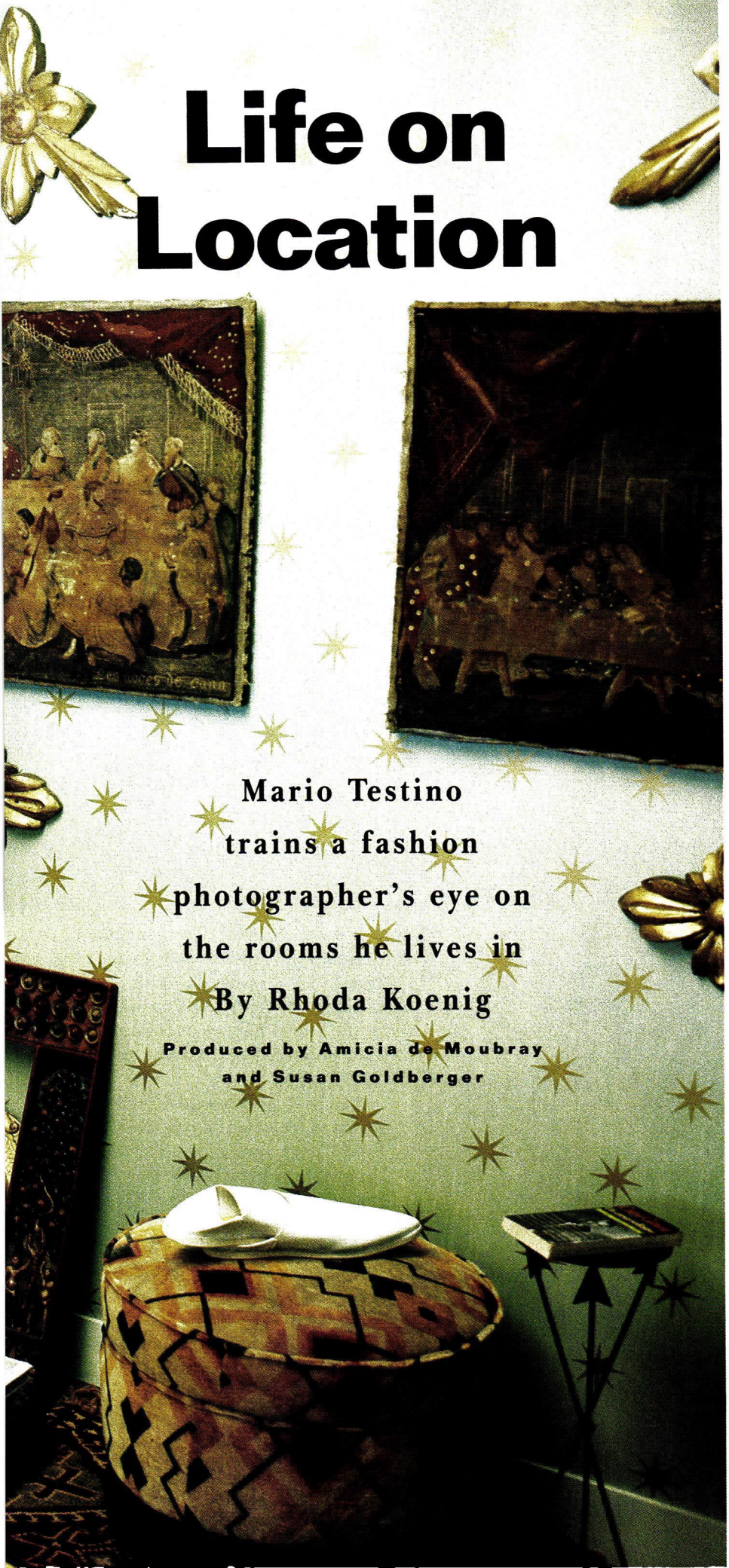
Now it was his turn. The terrace he found himself on, midway down the hill and nearly level with the house, became the main garden path. Graced with a wall fountain, cypresses, benches, and a statue for a terminus, it is known today as the Myrtle Walk because of the handsome standards of *Myrtus communis* in viridian pots. But even these pots are not as green as the grass that miraculously floors this allée, kept as lush as any lawn in Kent by the local golf course greenskeeper, whom Claus cajoled to work at La Casella as well.

Now each of the eight terraces has its own garden—from the top, where a wisteria-clad pergola and the old jasmine farm water tank hint at coolness, to the bottom, the most jazzily Côte d'Azur-ish of the designs. There the long English-colored wall of lavender, roses, and santolina looks down on another lawn—spiced with a double row of orange trees. Agapanthus, lily-of-the-Nile, raises its little trumpets, whose blueness mimics lavender. Such exoticism is a reminder that lavender is just as Provençal as it is English and that the English themselves are exotics here, as they have so often been elsewhere. Several hundred years of successful imperialism made them flexible if nothing else; they have made "English gardens" from Poona to Cape Town, using whatever grew best.

What makes a garden English then? Claus knows; he has been colonized too. He is, of course, still methodically "dividing the sheep from the coats," as he says in his German accent, discovering what needs water and what drowns in the dense clay. But his Teutonic taste for orderly magnificence has diminished. Though the cobbled walk of the rose garden runs straight as an arrow under its arbors, halfway along it there is a sudden blip. An old plum tree whose surface roots stretch to the middle of the terrace has been spared: the cobbles skirt it, and the rose 'Mrs. Herbert Stevens' wreathes its head. Even if Claus doesn't yet know all his Latin botanical names, he *has* mastered the ultimate English gentleman's accomplishment, which is to make the rules and then break them—gracefully. ♠

The entrance court, *above left,* designed by Tom Parr, is bejeweled with white daturas and the blues of plumbago standards and pickerel weed. Claus Scheinert discovered the 18th-century stone elephant in Nice. *Opposite above:* Echiums, the delphiniums of Provence, and pale pink *Erigeron mucronatus,* a fast-spreading wild daisy, frame a tumble of planted walls above La Casella's west terrace. *Opposite below:* Roses climb high in a grove of olive trees seen from the terrace overlooking the south view.

Life on Location



Mario Testino trains a fashion photographer's eye on the rooms he lives in

By Rhoda Koenig

Produced by Amicia de Moubray and Susan Goldberger

FASHION PHOTOGRAPHER MARIO Testino is arranging his next assignment abroad. "Yes, yes," he says, "but what time do the shops open?" Whether he is shooting models striding across the white Egyptian sands for *GQ* or posing Adonises in sports jackets for *L'Uomo Vogue* in his native Peru, he hits the markets as soon as his work is done. The results are apparent in his London and Paris flats where the mixture of antique and modern and the rainbow spectrum combine, as Hamish Bowles, style director of *Harpers & Queen,* puts it, "in an incredibly mad, eclectic way."

"Some people ask, 'How can you put all these colors together?' " says Testino. "They think it would be too much. But when I come into the room, it looks very subdued."

That might not be everyone's opinion on seeing his London sitting room of pale blue, pale green, purple, emerald, yellow, and black, but there is no denying that the effect is cheerful rather than chaotic. "When I traveled with Mario to Peru," says Bowles, "his style suddenly came into focus. There they mix eighteenth-century religious mementos with Precolumbian textiles and twentieth-century ephemera."

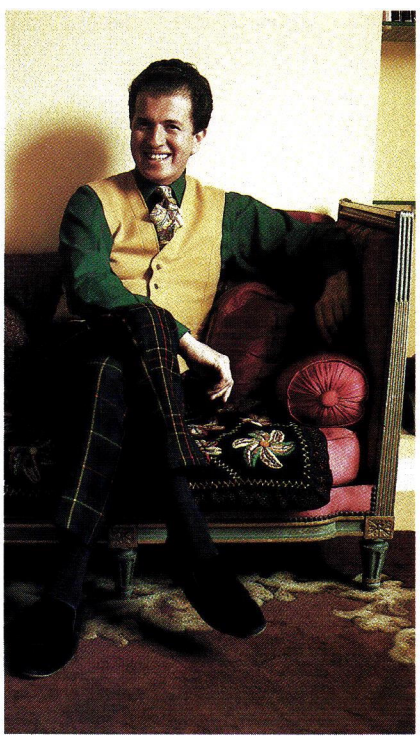
The son of a businessman of Italian origin and a woman of Scottish and Spanish ancestry—"While I'm in London I have to go to Scotch House for my mother"—Testino grew up in Lima, where he studied at the American School. (In addition to English and Spanish he now speaks French, Italian, and Portuguese.) In 1974 he took off for college in southern California, but higher education didn't take. "I was a bit of a spoiled kid at the time, I guess." Two years later, at twenty-two, he turned up in London,

In Mario Testino's Paris bedroom a field of stars fit for a chapel ceiling—actually wallpaper by Osborne & Little—sets the scene for treasures gleaned from flea markets on three continents. Among them are a wooden shield from Cairo, tapestry panels and an arrow table from the Marché aux Puces in Paris, a 1930s hassock from a Left Bank shop, and golden ornaments from his native Peru. Details see Resources.

where "I just partied a lot," he recalls, until his parents came to visit and announced that after four more months of remittances he would be on his own.

Desperate to find some other source of income, Testino turned to photography, which he had studied in London to satisfy visa requirements. He started with pictures of his friends' children, then found his true métier, fashion. "I did photos for models and hairdressers. Then their clients would ask them, 'Who did this picture?' "

Some of those striking photos from the early 1980s were taken in a rather unusual venue. Returning home late one night, a set designer friend literally stumbled into the old Charing Cross Hospital, which had become a flophouse. An upper floor, however, was empty, and he found



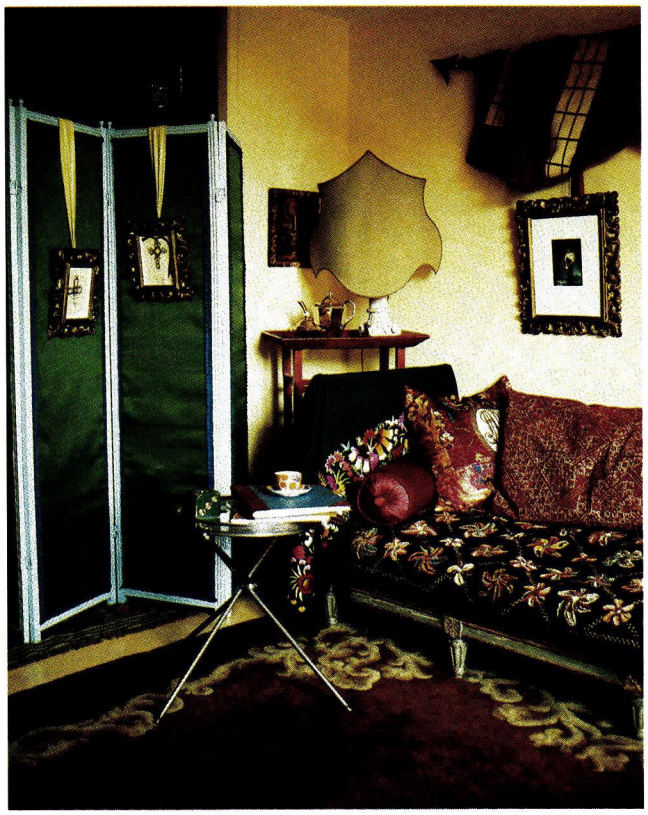
that it was available. Testino, the set designer, and four other Peruvian friends went to live there, in fourteen vacant rooms, and he set up a studio painted in what Bowles calls Inca pink (and Schiaparelli dubbed "shocking").

Testino's photographs of boldly posed models before brilliantly colored backgrounds brought him to the attention of the Condé Nast magazines in Europe and New York. He moved to Manhattan in 1983 but found himself missing the easygoing life of Europe, so three years later he moved back to London and acquired a tiny flat in Paris as well. Both of his apartments show the preoccupation with intense color that suffuses his work, as well as his interest in amusing combinations of objects that create small-scale stage sets.

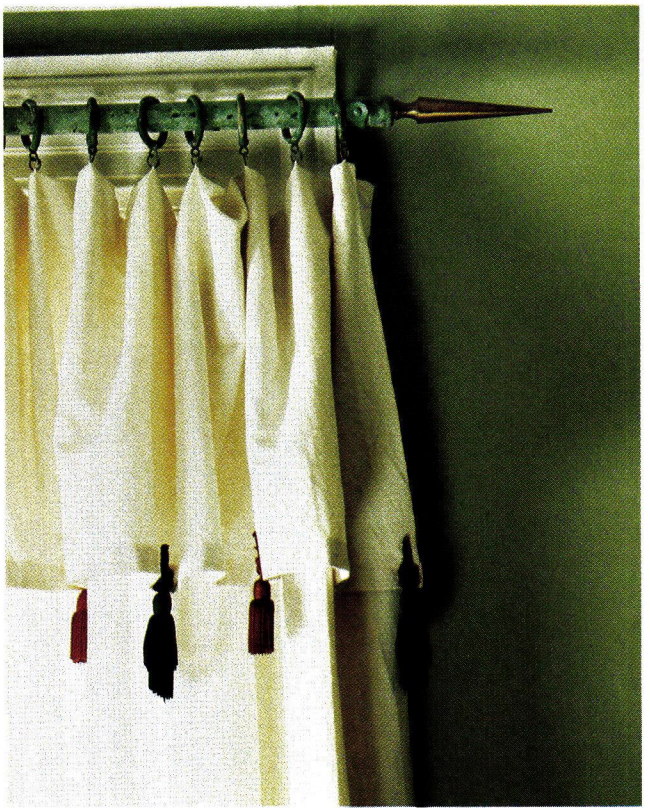
Indeed, he says the yellow satin

His apartments, like his photographs, are suffused with color

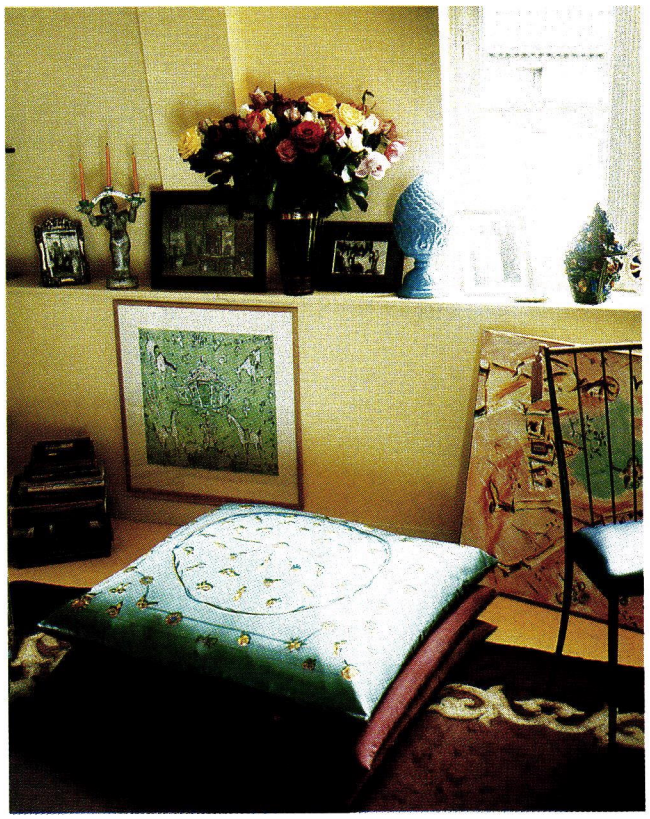
In the dining room a Mexican lamp wears a tartan shade, and a Portuguese cloth covers the table. Testino, *opposite below*, is given to flamboyant attire. When he enters his apple-green London sitting room, *opposite above*, with its yellow chair, emerald banquette, and Moroccan carpet, it suddenly seems "very subdued," he says.



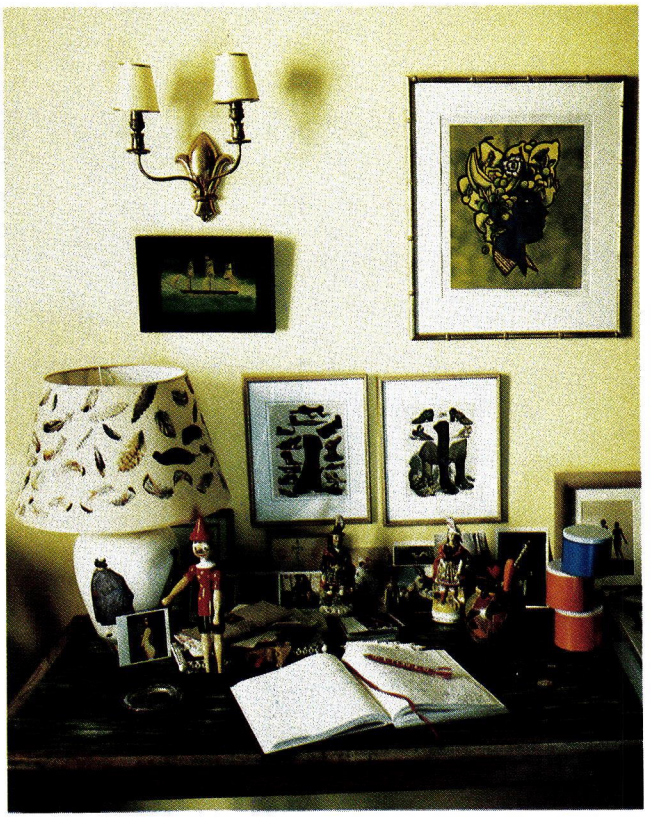
An Eric Bergère scarf for Lanvin is draped on the wall above a settee from the Marché aux Puces. The drawings on the screen are jewelry designs by Christian Lacroix.



For a curtain in his London flat, Testino added vivid Moroccan tassels to an old linen sheet, then hung it from a verdigris rod with a spike finial from Jerrystyle, NYC.



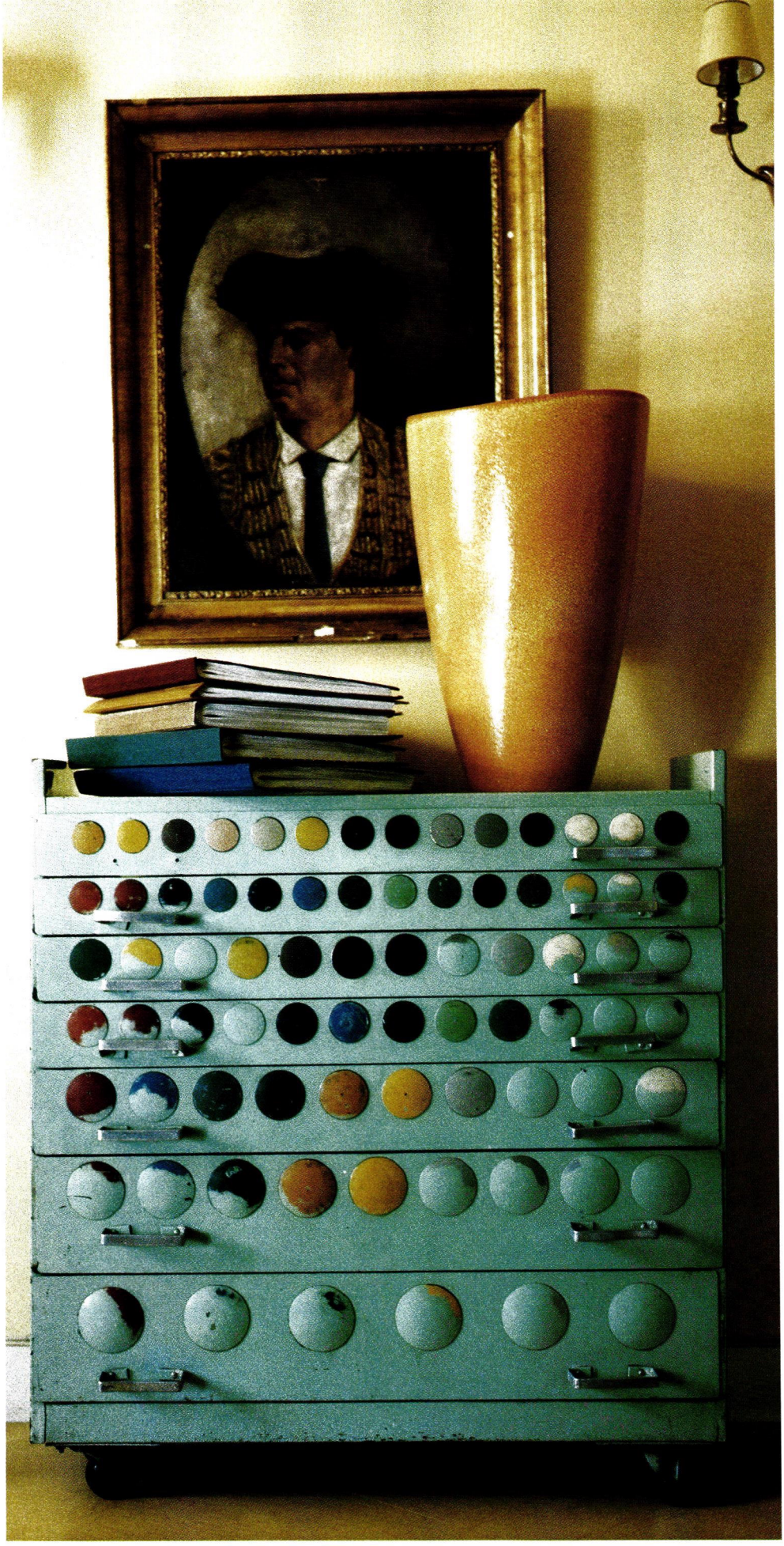
In the Paris apartment, cushions covered with Hermès scarves are piled in front of a Jan Baselli scarf design for Lacroix. Testino found the quirky candleholder in Nice.



Testino's desk lamp in Paris has a base by Clare Mosley and a shade made from an Hermès scarf. The large watercolor is a magazine cover design by François Berthoud.

chair in his Shepherd's Bush sitting room could have been a piece of theatrical furniture. The play would have to be *Murder in the Cathedral*—the chair, which looks like something for an archbishop to relax in, fits in with the other ecclesiastical touches in the room, such as a painting of Saint John and the Christ Child and a painted clay statue of a praying Mary Magdalene. The sinner can be identified by her shiny gold gown and bright red fingernails. "I bought her in the south of France, with Christian Lacroix. He has one as well." In Testino's Paris bedroom the pale blue walls with gold stars seem to have been taken from a chapel until you recognize the pattern as a fashionable wallpaper. The starry expanse, however, does serve as a backdrop for a wooden shield made for Egyptian festivals and a pair of needlework pictures of scenes from the New Testament.

Testino's style also has a slightly mystical touch: the unexpected mix of colors and materials—broken pediments made of wood and painted purple, for instance, top two sets of glass bookshelves—and the rich yet childlike quality of his art objects give one the sense of being inside a naive painting. A Madonna and Child in a painting from Peru look like puppets in feathered tricorns; tiny Mexican and Peruvian figures march across the mantelpiece in the bathroom. The surrealist style that is closely related to the naive is pointed up in the collection of black and white photos that cover the staircase wall, among them a portrait of Vivien Leigh by the British surrealist Angus McBean and a still from a Cocteau movie. But the real-life world of fashion is also represented, in Lacroix *(Continued on page 170)*



Flash and function are in perfect sync in a battered blue paint cabinet, *right*, with a rainbow of disks color-keyed to the original contents of the drawers. The oversize orange vase was a gift from Christian Lacroix; the books were handbound by Lady Sylvie Thynn to hold Testino's photographs. A matador portrait, above, sounds a somber note.

Haute couture meets flea market in Testino's witty juxtapositions

A hallway adorned with Colefax & Fowler taffeta curtains, an Empire chandelier, and Egyptian-style Swedish tables links the living and dining rooms. *Opposite above:* The roof terrace commands magnificent views. *Opposite below:* A 19th-century Austrian banquette in a Colefax & Fowler silk satin wraps around a corner of the living room. Details see Resources.

Chicago Georgian

Colefax & Fowler honors the period flavor of a stately 1911 house

By Pilar Viladas Photographs by William Waldron

Produced by Jacqueline Gonnet

FEW THINGS SEEM AS ALLURING TO Americans these days as that particular combination of elegance and informality, of the effete and the old-shoe—Sheraton sideboards and Aunt Fanny's armchairs—that characterizes the English country-house school of decorating. Just ask Imogen Taylor, the doyenne of Colefax & Fowler, the London firm that virtually created the style. The times being what they are, Taylor's growing American client list has taken her "from doing stately homes in England to doing new houses in Florida." Alas, few of those new house owners arrive with the several generations' worth of family treasures that you find in England. Often, says Taylor, "there's not one stick of furniture, and you've got fifteen or twenty rooms to work with."

In the case of this house in Chicago, however, Taylor and colleague Pierre Serrurier were blessed with clients who are, as Taylor describes them, "besotted with everything to do with houses and furniture." The couple live outside Chicago and have been Colefax & Fowler clients for more than a decade. They are avid collectors and on any given week are very likely to be found prowling the shops of Paris antiquaires or calling Taylor from Tokyo to ask her to look at something at a dealer's in London. The husband admits to "an enthusiasm for Mr. Chippendale's furniture," while the wife's particular passion is English and European porcelain.

When their two sons reached their teens, the couple began to look for a pied-à-terre and soon set their sights on one of the older private houses in town—a 1911 brick Georgian, four stories tall and one room deep, designed by the Chicago firm of Holabird & Roche. When they bought the house, however, its once-elegant interiors were a rabbit warren of tiny rooms, attesting to their use over the years as, among other things, doctors' offices.

So the Chicago firm of Hammond Beeby & Babka was hired to return the house to its former glory. With Thomas Beeby as director of design and Gary Ainge as principal in charge of the project, the architects gutted the building. Then, save for a few minor alterations, they restored the rooms to their original configurations and replicated elements such as moldings and the winding staircase, all in accord with the original drawings, which had been given to the Chicago Historical Society.

For the decorators the task of filling these once-again-dignified rooms was an ideal project—Colefax & Fowler, after all, has pulled into shape many houses for the couple, whom Taylor lists "among my most favorite clients." This, one suspects, is not something the no-nonsense Taylor says about just anyone—and she has worked with a great number of clients in her forty-two years with the firm. But her relationship with this couple is a collaborative one, built on a shared love of beautiful things. It began when the couple asked Taylor to help furnish a room around a rug they had bought. "I realized the rug was all wrong for the room they had it in," she recalls, "so I gritted my teeth and said I really couldn't work with it." To her surprise, they rolled up the rug and sent it to storage. "We still have it," says Taylor, her use of the plural pronoun attesting to the strength of this decorator-client bond. "It's still waiting for the perfect place."

The 1911 brick Georgian house, *above,* was recently gutted and restored according to its original plan. *Opposite:* The living room showcases the owners' collection of antiques, including three George III armchairs attributed to Thomas Chippendale and a painted Directoire stool.

Quite a few of the couple's prized purchases found the perfect place in these urbane rooms, which are a bit dressier than the country-house look dictates because they are used for formal entertaining. In the entry hall a serpentine-backed love seat, an illustration of Thomas Chippendale's versatility, is covered in a welcoming toile. Cream walls and wall panels with neoclassical motifs evoke an airy Swedish feeling. Swagged curtains of blue and cream striped taffeta frame the windows and a pair of Louis XVI armchairs are painted white, emphasizing the lightness of the room and accenting what Taylor calls the "doll's house" quality of the spaces—"small in scale, elaborate in detail."

In the living room on the next floor there is further evidence of Chippendale mania: three George III armchairs and a camelback sofa are all attributed to the cabinetmaker. The few new upholstered pieces were made in England. Explaining that English upholstery is less overstuffed than its American counterparts, Serrurier admits "it requires some getting used to for Americans," who take the idea of sinking into a sofa or chair a bit too literally. As in the entry hall, color is a unifying element here. The pale sea-green ground of the Aubusson carpet is repeated in the cushions of an Empire bench, the silk taffeta fringe on the curtains, and even the seashell-painted Flight, Barr & Barr urns that adorn the mantel. The walls of the room were given a soft yellow finish for what Taylor describes as a "golden honeyed look," which makes the most of the room's natural light.

Golden honeyed walls make the most of the natural light

The dining room is papered with a hand-blocked reedition of a Directoire design by Mauny for Colefax & Fowler. *Opposite, clockwise from top left:* An Adam period torchère and Louis XVI chair in the entry hall; François Boucher drawings above an English side table displaying Austrian porcelain. A Flight, Barr & Barr urn, c. 1830. Imogen Taylor and Pierre Serrurier of Colefax & Fowler.

The rooms have a doll's house quality—small-scale but elaborate

The husband admits to an "enthusiasm for Mr. Chippendale's furniture," while the wife's passion is European porcelain

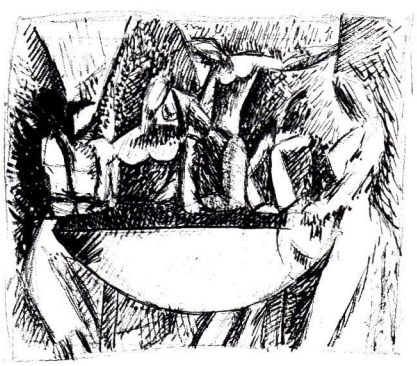
The hallway connecting the living and dining rooms attests to the decorators' ability to orchestrate diverse objects into a pleasing whole. French doors with yellow silk taffeta curtains, an Empire chandelier, and a pair of exotic Swedish tables in the Egyptian style create a grand transitional space. In the dining room the decorators' use of their own hand-blocked wallpaper—a trompe l'oeil of gathered silk in warm golds—was, says, Serrurier, prompted by the tones of the Aubusson carpet the clients had bought for the room. A Russian chandelier, circa 1810, complements Regency chairs and a table often set with imperial Russian plates.

In the master bedroom the coved ceiling was raised to accommodate a four-poster hung with striped and flowered silks. The higher ceiling gives the room a certain grandeur in spite of its "doll's house" scale, and the récamier and Portuguese needlepoint carpet suggest a nineteenth-century aura. Taylor and Serrurier have seen to it that every part of the house has a historic and aesthetic feeling all its own, yet together the rooms are woven into a seamless fabric. Thanks to Colefax & Fowler, the English country-house look can go to town, so to speak, without sacrificing a bit of charm. ▲

In the entry hall, *above*, a marbleized floor, painted wall panels, and striped taffeta curtains create a classical backdrop for a gilt Chippendale sofa in a Colefax & Fowler toile. *Right:* The ceiling was raised in the master bedroom to accommodate a Colefax & Fowler four-poster hung with silk. The French silk taffeta curtains bring out the rosy tones of the Portuguese needlepoint rug.

CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: ÖFFENTLICHE KUNSTSAMMLUNG, KUNSTMUSEUM, BASEL; NATIONAL MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, KYOTO; MUSÉE PICASSO, PARIS, RÉUNION DES MUSÉES NATIONAUX

PICASSO'S ALCHEMY



An emblematic self-portrait lurks in *Palette, Candlestick, and Head of Minotaur*, 1938, *top. Table with Loaves and Bowl of Fruit*, c. 1908, *opposite*, was based on figures in an early sketch, *above*.

EVEN THOSE OF US WHO THINK WE know the artist's work by heart will find the magnificent still-life exhibition "Picasso and Things," at the Cleveland Museum of Art through May 3, a revelation. (The show will later be seen at the Philadelphia Museum of Art and the Grand Palais in Paris.) To my mind, no other artist in history bestowed so much life and mystery on inanimate objects. Take the 1938 painting *Palette, Candlestick, and Head of Minotaur*: at first sight an arbitrary assemblage of studio props, it turns out to be an allegory of psychic torment. A sunburst of Van

THE ARTIST MAGICALLY TRANSFIGURED THE STUFF OF EVERYDAY LIFE INTO PERSONAL ALLEGORIES

BY JOHN RICHARDSON

Gogh–like brushstrokes lights up the darkness with clashing colors that ring out like an alarm bell warning of carnage. The painting smolders with Picasso's anguish at the Spanish civil war, which prevented him from visiting his dying mother in Barcelona. The sculpture of the Minotaur's head is a grim portrait of the artist in the appropriate guise of the mythical monster to whom maidens had to be sacrificed—a fate in store for both his current mistresses. And the placement of the palette on top of the book refers to Picasso's return to painting after having largely abandoned it for writing two years earlier. Not that his indulgence in apocalyptic verse ceased for very long.

However innocent they seem, Picasso's still lifes should never be taken at face value. The artist was a master at eroticizing the bric-a-brac of everyday life—keys, mirrors, and doorknobs especially. In one of his earliest still lifes, painted in 1906, he plays off a phallic porrón (the spouted earthenware vessel from which Spaniards drink jets of wine) against a pair of breastlike jars. Such sexually explicit puns might seem crass were they not executed with consummate artistry and skill.

> No other artist in history bestowed so much life and mystery on inanimate objects

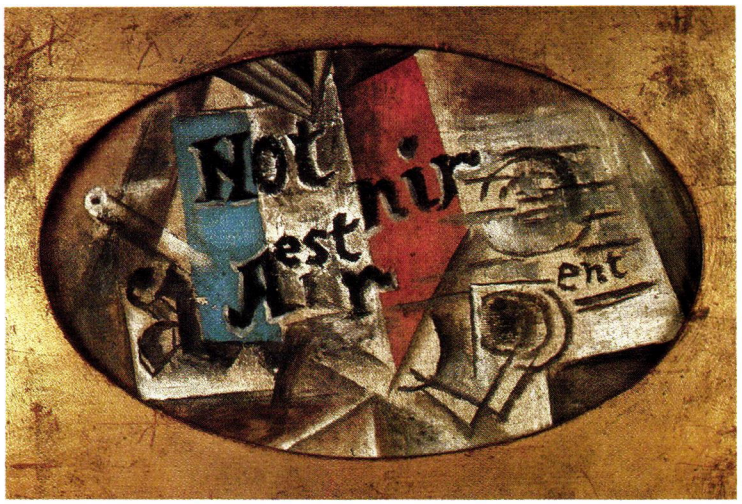
"God is really another artist like me," Picasso boasted to one of his mistresses. What he and God apparently had in common was the ability to metamorphose one thing into another. Picasso saw himself as a sort of Pygmalion, except that he could go one better: he could turn women back into objects, a feat that greatly endeared him to the surrealists. If we compare the great *Table with Loaves and Bowl of Fruit*, painted around 1908, with an early sketch, we can catch him in the act, watching him miraculously transform a group of figures around a table and their maid into an arrangement of loaves of bread and a fruit dish.

These anthropomorphic powers stood Picasso in good stead when he wanted to express his feelings about the women in his life. If a wife or mistress was in favor, he might allegorize her as a classical bust (the Pygmalion syndrome again) or a bowl of peaches ripe for nibbling or a cushion on which to lay his head. If out of favor, she risked being reduced to a heap of rubbish—a coat hanger for shoulders, long shabby gloves for arms, a gashed sardine

In *Still Life with Bull's Skull*, 1958, *opposite*, lilies of the valley commemorate May Day and the skull hints at massacres by the French in Algeria. *Above left: Table before an Open Window*, 1919. *Above right:* The closed window in *Tomato Plant*, 1944, painted during the liberation of Paris, may symbolize wartime confinement, while the plant is an image of renewal.

FROM LEFT: MUSÉE PICASSO, PARIS, RÉUNION DES MUSÉES NATIONAUX; PRIVATE COLLECTION; MUSÉE PICASSO

28.5.58.



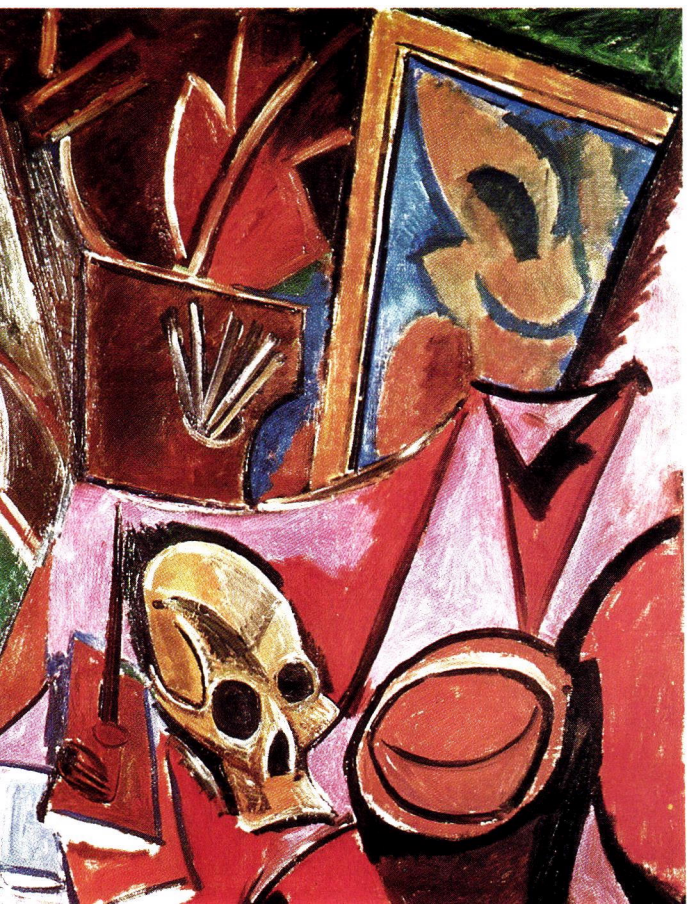
The printed word echoes in cubist still lifes such as *Notre Avenir est dans l'air,* 1912, *above. Below left: Still Life with Death's Head,* 1908. *Opposite: Bouquet of Flowers,* 1969, voluptuously suggests human anatomy.

can for a belly, and a cracked windowpane for a face. "Terrible for a woman to see in my work that she is on the way out," Picasso once told me—not without a certain pride in his ability to manipulate people pictorially.

No artist since the Renaissance has been more addicted to allegory than Picasso. In his conviction that art—his art—performed a magic function, he carried this device to outrageous new lengths. His allegories transcend symbolism; they alternately exorcise, seduce, or terrify; they even work shamanistically, sometimes to improve someone's circumstances, sometimes to put a hex on them. If Picasso painted so many stringed instruments, it was not to celebrate music, as seventeenth-century masters did; it was to play anthropomorphic tricks. He liked to explore the parallels between a mandolin and a woman's body—and not just the obvious protuberances and apertures either. Picasso was out to suggest that an instrument, like a woman, can be animated by skilled fingers in any number of ways, just as it can be abused or degraded by clumsy or malevolent ones. By sticking spikes through the back of a multimedia guitar, he also suggests that the tactile qualities of an instrument—or, by implication, of a woman—can be dangerous. Trust Picasso, too, to change the sex of the instrument by stressing its more masculine features.

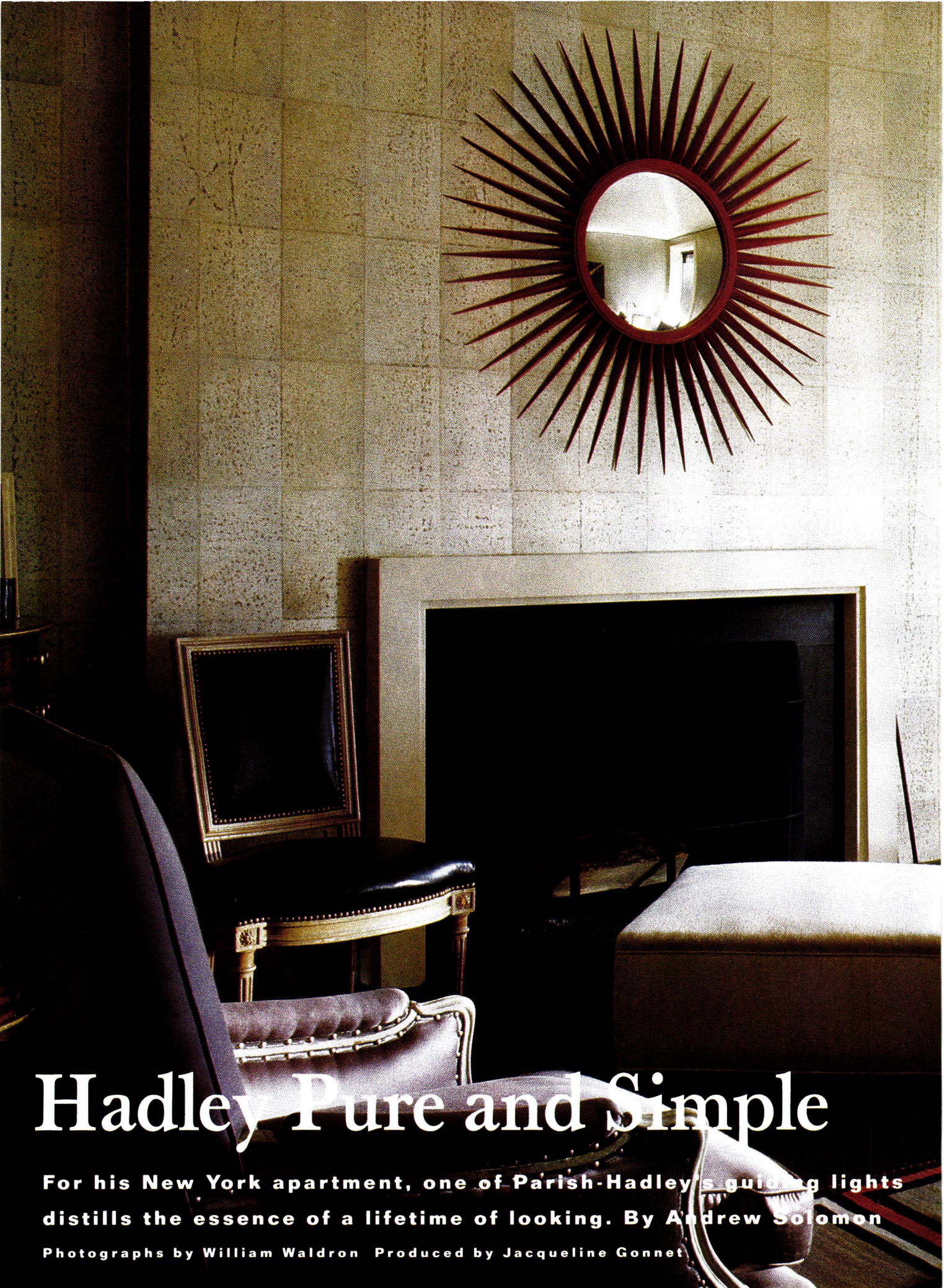
The more I study the artist's work, the more I realize how much of it is in code. Like all good codes, however, Picasso's is difficult to crack because it is constantly subject to change. The same sign can be read in contradictory ways. Take the jugs that proliferate in his still lifes. Not content with making the image of the jug as real as the real thing (as opposed to eye-foolingly realistic), Picasso almost always endows it with some transcendental meaning in accord with his feelings or an aspect of his life. Sometimes the jug stands for Picasso's beautiful pliant mistress Marie-Thérèse Walter, whose existence he wanted to hide from his jealous wife (and not only his wife: the girl was underage). Sometimes it is unmistakably male: the artist himself, lusting after the peaches in a neighboring bowl.

Picasso was much obsessed by death. His fear made it a forbidden subject of discussion. Nevertheless its shadow falls across much of his work, where he fought to exorcise it—often in paintings that commemorate the deaths of friends. Sometimes he does this covertly, as in 1926, when he memorialized Juan Gris's demise in the large grisaille painting *Milliner's Workshop* (the only explanation I can give for this seemingly inappropriate subject is that Gris's wife was a couture saleswoman). However, these commemorations usually take the form of a vanitas, a traditional emblem of transience. The savagely colored *Still Life with Death's Head* of 1908 was painted after Picasso had found the body of a young German friend—a painter who had squandered his early promise on hashish and opium—hanging in the window of a neighboring studio. Some compatriots unjustly blamed Picasso for this tragedy. This and the guilt that suicide generates account for the eerie still life in which a human skull is set against a studio background of paintings, palette, and brushes. *(Continued on page 170)*



Picasso's still lifes transcend symbolism: they alternately exorcise, seduce, and terrify

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: PRIVATE COLLECTION; COLLECTION OF PATSY R. AND RAYMOND D. NASHER, DALLAS; HERMITAGE MUSEUM, SAINT PETERSBURG. ALL PICASSO WORKS REPRODUCED BY ARRANGEMENT WITH ARS, NEW YORK/SPADEM



Hadley Pure and Simple

For his New York apartment, one of Parish-Hadley's guiding lights distills the essence of a lifetime of looking. By Andrew Solomon

Photographs by William Waldron Produced by Jacqueline Gonnet

Restraint is the hallmark of Albert Hadley's living room with its silver-leaf tea paper wallcovering from Roger Arlington, dark gray blinds, and simple comfortable furniture. The writing desk was a gift from Billy Baldwin. Mark Sciarrillo designed the mirror and coffee table. Details see Resources.

IT IS THE WAY OF MOST DECORATORS to indulge in their own houses those extremes of their taste that are too extravagant to foist on clients. I have been in many such residences and have found them draped with extraordinary quantities of chintz or crammed with ornaments and bibelots or lit like grand opera or reduced to an almost polar starkness. But what Albert Hadley has carried to an extreme in his own apartment are restraint, simplicity, clarity of line, and purity of composition—an extreme version of his style, to be sure, but an extreme of moderation. No client would tolerate quite such exaggerated modesty, such carefully calculated resistance to drama, such an absence of spectacle.

Hadley speaks fondly of his garden at his country house in Southport, Connecticut. "Not too many flowers," he remarks. "A green garden can be the most lovely." His Manhattan apartment is in its way just such a green garden, in which the beauty of what might otherwise go almost unnoticed rises shimmering to the surface. I arrived on a chilly day; he had just lit the fire, and we sat in his small living room. The whole apartment is in tones of gray, white, and black with flashes of red. The light was slanting through the charcoal Venetian blinds at the far end of the room and glinting in soft polished reflections from the silver tea paper on the walls. The fire was casting long shadows across the cloud-colored rug with its crimson tracery. In the hallway the walls glowed the lacquer hue of Diana Vreeland vermilion.

He is animated by the simplicity around him

The effect was not of that intense and overbearing self-consciousness typical of monochrome or duochrome rooms. Wherever Hadley sat, he looked like part of a perfectly composed photograph. He was animated, not neutralized, by the simplicity around him. It has been said of great dancers that there is no awkward angle, no ungainly movement; so, too, in Hadley's apartment the perspectives work from every point. You could roll on the carpet or float just below the ceiling, and everything would still order itself into unassuming symmetries.

The technique is buried. There are attractive things

In the living room, *opposite,* an angular Noguchi lamp and a painting by Helene Fesenmaier complement the polished curve of a 19th-century English chest of drawers. *Right:* Hadley in his glossy red hallway with one of Richard Hambleton's shadow pictures. *Above:* A 19th-century Italian mirror in the study reflects a German art deco bookcase with the kind of "quirky personality" that Hadley prefers to weighty provenance.

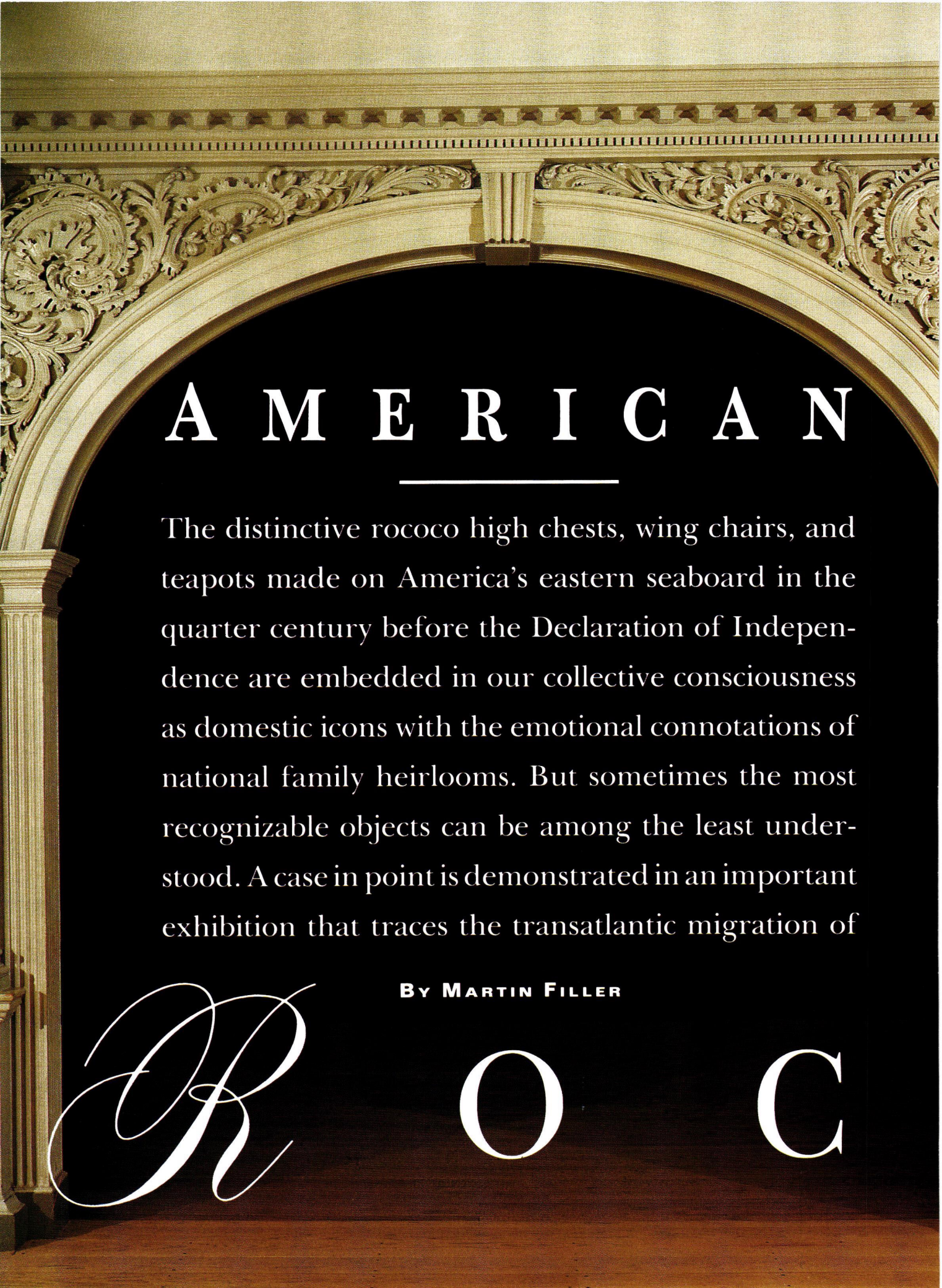
pleasantly arranged, but the secret of their relationships to one another is obscure. As we walked from room to room, Hadley explained the work he had done: "Here I moved the living room wall in six inches so that the structural beam, which had been half in the living room and half in my study, was entirely in my study. Here I blocked in a window that seemed unnecessary. Here I moved the door over five and a half inches to line up with this door. Here I built a closet so that I could get an even run of surfaces going through the hallway. Here I put the sink where the door was, and the shower where the bathtub used to be." Wandering through the apartment, you can't quite believe it was worth the effort to adjust every room by fractions of inches. Yet you are also unable to account for the clarity and calm of your passage from one space to another. "There's nothing special here," Hadley says. "It's all stock material and it took just three months."

Like the portrait of Elsie de Wolfe and the photographs and postcards tacked up in the study, *opposite*, Alexander Liberman's gouache *V* has personal associations for Hadley; his colleagues at Parish-Hadley bought it for him at the Diana Vreeland estate auction. *Above:* The bedroom continues the gray, black, and white palette, with a red blanket for accent. The Louis XVI side chairs belonged to William Odom of Parsons School of Design, where Hadley once taught. *Left:* Bedside table, with a sculpture by Karl Springer.

Though Hadley has some stunning antiques, he also has less precious custom-made pieces. "I'm not interested so much in the museum quality of an object as I am in its integrity and aesthetic dynamics," he says. "To me it's much more interesting to have things that have a kind of quirky personality than to have furniture made by particular makers or distinguished by unusual provenances." But like his partner, Sister Parish, he is enough of a romantic to love objects with associations: "Being asked to create interiors from scratch for people who have no possessions and bring nothing along, you feel that there has been no life before." Almost all of his own belongings are laden with personal meaning. The writing table in the living room was a gift from Billy Baldwin. "Billy had found another one he liked better, so he called me and said in the most offhand way, 'You don't have to have it if you don't really want it, but I just thought you might like it.' It was the first real piece of furniture that I had in my apartment in New York." An Alexander Liberman gouache hangs on the wall, a simple painted V from the Vreeland estate sale held two years ago at Sotheby's. "I was sick at the time of the sale," Hadley recalls. "Someone in the office said, 'If you were going to the sale, what thing of Diana Vreeland's would you rather have than anything else?' And I said, 'Well, I don't really want anything, but the thing I've always liked a lot is this V.' The people in my office all got together and bid on it, and they gave it to me as a present."

One feels, talking to Albert Hadley, that he must have been most frequently the listener among the great personalities he has known; he does not bludgeon you with the power of his own personality as Billy Baldwin or Mrs. Vreeland would have done. As a decorator, too, he is at his best when he is responding to difficulties and pleasures, overcoming what must be overcome and celebrating what should be celebrated. He is more an editor than a creator—but to be a *(Continued on page 170)*

DON'T FORGET



AMERICAN ROCOCO

The distinctive rococo high chests, wing chairs, and teapots made on America's eastern seaboard in the quarter century before the Declaration of Independence are embedded in our collective consciousness as domestic icons with the emotional connotations of national family heirlooms. But sometimes the most recognizable objects can be among the least understood. A case in point is demonstrated in an important exhibition that traces the transatlantic migration of

By Martin Filler

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK, GIFT OF MRS. WILLIAM VAN RENSSELAER IN MEMORY OF WILLIAM BAYARD VAN RENSSELAER, 1928; GIFT OF DR. HOWARD VAN RENSSELAER, 1928; GIFT OF TRUSTEES OF THE SIGMA PHI SOCIETY OF WILLIAMS COLLEGE, 1931

O C O

the dominant decorative style of the mid eighteenth century. "American Rococo, 1750–1775: Elegance in Ornament," on view at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art through May 17 (before traveling to the Los Angeles County Museum of Art this summer), offers a long-needed examination of one of the most intriguing episodes in the international transmission of taste. Almost 175 examples of furniture, silver, gold, architectural elements, porcelain, glassware, and ironwork as well as maps, books, engravings, picture frames, wood carvings, textiles, and even firearms are strikingly displayed to highlight the various ways in which the sinuous S-curves of rococo style affected every aspect of the man-made environment.

Thus to be informed so forcefully, as this show does, of the essential Englishness of those designs—often called American Chippendale—is to understand just how radical the subsequent break with the mother country was. "We're not waving the flag to say we're better or different," says Morrison H. Heckscher of the Metropolitan's American Wing, cocurator of the exhibition (and coauthor of the absorbing catalogue, distributed by Abrams) with Leslie Greene Bowman of the Los Angeles County Museum. "Instead, we're asking the question of how the decorative arts reflect the mercantile theory of Great Britain, which was to take raw materials from its colonies and sell them back as finished goods."

Indeed, colonists' resistance to high import duties imposed by Britain to pay off its debts resulting from the French and Indian War (which ended in 1763) stimulated the luxury goods industries in the American settlements. But even some of the future leaders of the Revolution were apt to follow the stylistic lead of London. In 1765, Benjamin Franklin wrote from the British capital to his wife, Deborah, in Philadelphia, where their new house was being decorated: "Let me have the breadth of the pier, that I may get a handsome glass for the parlor." That mirror would have been in the English rococo taste (crisper, weightier, plainer, and more vigorous than its French precursor), for even as strains be-

hese domestic icons are America's family heirlooms

Mahogany settee, *right*, Boston, 1765–85. *Far right:* Silver teakettle on stand, by Joseph Richardson, Philadelphia, 1745–55. *Above right:* Gilded white pine picture frame, Boston, surrounding J. S. Copley's 1767 portrait of Nicholas Boylston. *Preceding pages:* Entrance hall, Van Rensselaer manor house, Albany, 1765–69, installed at the Metropolitan Museum.

tween England and America worsened—about 1770 bans on British wares were forced on merchants by rebellious subjects in the four biggest colonial cities of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston—London remained the glass of fashion.

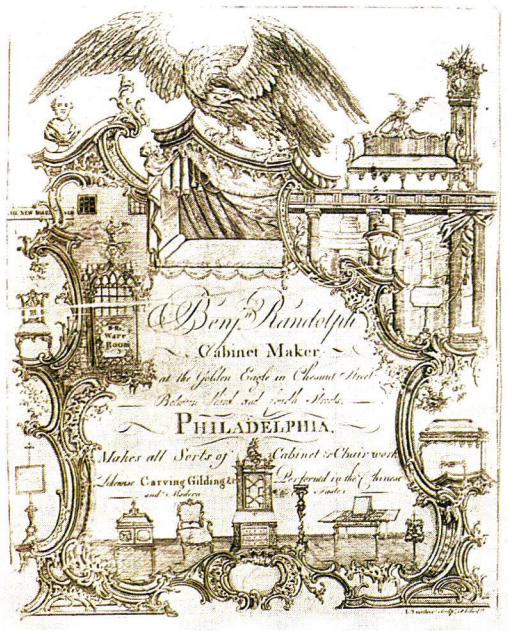
English pattern books like Thomas Chippendale's *The Gentleman and Cabinet-Maker's Director* of 1754 made it possible for native craftsmen to approximate the most sought after designs (albeit in different woods and well after they first appeared). What the American entrepreneurs could rarely attain, however, was the technical expertise of their London counterparts. Not surprisingly, the most skilled silversmiths and furniture makers in early America were émigrés from England who could do the difficult detail work like delicate silver piercing and chasing and intricate high-relief woodcarving with a finesse beyond the limited capabilities of local journeymen (many of whom outside the cities were first of all farmers and pursued their crafts only part-time, in the fallow months).

Philadelphia high chest, 1762–75, *above*. The mahogany side chair, Boston, 1765–85, *below right*, is a virtual copy of the c. 1750 English side chair, *below left*. *Below center:* Engraved cabinetmaker's trade card by James Smither, 1769.

There are amazing displays of that virtuosity in "American Rococo," including a lacy silver basket made in New York about 1754–69 by Daniel Christian Fueter (a Swiss who came via London). But what American-born craftsmen lacked in manual dexterity they often made up in strength of conception. A circa 1745–55 silver teakettle on stand by the Philadelphian Joseph Richardson is a masterly composition, alive with animal energy from its firmly planted feet to its alert bird's-head spout. Though not as complex as its likely London prototype of 1744–45 by the celebrated Paul de Lamerie, this design is bolder and more satisfying as a whole. And when called upon to copy from less elaborate English pieces—as was often the practice in conservative, literal-minded Boston—the results could be astonishingly close, as in the mahogany side chair of about 1765–85 based on a circa 1750 English model. Placed side by side, as they are in this highly instructive exhibition, they are virtually indistinguishable.

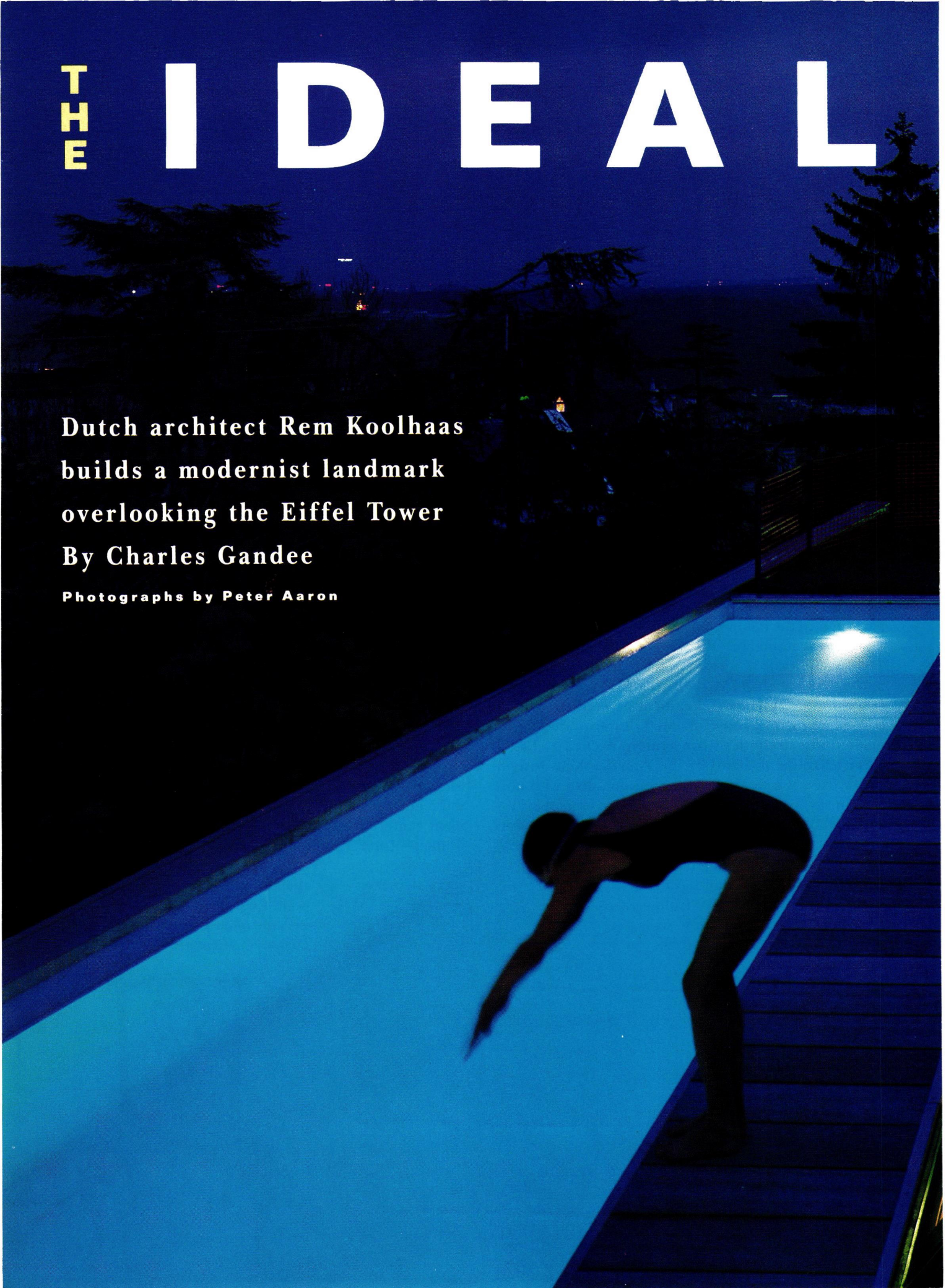
The opulence coupled with decorum that is the hallmark of the American variant of rococo tends to mask one little-remembered function that many of those objects served. After the colonists passed the point of subsistence, they needed ways to invest and protect their newfound wealth. For the first few generations, land and the buildings on it fulfilled that need quite adequately. But real estate was not a quickly disposable asset, and in the absence of banks and stock exchanges precious metals became a favored security. The major social ritual of the age was the taking of tea, and silver services were an ideal way of displaying affluence. Emblazoned with engraved coats of arms and monograms that proclaimed pride of ownership while identifying them as family property, those teapots, cream pots, sugar dishes, slop bowls, strainer spoons, and tongs were the focus of upper-class entertaining and therefore became a status symbol that could not escape the detailed notice of polite society.

Fanciful engraved bookplates were a similar way of marking prized volumes, kept behind locked doors in tall bookcase desks that were among the most characteristic furniture types of the American rococo. Many of those library pieces were surmounted by a scroll pediment centered with a carved wooden bust of a great thinker—John Milton and John Locke were popular subjects—much in the same way that series of busts decorated full-scale English libraries. As books became more plentiful, the older custom *(Continued on page 172)*



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: HARVARD UNIVERSITY PORTRAIT COLLECTION, HARVARD UNIVERSITY, CAMBRIDGE; BEQUEST OF WARD NICHOLAS BOYLSTON, 1826; METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, JOHN STEWART KENNEDY FUND, 1918; CHIPSTONE FOUNDATION, MILWAUKEE, LIBRARY COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA; MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON, GIFT OF MRS. JOSHUA CRANE SR. IN MEMORY OF HER HUSBAND; YALE UNIVERSITY ART GALLERY, NEW HAVEN, THE MABEL BRADY GARVAN COLLECTION; METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, THE SYLMARIS COLLECTION, GIFT OF GEORGE COE GRAVES, 1930

THE IDEAL



Dutch architect Rem Koolhaas builds a modernist landmark overlooking the Eiffel Tower

By Charles Gandee

Photographs by Peter Aaron

VILLA

A surreal rooftop swimming pool with a view worthy of Magritte crowns Koolhaas's Villa Dall'Ava. Details see Resources.

FIVE YEARS AGO, IN THE DEAD OF WINTER, I flew to Rotterdam, a place I would not recommend in the dead of winter, to meet Rem Koolhaas, a tall, gaunt, Ingmar Bergman-esque man who became an architectural cult hero in the late seventies when he published *Delirious New York: A Retroactive Manifesto for Manhattan*, which depicted a sensuous vision of ecstatic modernism—picture Le Corbusier on LSD, picture the Empire State Building in bed with the Chrysler Building. Although Koolhaas seemed more inconvenienced than impressed by my pilgrimage, he did oblige (somewhat grudgingly) with a guided tour of his Office for Metropolitan Architecture, best known as O.M.A., which included a preview of drawings and collages for a house to be built just outside Paris. The house was called the Villa Dall'Ava, and at the time it struck me as the most beautiful house I had ever seen.

The Villa Dall'Ava is now finished. And it is still the most beautiful house I have ever seen.

The husband and wife, a publisher and a psychologist, who commissioned the villa asked for three things: a swimming pool, a lot of glass, and an architectural masterpiece. Regarding the latter, the husband told me: "We didn't want just a beautiful house, we wanted something that adds to history, if possible. So our models were Le Corbusier, Kahn. It is very difficult to find a contemporary architect of this caliber." But the publisher and the psychologist were determined. So they looked and they interviewed—in France, in Japan, in Switzerland, in

Koolhaas's ultra-modernist concrete, steel, and glass machine à habiter: from the roof, *top left;* from the driveway, *center;* from the street, *left;* from the garden, *right.*

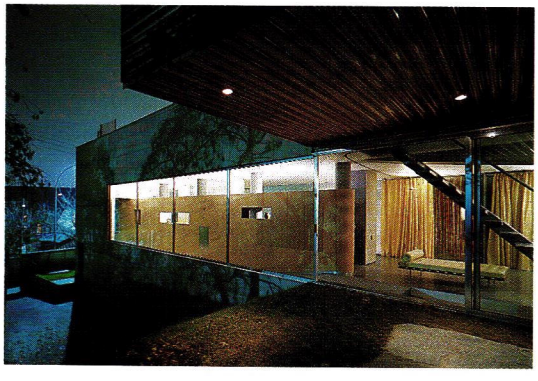
Although the Villa Dall'Ava's material palette is hard and, at times, even rough, the effect is more magical than menacing, *below* and *bottom*.

"We didn't want just a beautiful house, we wanted to add to history"

Italy, in the U.S., and, of course, in the Netherlands. They chose Koolhaas, who responded to their four-page post-interview plea for genius with a note that read, "OK. Telephone me." Signed "Rem."

Koolhaas is like that. Lean. Abrupt. Direct. Not lacking in self-confidence. I recently caught up with him over breakfast in Paris after visiting the Villa Dall'Ava for the fourth, and probably the last, time. (Now that construction is complete, the owners have sworn themselves to privacy.) I wanted to talk about the house. But Koolhaas did not. "I have an incredible fatigue with describing my own work," the forty-seven-year-old architect said with a sigh of existential impatience, and then, in impeccable French, he ordered the waiter at the Ritz to bring him scrambled eggs and bacon. I persisted. Koolhaas stuck to his silent guns, allowing only that "reaction to the house has been euphoric," a piece of news that seemed worrisome to him. (One of the other exceptions Koolhaas made to his I-refuse-to-talk-about-my-own-architecture rule was what may have been an oblique reference to the three-year-long legal battle he and his clients had to wage with the neighbors, who were less than enthusiastic about welcoming a modernist masterpiece into their traditionalist midst. "Our initial exuberance was replaced by intense determination," recalls Koolhaas, who realized his design for the Villa Dall'Ava without a single concession.)

The euphoric reaction should not come as a surprise to Koolhaas. Or to anyone else, for that matter, who visited the construction site, where the graffiti covering the Belgian contractor's sign ran along the lines of "Je t'aime, Rem," with all the attendant hearts and arrows, scrawled by one enraptured admirer. After all, Koolhaas and his clients were intent on

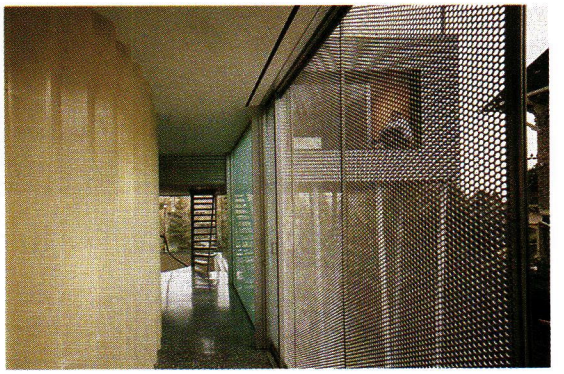


The house's idiosyncratic details include, *opposite, clockwise from top left,* sliding bamboo screens; Swiss cheese–style plaster ceilings; a just-as-the-low-tech-plumber-left-it shower; and a tiny porthole that looks into the turquoise swimming pool.

building a new Mecca for a new modernism.

The difference between the old canonical modernism and the new Koolhaas modernism is the difference between Coco Chanel's Chanel and Karl Lagerfeld's Chanel. (This is an analogy Koolhaas will hate, but so be it.) In other words, modernism in Koolhaas's hands is insouciant, invigorated, enriched—celebratory. In other words, modernism in Koolhaas's hands is the ménage à trois of visual energy, spatial excitement, and an ultrasensual palette of materials and colors that demand not merely to be admired but also to be rubbed up against. If the word "modern" conjures up images of rigorous, disciplined, dry, stoic, abstract, anonymous design, Koolhaas is intent on redefining it. With images of surprise, delight, pleasure, joy, something approaching aesthetic salaciousness. As well as with images of surrealism, of course, such as the rooftop swimming pool with a view of the Eiffel Tower and, on a clear night, the Arc de Triomphe.

But down on the street there's discretion too,



as the house tries to hide from public view behind a preexisting masonry wall that Koolhaas restored. Once you enter through an electronic door in the wall, however, the house reveals itself. It soars like some sort of steel and glass cubist butterfly, hovering above a massive stone plinth dug into the sloping ground. A narrow path winds through a forest of sixteen tilted steel columns—grading from black to gray to white—supporting a corrugated steel box containing a wing for the couple's fourteen-year-old daughter. The front door is carved out of the stone base, which functions as *(Continued on page 172)*

A corrugated-metal box containing a child's bedroom suite, *left*, doubles as a canopy over the front door, carved out of a massive stone plinth. The forest of tilted steel columns supporting the box grades from black to gray to white. *Above:* Perforated metal screens can be slid open or closed for mystery or for privacy. The kitchen, *opposite above*, housed in a luminous plastic globe that recalls one of Isamu Noguchi's delicate paper lanterns, serves as a spherical divider, separating the dining area from a small library, *opposite below*.

CENTURY

FURNITURE

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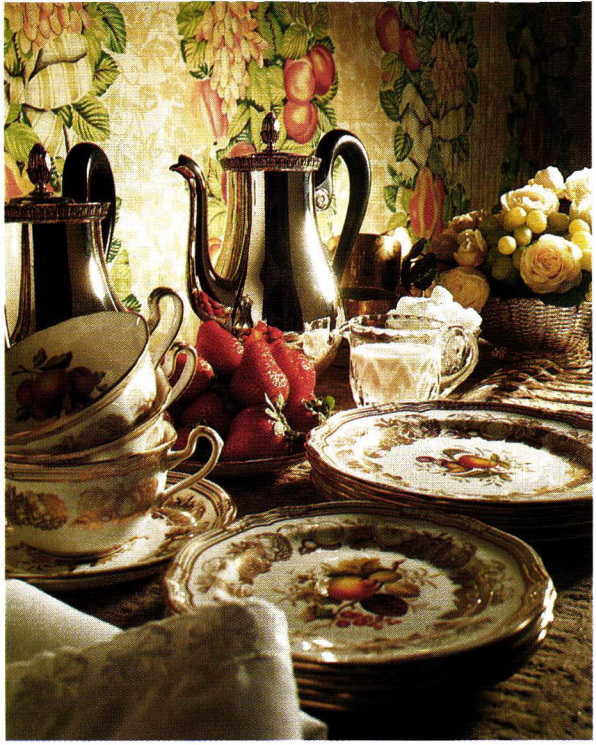
great ideas

PALIO PALETTE
A Richard Ginori plate with an Italian landscape is set off by festive Kosta Boda stemware and a pitcher. Two vases, bowl, and napkin ring from Barneys New York. Underplate and salad plate from Philippe Deshoulières. Flatware from Puiforcat. Knife rests from Christofle. Candlesticks and salt cellar from James II Galleries, NYC. Napkin from D. F. Sanders & Co., NYC. Fabrics from Clarence House. Details see Resources.

DAVID FRAZIER

THE SUMPTUOUS AND SPIRITED MINGLE ON THE WELL-DECORATED TABLE

BY ERIC BERTHOLD



great ideas

SWEET TEA Spode's fruit-embellished dessert plates, *left,* trade golden hues with a Designers Guild fabric from Osborne & Little. Tea and coffee pots, basket, and, *above right,* flatware by Christofle. Sugar bowl and creamer from Marquis by Waterford Crystal. Napkins from ABC Carpet & Home, NYC.

CATCH OF THE DAY A Ginori soup bowl, Philippe Deshoulières plate and tureen, and Sasaki crackle-glazed charger celebrate the deep on a French picnic table from ABC Carpet & Home. Green-rimmed glasses from Barneys New York. Portuguese ceramic fish from James II Galleries. Burlwood-handled flatware from Sambonet. Wire basket, ceramic tree trunk vase, and napkins from ABC. A Brunschwig & Fils cotton covers the wall.

DAVID FRAZIER

PALM PARADISE Lenox's palm-edged plate, a Fitz & Floyd bamboo-patterned charger, Puiforcat flatware, and Herringbone glasses from the Ralph Lauren Tabletop Collection form a breezy spread against Clarence House's Venetian Shade fabric. Napkin and satin napkin ring from ABC Carpet & Home. Palm candlestick from Tiffany & Co. Salt and pepper shakers from Christofle. Edwardian cruet from James II Galleries. Decorative crystal totems from Saint Louis. Bentwood chair from ABC Carpet & Home. The toile fabric on the table is from Cowtan & Tout. All flower arrangements are by Eric Landgraf Florist, NYC.

Life on Location

(Continued from page 133) jewelry drawings and a lampshade made from an Hermès scarf. "I think of things in relation to other things," says Testino, and the care with which he assembles the sets for his photographs also goes into his juxtapositions of objets, both donnés and trouvés. A chunk of marble incised with Egyptian hieroglyphs sits beside a tray of seals with classical motifs. A black kitchen tablecloth embroidered with stylized blossoms is complemented by a white cylinder covered with tiny flowers, which turns out to be a roll of paper towels.

In Testino's hands the real thing and its representation play off each other in subtle ways. A pair of sconces in the form of two feathers tied with a bow is echoed by a pair of curtain tiebacks made of feathered tribal headdresses from Colombia. And over the bathroom sink Mario Testino sees himself—but everyone else sees him too: instead of a mirror there is a portrait of Testino's smiling face. It's his way, he says, of staying young forever. ◆

Hadley

(Continued from page 152) master editor is to achieve something of great moment; it is, in the end, to create.

Hadley's study is dominated by an enormous pinboard covered with scraps of the glamour in which he has lived. At the center is a portrait of Elsie de Wolfe. "After I bought it," he says, "I had Lady Mendl look at it, and she said, 'I didn't sit for that; it was done for a newspaper, and the damned fool, flipping through clippings, got Anne Morgan's head on my body. But I'll tell you that it's a portrait of me and that will make it much more interesting and much more valuable.' " There is a photograph of the famous Yves Saint Laurent patchwork satin wedding dress, with its endless trailing veil, worn by a mannequin without a face; a postcard of an Elizabethan miniature by Nicholas Hilliard known as *Young Man among Roses*; a Horst photograph of Nancy Lancaster's drawing room at Haseley Court. There are snapshots of Hadley's garden in Southport and of his godson, and there is a large and spectacular photograph of Mrs. Vreeland, clipped from an ancient copy of the *Times*. All these items are held in place with hundreds of red pushpins.

"New York is still glamorous," Hadley muses. "When I arrived here, people lived at a slower pace but were faster, and perhaps smarter, in their attitudes. On the other hand, I don't feel that my life is fragmented, perhaps because I really don't do very much. And if you can hold out against being jaded—yes, New York is still glamorous."

Hadley seems in no danger of being jaded. "Have you seen the new windows at Tiffany?" he asks, then waxes lyrical. "Have you seen the new show at the Cooper-Hewitt? I shall go back again later in the week." He is full of startling ideas. "I don't really like living here," he says in quite an offhand way. "I'd rather live in a loft, but there are none in this neighborhood, and if I lived downtown, it would take me forever to drive to Southport. Still, I love big spaces and grand scale. You can have bigger ideas in bigger spaces. It's so glamorous and so European to live in one large room, as Niki de Gunzburg always did."

"I dream of a loft that would not be anything like this at all," he continues. "But I suppose if I had a loft, it would take on the continuity of nuttiness that one projects." The last sentence doesn't ring quite true. There is something careful about Albert Hadley. He has eccentricities but he is not nutty, and his loft would not be nutty. What his loft would take on is not the continuity of nuttiness but the continuity of space, of architectonic design, of elegance, and, perhaps most of all, of absolute and utterly unaffected self-assurance. ◆

Picasso's Alchemy

(Continued from page 146) Appropriately, this work was bought four years later by the Russian collector Serge Shchukin, who had recently lost several family members to suicide. Decades later the reappearance of a skull—this time a steer's—marks the death of another friend and collaborator, the Catalan sculptor Juli González.

Although he fiercely denied any religious belief, Picasso frequently derived inspiration from his Catholic heritage. Since his forebears included several eminent clerics (among them a seventeenth-century archbishop of Lima and a nineteenth-century hermit) and since he himself had been trained to be a painter of religious subjects, Picasso instinctively knew how to appropriate the power of sacred art and apply it to secular themes. In the same way he knew how to appropriate the magic fire of tribal sculpture. Hence his ability to inform simple everyday things—clay pipes, absinthe glasses, cigarette packs—with the presence and power of a chalice or an African fetish. Even a still life that evokes the meager fare of wartime Paris—an unappetizing coil of blood sausage, two artichokes, and the dried-up remains of a Camembert on a kitchen table—turns out to have a sacred source. Picasso told me that the drawerful of writhing knives and forks ravening at the food were inspired by memories of Spanish devotional paintings of souls in purgatory imploring God for mercy.

As well as a dark side, there is a bright side to Picasso's still lifes. Time and again happiness shines through, usually when he gets back to his beloved Mediterranean. What could be more life enhancing than those paintings of tables piled with objects, silhouetted against the open window of a bedroom on the French Riviera? Beyond is nothing but a calm sea and a cloudless sky. During both world wars the windows are always closed, as we see in *Tomato Plant* of 1944, painted while Paris was being liberated. The closed window evokes the claustrophobia of the Occupation, but the sturdy plant symbolizes hope and regeneration as well as something good to eat. Paintings like this point up the futility of the French phrase for still life, *nature morte*. No wonder Picasso hated it. His "things" are anything but dead. ◆

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Domesticating Art

(Continued from page 98) to let such concerns preoccupy him: "Going to Cooper was a full-time undertaking. I dropped everything else and completely submerged myself." Fortunately, his four-year education occasionally extended beyond the studio. Susan, whom he had met before entering Cooper Union, jokes, "I was his first-year teacher." She was actually running a video company, a business she had helped launch after majoring in art history at Barnard.

As newlyweds, the Menils remained in the same Manhattan apartment François had had as a student, but they eventually realized that those quarters were too cramped for family life. François designed and directed the renovation of their present apartment while completing the statutory three-year internship that followed his graduation. Appropriately, the last firm he interned with before opening his own practice was Nagel & Lesser, one of whose partners, Bruce Nagel, had been Charles Gwathmey's senior associate for Menil's own East Hampton house. Because Menil was not yet a registered architect when his apartment was being designed, Nagel signed the project drawings as architect of record.

The three houses Gwathmey did for Menil have all been sold, having served what turned out to be their ultimate role: catalysts for transforming a patron into an architect. Aided by Susan de Menil's business acumen, François's small practice is thriving. Current projects include a chapel in Houston and an arts center on Long Island. Like the New York apartment, they display a confidence rarely associated with firms just starting out. But then, François de Menil is no mere beginner. His architect's eye has been trained by a lifetime of looking, and the process of learning through collecting goes on. ▲

American Aristocrat

(Continued from page 110) Lord, whose marvelously undated East Hampton house was such a delight for me to see last spring, wakes up every morning in a bedroom that speaks of the charm of working for many years with an old friend who is also a great decorator. The room is entirely blue and white. Shaped blue and white trompe l'oeil rococo wall panels decorate the spaces between the windows and doors. A white carpet and white shutters add sparkle and work with white-painted bamboo-turned tables and shelves filled with shells, and a pair of Victorian dressers, also painted white. There are eighteenth-century French chairs alongside bamboo Regency chairs and a bed made up in blue and white linens. Everywhere you look there are lamps and objects and pictures that form a varied collection of the decorative arts. The arrangement is strict and orderly but not spare; as in every George Stacey interior, comfort and beauty matter more than any amount of eye-catching monkey business. The kidding around is saved for the conversation, which, after all, is always better in a beautiful room. ▲

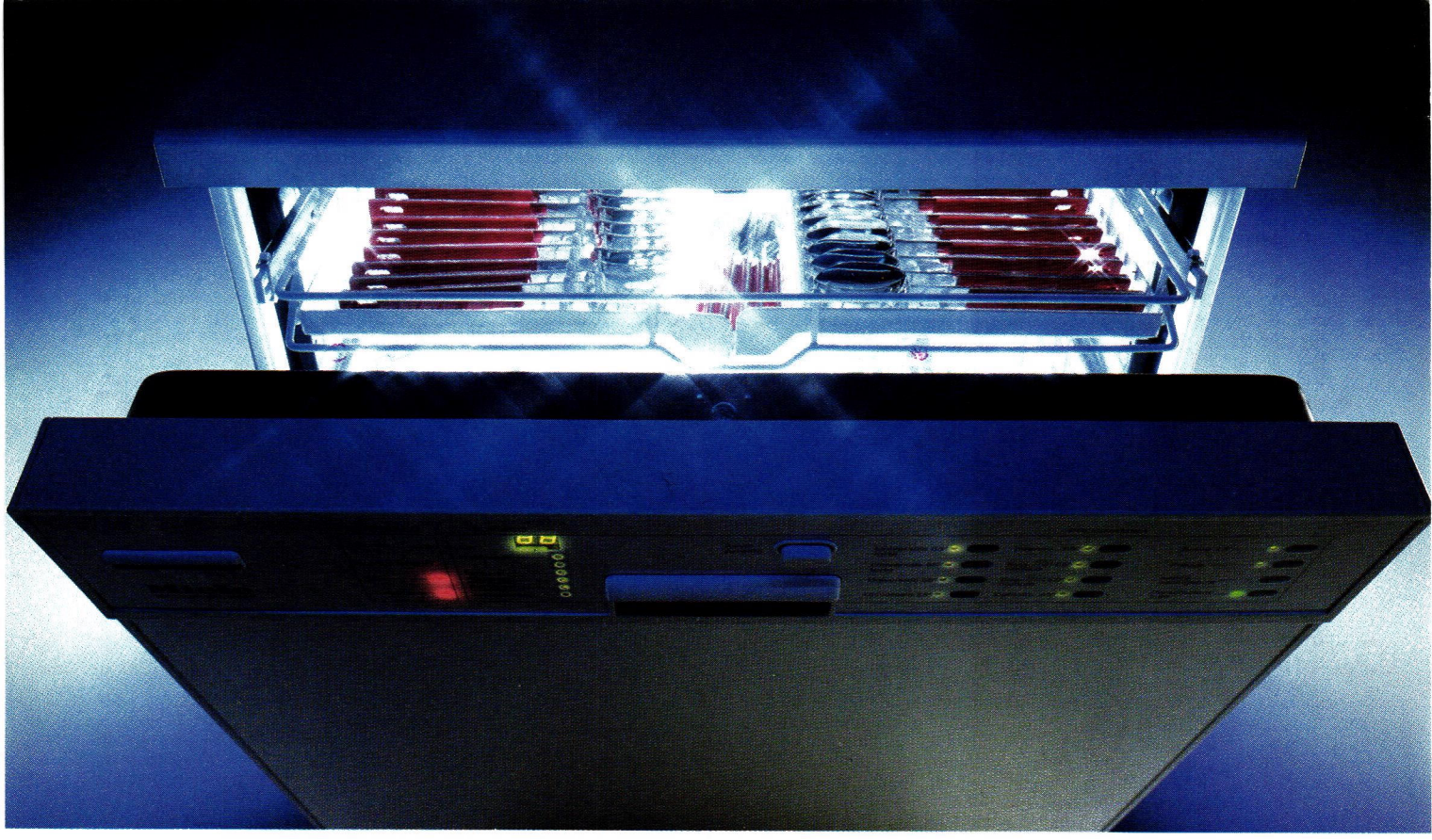
American Rococo

(Continued from page 157) of laying them sideways on shelves was replaced in the 1760s by standing them upright to gain space. That change in turn affected binding design, and less effort was given to decorating the covers. But what was in those books, often the works of the French philosophes who fired the revolutionary spirit, was soon to have consequences that would sever America's aesthetic ties to England along with its political ones.

Within a generation of the outbreak of the revolutionary war in 1775, the London look would be superseded by the first identifiably American style. The curving lines, undulating surfaces, deep carving, and dark woods of the rococo gave way to the straight lines, smooth surfaces, inlaid motifs, and light woods of federal furniture. Loyalist supporters of the British who went back to England took with them their American possessions, which stylistically would have made the transition with ease. But the rococo pieces that remained here became so closely identified with America's origins that they now seem as indigenous as our version of the English language. ▲

Ideal Villa

(Continued from page 164) foyer and provides two routes to the living, dining, and kitchen area above: a circular stair, if you're in a hurry, or a 52½-foot ramp, if you're in the mood for something more ceremonial. Upstairs, overlooking the garden, is a glass pavilion reminiscent of Philip Johnson's 1949 Glass House, which is to say it is reminiscent of almost every house Mies van der Rohe ever designed. The difference, however, is that Koolhaas has a hand that deals in diversity rather than consistency, which explains the terrazzo floor, the perforated plaster ceiling, the built-in plywood bookcases (which double as room dividers), the luminous plastic globe encircling the kitchen. There's also the suggestion of luxe in the yellow silk curtains, which, when closed, completely transform the room: you feel as if you've gone from a fish tank set down in the middle of a garden to the inside of a ball gown. The requisite Mies daybed is perfectly positioned. As are the requisite Le Corbusier chairs. A metal stair leading up to the master suite, housed in a second corrugated metal box, interrupts the luminous space. To activate the sometimes-transparent, sometimes-translucent glass public rooms, Koolhaas installed a medley of robotized screens—made of bamboo, made of perforated metal—that function like some sort of elaborate László Moholy-Nagy construction. I asked Koolhaas if he knew Moholy-Nagy's *Light-Space Modulator* at Harvard's Busch-Reisinger Museum. "Unfortunately," said Koolhaas, with a Mona Lisa smile, "I know everything." ▲



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DESIGN
Page 46 Lazy River Stripe linen, 54" wide, $50 yd, Dot Dot linen, 54" wide, $60 yd, Lazy River Spot linen, 54" wide, $60 yd, all to order from Gregory Evans, Los Angeles (213) 874-5353 by appt.

WORKROOM
Page 50 Les Silhouettes Limoges porcelain dinner and coffee services, handcrafted sterling coffee service with patinated engraving and ebony handles, by François-Xavier Lalanne for Artcurial, Les Phagocytes handcrafted silvered-bronze flatware, by Claude Lalanne for Artcurial, to order at Artcurial, Paris (1) 42-99-16-16, Munich (89) 294131.

PEOPLE
Page 58, 60 Allegra Hicks furniture, to custom-order at Themes and Variations Gallery, London (71) 727-5531; Nicholas Haslam Interior Decoration Shop, London (71) 730-8623; Design & Decoration Building, London (71) 730-2353. **58** Vintage Afghan kilim cotton carpet, similar at Rug Tower, NYC (212) 677-2525. World Map wood/steel table, by Allegra Hicks, £2,300, at Themes and Variations (see above). **60** Mosaic Fish wood/steel table, by Allegra Hicks, £2,000, at Nicholas Haslam Interior Decoration Shop (see above).

FOOD
Page 78 Cast-iron enamel pot, by Le Creuset, for stores (800) 827-1798. Commodore sterling-silver flatware, by Christofle, for stores (800) 677-7458. **80** Evesham porcelain soufflé dish, by Spode, for stores (609) 866-2900.

STYLE
Page 88 Louis Vuitton Cup Sport Collection bags, from left: Sac Newport, Sac Cowes, Sac Long Island, Sac Fremantle, Sac San Diego (handbag), approx $350–$875 ea, at Louis Vuitton stores nationwide, for information (212) 371-6510.

DOMESTICATING ART
Page 93 Annapolis wool/nylon on daybed, to the trade at Unika Vaev USA, for showrooms (914) 365-2500. **94–99** Antor wool carpet throughout, to the trade at Stark Carpet, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Troy, Washington, D.C.; George Alonso, Cleveland; Dean-Warren, Phoenix. **94** Kolo Moser stool, chairs, desk, similar at Barry Friedman, NYC (212) 794-8950. Makore wood/stainless-steel bed and night table, designed by François de Menil, to custom-order from François de Menil, Architect, NYC (212) 765-8130. Cashmere blanket with silk border, from Pratesi, for stores (800) 332-6925. Passerelle cotton/linen on chairs and stool, from Knoll Textiles, division of the Knoll Group, for showrooms (800) 223-1354. Solano wool for curtains, to the trade at Donghia Textiles, NYC, Chicago, Cleveland, Dania, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; Interior Elements, Atlanta; Ostrer House, Boston; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Wendy Boyd, Denver; Telio & Cie, Montreal, Toronto; Judy Baer, Philadelphia; Susan Mills, Seattle. **96** Annapolis wool/nylon on Stickley sofa, to the trade at Unika Vaev (see above). **97** Aspen ducale velour (shrunken cowhide) on armchairs, to the trade at Spinneybeck, for showrooms (800) 482-7777. Josef Hoffmann black/white vase and silver bowl on coffee table, similar at Galerie Metropol, NYC (212) 772-7401. **98** Otto Prutscher chairs, similar at Galerie Metropol (see above). Serpentine Stone custom-cut floor tiles, from Stewart Technical Sales, NYC (212) 687-1997. **99** Makore wood/stainless-steel bed and bedside table, designed by François de Menil, to custom-order from François de Menil (see above). Berenice halogen table/task lamp, from Artemide, for information (516) 694-9292. Round brass mirror in alcove, designed by François de Menil, to custom-order from François de Menil (see above). Covered canister in checked pattern, now available in steel lacquered in black or white, from Josef Hoffmann Vienna series, to the trade at Gullans International, for showrooms (212) 929-4883. Solano wool for curtains, to the trade at Donghia Textiles (see above). Mekong silk on Otto Wagner chair, to the trade from Rodolph, for showrooms (707) 935-0316. Zick Zack viscose on Josef Hoffmann chair, stool, to the trade at Ian Wall, NYC; Ernest Gaspard & Assocs., Atlanta; Ostrer House, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Todd Wiggins & Assocs., Dania; J. Robert Scott & Assocs., Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles; Shears & Window, San Francisco; Richard Russell, Washington, D.C. Brass mirror over dresser in master bedroom, designed by François de Menil, to custom-order from François de Menil (see above). Kelly bags, at Hermès boutiques, selected Barneys New York stores, for information (800) 441-4488.

TEX MIX
Pages 100–05 Decoration, by Greg Jordan Interior Decoration, 27 East 63 St. #1BC, New York, NY 10021; (212) 421-1474. Upholstery, curtains, by Fabric Workrooms, Garland (214) 276-0999. **104** Chili pepper frieze, by decorative painter Patrick Moultney, NYC (212) 982-3691.

ARTIST'S MATERIALS
Pages 112–17 Custom furniture, cabinets, built by artist Stephen Piscuskas, NYC (212) 644-0589.

ANNA SUI SUITS HERSELF
Pages 118–19 Denim suit, from Anna Sui spring collection, jacket, $258, baggy jeans, $188, available in March at Bloomingdale's; Henri Bendel, NYC; Roz & Sherm, Bloomfield Hills. Handbag, by Jill Stuart for Anna Sui, $275, through Showroom Seven, NYC (212) 840-7277. Coffee table, similar at Shabby Chic, Santa Monica, NYC, San Francisco.

LIFE ON LOCATION
Pages 128–29 Coronata wallpaper, from the Romagna Collection, to the trade at Osborne & Little, NYC; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Designers Choice, Chicago; Boyd-Levinson & Co., Dallas, Houston; Design West, Dania; Shanahan Collection, Denver; Randolph & Hein, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco; J. W. Showroom, Philadelphia; S. C. Smith, Phoenix; Stephen E. Earls Showrooms, Portland, Seattle; Habert, Toronto; Richard Russell, Washington, D.C. **130** 1940s armchair, attributed to Jean Pascaud, similar at Encore-Encore, London (81) 960-5531. Victorian banquette, similar at George Sherlock, London (71) 736-3955. Custom-printed slubbed silk for curtain, based on an Osborne & Little design, by Neisha Crosland, London (71) 370-0618. **132** Curtain rod with spike finials, to order at Jerrystyle, NYC (212) 353-9480, Venice (213) 399-1633. Les Clés silk scarf for cushion, $215, Les Plumes silk scarf for lampshade, $215, at Hermès boutiques, selected Barneys New York stores, for information (800) 441-4488. Crystal églomisé vase for lamp, similar to custom-order from Clare Mosley, London (71) 498-2097. **133** Portrait, similar at Serge Mazières, Nice, (93) 26-05-06; Jean-Pierre Rouayroux, Montpellier, (67) 66-15-78.

CHICAGO GEORGIAN
Pages 134–41 Decoration, by Imogen Taylor and Pierre Serrurier of Sibyl Colefax & John Fowler, 39 Brook St., London W1Y 2JE; (71) 493-2231, contact Emma Berry. Architecture, by Thomas Beeby and Gary Ainge of Hammond Beeby & Babka, 440 North Wells St. Suite 630, Chicago, IL 60610; (312) 527-3200. Fabric and wallpaper information, through Sibyl Colefax & John Fowler (see above). Decorative painting of landing, living room, dining room, trompe l'oeil marbleized floor in entry hall, trompe l'oeil paneled walls in bedroom, all designed by Sibyl Colefax & John Fowler, executed by Mark Uriu, custom trompe l'oeil panels in entry hall, by Sibyl Colefax & John Fowler, mounted onto trompe l'oeil paneled walls, designed by Sibyl Colefax & John Fowler, executed by Mark Uriu, all through Sibyl Colefax & John Fowler (see above).

HADLEY PURE AND SIMPLE
Pages 148–53 Decoration, by Albert Hadley of Parish-Hadley Assocs., 305 East 63 St., New York, NY 10021; (212) 888-7979. **148–49** Chinese Pewter tea paper (#MW-4), to the trade at Roger Arlington, NYC; Jerry Pair & Assocs., Atlanta, Dania; Devon Services, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Kneedler-Fauchère, Denver, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco; Duncan Huggins Perez, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Wayne Martin, Portland, Seattle; Laurii Textiles, Toronto. Custom Sunburst wood mirror, Twisted Leg bronze table, bronze gourd, to order from Mark Sciarrillo, Southport (203) 366-3039. Hand-antiqued Tobacco Brown leather on two chairs (#MR634), to order from Roberts Leather Studios, NYC (212) 736-3717. **150** Isamu Noguchi handmade light sculpture (#UF4-J1), from Akari-Gemini, for dealers (805) 966-9557. **152** Painted tin light sculptures on mantel, by R. W. Russell, similar at Stubbs Books & Prints, NYC (212) 772-3120.

THE IDEAL VILLA
Pages 158–65 Architecture, by Rem Koolhaas of Office for Metropolitan Architecture, Boompjes 55, Rotterdam 3011XB; fax (10) 411-41-95. **159** Chair 577, a 1967 Pierre Paulin design, made by Artifort, for information, Rosenthal Design Showroom, Dania (305) 922-7234. **161** Mies van der Rohe Barcelona daybed, from KnollStudio, division of the Knoll Group, for showrooms (800) 223-1354.

GREAT IDEAS
Page 167–69 Flower arrangements, by Eric Landgraf Florist, NYC (212) 517-8810. **167** Acquarelli bone china plate, by Richard Ginori, $198 5-pce place setting, for stores (212) 213-6884. Porcelain underplate, $62, Oriental Pearl porcelain salad plate, $210 5-pce place setting, both by Limoges, from Philippe Deshoulières, for stores (212) 684-6760. Kosta Boda Bon Bon glasses, $110, $95, $110, pitcher, $185, for stores (609) 768-5400. Chatham glass vases, $135 ea, English glass bowl, $250, Murano napkin ring, $15, all at Barneys New York, for stores (212) 929-9000. Biarritz sterling flatware, $1,550 5-pce place setting, by Puiforcat, for stores (212) 684-6760. Boules silver-plated knife rests, $160 set of 4, by Christofle, for stores

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(800) 677-745-837. English Ridgway porcelain candlesticks, c. 1830, $2,150 pr, Victorian silver-plated/glass salt cellar, c. 1850, $350 pr, at James II Galleries, NYC (212) 355-7040. Roman numeral cotton napkin, $20, at D. F. Sanders & Co., NYC (212) 925-9040. Arabesque fibranne/silk on table and Montagnac rayon/silk on curtains, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. **168** Spode Golden Valley bone china, $600 5-pce place setting, for stores (609) 866-2900. Verona cotton on wall, from Il Veneto Collection, by Designers Guild, to the trade at Osborne & Little, (see above for pgs 128–29). Malmaison silver-plated teapot and coffeepot, $4,245 5-pce service or $990 ea, silver-plated basket, $430, Aria flatware, silver-plated with gold accents, $355 5-pce place setting, fork $65, dessert spoon $68, all by Christofle (see above). Saxony hand-cut crystal sugar bowl, creamer, $75 set, from Marquis by Waterford Crystal, for stores (800) 955-1550. Cotton/polyester napkins, $12 ea, at ABC Carpet & Home, NYC (212) 473-3000. Quenelle porcelain soup plate, $38, by Richard Ginori (see above). Caribbean Sea Limoges porcelain plate, $150 5-pce place setting, Limoges porcelain tureen, $260, both by Philippe Deshoulières (see above). Crackle-glazed plastic charger, $72 set of 4, by Sasaki, for stores (212) 686-5080. French folding picnic table, metal with cane overlay, $360, at ABC (see above). Scottish glasses, tumbler $30, goblet $60, at Barneys New York (see above). Portuguese hand-painted ceramic fish, at James II (see above). Radica silver-plated flatware with burlwood handles, $600 5-pce place setting, by Sambonet, for stores (212) 686-1311. Wire basket, $50, ceramic tree trunk vase, by Barbara Eigen, $50, rayon/polyester napkins, $3.75 ea, all at ABC (see above). Azulejos cotton on wall, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C., London. **169** Tosca porcelain plate, $165 5-pce place setting, by Lenox, for stores (800) 635-3669. Jungle Bamboo porcelain charger, from the Gaia Collection, $90, by Fitz & Floyd, for stores (214) 484-9494. Cardinale silver/gold-plated flatware, $1,000 5-pce place setting, by Puiforcat (see above). Herringbone cut-crystal glasses, birdbath $60, flute $39, goblet $39, from the Ralph Lauren Tabletop Collection, for stores (212) 642-8700. Venetian Shade cotton on wall, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). Polyester/rayon napkin, $3.75, satin napkin ring, $3, at ABC (see above). Palm Tree sterling candlestick, $8,000 pr, from Tiffany & Co., for stores (800) 526-0649. Canelle silver-plated shakers, salt, $165, pepper, $330, by Christofle (see above). Edwardian silver-mounted glass cruet, 1901, Birmingham, England, $1,650, at James II (see above). Crystal totem ornaments, Le Pouce, $140, La Sirène, $200, by Cristal de France at Saint Louis, for stores (800) 238-5522. 19th-century Austrian bentwood chair, $350, at ABC (see above). Le Brun Toile cotton on table, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago; Rozmallin at Baker, Knapp & Tubbs, Cleveland, Minneapolis, Troy; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Houston; Bill Nessen, Dania; Egg & Dart, Denver; Kneedler-Fauchère, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco; Croce, Philadelphia; Wayne Martin, Portland, Seattle; Primavera, Toronto.
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Gandee AT LARGE

Betty Sherrill stands for FFF

"Everybody is talking about this recession and I'm embarrassed to say we've just had the best year we've ever had," confessed Betty Sherrill, president of McMillen, the venerable New York decorating firm founded by the legendary Eleanor Brown back in the twenties. And Mrs. Sherrill did indeed look the very picture of prosperity as she swept down the stairs of her Sutton Place duplex and into the lemon yellow living room where she directed me to a down-filled De Angelis sofa with a *Rhapsody in Blue*–style view of the 59th Street Bridge. Mrs. Sherrill took her seat in an upholstered side chair, and after smoothing out the creases in her mint green Carolina Herrera dress, she took a sip from a silver goblet, which is when I noticed the larger-than-life champagne diamond and the double strand of what appeared to be exceedingly good pearls. Mrs. Sherrill cautioned: "You must not squirt perfume on them." And what kind of perfume does Mrs. Sherrill not squirt on her pearls? "I like Schiaparelli's Shocking," she said. "And I always go to Paris to get it because it's much fresher."

"I'm not the Queen of Chintz, I'm not a fancy curtain person"

Which isn't so inconvenient, since Mrs. Sherrill is an admitted Francophile. "Paris is my favorite place in the world," she said, adding that the very foundation of McMillen is "FFF—Fine French Furniture." Although Mrs. Sherrill noted that the recent sale of the Keck collection at Sotheby's proves that FFF is "recession-proof," she did allow that "not everybody can afford an eighteenth-century piece." So Mrs. Sherrill and McMillen have gone into the reproduction business. "I am not against good copies," she noted. "We've done two collections with Baker since 1989, and we're now doing a third." McMillen's other commercial ventures under Mrs. Sherrill's leadership include fabric collections for Lee Jofa and Robert Allen, linen collections for Springmaid, and carpets for Stark. A McMillen decorating book currently in the works at Rizzoli will "explain to people how they can do it—not that they will necessarily be able to do it without a decorator." Queen Noor, Doris Duke, Henry Ford, and Marjorie Merriweather Post are among those who have opted for McMillen's services. But not just anyone, Mrs. Sherrill advises, can become a McMillen client. "I turned down Mrs. Helmsley for the house in Greenwich she was sentenced to jail for. She also dragged me up to her apartment at the Park Lane and said, 'Look at my antiques.' And I said, 'You have no antiques.'"

McMillen's Betty Sherrill.

"I'm not the Queen of Chintz," said Mrs. Sherrill emphatically. "I'm not a fancy curtain person." Nor is Mrs. Sherrill a fancy modernist person, especially when it comes to her favorite city: "I hate it that Mitterrand put that I. M. Pei thing in the middle of the Louvre. And I hate that ghastly thing Pompidou built. Everybody hates it. Don't you think it's the pits?" In addition to illuminating Mrs. Sherrill's stylistic preferences, the comment also revealed her habit of voicing strong opinions punctuated with rhetorical questions. Three examples:

- "I hate people who marry for money. Hate it. I think it's disgusting. Don't you?"
- "I hate to see people not fix their own flowers. Don't you think it's sad?"
- "Palm Beach has changed. It has gotten to be kind of Eurotrash. Don't you think?"

Mrs. Sherrill says such things with such speed and such certainty that you have to be lightning fast on your verbal feet to beg to differ. "You know me," she said. "You know I'm an absolutist—it's not gray, it's black or white." The more we talked the more it seemed clear that Mrs. Sherrill's aristocratic manner stems from a privileged childhood in New Orleans, where she was the doted-on daughter of an architect turned engineer who "ended up building roads and bridges and things like that all over the world." But the charmed life hit a hiatus in 1949, when Betty Stephens decided to marry Wall Street tycoon-to-be Virgil Sherrill. "My father didn't want me to get married, didn't want me to come up to New York, and he thought if I had a hard hard time, I'd come home." Instead Betty said good-bye, for a while, to her made-to-order suits from Hattie Carnegie, her Jaguar roadster, her Chris-Craft, and her very own little low-wing Fairchild plane—and hello to a job as Eleanor Brown's assistant. "Fifty dollars a week and glad to have it," she recalls. And how did Mrs. Sherrill rise from gofer to president of a firm she calls "not very big but the biggest"? Says Mrs. Sherrill, "I'm hardheaded, I'm persistent, and I like to think I'm a little talented."

Charles Gandee

SIGRID ESTRADA