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THE MAGAZINE OF
CREATIVE LIVING
Volume 157, Number 5

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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

A certain hope reawakens in me each spring, partly triggered by a few balmy days after weeks of harder weather, when I think there is a chance that the world can be beautiful, simple, less competitive and pretentious than it so often is.

More constant than the weather, the talented people who appear in our stories regularly bolster that hope, and this month's subjects are no exception. One example is provided on this page: a photograph of the English architect James Stirling's trophy for winning the prestigious Pritzker Architecture Prize in 1981. If you look closely you'll see a tiny rubber figure of Mickey Mouse within the forms of the Henry Moore sculpture (the actual prize) that the architect uses as a place to deposit the day's mail. Editor Martin Filler feels it's one indication of Stirling's personal style, which we report on in some depth beginning on page 170. Stirling's Sackler Museum at Harvard will open this fall.

Another Englishman, frequent National Trust decorator David Mlinaric, shows us how to achieve the down-to-earth quality that we think of as the quintessential English style. As the rooms he designed for his own family reveal, on our cover and pages 204 to 213 inside, those understated Mlinaric color schemes are carefully planned. "I tend to think in tones before I color it up," he told us, "that the tone of the large sofa should match the tone of the rug, for example." He is also concerned about contrast. "I like colors to meet each other." If a wall is a soft pale green-gray, the doorframe will not be dead white; it will be an off-white that acknowledges the wall.



James Stirling's 1981 Pritzker Prize—
a sculpture by Henry Moore—
in the architect's home in London.

Inger McCabe Elliott, the fabric designer/photographer who turned House & Garden reporter on a recent trip to China and Tibet, found a very different sense of color in the ornamentation of the holy temples on Tibet's barren landscape. In contrast to the matte white and terra cotta on houses and monasteries there, the interiors of noble and holy places glisten with glossy primary colors that decorate nearly every surface in a splash of patterns. See page 198.

Nature's brilliant colors abound in the one-acre garden of Prince and Princess Abkhazi on the outskirts of Victoria, British Columbia. The work of almost four decades, the splendid garden is a tribute to the human spirit as well, as Katherine Whiteside's text will reveal, page 182.

Artist Jennifer Bartlett and actor Mathieu Carrière are the only couple

we know to totally furnish their apartment with household objects by one designer. In this case it was the Finnish architect Alvar Aalto, no bad choice, as Doris Saatchi explains in her text, page 158. In the same portfolio we have another text by Roberta Smith, who reports on Jennifer's move into sculpture with the work she has done for Volvo's new headquarters, designed by Mitchell/Giurgola and just opened in Göteborg, Sweden.

Both in the apartment designed by Max Gordon and in her work for Volvo, Jennifer's sculptures and paintings of houses and furniture make a particularly apt art story for House & Garden.

Dean Jacquelin T. Robertson's restoration of a residence on the University of Virginia campus designed by Thomas Jefferson gave us a good excuse to revisit the architect president's "academic" village, page 143. After visiting Jefferson's Monticello in 1782, the Marquis de Chastellux noted: "We may safely aver that Mr. Jefferson is the first American who has consulted the fine arts to know how he should shelter himself from the weather." A few years later, in 1807, Benjamin Latrobe said to Mr. Jefferson: "It is not flattery to say that you have planted the arts in your country."

The arts are well rooted at the University of Virginia. As we move through another spring we should all be as attentive to their cultivation as is the current Dean of Architecture there.

Lou Gropp

Editor-in-Chief

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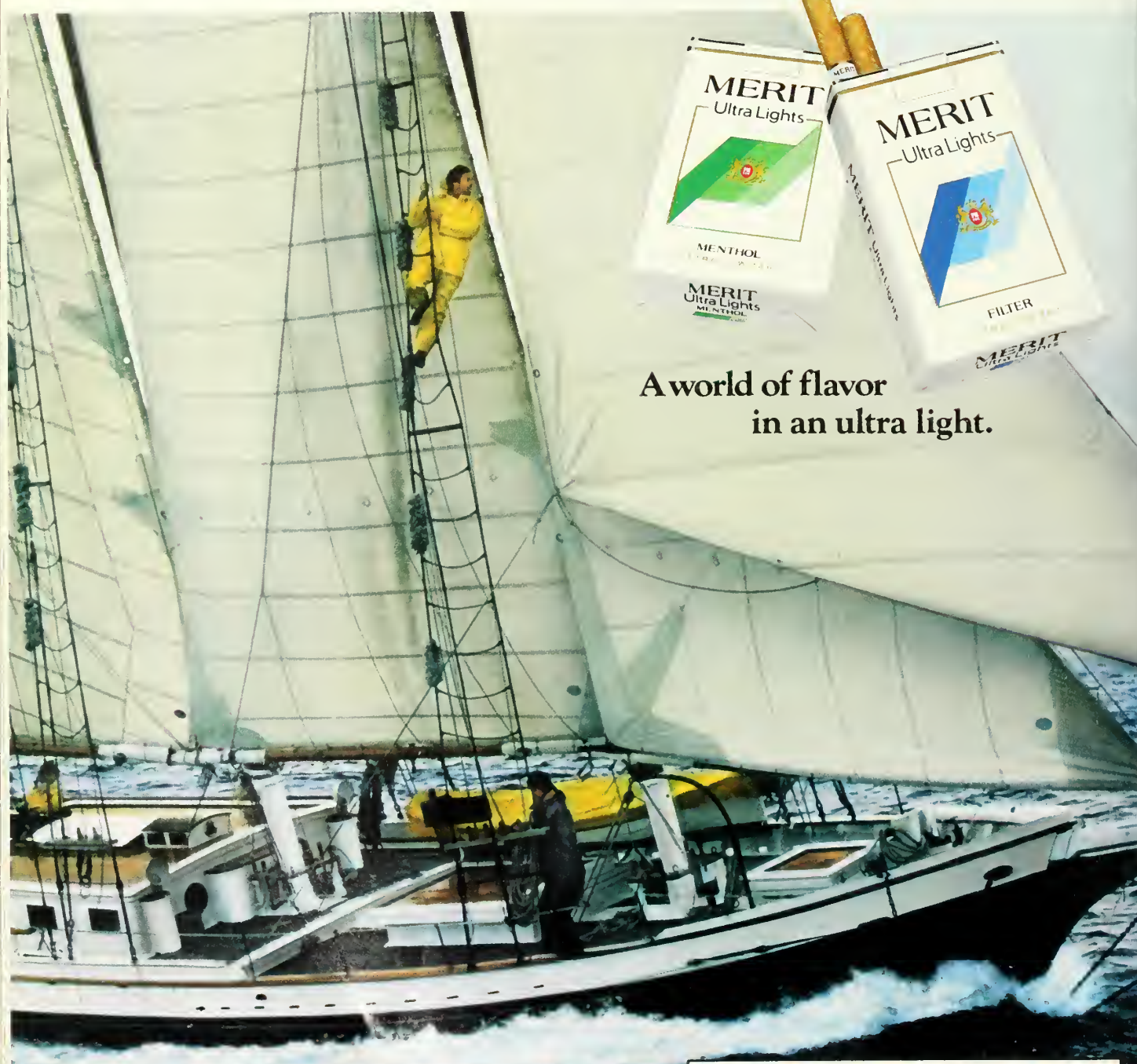
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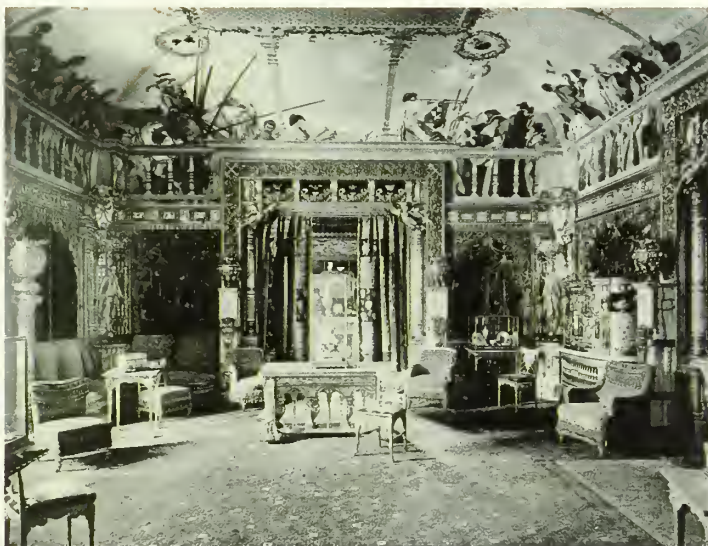
They sold French Japonisme and English Aestheticism to the robber barons of America

By Marilyn Johnson



In 1970, the nonagenarian descendant of a prominent old New York family, Miss Frances Arnold, wrote to an assistant curator of the Metropolitan Museum's American Wing: "I have to laugh at Herter furniture coming into this delayed recognition . . . I have for many years asked antique people who wander about New England if they know Herter furniture and they always answer, 'never heard of it.' I've always cherished it remembering the respect and affection with which my aunts spoke of it." Indeed, recognition of Herter furniture in 1970 was still very limited, but in April of that year, the Metropolitan's landmark fine arts exhibition, "19th Century America, Furniture and Other Decorative Arts," provided its first extensive public viewing. Then in 1971, Miss Arnold gave three inlaid Herter tables to the Metropolitan's American Wing. After her death a few years later, the spirited bidding at the Connecticut auction of her estate clearly indicated that serious collectors were once again aware of Herter.

A hundred years earlier, no dealer or designer would have disclaimed knowledge of Herter Brothers and its presiding talent, the handsome, charming, and accomplished Christian Herter, who in the 1870s was society's darling as well as its decorator. Born in Stuttgart, Germany, the son of a noted wood-carver and cabinetmaker, Christian showed the same precocious artistic talent as his older half brother, Gustave. In Germany, Gustave had distinguished himself working under the architect Leins and had executed the interiors of the Royal Villa at Berg before going to Paris to study.



By 1848, Gustave was on his way to New York, where he was hired as a silver designer for Tiffany and Company. During the 1850s, first working in partnership with others and then as head of his own firm, he became a well-known cabinetmaker; and at the New York Crystal Palace exhibition of 1853, three enormous cabinets he designed won great acclaim.

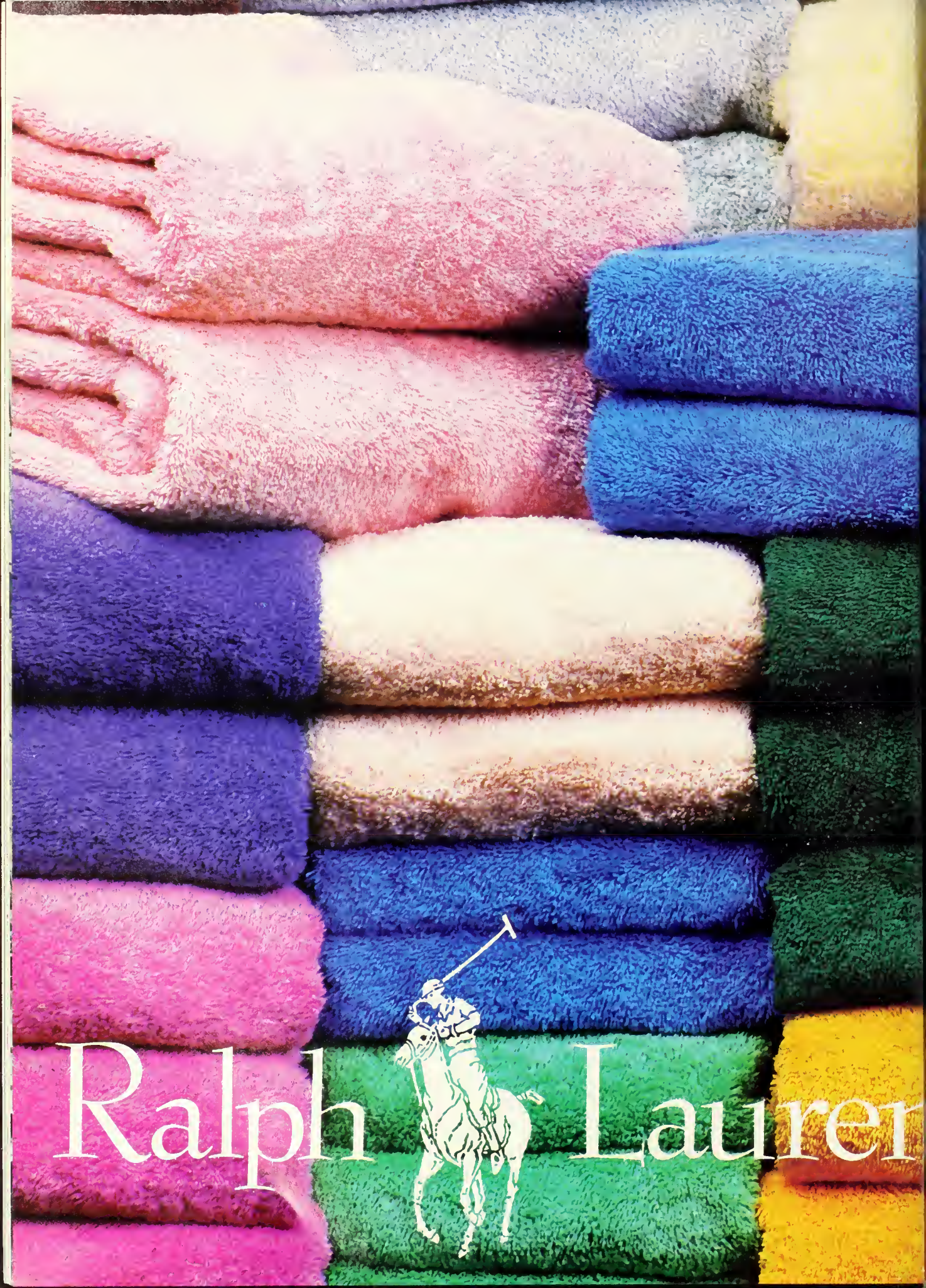
In 1860, Christian Herter joined his brother in New York. By 1865, one year after Christian's marriage to Mary Miles, daughter of a prominent doctor, the directory listing for the company became Herter Brothers. The two half brothers, so similar in talent, so different in manner, worked together in what seems a total partnership. Recognizing Christian's unusual ability, Gus-

Top: Detail from Herter cabinet, circa 1880. Above: W.H. Vanderbilt's gilt and mother-of-pearl encrusted drawing room in which, below, Aesthetic Herter side chair appears.



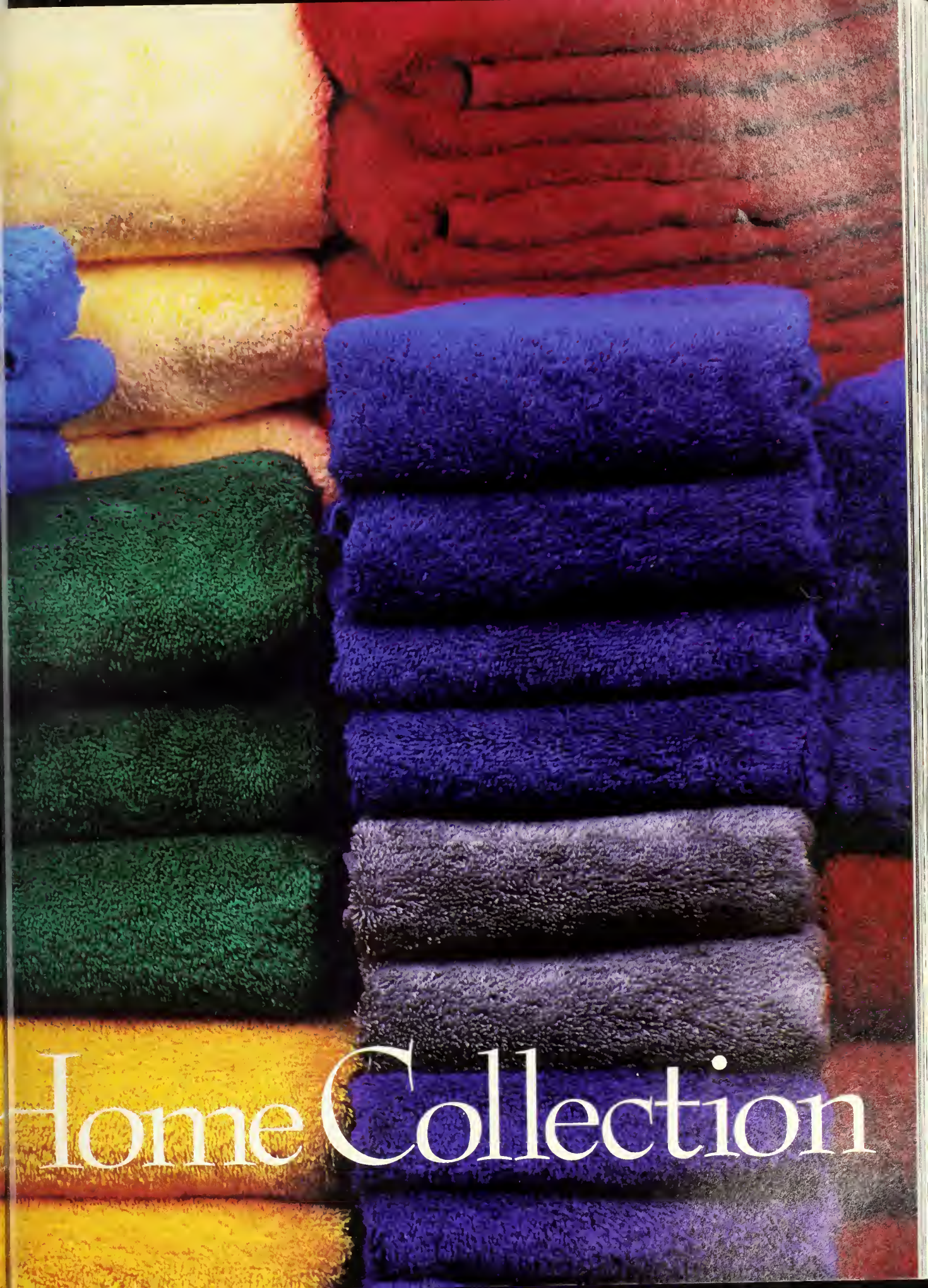
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ANTIQUES

tave, in keeping with the passion in the sixties for all things French—whether fabrics, bronzes, porcelains, or prints—sent him to Paris to study in the atelier of the much-sought-after decorative artist Pierre-Victor Galand. But the taste for the French Second Empire and elaborate neo-Grec detailing was not limited to furnishings only and was evident in architecture as well. Mansard-roofed mansions, following the model of Detlef Lienau's 1850 Schiff House in New York, began springing up in many American cities.

One of these, the home of New York broker LeGrand Lockwood, was begun in 1863, not on fashionable Fifth Avenue, but in the town of Lockwood's modest boyhood, Norwalk, Connecticut. Again, the architect was Lienau, but no one designer was consulted for the interior. Rather, each room was done by a selection of New York's best: Lienau's friend Marcotte, Platt, Hutchings, and, of course, Herter Brothers. In 1869 Lockwood extravagantly commissioned stereopticon views of all the rooms on the first floor of the sixty-room house, and a mural for the Music Room ceiling from Christian Herter's teacher, Galand, for the sum of \$20,000. In the fall of the same year, in the financial panic remembered as "Black Friday," broker, banker, and transportation magnate Legrand Lockwood faced ruin in all his varied enterprises.

Ten years after the house was first begun, its contents were auctioned off at New York's Leavitt Galleries. Describing the sale as "the most magnificent assortment of furniture ever offered to the Public, having been made expressly to order without regard to cost by our leading manufacturers," the catalogue listed ten major bedroom sets, five of them, including the master bedroom, by Herter. The master bedstead had been described in an 1869 article in *The New York Sun*, where it was called "a work of art . . . fancy exhausts itself in its inlaid variegations. It is canopied at the upper end with satin of the richest green pending from a framework of gold and jet."

Across the continent in Menlo Park, California, another mansion echoed the French taste so evident in Lockwood's Norwalk house. Begun in 1873, the very year the Lockwood furnishings were auctioned, Thurlow

Lodge was to show off to the world Milton Slocum Latham's success. Like Lockwood, Latham, a former California senator and governor, had made a fortune in the financial world, and dabbled in railroads. Like the Lockwood house, his mansard-roofed mansion had more than fifty rooms of vast scale and grandeur, opening off from a great hall with a circular light well. Not surprisingly, the firm of Herter Brothers decorated the interior with furniture even more opulent than Lockwood's.



Gilded cherry-wood Aesthetic
firescreen, 1880, with a rooster and
family on pressed leather.

In the music room and hall towering twelve-foot cabinets combined intricate inlays with painted panels or deeply carved crestings and caryatids. In a dining room replete with symbols of the hunt, a realistically carved stag's head above the mantel gazed down upon chairs where one's hands rested upon carved dogs' heads while an out-sized sideboard was supported by six life-size hounds seated on their haunches. On cabinets in other rooms three-foot cranes pointed their beaks into feathered wooden breasts, and satyrs leered in frames of richly carved garlands. Opulent materials so characteristic of Herter reached their apogee in the ebonized master bedroom furniture, generously inlaid with ivory and



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picked out in gilt. Befitting a tycoon, Latham's initials were set into the headboard of the bed, just as Lockwood's had been inlaid in the dome of his rotunda.

In an age when fortunes were made—and lost—almost daily, such ostentation was not unusual. Unfortunately, the parallels between Latham and Lockwood went further than merely their tastes in architecture and decoration: Latham, like Lockwood, scarcely lived in his house before he lost his financial empire. Again a precipitous sale took place after the bankrupt owner's untimely death, and Thurlow Lodge passed in a few years to another Herter client. Mary Hopkins, widow of Mark, established the Hopkinses' adopted son Timothy and his wife in the house, renamed Sherwood Hall. To the Latham Herter furniture, much of which remained, were added similar Herter pieces made for the Hopkinses. Mary Hopkins no longer had need of the contents of the house she and Mark Hopkins had planned together. She had gained something more than friendship in her association with Herter, for in 1887 "the richest widow in America" married Edward Searles, who was some twenty years her junior. Searles was the representative who had been sent out from New York by the decorating firm to supervise Herter work for the Hotel Hopkins. Together into the next decade Mary and Edward Searles went on a house buying, building, and decorating spree unparalleled even in that age of affluence.

Other California patrons of Herter included railroad magnate Collis Huntington, whose handsome ebonized and inlaid art furniture bedroom set, which descended in his family, is now owned by The Saint Louis Art Museum. Stylistically, that bedroom set dating from the mid seventies to early eighties represents an important development in Christian Herter's style. In 1870, Christian had bought out Gustave's share in Herter Brothers, and Gustave returned to Germany where he remained the rest of his life. During the early seventies, Christian, however, traveled about England, taking in what was being done in English design, from the substantial modern gothic of Bruce Talbert to the elegant art furniture of Edward William Godwin. A close friend of Whistler and Burges, God-

win had for some time shown a great love of Japanese art in his work. Shortly after Christian Herter's return to New York, Godwin's Japanese influence was evident in Herter-designed furniture and interiors.

Christian mixed his old and new styles in the furniture he made for the James J. Goodwin family "castle" in Hartford, Connecticut. While the seating furniture of the parlor, now installed in the Wadsworth Atheneum, featured the carved animal heads and deeply tufted upholstery of earlier work, the dining room displayed blond rectilinear furniture of the English reform taste against walls papered with Godwin's bamboo pattern; and the blond bedroom set, simple and functional, was adorned with inlays of the Aesthetic sunflower.

Although the date of the Goodwin rooms is not firmly established, they may have been decorated as early as 1874, two years before the Centennial exhibition in Philadelphia presented the arts of Japan and the art furniture of England to the American public. Reviews of the Centennial stated that:

The Queen Anne work of Herter Brothers of New York has already been referred to in another place, and hardly needs further notice. It is to be regretted that this firm did not make an exhibit of the beautiful work with which the house has been credited. . . . Had the work of their able designer Mr. A. Sandier been seen in comparison with that of the English exhibitions, it would have been less easy to concede to them the superiority which their designs in the main portrayed.

In the 1870s, Herter's customers could visit the New York showroom at Broadway just north of Union Square and select individual pieces of furniture, but most preferred to commission entire rooms or houses from Herter's staff of experts. In New York, clients included Mrs. Robert Leighton Stuart, Jacob Ruppert, David Dows, Elliot Shepard, John Sloan, and Pierpont Morgan. In Boston, the parlor of Oliver Ames echoed furniture forms and decorative motifs found in the New York Herter houses: a gilded cabinet almost identical to Morgan's, the same color scheme of ivory, red, gold, and a similar delicate jeweled spider webbing upon the walls.

The interiors Herter created for the



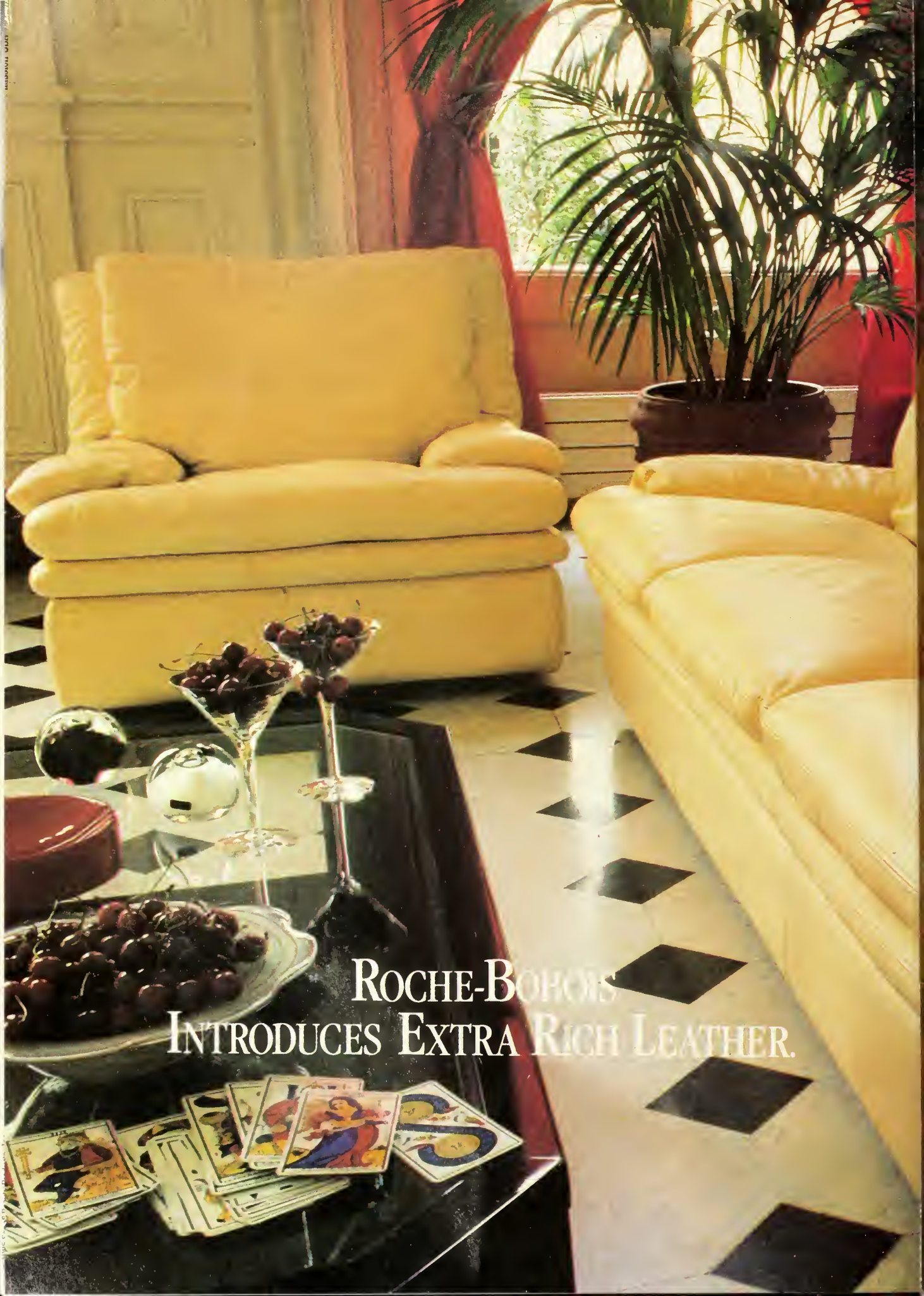
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W.H. Vanderbilt house, and its twin dwelling for Vanderbilt's daughter, Mrs. W.D. Sloan, at Fifth Avenue and 51st Street, far surpassed in luxury and imagination those done for any other patrons. For these, the crowning achievement of his career, Christian Herter was considered architect as well as decorator, although the professional architect J.B. Snook did collaborate with him. Originally to have been executed in marble, the exteriors of the Renaissance-style palazzos were done instead in ordinary brownstone. *Nothing* inside, however, was ordinary.

In the drawing room of W.H. Vanderbilt's house, where every available surface was covered with ornament, life-size knights and ladies painted by Pierre-Victor Galland, bent over a trompe-l'oeil balustrade to survey a carnation-red velvet room furnished with gilded side chairs inlaid with mother-of-pearl, the finest examples of Herter's art. One room in the house was totally Japanesque, recalling in its intricate shelving for porcelains the Peacock Room which Whistler and Jeckyll had designed in England for Frederick Leyland. The library, in which all woodwork including bookcases was inlaid with mother-of-pearl, featured a massive carved table, with the two sides of the terrestrial globe realistically copied in pearl at either end.

Completed around 1881 at a cost of between two to three million dollars, the twin Vanderbilt houses were extensively reviewed and published in both newspapers and books. Ironically, they were to be the last of Herter's major commissions. With a twist of fate rivaling the drama and pathos found in the careers of his clients Le-Grand Lockwood and Milton Latham, Herter's work as a decorator ended at the peak of his fame. Retiring from Herter Brothers about the time of the completion of the Vanderbilt houses, Christian returned to Paris to fulfill his dream of being a painter. There he studied with noted artist Jean Paul Laurens until the tuberculosis he had contracted forced his return home to New York. He died in New York in November 1883. He was 43 years old.

Despite his renown during his career, there were those even in his own time who doubted that his work would endure. "Hardly anything that we are making today, in the way of Industrial

Art," trumpeted a *Scribner's* editorial in 1873, "will be thought worth preserving for its own sake, by those that are to come after us. No kitchen cup or platter, . . . nor any costliest plate from Tiffany or Howell and James, nor any high priced table or sideboard from Marcotte or Herter, will be a bone of contention between the agents of the British Museums and Louvres of the future, nor will any Cluny Museum in the twenty-second century be formed of the relics of the house-keeping of the nineteenth."

For a century after its publication, this prophecy seemed to be true. The years since 1970 and "19th Century America," however, have witnessed significant change. Today museumgoers can see Herter furniture in major institutions up and down the Eastern seaboard and across the country. In Bowdoin, Maine, one can view a single fine Herter chair; in Atlanta, Georgia, in the High Museum's notable Crawford Collection, a half-dozen pieces of the best work of Herter Brothers. In museums in Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Toledo, Chicago, and St. Louis, Herter chairs and cabinets, tables and taborets occupy places of prominence.

Within the next four years two major exhibitions will show Herter furniture. "In Pursuit of Beauty: Americans and the Aesthetic Movement" is scheduled to open at the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum in 1986. In 1988, the Canadian Centre for Architecture will present an exhibition of Thurlow Lodge, the house of Milton Slocum Latham.

The turning of an entire century may be necessary for so complete a reevaluation in taste. "Fatigue makes the cultural engine move," wrote the Brothers Goncourt in the nineteenth century. Today, living in a Post-Modern era which has become wearied by the sameness of the stark interior, we are able to judge the late nineteenth century more fairly than did our fathers who felt constrained to rebel against it. Once more complexity—even contradiction—in design, is not merely acceptable, but challenging. If we are still somewhat overwhelmed by the rooms and houses in their totality, we find the best objects peculiarly fascinating. Perhaps, too, we feel a certain kinship with such a period of endless visual choices. □

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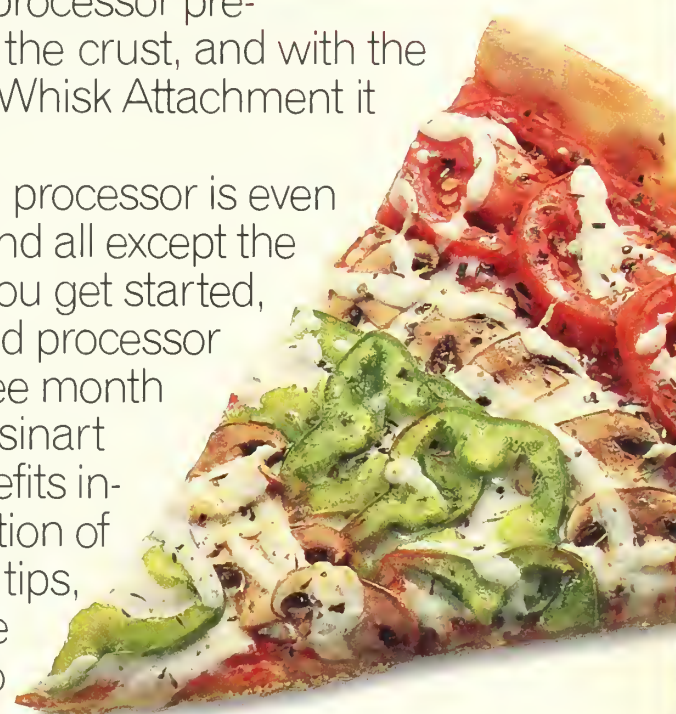
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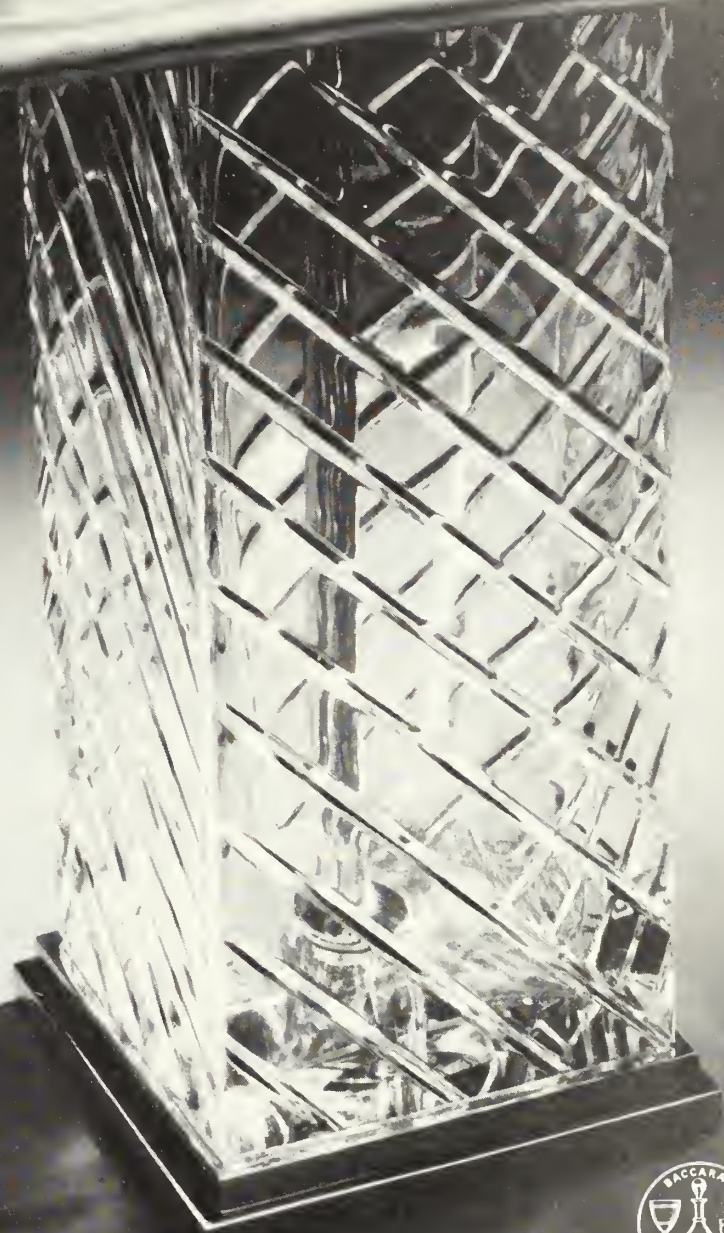


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E. Cordifolia at Monreith.

Many a gardener has been pulled safely through the winter by a good gardening book or two, and possibly the best of all is the recently reprinted masterpiece of that Victorian gardener, William Robinson, whose *English Flower Garden* belongs on every shelf. Reissued by Sagapress, this facsimile reprint continues Ngaere Macray's wonderful project of reissuing the gardening books of William Robinson and Gertrude Jekyll. It is the best of books for those who like gardens but who suspect there are joys unsampled. The 720-page facsimile of the fifteenth edition consists of two parts, a set of impassioned and authoritative essays on what gardening is all about, and a section devoted to hundreds of specific plants, their names updated by the em-

inent gardening authority Graham Stuart Thomas.

It is hard to believe that before Robinson in ordinary gardens it was unusual to find the daffodil, the iris, rose, phlox, hollyhock, peony, or lily. Gardens of the late Victorian period were too often both garish and dull, consisting of hundreds of tender plants in the most assaulting primary colors, set out each year at great expense to make the rash gazer wipe his eye. Which might not have been quite so awful as it was, except that to provide a few weeks of lobelia, scarlet salvia, and the like in geometrical chunks, the great flowers were banished. Of course, some were too poor to indulge in barbaric nonsense, and kept in their unpretentious plots the anemones and honeysuckles

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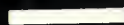
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and foxgloves and all those other dandy favorites of the civilized gardener, and Robinson sounded clarions on behalf of them. It may be too much to say that he and his disciple Gertrude Jekyll alone snatched gardening from triteness and gardeners from boredom, but it is quite true.

He went a bit far, perhaps, as prophets do, and it may not be really necessary to root up the clipped yews as he did. But on balance, there never was a better gardening writer. His big book, as readable now as it ever was during the decades in which it ran through fifteen editions, has long been out of print, and long treasured by gardeners who have been willing to pay whatever it costs from dealers in old books.

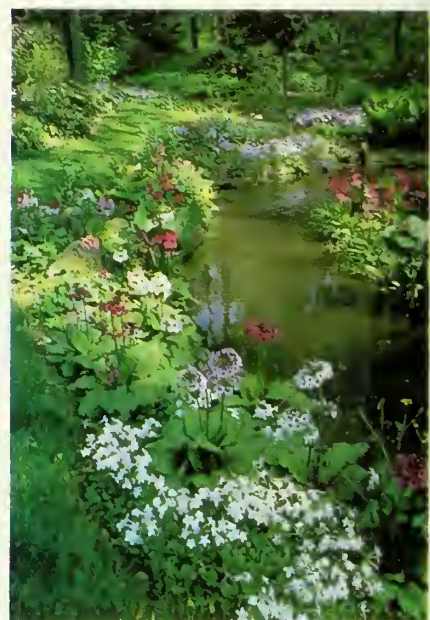
Gravetye Manor is the latest addition to the series of handsomely produced facsimiles from Sagapress. This outsized book details Robinson's first twenty years at the Elizabethan manor he made famous in his garden writings. The original volume appeared in 1911. To some readers this account by a gardener of unparalleled influence will read as a dream. One year Robinson would plant a hundred thousand daffodils, another year he would spread two hundred thousand pounds of masonry for a waterway. He would plant a hillside with exotic hawthorns, he would try the rare new water lilies from France in his pond. Whatever his heart desired his purse said yes. But to other readers it is a reminder of the chancy nature of gardening, perilous even in the most favored circumstances. Voles and rats ate the lilies and the hawthorns failed. Expensive grading and other work done carefully with good workmen often proved unsuccessful and had to be done again. The book is a corrective to the whimpering of modern gardeners who think that in the old days you could really get things done.

The book is a delight to see, with superior paper, beautiful printing, and remarkably reproduced wood engravings. Here you may see Boy, Robinson's terrier, the one that loved to sleep in his treasured violas. There are also some cows, hardly to be recommended as garden ornaments any more than terriers but included because Robinson had firm ideas about what should be in the book.

A great deal of general gardening advice comes across as a bonus in the ac-

count of building and planning. It is good to know that Gravetye, now a comfortable small hotel, has been restored along the lines Robinson intended.

More modest in scope and aim is the little *Gardens and Gardeners*, a charming anthology of gardening comments compiled by Elizabeth Seager and sent



Primula and phlox on edge of a Delaware woodland pond.

into the world by the Oxford University Press. I find it fits in an inside jacket pocket and is handy to pull out in traffic jams (when nothing is moving, of course) or on delayed commuter trains. Gilbert White's old tortoise Timothy, is there—surely he was as ornamental as a geranium, though never strictly in bloom—along with wise words and entertaining ones from such reliables as Bacon, Temple, Fiennes, Gerard, and dozens more.

The general and increasing interest in herbs is catered to with *The Herb Garden*, a handbook in the Viking Home Gardening Bookshelf, published in cooperation with The New York Botanical Garden Institute of Urban Horticulture. It is simply written, with quite short chapters on medieval, ancient, Renaissance, and more modern approaches to herbs in the garden, enough to pique a beginner's interest, but not so much as to overwhelm. The photographs which illustrate this book are clear and well

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chosen, and the entries on specific herbs are useful and inviting, even to those who barely distinguish between rosemary and a radish.

The American Woman's Garden by Rosemary Verey and Ellen Samuels is illustrated with color photographs of thirty gardens, some grand and some modest, presided over by an assortment of women whose pride they rightly are. The pictures are not all as sparkling as they might be, but the things they show are mouth-watering, and the women all sound pleasant as well as awesomely energetic. A surprising amount of sculpture turns up, always difficult to photograph and often meant to be seen without the tight frame of the camera.

Another book by Rosemary Verey, *Classic Garden Design*, deals with such garden features as knot gardens, lily pools, topiary, and so forth. The photographs appear to be veiled, the color unnecessarily muted, and the black tending toward midrange grays. There is much information about how to get

the effects admired in fine gardens. Whether the gardener is going to like the knot garden or the fountain once he's got it is, of course, up to the gardener. Rock gardens, so commonly terrible looking are dealt with humanely and such approaches as Valerie Finnis's beds for rock plants, made of railroad-track timbers, and small beds consisting of old stone sinks, will appeal to those who are daunted at the prospect of an Alp. Typical of some of the useful details in the book are the directions for covering porcelain sinks with a mixture that weathers to resemble old sandstone.

Graham Stuart Thomas is one of the best-known gardeners of the day, not only for his authoritative books on shrub roses and climbers but as garden consultant to Britain's National Trust properties. *The Art of Planting* is a practical reference work in its tables of plants for particular sites or purposes, but also good reading in its more general chapters on color, style, fragrance, conifers, and, of course, roses, among

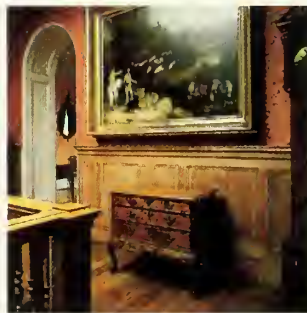
other topics. Boundaries, hedges, and screens deserve more attention than usually given in books or on the site itself, and here (as everywhere) the author is fully reliable.

A fine book for the gardener who is sufficiently experienced to know the roots go under the ground and the leaves above, but who is not familiar with the hundreds of kinds of flowers he might grow, *The Concise Encyclopedia of Garden Plants* is just the thing. There are more than two thousand color photographs here, and hardly any gardener will recognize all of them. The text is concise indeed, but gives an excellent idea of the general needs of the flower in question. No such book can be exhaustive, but this one is completely admirable. The main thing to learn in gardening, after all, is not how to grow a particular plant (since by and large all plants prefer to live rather than die, and will exert astonishing efforts to grow) but to know what is worth growing. And this varies, according to the gardener. The great tragedy of gardening is to discover, after perhaps decades of wasted time, an assortment of plants that anybody can grow, or could grow, if only he knew they existed. This, then, is a book of the most valuable kind.

Few books equal Hugh Johnson's *The Principles of Gardening* for the mass of information about making gardens and for the level of taste throughout. Originally published by Mitchell Beazley in 1979 and in hardcover by Simon and Schuster in America, a new soft-cover version has now been published.

In the dismally small gardens that many of us have now—those days are gone in which a "small garden" was one of four acres—a book of trees may seem an anachronism. But man cannot live by tulips alone, and *Hugh Johnson's Encyclopaedia of Trees* is a fine treatment of the subject that is fit for dreams. Any gardener worth the proud name of gardener would grow hundreds of kinds of trees if he only had the space. And even if we have not (I have a glaucous form of the *Cunninghamia* smothered beneath a hodgepodge of less noble plants against a fence) we shall get to heaven, after all, because we yearn for trees we have no space for, which is very similar to loving virtue more than we have.

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Only a few days ago I was in a New England garden in which there was nothing but bare ginkgos, old willows, sequoias, and grand fifty-year-old yews, and I felt the sharpest pain that I have no space for broad lawns and yews the size of astronomical observatories. Even the hemlock, a tree I loathe, was beautiful there, where space abounded. But back to Hugh Johnson. His book not only chronicles hundreds of kinds of trees, but contains valuable information on climates in general, and on rates of growth of many kinds of arboreal princes. This book came out several years ago and I acquired it instantly and have loved it since. Here is a new edition, even denser with material and better. It is a classic work every gardener will want.

More ephemeral is *Garden Design*, written by an assortment of gardeners with the publication board of the American Society of Landscape Architects. The section dealing with "Designer's Choice" is the most valuable



Statuary among azaleas in a Locust Valley garden.

part. I commend especially the gardens of Luis Barragán, almost the antitheses of any garden I would have since the

range of plants in them is so slight; yet they are exactly the gardens that produce the effect I most love, full of serenity, with a monumental grave quality. They remind us again how simple beauty is, or can be, and with what plain elements it can be composed. Turn first to the Barragán gardens. Then browse through all the rest, some of which are poor, not to say hideous but which serve the purpose of instructional contrast. By studying the pictures and the text, the gardener comes at last to love the one and eschew the other. How much easier that is than wasting decades learning by experience.

Lee Bailey's *Country Flowers* gives a sense of the year moving right along in a bower of contentment and bloom, as day lilies follow irises and so forth; and this book with copious photographs might well inspire the beginner to dig and flourish. It has a homey style and an endearing error or two (*tetraploidy* has to do with the number of chromosomes and nothing to do with the number of petals, for example) but the main thing is the book's contagious enthusiasm. Whenever an author writes of what he has grown and learned, the result is likely to be good; and the sophisticated veneer of *rodgersias*, *veratrums*, and *kirengeshomas* will come in due time.

You may not agree that the only three luxuries of this life are a good supply of hot water, books, and lavatory paper, but they may suggest the down-to-earth nature of *An Axe, a Spade & Ten Acres* by George Courtauld, who has turned his land in southeastern England into a reasonable facsimile of paradise. (If I may ape him, paradise consists of at least two ponds, six dogs, and plenty of boxwood.) He has a friend who could grow marrows "in a sack of coke," and he has the seasoned gardener's sweet disposition even in the face of small disasters: "Even dead larches are useful, as woodpeckers like them." This is the approach we need more of, if we are not to go through the life of a gardener in a snit. Courtauld tells how he divided his few acres into manageable sections, most of them semiwild and full of charm.

The House of Boughs is a source book of garden accessories, but you must not suppose this means spading

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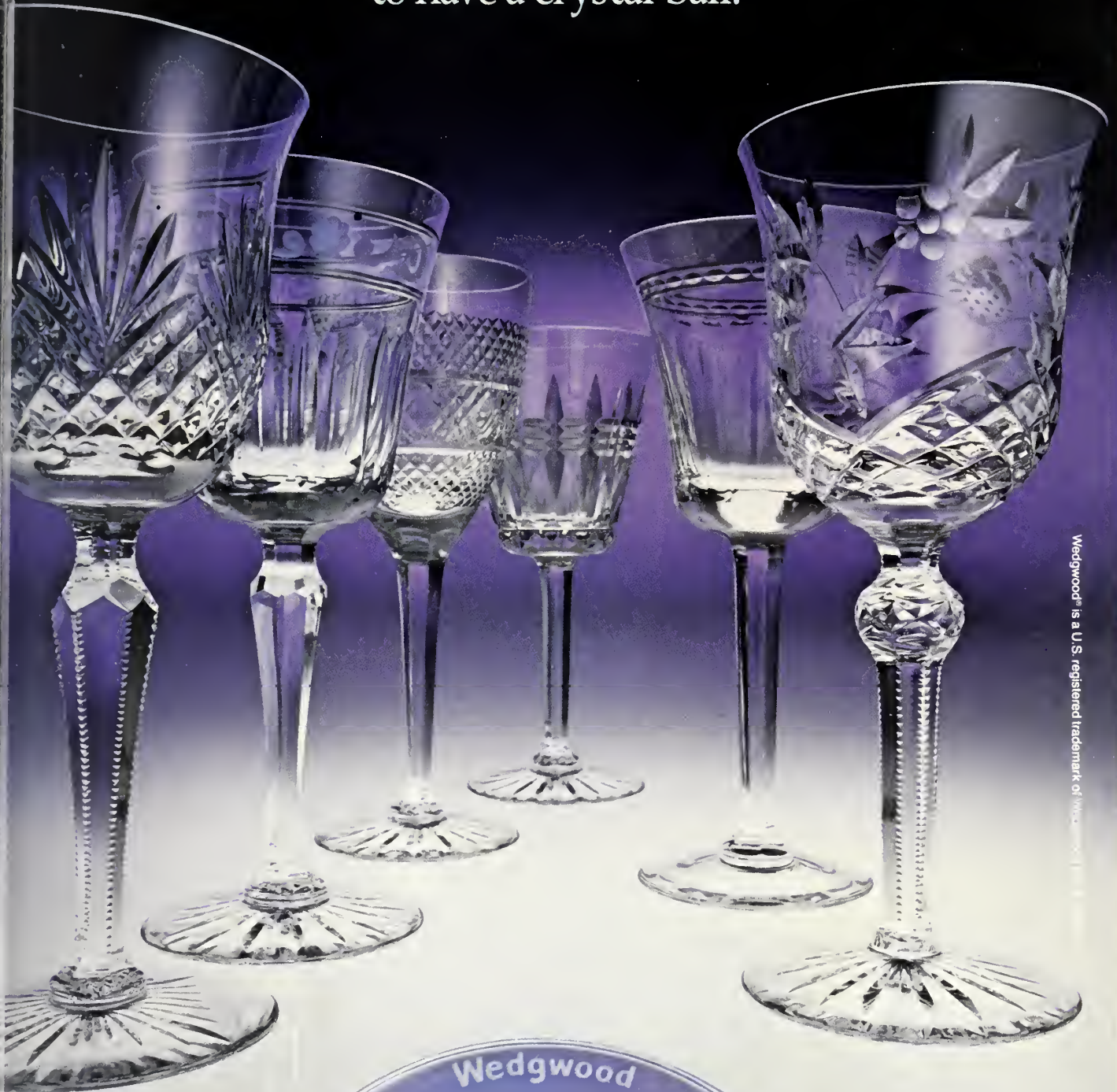
forks and chemicals. It means designs for benches, alleys, dovecotes, weathercocks, and any number of enchanting gewgaws. The danger, of course, is that the gardener may wish to copy or adapt one of everything and not be able to move through the garden for the clutter, but that would be no fault of the book, would it? I myself justify two weathercocks in my own small garden on the grounds that the wind hits them differently (they rarely point the same direction), and if I thought I could get away with it I'd have a dozen. The same with dovecotes. I knew a gardener in Fairfield who threatened to kill her husband if he persisted in his dream of a cupola on the barn, and I realize not everybody is up to pigeons flying around and eagles and carp spinning into the wind. But surely every gardener will need fences, gates, a summerhouse, and a small pool, all dealt with in reasonable detail. Moreover, most gardeners will want to know just how to design a maze, a parterre, a canal, a pleached archway, and suchlike even if the urge to actually do it is kept firmly under control. Apart from its highly practical nature in directing one's thoughts to some particular project, it is priceless for inspiring fantasy. We may not have a Moorish courtyard with a sort of ablution pool brimming over, and sculpture may be the last thing we need amid the peonies, but it costs nothing to dream. Besides, as these dandy pictures are studied again and again, a surprising number of them will start seeming both possible and necessary.

Built Landscapes: Gardens in the Northeast is a catalogue of a traveling exhibition on landscape design organized by Brattleboro Museum and Art Center and touching on gardens by some famous landscape architects including Beatrix Farrand, Fletcher Steele, James Rose, A.E. Bye, and Dan Kiley. The photographs show the efforts designers have put into devising something fresh. The shaped mounds in a Bye garden are quite handsome, and a small knot garden by Steele is sparkling and highly stylish. An outcrop of stone in a Litchfield garden is handled superbly; the designer left it alone. An advantage to owning such expensively designed gardens as these is that one can travel widely and rarely see anything like them. □

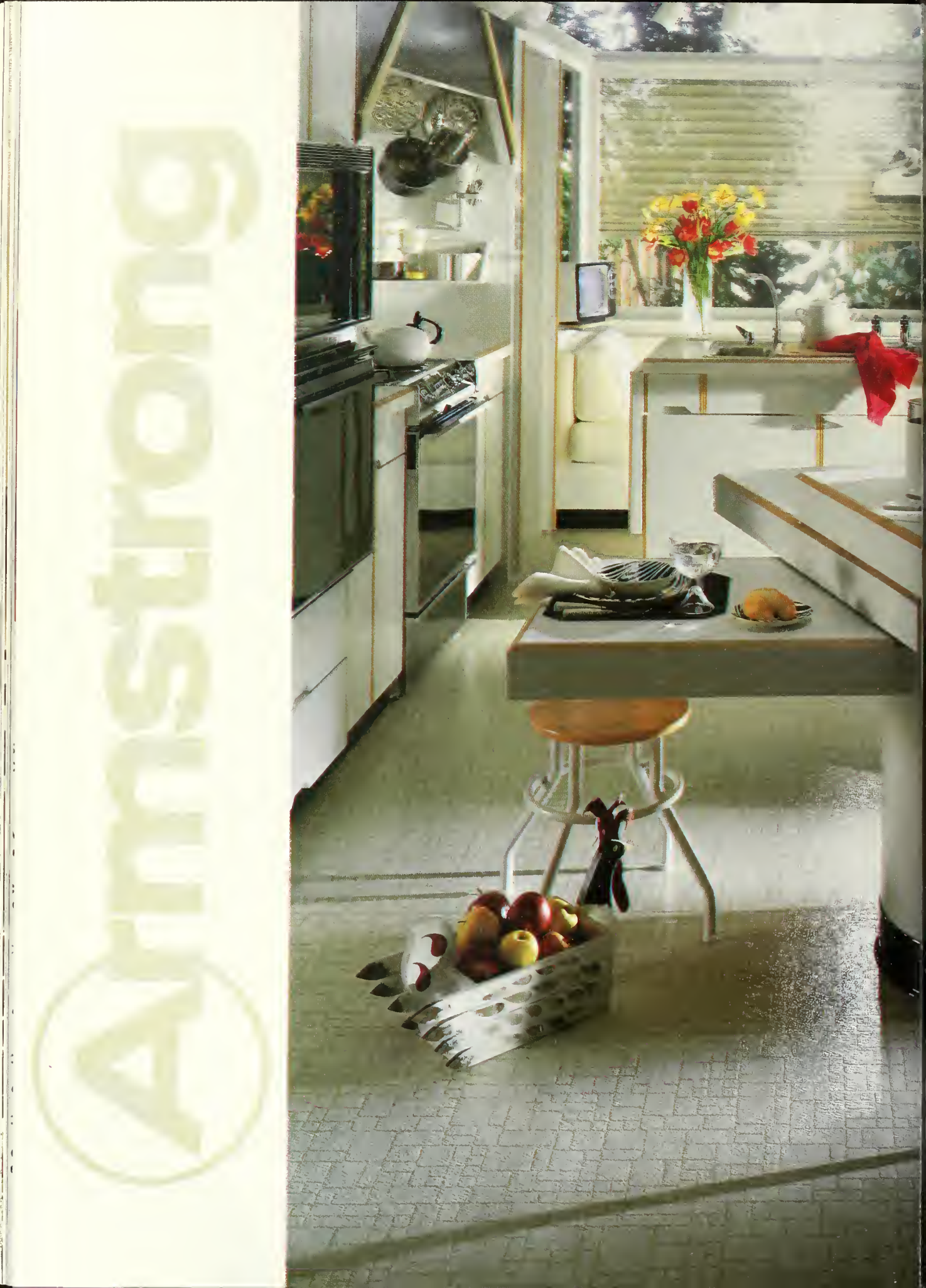
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ALL ABOUT STYLE

By Nancy Richardson



■ **BARON GUY'S SAGA** A great house, as much as a novel or a painting, can sum up the spirit of an era. English noblemen in particular have been aware of this and as successive generations have inherited the stewardship of such houses the head of the family has usually set down in a diary or closely circulated memoir the history of the house in his time. A hearty variation on this practice is the American edition of a French best seller of two summers ago.

The Whims of Fortune by Baron Guy

de Rothschild (Random House) tells, among other things, the story of one of the most important houses in France in the nineteenth century. The Château de Ferrières was begun in 1857 for Baron James by the English architect Sir Joseph Paxton with Rothschild's artistic director Eugene Lami as decorator. We know something of Ferrières's splendor from watercolors Lami did in the 1860s. Painted for Guy de Rothschild's mother, these interiors remain in the family and were partially published in Mario Praz's history of decoration. Virtually the Versailles of the nineteenth century—though Baron Guy's memory of it as a child was of an enormous steamship in a forest rather than a palace—Ferrières set a standard and a style. Its creature comforts as well as the placement of furniture, pictures, and objects of art in a rich, imposing setting have influenced collector tycoons from the Second Empire right through the 1960s, '70s, and '80s. The account that Baron Guy gives is a tale of much more than stewardship. In the late 1950s under the direction of his second wife, the Baroness Marie-Helene, herself a Rothschild, Ferrières came to life again in full Napoleon III splendor for about fifteen years. In the 1970s the Rothschilds gave two parties which pointed to the institutionalizing of Rothschild taste in the twentieth century. The Surrealist Ball

caught the spirit of one of the principal artistic impulses of our time, while the Proust Gala evoked the luxurious decadence of the last years of the nineteenth century in which Ferrières played a specific part. The French are traditionally proud of their eighteenth-century heritage. But with the resurgent interest in nineteenth-century taste and the establishment of the Musée d'Orsay in Paris as a museum of nineteenth-century art and decoration, it should be time to establish certain important nineteenth-century houses as house museums. Yet Ferrières, now owned by the government, stands virtually empty and unstaffed though technically open to the public. With the help of the French gov-



Top: The Blue Room at Ferrières. Above: Baron and Baroness Guy de Rothschild at the Surrealist Ball

Turkish plates, mid 16th century





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ALL ABOUT STYLE



English Rococo bed from Petworth House, circa 1758. Victoria & Albert Museum, London



Edwardian inkwells

ernment and various members of the Rothschild family, Ferrières could become a leading example of an overlooked period. ■ SCRUTABLE

STYLE The British Museum, that universal cabinet of treasures of which the Elgin marbles and the Rosetta stone seem to head the list, is currently (until May 5) host to an exhibition that knocks your eyes out while rearranging basic preconceptions. "Chinese Ornament" enlarges immeasurably our understanding of the stylistic origins of Chinese ornament as well as the rightful role of this ornament in the history of architecture. The museum's deputy keeper of the Department of Oriental Antiquities, Jessica Rawson, has assembled Eastern and Western architectural fragments, jugs, manuscript leaves, silver, cloisonné vases, lacquer boxes, mirrors, ceremonial and domestic porcelain from over a 1,500-year period. After reading the catalogue I looked

around my apartment at Portuguese wall tiles, French porcelain plates, embroidered eyelet sheets, Art Deco metal work, nineteenth-century stencil borders, carved bedposts and ceiling cornices and realized that very little today doesn't owe a debt to a common design vocabulary that has been evolving since classical times in the Mediterranean and the Near East as well as in China. Mrs. Rawson starts out in ancient Egypt and follows the evolution of the acanthus-leaf border and its soul mate, the half-palmette, as architectural details through the Hellenistic period. With the spread of Hellenistic forms and design to the Near East with the conquests of Alexander and the rise of Buddhism and subsequent Buddhist proselytizing, the little old acanthus and half-palmette made it to China, married up with the lotus and the peony and became something else again. Then with the westward thrust of the Mongol invasion of the thirteenth century all this Chinese-ified Western influence got carried back from China to Iran and Turkey where it emerged in a totally un-Chinese way in designs for carpets, Islamic miniatures, and tiles. And to think that most of us only take up Chinese ornament when it reaches Europe as porcelain and lacquer in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries! Along with proving, by implication, that the design original for a Grueby green glaze pot is a Chinese green-glazed lotus flask from the fifth century and that both English and

Dutch delft owe as much to acanthus borders as Chinese motifs, Mrs. Rawson revels in making a point to contemporary architects: the decoration that has been considered extraneous and decadent for the last 75 years actually started out as architectural forms in classical times. For once history rather than technology proves what a small world it is. See the exhibition if you can, or order the catalogue through the 999 Bookshop, New York.

What you learn will make it even more rewarding to go to the International Ceramics Fair, June 14-17, at the Dorchester Hotel, London. ■ BEDS AS ARCHITECTURE The rule about remarkable beds such as the two seen on this page is that they belong only in great houses. But as soon as the bed in question is slightly



Adam bed redecorated in the Pompeiian fashion in 1810. Colefax and Fowler, London

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ALL ABOUT STYLE

less magnificent than our examples it becomes the means by which to give a contemporary room a feeling of architecture. In the 1960s David Hicks took the all-fabric, boxlike shape of a seventeenth-century state bed in which velvet and damask curtains were hung from the ceiling itself and made new beds, which he hung with cotton materials of his own design. The idea in the seventeenth century was to have a bed that demonstrated its richness entirely through the use of luxurious textiles rather than any virtuosity of its frame. In fact bedposts were usually covered with sheaths of material. In the eighteenth century bed tops were no longer flat, and increasingly carved, often gilded elements peaked through a tumble of bed hangings that did anything but hang straight to the floor. There have been plenty of domed beds or *lits à la polonoise* done in the twentieth century whether in imitation of old shapes or by resurrecting the original examples. But recently various nineteenth-century beds with interesting frames—especially metal ones—are being put back into use without the normal curtains to create simple, see-through shapes that give height but no bulk to a bedroom. At the same time several mechanisms have evolved to disguise the immensity of present-day king-sized beds. Almost as architectural as the houselike effect of a canopy bed is the joining of pairs of carved nineteenth-century beds to make one large one. The key is to find pairs of head- and footboards that aren't too massive. ■ BARKING INK With the increased popularity of Edwardian silver and tortoise-shell dressing-table sets and ivory and bone boxes, the English antiques market has begun to produce other charming and little-known Edwardian paraphernalia. Winsome and roguish are the carved mahogany inkwells in the shape of rather woofy-looking dogs that were as appealing to Edwardians as they now are to us. James II in New York makes a specialty of the English variety and warns of their German counterparts, which were usually souvenirs and not well made. The M. H. Stockroom in New York City, as well as Valley House Antiques in Locust Valley on Long Island, make a point of having good examples. □

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ART OF THE EMPIRE

Niall Hobhouse and Giles Eyre helped revive a taste for the visual record of the colonial Far East

By Brooke Hayward

It was until only recently that the subject of "Company" painting in India during the British Raj was as unfamiliar to me as the topography of Antarctica. Like anyone else, I could appreciate a good exotic example of Orientalism, but the historical background of this genre is not as integral an element of the American heritage as it surely is of the British.

So it was with considerable excitement that I set forth on the first leg of my exploration: a meeting with Giles Eyre and Niall Hobhouse, two of the most knowledgeable dealers of the style in question. Their gallery at 39 Duke Street is a study of throw-away elegance. Upstairs muted wall and floor coverings convey the impression of moleskin, or some equally dusky but sumptuous material that might complement the jewelike colors of the paintings and drawings. Downstairs is a cozy library/office, with a large antique mahogany desk, leather chairs, and masterful lighting. In the window on Duke Street, a painting had caught my eye before I entered: a vividly colored seventeenth-century Dutch oil of varieties of tulips flying in every direction away from the center of the canvas. After learning, to my chagrin, that it had just been sold to a well-



known American fashion designer, I was taken off on the second leg of my exploration, lunch at the Ritz Hotel.

The meal would have taken several hours if we'd merely limited ourselves to pleasantries and the consumption of delicious food, but there was a lot of information to be passed on to me and not a lot of time since I was leaving shortly for New York. Somewhere between the smoked salmon and dessert (mango parfait, appropriately), I was briefed to this effect:

for many years, seventeen to be precise, Giles Eyre has specialized in paintings and drawings—from landscapes to portraits—that depict "the British Period" in India. These were done either by European artists who went out to the Far East in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, or by Indian court painters, who, with the collapse of the Mughal Empire, migrated to the new British sphere of influence and had to adapt their very different scale, style, and perspective to please the new Western masters. For the most part, these paintings were commissioned by the East India Company to convey factual information for scientific purposes, and to satisfy a growing curiosity at home about distant lands



Niall Hobhouse and Giles Eyre, *top*, in downstairs gallery surrounded by their wares. *Above*: One of their works: a watercolor and gouache of a pineapple by a Cantonese artist, circa 1778, which would sell for about \$4,000.



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Historicism makes a comeback— was it ever away?



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Most amazing to the casual viewer is the variety of furnishings and decor that comprise the "Williamsburg style:" works of the most sophisticated English and Continental artisans; and extraordinary developments by new Colonial craftsmen. This exhilarating profusion may account for the vivacity and pertinence of Williamsburg both as a "social museum" and as a modern-day source of decorating ideas.

A few years ago it might have seemed that modern rooms using historic styles were—or should be—"out." To some, "period" was not a nice word. (Possibly "exclamation point" was more what they were after in their rooms.) This attitude may have been an over-reaction to the sort of interiors that sought to recreate total period ensembles—rooms where even the ashtrays had to be Louis Quatorze or else.

But the use of "borrowed" historical moments in every sort of real decorating scheme has been a continuing feature of most well-put-together homes, even the avant garde. Whether the "history" is very personal or sentimental—Aunt Lucy's chair, say—or merely reflects an individual taste or interest in some past style or fashion, what seems new and modern about the current vogue for The Past is its self-assured pluralism. A feel-

ing that, well, really—anything *can* go. So that you find surprising juxtapositions of eras and epochs. Things are now put together that just a few years ago would have been decorating no-no's but that today are met with resounding yes-yes's.

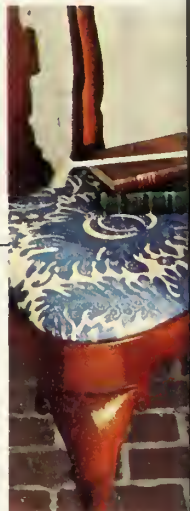
Which brings us back to Williamsburg, where a similar mixing can be discerned. The two Queen Anne chairs shown in the small pictures here are an example. The elegant wing chair is covered in Schumacher's sophisticated *Jones Toile*, reproduced from a 1761 English document; the side chair's seat is covered with a linen-and-cotton *Onion Resist* print, based on a mid-18th Century resist-dyed document. In feeling, these two fabrics are a world apart yet both are authentic *Williamsburg*[®] reproductions. (And both, incidentally, are among Schumacher's perennial best-sellers.)

The inviting entrance corner of the modern flat shown at right was designed by Sarah Tomerlin Lee and combines *Williamsburg* and an almost casual melange of past eras to

supply instant warmth to an otherwise coolly modern space. The unique Federal settee is upholstered in *Floribunda*, a *Williamsburg* floral cotton; the bamboo-striped wallpaper and draperies are *Tsuno*, of Oriental inspiration that provides a perfectly compatible backdrop. From other eras, the Persian rug, the marble tiles, the drapery trim, the wall accessories, even the divided molding sandwiching a paper border—all join to deliver a decorating eloquence that seems timeless yet very much "now."

Sarah Lee recalls that on her first visit to Colonial Williamsburg as a college student she was told that the Rockefellers put the money into the restoration of Williamsburg rather than some more famous city because was a sleeping beauty waiting to be brought to life. For designers and decorators, that's an attitude that they bring to almost any room—a place that seems to be waiting for them to bring it to life.

For almost half a century, Schumacher has been working with Williamsburg curators to bring to life the wide variety of 18th Century fabrics that have added to the recreation of its authentic spirit. Directing production at mills throughout the world as well as in its own mill, Schumacher has brought new techniques to the reproduction of rare examples of the fabric art of the past. Whether it's Williamsburg, or any other moment in decorating history—designers and decorators know that for an authoritative clutch of samples, the best place to go is "surely, Schumacher."





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THE DEALER'S EYE

Between 1777 and 1782, Lady Impey commissioned over two hundred bird paintings

and their flora and fauna. This was also a time in which the making of collections of natural-history specimens (both live and dead) proliferated, stimulated by Linnaeus's invention and publication, in 1735, of the first complete system of botanical classification and nomenclature.

Service in the East India Company was then at the height of its popularity, in particular for the younger sons of privileged and educated families; officers might become patrons of native artists in order to have their daily lives and travels recorded. In the case of Marquess Wellesley or Sir Elijah Impey, Chief Justice of Bengal, both amateur naturalists, the wish was to have their unique collections of birds, mammals, insects, and plants chronicled. Between 1777 and 1782, a period of just five years, Lady Impey commis-

sioned over two hundred bird and other animal paintings based on her menagerie in Calcutta. It seems we owe Lady Impey a debt of gratitude because she was instrumental in having the Mughal miniature technique—of exquisite observation of detail and texture—adapted to her own sophisticated taste and purposes.

Two hundred years later, in 1974, Niall Hobhouse, whose great passion was Mughal miniatures, became the second half of the Eyre and Hobhouse gallery. In a natural progression of interest, it was Niall who turned his burning eye on Lady Impey's birds, and then became obsessed with the Chinese artists trained by the East India Company in the Treaty Ports of Canton and Macao during the late eighteenth century. The Company had a definite economic motive: it was

sending out numbers of botanists to China with the express purpose of identifying plants that could be cultivated in Europe and the West Indies. It was soon realized that because specimens of these fruits and flowers could not survive a four-month ocean voyage without being dried, paintings of them would more vividly show their living shapes, structures, colors, and the conditions of their natural habitat. Despite the most dextrous and exact imitation of Western instructors, however, a distinct Oriental touch, far more ornamental and decorative, remained.

"A collision of cultures!" exclaimed Giles Eyre, sipping his Darjeeling iced tea and meditating on the romance of another century. Consider, for example, a charming footnote preserved by the mid-nineteenth-century paintings of Sheik Muhammed Amir, who came

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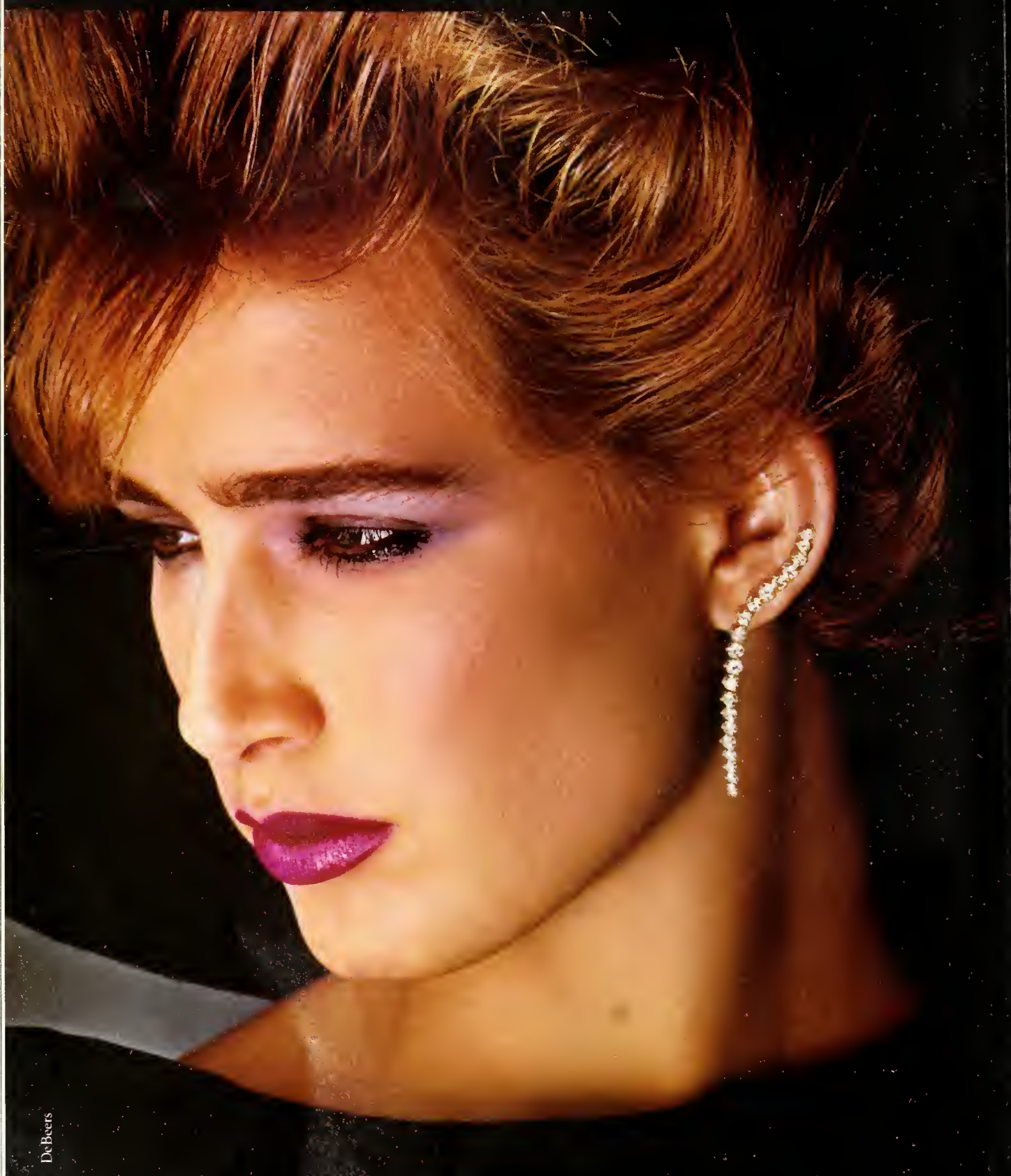
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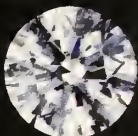
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“Families were purposefully forgetful of their colonial ties”

from a Calcutta suburb; whenever a European patron commissioned him to portray his horses, carriages, houses, or servants, he would do so in a style that as closely as possible resembled that of Stubbs. Or consider the influence, back in England, of the architectural paintings done by Thomas Daniell. London, in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, was filled with incomparable portrait and landscape painters, the more privileged of whom wanted nothing more than to dig classic ground in Italy. Daniell, however, chose to go dig classic ground in India. With the exception of William Hodges, Daniell was the first professional European topographical artist ever to have gone to the Far East. In his insatiable quest for Mughal and Hindu monuments, he and his nephew William spent eight years traveling to ruins in the most dangerous and remote parts of India—all the while trying to outdo Hodges. They brought back thousands of drawings to be turned into oils and watercolors, but it was their aquatints for *Oriental Scenery* that seem to have directly influenced Cockerell's designs for Sezincote—the only Mughal country house in Europe, Porden's stables at Brighton, and Nash's designs for the Royal Pavilion, as well as designs for wallpaper, ceramics, and furniture. “Even today,” writes Dr. Mildred Archer in her book on the subject, “the popular vision of India still remains that created by *Oriental Scenery*.”

“Nowadays,” interjected Niall Hobhouse, “it is difficult to convey how extraordinarily unfashionable this material was ten years ago. Very few people bought very imaginatively for very small sums of money.”

“It's an odd fact,” agreed Giles Eyre, elaborating on the subject of fashion for my benefit, “that whereas English aristocrats are generally proud of their pedigrees and the fame and fortune of their forebears, there was, beginning in the late nineteenth century, a distinct exception with respect to the Nabob side of families. This was not the case with ancestors who were viceroys or governor generals, but true

of those who had possibly made money, who had brought back great fortunes after ‘shaking the pagoda tree’—that people didn't want to stress in any way.”

“But wasn't it to do with a reaction against a Kipling sort of jingoism?” inquired Hobhouse.

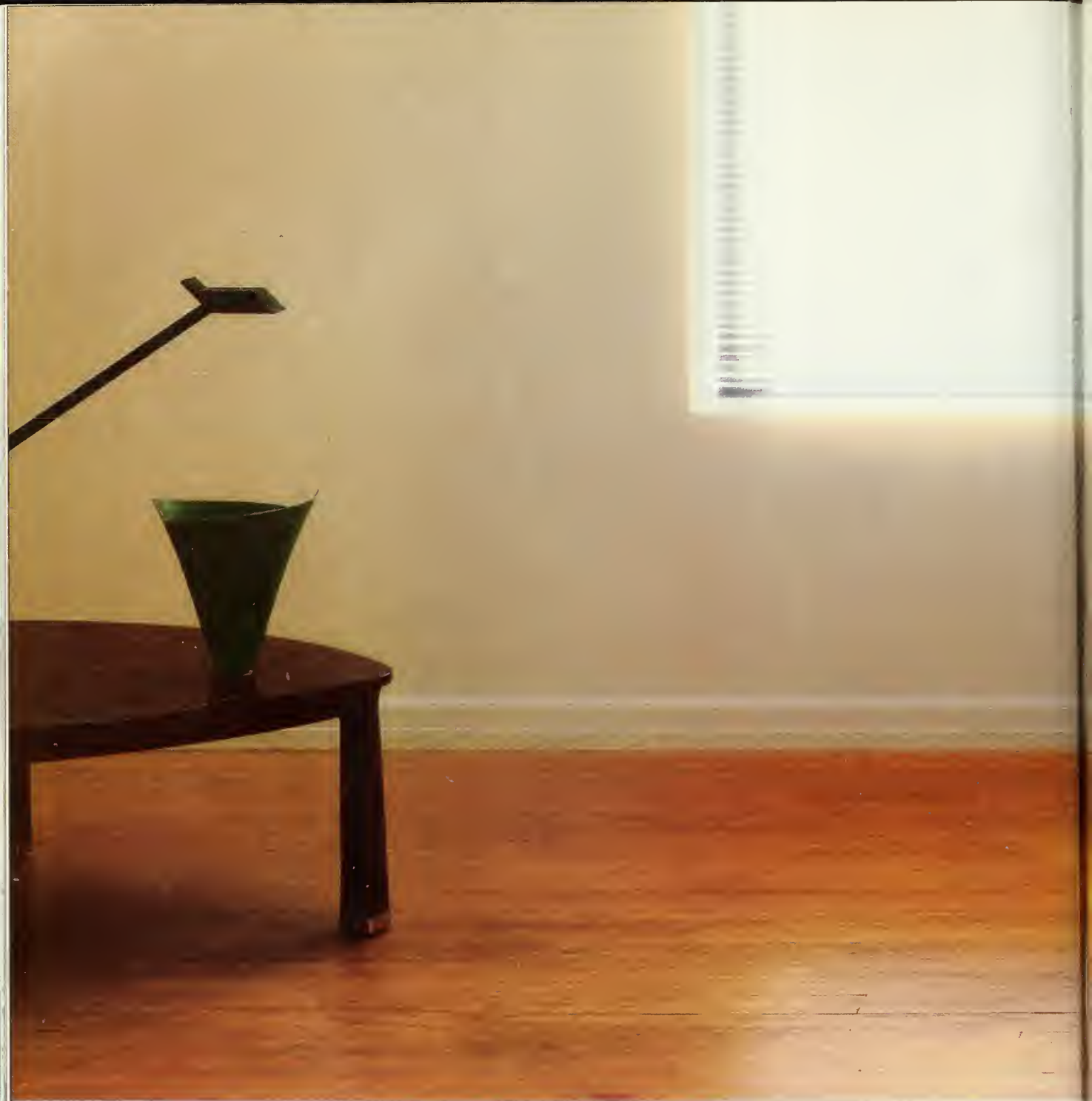
“I think it's deeper than that. I think in the nineteenth century, absurdly, any connotation of ‘trade’ was prejudicial to a background. Though this was certainly not true in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, it did seem to become true after the industrial revolution. For example, when I was a boy, at no stage was there ever any mention of the possibility of Indian connections in my family. I was nineteen years old, it was wartime, and I'd been sent out to India as an officer-cadet, and I still didn't have the slightest idea until my mother wrote me a letter that Christopher Eyre, who was a founder member of the East India Company was the brother of my direct ancestor, Giles Eyre. I don't think my father even knew it. But there's nothing to be ashamed of in my provenance, on the contrary.”

“Another of his ancestors was one of the founders of Calcutta,” explained Hobhouse mildly.

Niall Hobhouse's background is no less interesting. A significant part of the family fortune was made in the eighteenth-century slave trade between Africa and America. In the nineteenth century, the younger sons in every generation routinely went out to India, often becoming merchants in Calcutta. One of them was governor of Madras in the 1870s, and a great-uncle was on the viceroy's Executive Council. But his grandparents and parents knew nothing and thought nothing about India.

“When we say families were almost purposefully forgetful of their colonial ties,” continued Giles Eyre, “remember also that the House of Commons would empty whenever there was a debate on India in the twenties and thirties—literally one or two people left on the benches. And that attitude rubbed off on the collecting of art.”

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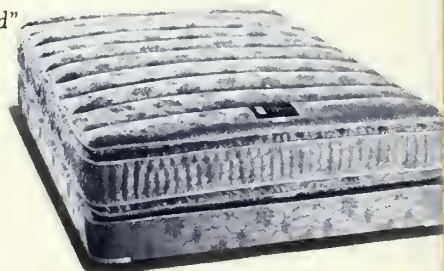
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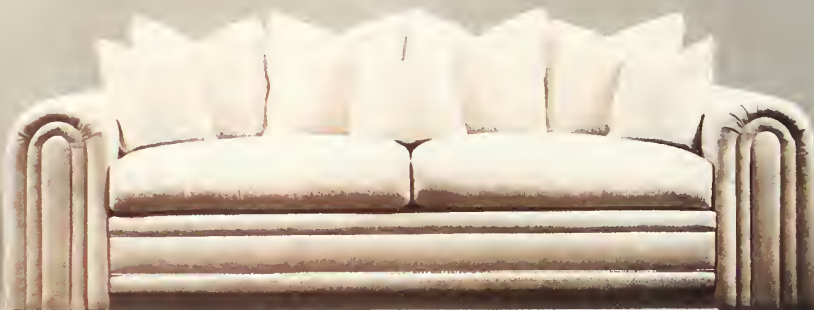
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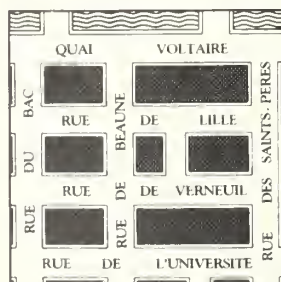
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THE DEALER'S EYE

full circle. In the last decade there has been a ground swell of interest in the Raj again—perhaps just because enough time has elapsed since 1947 (Independence of India). Or perhaps it is due to a series of recent publications (the bibliography on India is now greater than that on Shakespeare), to a series of English television shows (such as *The Jewel in the Crown*), to nostalgia about a way of life that conjures up images of verandas and bungalows, to Jackie Kennedy's much-publicized trip there in 1962 and to her pioneering spirit as a collector—not to mention that of her sister, Lee Radziwill, who hung Indian botanical drawings in her drawing room when nobody else was buying them. For these and whatever other disparate reasons, the subject of Empire is glamorous again. And Eyre and Hobhouse are smiling all the way to the bank. The following transaction might well exemplify their cause for good humor:

A capriccio of all sorts of Indian buildings on one huge canvas was painted by Thomas Daniell for his great Regency patron, Thomas Hope, to hang opposite a capriccio of Classical ruins painted by Panini in a room decorated totally *à l'indienne*. In 1935, that picture was sold at auction by Christie's for three pounds ten shillings. Bought by Agnew's on five-percent commission for the Maharajah of Tagore, it was cleaned and sent out to Calcutta. Surfacing again in England in the sixties, it was bought by Eyre and Hobhouse, and subsequently sold to a client where it hangs in his country house among Titians and Picassos.

I shook my head in wonder, still lost in the magic of another time and place. The greatest of all English landscape painters, J.M.W. Turner, once observed that the key to Daniell's success was that he'd brought back home vistas of places "too distant to visit and too singular to be imagined." Sadly, the India of those paintings no longer exists, and but for those paintings would still be as elusive and inaccessible as it was two hundred years ago. For the moment, however, a minor "collision of cultures" was before us: Giles Eyre's mango parfait—pale pink ice cream ringed by seductive ripe mango slices, which he devoured with such gusto the memory makes me smile even now. □

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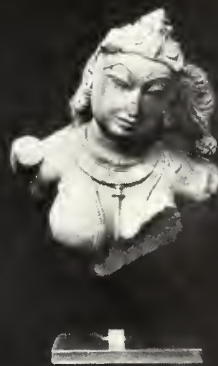
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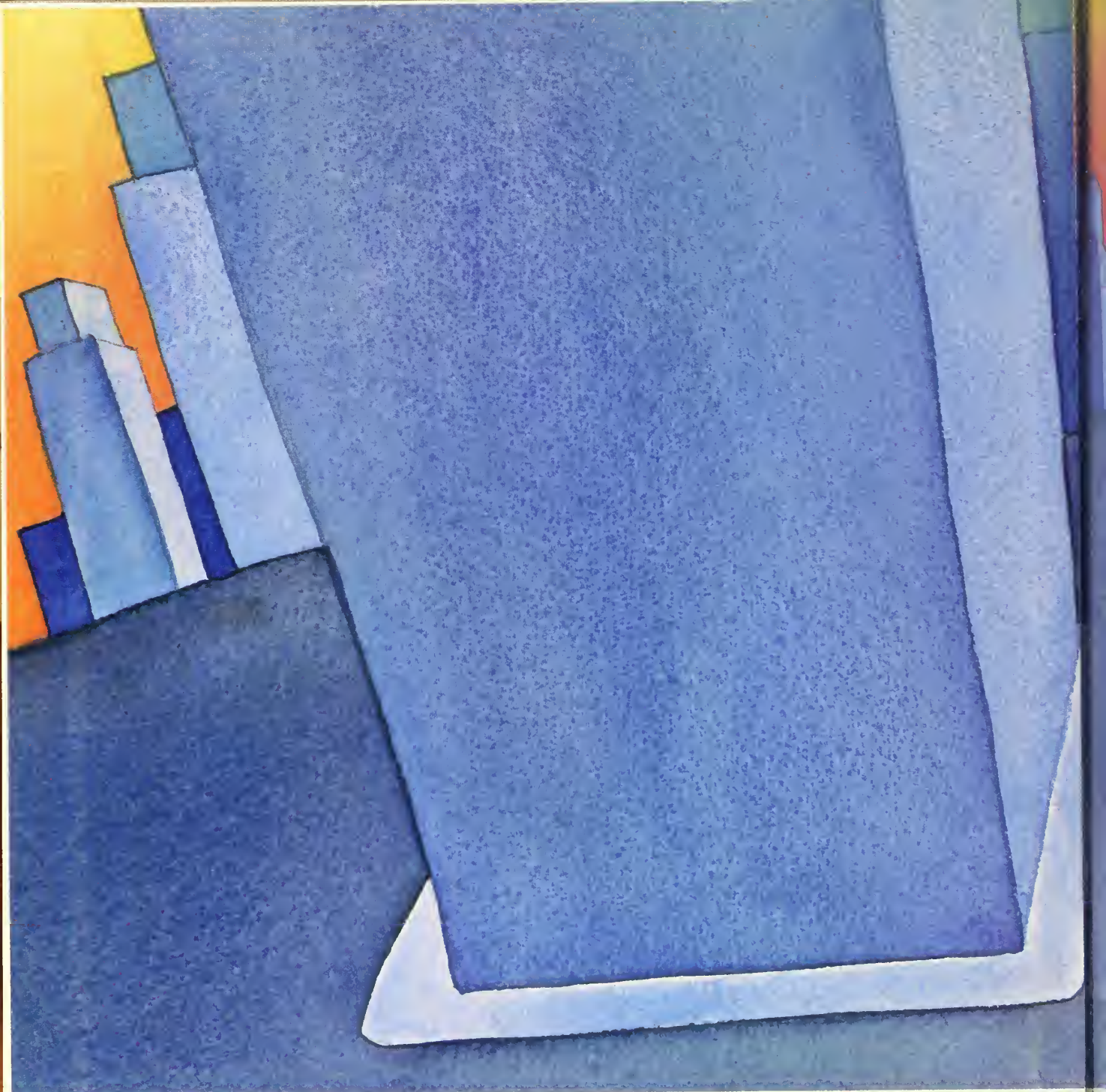
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IN SEARCH OF THE SOUTH

An English novelist's journey to small-town America

By William Boyd

All I knew of America was New York. "Don't judge the rest of America," New Yorkers told me, "by New York." I took them at their word and decided I needed to see somewhere else, but, the question was, where? East, West, North, South, Middle? It should be said that the motives involved were not solely to do with curiosity. I was writing a novel about an Englishman and English attitudes and—perversely, paradoxically—had resolved to set the novel in America, the better to put him and them under real stress. I had my acquaintance with New York but I needed an area of the States to act as a contrast: "Real America" versus New York; small-town life versus the metropolis. Pure whim and simple inclination made me choose the South in the end.

The real aim of my journey was to find a small town—the quintessential small Southern town, I hoped, but the route I evolved was also going to allow me to stay in the larger ones. I planned to travel in a very rough circle that began and ended in Atlanta, taking in on the way Augusta, Charleston, Beaufort, and Savannah. All I wanted to do was gain impressions, as random and as contingent as possible. Guidebook itineraries were happily abandoned. I was going to drive everywhere but would leave the beaten track of the In-



A porch in Tallapoosa

terstates wherever I felt like it and wander along the back roads looking for my small town.

First stop was Atlanta, but it seemed Atlanta was closed. An hour of finger-numbing telephone calls to some of the biggest hotels in the world failed to secure me a bed for the night. Two massive conventions and the carrying over

of the Masters golf tournament (rain sodden were to blame. Eventually, I asked my New York hotel to try (their chain boasted worldwide connections). "Get me anything in or around Atlanta," I beseeched. Half an hour later they delivered. I had a room in a motel in a place called Smyrna. Smyrna, Georgia, wasn't even on the first map I consulted. New York friends reacted with sympathy or horrified concern. *Smyrna?*

As it turned out Smyrna wasn't that bad. Having negotiated the awesome Modernism of Atlanta Airport I hired a car and drove the eighteen miles or so to my destination. Smyrna had a configuration which I came to learn as typical of American townships. It was long and thin. At either end is a riot of shouting plastic signs heralding gas stations, fast-food franchises, and used-car lots. Then there is the town, stretched out along either side of the road,

then vast shopping malls, acres of parking lots in front of a squat line of stores, and then back to the gas stations and the industrial parks and the countryside begins.

Smyrna's sole claim to touristic fame is a restaurant called Aunt Fanny's Cabin. It used to be an old slave cabin, but multifarious extensions have turned it into a large, nicely ramshackle sprawl of rooms. The fare is traditional





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on-gourmet Southern: fried chicken, steak, ham, trout, fried squash, macaroni and cheese. A small black boy bears the menu—painted on a wooden yard—around his neck like a yoke, and wanders from table to table. The staff are all black, the clients white. A black pianist and singer regale you with old favorites—"Camptown Races," "Dixie," songs about places, other words—while you eat. The place was crowded, all the white folks having a great time. It was my first night in the South and I was, I must confess, somewhat incredulous, and after a while the crowding ironies made me feel uncomfortable, ironies that seemed lost, however, on my beaming fellow diners. People were making requests of the singer. Indulging in a little nostalgia I asked for "New York, New York." It did not go down well.



A bit of Charleston

The next day I drove to Augusta. This part of Georgia is curiously reminiscent of bits of Kenya—the same red earth and profusion of smallish, tough-looking pinelike trees. The first small town I came to was called Madison. All the azaleas were in riotous bloom and gave this already pretty place an even more unreal frothy air. There were plenty of elegant ante-bellum houses; the lawn outside the post office was scrupulously manicured; in the drugstore was a zinc-covered bar and a soda fountain.

To the average moviegoing, TV-

watching Briton large segments of American life have an uncanny familiarity—of the *déjà vu* variety—so enormous is our ingestion of American popular culture. And everything about Madison so conformed to images of the South (even down to the sign on a shop door: CLOSED SUNDAY, SEE YOU IN CHURCH) that innumerable films and TV series had implanted there. I liked what I saw, but it held no surprises.

A few miles further down the same road I stopped in Crawfordville, a slightly less well-tended, run-down version of Madison. I visited a small museum and came face to face with the Civil War. I think it's fair to say that the various display cases and tableaux the museum boasted amounted to nothing more than heartfelt Confederate propaganda: gallant Southern boys heroically battling against faceless Yankee hordes. The two charming and loquacious museum guides engaged me in an hour-long conversation—I was the sole visitor, foreign, and the first of the season. They initiated a suspicion that was later confirmed, namely that the Civil War occupies a major and potent place in the Southern folk memory—as if it had taken place only a decade ago. Sherman's march to the sea is still spoken of in terms of genuine outrage. The Civil War memory seems to be more alive than, say, memories of the 1940 blitz are to Londoners, or even the 1968 Nigerian civil war are to the Nigerians. It wasn't only in Crawfordville that I was reminded of this. A young barman in Savannah leaned conspiratorially over the bar during a discussion about the South and said meaningfully, "It all started here, you know." In Jackson, Georgia, I saw what I took to be a well-tended war memorial. Every English village possesses one of these, commemorating the dead of two world wars. But Jackson's gleaming statue celebrated "Our Confederate Heroes."

In Augusta I stayed in a reconstructed ante-bellum frame house. Parts of the colonial section of the town have been expertly renovated, but the conservation is strangely piecemeal. Turn a corner and you come across an ante-bellum slum—mean and decrepit, with sagging porches and spavined balustrades, tattered drapes in the windows.



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Conservation in Charleston, however, has been much more thoroughgoing. Standing on the Battery was almost like being on the promenade of a Mediterranean city—Nice or Cannes. It's an illusion encouraged by the combination of the sea, the palm trees, and the strong classical lines of the fine homes. That section of Charleston that backs onto the Battery is the most beautiful of the historic areas of American cities I have seen, including New Orleans and Savannah, but I don't like what's happened to the old market. Something similar has happened to Covent Garden in London. The old fruit market has been converted into a home for boutiques, wine bars, and second-rate gimmick restaurants (crepes, wholefood, pseudo New York deli). The same sort of homogenous up-market touristic gloss is evident in Charleston. The Battery may be impossibly spick-and-span, but it was a genuine dignity beside the craziness of the market.

Around about this stage in the journey the sun gave way to rain. Beaufort disappointed me—perhaps it was the weather—it had the apathy and glumness I associate with out-of-season English seaside resorts. I spent two days in Savannah, which I liked enormously, but the rain tended to keep me in the bars and off the streets.

That had its own beneficial side effects. The first words I spoke, "Could I have a Budweiser, please?" usually initiated a "How come you all speak so funny?" and a subsequent conversation. That was all grist to the mill: I was not sightseeing after all, I told myself in compensation, I was doing research.

On the way back to Atlanta I stopped in other small towns. Soon I had quite a portfolio—Smyrna, Bamberg, Denmark, Madison, Crawfordville, Smoaks, Apalachee, Walnut Grove, Tyrone. I stopped long enough to poke around, take some photographs, and have a bite to eat. But in a way the towns disappointed me. They were either too perfect—porches, rocking chairs, coruscating flowers—or else drab and banal, lacking any *frisson* or atmosphere, and I began to wonder if my ideal small town would have to be an imaginative conflation of all these others.

But there had been, from the outset of my journey, one town in particular

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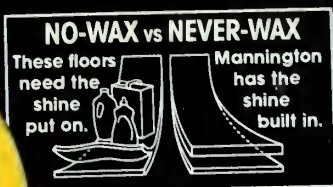
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that I wanted to go to. It was Tallapoosa, Georgia. I'd known about Tallapoosa for many years, ever since I had read Wallace Stevens's poem *Stars at Tallapoosa*. The poem, typically opaque yet beautifully evocative, tells you nothing specific about the place but had conjured up in me the illusion of it being the perfect small town. I had found no room in my itinerary because it lay too far west of Atlanta on the Alabama border. However, on my final day, discovering I had time to spare I decided to make the detour.

"The lines are straight and swift between the stars" is the first line of Stevens's poem, but I arrived in Tallapoosa around midday. On either side of the road were small wooden bungalows with porches carrying the usual freight of azaleas. At first it all looked too pretty. Then there was a grain silo and the houses seemed to fall away as the road climbed quite steeply. Then you hit the brow of the hill and it turns into Main Street.

The road is straight. For a hundred



Two views of Tallapoosa. Top: In town and, above, fretwork and azaleas.

yards it runs alongside railway tracks. A railroad running smack through the center of town; freight trains passing cars in the main street. It looked very

strange. I parked the car and got out. Across the tracks was a wide tarmacked area that fronted a modest mall of shops. Black cable power lines that ubiquitous feature of all American townscapes, looped haphazardly here and there. On the other side of the road were lanes leading to more shops: Tallapoosa auto, Tallapoosa home center, Tallapoosa seed merchants. The name was everywhere, claimed by almost every shop and business.

The sun—the weather had changed again—spangled off the railway tracks and off the windscreens of the cars and pickups parked in the mall. Occasionally a car roared through on the way to Bremen down the road, but it was generally very quiet. The town sat low and squat beneath the sun, the pavement were cracked and the weeds sprouted freely from the cracks. The fat cars stood squarely on their patches of shadow.

I followed the sidewalk to its end. Beyond that there were some sheds, a gas station, and an auto shop. Beyond them stretched Alabama and a whole dry county. I went into a dark bar and had a drink. Surprisingly, and for the first time in the South, nobody talked to me. The bar was busy and a lot of the men were quite drunk. Nobody showed the slightest curiosity about this stranger in their midst. I finished my beer and went outside. The town seemed stuck in its hot midday stupor. Where was everybody, I wondered. But I felt no foreboding, only a sense of relief and pleasure.

Tallapoosa was typical. A tawdry and down-at-heel small town in the middle of nowhere, and yet here, undeniably but incomprehensibly, I had found the very *frisson* I was after. The atmosphere was composed of a kind of brazenness, a self-confidence manifested in the constant reiteration of its name. Tallapoosa this, Tallapoosa that. Perhaps it was the name alone that had attracted Wallace Stevens. After all it possessed an evocativeness in his poem that had lured me here, and perhaps there was some incantation in its utterance that infected the citizens and the environment. Soaking it up I wandered happily around the hot tranquil town for a while longer, snapping photographs covertly. I didn't stay to see the stars at Tallapoosa. I left for Atlanta long before night fell. I had found what I had come for. □



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IN THE SHADOW OF THE SUN KING

Atget's photographs of *ancien régime* palaces and gardens at MOMA

By Louis Auchincloss



Versailles, parc, 1902

Eugène Atget approached photography from other arts, after trying his hand in the theater and at painting. It was not until 1897, at the age of forty, that he made the decision to devote his life to extracting by camera the essences of streets and gardens in Paris and its suburbs, isolating these as much as possible from the human beings who both used and misused them. He spent the next three decades as a

rather truculent hermit, heedless of praise or dispraise, essentially indifferent to the fame and money that never came. To support himself he made photographs for artists' use and others for municipal archives, but William Howard Adams has suggested that he re-created his parks and gardens for himself alone, that they had for him a compelling attraction that placed him outside of his bread-and-butter sub-

jects. Adams surmises that they may have represented to him what the American landscape had held for Walt Whitman when he referred to "the large, *unconscious* scenery of my native land."

The Versailles and St. Cloud of Atget seem even more than three centuries removed from the day of the Sun King that saw the advent of their terraced gardens, their lonely pavilions,

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IMPRESSIONS



St. Cloud. 1924

their broad, reflecting pools. Gone are the red tapping heels, the high-piled *perruques*, the rouge, the lace, the swagger, pomp and circumstance of the most splendid of European courts. Gone also are the hubbub and the odious smells. All is quiet now; all is serene sunlight on old pink marble, and leaves strewn on furrowed steps, and moldering statues of gods and goddesses, of lions and dolphins, and of other noble beasts. We seem to catch, from the alabaster sky or from the rich blackness of the foliage of the surrounding woods, the faint echo of a muffled drum or the

muted shriek of a trumpet, ghostly emanations of departed glory. Atget evoked the spirit of *Vieille France* by catching in their beautiful decay palace grounds whose creation was of the essence of the spirit of the era.

André Le Nôtre designed the gardens of Versailles as an integral part of his royal patron's architectural plan to establish his palace as the capitol of France, the center of civilized Christendom. In all directions, emanating from the royal bedchamber that was the source of executive power as well as of the Bourbon line—like rays of the

star from which the monarch took his name—promenades and alleys stretched out to be intersected by others and to divide the natural landscape into geometric units whose surfaces could be cut and pruned and seeded and cultivated, until it seemed that the whole of the "Island of France" would be subdued to a garden that would carry to the horizons the *gloire* of its monarch. What we see in Atget's prints is the epilogue to this grand idea, an elegy to departed splendor, a comment, perhaps ironic, on the transiency of glory, a kind of *Ozymandias* in black and white.

Atget had a keen appreciation of the artistic genius of Le Nôtre and tried to illustrate in his plates just how the great designer managed to weave the countryside into his alleys and waterways so as to create a seemingly ordered world. The concept was to some extent shared by the principal architect of the palace, Mansart, but it is more effectively implemented in the gardens than in the interiors. The massive gilt, the ornate panels of the state chambers seem pompous, even pretentious, in an old age that has become a kind of senility, whereas the trees and water outside were as young in Atget's day as they had been in that of Le Nôtre. The cold light against the marble of terraces, the blackness of the shadows, the abandoned, "lost" air of the poor old gods and goddesses, combine to make a picture that is at once sharply delineated and softly melancholy.

Atget photographed his parks in spring and summer as well as the colder months, but one feels that he preferred the latter, which were more suited to his mood of nostalgia. In this he was anticipated by a great novelist. The young Henry James, under contract with the *New York Tribune* for articles on Paris, visited Versailles in the winter of 1876 to report on proceedings of the French Senate, then convened in the theater of the palace. He took long strolls in the park and waxed elegiac about what he saw: "All deserted palaces and gardens should be seen in the chill and leafless season. Then nature seems to give them up to your sympathy, and they appear to take you

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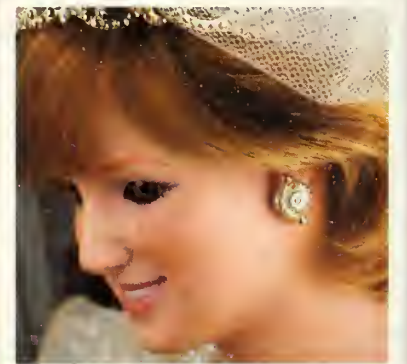
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to their confidence. The long, misty
leys and vistas were covered with a
rt of brown and violet bloom which a
winter would have loved to repro-
ice, but which a poor proser can only
ink of and sigh. As it melts away in
e fringe of the gray tree tops, or deep-
in the recesses of the narrowing av-
ues, it is the most charming thing in
e world. All of the old Hebes and
loras and Neptunes were exposing
eir sallow nudities as if in compli-
ent to the clemency of the weather.
here is nowhere else, surely, such a re-
undancy of more or less chiseled mar-
le: it is a forest of statues as well as
ees."

It may be relevant to note that when
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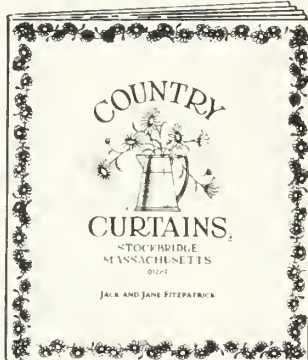
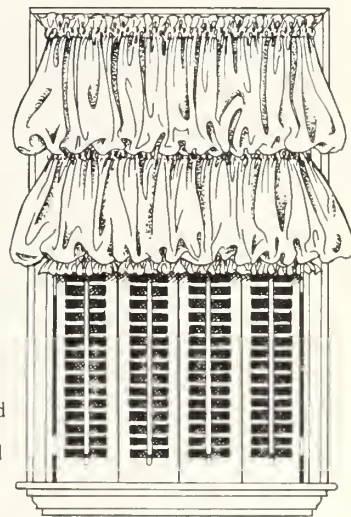


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Tony Walton is in constant demand because his film and theater designs reflect the work at hand, not his own personality

By Suzanne Stephens

"Rather than impose my taste, I try to see through the eyes of the director and the playwright," Tony Walton quietly explains as he ambles through the sets of the filmed-for-television version of *Death of a Salesman*. Walton, considered one of the top U.S. scenic designers for stage and screen, has seen through the eyes of a wide range of directors, including Mike Nichols, Sidney Lumet, Bob Fosse, and Ken Russell. There is no particular Walton "look": he has conjured up the goofily fantastic settings and costumes for the movie *The Wiz* and established the period elegance for *Murder on the Orient Express*, fabricated the seedy L.A. movie-biz hangout in the current Broadway production of *Hurlyburly* and forged a stagy realism in the play *The Real Thing*. Most recently Walton constructed a Pop-sculptural revolving cascade of giant 45 rpm record disks as the centerpiece set for *Leader of the Pack*, the ebullient sixties musical that opened in March on Broadway.

At the same time Walton was working out revolves and reflections for that pulsating pageant of Ellie Greenwich's rock-and-roll hits, he was involved with a project of quite different scope in his realistically arty sets for *Death of a Salesman*, scheduled to be aired by CBS sometime this month. Much of



Above: Tony Walton, wearing his uniform of dark slacks and jacket, on his set for the filmed version of *Death of a Salesman*. Below: A model indicates key elements of the cluster of sets built on the film stage at Astoria.

the cast from the 1984 Broadway revival is the same, including Dustin Hoffman, Kate Reid, and John Malkovich. But executive producers Arthur Miller, who wrote the Pulitzer Prize-winning drama, and Hoffman, who plays Willy Loman, decided early on they did not want simply to film the Broadway staging. Neither did Miller want to repeat the experience of the movie *Salesman* made in 1951 with Fredric March, where each scene, including the nostalgic reenactments of the past moments that take place in Willy's mind, was depicted realistically.

Walton was brought in by direc-



tor Volker Schlöndorff (of the much acclaimed *The Tin Drum* and the not-so-well-acclaimed *Swann in Love*) to arrive at a design concept that could bridge the two mediums.

They decided they needed a flavor of the "real" spiced up with the "surreal," a sensibility that could be transmitted to the film not only by the set design but also through the tightly framed camera work of German cinematographer Michael Ballhaus.

It may strike some observers as bizarre that one of the most quintessentially American dramas of the twentieth century is being directed and filmed by Germans and designed by an expatriate Englishman, but Walton disagrees. A resident of the U.S. since 1956, and married to an American writer, Gen LeRoy, Walton naturally feels immersed in local customs. His keen eye for the icons of American taste has been evident for fourteen months now in his set design for *Hurlyburly*, David Rabe's play of four macho movie

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types leading a fairly coked-up existence high in the hills above L.A. Walton designed a two-story living room meant to suggest part of a guest house on some run-down estate—and in it placed an assortment of sixties artsy-craftsy pieces and other kitsch objects, such as a tree-trunk slab as a coffee table and a grotesquely large lamp with a fur shade. Cork tiles and a mustard color scheme, along with sea shells and flamingo ashtrays, add to the ambience. “Nothing is worth anything in these transient lives, except for the television and the VCR,” Walton explains—as if he had to.

This sensibility for ferreting out the visual nuances crucial to the development of the dramatic action and capitalizing a certain sociology of time and place belies the fact that the designer's first U.S. production was an English drawing room setting. Walton remarks about the 1957 production of Noel Coward's *Conversation Piece*: “That was my Regency period,” adding that he broke away from that look shortly thereafter for fear of being typecast.

But his career shows that Walton is hardly in danger of being typecast. Part of his attractiveness to movie and play directors is that lack of a definite image: “When nobody knows who to go to, they come to me,” he jokingly theorizes. But he adds, “Design should be supportive rather than combative—meaning it must serve visual and dramatic needs, not just the particular style of the designer.” Some might fear this approach would produce work that is too low-key. However, low-key is clearly not the word to describe Walton's very theatrical sets: the 1975 *Bette Midler's Clams on the Half Shell Revue* had Midler crooning “Lullabye of Broadway” while nestling in the purple palm of a King Kong, who himself was wrapped around a Chrysler-esque Building (rather than a version of the Empire State). *Clams* needed a sense of surprise going from one number to another, and Walton brought this off through a series of unconnected loony sequences and curious juxtapositions of differently scaled objects—including a mammoth jukebox that opened up to display Lionel Hampton and his band jiving on a stack of records while Midler belted from a spinning turntable above.

Walton's penchant for large-scale

objects that split apart to allow new configurations to emerge shows up in several of his set designs, including the one he did for San Francisco Ballet's *The Tempest*, where the ship cracks open to reveal Prospero's island. One could speculate that this motif provides an appropriate metaphor for Walton's own working methods, in which he is constantly trying to open up the heads of the directors and playwrights he works with to let “a new idea take hold.” Certain comments or suggestions may trigger thoughts, and soon after Walton begins sketching out rough ideas for sets and—with films—supervising the scouting for locations. The nature of the work process naturally changes depending on the director's own style. Walton finds that Bob Fosse has an “extraordinary sense of showmanship, combined with a feel for film imagery,” so his conceptualization of the visual images is quite different from, say, Sidney Lumet, “who likes to analyze the intentions behind the scene—working with the gut and the intellect.” Mike Nichols's thinking, Walton finds, reflects a “blend of ideas and intuition, plus an equally strong interest in what the production looks like.” Nichols, who is now working with Walton on the movie version of Nora Ephron's *Heartburn*, comments about his long-term collaborator: “Tony is the only designer I know who adds to his extraordinary visual gifts the dedication that makes him a member of the company. He comes to know the play as well as the author or director, and his contribution is often equal to as important.”

For *Death of a Salesman*, to re-create Willy Loman's unprepossessing turn-of-the-century wood house that is gradually being swallowed by anonymous brick apartment construction, Walton and art director John Kasarda combed the environs of New York, taking photographs of houses and porches, gable roofs, doorjambs, bay windows, and even documenting the way the paint peeled and cracked. Set decorator Robert Franco located parts and pieces of houses and buildings from salvaging companies. Then scenic artist Dick Ventri saw that they were properly aged and melded into construction emulating clapboard, shingles, and trim encrusted with a seedy patina of peeling paint.

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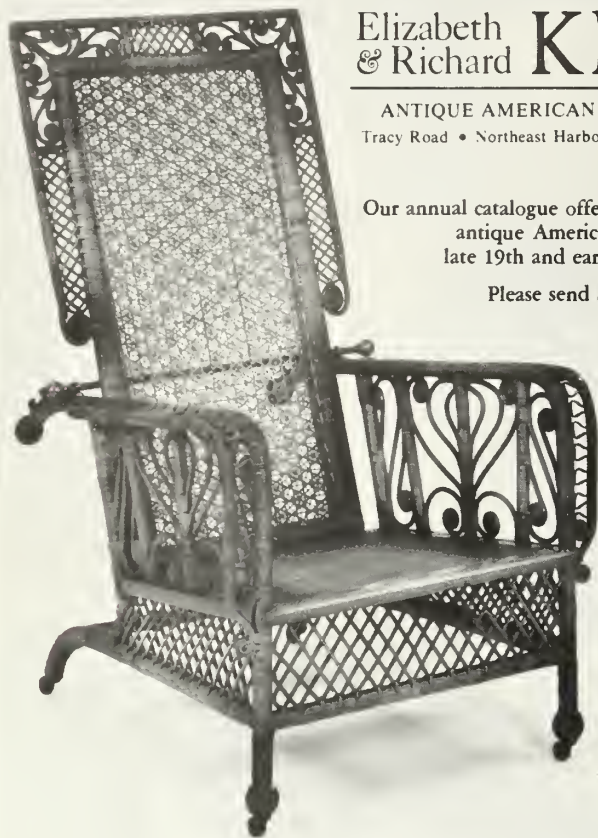


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Despite the verisimilitude, chunks of the sets are severed from each other in the Loman kitchen, four yawning gaps occur between parts of the stanching walls and the doorframe. "We wanted a fragmented look—a dislocated sense of reality that will reinforce the sense of dislocation Willy Loman is experiencing in his mind," Walton explains, pointing out that Arthur Miller's original title for the play was *The Inside of His Head*.

Walton also paged through old copies of *Life* and *The Saturday Evening Post* in his search for the visual nuances crucial to the development of the dramatic action. Not surprisingly Norman Rockwell's folksy covers acted as virtual catalogues to furnishings typical of not-quite-out-of-the-Depression America. Walton sifted through books of paintings by Edward Hopper and Ben Shahn as well, struck by the way in which these artists conveyed the psychic states of Miller's characters. Interestingly enough, the overall imagery of the set shows the more recent influence of sculpture by George Segal. "Segal's contemporary use of specifically American objects provided a funnel of immediacy through which we could filter the period elements of the play," Walton explains. In scouting furnishings for the play, Walton adds, "We were looking for images that are rooted in a classical American memory—distilled images that, with luck, don't draw attention to themselves, but establish the environment in a lean way." Such emblems include a Mission-style bench used in Uncle Charley's office that is straight out of a Rockwell cover. The Victorian mirror in the Loman hallway is not so unlike one in a George Segal piece, as is the Art Deco-style bed in the hotel room.

While the starkly black-and-white kitchen anchors the film visually, elsewhere the rooms are drenched in monochromatic hues—deeply saturated burgundy, lavender, yellow, deep blue, and blood red—reminiscent of Edward Hopper's work. "Volker wanted to make a brave statement," Walton comments. "Naturally this is not what you would literally see in a home or office, but the point is to take you into a sequence from the present reality to theatricality."

The various sets are tied together by a "visual alphabet" of recurring design

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motifs that Walton devised. For example, the floors seen most often are surfaced in a continuing grid of checkered linoleum, each room distinguished from the other by changes in the tint of the squares. The window seen in the Loman kitchen reappears in similar shape and proportion in other settings. Similarly, the pressed tin in the hallway is echoed by a raised material—Anaglypta—covering the walls of Frank's Chop House, which flows visually into the wallpaper of the Boston Hotel room.

Walton also gave *Sophisticated Ladies* an overall thematic framework: to link separate parts in Duke Ellington's career he designed an expanding and contracting movable night-club set with neon lighting to change the mood for each scene. This inventiveness with large-scale mobile constructions is another important aspect of the Walton touch, and it reflects an architectural predisposition in spite of the fact that Walton did not study architecture (he learned his craft primarily from the Slade School of Fine Art in London). In his most theatrical sets, the architectural quality of a construction is heightened by the play of two-dimensional billboardlike images. This talent for moving from one dimension to another, in addition to his ability to shift between small- and large-scale design, partly explains his success in movies and films: when Broadway wants the punch and impact, he gives it; when Hollywood (or now Astoria) needs the closely grained, finely textured look, again Walton produces.

There are indeed many reasons for Walton's success: his commitment to generating a visual concept that correlates most closely with the director's own ideas, the intensive research he undertakes to get the mood of a particular time or place, and his choice of assistants could all be cited in the manual telling aspiring designers how to make it in the world of set design. But certain attributes are his alone. Walton's ability to think and visualize on a small as well as large scale, to see two-dimensionally as well as three-dimensionally, and to let his imagination operate on the realistic as well as fantastic levels must be taken into account. Or as one director put it more succinctly: "You know he is very smart." □



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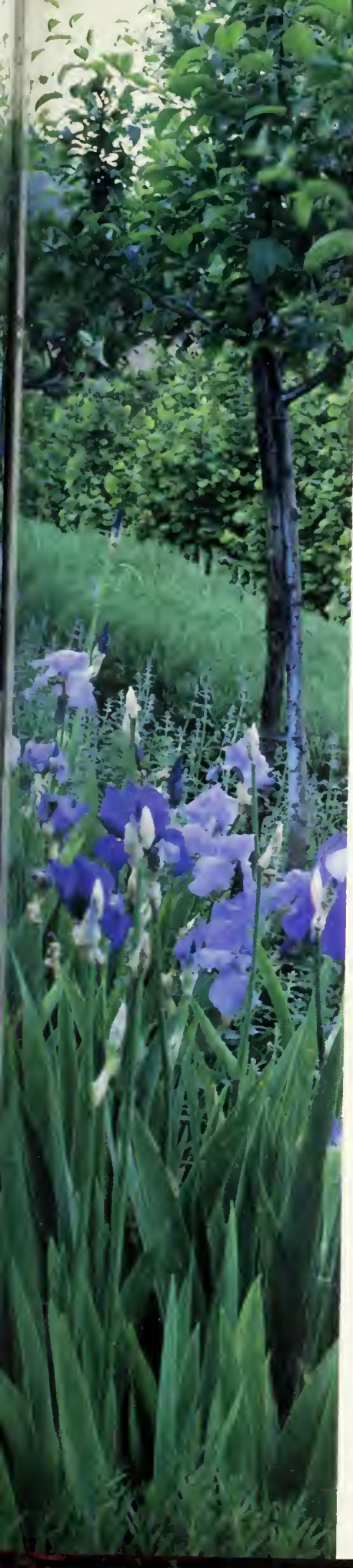
TUSCAN IDYLL

The romantic house and gardens
of Federico Forquet in Cetona

BY JOHN RICHARDSON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAREN RADKAI







Why Cetona? Federico Forquet—most discriminating of Italian designers—cites Bernard Berenson's opinion that there were only two valleys left in Italy which preserved the spirit of Renaissance landscape: Asolo in the Veneto and Cetona on the border between Tuscany and Umbria. In recent years the valley of Asolo has lost much of its pristine allure—didn't Ruskin write that "a single villa can mar a landscape and dethrone a dynasty of hills"? The valley of Cetona, on the other hand, looks much as it must have done five hundred years ago, thanks partly to the Communists. Their Draconian preservation laws have outlawed hoardings and pylons, above all swimming pools—those turquoise eyesores that clash with all the greens and blues in nature. Hence, the silver of olive trees still sets off the gold of Cetona's cornfields. The "dynasty of hills" is still crowned with identical terra-cotta-colored villages, watchtowers and campaniles. Cypress hedges still protect smaller holdings from the wind and dramatize the entrances to larger ones. And on fine days the sky still has the brilliant, unpolluted blueness to be found in Holy Families by Perugino (Raphael's master) who was born in the next village. "Berenson was right," Federico says, "Cetona is wonderfully unspoilt. It is also wonderfully get-at-able—halfway between Florence and Rome, and within easy reach of four music festivals. What more could you want?"

Dried ferns and grasses, *preceding pages*, adorn walls of summer room in the guest house; all fabrics are from Zumsteg; Federico Forquet, *above*, with Bubu. *Left*: On a garden terrace, an allée of Malus 'Red Sentinel' trees are flanked, inside, by 'Pacific Panorama' and 'Intriguer' irises and, outside, by nepeta.





In living room of the main house, which Forquet considers more a winter room, the rose-patterned fabric is from The Marella Collection. Stenciled borders extend frames of 19th-century engravings.

The musical connection is important, because Federico (Neapolitan by birth) originally wanted to be a pianist. "Although I failed to become a concert pianist," he says, "I never lost my passion for music, especially opera. The lavish productions at the San Carlo in Naples kindled an interest in décor and costumes; and this in turn kindled an interest in clothes—an interest which became a vocation, thanks to a chance meeting with Balenciaga, one summer on Ischia." After this meeting (in the mid fifties) months went by before Federico summoned up the courage to submit his designs to the great couturier. Fortunately Balenciaga was bowled over; he accepted the young Neapolitan as an apprentice in his atelier and a guest in his house.

In 1959 Federico returned to Rome and set up in business with Irène Galitzine, and between them they put Italian couture on the map, as witness the international success of their famous "palazzo pajamas." In 1961 Federico opened under his own name, and for the next decade he was, as *Women's Wear Daily* described him, fashion's "Frederick the Great," who made exquisitely designed clothes for his *per bene* friends and became the most renowned couturier in Italy. In 1972 he decided it was time to stop—"fashion was threatening to become a racket." Too much of an artist to enjoy being a big-time businessman, Federico closed his *maison de couture*, while he was still ahead of the game. "It was time for tradespeople to take over."

"A door closes; a door opens," Federico says. "I have always seen life as a succession of challenges—not least at this turning point in my career." The next challenge was to succeed as a fabric designer. In the course of helping his friends Umberto and Allegra Agnelli decorate their apartment in Rome, Federico had designed some furnishing stuffs. These turned out so well that the celebrated Swiss silk manufacturer Gustav Zumsteg (who makes most of the silk for the Parisian haute couture) suggested that he design an entire line of them. And so, in partnership with another member of the Agnelli family, the gifted Marella, Federico became a stylist of fabrics (with wallpapers to match) which Zumsteg markets as The Marella Collection. Federico's hand-printed *tissus*—many of them based on nineteenth-century designs—have a wonderful watercolor freshness. As these photographs reveal, the stuffs are low-key, but nonetheless very effective as

(Text continued on page 242)

Interior views, *clockwise from top left*: Neapolitan lamp in Forquet's stenciled study; dried ferns over 19th-century wicker table in guest house; in dining room, 19th-century prints of grapes and vine leaves hang around table covered in Victorian needlework carpet; a basket of roses from the garden in window of living room; Zumsteg fabric is on the chair in front of 19th-century marquetry chest in guest sitting room; an Etruscan votive figure sits behind a needlework chair in living room.







In the master bedroom, bed has been upholstered in Zumsteg fabric and a stool and table are covered in patchwork; on right wall is 19th-century German landscape painting.






Every terrace has a garden, *right, top to bottom*: a miniature boxwood maizé; three Japanese cherry trees surrounded by irises, among them: 'Pacific Panorama', 'Pink Taffeta', 'Bronze Bell'; 'Olympic Torch' irises outline a hedge in front of cypresses which give way to a sweeping view of the valley of Cetona.





Among the many gardens, *left, top to bottom*: monk's garden planted all in silver, white, and mauve including choisya; a view of the valley from the pergolaed terrace; potted boxwood shaped as balls and on right, the full-blown 'Iceberg' rose.



A dense growth of lavender seems to tumble down over a pathway Forquet has lined with aromatic plants. A small cypress rises in front of purple salvia, *Salvia aurea*, and red valerian.





BIG SKY IN MANHATTAN

Architect Christopher H. L. Owen and designer John Saladino collaborate on a penthouse over the park

BY JESSE KORNBLUTH PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANGDON CLAY





JERRY GORDON

When Arch Cummin and Diane Young first began traveling together, he did not quite understand why, when they checked into a hotel, she would tell the porter to leave the bags downstairs while she inspected the room. And this was no ritual passing of the eyes over the most transitory of digs—she could, and did, see as many as eight rooms before she found one she liked. And even when she finally decided on a room, she had the alarming habit, as soon as the bags were up, of moving all the furniture around.

Arch Cummin and Diane Young were married in 1978, an event which tempered their wanderlust only slightly. Having solved the material question

A Biedermeier table is in front of the chaises in greenhouse section of master bedroom, *preceding pages*.

Above: Arch and Di Cummin.

Right: Downstairs, green-tinted oak floors lead from dining room to study where a 19th-century sporting painting by Harry Hall hangs on far wall. Oldenburg's *Fagend Dream State* is against wall on right in living room. Silk-covered chairs were designed by Saladino.









In the living room Saladino left a gap in the backrest of the couch to give guests their choice of views. An 18th-century French bench is just in front. Donald Judd's *Untitled Small Stack*, 1969, is at left, and beyond is half of Stella's copper painting *Valparaiso*, 1963.





through the judicious choice of ancestors, Arch was working as a private investor; his sole vocational need was occasional access to a phone. And Di, who'd emigrated from her native Australia after high school to pursue a modeling career in Europe, had all but perfected gypsy living. So they were not much obsessed with real estate, or even, for that matter, possessions.

Still, kith and kinder beckoned—in stages.

First came a summer house in Bridgehampton. Christopher Owen renovated this 1906 "cottage" overlooking Sagg Pond for the Cummins so successfully that they decided he should design a ski house for them in Sun Valley.

By this time, the Cummins had produced their golden-haired daughter, and Arch's bachelor apartment in New York was as unsuitable for a young family as the three-month, round-the-world tours that had become the Cummins' specialty. But they were not about to make a foolish move. They liked "the big outdoors"—a preference that, in real-estate terms, eliminated everything that didn't have a terrace overlooking Central Park. And because Arch wouldn't be hauling out to an office each morning, they needed a penthouse with emotional buffers—ideally a duplex.

For all her organizational skills, charm, and curiosity, it took Di two years to find a suitable apartment. Set atop a twenties apartment building on Fifth Avenue in the 90s, this duplex penthouse had been occupied by a single family for the previous sixty years. And for the last forty of *(Text continued on page 248)*

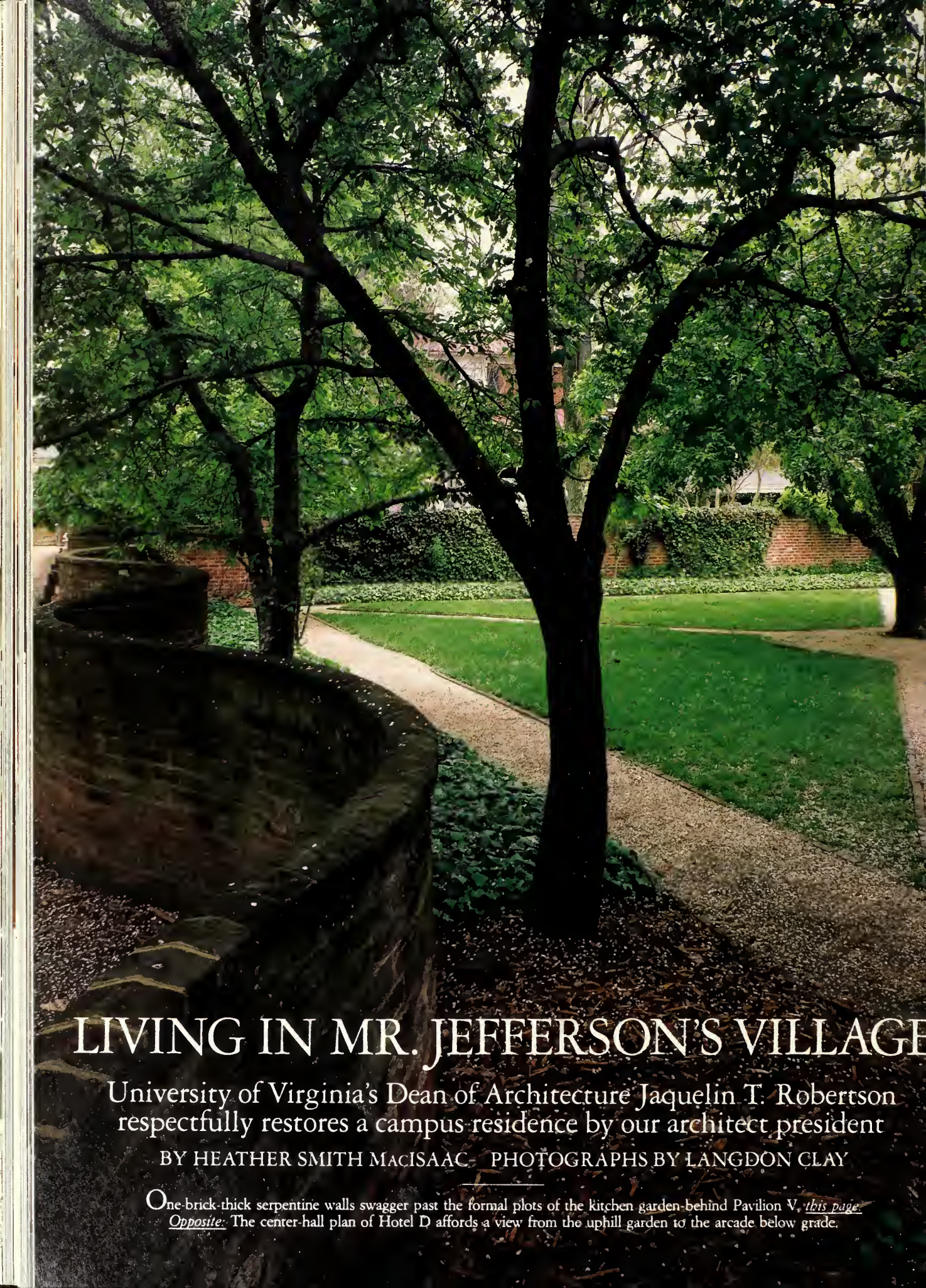
An 18th-century German refectory table is in front of David Fisch's trompe-l'oeil closet panels in the second-floor dressing area. Against far wall, Sheraton cheval mirror, circa 1790.



The terraces off bedroom and bath, *above*, have heated floors and are enclosed with double-pane glass. "At night, it's unbelievably sexy here," says Di Cummin. "The only problem is finding someone who's willing to go out and clean the glass." *Opposite:*

- John Saladino's guest bath features a David Fisch Pompeian fresco, a 19th-century pedestal sink, a ram's-head spigot, and a coral stone table and floor. As intended, says Di Cummin, "the girls end up here after dinner for a big old chat."





LIVING IN MR. JEFFERSON'S VILLAGE

University of Virginia's Dean of Architecture Jaquelin T. Robertson respectfully restores a campus residence by our architect president

BY HEATHER SMITH MACISAAC PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANGDON CLAY

One-brick-thick serpentine walls swagger past the formal plots of the kitchen garden behind Pavilion V, *this page*.
Opposite: The center-hall plan of Hotel D affords a view from the uphill garden to the arcade below grade.





Gates and benches inspired by Jefferson's fondness for Chinese and classical motifs border the space once occupied by privies, *above*; the foundations remain outlined in the gravel. *Below*: The Tuscan arcade of the East Range steps down the length of the original campus. Forced to economize, Jefferson eliminated some details but insisted upon retaining the molding in the arcade outside each hotel.

Jacquelin Taylor Robertson, Dean of the School of Architecture of the University of Virginia, is justifiably proud of the fact that his campus was voted the most important work of architecture in America in a survey conducted in the bicentennial year by the *AIA Journal*. There is no question that Thomas Jefferson's scheme for the University of Virginia was and remains visionary, the consummate achievement of a man whose talents and offices were impressively diverse and well exercised but whose greatest loves were those closest to his native soil: architecture and agriculture, encompass-



ing gardening and landscaping. Much as Jefferson was a lover of all of the arts, it was these two he found most noble (painting and sculpture being considered lesser arts) and to which his prudent nature turned in considering the plan for a new university. For a nation so young and relatively ignorant of the arts, he felt "it was desirable to introduce taste into an art which shows so much." Architecture could educate and civilize.

For one who believed in the perfectibility of man through education, no aspect of a university representing the ideals of a young country and providing a revolu-



A French railroad clock, two Korean screens, and a stack of 18th-century red-leather Chinese trunks lend an exotic air to the serenity of Jefferson's classical detailing and proportions in the living room, *above*. *Below*: Anchoring the lawn of the garden of Pavilion III is an unfinished Corinthian capital intended for the rotunda but discarded because the native stone of Albemarle proved unsuitable for carving.

tionary secular education for her sons was too minor to consider. As early as 1810 Jefferson, an "amateur" architect, had devised a remarkably inventive, refined, and enlightened plan for the University of Virginia, with only a few important alterations, like the addition of a centerpiece in the form of a rotunda. Beginning with the laying of the cornerstone of the first pavilion on October 6, 1817, Jefferson traveled the twelve miles from Monticello almost daily to supervise construction until his death on July 4, 1826.

The plan delivered hand-in-hand a new approach to learning



and teaching and a novel setting in which to conduct both. It called for an "academical village" consisting of two rows of dormitories punctuated at regular intervals by ten residences for professors, the rows facing each other across a broad lawn with a colonnade providing a covered walkway to all buildings. A magnificent rotunda, the library, joined the rows at the north end; to the south, the lawn opened up to a vista of the hills surrounding Charlottesville. Beyond the rows of student rooms lining the lawn were two parallel rows of "barracks" called the East and West Ranges, linked to dining



Dean Robertson decorates, as did Jefferson, with collections, which include prints by Piranesi of Marcus Aurelius's tomb, *above*. The oil by Ralph Blakelock on the lady's writing table, *opposite*, is the first serious painting he bought. *Below*: A Piranesi in the bedroom and engravings of Persia in the sitting room crown back-to-back fireplaces.

halls, or "hotels," by an arcade. Finally, between the lawn and range buildings were walled gardens to supply "that quiet retirement so friendly to study."

As proud as Jefferson was of his rotunda, a distinctly American adaptation of the Pantheon and the crown of both the campus and his career, it was in the development of the lawn and ranges that Jefferson's philosophy of education took shape brick by brick. Each pavilion served as a school for one of the ten subjects of the new curriculum as well as home for the professor of

the subject. By clustering the students around the pavilions, each near his professor and his subject of concentration, Jefferson provided a means of easy exchange, which would in turn be the foundation of the close-knit intellectual community he believed essential to education. Moreover, the pavilions could be "models of taste and good architecture, and [be] of a variety of appearance no two alike, so as to serve as specimens for the architectural lecturer." Jefferson was bringing to students not only a civilized (Text continued on page 246)





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Books on the eighth shelf from the top.

LITVENS
Escaping Paradise
Stack of books on the ottoman.





A Victorian garden *exquisite* reflects one of two Italian consoles flanking the mahogany bed *divan*. A path meandering through beds of spring flowers recalls Jefferson's love of English landscape gardening and of "scenery's" capabilities of being topped into pictures.



Lady Elles reading by her bedroom window overlooking the river Tagus

LADY ELLES' RENAISSANCE

Her house in Lisbon has the same seductive charm as her legendary shop

BY MICHAEL TEAGUE PHOTOGRAPHS BY NICOLAS SAPIEHA

There are certain decorators who, like successful lovers and some politicians, always seem to be in the right place at the right time. For Lady Elles the place and time, Lisbon and 1950. When in her early sixties she started her business she "wanted just a small place which could cater to young marrieds and sell good and attractive things at reasonable prices." She succeeded in doing much more than that when her shop, called Renaissance, was soon a mecca for local residents and foreign visitors, a convivial meeting

showrooms of Renaissance were always crammed with innovative ideas.

She had her craftsmen make the most skillful adaptations of traditional Portuguese designs... intricately worked metal wall sconces, delicately gilded side tables topped with the palest of green Sintra marble, japanned mirrors. Her famous "mule chairs," which she copied from those ridden sidesaddle by ladies in the seventeenth century, were masterpieces of simple design and ideal for fire-side chatting. "Their only problem was that invariably the largest people gravitated to them and then had difficulty in getting out because they were so low off the ground."

It was, however, her carpets that gained for her an international reputation. She began specializing in a wide range of new designs for the famous Portuguese embroidered carpets known as Arraiolos, after the village where they have been made since the sixteenth century.

She copied old Aubussons, the originals of which were almost in shreds from the combined effects of time and the relentless impact of too many high heels at cocktail parties. Her Arraiolos versions succeeded in brilliantly capturing the essence of the original but in a much tougher medium, since the stitch used in these carpets is one of the strongest in embroidery and they are capable of standing up to a lot of hard wear.

She also experimented with adaptations of Victorian flower rugs and



A view of Lisbon and the river, *left*, from the drawing room. *Above*: An 18th-century Portuguese inlaid chest in the drawing room, with a small Arraiolos carpet designed by Lady Elles to match the design of the tiled floor in the entrance hall, *below*, its walls and curved staircase mount decorated with antique Portuguese *azulejos*. Vases on the English oak table are Meissen.



place as well as a flourishing business concern. One dropped by for coffee in the morning to chat with the owner, who always seemed to give one her undivided attention even when engaged in a number of other tasks... unleashing bolts of fabric for one client, expertly flicking through a pattern book for another, sketching out a design for a valance for a third.

A woman of immense charm, wit, and vitality, her vibrant personality permeated her business. The three tiny



tried geometric patterns, which almost had a Pop Art quality. For one client she struggled with a pear tree climbing up a staircase, for another she adapted the delicate tracing of a white Gothic ceiling into a carpet of cream and gold. She imitated zebra-skin rugs in embroidery with trompe-l'oeil ingenuity and re-created in wool the most intricate of Roman mosaics.

Once gave her a photo of the vast parquet floor in the entrance hall of the Hermitage in Leningrad and asked if she could make a carpet for me based on the design. The result was a miniature embroidered version, which retained all the essential elements of the original as well as the brilliant colors of the many woods used. The effect was wonderfully realistic.

The wools used in the carpets were especially dyed to blend with the colors of the rooms for which they were intended, and some designs, which had to be worked out on graph paper beforehand, were destroyed after the carpet was made to preserve their unique quality.

She decorated nine embassies in Lisbon, Reid's Hotel in Madeira, and the Sandy Lane Hotel in Barbados. She had many clients in the United States, some of whom remember her on her visits as a sprightly, extremely elegant old lady enthusiastically going down on all fours to measure for a carpet, bringing out swatches of wool samples

Her favorite chaise longue in the morning room is surrounded by family mementos.



from a vast handbag to match up the colors. She always loved her work. "Someone once calculated that we carpeted the Avenida da Liberdade (Lisbon's equivalent of Champs Elysées) in a ten-year period," she says with pride.

After the April 1974 revolution in Portugal, business dropped off for a while, and although she kept the shop open she finally decided to hand it over to her staff, some of whom had been with her for almost thirty years. "I remember my lawyer saying to a friend, 'She is giving away a flourishing business. No loans. No debts. Does she know what she is doing?'"

Renaissance still goes strong, although the carpets take longer to make now and obviously cost much more than they did a decade ago. And Lady Elles still lives nearby, in a tiny, obscure corner of Lisbon called Patio do Pimenta, which is situated high above the river Tagus, behind the old waterfront area of Cais do Sodré.

Her house is not particularly distinguished from the outside, but from the moment you pass the front door you are aware of its distinctive charm and flavor. Built on solid rock and embedded into the contours of the hillside, it was one of the very few houses in the area which survived the great earthquake of 1755. It is constructed on different levels, so that when you enter from the street you are in fact at the very top of the house. You stand at the head of a stairway, looking down into a large hall with a geometrically patterned stone floor and walls decorated with exquisite eighteenth-century Portuguese *azulejos*, or tiles.

Most of the main rooms of the house lead off from this hall. The blue-gray drawing room, which contains a fascinating mixture of English and Portuguese antiques, and the main dining room, with its white-and-gold-painted furniture and delicate Züber scenic wallpaper in shades of cream, fawn, and brown, has a burnished, rather ro-

mantic look, especially when lit in the evening for a dinner party.

Lady Elles has her own bedroom on this floor. "Don't look at the dressing table," she advises, "it gives tidy minds hysterics."

Stairs on either side of the hall seem to disappear underground before emerging one floor below, where there is a large and comfortable morning room painted in shades of gray and white, with a small, private dining room adjoining it. Both rooms lead directly onto a terrace, which is usually flooded with sunshine filtered through



Lady Elles entertaining at a luncheon party on her terrace in the seventies.

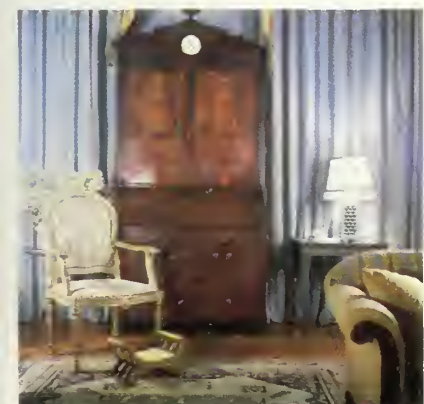
pink awnings and brightened with geranium-filled urns and cascading banksiae roses.

From the terrace one can go down one further level where there is a small garden shaded by mulberry trees. In one corner stands a charming summer-cum-play house which she built years ago for the enjoyment of her numerous grandchildren and great-grandchildren (28 at the last count).

Now nearly 98, she carries her years lightly. "The younger generation call me Ghandi," she says with obvious pleasure, "presumably because I'm getting thin and frail rather than for any ascetic behavior on my part." A veritable matriarch, she keeps closely in touch with her large family, most of whom live either in Portugal or in England, but who also come to visit her from as far afield as Seattle, Muscat, Sri Lanka, (Text continued on page 218)



A pink awning casts a warm glow over a table on the terrace, *above*. China, glass, and antique silver water beakers are all Portuguese. Chairs are Regency and Arraiolos carpet was made for a grandson's London house. *Right*: A delicate shaded Züber wallpaper decorates the main dining room, with its elegant white-and-gold antique Portuguese furniture. Girandoles on the table are French. *Below*: An extremely fine 18th-century inlaid Flemish desk in the drawing room.







SITE SENSITIVITY

Jennifer Bartlett
at Volvo
and at home

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
OBERTO GILI

Volvo's new international headquarters in Göteborg, Sweden, was designed by Mitchell-Giurgola, in association with Owe Svärd. *Opposite:* Jennifer Bartlett's make-believe Swedish summer cabin is one of three outdoor tableaux that draw the eye outside from the executive wing, stressing the building's close relationship to its rugged granite hilltop and pointing to the archipelagos beyond.



For Volvo's new headquarters
by Mitchell/Giurgola
artist Jennifer Bartlett moves
into sculpture

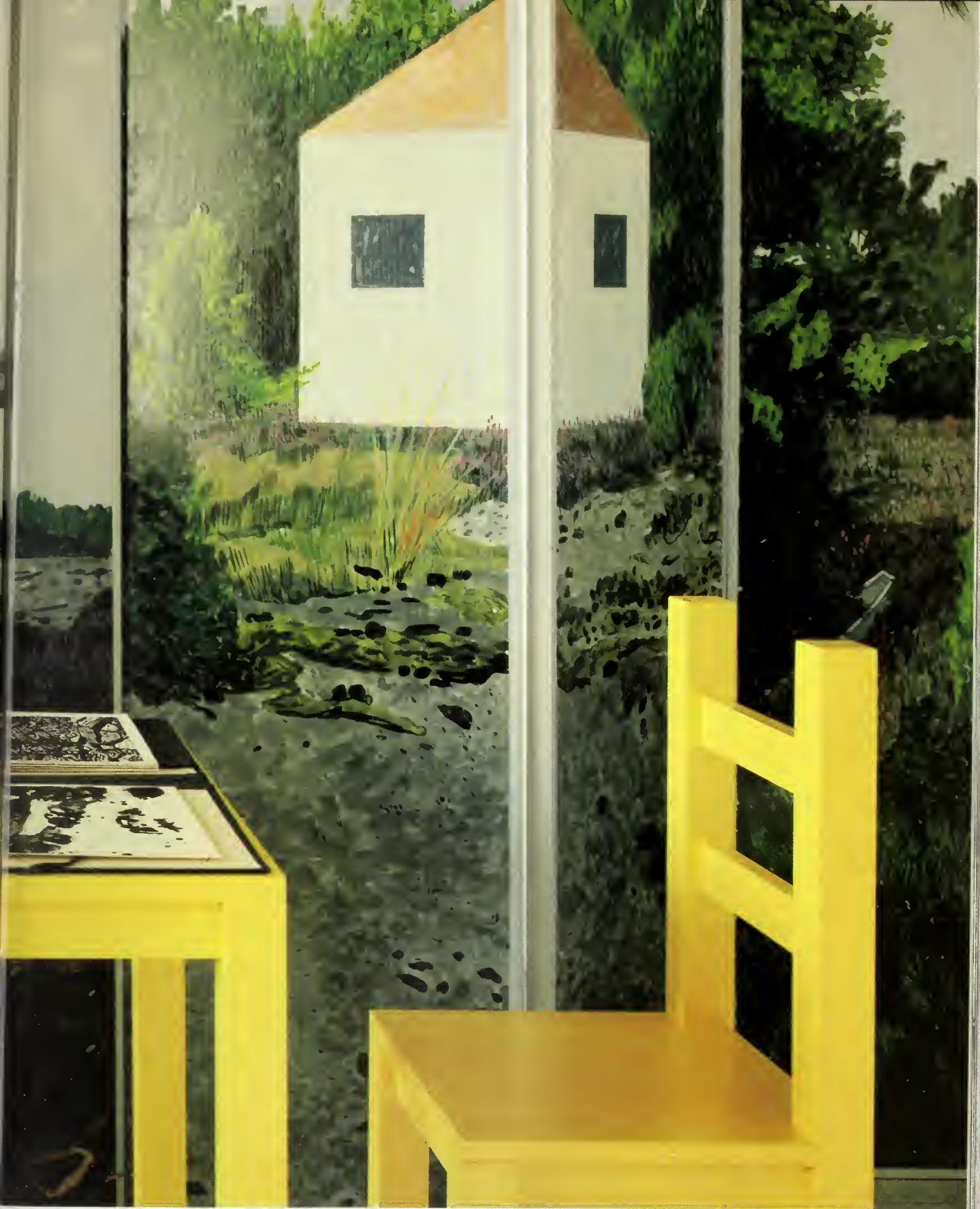
BY ROBERTA SMITH

Much of Jennifer Bartlett's best work is to be found in her public and private commissions, and not by chance. Regularly drawn to big, ambitious projects and unimintimidated by new media, Bartlett has always excelled at making the most of predetermined situations. For a painter, she has an unusually site-sensitive, reactive temperament; the more she has to contend with, the more inventive and freewheeling her art becomes.

This is certainly the case with Bartlett's latest commission, now installed in Volvo's new international headquarters near Göteborg, Sweden. One of her most outstanding achievements to date, the Volvo commission is not so much a single work of art as a series of meditations on art vs. craft and nature vs. civilization. It unfolds along one wing of the low-lying granite building Romaldo Giurgola, of Mitchell/Giurgola Architects, has designed for Volvo—a structure that itself unfolds outward from a central arcade-lined courtyard to cover a rugged hilltop.

Bartlett's Volvo commission constitutes an unfolding in another sense as well. Precipitated by Pehr G. Gyllenhammar, Volvo's CEO and a Bartlett admirer, it started out in everyone's mind as "a painting or two in the executive dining room," a space on the ground floor facing directly out on the wildest portions of the building's sloping site. By the time she was finished, though, Bartlett found herself working directly in that landscape and also making three-dimensional objects for the first time in her career. She was inspired to incorporate into the work an array of local materials and techniques, *(Text continued on page 228)*





In the denouement of the Bartlett Volvo commission, its motifs are restated in interior decorations and playful distractions. The house and granite chairs sited near the building, *opposite above*, reappear, this time on a painted folding screen, *above*, behind a yellow table holding a portfolio of two-dozen on-site drawings, a house containing cards and cigarettes, and a silver boat that serves as an ashtray.



Max Gordon's design
for the Paris atelier
of Jennifer Bartlett and
actor/writer Mathieu Carrière

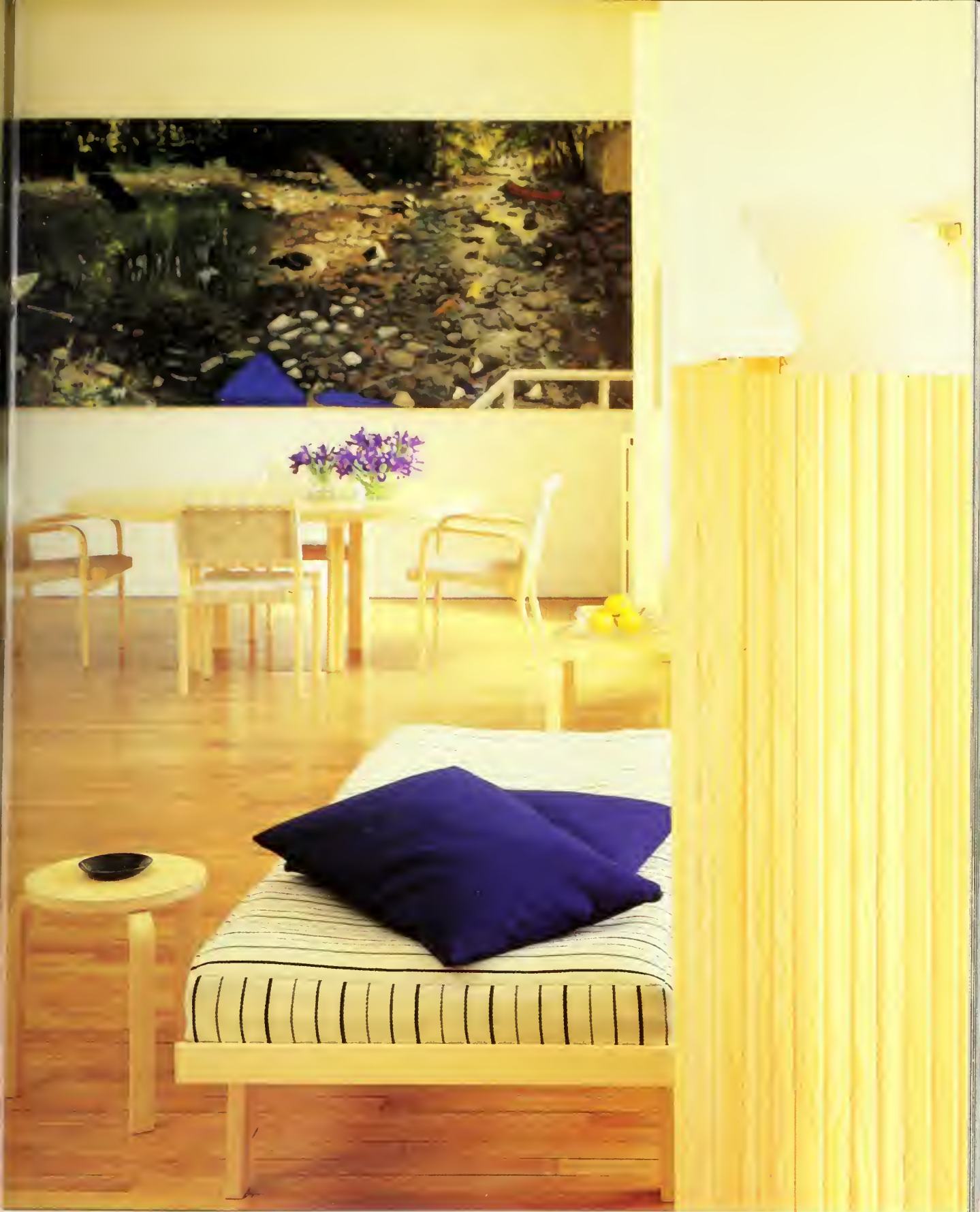
BY DORIS SAATCHI

Setting up domestic life together does not necessarily mean settling down, as New York artist Jennifer Bartlett and German actor Mathieu Carrière discovered when they decided to marry and spend a good part of each year in Paris. They began by consulting the real-estate pages of the city's newspapers, and what followed was a combination of high art and low comedy that would not disgrace the stage of the Comédie Française.

Enter Jennifer. "We were looking, and you know how what you find in your price range is sort of dismal, so we thought, 'Oh well, let's go over and see this very expensive place.'" The place was very expensive because it was a large space in a 6th-arrondissement building that has become a landmark in twentieth-century architecture. Its stepped-back, terraced façade, covered in the white and blue ceramic tiles used in Paris subway stations, was architect Henri Sauvage's innovative way in 1912 around regulations restricting the height and mass of new buildings in the city, a radical solution to the alternatives of individual house and apartment dwelling that signaled a new type of urban residential structure.

(Text continued on page 232)





Jennifer Bartlett and Mathieu Carrière on their Paris rooftop, *opposite above*, photographed by Elizabeth Lennard. *Above*: On the other side of the stepped chimney breast is the kitchen. Everything in sight, except the Bartlett painting on the end wall, and everything out of sight in the rest of the apartment was designed by Alvar Aalto. Jennifer's favorite color is blue.





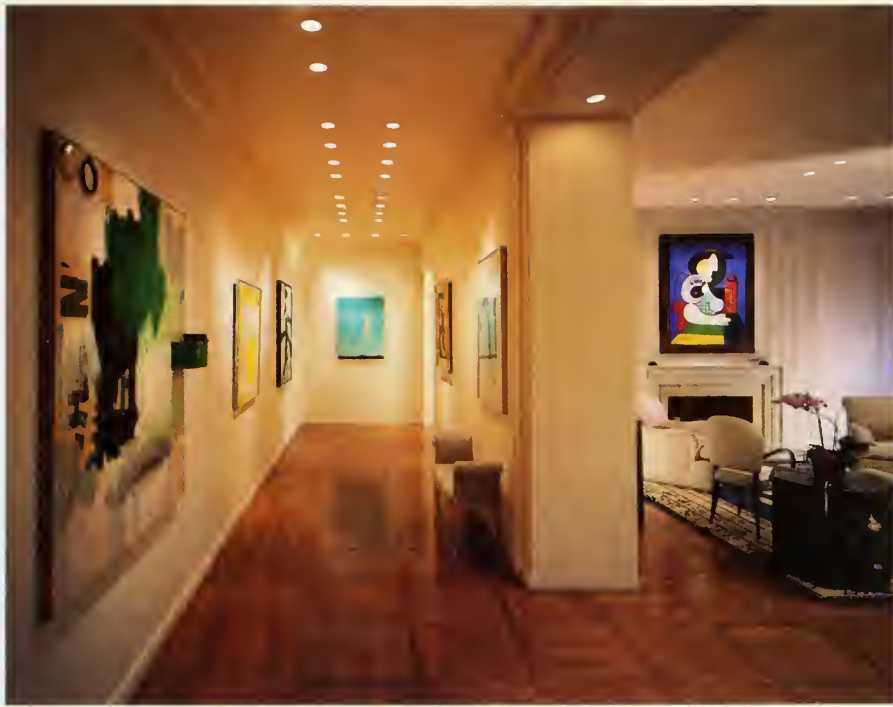
In the open-plan Carrière bedroom and bathroom, *opposite*, appropriately garretlike for an artist and an actor, an Aalto trolley serves as a dressing table. Reflected in the mirrored wall behind it are closets stepped to follow the pitch of the roof. *Top:* In Mathieu's alcove office, chess and backgammon boards and a Go set share space on the table with typewriter and telephone. Tube light fixtures covered in flexible cylinders, designed by Max Gordon, frame all the windows. The portrait of Kanga is a Mathieu Carrière original. *Above:* Jennifer and Mathieu have plans for a garden on the roof, with fruit trees, herbs, vegetables, a fountain, and a pergola. In the meantime, Jennifer uses it as an outdoor studio, under the amazed gaze of her Parisian neighbors.



The commission's lessons in objecthood were not lost on Bartlett. The third outdoor tableau at Volvo, *above*, consists of two clinker-built construction boats made in Cor-Ten steel, fastidiously detailed monuments to boating and boat building. *Opposite* In Bartlett's Paris studio, three-dimensional objects continue to generate a sense of place, fun, and the natural elements.







ARTFUL BALANCE

For a New York collector, decorator Emily Landau pays proper homage to fine works of art

BY MARJORIE WELISH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY BOWLES

The small, select art collection was a given. Every acquisition had to wait until the prize Picasso hung on the wall and Baziotes and Dubuffet found their places. As far as the owner was concerned, this luxurious New York apartment could remain empty until furnishings came along to respond to the art. "In fact," says Emily Landau, of Emily Landau & Associates, "the apartment took four years to decorate. Early on in the process, Georgia O'Keeffe was brought here. She sat in the only chair, looking at the walls; then she asked, 'Is this an art gallery?'"

This anecdote is meant to console impatient clients who "want it all done by yesterday," then settle for a look without realizing how much better their house would be if the decorator had been given more time. Through tak-

ing pains to find the right furnishings Emily Landau was able to give this collector an apartment whose understated elegance pays proper homage to fine works of art.

The overall conception was clear in Emily Landau's mind from the start, inspired by her visits to the apartment of art dealer Fred Mueller. "His beautiful Chinese and Art Deco furniture created a natural setting for modern art. I was so impressed, I set out to accomplish the same feeling here." And she has indeed accomplished a natural alliance between the vigorous simplicity of China and the power of Modernism.

In the living room, dominating everything, is Picasso's *Femme Assise à la Montre-Bracelet*, 1932, a wittily fearsome puzzle contrived to suggest a figure part clothed, part nude, and part furniture. At this point in his career,

Picasso seen twice, first *opposite*, staring down at us from above the fireplace in the living room, and then, in a peripheral view, *above*, as we look down the gallery hung with Rauschenburg, Albers, Kline, O'Keeffe, Léger, and Rothenberg. Under the last sits an Adam bench, circa 1775.



Within the wide world of the living room, *above*, is a discreet display of art, the most visible being Dubuffet's *Corps de Dame Gerbe Buriolée*, 1950, over the piano. Sofa and armchairs in fabric by Fortuny. *Opposite:* Rothko's *Maroon and Gray*, Jean Arp's *Torse Vegetal*, and floor lamps by Ron Seff transform the dining room into a grand hall.

Picasso returned to Synthetic Cubism in order to intensify it, and introducing jarring color into the formal mix, he thus managed to up the emotional ante of his unnerving construction. An antique Chinese rug is not easily intimidated, however, especially this one, made in Peking at the end of the eighteenth century. Sporting a Foo dog silhouetted against a blue ground, it fiercely holds the floor plane, establishes the room as a volume, and keeps the whole from quietly disintegrating under the visual weight of the Picasso. Other fine furnishings help. Six-sided ivory-inlaid Persian tables mediate detail between the rug and the painting. And though the Orient unifies the décor, such French digressions as a Charles X-style table flanked by Louis XV chairs upholstered in pale blue suede enliven the room and keep the Chinese elements from dictating a heavy-handed visual scheme.

Elsewhere in the room, one sees tough and raw modern art brought close to the ethereal Orient. Not everyone would feel comfortable using a manic—no, berserk—Dubuffet as a backdrop for a serene Japanese sculpture, but then again, the painted figure's agitation

only heightens the monk's serenity. It is a credit to the owner to insist on this stylistic tension, striking for the frankness with which the cultural differences of *Art Brut* and Edo are respected.

At one end of the ample rectangular dining room hangs a Rothko, conspicuous for its placement but also for its unusual vertical format. On either side of this portal are contemporary floor lamps throwing their light ceilingward, and altogether, the group is so strong, it raises a question: what could possibly warrant such a strong wall? The facing wall carries the answer: a pair of elaborately spandereled Ming chairs, circa 1600. On long-term loan to The Metropolitan Museum of Art, these chairs came into Emily Landau's hands when their owners put them up for sale. To interject some curves into all this formality, the large swooping form of an Arp intervenes; and lest there be too much serenity, a scratchy, excellent early Dubuffet painting and drawings by de Kooning, Matisse, and Gris contribute a modern cosmopolitan atmosphere to this courtly dining room.

One of the noteworthy (Text continued on page 222)







Except for the mantelpiece, all the architectural detailing in the bedroom is original, custom designed for its first owners. Graceful corner alcoves and nested moldings provide a subtle frame for the generous, square, light-filled space, capped by orphic, light-filled paintings by Georgia O'Keeffe (over bed) and Mondrian (over desk), *left*, and by Baziotes, *above*.

THE STIRLING STANDARD

Riding high on the widespread acclaim for his new museum in Stuttgart—hailed as the best building of the eighties—Britain's James Stirling now brings his powerful vision of architecture to this country in several important university commissions

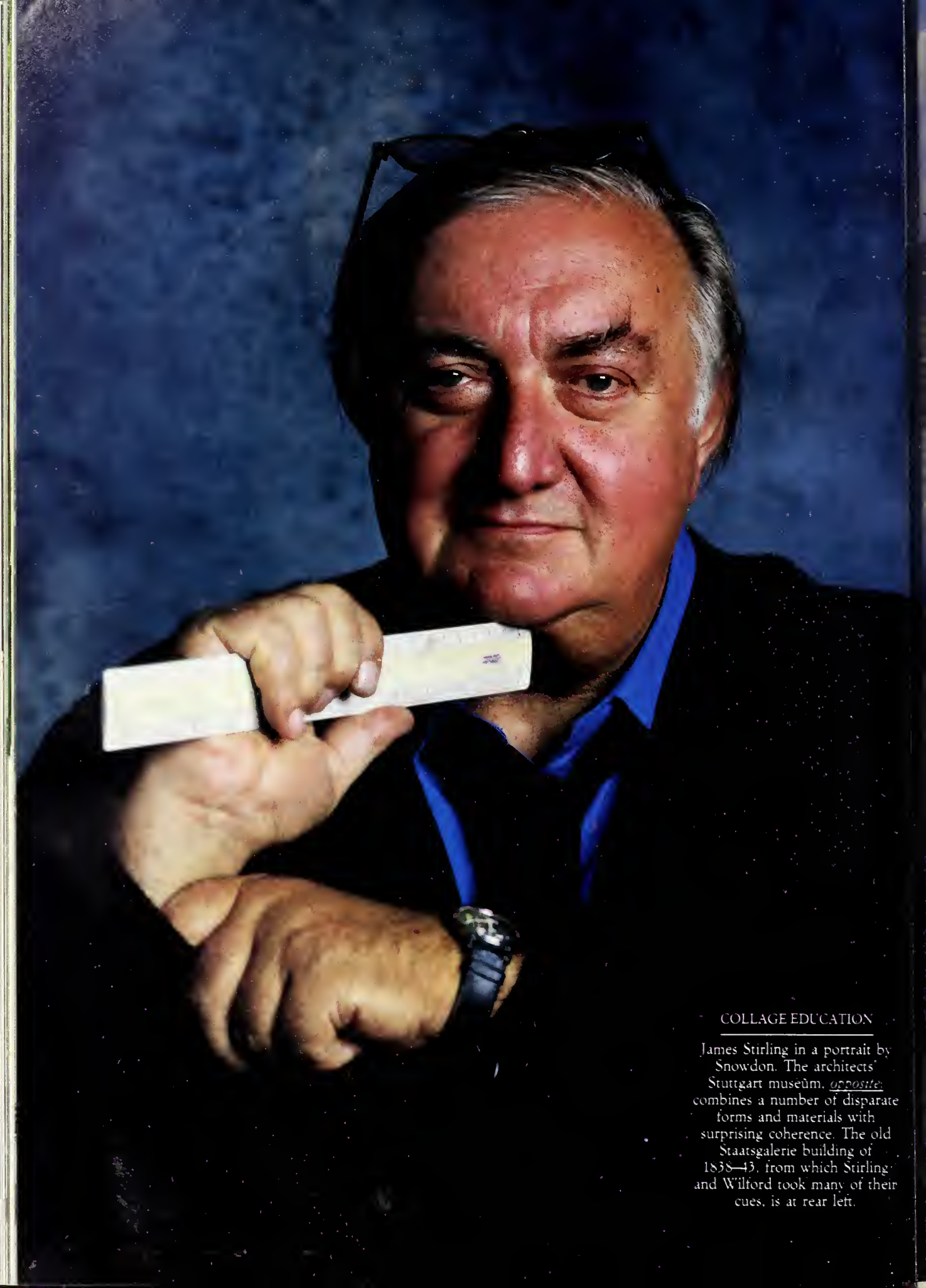
BY MARTIN FILLER PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIMOTHY HURSLEY

POST MODERN PANTHEON

The stately sculpture court of the Neue Staatsgalerie in Stuttgart is the focal point of James Stirling, Michael Wilford and Associates' multi-use cultural complex for the West German city. Clad in alternating bands of travertine and sandstone, this roofless rotunda is one of the noblest spaces created in recent architectural memory.







COLLAGE EDUCATION

James Stirling in a portrait by Snowdon. The architects' Stuttgart museum, *opposite*, combines a number of disparate forms and materials with surprising coherence. The old Staatsgalerie building of 1838-43, from which Stirling and Wilford took many of their cues, is at rear left.



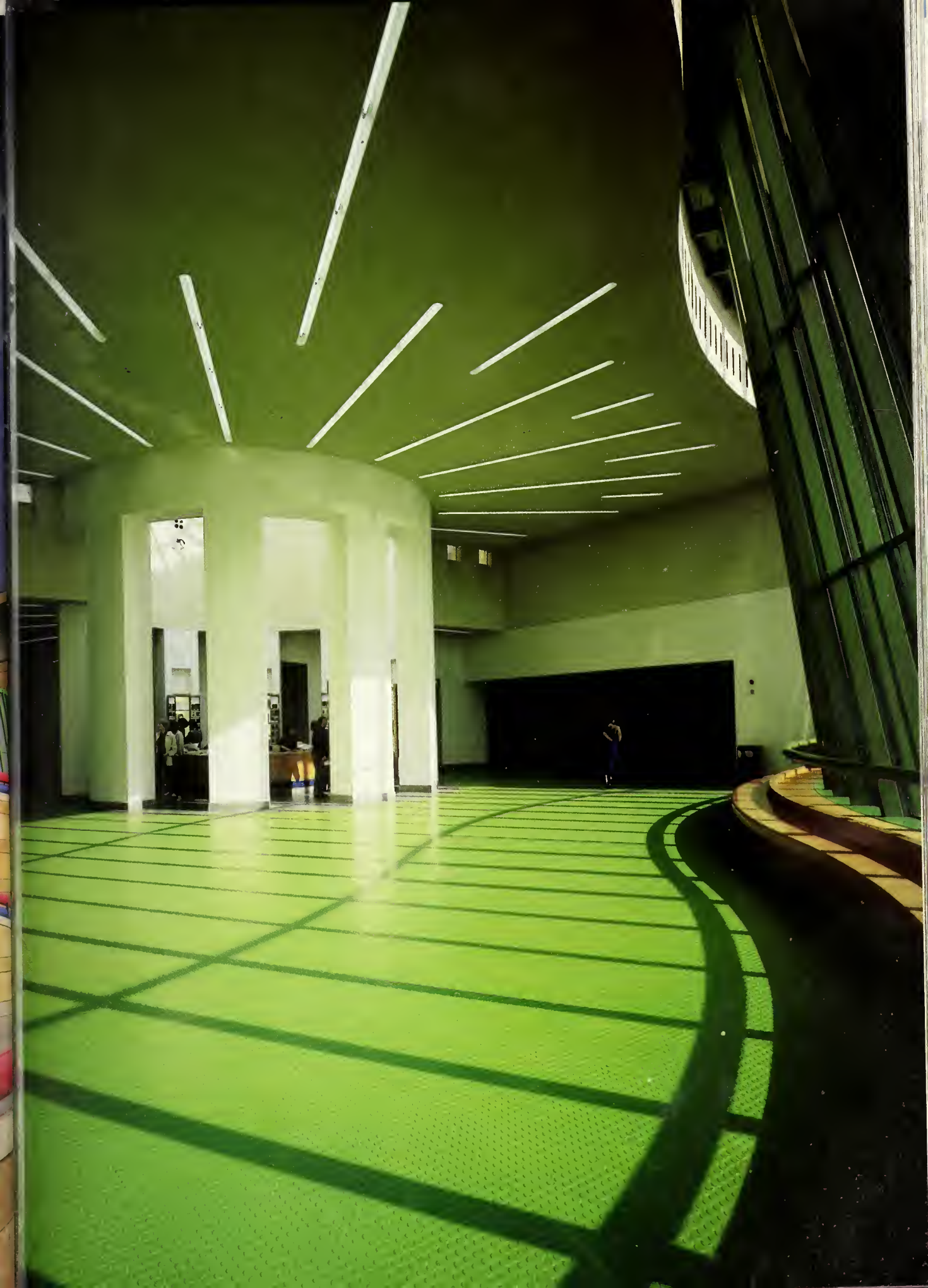
Fresko
Rest Cafe

GREENHOUSE EFFECT

Vivid green serpentine windows give an arresting jolt to the sober masonry of the museum's main façade, as do overscaled railings in hot pink and periwinkle blue.

Opposite. The calm centerpiece of the vivid entry hall is a pristine cylinder housing the bookstore. The small, classically inspired rotunda is topped by a dome skylight.







In 1981 James Stirling won the Pritzker Prize, the self-styled Nobel of architecture. He uses its trophy—a small bronze sculpture by Henry Moore—in his London house as a letter holder, since its prior function as a toast rack had begun to ruin the patina. Between mail deliveries, the gap between its two biomorphic forms is inhabited by a small rubber figure of Mickey Mouse. In a profession that takes itself very seriously indeed, such a nose-thumb to pomposity is not at all to be expected, but it is very much in keeping with the Stirling style.

Next year James Stirling turns sixty, and it would be reasonable to expect that he can survey the accomplishments of his life to date with a significant measure of satisfaction. But unlike some of his compeers, his years of struggle on the way to the top have not left a corrosive mark on his personality. His life is most assuredly his work, but he does not give the impression of single-minded fixation to the exclusion of all else. The most devoted of husbands (again a characteristic not to be taken for granted in his calling), he lives in a turn-of-the-century London terrace house with his wife, Mary, and their three teen-aged children, Ben, Kate, and Sophia. One has the certain feeling that there is a private life as well as a public art.

But above all, at the age of sixty James Stirling will be able to savor his standing as the one architect among his contemporaries whose lasting reputation is already unshakably secure. The confirmation given by the widespread acclaim for the Neue Staatsgalerie in Stuttgart by James Stirling, Michael Wilford and Associates is parallel to that lately enjoyed by Jasper Johns; both men's recent work has garnered plaudits not

needed to justify reputations established more than two decades ago but welcome nonetheless as evidence of a major artist continuing at the crest of his powers. Since it opened last spring, Stuttgart's Neue Staatsgalerie has attracted over 1.3 million visitors (twice the population of the West German city) as well as a rare unanimity of popular and professional praise, virtually unprecedented at a time of extreme discord over the state of contemporary architecture.

Post-Modernism has been a phenomenon in which criticism has preceded the artifact: both practitioners and the public were primed for it before there was anything to show. Thus the first major manifestations of the style that promised to lead architecture out of the desert of late Modernism seemed greatly disappointing, or at the very least overrated. Much of the problem lay in the detailing and execution of those bellwether works. It does not take a degree in architecture for one to notice a tendency to flatness and schematic oversimplification that gives most Post-Modern buildings a certain cartoonish quality. On the other hand, for obvious economic factors, there can be no question of attempting a return to the level of craftsmanship lavished on even rather ordinary structures fifty years ago.

But Stirling and Wilford's new museum complex at Stuttgart proves that architectural grandeur is neither an unattainable fantasy nor a hopeless quest in a world long unaccustomed to new expressions of the monumental manner. The Neue Staatsgalerie reminds us that when architecture succeeds best it has a power of communication that makes Friedrich von Schelling's famous simile to "frozen music" perfectly understandable.



RING CYCLE

The new museum faces the old opera house, *above*, reforging a link with Stuttgart's cultural center. The galleries, *below*, surround the circular court. *Opposite*: On rainy days, the complex takes on a brooding majesty. In the foreground, a Henry Moore bronze.





COURTESY BRECHT-EINZIG LTD



Stirling's first great triumph was the Leicester University Engineering Building, done in collaboration with James Gowan from 1959 to 1963. It was instantly appreciated by the avant-garde as evidence of an important new architectural talent, but even so faithful a defender of Modernism as Sir Nikolaus Pevsner could deliver the sour and imprescient prophecy that Stirling's early works "have a ruthlessness that militates against their achieving a more than passing success."

And, indeed, after his celebrated quartet of British university designs (Leicester; the Cambridge University History Faculty Building of 1964–67; the Residential Expansion of St. An-

FAÇADE PARADE

Four very different wall treatments by James Stirling trace his stylistic changes over the past twenty years. His dormitory for St. Andrew's University of 1964–68 in Scotland, *above left*, is a richly textured display of New Brutalist concrete construction. Southgate, *above right*, the second phase of Stirling's housing for Runcorn New Town, England, 1967, might be termed Pop High-Tech. Stirling's turn toward traditionalism since his 1971 partnership with Michael Wilford can be seen in their M.D. Anderson Hall at Rice University, Houston, 1981, *opposite left*, and their Stuttgart museum of 1977–84, *opposite right*. The "fallen" ashlar blocks are an architectural jest.

drew's University in Scotland of 1964–68; and the Florey Building at Queen's College, Oxford of 1966–71) as well as some public housing and a handful of private commissions, Stirling's practice in Great Britain ground to a virtual halt. Fortunately for him—and for the course of contemporary architecture—he soon found a more appreciative constituency in West Germany. Beginning with an unexecuted plan for the Siemens corporation near Munich in 1969, Stirling has been asked some ten times to prepare schemes for German clients.

It is interesting to speculate on the reasons for Stirling's adoption by the Germans. One is certainly the tenden-



for a commission in one building
 e to beget others of a similar nature.
 r example, before winning the Stutt-
 t Neue Staatsgalerie job, Stirling
 d Wilford had been invited to partici-
 te in limited competitions for muse-
 s in Düsseldorf and Cologne.
 Another factor, no doubt, was the
 ception within Germany of its di-
 nished role in world architecture
 ce the Nazi era; once the spawning
 und of modern architectural fer-
 ent, West Germany since World
 ar II has lagged far behind the Unit-
 States, Italy, and Japan in the devel-
 opment of creative new directions.
 ally, there was the conjunction of
 architect's new vision and his new

patrons' great enthusiasm for it.

Though not intentionally imitative,
 the change in Stirling's aesthetic from
 High-Tech Modernism to Post-Mod-
 ern Classicism after he set up partner-
 ship with Michael Wilford in 1971
 evoked many similarities to the Ger-
 man Neoclassical tradition from David
 Gilly and Karl Friedrich Schinkel on-
 ward. The British architects' turn to
 solidly geometric volume, their in-
 creasing use of masonry and simplified
 historicizing motifs—along with Stir-
 ling's gift for urban site planning, al-
 ways his strong suit—struck a chord
 that no native German architect had
 sounded as eloquently. But this is no
 dour neo-Biedermeier for the Mer-

cedes-Benz bourgeoisie. The products
 of Stirling and Wilford's new German
 career are as lively and surprising as ar-
 chitecture can be but are withal as dig-
 nified and substantial as architecture
 should be, especially as it is conceived
 by patrons thinking in terms of centu-
 ries, not decades.

That balance between the immedi-
 ate and the enduring is perfectly dem-
 onstrated at the Neue Staatsgalerie. The
 original Stuttgart museum, built from
 1838 to 1843, once faced onto the royal
 park at the center of the city, capital of
 Württemberg before the small king-
 dom was absorbed into a unified Ger-
 many. As the years passed, the street
 that sep- *(Text continued on page 236)*

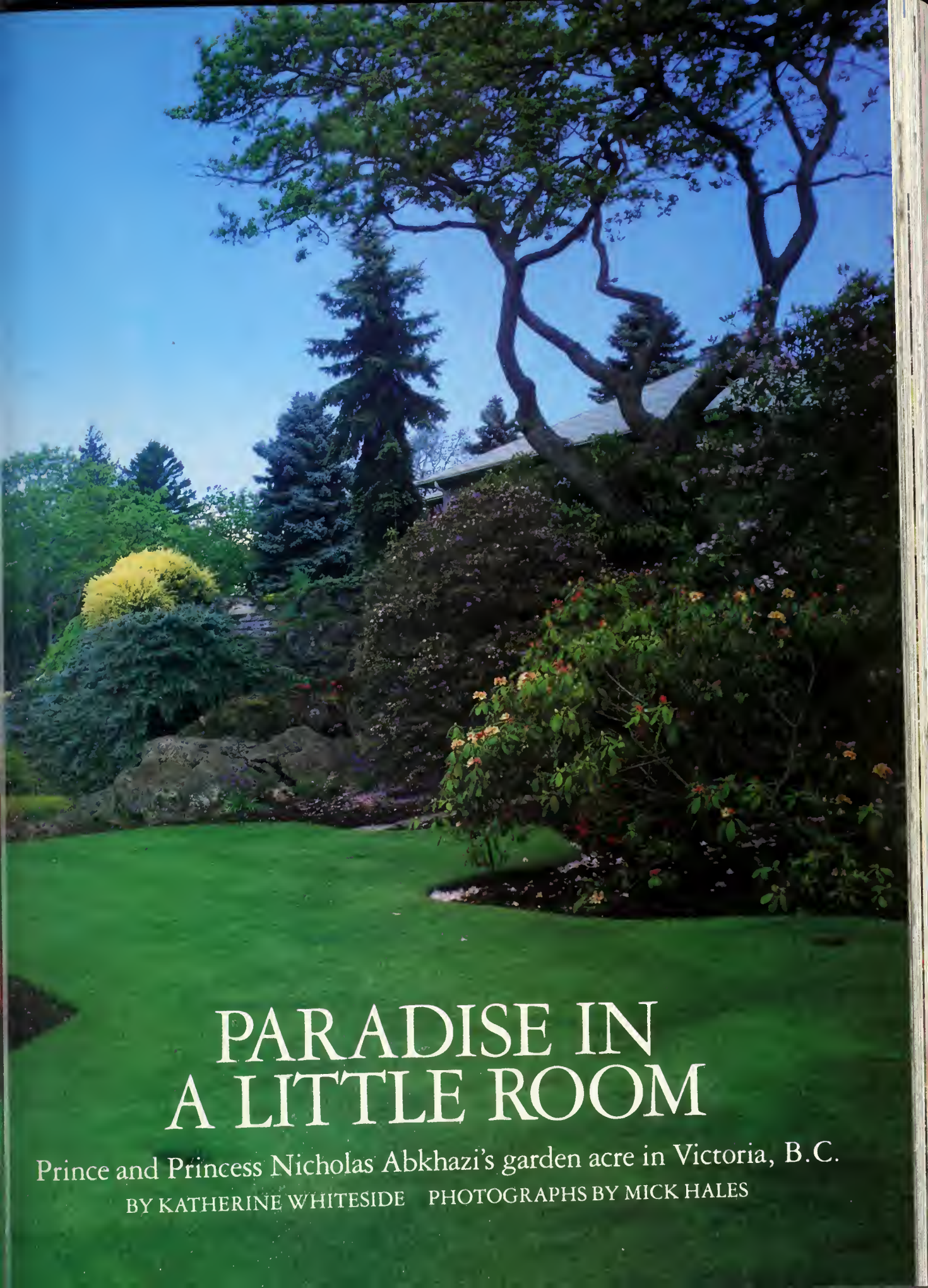


FLIGHT OF GRANDEUR

The heroically scaled front portal of the Arthur M. Sackler Museum at Harvard, *opposite*, leads to the monumental central stairway that ascends the full six-story height of the structure. To be dedicated this October, the Sackler Museum might eventually be linked to the Fogg Museum across the street by Stirling and Wilford's proposed but disputed pedestrian bridge, which would project from the large square window over the entrance.



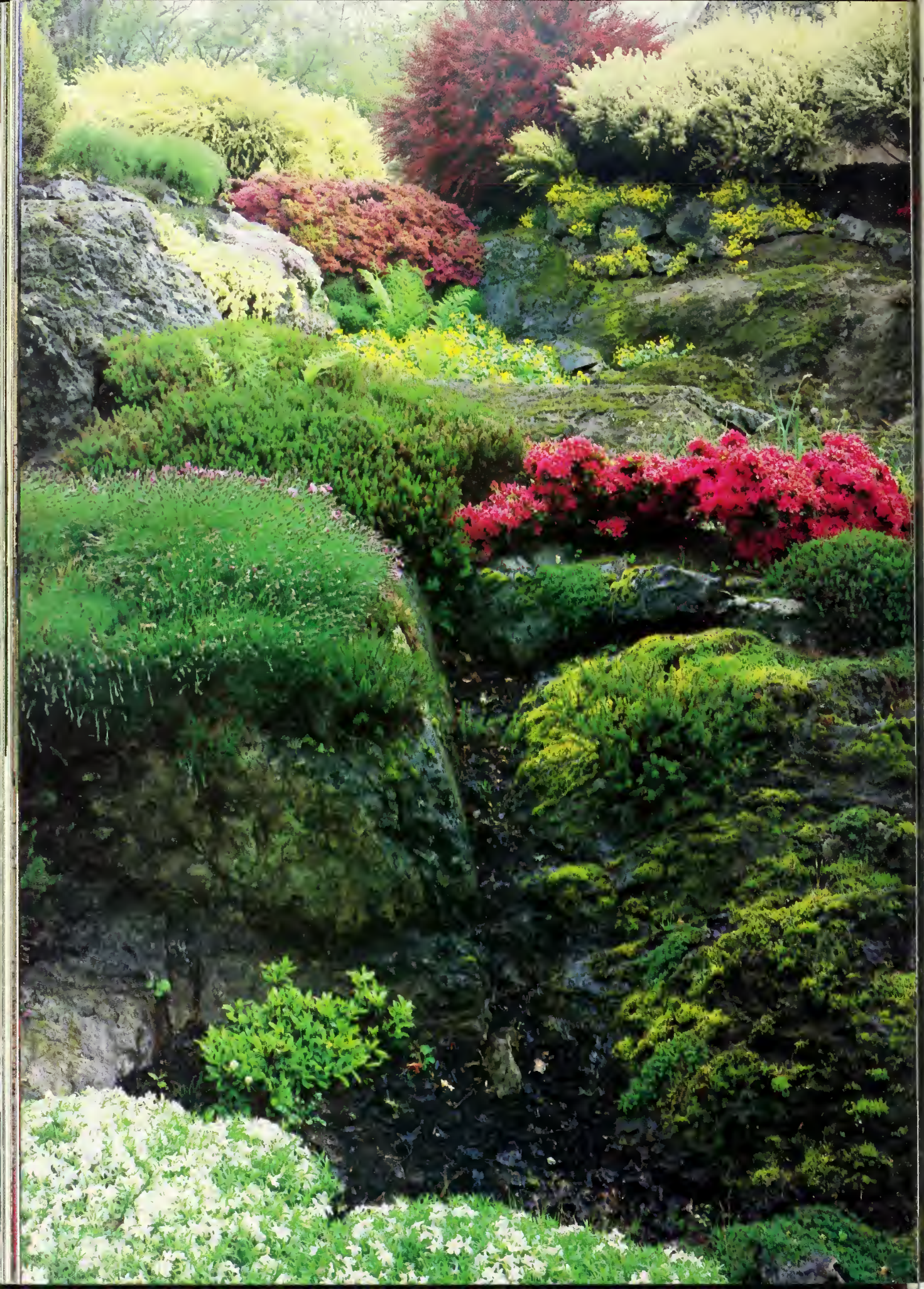


A photograph of a lush garden. In the foreground, there is a well-maintained green lawn. To the right, a large, dark green bush with small yellow and red flowers is prominent. In the background, a large, mature tree with a thick, gnarled trunk and dense green foliage stands against a clear blue sky. Behind the tree, the roof of a house is visible. To the left, there are more trees, including a tall evergreen and a smaller tree with bright yellow flowers. The overall scene is a vibrant and well-kept garden.

PARADISE IN A LITTLE ROOM

Prince and Princess Nicholas Abkhazi's garden acre in Victoria, B.C.

BY KATHERINE WHITESIDE PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICK HALES



N

November 1944. . . In spite of laughter from other internees, I have been busy preparing my pocket-handkerchief garden for the spring by collecting wild violet roots and planting them in clumps. . . . Now I shall repose myself for the winter which looms ahead of us bleaker than last year with little lighting, no heating or hot water, and reduced rations.”

This entry, from a secret journal kept in a wartime Japanese internment camp, was written by Enemy Subject B2268, a British citizen who very much preferred the name Peggy Pemberton-Carter. Previously, she had enjoyed the sophisticated atmosphere of prewar Shanghai and the idyllic lifestyle of servants, entertaining, and leisure time in that “never-never land of extra-territoriality.” But when “the Japanese troubles” began and scarlet arm bands with numbers became an unpleasant *de rigueur*, Peggy realized that this war was going to mean not only the loss of her money and possessions, but also her freedom. In March 1943, her “particular game of blind-fold chess” was lost; penthouses and parties were replaced by camp barracks and duty rosters.

Internment camp life involved an endless schedule of mundane chores, but there was one job Peggy grew to love: “The gardening is getting to be really interesting, and no longer blindly exhausting as the back and arms grow stronger and the palms nicely calloused. Gardening. . . can be so restfully silent.”

Allied victory ended years of imprisonment and Peggy was forced to leave Shanghai. She learned that many who had enjoyed cosmopolitan outposts were migrating to a small city at the tip of Canada’s Vancouver Island. With very little to pack except an especially treasured box of Elizabeth Arden talcum powder, Peggy sailed for Victoria “because I heard that it was a place where one could be as eccentric as one wanted and nobody would notice.”

She soon settled into her new life and began seeking out old friends. She wrote many letters to France trying to locate Prince Nicholas Abkhazi, a Georgian noble who had been her favorite escort during visits to Paris in the twenties. Reestablishing contact with him, Peggy learned that he, too, had lost everything, had suffered as a German prisoner of war, and was presently struggling with a repatriation crisis.

“After Nico got my letters, he looked up Vancouver Island in the atlas and found a comforting name—The Strait of Georgia. He wrote back, ‘At least something will

seem familiar. I am coming to Victoria.’” In 1946 he arrived and, soon after, former Enemy Subject B2268 became the Princess Abkhazi.

The newlyweds were little more than refugees, but there was hope of a small principality. Secreted within the scented confines of that Elizabeth Arden talcum powder box were several American Express checks. This smuggled money bought a very rocky plot on the outskirts of Victoria; there Peggy and Nicholas started to landscape a garden before they began to build their house.

The Abkhazis, today vivacious octogenarians, continue to plan and plant. They are assisted by Chris Ball, grandson of their first gardener and the third generation in his family to “really love this place.” A pavilion-style house on a rocky summit overlooks the entire garden, a well-known favorite in a city famous for horticultural at-



In less than one acre, *preceding pages*, the Prince and Princess have created a feeling of spacious seclusion.

House, barely visible at right, offers view of entire garden as tall trees on left screen out nearby buildings.

This lower lawn is protected from road behind by rhododendrons and clipped hornbeam. *Opposite*: Jagged outcrop of granite is pocketed with soil holding plants like lichens, pinks, and rare heathers. *Right*: A procumbent spruce, *Picea Abies* ‘Pendula’, veils rocks and requires no pruning at all.



The curving lawn laps informal plantings, *above*, leading to a potting shed lived in by the Abkhazis while they laid out the garden. *Below*: The Princess has an original pruning style, evoking Oriental shapes and forms, that trains plants to flow along the rocks. Delicate leaves of Japanese maple harmonize in color and texture with prolific Exbury azaleas, and contrast with rugged mats of native ferns, mosses, and heather.





The garden in early morning, *above*. Winter-blooming heather lines the path flowering eleven months of the year. Cool blues and grays contrast with lively, hot colors of azalea collection. *Below*: Creeping broom, phlox, and marsh marigolds surround one of three ponds created from natural basins. Ferns thrive in the gentle, moist climate of Victoria, an island city famous throughout Canada for its lush gardens.



tractions. Portions of the original property have been sold over the years, but an aura of spacious seclusion remains in what is now less than an acre of suburban Victoria.

A mature rhododendron coppice with unusual specimens shelters the property from the road. Peggy and Nicholas chose varieties for leaf texture and tree form as much as for flower color. This assures year-around attraction, with an extravagant burst of color in the spring.

Neighbor Albert de Mezey bred a pale pink rhododendron and named it 'Peggy Abkhazi'. This, along with 'Bow Bells', 'Naomi', and 'Beauty of Littleworth', provides the rosy shades. Masses of dark green interweave with the creamy blossom of 'Moonstone', the apricot buds on 'Unique', and the lemon-yellow stems sprouting from 'Alice Street'. Standing on carpets of Neapolitan cyclamen and English primroses, the rhododendrons are protected by towering oaks that create a third layer of vegetation and an air of grandeur in the coppice.

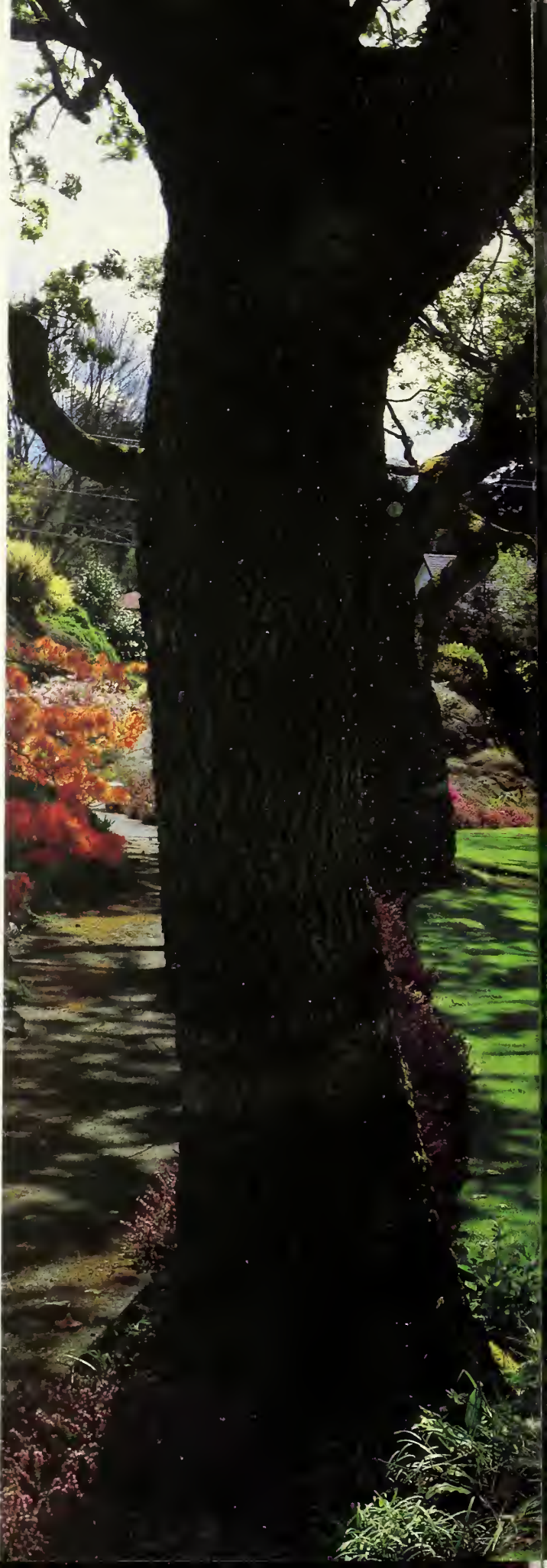
Peggy recalls that "the large oak trees and the huge rocks initially attracted us to this place. We knew that something interesting would evolve." As she walks from the shady coppice onto a sunny lawn, attention instantly moves to a large outcrop of granite. One is tempted to run to it and scamper up like a mountain goat, but the reward for following a skirting path is the discovery of a very different garden beyond.

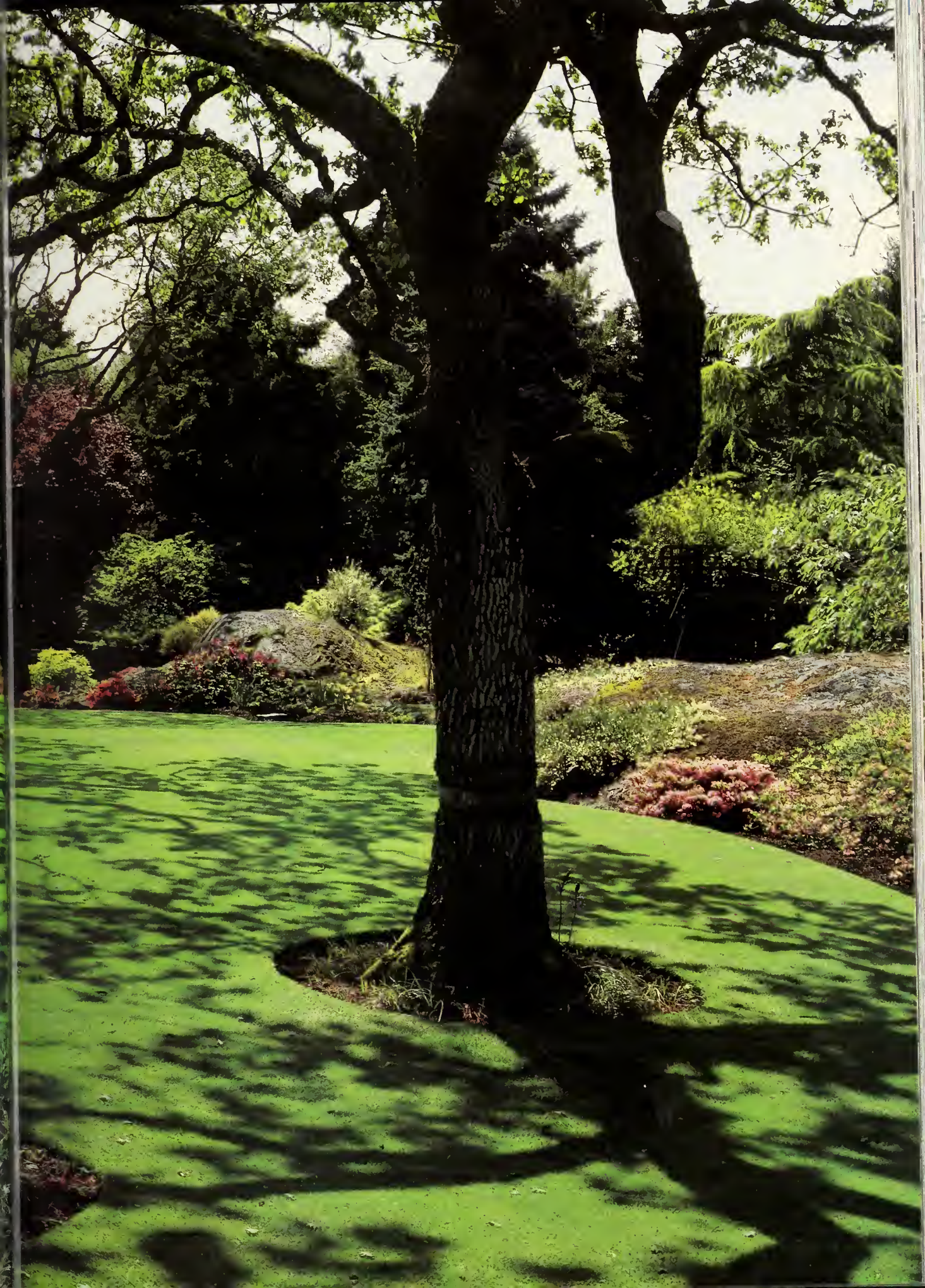
A long lawn divides two masses of glacial granite that undulate gently on one side and, on the other, rise in jagged peaks. The lawn gives the garden its structural backbone while the rocks provide a large variety of plant habitats. A feeling of space, created by the long views, is cleverly juxtaposed with the intimacy of plants cradled in the outcroppings. At this point one feels miles from the rhododendron coppice.

All along the rock face are plants that Peggy has pruned "to veil and soften." Skillfully creating arched and weeping forms, she has introduced into this Western setting an Oriental vocabulary reminiscent of her many years in the East. "Some people are afraid to prune because it is something that you can only learn with practice. But I *love* to prune!"

Here and there these sculptured plants cascade into clusters of wild flowers. Native thyme, mosses, and creeping broom "knit the rocks together" and hold in the soil. Blue camas lilies, resembling delicate agapanthus, must be kept "under" (Text continued on page 222)

Huge oaks and massive rocks originally attracted Peggy and Nicholas to this spot. A long view from potting shed of upper lawn; rhododendron coppice and lower lawn hidden left of downhill curve. Road and neighbors have been "planted out" with evergreens, trees, and flowering shrubs.







CALIFORNIA COOL

Michael Taylor's way with glossy black granite and creamy white travertine for the house of composer and collector Gil Garfield

BY GABRIELLE WINKEL PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN VAUGHAN

In the entrance of Gil Garfield's house, *opposite*, the glamorous mood is immediately established by the gleaming floor, mirrored walls, and gilded English Regency benches. *Above*: The rear façade is as formal and symmetrical as the front. A Roman sculpture presides. Table is limestone with canvas umbrella.



Entrepreneur/songwriter/art collector Gil Garfield knows what he would choose if he were offered either a fine painting or a fine house. "I'd go with the house," he says. "I couldn't even live with a Van Gogh if the surroundings were drab. Anyway, a good space is a piece of art itself."

Garfield's own good space is a small stucco pavilion he bought two and a half years ago. Interior designer Michael Taylor has transformed it into a setting for Garfield's ancient and twentieth-century sculpture and paintings. Taylor says, "Black and pale colors are a perfect foil for works of art." The house, on the edge of Beverly Hills, already had black granite floors, large windows, and several skylights. Taylor emphasized the blackness by designing tables, buffets, and pedestals of the same material; they seem to grow out of the floor. To these he added black lacquer finishes, and black window blinds.

To soften the hard surfaces, Taylor designed oversized sofas covered in a burlap-weave, terra-cotta-tinted off-white silk, which provide contrast in both texture and color. Wicker, a favorite material of Garfield's, was used in the dining room and office, not in its natural state but lacquered black.

There are touches of Italy, too, in this Californian's house. Garfield was Gil of "Gil Fields and the Fraternity Brothers," a popular recording group in Italy in the sixties, and he grew to love the country he sang in. "The simple contemporary lines of my house remind me of a villa on the Mediterranean. The classical pieces—the Roman sculpture—seem to reinforce that. The worn ancient stone feels very right with the black granite." There are also paintings and a bronze sculpture by

Michael Taylor's silk-covered living-room sofas and his hexagonal table were designed to fit together. The table displays a Roman fragment and a live Banyan tree. A pair of granite pedestals support stone lighting fixtures. Propped on the mantel shelf, an early pen-and-ink drawing by Oskar Schlemmer.







A vibrant oil-on-paper painting by Sandro Chia hangs in the dining room, *opposite*, where black lacquered wicker chairs encircle a granite table. "The living room was designed with piano playing in mind," says Michael Taylor. Flanking the Yamaha baby grand is an oil painting by Sandro Chia, *above*, and an oil-stick painting by Richard Serra, *below*.







the contemporary Italian artist Sandro Chia who, Garfield found out, has a collection of Garfield's recordings. Other works also find a place and some almost match, such as a shiny black acrylic plank by John McCracken and a strong black-and-white painting by Richard Serra.

Garfield still writes songs and plays the piano at his frequent parties, joking when he says, "I can play anything in C." As a host he finds that the stretches of black granite combine with wall mirrors "to make the house seem like one

large space, encouraging guests to drift from room to room and outside." There, around the swimming pool, the limestone paving echoes the rooms' granite squares.

"My acres and acres of shiny surfaces make an ideal house for me," says Garfield. "It's as light and bright as a glass prism. Every place you look there's a reflection—in the blinds, the McCracken plank, the floors. Guests may jump at seeing their faces everywhere, but they get to like it." □

Editor: Eleanore Phillips

Varieties of form fascinate Garfield, including, *opposite*, an old geode seen through the doorway; an acrylic plank by John McCracken; a Roman fragment on a granite buffet. *Above*: The mirrored walls in the bedroom conceal a wardrobe. Ceramic by Peter Voulkos and oil on linen by Max Cole are reflected in the mirror. Bed is covered in Indian raw silk; furniture is travertine including a pedestal for a stone fragment flanked by cubes used for seating.



The background of the page is a photograph of a Tibetan interior. The walls are painted in vibrant, saturated colors, primarily red and orange. A prominent feature is a large, rectangular panel of bright orange-red wall. To the right, a ceiling is visible, featuring a blue and gold patterned border with floral motifs. The overall atmosphere is one of rich, traditional Tibetan art and architecture.

TIBET

In the thin air of the Himalayas,
color takes on a hallucinatory intensity
and the barren landscape gives
no clue to the intricacy of ornament
and pattern found indoors

TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY
INGER McCABE ELLIOTT



Inside the Jokhang Monastery in Lhasa



At the Drepung Monastery, *top row left to right*, canvas protects a painting; “battered” doors and bright beams complete scene. Two details of the brilliant décor at Norbulingka, formerly the summer palace of the Dalai Lamas. Nomads tending yaks on a snowy windswept mountain.

Silently she materialized, dressed in dusty black, silhouetted in the door of the crumbling monastery. Hands clasped in prayer, high over her head, then to her chin, her chest, and to the ground as she prostrated herself in the dirt of the ancient doorway. She lay there motionless. Then she pulled herself forward and to her knees and to her feet and the prayerful hands soared skyward again and another obeisance commenced. And so in the high reaches of Tibet, the pilgrim made her painful way through the courtyard of the eleventh-century Zhalu Monastery whose foundations were built before the first stones were laid for Notre Dame Cathedral.

It was a scene that evoked the Middle Ages, and so does much of Tibet. The sheer emptiness of the place—a vast plateau surrounded by the Kunlun Mountains on the north and the Himalayas on the south, where great rivers such as the Yangtze and the Brahmaputra rise. The lingering vestiges of theocracy—nearly one third of its people were involved in monastic life before the Chinese

conquest a quarter of a century ago. The mysticism. The fantasy. The reality. The dirt. The grandeur.

Tibet's landscape is grim, gray, tan, dusty, rocky, sandy, snowy, muddy, hard, mundane—and heart-stopping. Your vehicle suddenly lurches into a view of lush valleys, green and yellow with rapeseed and surrounded by white-capped peaks. A sudden snow from the Himalayas at 17,000 feet can whiten the landscape and hide the tents of nomads and then vanish in hours, leaving the hillsides all the greener. The yak and the nomad share a rugged life. Nomads make their simple tents from the hair of yaks. Like all Tibetans they drink yak milk and flavor their tea with yak butter. They use the yak as a beast of burden, and eat its meat, usually raw. For sport, they mount these hairy, awkward animals and race them wildly across the countryside.

Even today, Tibet is the preserve of a very special type of Buddhism. During ten awful years of the Chinese Cultural Revolution, thousands of monasteries were sacked, and their ruins scar the landscape. Exact figures are not to be had in this land, but it is said that of some 27,000



Apartment house in Lhasa, *bottom row left to right*, with many-paned windows and typical overhang. Fretwork covers windows at Jokhang Monastery. Irish lace hides interiors at Norbulingka. Massive brackets painted in primary colors. Potala Palace seen from the golden-roofed Jokhang.

monasteries in 1959, only about fifteen are now in use. In the most remote areas, the white-painted sayings of Chairman Mao Tse-tung still cry out from the mountainsides, years after Mao's officially endorsed disgrace. Yet pilgrims still count their prayer beads (108 of them to a string), still twirl their prayer wheels, still chant their mantras as they hike many miles, in rags and sneakers, to the handful of monasteries still functioning. The worshipers carry yak butter to replenish the holy candles, and a few yuan to pay for a special prayer or two.

In the highest mountain passes, little piles of rock are draped with gauzy scarves—*badas*—left there by passing pilgrims as makeshift shrines. On Bao Jiao Street in Lhasa, the dusty main thoroughfare of the capital city, little boys—apprentice monks—squat practicing their prayers in piping voices among the market stalls stacked high with Chinese clothing, green plastic cans, exotic furs, and peasants in from the countryside displaying their hides, saddles, and trinkets.

Down the street and around the corner, the pilgrims prostrate themselves over and over again at the Jokhang Monastery, a blend of Tibetan, Chinese, and Nepalese architecture, and Lhasa's oldest monument. A bright sun glints off the white and blue banners hanging on its front; gilded deer and bell-shaped *gyantschen*, symbols of flourishing Buddhism, sparkle on its rooftop. And everywhere, the rancid, musty smell of yak butter.

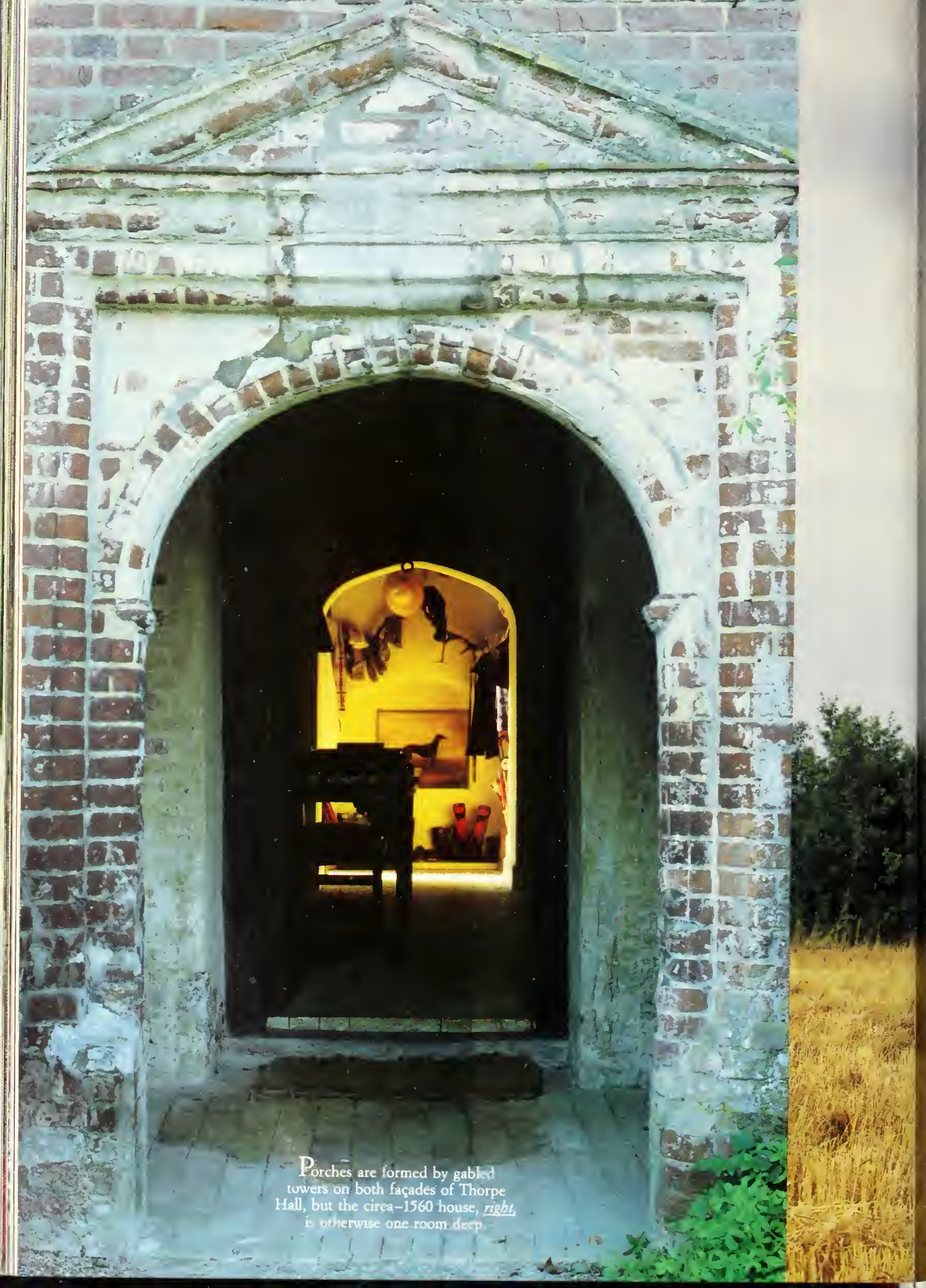
The huge Potala Palace, with its one thousand rooms built and rebuilt since the seventh century, is Lhasa's looming landmark. Once the winter palace of the Dalai Lamas, its massive white and raspberry-washed walls shoot heavenward; the palace hovers over the city like some magical spaceship come to visit.

Unlike the Potala, Tibet's smaller monasteries tend to blend into the barren landscape, their exterior colors muted beneath the golden ornamentation of their rooftops. Within lies a rich statement of belief: magnificent frescoes and golden figures inlaid with turquoise and pearls, towering wooden statues, porcelains and paintings, and manuscripts and *(Text continued on page 220)*





Typical Tibetan monastic architecture with giant beams, cornices, and canvas overhang, here at Tashilungpo Monastery in Shigatse. *Opposite:* Entire surfaces are often painted with primary colors in glossily intricate detail. This example is in Lhasa's Jokhang Monastery.



Porches are formed by gabled towers on both façades of Thorpe Hall, but the circa-1560 house, *right*, is otherwise one room deep.

LESSONS OF RESTRAINT

A sixteenth-century house in East Anglia restored by David Mlinaric

BY ELAINE GREENE PHOTOGRAPHS BY SNOWDON



It may come as a surprise to those who know only his later scholarly work to learn that David Mlinaric made his name in the “swinging London” of the sixties decorating for Mick Jagger, Eric Clapton, and others who wanted “display decorating—bright, eye-catching, and transitory.” Mlinaric notes that “only one London flat survives from this period; it has a red study and a shiny plum-black drawing room.”

It was just a decade later that Mlinaric was being called upon by the National Trust to restore and decorate such great holdings as the Assembly Rooms at Bath, Benningbrough in Yorkshire, and Castle Coole in Ireland . . . and a British design writer was describing the Mlinaric palette (exaggerating, as anyone who knows his Baroque and Edwardian work can attest) as “running the gamut from off-white to further-off-white.” What happened? Not only was the transitory style of transitory interest, but David Mlinaric was given two eighteenth-century buildings to work on and they taught him what he fondly calls “the lessons of restraint.” Thorpe Hall, the mid-sixteenth-century, moat-encircled manor house he restored and decorated for himself, his wife, Martha, and their three children came next and not only profited from those lessons but taught him more.

David Mlinaric’s romantic yet down-to-earth nature is revealed in his description of Thorpe Hall and its setting. “East Anglia, now the counties of Suffolk and Norfolk, resembles Holland—a low landscape under a clear north light. Thorpe Hall looks Dutch, too. It’s a brick house rising from a big flat field with steep gables and tall chimneys. Some people say that Dutch religious refugees brought their architecture to East Anglia, but we must remember that people from this region were seafarers who sailed to the Lowlands themselves. To get to London long ago they had to go by boat because the fens were impassable much of the year and brigands roamed the forests of Essex. The people of East Anglia sometimes sailed across the North Sea to nearby Holland instead of hugging the coast to get to London.”

After the Second World War, Thorpe Hall was saved from almost certain ruin by an Indian Army major who took the house on as a retirement project. When the Mlinarics found it in 1969, its handsome exterior was marred by modern single-pane glazing and its interior was a labyrinth of small rooms clumsily inserted into the noble spaces. Yet it seemed the perfect setting for raising children, far enough into the country to be outside of London’s social sphere and near enough for David Mlinaric to pursue his career.

When he speaks of the lessons of restraint, he recalls that he “learned a new *(Text continued on page 216)*

Two entrance porches lead to the hall (a corner is seen here), one of two original main rooms on the ground floor. Hall is the medieval English name for a multipurpose social room. At right: an antique working model of a thresher made to display at country fairs. Interior arches are Tudor style.









The sitting room, *left*, is one of the two original ground-floor spaces flooded with daylight through windows on the north and south. Family furniture from both sides is gathered here, and the floor is covered with Norfolk rush matting. New leaded glass in a historically appropriate block-and-lozenge pattern was installed by Mlinaric. Over the old fireplace, wide enough to store logs in, hangs a painting of a Suffolk landscape designed by Capability Brown and still in existence: "We drive through it," says Mlinaric. *Above*: Another view of the hall, where dinner parties for more than eight take place. Wheelbarrow wearing its original paint is an old French piece. "Tree light" for candles can be taken off its hook and hung outdoors on a branch.





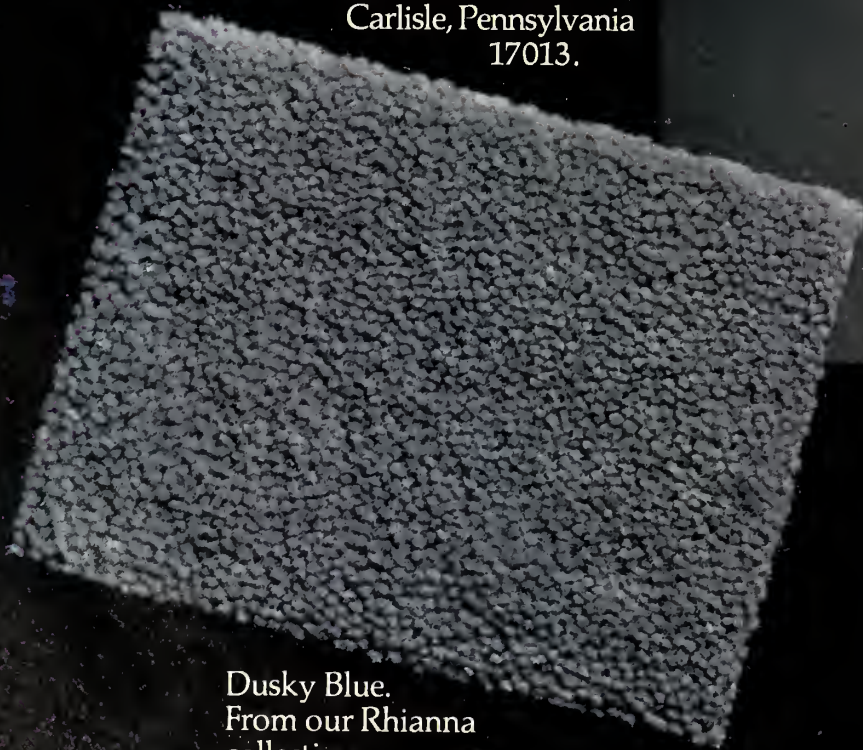
A rocking horse stands in the library before a screen decorated with pictures of Martha Mlinaric's grandfather's horses, *left*, which he kept in Nottinghamshire. The painter was Lynwood Palmer, who in Edwardian days would visit country families for a month at a time to paint the horses and dogs. *Above*: The children's drawings and handmade dolls are displayed in the kitchen's play corner. The large kitchen (also seen on the cover of this issue) was added to the left side of Thorpe Hall when it was about a century old.





The master bedroom, *left*, contains an 18th-century Irish bed, a circa-1690 Dutch bureau-bookcase from Martha Mlinaric's family, and a 19th-century Italian sofa once owned by David Mlinaric's Yugoslavian-born father. Ebony chairs are probably from British India. *Above*: A new armillary sphere on an old Dutch pedestal in the geometric vegetable/flower garden.

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LESSONS OF RESTRAINT

(Continued from page 206) gramm to follow in dealing with old building. One thing I strongly feel is that the interior should fulfill the promise of the exterior. The outside of a modest farmhouse tells you there are small rooms inside; one mustn't gut it. The exterior of a manor house tells you there are large rooms inside; one mustn't subdivide them. At Thorpe Hall we had to undo such an error."

Mlinaric and his small staff (about half a dozen) do not remove original structural elements unless forced to do so by modern heating or plumbing needs (such needs defined by stalwart nonpampering British standards of comfort). That which is removed—fitted cupboard, for example—is preserved and used elsewhere in the building. A corollary to this rule is that nothing is added unless the same stalwart standards dictate it. Mlinaric pondered these things very carefully at Thorpe Hall. "Yet this is unmistakably a Tudor house of today," he says. "We put in unobtrusive heating; Sir Guy Thorpe had to hang heavy tapestries."

Mlinaric's aim in his residential work is to create rooms that are "agreeable, reassuring, undemanding, and never pretentious or envy-making. In our studio we often speak of the 'effortless look.' I am certain that people in stiff, overdressed rooms do not enjoy them. They worry about damage and about impressing visitors."

Mlinaric realizes that the quiet decorating he aims for "requires a good room, made by good craftsmen. Otherwise there is nothing to look at." The complaint of nothing to look at could never be made of the Mlinaric restoration of Thorpe Hall. □

Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet



David Mlinaric in one of the tower porches at Thorpe Hall.



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LADY ELLES' RENAISSANCE

(Continued from page 152) and Macau. She divides her day between her bedroom on the main floor and the morning and dining rooms below. From all of them she enjoys a wonderful panorama of eighteenth-century houses with their distinctive curling tiled roofs, ornate Baroque church towers, and the distant view of the river with all the activity of a busy waterway. It is a beautiful sight often bathed in the most luminous of lights. There is something very special about the quality of the light in Portugal, particularly at certain times of the year. The views from her house are a never-ending source of pleasure to her and were one of the main reasons that attracted her to it when she came to live there in 1947.

"There was only one bathroom then," she recalls, "and one wall outlet. The rooms were bare and whitewashed and the woodwork was painted a rather unattractive shade of yellow. But the views! I noticed them as soon as I entered the place. They changed with each room, each level. I was absolutely

enchanted by it and arranged to lease it from its Portuguese owners, the Croft de Moura family, as soon as I possibly could. That was almost forty years ago and here I still am."

Over the years she made a lot of changes, put in extra bathrooms and wall outlets, placed small mirrored panels in the doors of the main rooms, marbleized some of the woodwork ("the Portuguese do that kind of work beautifully"), added color to the bald white of the rooms, and generally gave the house the distinctive charm it has today, filling it with furniture she brought from England and mixing it with traditional Portuguese elements, about which she knows a lot. The result is very much a reflection of the owner's personality rather than any particular decorative style.

Although Lady Elles was born and brought up in England, her background is cosmopolitan. Her mother was Portuguese; her father, John Hornung, was of English and Hungarian descent and had gone to Africa at the

turn of the century (taking his young family with him for a while) and carved out a sugar estate in Mozambique that later became one of the largest of its kind in the world.

Her family often spent their holidays in Portugal and for many years owned the Quinta dos Azulejos near Lisbon, which is renowned for the beauty of the eighteenth-century tiled decorations in the garden.

"Portuguese society followed a pretty set pattern in those days. They moved with the court to Sintra in June and then promptly on September 1 everyone descended on Cascais, which really was an untouched fishing villa then. I remember seeing King Carl playing tennis in *black* flannels, because like most royalty of the time seemed to be almost perpetually mourning for a relative of one kind or another."

Lady Elles remembers those far-off Edwardian days with great clarity and humor but without any particular nostalgia. "Life was pretty leisurely," she



UNIQUE!

lls, "but you grew up rather sud-
ly and that was a blight for me. One
your hair was down and your skirts
t and the next you had to put your
up and your skirts down and that
the finish. You were grown up.
re was no transition stage. And
n having to parade around balanc-
a parasol in one hand and a cart-
el hat and a trailing skirt in the
er, didn't really make one a very
sible proposition."

n 1909 she married Lieutenant Col-
l Arthur Houssemayne du Boulay,
o later died in the First World War,
ving her a widow with three small
dren by the time she was thirty. She
nt most of the twenties bringing
m up in London and at her parents'
ne, West Grinstead Park in Sussex,
ich is one of Nash's more imposing
stles," set in a magnificent three-
dred-acre deer park.

With her children almost grown up,
d with time on her hands, Blanche
Boulay, as she was then, decided to
her hand at interior decorating. She

worked first with Margot Brigden, the
head of furnishings at Keeble's, who
had been trained by Mrs. Bethell, one
of the leading decorators of her day.
Margot Brigden told her, "I can't pay
you but you can learn." And learn she
did, especially about the practical side
of the business. She enjoyed work. A
woman of instinctive good taste, she
was never dogmatic about it, although,
as she recalls with a smile, "I do re-
member once telling someone with
great finality that they just *couldn't*
have white damask curtains in a pure
Adam room."

She is a great believer in not striving
too hard for effect. "It always seemed
to me that it was so much more impor-
tant to know how people lived, how
many children they had and how many
pets, before one started making any de-
cisions. Often they didn't know what
they wanted, so one started backwards
and found out what they *didn't* like, es-
pecially with regard to things like col-
ors, and then you could work from
there. The important thing was to

make them think that they had done it
themselves. Margot Brigden always
told me that if anyone could ever rec-
ognize that I had decorated a place
then I would have failed."

She gave up working when she re-
married in 1939. Her second husband
was General Sir Hugh Elles, who had
been the first commander of the Tank
Corps in World War I. During the war
they moved to Bristol where Sir Hugh
was in command of the civil defense for
the western region of England. They
saw out the savage bombing of that city
and her own home in London was to-
tally destroyed in the blitz.

After her husband's death in 1946,
she moved to Lisbon. Her house is now
getting "a bit shabby," she cheerfully
admits, "but cared-for shabby, if you
know what I mean. I rather like it that
way. I don't know what a decorator
would make of it. Probably want to
tidy it up to begin with. But it's com-
fortable, it's home, it's the way I want
it, and it suits me. Could one ask for
more?" □

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TIBET

(Continued from page 201) silks. To the pilgrim, church and state are one and indivisible. For the designer, there is a feast of color and pattern.

There are three levels of seeing Tibet, each set apart from the others. The awesome, harsh, lonely landscape sets the scene. Then there are the monasteries and homes which present their façades in matte colors of white and terra cotta. And finally one comes into the interiors—of the noble and the holy—which glisten with glossy primary colors that decorate nearly every surface in a splash of patterns.

Does the harshness of northern winters perhaps *demand* the visual relief of brilliant colors? So it often seems in Scandinavian or Russian homes, with their brilliantly painted wooden interiors—and so it often seems in the houses and monasteries of Tibet. Although Tibet's noble houses are now mostly in ruins, photographs of fifty years ago show a striking resemblance to the interiors of existing monasteries. One can only surmise that these brilliant colors were a denial of nature and a statement of belief in man's spiritual life.

Just as in northern Europe, much use is made of primary colors—red, blue, and yellow—with secondary hues of orange, green, and violet emphasizing pattern and line. Painted wooden carvings, statues, frescoes, and columns are everywhere. In the courtyard of the Tashilungpo Monastery in Shigatse, Tibet's second-largest "city," brilliant frescoes depict one thousand and one images of Buddha, in five traditional poses. In the Palchor Monastery at Gyantse, a large caravan stop dominated by a fortress, 48 pillars support the large hall, and in Lhasa's Jokhang Monastery, hundreds of tiny golden statues of Buddha can be found in a gallery of their own.

In Tibet, doors and windows are not mere conveniences to go through or see through; they are treated as special vehicles for an artist's inspiration. The eye is invited to focus on them not only by splashy color, but by design as well—by a kind of *trompe l'oeil* that creates a "forced perspective." While doors and windows themselves are



Street outside the temple of Tashilungpo

perfectly symmetrical, their painted or structural frames are made wider at the bottom than at the top; they seem to lean away from the viewer, like a skyscraper in a camera lens.

Often, parallel lines of paint draw the eye from one architectural feature to the next—from a window to a door to a painted panel alive with flowers and abstract designs. Windows are multipaned and sometimes filigreed with wooden patterns, causing the eye to pause before moving on to comprehend the vast space outside. The hard, bright light of Tibet—there is a lack of gray—further accentuates this forced perspective and seemingly exaggerated proportions of doors and windows.

What is evident is that windows and doors, each with their little roofs and intricate details, imitate the shape of an entire building. Each opening is an architectural "surround," a diminution of the building itself, much as in classic Greek temples. These exaggerated proportions of the windows and doors reflect the battered walls which bear the vertical weight of the building. Because the base is always broader than the top, as in the famous adobe-built Saint Francis Church in faraway Taos, New Mexico, Tibetan architecture—especially in the grand monasteries—seems to sweep upward, sometimes even higher than the mountains.

As in other northern countries,

heavy emphasis is placed on structure, especially on the ingenious Chinese bracketing for roofs. These beams, lintels, dentils are brilliantly painted with intricate designs; where structural imperatives call for strength, the heavy beams are often lightened by glorious blues, reds, and yellows, accentuated by stark black at the windows and doors. Windows are sometimes screened behind a fretwork of other colors and other woods; sometimes the interiors are shielded, as in the Norbuling Palace, by something as ordinary as Irish lace curtains; and often clerestries allow brilliant light to flood huge hallways, thus ruining the priceless Ming Dynasty tribute silk that festoons walls and ceilings.

The monasteries of Tibet stand in brilliant contrast to the subsistence-level existence of most of the land's two million people whose average annual income is two hundred dollars. Where do the people live? Some live within the monastery walls, but most are huddled together in stone or mud villages that blend into the landscape. Much as in medieval Europe there are only the bare necessities of life. Whether attached or semidetached, homes are strictly for human and animal housing at the most basic level—four walls and a roof with perhaps a window. Good housing with perhaps some pretension to aesthetic taste belonged to the few, to the rich nobles and to the church.

For a Westerner visiting the land in its 26th year of Chinese domination, Tibet is like opening a curtain on eleventh-century Europe. The land is quiet, as in an Ingmar Bergman film of Sweden in that period. Tibet invites you to turn inward. Inward on the interiors of monasteries and noble homes where sparkling, shiny colors deny the harsh world outside. □

Author's Note: There are no universally accepted correct spellings for Tibetan place names. Written Tibetan is based on seventeenth-century Indian script. Numerous changes have occurred since but little attempt was made to romanize place names. In 1951 the Chinese translated their versions into idiograms and then romanized them. Confusion persists. I took what seems to be the most comfortable to Western and Tibetan ears.

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ARTFUL BALANCE

(Continued from page 166) features of the apartment is the unprepossessing balance created between art and furniture. Neither the owner nor the decorator sought to impress friends with a hoard of treasures each more costly than the last but rather to bring into right relation a relatively few fine things. Take, for instance, the constellation of art and furniture in the master bedroom. Above the fireplace hangs *Morning*, 1959, a pearlescent Baziotes whose technique is flawless and perfectly attuned to its Surreal conception, presenting as it does the sense of a delicate membrane to our inner thoughts. On an adjoining wall hangs another ambiguity, a charcoal sketch on canvas for a painting Mondrian never completed. It is especially elusive seen from across the room, beyond the calligraphy of wood furniture spread diagonally—calligraphy created by a Ming coffee table and replica, and desk and chairs by Josef Hoffmann, whose bold, clear verticals seem to give rise to the mauve Daum lamp and other-worldly Mondrian above.

Last but not least, in this room appropriately designed to invoke in-between states of consciousness, is *Music—Pink and Blue, II*, 1919, a painting by Georgia O'Keeffe. One often comes across a painting that is dark and mysterious, but rarely one that is light and mysterious, and much else



A lively interplay among Léger oil, Dubuffet sculpture, and Giacometti table

besides. "I've always thought she must have painted it at the height of her romance with Stieglitz," says Emily Landau of this radiantly beautiful work.

It says much about Emily Landau that she not only decorates around art she honors it. As she walks from room to room commenting on the object she unconsciously nudges one or another of them a quarter inch to restore the proper exactness she had in mind for the harmony and balance among carefully acquired things. □

Editor: Carolyn Soll

PARADISE IN A LITTLE ROOM

(Continued from page 188) strict control." Maidenhair and chain ferns thrive under constant showers, and clumps of wild violets like the ones planted years ago in Peggy's pocket-handkerchief garden flourish in the mild climate.

Marsh marigolds' yellow cups decorate the shores of three tiny ponds captured in the rock. Feeding resident Mr. Duck, Peggy says that "we dammed up the basins to make the ponds because it just seemed right for the pretend mountains to plunge into water. This reflects our larger view of the Olympic Mountains descending into the Strait of Juan de Fuca.

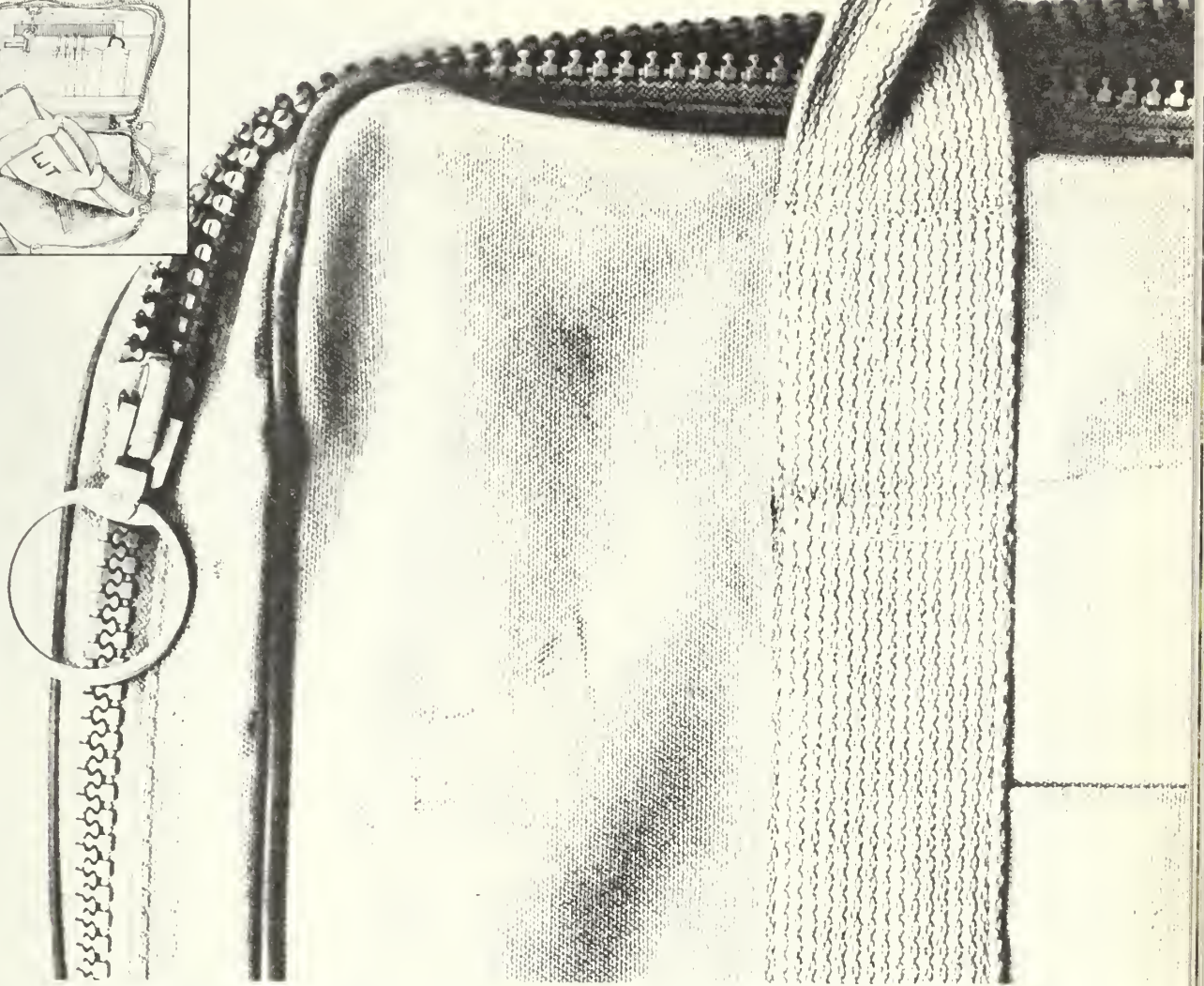
Uprooting a wayward plant, Peggy remembers that "when we first came to Victoria, the uplands were covered in blue fields of camas lilies. But now they have been dug up to make parks. It's a shame... the blue fields would have been nicer."

But she quickly defends her adopted home: "Victoria is a wonderful place. It's charming, eccentric, and cosmopolitan. This is what we were used to before we moved here, so we have been most comfortable." Concluding her walk about the garden she adds, "You see, I am a gardener, and everyone knows that we gardeners are just a little crazy." □

Editor: Marilyn Schaffer

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JOURNAL



THE LOUISE AND WALTER ARENSBERG COLLECTION

KING OF THE JUNGLE

Henri Rousseau, *The Merry Jesters*, The Museum of Modern Art, NYC, through June 4.

Unlike Gauguin, another late bloomer, Rousseau the toll pensioner got no nearer the tropics than the Paris *Jardin des Plantes*. But what Mesozoic greenness—and haunting allegoric dreams—he conjured up. Most of Rousseau's jungles are not Peaceable Kingdoms. Darwin has intervened. And Freud: in *The Merry Jesters*, *above*, circa 1906, apes drop a baby bottle and brandish a back scratcher, as if surprised playing house in their Green Mansion. An otherworldly light and foreboding hush prevail.

Rousseau's primitivism seduces our subconscious. One-point perspective sucks us into *The Mill at Alfort*. Exaggerated foregrounds anticipate de Chirico; smokestacks, Léger. *Luxembourg Garden*—the strollers self-possessed as chess pawns—recalls Seurat's *Grande Jatte*. Yet, as this first major retrospective of Rousseau's work makes clear, this one-time Sunday painter was truly a one-man show. *Margaret Morse*

TRUE IN HIS FASHION

Erwin Blumenfeld, 1935–1969, Staley-Wise Gallery, NYC, through May 18.

The glassy gaze on the left figure's face should prompt a second look at this *Vogue* cover study, *below*—an example of how Erwin Blumenfeld (1897–1969) characteristically plays with our perceptions. His participation in Berlin's Dada movement in the 1920s and '30s set the tone for his radical experiments with composition and photographic techniques. Later work, both personal and commercial, reflected Blumenfeld's eye for abstractions that virtually redefined his subjects.

Anne Rieselbach



BLUMENFELD'S MODEL AND MANNEQUIN, 1945.



THE WHITE HOUSE EXPOSED: NORTH PORTICO, OVERDOOR DETAIL

PRESIDENTIAL COVER-UP

By the end of May the last coat of paint will be applied to the now-bare columns and carvings of the North Portico of the White House, *above*, and the marbly blush-beige of its Seneca sandstone walls will again be covered with the requisite white. The stripping and repainting of the mansion's exterior began in 1980 on the east side, built at the end of the eighteenth century.

Paint on these walls was over fifty layers thick in some places, and cleaning exposed scorch marks from the fire set during the War of 1812 as well as intricate carvings once veiled in paint. The North Portico, about thirty years younger, revealed more delicate details. Part three of this restoration won't begin for several years, and the entire project may not be finished until the turn of the century. Also in progress: William Seale's definitive history of the White House to be published in 1986.

Amy McNeis

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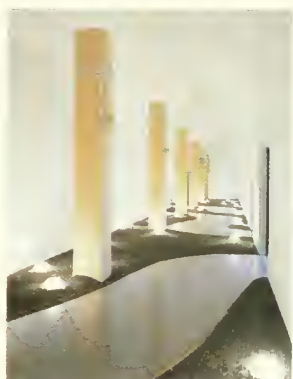
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NOW AND ZEN

Japanese architect Shin Takamatsu had an allegorical walk through nature in mind when he designed this construction in a hallway at the recent Traditional Arts and Crafts Exhibition in Kyoto. For visitors crossing from one gallery to the next, this room of Japanese cypress columns rising from a floor of stones and rounded light fixtures reflects the Japanese belief that divinity is felt in the presence of tranquil, natural surroundings.

Donovan Webster



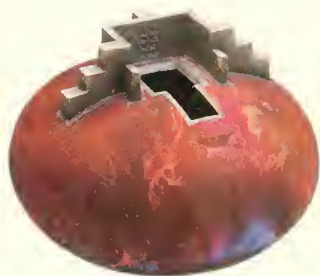
ANIMAL PASSION

Twenty-six-year-old Jeremiah Dine took his 35 mm camera into the galleries of New York's American Museum of Natural History and came away with *Natural Selection* (Hansjorg Meyer, Stuttgart), a book of terrifyingly beautiful photographs. With skewed croppings and an extremely shallow depth of field, Dine delivers black-and-white images of skeletal baboons, lowering eagles, and snarling marsupials in postures from a child's favorite nightmare. The above photo shows the artist's reinvention of a museum ornithological showcase. D.W.

CAPITAL CRAFTS

The 1985 Washington Crafts Show, Departmental Hall, The Smithsonian Institution, through April 28.

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RAKU VESSEL BY RICK FORIS

CONSTRUCTIVE ATTITUDE

Donald Shambroom, Clark Gallery, Lincoln, Mass., May 7-June 1; Markel Gallery, NYC, Jan. 1986.



SHAMBROOM'S HEXAGONAL TOWER. OIL ON CANVAS, 48" x 64"

THRILLS IN FRILLS

Poor Mr. Hartwright. He's off to tutor two half sisters—Laura (Jenny Seagrove) and Marian (Diana Quick), *below*—wh a woman in white warns him of his employers. He loves Laura, but she marries Sir Percival. Reenter the woman, an evil count, and dotty uncle (deliciously acted by Alan Badel and Ian Richardson, respectively)—the plot thickens. *The Woman in White* begins May 2 on PBS's *Mystery!* In five parts. *Gabrielle Win*



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JENNIFER BARTLETT MOVES INTO SCULPTURE

(Continued from page 156) involving so many people on the Giurgola and Volvo staffs that the term "communal collaboration" is not far-fetched. Yet Bartlett also produced a work completely consistent with her sensibility, and—as the contents of her Paris studio and her spring exhibitions at New York's Paula Cooper Gallery and the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis should confirm—launched a new phase in the development of her art.

From the beginning, Pehr G. Gyllenhammar and Volvo had some very specific ideas. They wanted from Giurgola a structure that would depart radically from the bulky, vertical downtown HQ so frequent in corporate architecture; a building that would reflect the company's new character as a diversified international corporation; and a building that would keep the heads of Volvo's new divisions in contact with the company's "roots" and one another in a creative way. The site they chose, on the outskirts of Göteborg, overlooks one of



The Volvo commission begins with a shimmering view of the archipelagos at sunset, stippled onto Bartlett's signatory foot-square steel plates and located at the bottom of the stairway leading to the visitors' wing.

Volvo's original automobile factories and a classic Swedish view of granite and heather, with archipelagos and sea

visible in the distance. Giurgola responded to Volvo with an idiosyncratic, unusually intimate building that juxtaposes international forms with local treatments and leaves the landscape as untouched as possible. In effect, he improvised on the ground plan of a Roman villa, using the granite, teal, and copper so prevalent in Swedish buildings.

Much about Giurgola's building dovetailed with and influenced Bartlett's own sensibility: the unadorned materials and assertive details, the careful attention to site, the discursive implicitly "narrative" layout that would not reveal itself from any one viewpoint. Equally fortuitous was Giurgola's long-term practice of involving artists in his projects early on. Bartlett visited the site on four separate occasions—including one time before construction was under way—taking photographs to work from, noting unusual characteristics, absorbing atmosphere. Furthermore, at crucial points Giurgola encouraged or discouraged certain of Bartlett's ideas, sometimes setting her off in new directions.

When, for example, Bartlett decided that the proposed dining room would only be "junked up" by the addition of paintings, Giurgola was receptive to her idea of placing objects in the landscape to be viewed from the dining room. (Bartlett had always considered converting her most frequent motifs into three dimensions but says "The idea never made sense before.") Giurgola also agreed to Bartlett's request that the commission be expanded to encompass the entire executive wing—which in her mind formed "one thing" and needed to be dealt with accordingly. But when Bartlett proposed large landscape paintings for both the lounge area preceding the dining room and the relaxation room following it, Giurgola objected: the rooms were too different in use and proportion for such symmetry; the art would be too dominant in the final chamber. This led Bartlett to a drastic revision and her strange and witty denouement: the idea that the last room would seem to contain no art at all but actually would offer a recapitulation, in a minor key, of the entire commission.

This commission, ending with a reprise of itself, is in a sense a reprise of the entire Volvo building project. It re-

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iterates, in its own terms, Volvo's mandate and Giurgola's response, mirroring aspects of the building and its functions as well as its natural and cultural environs. And it does this in the guise of an increasingly complex examination of the role of art, craft, and especially craftsmanship that is at once real and symbolic.

The piece proceeds in three big movements, or meditations. It starts, as Volvo and Giurgola did, with the land itself. In the lounge area the viewer encounters four big landscape images of the surrounding scenery—depictions, in Giurgola's words, of "things we were very aware of in that place." A painting on Bartlett's well-known foot-square enameled-steel plates shows the archipelagos in the pinks and greens of sunset; a densely detailed pastel represents sun-dappled birches by a rocky stream; an oil painting bodies forth an image of fjord and sea at once abstract and redolent with morning dampness. And in an alcove that affords the first view of the real outdoors, there is a

rough, spirited fresco of white clouds against the blue sky.

Having introduced the major elements of the uninhabited landscape inside the building—and also within the perimeters of painting's high-art tradition—the commission then proceeds to inhabit that same landscape with a series of three-dimensional tableaux that evoke all kinds of human activity.

The first visible outdoor elements are a table and a pair of chairs made, like the building itself, of two colors of granite; next, a wonderful white-slatted, copper-roofed house in indigenous summer-cabin style, which also contains another table and chairs, this trio in copper; and finally a pair of life-size clinker-built boats in Cor-Ten steel, which lie on the rocks as if pulled up for the winter. Together these three-dimensional symbols posit the domestic and everyday quite literally between office and factory. Combining elements of a typical Swedish country view, they evoke certain givens essential to both life and pleasure—the

sea, shelter, and food—plus local traditions of design and craft. And, usual with Bartlett, these sophisticated cross references are infused with compelling innocence. For Bartlett emblematic forms also have the purity and awkwardness of toys done large, conjuring up memories of childhood games and fantasies. Furthermore, part of their awkwardness comes from a combination of impeccable craft and inappropriate materials, which is its fantastic. Swedish summer cabins don't have copper roofs; real tables and chairs don't come in granite; real boats in Cor-Ten steel. Such twofold indications indicate the way Bartlett both uses and misuses the givens of a site, artificializing the real into art.

In its final "movement" the commission's various parts and levels of reality, artifice, and art are densely layered and humorously confounded. Two dimensions meet three, high art mingled with craft, real-life size with handheld form with function—and the art of all can be downplayed to the point of invisibility. Having surveyed high-art depictions of the landscape and the applied arts in the landscape, Bartlett moves indoors again for a series of decorative, rather light-hearted "finishing touches" in which her various motifs are disguised as furnishings or appointments—things that are, after all, the end stage of any building project.

On a wood screen is painted a depiction of the landscape just passed by, complete with Bartlett's additions to it: the table and chairs, house, and boat. In front of this is a final version of the table and chair—this time in wood, painted a popular Swedish yellow. On the table rests a portfolio containing 20 unframed drawings to be browsed through at the viewer's discretion, which review the surrounding landscape and its contents in more intimate detail. Also on the table are two echoes of the outdoor pieces, now truly toy-sized and exclusively pleasure-oriented: a white-enameled wood house whose roof flips open to divulge a deck of playing cards and a pack of cigarettes, and a delicate silver boat that doubles as an ashtray. With this mélange of forms and images to be used, contemplated, or ignored, Bartlett's Volvo commission casts a last look over its complicated progress and makes a quiet exit.

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JENNIFER BARTLETT MOVES INTO SCULPTURE

The Volvo piece constitutes Bartlett's most inspired and subtle handling of a site thus far, and succeeds, in part, by an unusual suspension of artistic ego. Yet, by giving in so completely to the indigenous possibilities offered her, Bartlett has found a new freedom for her art: moving into three dimen-

sions has made her work less site-dependent. In her latest efforts, Bartlett continues to experiment with objects and these scaled-down vernacular houses, boats, paths, and fences generate their own portable plein-air scene for the artist to draw and paint. □

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byro

THE PARIS ATELIER OF JENNIFER BARTLETT

(Continued from page 158) In his plans, Sauvage described his creation as a *maison à gradins sportifs*, or house with setbacks for sporting activities, and provided ateliers in the apartments, apparently hoping to attract sport-loving artists who also happened to be rich enough to afford space in his scheme.

The most sportive member of the *Carrière ménage* is an Abyssinian cat named Kanga, who, disdainful of the six-story drop, prowls the building's parapets in a heart-stopping display of acrobatic skill. But at the time they saw the apartment Jennifer and Mathieu had a more serious deficiency as prospective tenants. They were not rich. Furthermore, what they describe as their "scramble" for financing after their impetuous offer had been accepted was complicated by the fact that neither of them is a French citizen. They found themselves dealing with bankers and lawyers in three different countries, two different time zones, and several different languages. Then, since that was not complication enough, they asked Max Gordon, an old friend, to draw up a plan for the space. Mr. Gordon is an architect known for creating spaces with reticent elements, serene proportions, and a practical layout. He also lives in London.

Between cash-flow problems and a commuting architect, there were countless changes of plan and few firm arrangements while work on the apartment was in progress. Mathieu recalls: "We did everything without one single written contract. We didn't even have insurance. If anybody had broken a leg here it would have killed us. We were lucky because everything sort of fell into place."

"Of course, there are mistakes," points out Jennifer. "The fireplace is

too small. . . ."

"Now it doesn't look too small, it's perfect," says Mathieu.

"But originally it looked like a pizza oven," says Jennifer.

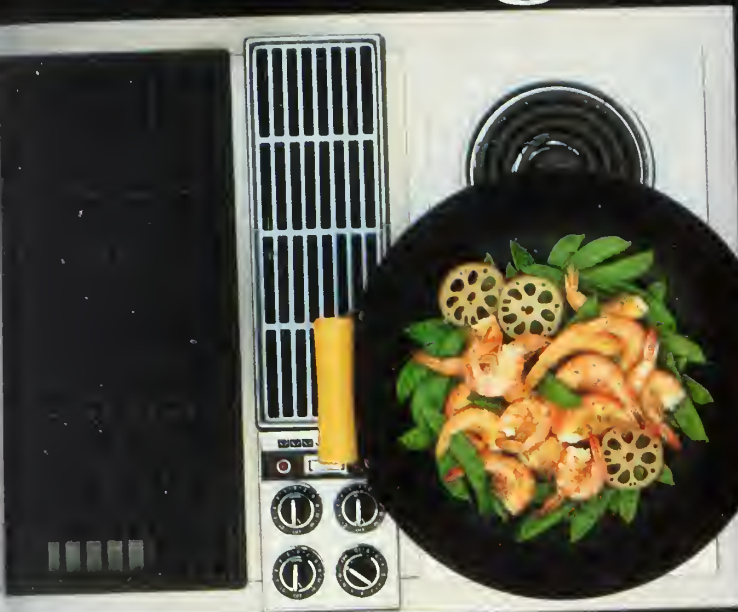
"Yes, a pizza oven in the middle of Hopi village," agrees Mathieu.

The Hopi village with a pizza oven in the middle of it, a stepped construction that is a raised fireplace and hearth on one side and a kitchen wall on the other, is the core of the apartment. "I knew when I started," says Max Gordon, "that Jennifer and Mathieu were both used to living in a very fluid kind of way, and that is something which is demonstrated in the place. The kitchen is part of the living room and leads very easily to the other spaces. What corridors there were have been totally suppressed. I took Sauvage's building and its façade very much into account when I made my design. My starting point was the external expression of the building, and the idea was to carry it right the way through the apartment, which accounts for the bald appearance of the interior, the use of the white and blue tiles, and the stepped form of the kitchen and fireplace element."

Casual as the design may appear, it follows a certain logic. "The tiles on the exterior of the building," continues Mr. Gordon, "are set in a curious kind of rhythm, which has to do with the floor levels and the terraces. They were used as a replacement for architectural detailing like cornices and friezes. In the apartment I used a loose interpretation of the pattern as a marker for different levels and surfaces of the space."

Even getting just the right tile was harder than it may seem. "Mathieu gets impatient," says Jennifer. "I was determined to find the tile I liked, so we searched all over Paris and I dragged-

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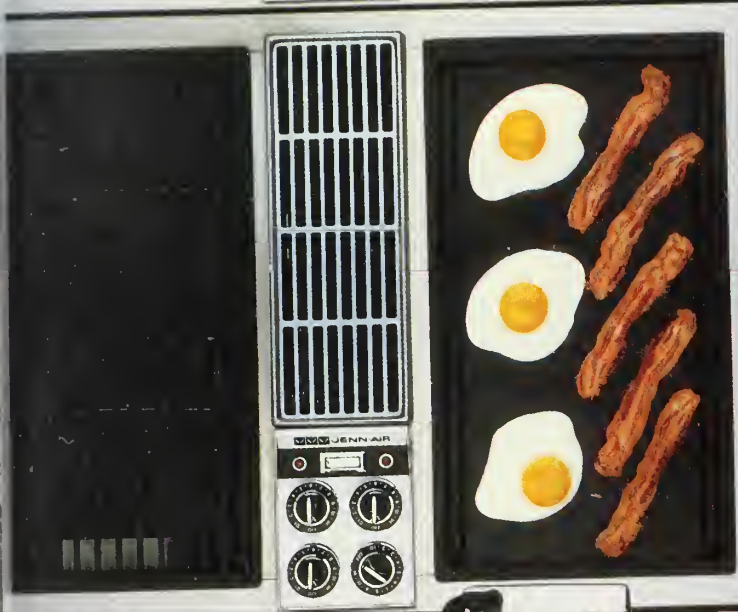
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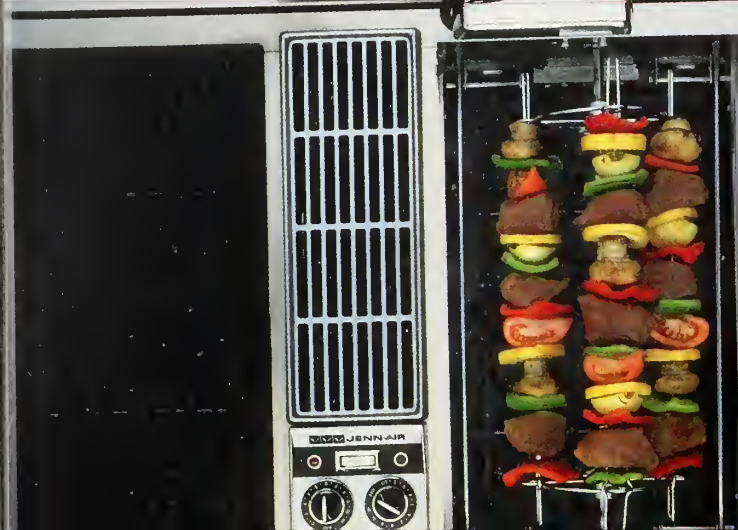
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THE PARIS ATELIER OF JENNIFER BARTLETT

Mathieu along with me and we couldn't find them. The color was wrong or the size or the surface. But I just kept pushing and pushing to keep looking for the right ones."

"When we found them I thought they cost too much," adds Mathieu.

"I kept saying it's worth it, it's worth it," counters Jennifer. "I spent three months raving and ranting about everything. I would have these real tantrums and, in fact, Mathieu was more scared about how it would all come out than I was."

While Jennifer and Mathieu were fighting about the tiles, Max was engaged in a battle of his own to protect the deliberate baldness of the space from the attentions of the French team carrying out the work. "There's a kind of French attitude toward design which is rather finicky and doesn't try and solve problems but gets involved with chic little details," he says. Though the space is mostly as he intended it to be, he is not convinced that his solutions make it better than the



Henri Sauvage's 1912 building totally altered the traditional image of the city street and possibly influenced later, more famous architects like Le Corbusier.

way it was. "It's always difficult," notes, "to give a space a sense of place when you're using very basic materials. I have a tendency anyway to design places which don't seem to be in a particular location."

Such a tendency suits Mathieu particularly well. "I like the neutrality of this space, you can't even tell which person uses which area. I've really been a nomad, never marked my territory very well, but now if someone asks me where my home is, it's not a country it's this place. My dream was always to have an apartment where I could work. I've just finished a film script about Beethoven. When you collaborate with someone on a script, as I did, you have to walk and fight. Here it was a Venice experience because my collaborator and I could scream at each other across a lot of space. I'm writing a comedy now, set in this apartment." About an American painter and a German actor? "It's about an American writer and his French mistress and a Polish photographer and the Mafia and the

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JB and the CIA," he says. Whatever the KGB and the CIA get to in the apartment, Alvar Aalto plays a leading part in each scene. Every single household object was designed by the Finnish architect. Jennifer explains: "I knew that Mathieu and I were capable of squawking and squabbling over one piece of furniture for a whole day, so the idea of having to exercise one's taste so many times over seemed to me so painful. I had imagined trying to get a sofa and going to another store for a chair, then checking the china, then finding it doesn't work out together." "I agree with Jennifer on that," declares Mathieu. "I was making a movie in Finland and Jennifer was working on her Volvo installation in Sweden, so he came to visit and we just walked to a store that sells Alvar Aalto designs and bought everything." "Part of Aalto's genius is that his early pieces go with pieces he designed thirty years later," says Jennifer. In a dramatic version of one-stop shop-

ping, she and Mathieu sat in their Helsinki hotel room and improvised situations in the apartment so they could order everything they needed at once. The order was just about right, except that dinners chez Carrière are not lit by candles because Jennifer could not find candleholders she liked. And they underbought by a hair. "I wish I'd gotten twenty-four cups instead of twelve," says Jennifer. There are often a lot of friends for dinner in the Carrière home.

In fact, the Carrières have a lot of visitors at all times of the day. Sometimes they are Japanese tourists who ring the bell asking for a close-up view of the apartment that looks so intriguing from the street. A friend may call to finish off an interrupted chess game with Mathieu in his alcove office. Jennifer's assistants work in the studio, perhaps wrapping paintings for shipment to a show in England, while Jennifer discusses plans for a roof garden with a landscape gardener at the dining table. Bruna, the Italian housekeeper, comes

every day, often preparing fresh pasta for lunch. An American journalist arrives for an interview.

With so much activity going on all the time, Jennifer and Mathieu may never get to settle down in their Sauvage apartment. But they feel very much at home there. "The color of Paris up here, this metal-gray blue is a great color for moods," observes Mathieu. "And with the terraces it's like living outdoors, on a boat."

"The nicest garden in Paris, the Luxembourg, is at the bottom of the street," says Jennifer, "and the store where I buy my paints [Lucien LeFebvre-Foinet, where Matisse and Picasso bought their paints] is just opposite."

"We're exactly on the corner of four different neighborhoods," adds Mathieu, "so there are good restaurants all around and twenty movie houses within a five-minute walk . . ."

As the list of attractions grows, exit Kanga to the terrace for a little leaping and bounding. □

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron



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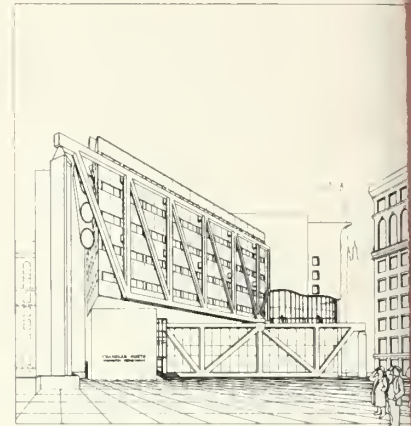
THE STIRLING STANDARD

(Continued from page 179) arated museum and park was gradually widened, until by the 1960s it had become a highway, marooning the gallery from Stuttgart's other estimable cultural institutions. Buoyed since 1958 by income from the state of Baden-Württemberg's lottery, the museum had begun to amass a significant collection of twentieth-century art by the time it was decided in 1977 that a major new addition was called for.

Among eleven firms to submit proposals, Stirling and Wilford made the most convincing case for resolving the site's inherent drawbacks. Without resorting to any physical links across the busy Konrad-Adenauer-Strasse, the architects managed to create a sense of presence so strong and engaging that the intrusive roadway pales to insignificance, if not, alas, to invisibility. (Since the outpouring of approval for the new gallery, the city is now considering plans for submerging the thoroughfare, turning the street level into a pedestrian mall.)



Stirling and Wilford's 1980 design for Columbia University is quietly contextual on the street side, *above left*, and strongly structural on the campus side, *above right*.



At first glance there is much—perhaps too much—to take in. Rather than presenting an imposingly unified façade to the street, the Neue Staatsgalerie offers a veritable collage of initially disparate elements. Undulating glass window walls framed in poison-green mullions, fat tubular metal handrails painted shocking pink and periwinkle

blue, and high-tech sawtooth canopies of steel and glass clamor for immediate attention. But the shock quickly subsides, for holding the jumpy composition together with imperturbable gravity is the building's predominant cladding: alternating bands of travertine and sandstone, at once sumptuous and restrained.

Even a half-century of reinforced concrete construction has not been enough to supplant the appeal that a finely built masonry structure possesses. But Stirling being Stirling, the stone is used here in a most unusual way. At a distance, the stripes of tawny mineral recall the solid rustication of classical foundations through the ages, but a closer inspection reveals it to be quite another thing. Far too brittle to be used structurally, the locally quarried stone is applied as a thin veneer over precast concrete. Toying with the Modernist obsession with the "honesty" of materials, the architects attached the plaques of Weiler sandstone and Canstatt travertine to the walls with brackets, leaving the joints between them devoid of grouting. Thus the masonry hovers in contradiction to its age-old handling. This is architectural wit of exceptional subtlety, especially when gauged against the puns and pratfalls of Stirling and Wilford's American Post-Modern counterparts.

The focal point of the plan is the circular sculpture court, which without fear of hyperbole can be called one of the most majestic spaces created by a contemporary architect. Stirling's avowed intention for the Neue Staatsgalerie to be "monumentally informal" is perfectly realized here. Although un-

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THE STIRLING STANDARD

questionably magnificent, it is also invitingly human, as the contingent of dawdlers invariably to be found there bears out. And despite its having become a gathering place, it was intended from the first to be also an aid to transit. One of the requirements of the client's brief was that the new wing not impede pedestrian traffic between the residential neighborhood to the east of the site and the city center to the west. Accordingly, the architects wrapped a sloping walkway around the inner perimeter of the roofless rotunda, adding a stimulating feeling of propulsion to what might otherwise have seemed a solemnly static enclosure.

The interiors of the museum are no less intelligently considered. The new exhibition galleries, in rectangular

to Schinkel's Altes Museum of 1823–30 in Berlin (as much as the overall scheme is indebted to a host of other historical influences) but functionally it is as advanced as any completed during the recent worldwide museum boom. Stirling's vast knowledge of the architectural past and his sharp intuition as to its current pertinence are the twin wellsprings of his inspiration. As a synthesis of problem solving and image making, this is one of the finest demonstrations in many years of the container of art as a work of art in itself.

There can be no doubt that a flurry of gallery offers will descend on Stirling and Wilford after the soaring success of Stuttgart. Scheduled to open this November is their Clore Gallery addition to the Tate Gallery in Lon-

In the United States, where Stirling's influence began to be felt in avant-garde circles after his stints as a visiting critic at the Yale architecture school in the early sixties, his building career has gotten off to a much slower start, but clients here seem determined to make up for lost time. In six years he has generated four college commissions akin to the reputation-making sequence of his glory years: M.D. Anderson Hall at Rice University in Houston, completed in 1981; a new chemistry building at Columbia University, designed in 1979 but since put on hold; the Arthur Sackler Museum, an addition to the Fogg Museum at Harvard, to be dedicated in October; and the Cornell University Performing Arts Center, expected to be finished in 1986. Each of those designs is different from the others, characteristic of the Stirling and Wilford output as a whole in their most fifteen years of partnership: recognizable by its quality rather than easily identifiable motifs.

The most startling—if that is not to active a term—of their American designs is their addition to the Rice architecture school. Its respectfulness of context is total. Astonishingly charmingly leonlike amid the original twentieth-century Hispano-Lombardic concoctions of Cram, Goodhue and Ferguson, the building has more than once eluded would-be visitors who “couldn't find it,” so convincingly does it mimic its surroundings. In fact, it is a very well-worked out scheme, and Stirling and Wilford's rejection of the unbridled showmanship indulged in by the architectural stars of the fifties and sixties (on campuses that have come to regret it) makes the Rice design a fascinating turning point in the annals of architectural taste.

The Sackler Museum at Harvard across the street from the original Fogg Museum, suffers by comparison in several important respects. The entrance façade is colossally scaled and exudes the primal vitality of its architects at their most vigorous. How this elevation will appear if their proposed pedestrian bridge to the Fogg is built remains to be seen; less speculative is their unfortunate handling of the tw



The startlingly recessive addition to the Rice University architecture school, 1979–81

wings surrounding the sculpture court on three sides, mark a return to the traditional enfilade that had been scorned by architects for years, resulting in a generation of confusing museum layouts. Orientation to one's route (such a problem in the East Building of the National Gallery in Washington, for example) is unmistakable here, allowing one's attention to be fully devoted to the works of art. The Stuttgart collection, which excels in its holdings of Picasso, Oskar Schlemmer, and American Pop Art, is seen to optimum effect under skylights augmented with artificial illumination. In its clarity of conception the plan is an obvious homage

don. Built to house the museum's definitive collection of the paintings of J.M.W. Turner, the handsomely proportioned wing is reminiscent in its various passages of epochs ranging from the Mycenaean to the Elizabethan to the Modern. Even before its completion the Clore has become the latest animus of the “young fogeys,” the aging High Tory reactionaries to whom modern architecture, and Stirling's in particular, has long been anathema. In spite of, or perhaps precisely because of, Stirling's rising stock abroad, it would seem that his long-overdue honor at home might continue to evade him.



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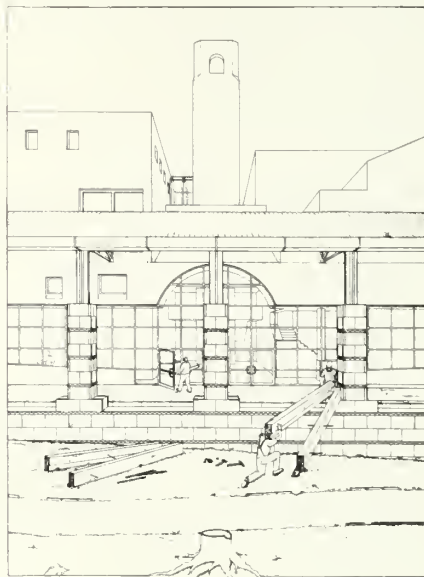
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other street façades. Faced in alternating horizontal stripes of orange and purple brick that turn the rounded corner, the walls look low-budget, a depressing result of mediocre bricklaying and stock window frames more suitable for public housing.

A call to higher culture is sounded on the interior with a monumental, skylit central stairway of almost Assyrian awesomeness. Rising narrowly and steeply between walls of tinted concrete in lateral stripes of lavender and banana yellow (studded with bits of architectural carving in the manner of Sir John Soane), this *scala regia* would be all the more inspiring if it did not lead to galleries and study rooms of disproportionate modesty.

Much more promising are the plans that Stirling and Wilford have devised for the Cornell campus, where the sense of conflict has always been between the breath-taking natural setting and the thoroughly boring architecture. The new Performing Arts Center seems likely to remedy that. Its design-



The Cornell University Performing Arts Center, scheduled for completion in 1986.

ers' ability to meld several smaller buildings into cohesive larger ensembles—so brilliantly demonstrated at

Stuttgart—seems operative here again.

This vaguely Italianate grouping which will include a traditional proscenium theater, an experimental theater, a dance studio, classrooms, and offices, avoids both the cloying cuteness of some of Michael Graves's village compositions, as well as the chilling anomic constructs of the Italian *Te denza*. One can imagine that the north-facing loggia of the Cornell Performing Arts Center, on the rim of a spectacularly romantic gorge that slashes through the campus, will be a provocative vantage point from which to ponder the interaction of architecture and landscape.

Despite his deeply disappointing loss to Richard Meier last October of the prestigious commission for the new J. Paul Getty Trust Fine Arts Center in Los Angeles, James Stirling at sixty can afford to take the long view of his overall contribution. The publication next month of a handsome new Rizzoli monograph, *James Stirling Building and Projects 1950-1980*, edited by Peter Arnell and Ted Bickford, will serve as yet another reminder of the central place its subject commands in twentieth-century architecture. Stirling was once heralded as the most important British architect since Charles Rennie Mackintosh, and that assessment still stands (with the possible exception that many might now say he is the greatest since Sir Edwin Lutyens, reflecting the Classical realignment that has affected Stirling's designs in particular).

As is always the case with all but the most demonically prolific architects (like Frank Lloyd Wright), there seems to be not nearly enough of the work of James Stirling yet. How, then, does he see the years ahead of him? In his acceptance speech for the Gold Medal of the Royal Institute of British Architects in 1980, Stirling predicted a continuation of the qualities that combine so sympathetically in the Neue Staatsgalerie at Stuttgart. As he hopefully put it, "If we have a future, I see us going forward *oscillating*. . . between the formal and the informal, between the restrained and the exuberant." Now that that rhythm has been firmly set in the world of architecture for 35 years, we can be certain that Stirling's work will continue to resonate among the most authentic and compelling of our time. □

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(Continued from page 124) decoration.

So much for the challenge of a new career. The other challenge that Federico took on at virtually the same time was the creation of this house in Cetona. When he bought the property in 1970, it consisted of a small holding: three hectares of terraced land in a beautiful situation, a small tumble-down farmhouse and an even smaller store for farm implements. Federico added a second floor to the *casale* and built a swimming pool (a discreetly colorless one). Just as well: nowadays no additions of any kind are permitted. At the same time he gutted the main house, remodeling everything from scratch. After ten years in the fashion business, Federico set his heart defiantly against fashion: "anti-chic" is how he describes his approach.

Wherever possible the designer has used traditional materials: Roman tiles and earthenware paving from local kilns, and simple stonework from local quarries. And he has made great play with such local techniques as the naïve

stencils—adapted by himself but cut and applied by local artisans—which crop up in one form or another in every room of the house. What Federico likes about these stencils, he says, is that they traditionally provided less prosperous communities with a rustic equivalent of frescoes and tapestries: "poor people's decoration." The broad yellow stripes in the hallway—a sort of peasant brocade—are a particularly attractive example of this technique.

In order to keep everything low-key, Federico has furnished his rooms with things that draw little attention to themselves but always prove to be worth a second look. And he has hung the walls with botanical drawings and prints and nineteenth-century specimens of dried ferns and grasses which are no less faithful to the spirit of the place. In addition there is a number of charming local views—topography with Surrealist overtones—by a great friend and frequent visitor Enrico d'Assia. "I am lucky," Federico says, "to live surrounded by so many tokens

of friendship." This helps to explain why the house has such spiritual as well as physical coziness, such *Stimmung*—the sense of intimacy that Mario Pisu prized above all other qualities in a room.

The garden proved to be even more of a challenge than the house. Although he had little experience with horticulture, Federico was determined to have not just a good, but an exceptionally good garden. No easy task. For all its air of timeless cultivation, Cetona proved to have very chalky soil—only good for olives and cypresses, according to the locals. However Federico was nothing if not persistent. He studied the problem in great detail and decided that everything would literally "come up roses" if enough truckloads of topsoil and fertilizer were brought in. He also consulted the late Russ Page, but only for the proportions of the little gardens—"monk's gardens" Federico calls them—which connect the larger house with the smaller ones. These have turned out to be one of the

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most attractive features of the place—a perfectly scaled enfilade. “Since the authorities no longer allow me to build onto my house,” Federico says, “all I can do is add more ‘rooms’ to my garden.”

Federico has turned out to be an instinctive gardener—painstaking and methodical, scholarly and tasteful, and, no less important, resilient in the face of disappointment. Although he aimed at a look that would be more English than Italian, he abstained from the usual herbaceous borders. Instead Federico decided to specialize in irises, roses, and lilies. He now has two iris gardens which between them include more than two hundred varieties. Since as much scientific experimentation as artistic imagination has gone into the plantings, the garden is as interesting as it is beautiful. In the course of spring and early summer the colors merge kaleidoscopically in constantly changing harmonies. The subtle range of conventional blues and unconventional pinks and the *demi-devil* gamut

of mauve to black do credit to the eye of the designer.

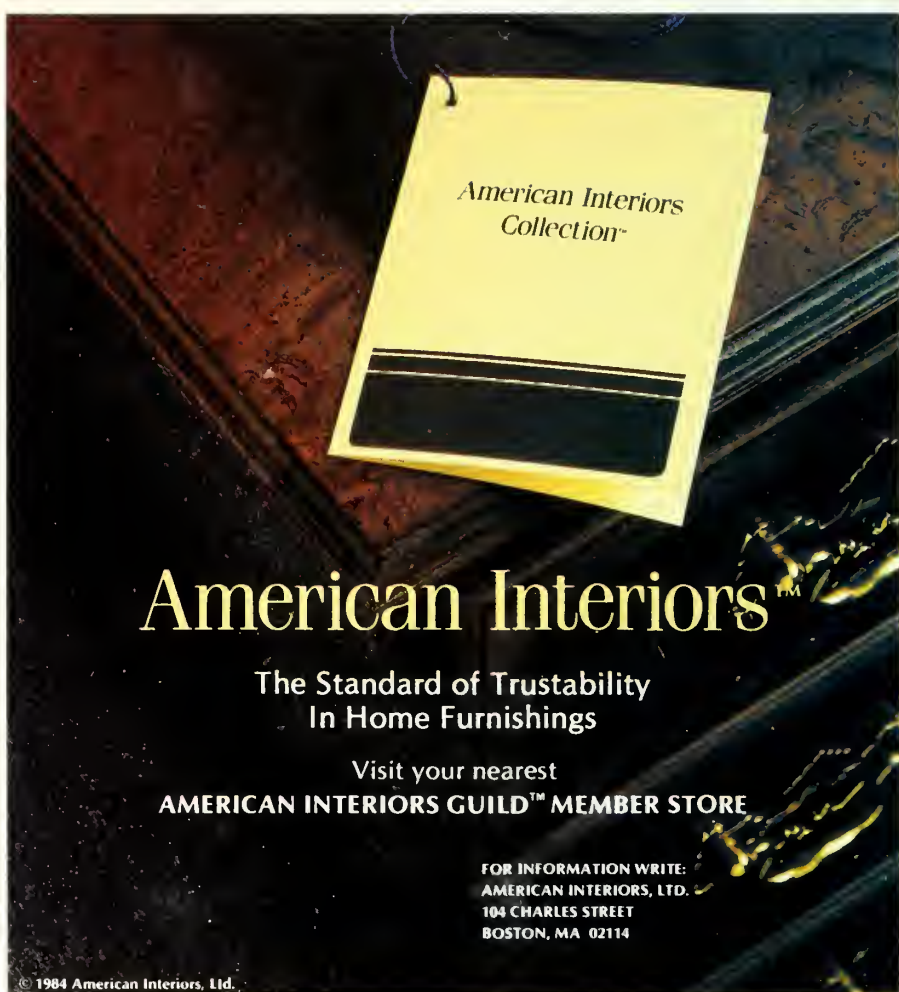
No less impressive is the variety of roses, although it is limited as to species: gallica and bourbon ones. Does he have ‘Variegata de Bologna’ (the bourbon rose with mauve-and-white-striped petals), a guest will ask. Federico leafs through the notebook in which he systematically records his rose collection, all 250 of them. “Over here,” he says, but he stops again and again en route to point out the rarities that he has come upon while studying eighteenth- and nineteenth-century books on horticulture. The rediscovery of old varieties has become an obsession. Here Federico has been greatly helped by his aforementioned friend, Enrico d’Assia (Prince Henry of Hesse), who has given him various volumes from the library of his grandfather, King Victor Emmanuel of Italy. The forgotten varieties described in these royal (mostly English) tomes have been a constant challenge to Federico’s stalking instincts. If he often

runs his prize to earth, it is thanks to Hillier’s, the English rose growers, and Margheriti Fratelli in Chiusi.

Federico restricts his lily garden to the variety traditionally associated—Italy at least—with Saint Anthony. He has done this partly out of local piety for this is the flower that constantly appears in the gold ground paintings of the Tuscan and Umbrian schools, and yet is not as much of a feature of local gardens as it deserves to be. But lilies are not the only sweet-smelling flowers that Federico collects. The garden has been thought out in terms of fragrance. Different varieties of lavender cascade over *intrecciata*, the hurdles made of interwoven twigs which local people use instead of stones for terracing. And the courtyard in front of the house is perfumed with the white flowers of *Rhynchospermum fragrans* and mandarin villa as well as the more conventional jasmine. Step out of the dining room into yet another small courtyard and take your choice of being overwhelmed by the vanillalike scent of the Chilean *Azara microphylla*, or by the monster, the ‘Kiftsgate’ Rose, whose white panicles erupt in psychedelic abundance.

Although Federico’s garden is of recent contrivance, it already blends seamlessly into the landscape and pays homage to the genius loci that preside over this numinous valley. For we are at the heart of ancient Etruria—home to the gentle Etruscans who, Federico claims, were so much more sympathetic than the warlike Romans. Home, especially, to Lars Porsena, the Etruscan leader who challenged Rome and is conceivably buried on Mount Cetona. Traces of his people are everywhere. Dig a well, plow a new furrow and the chances are you will come up with at least a shard or a votive figure—garden produce that is well represented on Federico’s shelves.

Nor should we forget that this part of the world is also associated with Saint Francis of nearby Assisi. Saint Francis appreciated the beauty of Cetona to the extent of founding a hermitage on the slopes of a local hill. Who in the circumstances can blame Federico and his discriminating neighbors for following in the footsteps of this gentlest of saints and sharing in the ancient virtue with which this Renaissance landscape abounds? □



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COMMERCIAL & RESIDENTIAL ENCLOSURES

(Continued from page 146) and inspiring environment but also a three-dimensional education in architecture and history, which he himself had necessarily got mostly from books.

Though equally instrumental in the development of the intimate academic campus life, the hotels on the ranges were simpler in style and initially more pragmatic in function. In a description accompanying a plan of the campus issued to prospective students, Jefferson stated merely that the hotels were "to be let to housekeepers for dieting the students [and were to] have their own offices, below, with each a backyard and garden." Jefferson later expanded upon this, proposing that a different language be spoken in each of the six halls, with students free to dine in the hall of their choice, thus broadening the opportunities for interaction. The hotels evolved into centers for all kinds of exchange—casual and arranged—conducted during mealtimes, study hours, evening performances. All was presided over by a junior master who



Dean Robertson at a seminar in his living room at the University of Virginia.

occupied a suite of rooms generally across the hall from the activity.

As visionary as his plan was, Jefferson had no way of knowing that architecture would gradually become a specialized subject taught in a separate school within the university rather than remain part of every student's curriculum. Nor could he have predicted that, as subjects grew into schools, architecture being one of the last to be founded independently, a tradition would develop whereby the

pavilions on the lawn were assigned deans based on the founding dates of their schools. In other words, the deans of the architecture school, the one who would most appreciate living in which Jefferson paid certain homage to his contemporary Claude Nicolas Ledoux, were denied the privilege. In fact, no dean of architecture had lived in any pavilion or hotel of the original campus.

The irony of this did not escape the notice of Dean Jacquelin Robertson. Six months after assuming office in January 1981, and after some delicately "settled" persuasion, he declined residence in the center hotel of the third range on the East Range, Hotel D.

Long after outliving its usefulness as a dining hall, Hotel D had served as temporary residence for such illustrious visitors and writers-in-residence as Lewis Mumford, Sir John Wheeler Bennett, and William Faulkner but had lost much of its physical Jeffersonian character. Robertson's main task was to restore the original plan to the hotel. Now, as before, a center hall divides the main floor into halves, one being taken up by the spacious living room formerly the dining/study hall, which has regained its fireplace and moldings. The other half comprises a sitting room and bedroom, one a reflection of the other. Downstairs are four rooms of roughly equal size: kitchen, dining room, office, and guest bedroom.

Next to any of the pavilions, Hotel D is a plain Jane, but to Robertson, it is "very jolly house." To his credit, the dean has gone far beyond restoring the architecture; he has reawakened within the hotel a degree of academic fellowship and dialogue that would have delighted Jefferson. Hotel D no longer serves up meals to students, but it is more than just a dean's residence. It is the setting for seminars and meetings with students and faculty, conferences and concerts (Dean Robertson rented a piano for one guest and found its presence so pleasing that another is emerging from storage to be installed in the living room) and parties that flow so smoothly through the main floor rooms, often spilling out onto the arcade or into the garden above, that it seems Hotel D was always intended as a demonstration model of Virginia

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
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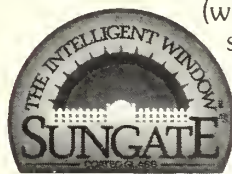
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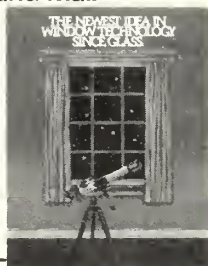
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hospitality. Once again, the hotel is home for distinguished guests and, not surprisingly, the envy of most, since the majority are architectural critics, architects, and visiting professors Robertson has brought to the School of Architecture.

Undoubtedly, these guests would side with Harry Cobb, then Dean of Harvard's Graduate School of Design, who put it to Robertson, "It's going to be hard to move you out of here," but none would dispute that few have better claim to Hotel D than Jacquelin Robertson. For the dean is a man remarkably like Jefferson—a gentleman from an old Virginia family for whom, in the eighteenth-century manner, there is a natural connection between art, academia, business, and socializing; an architect and teacher and administrator, a lover of gardens, a traveler and collector. Whereas Jefferson's walls, in the words of William Wilk, "hung thick with art," Robertson's rooms are piled high with it.

Stacks of books occupy every stool at table, architectural prints and engravings enrich the walls. Together with favorite family pieces and exotica from travels, it all forms, the dean says, "cornucopia of culture."

Before becoming dean, Jacquelin Robertson had been City Planning Commissioner of New York, and before taking up architecture as his profession, he was a student of politics and philosophy at Yale and Oxford. Long before then, he was growing up in China, but Robertson's earliest years were spent near Charlottesville. As a child, he often wandered the campus, sketching its buildings. For this dean, there is no question that you can go home again. Like Jefferson, Robertson has traveled the world but prefers always to return with his treasures and ideas to Virginia. For Mr. Jefferson, home was Monticello and the University of Virginia. For Mr. Robertson, for the while it is the University and, especially, Hotel D. □

BIG SKY IN MANHATTAN

(Continued from page 139) those years, the survivor of that marriage had lived in the charmless first-floor study, surrounded by her collection of fans and what Di recalls as "eighteen layers of green and pink paint." Had she been willing to climb the narrow stairs to the second floor, this woman would not have done better; the upstairs had only a small bedroom and a depressing little bath.

Still, the apartment was a prize. Most Fifth Avenue apartments the Cummins had seen were deep, giving their occupants views east and west. This one was so deep it featured a huge laundry room with big drying racks, but it was also wide—the dining room, living room, study, and guest bath all overlooked Central Park. And the vast terrace, though set on the second floor, offered an imaginative buyer the opportunity to create an extraordinary bedroom hideaway separate from guests, children, and staff.

The Cummins knew this apartment would take two years to renovate. This did not faze them—as Di had learned, "If you're doing it right, *everything*

takes two years." And the crucial time they knew, would be during the decorating process, for Owen, eschewing tricks, had correctly put his energies into opening the rooms up and emphasizing the views of the Park and the West Side. To do this, he turned two small living-room windows into one large one, designed a big empty foyer and drew a wide, curving stairway to the bedroom floor. The Cummins' only modifications were on the second floor. Di Cummins, a self-described "bath freak," had Owen raise the mammoth tub so she could look out through the window-walls while bathing. And by adding an equally large shower and separate steam room, she reduced the size of the bedroom, requiring Owen to curve one bedroom wall to create the illusion of space.

The original plan was to build one greenhouse across the bath and bedroom. Owen suggested that breaking it up would give the master bedroom a greater sense of depth. And, because the Cummins had no immediate plans for the larger terrace alongside the bedroom—"When you have a country

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BIG SKY IN MANHATTAN

house, that space doesn't mean as much," explains Di—the small terrace between the bath and bedroom greenhouses would give their daughter a cozy open-air play space.

Enter John Saladino. Because this wasn't their only residence, he said, they had the opportunity to be freer with color and furnishings. And because it was important to him not to duplicate his past successes, this apartment was a splendid opportunity for the Cummins to experiment with him—"to walk the tightrope together."

Which meant a dramatic transformation of the Bauhaus-clean space. "In the 1960s and 1970s, 'modern' was seamless," Saladino says. "Everything looked as if it had no doors—only walls, some of which opened. Now those rooms look like walk-in refrigerators for humans. So I try to take those anonymous spaces and make them ceremonial."

Color, then, was Saladino's first priority. "I saw the apartment as a painting you walk into," he explains, "so I

suggested a floating blue-gray for the living room, amethyst for the dining room and sage for the study. We sanded the floors, then gave them a pale green wash. And then we watched the colors metamorphose as the light outside changed."

These colors gave these rooms a museum-quality environment that works well for the Cummins' carefully chosen contemporary collection: paintings by Frank Stella and Donald Sultan, a Claes Oldenburg drawing, and a Donald Judd construction. There is room for more art, but because they regard their travel memories as their most valued possessions—"Most of what we have is in our heads," Di says—the feeling here is of elegant monasticism.

Until you open the door of the first-floor bath, that is. Here, David Fisch has re-created Pompeii, and Saladino has used a stone ram's head for a spigot. "Well," says Di, breaking into full-throated Australian laughter, "this is the 'Oh, my God' room."

Fisch has continued the trompe-

l'oeil theme on the mock-baroque front door and, upstairs, on the side doors of the dressing-area closets. Saladino selected these areas for Fisch solely for very specific reasons: "If you're adventuresome, there are only two places where the Walter Mitty you can come out—in corridors, because you don't live there, and in the powder room, which is for guests." In addition to the trompe-l'oeil, Fisch, from overwhelming these spaces, the paintings suggest other, more subtle uses of hand craftsmanship—especially, on the large unused terrace where Nancy Huang and Karen Lubow have undertaken a stenciling project that will, when finished, give the Cummins a year-round wisteria garden.

Saladino's contribution was not just color and humor. He redesigned the greenhouse doors so they became sliding glass walls that, when open, seem to disappear. He told Arch Cummin the most boring thing in the world is an apartment filled with brown furniture—and, "kicking and screaming," Cummin opted for eighteenth-century painted Italian furniture. In the living room, Saladino eliminated the center of the backrest of the couch, allowing guests to sit facing the fire or looking out the window. And, not least, he made the Cummins rethink the function of the dining-room table. "I would have done a large table, with a lot of chairs," Di says. "John knew the two of us often have meals here alone, so I made a small table, had it painted with iridescent Du Pont car paint, and put it in the corner, by the window. And when it expands, it's at an angle."

The only change the Cummins have made since the apartment's completion is that they're here more than they planned—two or three months in the fall, a month or two in the spring. But even if they were to change their lives radically and become penthouse stay-at-homes, Arch Cummin doubts that he would ever find himself waking up here without pausing to admire it. "I'll be in bed and look through the greenhouse to the park," he says, "and can't believe it's really mine." □

Editor: Kaaren Parker Gra...

CORRECTION

The caption under the photograph on page 202, March 1985, should have read, "The Hon. Gareth Browne photographed in the stairway of the Irish Embassy in London, which was formerly his grandfather's house."



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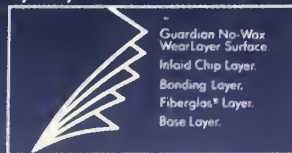
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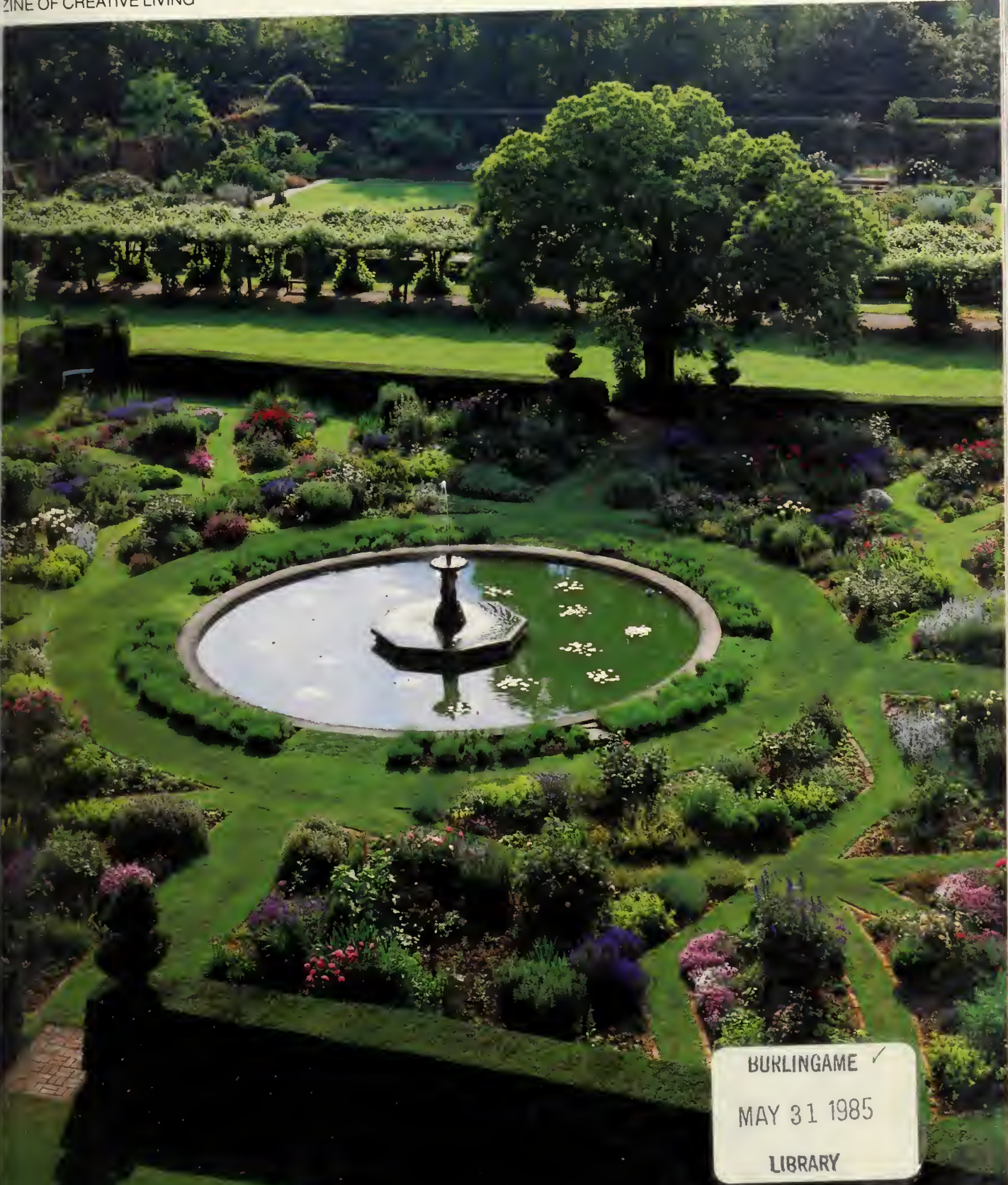
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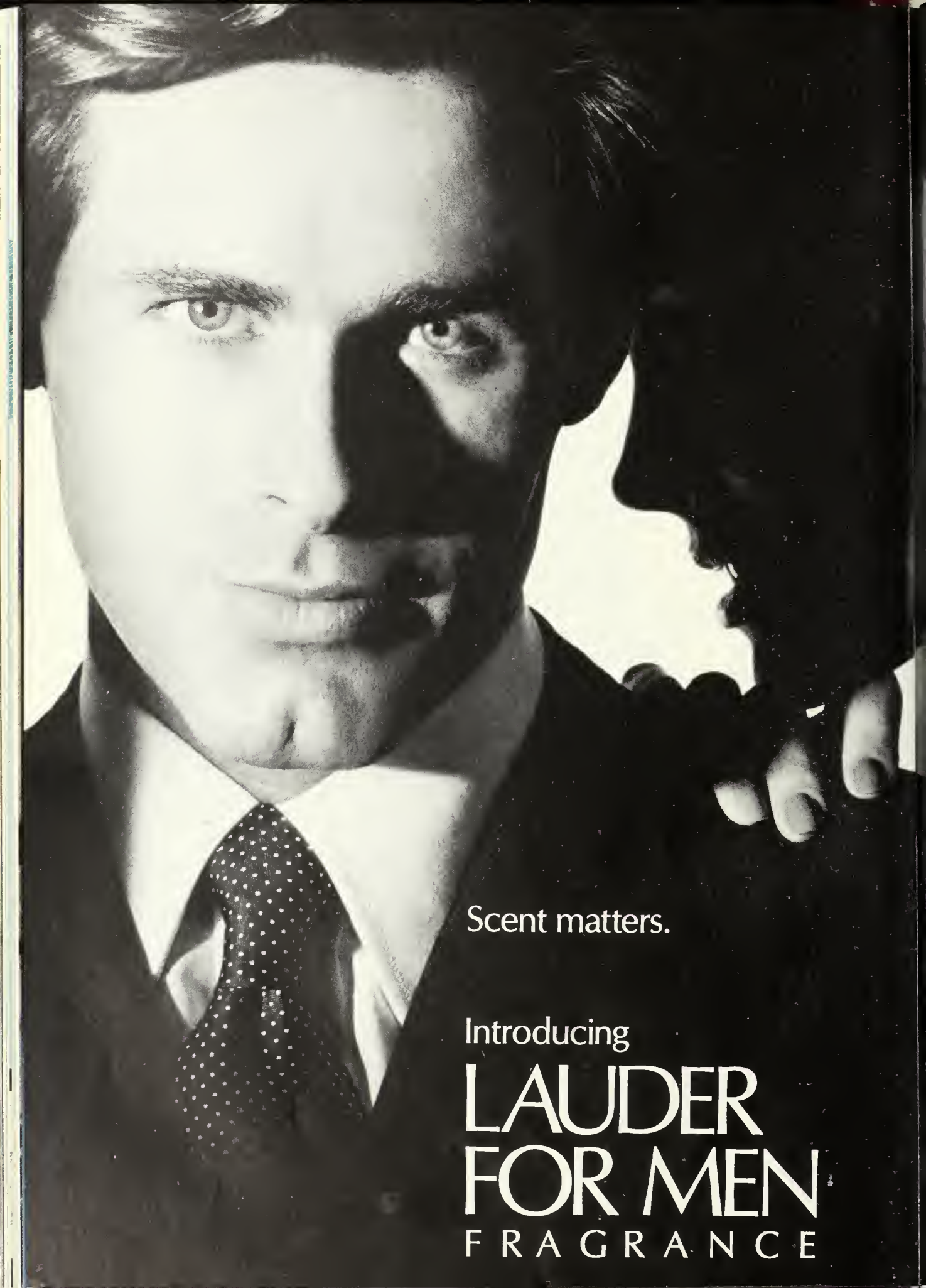
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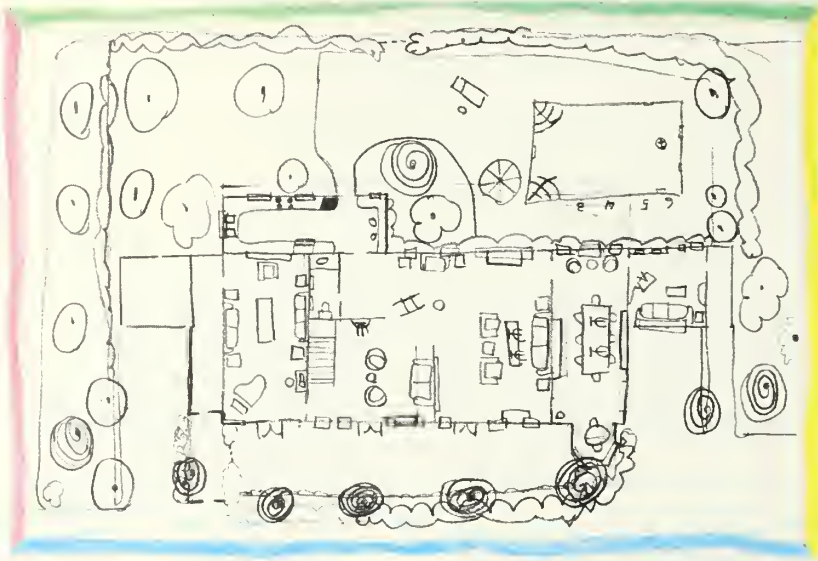


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THE EDITOR'S PAGE



When House & Garden Editor-at-Large Rosamond Bernier was at large in Los Angeles recently, she got together with Richard Koshalek, director of the city's Museum of Contemporary Art, who introduced her to a young lady who may be House & Garden's youngest subscriber, his daughter Anne. For her eleventh birthday, Anne asked for her own subscription to House & Garden. When she's not reading House & Garden, Anne pursues her interest in design and decoration by drawing floor plans (which I doubly appreciate because that is exactly what I did at her age, and still do).

On the opposite side of the country, Madame Bernier spent a day with Vincent Fourcade, the interior designer whose new house on Long Island opens this issue, page 102. Her story traces Vincent's journey from a childhood house outside Paris to his adult house outside New York City, and it tells how the famous designer utilizes his photographic memory. "I learned my trade by going out every evening as a young man," he reports, "to dinners, dances, balls in every pretty house in France and Italy. . . and I remembered them all, even down to what was on each little table." The fruits of that photographic memory are now seen all over the country in rooms by Vincent Fourcade, many of which we've published, and if Anne Koshalek continues to do her floor plans, I wager we'll also see her work again in the pages of House & Garden.

Many are looking forward to the arrival of the treasures from Britain that

A floor plan by one of our youngest readers, Anne Koshalek of California, eleven this month.

will make up the National Gallery of Art's exhibition this fall, documenting five hundred years of private patronage and art collecting in England, Scotland, and Wales. One important aspect of life in the English country house will be impossible to transport, however, and that is the gardens. For that reason we begin our coverage of the Treasure Houses with the Gardens of Hatfield House, one of some two hundred houses to be represented in the Ford Motor Company-funded exhibition being mounted by J. Carter Brown and his colleagues in Washington, D.C.

The Gardens of Hatfield House, page 124, have just been restored to their seventeenth-century origins by the Marchioness of Salisbury, who contributes the text accompanying our photographs by Mick Hales. In future issues, we will be showing treasures from many of the houses included in the show, which is scheduled to open November 3, 1985, and continue through March 16, 1986.

A treasure of another kind is Strachur House in Scotland, page 180. A retreat where three members of the Maclean family write—Sir Fitzroy his histories, Lady Maclean her cookbooks, and son Charles his novels—it is also, especially in the summer, a kind of open house for friends making their

way up north from England. One room wide, it is a house that light pours into from all sides when the sun is out, and it

lends itself easily to the spirit of Highland hospitality.

We've all been following the controversy surrounding I. M. Pei's extraordinary glass pyramid designed to become the new entry to the Grand Louvre in Paris, but when we started hearing about the wonders unearthed by construction workers during excavation in the museum courtyard, we knew it was time to dispatch a photographer and writer to document the history now in progress in Paris, page 170. Olivier Bernier's text not only brings us up to date on what is happening but reminds us of the centuries-long evolution of that fortress-turned-palace-turned-museum on the Seine.

After taking his startlingly beautiful photographs of the excavations at the Louvre, Adam Bartos went up to London to photograph the world's newest museum, at 98A Boundary Road, page 136. The Louvre in Paris, dating from the twelfth century; the Treasure Houses in Britain, dating from the fifteenth century; and now the Saatchi museum, with its twentieth-century art collection, make for quite a spectrum of art and architecture, decoration and design in one issue of this 84-year-young magazine.

Lou Gropp
Editor-in-Chief



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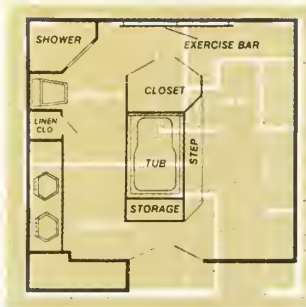
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THOMAS HOPE

The peerless Regency dilettante who, among other things, invented the term “interior decoration”

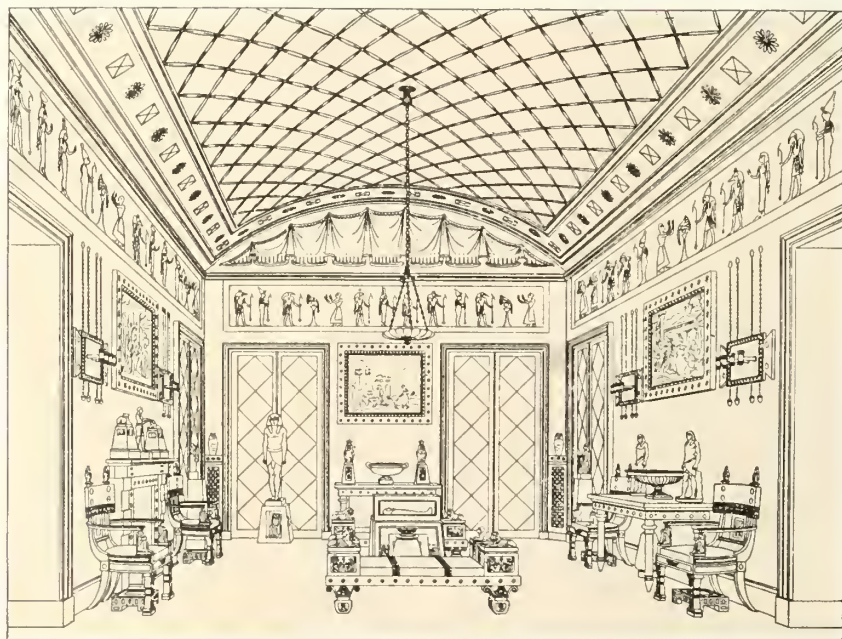
By Christopher Hemphill

“Regency, as in ‘bucks,’ means something roystering, disorderly and full-blooded. When applied to furniture it too often denotes ‘heavy,’ ‘cold,’ ‘impersonal’ and ‘tidy.’” Thus in the thirties the art historian Lord Gerald Wellesley appreciatively resurrected Thomas Hope, the great Regency “virtuoso,” then a largely submerged figure in the history of taste. Now, several Regency revivals later, Hope’s reputation has been thoroughly rehabilitated, but the old epithets about Regency furniture often still adhere to his name. The historical Hope was a far more complex figure. While never precisely a “buck,” he fully embodied the contradictions of an era when, to quote J.B. Priestley: “Wellington is having fifty men flogged while Wordsworth is gazing at a celandine. Jane Austen is sending *Mansfield Park* to her publishers; Lady Caroline Lamb is sending Byron clippings of pubic hair.”

Like his era—indeed like our own—Hope looked both forward and back. In many ways he was the last of the line of great Georgian dilettanti descending from Lord Burlington. Simultaneously, however, Hope was one of the first furniture designers to address himself to the changes wrought by the Industrial Revolution. Both a man of letters and an *arbitrator elegantiarum*,



Above: Sir William Beechey's Moroccan-style portrait of Hope, circa 1798. Below: Hope's Egyptian model room at Duchess Street, circa 1800.

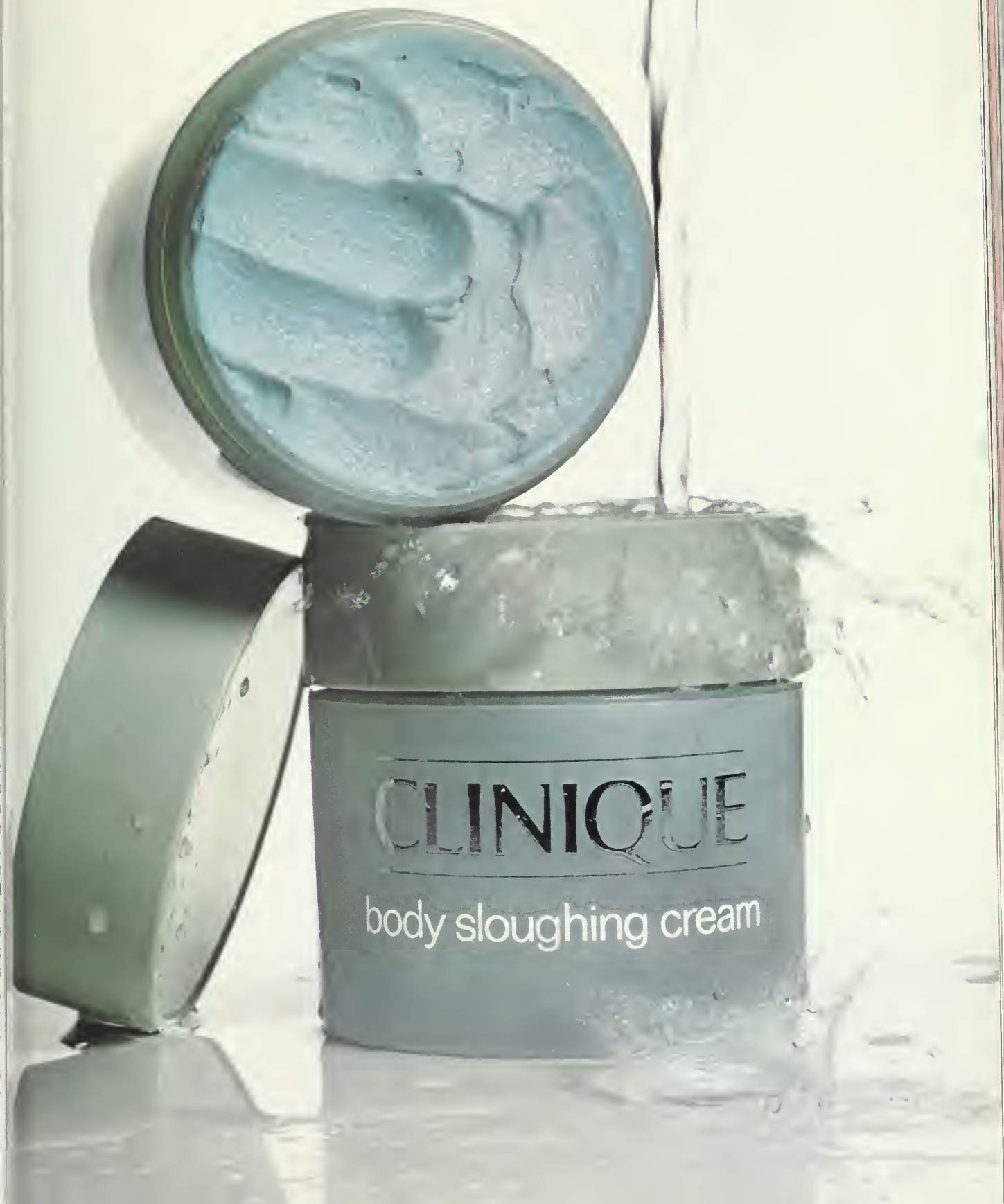


possessing a proselytizing zeal that was altogether new, he was the most avid garde art patron of his day. Not the least of his contributions—if that is what it can be called—was his introduction of the phrase “interior decoration” into English.

That single moment came with the publication in 1807 of *Household Furniture and Interior Decoration*, the book by which Hope is best known today, a precise inventory in words and engravings of the Adam house on Duchess Street that Hope bought in 1799 and completely did over in advanced Neoclassical taste. This taste owed much to his inheritance. Born in 1769 into a banking family that had settled in Holland in the seventeenth century, he was the son of John Hope, a connoisseur of note who had a Louis XVI interior in Amsterdam, one of the few in Holland, containing, among

other things, an extraordinary chimney piece commissioned from Piranesi (now in the Rijksmuseum). It obviously had a great influence on the young Thomas, who was to cite it in the bibliography of *Household Furniture* “Piranesi’s work in general; and particularly his vases, candelabra, and chimney-pieces.” Indeed, his father’s chimney piece contains virtually the entire repertoire of Neoclassical motifs that

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Hope arrived in London as an outsider, a status he never completely overcame

he was to catechize in that book.

In 1787 he had begun an uncommonly Grand Tour not only of Europe but of North Africa and Asia Minor as well. It lasted eight years and ended when the Hope family returned to England in 1795. Speaking accented English, Hope arrived in London as an outsider, a status he never completely overcame. He possessed, however, a distinct advantage over his peers; almost alone among them, he had actually visited Egypt, arriving there a decade before Napoleon and Denon. Along with Piranesi, that country was to remain his greatest source of inspiration.

The Grand Tour gave him a taste for exoticism that only intensified with the years. While on the tour he had written an extravagant three-volume romance, *Anastasius*, set in Constantinople, Cairo, and Mecca; it was to be published with great réclame more than twenty years later. In 1798 he had himself painted in Turkish costume by Sir William Beechey. Although the result, which hung in the entrance hall of Duchess Street, shows him to be inoffensive-looking, this must have been flattery on the painter's part; most agreed with a contemporary who described Hope as being of "enormous wealth, supreme taste, and almost abnormal ugliness." Socially ambitious, he used the first two assets to overcome his liability.

Duchess Street was his instrument. His first efforts there were earnest but maladroit. In 1804 he issued tickets of admission to Duchess Street to members of the Royal Academy, the body he most wanted to join, who considered the invitation a crass violation of the codes of gentlemanly connoisseurship. Despite this gaffe, Hope continued his program. Like Horace Walpole at Strawberry Hill, he opened his doors to anyone with references establishing "known character and taste." In effect, the interiors became what we would now call "model rooms."

Although worldly, Hope's ambitions always had no less high-minded a purpose than a general reform of taste. For these ambitions, a suitable mar-

riage became a necessity. Will Beckford had tried to arrange a match between his daughter and Hope Caliph of Fonthill undoubtedly saw in him a kindred spirit as well as a boost to his own fortune. Instead, in 1801 Hope chose one Louisa Beresford, who, apart from her high birth (she was the niece of a marquess) and her valuable abilities as a hostess, was a remarkable beauty. Her union with her husband was cruelly lampooned by the painter Dubost, who had been patronized by Hope and then dropped. Dubost retaliated by exhibiting a painting of a monster, recognizably Hope, offering jewels to a woman, recognizably Mrs. Hope. Entitled *Beauty and the Beast*, it created a large scandal. A more appealing view of Mrs. Hope is offered by the observer who recorded her presence at a ball at Carlton House, home of the Prince Regent, on Christmas Eve, where she wore "solid gold with pearls and birds flying in different directions from her head." Hope, it must be mentioned, designed all her clothes.

Like many marriages of convenience, the Hopes' seems to have nevertheless been a happy one; the presence at Carlton House shows outward success at least. By the time of the publication of *Household Furniture*, Hope's authority matched his arrogance. The subsequent popularity of tripod tables, curule benches, and most particularly klismos chairs can be traced to his book. George Smit's pattern book containing forthrightly somewhat prosaic adaptations of Hope's designs appeared the very next year. Within a decade, his influence had become international and is seen, for instance, in many of the later productions of Duncan Phyfe's workshop. Copies of Hope's work, however, had appeared even before he published his book; in it he decried the "extravagant caricatures such as of late have begun to start up in every corner of the capital." His intention instead was "to facilitate the imitation of objects" by providing "a more general initiation into the mysteries of taste."

Furniture designs had been disseminated through pattern books in En-



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TASTEMAKERS

Hope was one of the first furniture designers to address himself to the changes wrought by the Industrial Revolution

land for more than fifty years, but none had dealt with complete rooms, nor had they argued their case so categorically. Hope alone concerned himself with the enormous change of the preceding decade, namely, he wrote, the "substitution of machinery to manual labour." Like William Morris much later in the century, however, Hope acknowledged the Industrial Revolution only to scorn it. His designs, he hoped, would offer to those who "had for ever lost the inferior kinds of employment" no less than "a nobler species of labour." His faith in his ability to enlighten "the mere plodding artisan," however, cannot have been complete; he had the molds for the furniture's Piranesian ornaments subcontracted to craftsmen he knew from Rome.

The book's engravings in the outline technique served Hope's heuristic purposes. The technique is associated with the sculptor John Flaxman, whom Hope had met in Rome in the early 1790s, commissioning from him that year a statue of Aurora. In that cosmopolitan city, Hope had also met the envoy and antiquarian Sir William Hamilton, who started him collecting Greek vases, and Charles Percier, who was to begin publishing *Recueil des décorations intérieures* with P.-F.-L. Fontaine in Paris in 1801. Illustrated with engravings in the same style, Percier and Fontaine's work is conventionally described as the immediate inspiration of *Household Furniture*. David Watkin, the author of *Thomas Hope and the Neo-Classical Idea*, believes that the style was simply in the air, stemming from the influence of Hamilton's Greek vases. In any case, for Hope and Percier and Fontaine alike, this archaizing style was harnessed to a thoroughly modern preoccupation, indeed an invention of the French Revolution: publicity.

Household Furniture's black-and-white engravings have undoubtedly done more than anything to stigmatize Regency taste as chilly, but a cursory glance at the often purple prose of Hope's accompanying text shows that the actual rooms at Duchess Street

must have been highly theatrical, perhaps in places even lurid. Only the several Vase Rooms displaying the so-called "Second" Hamilton Collection—an 1801 purchase that did more than anything to establish Hope as England's ranking collector—could be called "chaste." The main enfilade consisted of the Indian Room, the Flaxman Room, and the Egyptian Room. The first contained a series of Indian views by Thomas Daniell. "In compliance with the Oriental taste," Hope wrote, it was decorated in rich variations on the primary colors; it was lined with low banquettes, "after the Eastern fashion." The Flaxman Room contained the statue of Aurora and was supposed to create the illusion of dawn itself. This was affected by orange, azure, and black satin curtains hung against mirrors; the chimney piece was of black marble inlaid with gilt-bronze stars. The Egyptian Room, decorated in "that pale yellow and that blueish green which hold so conspicuous a rank among Egyptian pigments," according to a contemporary contained several of the Hope furniture designs that are best known today as well as his Egyptian antiquities. Its focal point was a glass-encased mummy. Watkin wonders about this room's disposition during Mrs. Hope's many gala routs. "Were the funerary urns and mummies," he asks rhetorically, "removed for these occasions? Probably not. The Regency man of taste could take these things in his stride."

Neither the purblind Neoclassicist nor a swooning Romantic, Hope seems to have been rather a strange combination of the two. Indeed, to his contemporaries, there seemed to be two Thomas Hopes, the Hope of Duchess Street and the Hope of the Deepdene, his equally extraordinary country house. Hungering all his life for a title, he had to content himself with the latter noble-sounding tag. He had bought the Deepdene in 1807, perhaps emboldened by the success of *Household Furniture*, but apparently did not begin his reconstruction of it until 1818, the year before the publication of *Ar-*

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astasius. Here the Romantic impulse never far from the surface at Duches Street came to full flower. Hope's first addition to the house was a central tower. Although prefigured by the Gothic towers of Fonthill and Strawberry Hill, Hope's was in the Tuscan style, anticipating the international fashion for "Italianate" villas by twenty years. Each succeeding addition to the house served to heighten its asymmetrical, picturesque aspect. Perhaps its most startling feature was an immense conservatory in which it was impossible to tell whether one was indoors or out. Intended not for show but for Hope's intimate circle, the interiors of the house were equally prophetic; surviving watercolors depict rooms we would call "Victorian," done more than a decade before Victoria ascended the throne.

In later years Hope spent more and more time at the Deepdene. The fame of *Household Furniture* had been overshadowed in the public eye by the publication of *Anastasius*. At first thought to be the work of Byron—who wept because this was not the case—it was a spectacular best seller. This was the Hope the Victorians remembered. As late as 1899, when *Country Life* published photographs of the Deepdene, Hope was identified as the author of *Anastasius*. Such are the vagaries of history and reputation; today the novel daunts even specialists like Watkin.

Hope's taste was—and remains—a minority one. Had he taken the side of machinery, he might have become a sort of Corbusier *avant la lettre*; as it happened, however, with his alliance of taste, wealth, and arrogance, perhaps only Charles de Beistegui, the great and similarly megalomaniacal connoisseur of the thirties, forties, and fifties, can be called Hope's direct descendant.

In the sphere of mass culture, Hope's influence has been more diffused. His final, most enduring contribution will probably remain the idea of the "model room," the province now of great museums and great department stores alike. David Watkin goes farther. In the last chapter of his book on Hope, addressing the preoccupation with death that was Hope's inheritance from Piranesi and the Egyptians, he sees as Hope's ultimate legacy Forest Lawn Cemetery in Los Angeles. □

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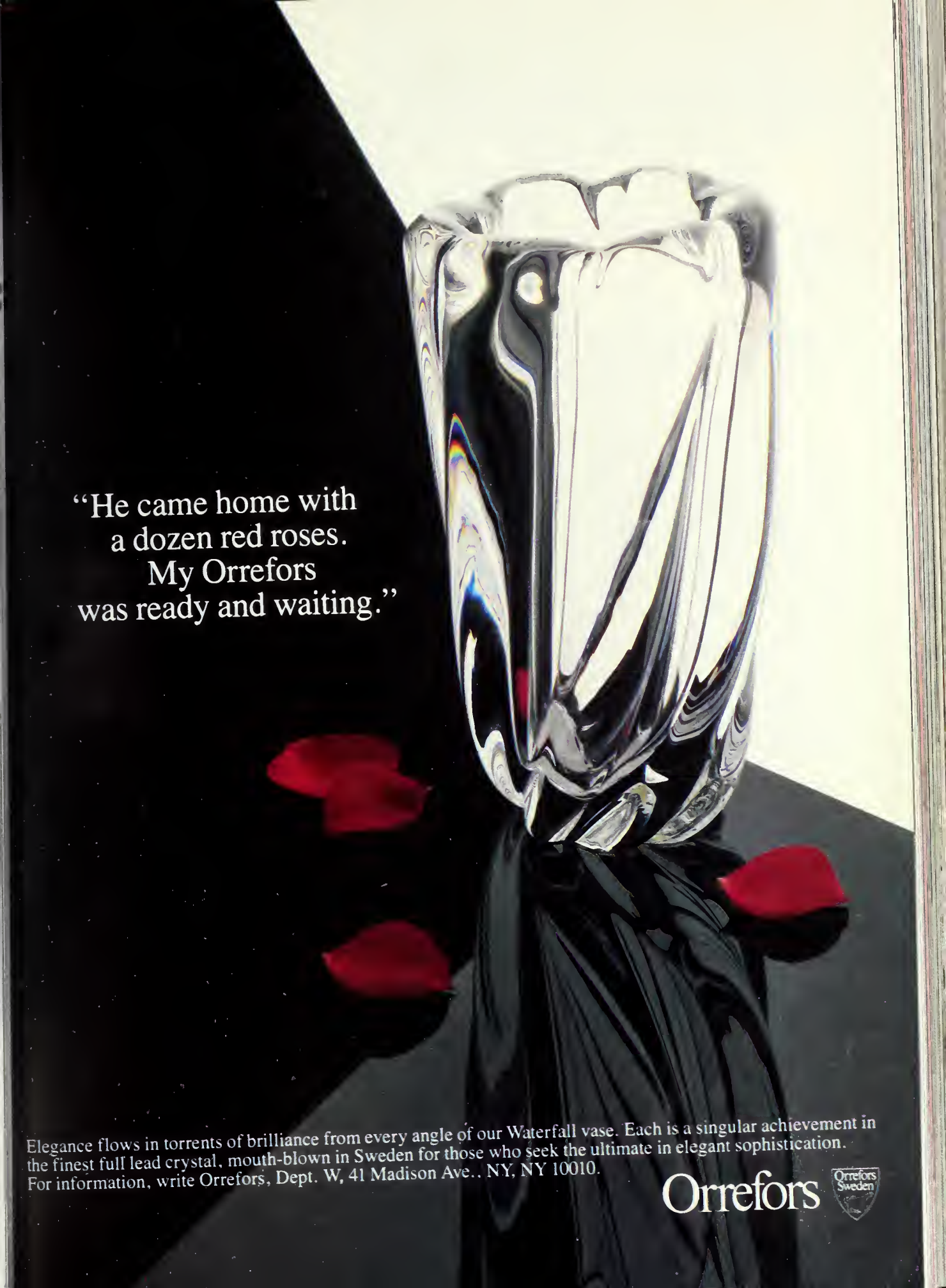
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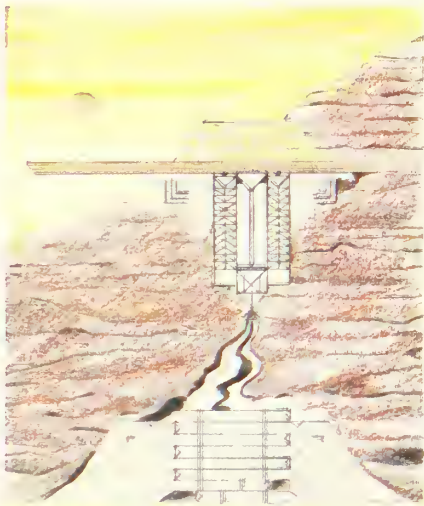
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LIVES OF THE MODERN ARCHITECTS

Do personal affairs affect professional practice?

By Martin Filler



FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT

KINGS OF INFINITE SPACE:
FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT &
MICHAEL GRAVES
by Charles Jencks
Academy Editions/St. Martin's Press,
104 pp., \$29.95 cloth, \$19.95 paper

**ARCHITECT: THE LIFE AND
WORK OF CHARLES W. MOORE**
by David Littlejohn
Holt, Rinehart and Winston
356 pp., \$22.95

Throughout modern times we have known much more about the lives of artists than about the lives of architects. Starting with the Renaissance, when painters and sculptors grew in regard from mere craftsmen to divinely inspired creators, considerable interest came to be focused on both the personal and professional activities of these privileged cultural characters. Thus we have not only a great deal of information about Picasso and the way his romantic liaisons influenced his art, but also surprisingly much about Rubens, who lived three hundred years earlier.

The biographical sketches by Giorgio Vasari, Giovanni Pietro Bellori, and Carlo Cesare Malvasia (who might be called the Aubreys of art history) give us a host of revealing anecdotes about Italian painters, both famous and obscure, during the late Renaissance and the Baroque. And since the Romantic period's apotheosis of the artist as the new superman, we have been subjected to innumerable life stories, ranging from worshipful to debunking.



CHARLES MOORE

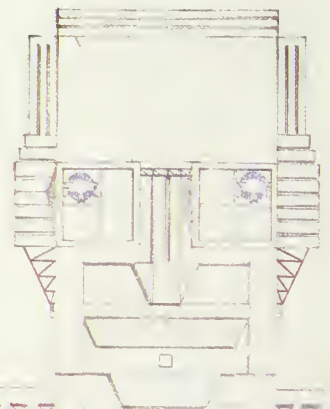
But with a few rare exceptions, we are left in the dark about the personal motivations of architects, the makers of our most enduring art form. One probable reason for this imbalance is that architects didn't achieve the status of professionals until the nineteenth century; before then they ranked with (or in fact were) the carpenters and masons who executed their designs.

Even a titan like Frank Lloyd Wright still has no definitive biography (the architect's own highly inventive

account of his life is in many ways the most instructive). For Wright's great Modernist rivals, including Le Corbusier and Ludwig Mies van der Rohe there is substantially less to go on, while their less epochal but highly influential contemporaries Antonio Sant'Elia and Gerrit Rietveld, for all we know of their personal characters, might just as well have lived in the time of Giotto.

Now two new books on the lives of three twentieth-century American architects—Frank Lloyd Wright, Michael Graves, and Charles Moore—attempt to revive biography's neglected role in assessing the varying contributions of its subjects. Each volume is a mass of contradictions, at once perceptive and obtuse, pertinent and extraneous, ob-

Louis Hellman's Archi-Têtes, twelve post-card caricatures of twentieth-century architects based on their most familiar motifs, have recently been published by The Architectural Review in London. Here are three examples.



MICHAEL GRAVES

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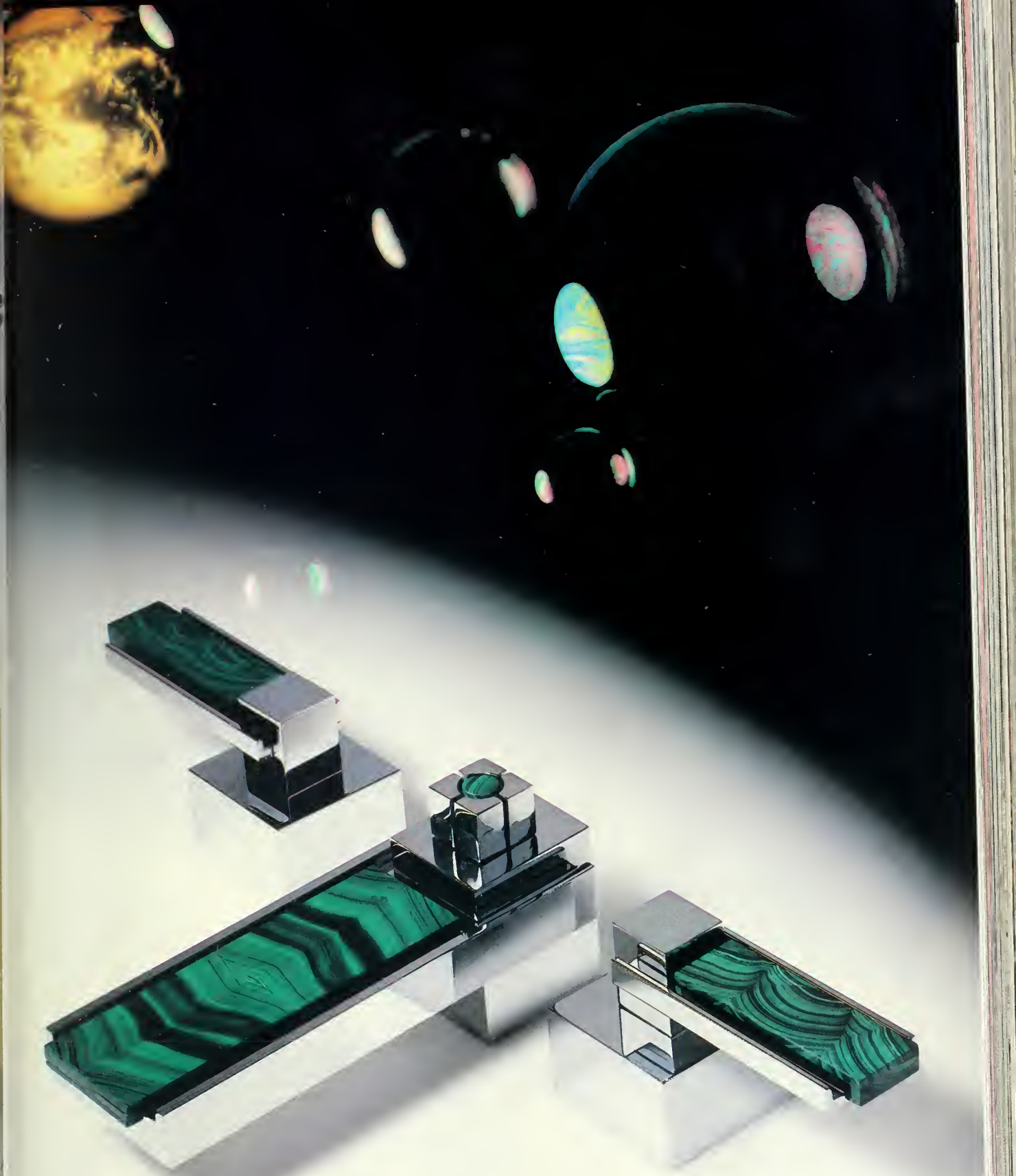
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jective and biased. Neither is a model architectural equivalent of biographies that elucidate the meaning of works of art, but each is a source of fascination in its own way.

As the primary polemicist of the Post-Modern movement, Charles Jencks has established for himself a unique role on the contemporary architectural scene. A prolific journalist and prodigious lecturer, he is not so much an architectural historian as a kind of one-man Reuters agency. He brings an exhilarating immediacy to his breathless reports on the latest directions of the architectural avant-garde, but only a few of the dozen or so books he has written over the past dozen or so years (such as his insightful *Le Corbusier and the Tragic View of Architecture*) have stood the test of time.

Jencks emits ideas with amazing rapidity, but unsurprisingly, not all of them are very well thought out. That problem is exemplified by *Kings of Infinite Space*, a slender volume that began life as a BBC documentary. Both

film and book seek to prove that the contemporary heir of Frank Lloyd Wright is none other than Michael Graves. This astonishing premise is based both on what Jencks sees as striking affinities between both architects' use of ornament, symbolism, and polychromy, and on the author's "new attempt to link domestic crises, sometimes very personal affairs of the heart, with changes of philosophy and style."

In truth, that notion is not so original. As early as 1966, Norris Kelly Smith, in his *Frank Lloyd Wright: A Study in Architectural Content*, pointed out quite convincingly how the architect's changing marital (or extramarital) arrangements had affected his residential designs. It was seen most clearly in the way he designed a dining room, which for Wright was the sanctum sanctorum of familial communion. In his early days as dutiful suburban husband and father of six, Wright's dining tables—massive altars surrounded by thronelike chairs—expressed his role as Victorian paterfa-

miliars. But once his first marriage dissolved, the dining rooms he designed became notably less formal, taking up part of a larger living area. After 1932, when he founded the architectural brotherhood of the Taliesin Fellowship, Wright and his third wife, Olgivanna, took their meals at a high table raised above the level of their lessers, or sometimes dined in their private quarters in a cocoonlike alcove that said all about their intense, exclusive bond.

But so direct a translation of life into art is not to be taken for granted with all architects, especially since the most telling facts of their private lives are often not disclosed until their deaths (the publicity-seeking Wright was an exception). Thus Jencks stands on shaky ground when he tries to demonstrate how certain episodes in Michael Graves's life equal the galvanizing upheavals that punctuate Wright's saga. Exactly how those crises have occasioned new directions in Graves's design is even less clear.

Harder to swallow, however, are the likenesses Jencks tries to establish between Wright's and Graves's designs. The very title of his book signals trouble, for although Frank Lloyd Wright was indeed one of architecture's greatest geniuses in his manipulation of interior volume, the spaces in Michael Graves's work to date are anything but infinite. In fact, they have a pronounced tendency to claustrophobic compression, obviously antithetical to Wright's ceaseless search for new ways to make architecture "break out of the box." Jencks's attempt to legitimize Graves's interesting but thus-far unproven experiments by looking for likenesses in a figure of such talismanic power as Wright is at once overreaching and belittling.

Yet Jencks, like Vincent Scully (the architectural historian whom he most takes after), can be an affecting writer, and his emotional involvement with his subject is never very far from the surface. His sympathy for what Michael Graves is about, both as a man and an architect, is quite real, and it affords him some interesting interpretations. Take, for instance, his description of Graves's symbolic fireplaces and the muted colors that have become his trademark: "A certain sad irony seems to accompany some of these wistful



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nd beautiful altars. They seem to be
relate to a lost centre, to the family life
and its sacred permanence that cannot
be obtained in our society. The draw-
ings of these icons have a melancholic
air, the blues and terra-cottas and
wispy outlines convey a lost dream.”
Like Scully, Jencks seeks after a poetic
as well as a literal truth, and how credi-
ble the evidence seems depends largely
on which of those verities one values
more. Perhaps the most instructive
nence in this book is the author’s
title-page epigraph, from Act II of
Hamlet: “I could be bounded in a nut-
shell, and count myself a king of infi-
nite space, were it not that I have bad
dreams.” That’s some but.

Charles Moore, the avant-garde
American architect who turns sixty this
year, might well have thought David
Littlejohn’s *Architect: The Life and
Work of Charles W. Moore* to be a bad
dream as he browsed through its
pages, so indiscreet a portrait of its
subject does it paint. In his instance,
the resort to biographical interpreta-
tion is certainly an apt one, for there is
no other living architect whose work is
so personal and whose private life is so
public. Moore, as was once said of
Richard Wagner, is the sun in a solar
system of his own creation, a vast net-
work of friends, colleagues, assistants,
students, and assorted hangers-on.
Moore’s *modus operandi* requires a
generous selection of them in atten-
dance at all times, making the entou-
rages of heavyweight boxers look like
skeleton crews in comparison.

After gaining the confidence of
many key satellites in the Moore uni-
verse, David Littlejohn conducted
hundreds of hours of interviews, which
form the most riveting portions of an
overlong text that meanders about
with maddening self-indulgence. Lit-
tlejohn is not a very graceful writer,
and no self-editor at all. (This book was
originally intended to be a *New Yorker*
profile, and it is intriguing to imagine
what those fastidious souls made of
Littlejohn’s manuscript.) But he must
possess some mesmeric charm, for he
got Moore’s nearest and supposedly
dearest to dish a huge amount of dirt.
Since the publication of this book,
there have been dark mutterings
among those understandably chag-
grined by their quotes—and that must
include Moore himself, for he comes

off just as backbiting and bitchy (or, to
use a Moore buzzword, badmouthing)
as his friends.

But it must be said that it all has the
ring of truth. As one who gravitated
close to Moore ten years ago while edit-
ing one of his books, this reviewer
found the peculiarly charged atmo-
sphere of the Moore magnetic field
captured here with uncanny accuracy.
The jockeying for position close to the
great man, the nonstop competition
for his attention among a mass of jeal-
ous acolytes, the erratic hours, the rap-
id-fire wordplay, the adrenalin-pump-
ing pace, and the benign but vaguely
voyeuristic detachment with which
Moore observes the maelstrom of act-
ing-out around him—all are recorded
for posterity.

But beyond the gossip, Littlejohn
does offer an important point to justify
his dissection of Moore’s hectic exist-
ence. After Robert Venturi, Charles
Moore was the high-style architect
most responsible for the return some
25 years ago to the traditional imagery

of the house—the pitched roof, the to-
temic chimney, the clearly defined
front door—in reaction to the abstrac-
tion of Modernist domestic architec-
ture. Over that same period Moore
designed no fewer than six houses for
himself, but ironically, the closest this
driven, peripatetic man has to a perma-
nent abode is the inside of an airplane.
Charles Moore (in the words of Shaw)
is “a confirmed old bachelor, and like-
ly to remain so”; he is also an inveterate
nomad, past the point of change.

How poignant, then, that this fer-
vent poet of the joys of domesticity, so
eloquently expressed in his numerous
writings and dozens of splendid resi-
dences, is prevented by his way of life
from savoring the very pleasures his
houses have brought to so many oth-
ers. The dream world of Charles
Moore is not the minareted Xanadu of
the fantasy drawings he makes for his
many friends, but only a comfortable
chair by a fireside where he could sit
and sketch, had he but world enough
and time. □

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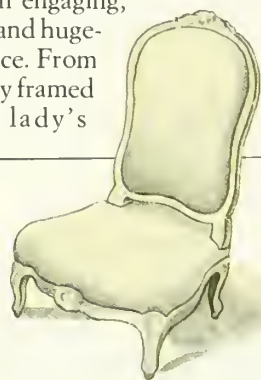
By Mark Hampton

Few pieces of legitimate furniture have the ability to make you smile. Odd bits of antlers and horns or elaborate wood carvings from the Black Forest do not qualify. The sort of furniture I have in mind is that fairly large category of charming and sometimes slightly funny-looking pieces known as slipper chairs. They can possess an amusing quality that belies their usefulness in almost any living room combined with almost any kind of antique or upholstered furniture.

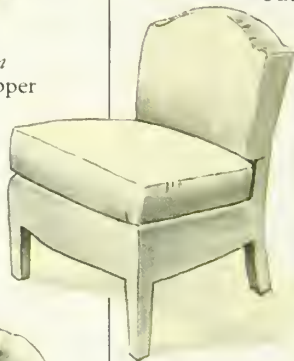
The slipper chair is probably derived from the eighteenth-century French chauffeuse, a small chair on short legs made to draw up to the fire. Like its ancestor, the slipper chair is usually armless. Both chair types tend to have backs that are low in relation to other chairs, and their shapes are often fanciful. These fanciful shapes occurred from the start, probably because of the dwarf aspects of their scale—a normal-sized seat and only slightly narrowed back on seven-inch legs, for example—and because these were single chairs, unique and allowed to be slightly eccentric. You don't, after all, think of rooms with sets of four or six slipper chairs.

The original use of these little fire-side chairs was intimate: the object was for the user to stay warm while getting dressed. Furthermore, one had to be in a position to pull on precious stockings without doing them any damage. To me the most noteworthy achievement of the upwardly mobile slipper chair is its progress from the boudoir and the dressing room to the library and the living room, not to mention the drawing room.

The nineteenth century, with its serious concern for comfort and its genius for the manufacture of new furniture types, turned the slipper chair into an engaging, decorative, and hugely useful piece. From the delicately framed seat for a lady's



Clockwise from above: Favorite slipper chairs of Mme. de Pompadour, Elsie de Wolfe, Mario Buatta, and Billy Baldwin.



dressing room illustrated here, it developed into a sturdy piece of upholstered furniture suitable for any intimate living-room conversation area. We are still talking about houses in which there was a rigorous distinction between informal living rooms and formal reception rooms furnished with stiff suites of furniture.

Gradually, of course, even the great drawing rooms succumbed to the appeal of informality. Rich, lush decoration is not necessarily precluded by an atmosphere of cozy intimacy. One of the major breakthroughs of interior decoration in the past 150 years is the domestication of grandeur. And by the Edwardian era, sitting rooms and drawing rooms were loaded with every conceivable sort of piece. Perhaps it was in reaction to this obvious excess that a stricter point of view prevailed for many years in this century. It is interesting to follow the history of slipper chairs as they move in and out of fashion.

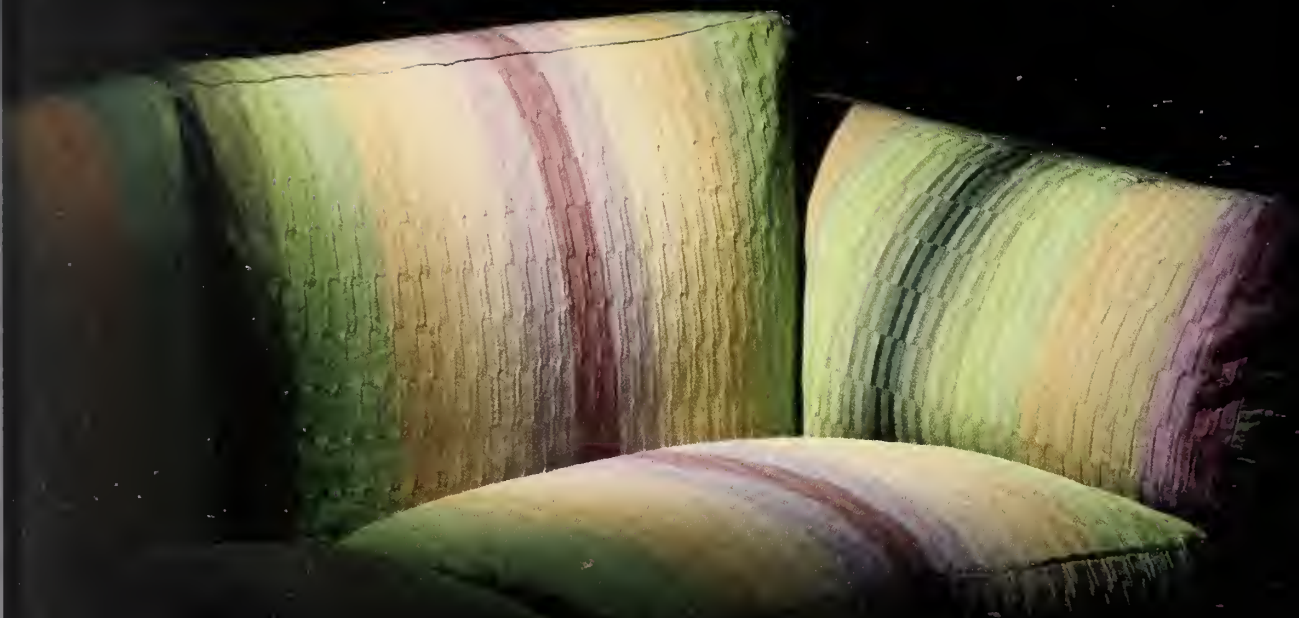
At the turn of the century, the plump version that is still one of my favorites appeared in all sorts of rooms. In *The House in Good Taste* by Elsie de Wolfe (and ghost-written by Ruby Ross Wood) this chair can be seen in one illustration tucked into the

space between a sofa and a fireplace but also directly in the path of a door. Because of its diminutive scale, the chair does not completely block the way to the door. Nor does it conflict with any of the other furniture in the room. Stanford White used the same chair in the somber damask and silk-velvet drawing room of the fabulous Mrs. Philip Lydig's town house, which was filled with sixteenth- and seventeenth-century paintings and furniture.

The shape of this wonderful little chair was later modernized by straightening the top line of the back, and it became a trademark of Billy Baldwin. Often Mr. Baldwin would design it

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ON DECORATING

There it sits near a fireplace, low enough not to look awkward, not blocking a favorite table covered with things you do not want to hide, contributing a great coziness

with the simplest sort of tea-cozylike slipcover. Sometimes he would trim it with a band of braid around the bottom. The chair in the illustration, taken from an old House & Garden photograph of the beautiful living room in Hobe Sound that he did for the unbelievably chic Mrs. Clive Runnells of Lake Forest, has a white slipcover that has been trimmed with a navy-blue tape in a strict outline. A pair of these chairs sat in the middle of the room facing an arrangement consisting of a big sofa, two upholstered armchairs, and a coffee table. Larger chairs would have blocked the center of the room in a way that slipper chairs do not.

Another arrangement used both by Mr. Baldwin in his New York apartment on East 61st Street and by his mentor Mrs. Wood before him consisted of placing a pair of these chairs with their backs against a freestanding writing table on the side opposite the desk chair, simply waiting to be pulled into place wherever needed.

A model that has become popular in recent years is the tufted version with its gently curving back. The direct descendant of a very prevalent Victorian slipper chair, it has been simplified and refined and is often seen in the wonderfully romantic and inviting rooms of Mario Buatta. Sometimes it has a plain skirt with inverted corner pleats. Sometimes it has a shirred skirt or one that is box-pleated. It is equally at home covered in small printed materials and in large-scale chintzes. Patterns are not a problem with tufted furniture, although they seem to worry a lot of people. Actually symmetrical patterns fit perfectly well into the orderly design of the tufting and asymmetrical patterns are no more difficult tufted than untufted.

The tufted slipper chair, I might add, need not be strictly identified with a fondness for Victoriana. Like most upholstered furniture, it can blend

perfectly well with contemporary or modern decoration simply by the elimination of all fussy details. It is easy to streamline the legs of practically any piece of upholstered furniture. And whereas the squared-off slipper chair seems to call for right angles, the more curved ones can sit happily when placed at any angle.

It is curious that the slipper chair was unknown in living rooms for long periods in decorating history, then popular in the nineteenth century, then unpopular for a fairly long time in this century. Now, and for the past several years, its popularity in living rooms is taken for granted. To be able to pull up a chair that is both comfortable and small is important in this day and age when regimented conversation groups seem to be disliked. Its odd proportions are also a virtue: in a room full of sofas and chairs with similar back and seat heights, the monotony is pleasantly broken by the introduction of a chair or two that falls into a different category of scale. Chairs without arms are also easy to perch on, facing whichever side you want.

Most persuasive of all, perhaps, is the fact that you can use the versatile slipper chair where there is simply no room for another piece of furniture, and the most typical, practical, and traditional place is near a fireplace. There it sits, low enough not to look awkward, not blocking a favorite table covered with things you do not want to hide, contributing a great coziness. Doesn't everyone want to be beside the fire?

Like most pieces of furniture with a long history, the slipper chair is in vogue now for the same reasons that it was a hundred years ago. For form to follow function is not the purview of the twentieth century alone. Nothing in the realm of decorating is more vital than furniture that has evolved solely for the purposes of comfort and convenience. □

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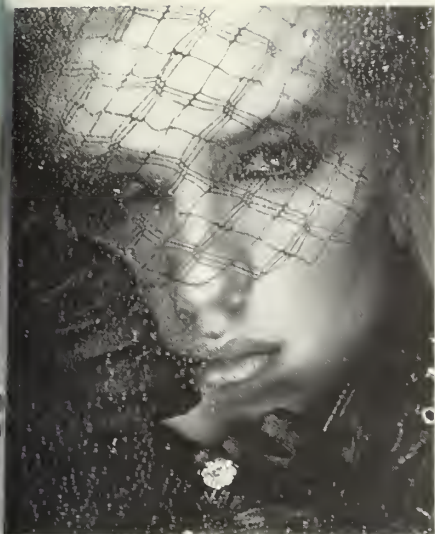
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A CHOICE OF CLOISTERS

Islands of quiet, witnesses to history, shelters from sun or rain, Rome's cloisters offer a variety of nourishment for the eye and the spirit

By Louis Inturrisi

When the time comes, a friend tells me, "*mi rinchiudero in un chiostro*" (I'm going to place myself in a cloister). I can understand why she feels this way. The *chiostri*, or cloisters, of Rome invite lingering, if not retirement. They are blessed islands of repose amid the swirling sea of capital-city life, tranquil retreats from the hurly-burly of open markets, whirlwind tours, and the noise and frustration of Rome's four rush hours a day. And when the cruel Roman sun drives most people indoors, cloisters—with their cool fountains, covered loggias, and open-to-the-sky centers—are pleasant places to spend the afternoon rest hours.

On such sunlit days I like to sit in the cool pillared shade of the cloister at Sts. Cosmas and Damian near the Forum and watch the shadows play on the plants and pavement. The contrast between the dark recesses of the orange-colored loggia and the bright sunlit garden in the center is always satisfying because somehow the sunlight always seems brighter and purer when framed by a cloister's pillared walls.

If piazzas are to be seen in, cloisters are just the opposite: a person can easily slip into a cloister, disappear into a shadowy corner under a tiled roof, and not be disturbed until sundown. Nor are they to be confused with courtyards. Courtyards are for movement, for traffic. One never lingers in a court-

yard. (That's why there are no places to sit down.) One crosses them to get somewhere else. They are approaches to something. Cloisters, on the other hand, are not approaches, but destinations. They are often out of the way, shut up behind heavy wooden side doors or separated by some distance



The cloister of St. Paul Outside the Walls, Rome

from the main building. One never traverses them. If one moves at all, one moves around them, which is why they invite reflection and an unhurried pace.

And when it rains, the portico of a cloister is the perfect place from which to watch the rain fall without getting wet, or to listen to the trickle of a fountain. The fountains in cloisters are riveting. They command silence. Some, like the one carried on the back of four stone horses at Sts. Cosmas and Damian, have a sustained musicality; others, like the one in the medieval cloister of San Clemente, have a barely audible

trickle, which in spite of—or perhaps due to—its instability, can keep a person spellbound.

Some cloisters in Rome have large, lush gardens; others, like the one at San Clemente, have no garden at all—the only the fountain surrounded by a cobblestone pavement, from the four corners of which miraculously spring four very proud palm trees. One's attention in this case is captured by the light and the soothing colors: red-orange from the tiled roof of the loggia; honey-gold from the walls of the church; and gray-green from the pillars and pavement. Without a garden to entertain one's thoughts and only the steady trickling of the fountain, San Clemente—the only early medieval cloister in Rome—inspires thoughts of time and continuity.

The cloisters connected to the basilicas of St. John Lateran and St. Paul Outside the Walls are on a grander scale. They were both completed during the first half of the thirteenth century and are the masterwork of the Vassalletto family of marble masons who were associates of the renowned Cosmati school. They are thrilling testaments to the superb craftsmanship of their times. Pairs of columns of various designs—some twisted, some fluted—are studded with marbles and mosaics and surround abundant gardens of dark green box hedges and seasonal flowers.



His family gathered around him on that chilly November morning to bid him final farewell. Papa put up a brave facade.

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But even in these large cloisters where popes and princes once planned history, it is still possible to get lost among the capitals, thrones, and fragments of tombs that line the walls of the portico and while away an afternoon refreshed by the ingenuity of nature and the genius of man.

Cloisters probably are descendants of the atria in the houses of patrician Roman families at the time of the Empire. From the ruins at Ostia and Pompeii it is evident that the model for these houses was a series of rooms set around a large rectangle, or atrium, open in the middle to the sky. Such a plan provided both light and a basin within the house for collecting rain water. And it is not surprising that the concept of the interpenetration of house and garden, of nature coming indoors, has continued to inspire architects down through the centuries.

The culmination of this idea in Roman times can be seen in the *Atrium Vestae*, or the House of the Vestals, which is in the Forum. There a celibate order of women lived round an open courtyard in much the same way as the nuns do today at the church of Sts. Quattro Coronati. The cloister next to this church was built in the thirteenth century by a confraternity of sculptors and is a nature lover's cloister. The garden in the center with its play of shadows and gradations of green is first glimpsed through a double row of tiny columns set on a waist-high wall. Unlike the dazzling inlaid mosaic columns in the cloisters of the great basilicas, those at Quattro Coronati are without adornment; in fact, the only decoration in the entire cloister is the charming geometric patterning in the vaults of the connecting arches. Clearly it is the garden that matters most here. And the garden is a *real* garden. It is well kept, but not in the manicured professional way of the box hedges in the cloister at St. Paul's. It is generously attended, so that the roses are allowed to find their own ways around the sunlight or to trail up one of the tall—but never shoddy—date palms in the corners. Pink and white geraniums straggle down from terra-cotta pots placed on the ocher ledges of the second story, and the camellias grow tall and irregularly but bloom contentedly. This is a garden where the regular visitors are

considered family and the plants are pets. The goldfish in the basin of the moss-covered fountain in the center—the only twelfth-century one in Rome—also give testimony to this feeling: they are well fed and act it.

Across town at the church of San Carlo (San Carlino) alle Quattro Fontane there is another cloister, markedly different but no less pleasing than the one at Quattro Coronati. Although much smaller in scale, San Carlino is a tour de force of architectural designing and a monument to human intelligence. Nature has no real place in this cloister: no garden, no pets, no plants; nothing except the invigorating sense of space giving way to form. This is a cloister built by a great mind—Borromini—to celebrate the mind. The walls of the cream-colored double loggia are incised with the simplest of geometric forms: ovals, squares, and circles, echoing the overall design of the church, bell tower, and dome. The feeling here is not one of communion with inventive nature but of the power of reason and the need for reflection. This is perhaps why instead of the traditional flowing fountain in the center of this cloister, there is a well—with its suggestion of depth—topped by a neat curlicue of wrought iron—a master stroke of intelligent, restrained decorative comment.

There are again as many other cloisters in Rome worth visiting even briefly. These are my favorites, but one could also profitably spend a few hours absorbing the sober classical dignity of Bramante's cloister at Santa Maria della Pace near the Piazza Navona and note how this, his first building in Rome, led to his later work on St. Peter's. Or one could maneuver one's way into the splendid fifteenth-century cloister of San Giovanni Battista dei Genovesi in Trastevere with its unique octagonal columns and lush garden of citrus trees and jasmine. San Salvatore, San Lorenzo, Sant'Onofrio! One could go on and on. It is enough to note that anyone who has strayed into any one of Rome's charming cloisters knows the tug one feels to stay a bit longer, to while away some time, to linger, and perhaps to contemplate the great paradox and lesson of all such buildings: that of shutting out the world and letting it in at the same time. □

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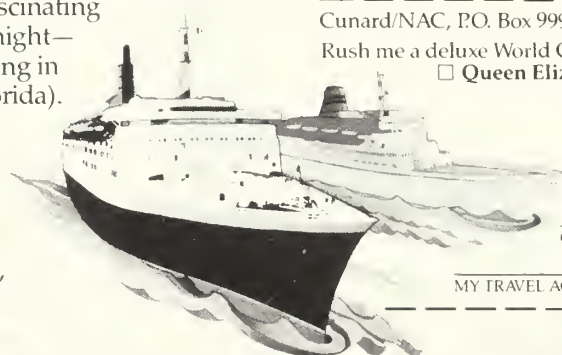
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ALL ABOUT STYLE

By Nancy Richardson

■ THE STONES OF L.A. To most people the word *mosaic* means ancient Roman pavements, vast glittering murals in churches in Ravenna, or jewelry made of tiny mosaic plaques put into gold settings. But mosaics of all sizes have been a popular phenomenon from the Roman Empire until the end of the nineteenth century. Mosaics have a vocabulary all their own: *pietre dure* means the use of small hardstone shapes cut to form a decorative pattern that delights in the color and graining of the various stones; *micro-mosaics* means the use of many minute pieces of brightly colored glass or other ordinary materials to "paint" finely detailed pictures for gold box lids, jewelry, and miniatures; a related term, *pietra dura*, involves the use of a single hard or semiprecious stone to make a decorative object. Though mosaics were made in other places, the center, not surprisingly, was always Italy. The greatest collection of mosaics is in the Hermitage, but until 1975 there wasn't even a catalogue. Yet for the last few years, a varied, one-of-its-kind public collection of mosaics done from 1500–1900 has been on view at the Los Angeles County Museum, the promised gift of Arthur and Rosalinde Gilbert, who became interested twenty years ago in what was then a nontopic. The Gilbert Collection contains many examples of the Florentine *pietre dure* designs as well as micro-mosaics made in the Vatican workshops in Rome. Mosaic work of either type reflected the broad trends that influenced both the fine and decorative arts for four hundred years. For instance, seven-

teenth-century Florentine *pietre dure* wall panels in a design of flowers, foliage, ribbons, and ropes of pearls seem to exhibit the same ease of expression and composition characteristic of seventeenth-century still-life painting. In the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries mosaics occurred on cabinets decorated with *pietre dure* panels of flowers, birds, and flowers in vases. These cabinets sat on gilt-wood stands just as Oriental lacquer cabinets—equally valued for their beauty and exoticism—were put on gilt-wood stands. Later on, even the gold box got into bed with mosaic work. The Gilberts' collection includes mosaic boxes that combine a micro-mosaic scene on the lid with a surrounding border and sides made of a geometric *pietre dure* design in carnelian, jasper, turquoise, lapis lazuli, agate, and quartz. The nineteenth century, with its love of the gueridon, preferred mosaics that covered round or octagonal tabletops with gilt-bronze or gilt-wood bases, some of which were carved with fantastic creatures. There are tabletops that depict Cupid in a chariot drawn by tigers, others that are divided into pie-shaped scenes of an-



Above: *Pietre dure* and marble panel, Grand-Ducal Workshop, Florence, circa 1700–30.

Left: *Lavinia as the Goddess Flora*, after Titian, mosaic, circa 1850.

Center left: Neoclassical vase of marble, *pietre dure*, and mosaic, circa 1795.

Below: Window display at Jane Churchill Limited, London. Bottom: Swatch of Ashbourne chintz.



MOSAIC PHOTOGRAPHS, LOS ANGELES COUNTY MUSEUM OF ART, WINDOW DISPLAY PHOTOGRAPH, RICHARD DAVIES

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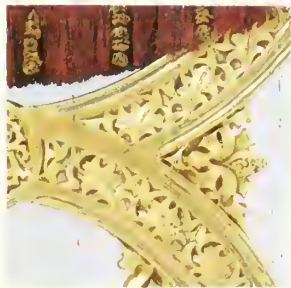
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ALL ABOUT STYLE



Two Idlers by Robert Frederick Blum, 1889.



cient Rome done in picture-postcard style around the border with more elaborate scenes in the middle. Equally virtuoso are landscapes with ivy or Neoclassical borders, animals copied from Stubbs, beautiful young women taken from paintings by Titian, landscapes inspired by Claude Lorraine, Arab scenes taken from Horace Vernet. Well aware that the Arthur Gilberts have created a topic as well as a collection, such experts as Anthony Phillips at Christie's in New York and Charles Truman at Christie's, London, are beginning to develop a market for mosaics, and New York dealer Juan Portela has started to put *pietre dure* tables in his window. ■ PRETTY UNDECORA-

TION Is it appealing when brand-new curtains and slipcovers look brand new? The desire to rinse out new fabrics in tea and mate the results with a room arranged with underrestored, underpolished furniture first started years ago with Mrs. Lancaster of Colefax & Fowler in London. But you could never have had a room that looked like one of Mrs. Lancaster's just by copying the fabric she used or indeed by dunking it in a tub of tea, you had to understand what she was after. One of her nieces, Lady Charles Churchill, has done just that from a little storefront in Holbein Place, London. Combining decoration with the display of her own line of simply colored cotton fabrics, Jane Churchill's windows always offer a lesson in how to make a room look clean but not new. A worn painted floor, painted French chairs, a Regency bench, and simple mahogany dressing-table mirror ground the sweetness of her chintz and make her aunt's point without doing a literal copy. ■ COLLECTING POST CARDS Writing paper, like men's shoes, is a trifle that can give pleasure to those who notice. In the case both of writing paper and shoes, however, it is always easier to get the black-tie end of things right—an invitation for a small dance as well as the dancing pumps. Off-hand is always harder—air-mail writing paper, espadrilles, driving shoes. Or post cards. Which is how some people like to throw over the whole writing-paper issue. Years ago I had a friend who used to make his own post cards by coloring the front with magic-marker designs that were a cross between comics revisited by Roy Lichtenstein and early Andy Warhol Polaroid portraits with talk balloons added. Now the post-card game has gone a little more highfalutin with players stocking up on Landseer cards at the Wallace Collection—but not to send to the English to whom they will come as no surprise—and Sargent's portrait of Henry James or the knock-kneed Oscar Wilde by Carlo Pellegrini, both to be had at the National Portrait Gallery, London. Post-card details of risqué Pompeian Wall



Above: Prince Albert's throne.
Left: Prince Albert from an 1867 portrait by Winterhalter and a detail of his throne.



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ALL ABOUT STYLE

frescoes or the Fragonard panel of a girl on a swing wearing no underwear perhaps require a covering envelope. New to the post-card world are the romantic detail photographs of furniture or decoration that make genteel but not prissy missives. In the post-card game, points are not usually awarded for sending out the most famous image in a collection—*Blue Boy* and *Pinkie* from the Huntington, etc. A sense of journalism informs some of the best choices and signals when, for instance, to stop sending cards of Manet's *Olympia* or his painting of Baudelaire's mistress plus any of Watteau's clowns and take up with a Caravaggio still life such as the one that exists at the Metropolitan only as post card and poster because at the last minute it wasn't sent to the exhibition. For summer thanks, try the card of Robert Frederick Blum's *Two Idlers* from the National Academy of Design in New York.

■ **LOVE STORY** Thrones are not necessarily interesting furniture but as thrones go London's Victoria & Albert is currently exhibiting one that's worth seeing. Actually a fancy chair, its pretense to throne-ness tells the story of Queen Victoria's marriage to her Prince Consort, whose political influence eventually exceeded that of others who advised the Queen officially. The story of Prince Albert's throne involves the new Palace of Westminster—the Houses of Parliament. The old medieval Palace of Westminster was gutted by fire in 1834 and when built up again by Sir Charles Barry it became one of the world's greatest Gothic Revival buildings. The richest interior of all is the Chamber of the House of Lords, first used in 1847 for the state opening of Parliament by Queen Victoria. Next to her throne was the carved and gilt X-framed chair for Prince Albert designed, as was all the furniture and decoration, by Augustus Pugin. By 1900 the chair had disappeared. It turned up last year as an unidentified lot in a country auction sale, where it was bought by the National Heritage Memorial Fund, which sent it to the V&A. Scholars have only recently recognized Prince Albert's virtual partnership with his wife in political matters. But was it he, too, who saw to the light, colorful decoration of Balmoral and Osborne in the early years? Could it have been that Albert was the one who had the eye? □

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LIFE IN THE GARDEN

By C. Z. Guest

I have had three great passions in my life, my husband, my horses, and my garden. My husband always encouraged me and helped me to achieve the goals I set for myself, my riding gave me motivation and discipline, and my garden gave me peace of mind. For me there is no greater form of relaxation than to be outside in my garden working among the flowers and plants. I live by the words that Thomas Jefferson once wrote, "There is no occupation so delightful to me as the culture of the earth, and no culture comparable to that of the garden."

My love for flowers started in my mother's gardens and greenhouses at our family property on the North Shore of Boston, where I grew up. Although my mother wasn't really a gardener herself, she loved flowers with a passion, and my earliest memories are of carloads of flowers accompanying us wherever we went. On the North Shore we had three gardens; two extensive formal ones that included beds of roses, lilies, all varieties of annuals, and perennials, and a big pool and fountain with pond lilies and goldfish, and a huge kitchen garden that supplied the house with multitudes of edibles and every size, shape, and color of cut flowers that one could imagine. When I wasn't romping around the grounds on my black pony, Jack, I was following at the heels of my favorite pal, Mr. Buffett, who was my



In sitting room, Mrs. Guest by Dali



Pots of orchids in office designed by J. Allen Murphy and on terrace

Garden furniture, *left*, designed and produced by Mrs. Guest. *Right*: Linden trees and rose beds by the kitchen garden.

mother's head gardener.

William Buffett was in his forties when I was a child. He had been with the family for years, much longer than I had, and he was there years after I left. I used to marvel at his knowledge of flowers, the way his gentle hands could swiftly but delicately handle little seedlings, how he repotted plants, how he lovingly cut flowers; he was almost like a surgeon. He lived with flowers and he loved his work. He had a knack for making his work fun and a knack for educating a young child to feel the same love for flowers that he felt.

There were two things that Mr. Buffett preached on a regular basis. One I learned well and the second I am still learning. Firstly, Mr. Buffett was one of the most organized people I have ever known. He was at work by seven every morning and he always had a plan for the day. He knew where he was going, what he was going to do, and what the people under him were going to do. I remember him each evening meeting with the other gardeners to discuss their plan for the next day. I now realize that he had developed a system, and having a system is the only way to have a successful garden. You must make notes of your triumphs and your failures as Mr. Buffett did so that you know how to repeat your successes and how not to make the same mistakes again.

Secondly, you've heard the saying that pa-

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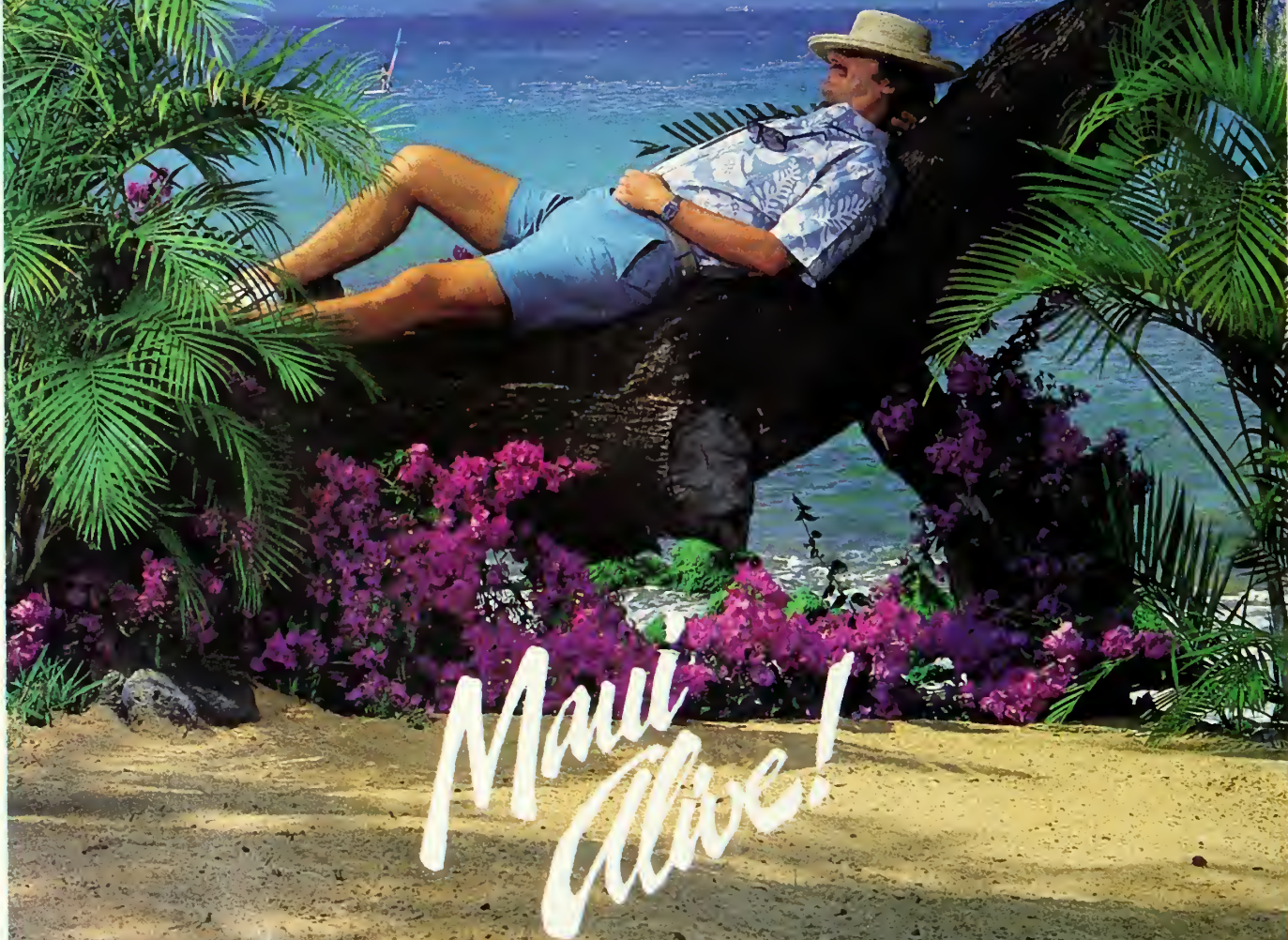
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GARDEN PLEASURES

tience is a virtue. Well, it's a virtue that I've never had. I believe that lack of patience comes from being energetic and interested. It's so hard for a young child to wait, but patience is one thing that you will learn from having a garden. You can't hurry Mother Nature. I can remember constantly asking Mr. Buffett, "Can't I look now?" or "Are they ready yet?" Mr. Buffett's standard answer was, "In a week or two."

Mr. Buffett was probably not completely aware of the impression he was making on this little blond imp who so faithfully dogged his footsteps, but the seeds that he planted in my brain have guided me throughout my life.

After I married Winston, my late husband, I was able to create and develop my own gardens on Long Island, in Palm Beach and Virginia. Our main house in Old Westbury, Long Island, is where my most complex gardens and greenhouses are situated. There is a formal rose garden enclosed by a brick wall just off the terrace and another rose garden along the wall of the main

house with five topiary trees that leads into the kitchen garden.

The kitchen garden is really my pride and joy. I can spend hours there digging, planting, picking, snipping, looking, inspecting, nibbling, and just plain relaxing. The kitchen garden consists of beds of my favorite vegetables—string beans, peas, carrots, beets, radishes, lettuce, broccoli, peppers, cucumbers, squash, pumpkins, onions, chard, eggplant, corn, and potatoes, to name a few!—an herb bed (mint, tarragon, basil, parsley, chives, dill, rosemary, thyme), a patch for horseradish, alpine strawberries, borders, beds for annuals (zinnias, marigolds, asters, sweet William, candytuft, nasturtiums, pansies, salpiglossis), beds for perennials (hardy chrysanthemums, peonies, lilies, columbine, Shasta daisies, Oriental poppies, irises, primula, hollyhocks), strawflowers, and special beds for test seeds sent to me by various seed companies to test their durability, vigor, and disease resistance in my area. I


have a staff of three gardeners to help keep this all going. The kitchen garden is really like a little factory that produces abundantly for the whole household. We all take pride in the wonderful vegetables and beautiful flowers this garden gives us.

Just off the kitchen garden are two greenhouses; the smaller one is a growing house and the larger one is for orchids and potted plants. My interest in orchids was started by my mother. After I was married she sent me orchid plants each year for my birthday, Christmas, and my wedding anniversary. Before long I had quite an extensive collection and as the collection grew so did my interest and knowledge. Orchids are truly the most intriguing and exotic of all flowers. They are seductive yet mysterious. The beauty of some cannot be fully appreciated by the naked eye. The center of a tiny renanthera orchid when inspected under a magnifying glass reveals a dazzling meld of shades of rose, red, and pink, while a zygopetalum orchid shows an unusual blend of greens and blues. Some orchids have a fragrance only during the night, some only during the day. Some species dare to bloom only one day of the year.

In the greenhouse I have sometimes as many as fifteen species of orchids—vandas, paphiopedilums, dendrobiums, miltonias, oncidiums, epidendrums, zygopetalums, schomburgkias, rhynchostylises, laeliocattleyas. I prefer the ones that stay in bloom for a week or two. When they are in full bloom they are brought into the house where they make perfect house plants.

I also do something that very few people would ever dream of doing: I mix orchids with other flowers. Often I'll put an orchid plant next to a lovely arrangement of roses and peonies. I love a room filled with many colors and kinds of flowers and oddly enough, all flowers no matter what size, color, or shape seem to complement one another.

In the greenhouse as well I expect all my plants to get along! Geraniums, hibiscus, clivia, sweet olives, amaryllis, lantanas, nasturtiums, azaleas, jasmine, camellias, stephanotis, some miniature fruit trees—lemon, orange, lime—all the pots are in the same greenhouse as the orchids but in different sections with different temperature controls.



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GARDEN PLEASURES

When the weather gets warm outside, around May, the large greenhouse is vacated. All the plants are brought outside for a vacation. This time is used for repairing, cleaning, and disinfecting the greenhouse and getting it ready for the following season.

I usually plan my garden around the five different seasons of the year: summer, fall, winter, spring, and the holidays. During the summer all of the flowers, plants, and vegetables in the various gardens are cared for under a very strict system. Each day of the week is designated for a different specific task. Mondays are for grass cutting and bug spraying; Tuesdays for weeding and mulching; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays for watering (depending on the amount of rainfall, sometimes less if we've had ample rain; sometimes in dry August we'll water every day). Thursdays and Saturdays are for cutting, picking, and staking, and for general tidying.

In the fall, when everything is finished, we have a complete cleanup. All dead leaves, dried-up stems and stalks, and debris are raked and taken away. The beds are topped with an organic fertilizer that is tilled in. The alpine-strawberry borders are covered with pine needles and the garden is put to bed for the winter. Now we plant the bulbs for the next spring around the property. Tulips, snowdrops, hyacinths, crocuses, daffodils are scattered around the tree bases, shrubs, through the woods, and on the hillside.

As we move into winter the greenhouses become the center of garden activity. The greenhouse plants are inspected for insects, sprayed, and gradually moved back in—the orchids usually first in the middle of September and the hardier plants later in October. In the growing house we sow flats of cress for salad and also have a few miniature vegetables like tomatoes and cucumbers in pots. We begin to pot up paper-white narcissus for the

holidays and stagger them every three weeks so that we have them constantly from October through Christmas. We plan the greenhouse around my favorite holidays, Thanksgiving and Christmas. Every room in the house is overflowing with the most fragrant orchids, paper-whites, amaryllis—orange, white, and red—small azalea plants made from cuttings over the season, begonias, cape primroses, gloxinias, and chrysanthemums. The more flowers the merrier! After December I start to chomp at the bit thinking of next year's gardening season.

In February I cut a few branches of dogwood and forsythia and put them in vases of warm water. They bloom in a couple of weeks which makes me feel that spring is right around the corner. Come March the bulbs we planted in the fall will start pushing their little noses out of the ground. This is the renewal of life, the cycle of nature; it's time to prepare a plan for another bigger, even better garden for this year! □

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SEALY AVENUE

The restored Victorian street of Galveston's East End Historical District is only one of the Gulf Coast island's many charms

by Alan Pryce-Jones

When I was small I used to play a nursery game called *The Prince's Quest*. You rolled a die and moved a counter along a sinuous track. If it fell on a lucky square you might move forward three; or you might be unlucky and held up by a dragon, or move back six, or even be knocked out of the game altogether. When all went well you reached the castle ahead of your opponent, and there was the princess waiting for you.

I think of this childish game when I drive from Houston to Galveston. First, there is the rush-hour traffic. You advance a foot at a time. All the other drivers on the road are dragons. Then, once beyond the skyscrapers and overpasses of Houston there is desolate flatness, and after an hour there are the Wagnerian gas flares of Texas City crowding the horizon, as if Alberich were hammering below. Trees are few, the bayou lands are swampy and oily-looking, the small groups of houses by the Bay are perched on stilts, as if expecting a hurricane. And so they are. It would be hard to paint a more lowering landscape.

Then comes the causeway which links the mainland to Galveston Island. And finally the city itself, built on a narrow, unprotected sand barrier. That lack of protection has brought Galveston to disaster more than once, notably in 1900 when a tropical storm burst through the sea wall and drowned more than six thousand people. Old folk are still pointed out who



The Carpenter Gothic Jacob Sonnentheil house, *top*, on Sealy Avenue, *below*, part of the historical district. Floor-length windows and open latticework along the galleries made the hot climate of the island tolerable.



lost their entire family in the storm, which led to the building of a seventeen-foot sea wall, and the raising by eight feet of the city's level.

Galveston, named after Bernardo de Gálvez, an eighteenth-century governor of Louisiana, has a raffish early history. It was the haunt of a famous pirate, Jean Lafitte, and only settled to any kind of community life in the early nineteenth century. By 1900 it rivaled New Orleans as the commercial center of the Southwest. Its prosperity was shaped by a handful of families,

many of whom are still in command. The Moodys, the Sealys, the Kempners survive, though the Greshams, the Browns, and the Rosenbergs are only a memory. In their day they made the chief commercial street, *The Strand*, an artery for banking and trade which was compared at the time to Wall Street. The nearby docks exported cotton and wheat, the local tycoons built opulent offices of granite and brick and cast iron. On the oleander- and palm-shaded avenues to the south they planned timber or brick houses for their families, and of these houses most survived the hurricane. In the Grand Opera House now being restored Sarah Bernhardt was featured on the program. There was at least one hotel, *The Beach*, which in splendor rivaled the Grand Union in Saratoga. After a few years it burned, but during its short life it must have been festive indeed, painted a delicate mauve we are told, with eaves of golden green, and stripes of

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red and white on the roof, which was domed, high above fretted and dornered and galleried wooden pavilions. The Beach Hotel was reported to have been as full of illicit weekend fun as any of the country houses frequented by Edward, Prince of Wales, under the scandalized eye of Queen Victoria.

After the hurricane of 1900 Galveston dwindled down. Houston took its place as a vital center, and for the next half-century Galveston became a kind of Red Light city, notorious for gambling and prostitution. When I first knew it, fifteen years ago, the red lights had been put out, but nothing had replaced them. The city was half asleep. Buildings the hurricane had spared were torn down without scruple. Citizens were divided between three groups: whites, blacks, and Hispanics. They looked back nostalgically to the wild days of Prohibition. The old houses were crumbling, even though some of them survived through the inertia of the owners, in years when good Victorian houses all over the United

States were being leveled.

This was in part, perhaps, because the people of Galveston, though quite happy with their mainland neighbors, tend to think of themselves as a race apart. They do not care for advice, they certainly do not care to be pushed around. For years they were content to sit back and allow a few rich merchants and bankers to run the city.

Suddenly all changed. The Galveston Historical Society had existed since 1871, and when the historical Samuel May Williams house was threatened with demolition eighty years later, the Society's leaders formed a foundation to protect and preserve the cultural heritage of the city. Its first real success was the saving of a fine Victorian Italianate house, Ashton Villa, about to be torn down after 44 years in the hands of the Shriners. Three principal local foundations, headed by the Moody, the Sealy, and the Kempner families, carried forward the work of making the city aware that it possessed a unique heritage of Vic-

torian building, much of it in need of saving. In the last fifteen years an enormous amount of work has been done to give not just a face-lift but a fresher and healthier bloodstream to Galveston. It is no longer a seaside resort for jaded Houstonians but a reviving community standing on its own feet.

A number of German families settled in Galveston after the Civil War. Like the New England Irish, they had left their homeland on a shoestring and gravitated to Galveston because it was the metropolis of the Southwest. Their Garten Verein pavilion in Kempner Park became a great center of social activity. The park has lately been restored and its octagonal dance pavilion once again has acquired a gala air.

The Galveston of today is like nowhere else. True, a number of distinguished architectural firms, chief among them McKim, Mead & White, helped give the city something of the air of a southern Newport, with incongruous palaces jammed along a main boulevard. But Galveston also had an architect of her very own, Nicholas Clayton, an Irishman who built some of the oddest buildings of his time. The most remarkable of these is the Gresham House, now known as The Bishop's Palace—a vast construction of granite and red sandstone, adorned with swelling balconies, pillars of Siena marble, stained-glass windows. It is a monument to profusion which recalls the work of a British near-contemporary, William Burges, remembered for his restoration of Cardiff Castle—a house of spectacular ugliness—but even more for the design of a washstand presented by Sir John Betjeman, the late British poet laureate, to Evelyn Waugh, and much admired for its monstrosity by both.

In Galveston Clayton really let himself go. He is responsible for the first University of Texas Medical Branch building, now restored to its full florid glory; the Truehart-Adriance Building, also restored, for the Junior League of Galveston; the immense Ursuline Convent, demolished after another hurricane in 1961; Harmony Hall, eventually destroyed by fire, but listed in the definitive book on Galveston architecture, Howard Barnstone's *The Galveston That Was*, as a monument to "triumphant baroque violence." Clayton was an eclectic, taking

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hints from the French architect Charles Garnier, who built the Paris Opéra, from the British Richard Norman Shaw, and from the Louisiana-born H.H. Richardson.

It is along the sea wall that you notice one of the most pleasant aspects of Galveston life—its total absence of snobbery. People do not give themselves airs at the expense of others. A genuine community spirit, backed by a typical Texan independence of outlook, runs through the city. The breezes from the Bay blow away cobwebs. Galveston is largely a Catholic city, but it is not a sectarian one. St. Mary's Catholic Cathedral is an attractive building and was even more so before it was "tastefully" redecorated in recent years. And there is, on Broadway, the Sacred Heart Church, designed by a Jesuit brother after Clayton's original was blown in by the 1900 hurricane. It is said that the Jesuit was employed so as to save an architectural fee, and the church he has built is amateurish and bizarre in the extreme.

Indian? Byzantine? It is a style hard to define. Brilliantly whitewashed, it looks like a piece of Brobdingnagian confectionery; and I like it.

Two years ago, hurricane Alicia hit. But by then a revival of civic pride, already under way, took the damage in its stride. Galveston is lucky in possessing not only its foundations, which reliably make seed money available, but also individuals like George Mitchell, a Galvestonian of Greek extraction who made an oil fortune in Houston. He carries on the spirit of the creative past and is ready to sink large sums in sensible projects. With his wife, he busies himself now with the restoration of The Strand and the creation of imaginative new hotels and restaurants. Since 1970 concerted efforts have been made to save not only The Strand commercial area but also two main residential districts watched over by a Historical District Review Board. The East End Historical District, where Sealy, Ball, Winnie, and Church avenues are to be found, consists of forty

or more blocks between the Port and Broadway. The Silk Stocking District is much smaller and lies in the mid-land sector. To begin with, the residents were wary of what they feared as regimentation. Now, however, neighborhood associations spread enthusiasm. A group of black businessmen is trying successfully to save a number of small Victorian cottages north of Broadway mostly inhabited by black and low-income families, and in the last five years a Paint Partnership Program, largely financed by the Kempner and Moody Foundations, has made it possible to rehabilitate over two hundred houses with the cooperation of their owners. The commercial buildings along The Strand, spread over a dozen blocks, have proved the most coherent area of restoration, but little by little oases of restoration are being created all over the city wherever a successful rehabilitation acts as a stimulus.

One of the more fascinating projects of the seventies has been the reconstruction of the *Elissa*, a four-hundred-ton iron square-rigged sailing ship over a century old, launched from the yard of Alexander Hall in Aberdeen, Scotland, which had built the first British clipper ship in 1850. The *Elissa* earned her keep in the transatlantic trade, and twice put into Galveston in the 1880s. Then, little by little, she fell on evil days, and by 1961 she had become a more or less derelict motor ship in Piraeus, Greece, her masts dismantled and her activity demoted to smuggling cigarettes.

Berthed in Piraeus, she caught the eye of an expert, Peter Throckmorton, and after long negotiations she was bought with the active help of a Galveston businessman, John Paul Gaido, backed by The Moody Foundation and by a group of like-minded citizens. She had to be partly rebuilt in Greece in order to dare the Atlantic crossing, and she reached Galveston as a hulk in 1979. Today, five years and four million dollars later, she is as beautiful as any ship of her kind—and there are not many—on the ocean.

As a friend of mine has said, moved to a moment of poetic expansion, the *Elissa's* rebirth can be taken as a symbol of her final home: once vital, then a dirty old lady, and now triumphantly sailing the Gulf with fresh assurance. □



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TIPPING IN AMERICA

By Alexander Cockburn

The look varies from table to table and indeed from restaurant to restaurant. Sometimes the appearance of inward concentration is so rapt, the head bowed so low that it seems some form of religious devotion must surely be in progress. Sometimes, indeed, the appearance of worship is enhanced by a movement of the lips as if in silent recitation of a lengthy grace. Some meditate at length, others affect nonchalance with only fleeting seclusion in the ritual.

The ritual is, of course, tipping. For many people who make a constant practice of eating in restaurants ritual and the due proportions of the tip are virtually automatic. For others the process is a frightful strain and the grace one would hear from those silently moving lips would be "Let me see now, double the sales tax to get fifteen percent, do I add another five percent for the captain, what about three percent

for the wine waiter. . . ." Finally lips stop moving and credit card or cash-burdened plate is pushed away as though it were a scorpion.

Hovering somewhere between charity and a bribe, the tip is one of our most polymorphous social transactions. At its most crude it can be a loudish expression of authority and disdain. At its purest it can approach a statement of love. At one end of the scale we had the foul decorum of those old lunch places where the men thought it their right to pat the waitresses on the backside. If a waitress objected to these caresses the tip would be thrown into the dirty plate. And at the other end we have the elevated *snobisme* of Marcel Proust, for whom the tip was a profound and complex form of social expression. "When he left," writes Proust's biographer George Painter of one meal in the Paris Ritz, "his pockets were empty, and all but

one of the staff had been fantastically tipped. 'Would you be so kind as to lend me fifty francs,' he asked the doorman, who produced a wallet of banknotes with alacrity. 'No, please keep it—it was for you'; and Proust repaid the debt with interest the next evening."

A tip can be a commodious expression of confidence in a seasoned relationship. French waiters understand this. "Thank *you*, Monsieur X"; in some of the more old-fashioned French restaurants in New York one can hear that pleased cry, nuanced with deferential intimacy, as if to say "Monsieur is a man of the world, a man of generosity, a man who understands how to comport himself." It is in the same idiom as the old-fashioned French maitre d'hôtel who, with the inflection he gives "Your table Monsieur," similarly expresses a recognition of Monsieur's fine standing in the

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world and Monsieur's fine and delicate generosity too.

But far more often one can witness the tip articulated in the syntax of contempt or rage. At a smart restaurant in lower Manhattan not so long ago I saw a waiter pursue to the door a man who was leaving with a large party and, after a brief discussion, the man gave the waiter money, with every appearance of embarrassment and shame. A member of his party whom I knew told me the next day that his host at that restaurant had been an Englishman who had left a ten percent tip. When the waiter caught up with him at the door he said, "Excuse me, sir, was there something unsatisfactory with the service?" "Not at all." "It is customary in this country, sir, to leave a tip of fifteen or twenty percent." At which point the Englishman could have made some remark about impertinent mendicancy, but, in fact, he cringed and ended up giving the waiter about thirty percent of the bill.

English people in America are often

bad tippers. Full of national self-regard for the subtleties of status and reward in their own society they seem, this side of the Atlantic, to regard the act of tipping—or rather of tipping decently—as submission to the brutish dictates of the American cash nexus. "Very oikish, don't you think?" said an exiled English lord of my acquaintance, referring to the divisions between captain and waiter on his credit-card chit and leaving a sparse sprinkle of cash on the plate. On the other side from these parsimonious English people are those in the restaurant business who know, as they say, what it's like and who always leave the full twenty percent, unless badly done by. In the same sort of way, taxi drivers tell me, prostitutes—familiar with the pressures and anxieties of personal service—are always their best tippers.

Is the tip, getting ever more elaborate, becoming an index of social decay? Hanns Sachs who grew up in Vienna at the same time as his "master and friend" Sigmund Freud wrote a

memoir of life in that city in the late nineteenth century in which he devoted some testy pages to the growing complexities of *trinkgeld*, complexities which he took to be evidence of the decadence of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Everybody had their handout for prescribed portions of *trinkgeld*—the coachman, the doorman, the hat-check girl, the waiter, the wine waiter, the headwaiter, the maître d'hôtel:

Every door which you had to pass was opened for you by someone who demanded a tip; you could not get into the house you lived in after 10 p.m. nor seat yourself in the car in which you wanted to ride without giving a tip. Karl Kraus, Vienna's witty satirist, said the first thing a Viennese would see on the day of Resurrection would be the outstretched hand of the man who opened the door of his coffin.

Doctor Sach's indignant portrait is clearly reminiscent of today's taxi driver, doorman, hatcheck girl, waiter, and so forth, all of whom, from Manhattan to San Francisco and from Chicago to Corpus Christi expect and usually receive similar *trinkgeld*. Is America therefore in decline? Visitors to the young republic found to their surprise that coachmen and waiters refused their tips. As the authors of *The Art of Tipping* (by Schein, Jablonski, Wohlfahrt, Tippers Intl.) report, an organization called the Anti-tipping Society of America, founded in 1905, attracted some hundred thousand members, most of them traveling salesmen. But anti-tipping laws were declared unconstitutional in the same year that Congress passed the Volstead Act and Americans entered the twenties buying bootleg liquor and tipping big.

Tipping is even bigger money now, with some five billion dollars per annum being left on plates, scrawled on credit cards, squirmed through taxi partitions, and slapped into outstretched palms. This is not so much an art as an item in the federal budget serious enough to provoke certain provisions in the Tax Equity and Fiscal Responsibility Act of 1982, designed to insure that the U.S. Treasury gets its tip too.

That's the trouble. Tipping is a paradox: formal yet informal, public yet private, commercial yet intimate, vol-

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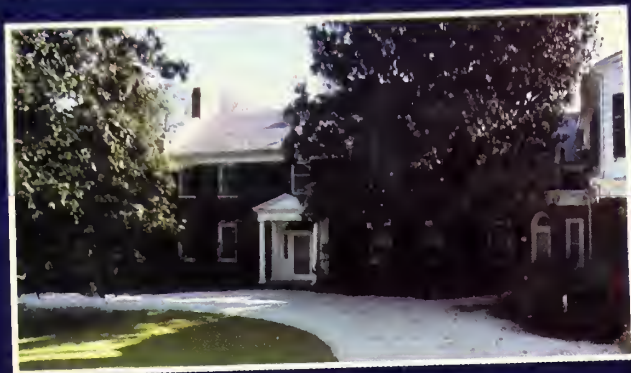
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HOLLY HILL — Holly Hill was featured in the Nov-Dec 1984 issue of Southern Accents magazine on pages 126-136. Completed in 1977, inspired by the Wythe House in Williamsburg, VA, it was built by noted architect James Means. There are over 6,000 sq. ft. of living area, 5 bedrooms, 4 full and 2 half baths, 5 fireplaces, cozy nooks and crannies and impressive formal rooms. On this 16-acre estate, all out-buildings are Williamsburg style and include a guest house, formal gardens and pool. **\$1,050,000.**



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untary yet in reality so close to compulsory that most people, across the years, have little difficulty in remembering the times they felt compelled to leave no tip at all. If tipping becomes an entirely mechanical act, beneath government supervision, it loses its vitality and provokes the dull resentment one experiences at the sight of the words, "A fifteen percent service charge is included in the price of the meal." Even if it is only a matter of a few cents or a few dollars there must always be room for maneuver, for individual expression.

A friend of mine once worked as a waiter in the restaurant of one of the big casinos in Las Vegas. Night after night he would watch the maître d'hôtel showing parties to tables variously good, indifferent, or bad in relation to the stage. After each allocation of table he would return to the door and stand facing into the room with his back to the line of would-be diners. After a brief pause a bill would be stuffed into the palm, which he dangled behind

him, and off he would go again toward a table of precisely selected status. Having discovered that the maître d' had special pockets inside his trousers, running from hip to ankle, designed to accommodate the massive amounts of bank notes acquired during the evening, my friend asked how he knew, without looking at the guests or at the bills they gave him, which table to

Often one sees
the tip
articulated in
the syntax of rage

choose. The maître d' explained that after long experience he knew the size of the "toke"—hundred dollars, fifty dollars, twenty dollars, ten dollars—merely from the manner in which the note was thrust into his hand.

There are two reasons for arguing that what the maître d'hôtel was stuffing into those immense pockets was not a tip but a bribe. In the first place the transaction was for services not yet rendered and in the second place the personal relationship was only one way; between the sensitive fingertips of the maître d'hôtel and the proffered bill. From the diners' point of view—appropriate though this was in a gambling casino—it was as though they were tipping an automat.

A tip must, however fleetingly, be the acknowledgment of a personal relationship, which is why the process can instill such panic in people plunged into a ceremony where much is uncertain and where only a certain familiarity will teach one the proper mode: in some restaurants captain and waiters pool the tips and in others which explains a certain tension in the captain's demeanor, they don't. In some—the more old-fashioned—it is proper to tip the maître d'hôtel on occasion and in others, more modish or youthful in aspect, often it is not.

Due contemplation of the proper tip, in size and allocation, discloses not only what sort of place you are in but what sort of person you are: the sort who self-righteously calculates fifteen percent of the pre-tax total and gives fifty cents to the hatcheck girl, or the sort who bangs down a big tip with the vulgar flourish which says, "There I've bought you!", or again someone like Proust who saw the tip as a perverse gift. At the conclusion of an excellently cooked but badly served meal at Boeuf sur le Toit, Proust (in Painter's words) ignored the person who served him so badly and "Summoned a distant waiter and rewarded him regally. 'But he didn't do anything for us, protested [Paul] Brach and Proust replied, 'Oh, but I saw such a sad look in his eyes when he thought he wasn't going to get anything.'" And of course many people, unlike Proust and the others, can't stand the whole business of tipping in any way and flee to self-service or fast food where the problem is avoided altogether.

The tip can become a bond between tipper and tippee, leagued in a transaction against absentee ownership. In his book about Alexander Korda his nephew Michael reports how he was instructed in the vital function of the

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tip as they moved in various states of financial indigency through the grand hotels of Europe. It was vital, said Korda, to tip the doorman, reception clerk, maître d'hôtel, and waiters hugely. In the end, in the spirit of these private benefactions, they would put virtually nothing on his hotel bill. In those older times, before the coming of the Marriott chain, savoir-faire about tipping was a big thing, as I can recall from my own father's lectures on the subject.

We tip waiters, doormen, hat girls,

taxi drivers, and hairdressers. We don't tip airline hostesses. Bank clerks, no; croupiers, yes. The modalities are complicated and, in the view of the authors of *The Art Of Tipping*, ever-expanding. The service economy, exploding decade by decade, will "affect the tipping process and increase the number of services with which we all have to cope." Seen more darkly, this could mean two increasingly divergent classes, one rich and one poor, with the latter increasingly dependent on tips, gratuities, presents, and the

other petty expressions of the master-servant relationship to get by. Tipping would therefore, in *fin de siècle* America, become an ever more complex and fraught affair, approaching the status of necessary almsgiving as for the well-heeled traveler in India.

It would be better, some argue, to give up tipping altogether, as they have tried in Eastern Europe and China. Tipping is, after all, about the relationship between served and servant and should play no part in a free society of equals. It depends on what one thinks the origin of tipping is. I think it can be traced to the primitive gift exchange, the amiable and generous distribution of surplus goods and cash which, in its most abandoned expression takes the form of the potlatch, where the surplus was either disposed of by common consumption or heaved over the side of a cliff. In a perfectly equal society everyone would exchange equivalent gifts—portions of the surplus—with each other. Everyone would tip and everyone be tipped in universal rhythms of generosity and gratitude. But, of course, modern society is not equal and the surplus wealth is unequally controlled and allocated, so the distribution of surplus wealth must always be an expression of power and of domination. Therefore the tip is a paradox: it is both a trace memory

of the gift exchange (a lousy tipper is badly esteemed in society) and a symbolic expression of the unequal power relations prevailing in the distribution of gifts; so there is always this element of domination and of sadism in the tipping system.

All this was understood perfectly by P.G. Wodehouse who approached the intricacies of the served-servant relationship more boisterously than Proust, but who expressed it with equal realism as in the scenes at the end of so many of the Wooster-Jeeves sagas, in this case *The Inimitable Jeeves*.

"Jeeves!" I said.

"Sir?"

"How much money is there on the dressing table?"

"In addition to the ten-pound note which you instructed me to take, sir, there are two five pound notes, three one-pounds, a ten shillings, two half crowns, a florin, four shillings, a six pence and a half penny, sir."

"Collar it all," I said. "You've earned it." □



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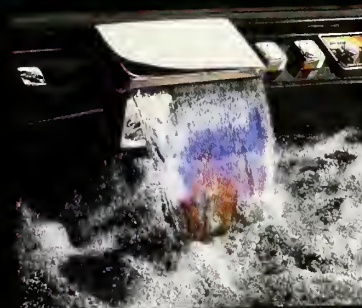
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STRADS FOR SALE

Jacques François keeps the world's greatest stringed instruments in the hands of the world's greatest players

By Caroline Seebom

I know a man who looks at violins all day. He doesn't play them, he doesn't even listen to them. He just looks at them, turns them over, measures them, holds them up to the light. After such an examination, he then says something like, "It's interesting. Not a del Gesù, of course. French, I think. It's been doctored, you see." On the instant, thousands of dollars vanish into thin air.

Few people see what Jacques François sees when he looks at a violin. But then few have his impressive credentials. François is heir to the great violinmaking establishment of Nicolas Lupot, founded in 1794. One of his grandfathers was Henri François, once official violinmaker to the Paris Conservatory. His other grandfather was violin and cello dealer Albert Caressa. The whole family was trained at Mirecourt, the historical center of French violinmaking, and Jacques himself, under the guidance of his late father, Emile, went to Mirecourt and its German counterpart, Mittenwald, for his apprenticeship. After the war, the young François came to America and is now one of the country's preeminent violin and cello dealers and collectors, and his establishment in New York City is the shrine to which most string players will one day gravitate. As Isaac Stern wrote on a photograph propped up near François's desk: "For Jacques—whose vast knowledge is matched



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only by his compassion for fiddlers' foibles—he ministers lovingly to our needs and we are grateful."

The quality of Jacques François's instruments is the primary magnet. The names of the two great masters of Cremona—Antonio Stradivari (1644–1737) and Giuseppe Guarneri, known as del Gesù (1687–1744)—are probably almost as well known as Bach and Beethoven. It seems that no violinmaker since their deaths has matched their genius, although their predecessor, Nicolo Amati, and the Venetians Domenico Montegnana and Francesco Goffriller are as highly regarded in the musical world. The dominance of the Cremonese masters has

yet to be satisfactorily explained. Some say it is the aging of the wood (maple and spruce or the finest pine), some say the shape of the F-holes, some say the varnish. Jacques François believes the secret might be in the "filler," the chemical used under the varnish in the seventeenth century, which took a very long time to dry and thus may account for the length of time it took Stradivari and Guarneri to deliver their instruments. In the nineteenth century a faster-drying filler was used to increase production, and the secret was lost.

Whatever the answer, most artists will agree that these two makers created the most beautiful-sounding instruments in the world. There are about eight hundred Strads and 250 Guarneris in existence today. Most are owned by musicians, but museums and collectors are increasingly interested as prices skyrocket. Strads currently cost between \$250,000 to \$1 million, and a Tourte bow to go with them, as much as \$50,000. Such high prices attract investors. An individual in Hong Kong paid the highest price ever publicized for a Strad—\$1.2 million. Syndicates have also been formed to buy and sell violins. "In times of high inflation, the best fiddle can appreciate thirty percent in a year," says François. "My Chinese friends have been doing very well." François himself has close to a hundred rare violins,

THE DEALER'S EYE

including a 1686 Strad. He loves them all, but they are all for sale.

Jacques François straddles an interesting line between top-level dealer and artistic consultant. In his salon with huge windows, paneling, rare books on violinmaking, and rows and rows of instruments glowing with that antique red patina of all fine fiddles, he provides an atmosphere of nineteenth-century grandeur. A tall, handsome man with a strong French accent, he holds audience with beady-eyed shrewdness, as on a plum-velvet-covered table in the middle of the room are placed the jewels of the musical fraternity, millions of dollars' worth of antique wood to seduce the ears of music lovers everywhere. Meanwhile, René Morel, his major asset, another Mirecourt alumnus and probably the most skilled instrument repairer working today, listens with sympathy as musicians complain about their strings, their sound, their bows, and their music.

"Jacques and René really act as psychiatrists," says Pinchas Zukerman, a

regular visitor. "It makes artists feel good to come here and be told their instruments sound good, when really they should be at home practicing."

They come, like Zukerman, to have a Guarneri repaired, or like Lynn Harrell, to buy a rare Stradivarius cello. They come like the violin student from Washington, "because I can't keep away." Or like the cellist from San Francisco, "because only René can make my instrument sound the way it should." They come like the amateur violinmaker from Albuquerque, to show their handiwork. They come for appraisals. And they come for love, like the dewy-eyed student who asked, "Have you missed me?" in fruitless expectation.

A week's visit to this unusual emporium exposes not only the big business behind musical instruments, but also the vulnerabilities of musicians, the virtuosity of violinmakers, the toughness of violin connoisseurs, and the power contained within the slight bodies of these sensually curved, feather-

light wooden soundboxes that have remained unchanged for more than three hundred years.

MONDAY

Today, Wednesday, and Friday are the days when René Morel sees musicians for repairs and adjustments. His appointments book is a jumble of names as he attempts to accommodate discontented players. This particular Monday is more a zoo than most, partly because the weather (and therefore the instrument) has changed and partly because the Montreal Symphony Orchestra is in town and many of its members want to pay a call on the master. Morel stands at the central table, cheerful in his French-blue smock, shakes hands, chats awhile, then takes each unhappy patient upstairs, where the instrument can be heard, tested, and adjusted.

"My viola is sick, René," says Linda Eddy, who has come with her cellist husband, Timothy, and their three-month-old baby.

"The fingerboard needs planing,"

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TOPS!

ays René. "The strings are very high. What about a new bridge?"

"But I cannot leave it. We are going to Florida and then to Santa Fe."

The discussion turns to the contrast of climate—humidity to dry heat, the worst change for the instrument—and the intricacies of scheduling. Linda decides she can leave it if Jacques will lend her a viola. "To go to Florida?" he asks, also thinking of the climate. He hugs and finds her one. Now it is Timothy's turn. He plays his cello for René, who listens intently, then takes a sound-post setter and makes an adjustment inside the cello. "The sound-post is the soul of the instrument," he says. He resets the sound-post and the cello sounds more resonant, more lively. The musicians nod. The baby sleeps.

All morning René listens and adjusts. "It has a buzz," the musicians say. "I'm going to Aspen so I may have problems," they sigh. "The sound is muffled," they complain. René listens and adjusts. Even to the untutored ear, the instruments respond miraculously

to his hair's-breadth resetting of the sound-post. "René is unique," says Jacques François. "He has a gift for sound. Either you have an ear or you don't." A Gallic shrug.

TUESDAY

The salon is calm compared to yesterday. Jacques and a customer discuss a crack in a bow. A lady comes in with a violin that she tells him is a del Gesù. François takes it out and holds it briefly to the light.

"No," he says. "I don't think so."

The lady protests, brings out her papers, authentications. François peers at them over the top of his glasses.

"I am sorry, I don't agree," he says shrugging. The lady puts the violin away and walks angrily away.

"Of course it was not a del Gesù," he tells me. "I knew at once."

"But what about the papers?"

"I know the man who signed those papers. He cannot see well any more. No one over 75 should do authentications. That is the age my father

stopped. The eyes are no longer good enough."

The repair shop is across the hall, busy after yesterday's invasion. It looks like an alchemist's shop, with glues, measuring forks, powders, dentists' mirrors, peroxides, palettes of varnish, and the patients themselves on the table, sliced in half, set in zinc-lined plaster molds for patching, crack-removing, chip replacements. "We can spend six hundred man-hours on an instrument such as this," explains René, indicating a cello cross-sectioned in its plaster cast. "It had worm holes all over. We must push up wood chips from below to make patches, and graft wood taken from instruments salvaged from old shops. Each crack must be treated individually."

He gives me a Guarneri to hold that has also had the top removed for repair. It is over three hundred years old, weighs something like six ounces, and is worth \$300,000. Such a fragile thing, just some pieces of wood glued together. It hardly seems possible. He laughs.

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THE DEALER'S EYE

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Français has said that he has seen Morel restore violin bellies that are warped and sunken beyond belief. "He makes a mold, wets the belly, and presses it into the mold with hot sand. Millimeter by millimeter, the original shape is slowly regained."

WEDNESDAY

I arrive late in the morning when most of Morel's appointments have been completed and the adjustments are going on upstairs. At times the salon reminds me of a Savile Row establishment, all expertise and discretion. Today, however, there is an air of suppressed excitement. What has happened?

"You have just missed the sale of a Strad," Jacques Français says in triumph. I may have missed the sale, but it is impossible to miss the buyer, who now appears with shining eyes and buoyant step, hugging a violin case tightly under his arm. He is Charles Castleman, professor of violin at the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, New York, solo performer and recording artist, now the proud owner of a Stradivarius. I hold it in my hands as he talks breathlessly about its acquisition.

"I had been talking to Jacques about one for about fifteen years. The desire just builds up over time. I was a prodigy and have played on great instruments since I was a child. It was simply a matter of time and money. Now I am making some new recordings and this seemed to be the moment to have the right violin. I have been trying Strads out for several months now, in large and small halls, and with my friends.

"I always knew it had to be a Strad. A Guarneri performs wonderfully if you put a great deal of force behind it, but if you caress it it does not respond as well. A Strad is better for me since it can do the subtle things and also project very well. I spent an hour with René just now before I bought it to be sure it would sound its best. Other dealers also knew of my search and would send me information on their instruments. In fact one Midwestern dealer met me in O'Hare Airport when I had a half-hour layover and we went into a small waiting room and I played

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THE DEALER'S EYE

his instrument between planes. But this is the one that pleased me most." The price: \$275,000.

Français's assistant comes in and shakes Castleman's hand. "Congratulations," he says. Well, the sale of a Strad is always momentous. They are hard to find and very expensive. "I sold eight Strads last year," Français says. "That is a very good record." Not all performers buy the right instrument, according to Français. Later that morning he talks to an agent whose artist borrowed a 1721 Strad. "I think it has the most glorious E string I have ever heard," the man says. But the artist has chosen another instrument. "He's going to get into trouble," warns Français. "He's digging into the strings. The fiddle won't take it. He's a very stubborn man." Again, the Gallic shrug.

THURSDAY

"Perennial buyer day," I dub it later. People frequently visit Jacques Français from out of town to play his instruments, ostensibly for the purpose of making a purchase. "They come in every year to play the violin for two or three hours, having a ball upstairs—some even bring their music—playing our Strads and del Gesù, then they go away again until next year."

An elderly gentleman comes in with some violins he has been trying. Français listens to him play, then recommends a suitable instrument. The amateur goes away satisfied. Another amateur comes in, wanting to buy a violin that is clearly out of his league. "It will cost you three times what you want to pay," says Français. "Perhaps it is a good investment?" says the amateur hopefully. Français shrugs. "It is a good-sounding fiddle but it is not a good investment." The amateur droops, but such honesty has given Français a reputation for integrity.

FRIDAY

René Morel at his post again. As well as making adjustments, he advises his clients on other repairs. "This violin needs new pegs," he tells a young student. "Mountain ash pegs are the best, but they are difficult to find. You get them in California."

A couple comes in carrying five shabby-looking violin cases for Français to evaluate. He takes up his usual position at the high, daylight-filled



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window. Opening the cases, he picks up each violin for approximately five seconds, then puts each back in its case.

"What would you like to know?" he asks finally.

"We'd like to sell them."

"I'm not interested. These are commercial violins. Value maybe \$100 to \$300. They are worth nothing to me."

He gets up and walks away.

The owners, stunned, stare at the rejected instruments and then at each other. There is a hollow silence.

"People are always finding a Strad in

the attic," François tells me later. "They come *en famille* and set it in front of me with great ceremony. I don't even take the fiddle out of its case. I look at it, I tell them it's worth \$300. I tell them I will make no charge for the appraisal, and I walk away. I have to walk away or they will bombard me with questions."

How can he tell? What does he look for? I bombard him with questions. "It's mostly the varnish," he says. "But remember I was brought up to do this by my father. He trained me to identify

one part of a violin at a time." The boy learned to identify it first by nationality, then by period, then school, then master maker, then maker himself. Watching him now, holding a fiddle in his large, graceful hands with the same confidence of a doctor handling a baby, one senses the awesome power of tradition. Most violins have provenances, like paintings, he tells me. For instance, the 1734 Strad given to the City of Jerusalem by Henryk Szeryng. Szeryng had owned it for ten years, having bought it from the famous conductor, Charles Munch. Munch had bought it from Jacques François's grandfather, Albert Caressa.

Later, François takes me to see his "toys." In a glass case is displayed his small but fine collection of instruments; including several *pochettes*, or dancing-master kits, a sixteenth-size violin, a seventeenth-century guitar, and a child's hurdy-gurdy. He rarely adds to this select group, but a unique guitar is coming up at auction and he wants it. "I'll go all the way for it," he says. When not attending auctions or traveling in Europe on the lookout for instruments, François attends concerts three or four times a week. "Most of my customers are my friends."

Jacques François moved last year from his premises of forty years to a more modern building on New York's West Side. Friends were uneasy that with this relocation some of the romantic patina of musical history would dissipate in the thin metallic air of the twentieth century. Their fears were groundless. He has shrewdly re-created the nineteenth-century feeling, while adding modern conveniences such as a walk-in safe with hundreds of violins neatly tucked into wooden niches and a new repair shop with neutral north light, a great asset to the craftsmen in their meticulous work. "I would like to create here a museum atmosphere," François says, indicating the showcases of antique instruments. "And now I can display my beautiful seventeenth-century guitar [the one he wanted at auction]." But the most important thing is that the musicians will still be there with their fretful expressions, waiting for René Morel's healing art, students will wait for reassurance, and innocents will offer newly discovered Strads, just as long as "Jacques François Rare Violins" is on the door. □

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Vincent Fourcade's surprising Long Island setting
for his French family's Art Nouveau furnishings

BY ROSAMOND BERNIER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI

Vincent Fourcade wanted his house, rear view, *above*, to look "very American, like a South Carolina house," with a large veranda. *Opposite*: The two-story main room has both the furniture and feeling of the family's old house in France. Portrait at left, *La Belle Otéro*, is by an artist named Dannat; other portrait, by Mueller, is Fourcade's grandmother as a young girl.



On the north side of the railroad tracks in the South Fork of Long Island, and in a rolling anonymous landscape that promises nothing in particular, there has lately arisen a most remarkable house. Though named Montsault, after a village just north of Paris, it is in outward appearance by Palladio out of the American South. Verandas mate with porticoes, that is to say. But there are also other echoes. Herringbone wainscoting once glimpsed in a Russian movie of *Anna Karenina* looks down upon a long narrow swimming pool that could be a scale model for an unfrequented stretch of the canal de Bourgogne. Turn-of-the-century French interiors, complete to the last family photograph and the last deep-set button on the heavily upholstered chair, look out onto casual feats of landscaping that will take a while to mature.

A double-cube room 42 feet long and 21 feet high—almost as large as the one in Lord Pem-

Wide-eyed watercolor of big living room by Janet Neff, *right*, gets in more than the camera could capture. Curving staircase has wooden railing taken from a Scandinavian watercolor by Carl Larsson. Most furniture is by Louis Majorelle, bought in France at the turn of the century. Mammoth double-sided chimney, *right* and *overleaf left*, ascends to the ceiling from fireplaces framed with grotesque faces (inspired by Guimard house in Paris and Bomarzo Garden of Monsters outside Rome), which were sculpted in plaster by David Mills. *Overleaf right*: Looking beyond veranda to the gently rolling countryside. Door moldings by David Mills are the large-scale type usually used on exteriors.





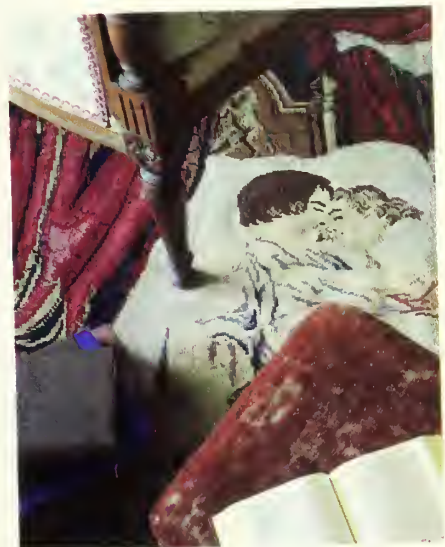








In the downstairs bedroom, *left*, the look was dictated by panels from the old family house, recently identified as cartoons for tapestries by Jean-Baptiste Huet, circa 1780. "We found a vaguely Pompeian décor looked best," says the owner. Chairs are Directoire; bed, Empire. *Above*: Between the French bookcases, circa 1820, is a door from the old house Vincent's brother, art dealer Xavier Fourcade, had made: the most revered French authors are matched up with the slangy titles of a crime-novel series. *Below*: Lovers on the English needlepoint rug have alternately been identified as Romeo and Juliet and Ivanhoe and friend. Design was taken from a painting by Paul Delaroche.





broke's Wilton House, in England—sports a double fireplace in which twin heads of human monsters keep the flames in check. There are Proustian overtones—few houses are richer in remembrances of things past—but there are also contrivances that are strictly of our own day. It is a house that has been lifted out of time, and out of place, and remade with an exuberant fancy. A house powered by memory, and by old affections still very much alive, it is also a tour de force of today's imaginings.

Unlike most houses built in the 1980s, it has a prehistory. Once upon a time, though not so long

The owner didn't originally want an entrance hall, *above*, until the architect pointed out that visitors needed somewhere to put their belongings. Banquettes, chandelier, and rack in center (by Vallin) are from French house; banquettes were cut down to fit new surroundings.

Opposite: Fourcade says the "porch is from all those books on Italian villas." Herringbone-patterned wainscoting was inspired by a winter garden in the Russian film of *Anna Karenina*.

ago, there was a very large house not an hour from Paris. It stood on the edge of the forêt de l'Isle-Adam, with its prodigious oaks, its still unpolluted lakes and ponds, and its allées laid out by Le Nôtre. Built at the turn of the century, the house had twenty bedrooms, and they were always full. On a floor above, there was room for a great many servants, and often

there were 24 or 28 people at table, all of them family. The house was furnished and decorated in the taste of the day—"faux Louis XVI-Ritz" on the one hand and Art Nouveau on the other. The Art Nouveau pieces—by Louis Majorelle, above all, but also by Eugène Vallin and others—were on an enormous scale, and custom-built for the house.

A more than comfortable life was led in this house until the outbreak of World War II. The family also had a rather grand town house in Paris, near the Parc Monceau, and in normal times they alternated between the two. But during the war times were anything but normal, and before long the grandchildren of the original owner were packed off to the country house. It had a large park, wood fires kept it relatively warm, and it had room for all the other young members of the family who now had no place to go for their vacations.

In this way the progres-
(Text continued on page 206)





Hallway stairs, *above*, lead to a second bedroom. Walls have a stenciled pattern that partly creeps over panels of Greef lace. *Below*: The Majorelle furniture in upstairs bedroom was originally bought for the Fourcade grandparents' bedroom. Fireplace, mantel mirror, and tiles were also in French house. Chaise longue is covered in original painted velvet, formerly curtains. *Right*: Opposite side of same room shows beautiful Majorelle armoire and bedspread of same painted velvet as on chaise. Lower photograph hanging on white panel is of Bob Denning with one of the two Bugattis he owned in the fifties.









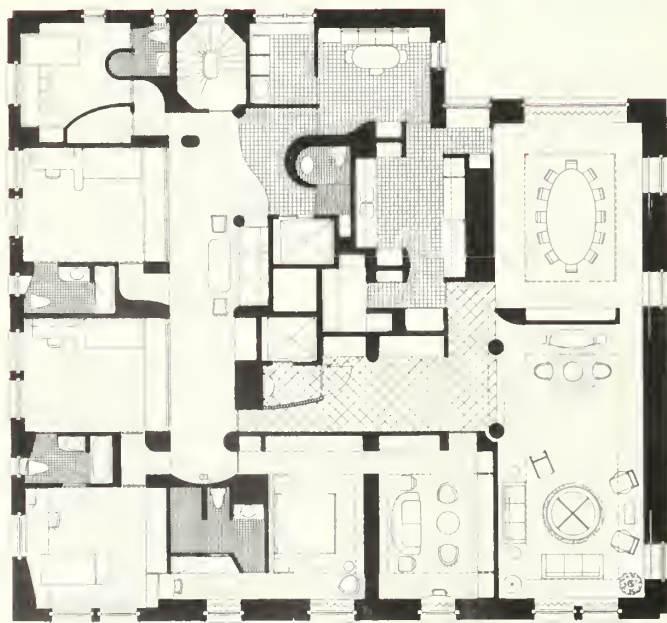
**S T A T E
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Gwathmey Siegel
leads a team
of designers to create
a sleek surrounding
for modern classics

PHOTOGRAPHS
BY ADAM BARTOS

Framing the entry hall of the Swid apartment in New York is a dramatic black lacquer portal that leads to the living room. On the wall to the left is Donald Sultan's 1983 *Five Steers*. In the foreground is a suede-upholstered armchair from a suite designed by Josef Hoffmann in 1904, a year after he founded the Wiener Werkstätte.

Typical of the responsive juxtapositions of art and furniture throughout the Swid apartment is this grouping in the living room, *below*, of a target painting by Kenneth Noland, *And Half*, 1959, a pair of armchairs by Jacques Ruhlmann, 1922, and a circular, glass-topped low table by the apartment's architects, Gwathmey Siegel. Another part of the same room, *opposite*, offers a more austere vista, dominated by Ellsworth Kelly's powerful 1976 oil, *Black Curve XII*. Chairs and table are by Josef Hoffmann. *Bottom*. Plan shows emphatic separation between rooms for entertaining and the family's private quarters.



Often decorators will redesign the same rooms for the same clients at intervals over the years, but architects and their patrons have the obverse tendency to leave well enough alone. Architectural styles change more slowly than decorative modes, and the relative sparseness of late-modern architect-designed interiors could be updated largely by changes in furniture and art rather than by expensive reworkings of structure and surface. For one New York couple deeply involved in the world of design such piecemeal measures would not suffice. Only six years after architects Charles Gwathmey and Robert Siegel completed their apartment in 1976, Nan and Stephen Swid called them back to remake the 3,400-square-foot flat to be in keeping with their evolving collection of art, their growing interest in classic twentieth-century design, and the changes in their way of life as their children reached teen age.

In 1977, Stephen Swid and his partner Marshall Cogan acquired Knoll International, a leading American manufacturer of high-style modern furniture. After years of resting on its well-earned laurels, that company has since sprung back to creativity with its owners' sponsorship of new lines by such leading architects as Robert Venturi, Richard Meier, and Gwathmey Siegel. Last year, Nan Swid struck out on her own with Swid Powell, the "tabletop" company that hopes to become to innovative china, silver, and glassware what Knoll has been to furniture. In less stylistically volatile times, the Swids' home, by one of the most respected firms in architectural interiors, might have lasted longer as an expression of its occupants' tastes. But just as it was finished, architecture and design began to undergo significant upheavals, and the Swids soon wanted a scheme to reflect the new directions that were so strongly affecting their interests.

Rather than rely solely on their architects, the Swids assembled a team of experts that included among its most important members Andrée Putman, the Paris interior designer, and Donald Kaufman, the color specialist based in New York. Gwathmey Siegel acted as first among equals, paring away their first design, which relied heavily on oak-paneled and mirrored surfaces, built-in cabinetry, and Modernist furniture of leather, steel, and glass. They kept those elements that continued to please (such as a curving wall of glass block that screens the elevator vestibule) while devising subtle new strategies (such as giving a gentle vaulting to the living-room ceiling) and practical alterations (such as a more pronounced separation of the children's rooms).


It is rare these days for prominent architects to be self-effacing. The process Gwathmey and Siegel pursued here—simplification, refinement, and clarification—diametrically opposes the current trend toward conspicuous complication. And the other participants in this painstaking effort, which took over two years to complete, were equally willing to let their own contributions speak quietly for



A panorama of 20th-century art and design extends across the living room. Peering in from the entry hall is Roy Lichtenstein's *Seductive Girl* of 1964. The grid of a Josef Hoffmann armchair is echoed by the Gwathmey Siegel table in the foreground. The round rug beneath it by Jacques Ruhlmann is a variant of the version that anchors a Hoffmann settee, armchairs, and table and a pair of sprightly end tables by Jean Dunand, 1912–13. On the right-hand table is Roy Gussow's *Sliver 12-17-72*, 1972. Over the settee, Arshile Gorky's magnificent 1944 oil *To Project, To Conjure*. Visible through the doorway into the dining room is a Morris Louis stripe painting.







A velvet-upholstered Gwathmey Siegel sofa in the living room discreetly underscores an exuberant canvas by Roy Lichtenstein, *Landscape with Figure*, 1977. The Perzel torchère lamp at the left dates from 1925. The side view of Josef Hoffmann's dynamic Sitzmaschine chair of 1905 shows the knobby sprockets that allow the high back to be lowered. On the small Hoffmann occasional table behind it are two blown-glass vases by the Finnish master Tapio Wirkkala, 1947.





themselves. Donald Kaufman has developed a cult following for his ingenious method of painting rooms infused with a veritable ozone of color; here he worked his magic with walls that variously seem mauve, pale gray, off-white, or all of the above. The computer-operated lighting system by Brian Thompson benefits the owners' fine collection of paintings and their frequent collections of guests. And the museum-quality early modern furniture by such masters as Josef Hoffmann, Jacques Ruhlmann, and Jean Dunand assembled and arranged by Andrée Putman, with the Swids, displays her characteristic genius for combining diverse objects, unparalleled in her profession today.

The cumulative result is an apartment that perfectly captures the spirit of the moment, offering a concise survey of current favorites in the history of modern art and design. The superb objects gathered in these immaculately detailed spaces are an implicit statement by Nan and Stephen Swid that they are ready to be informed by the best our century has produced. Their apartment confidently announces that they intend this past to be their prologue. □ *Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron*

In the master bedroom, *above*, Cy Twombly's *Murder of Passion*, 1960, at the foot of a Gwathmey Siegel bed with linens by Pratesi. A

Hoffmann table and a 1913 Tulip lamp by Albert Cheuret stand next to a Hoffmann armchair. *Opposite:*

An impressive oval dining table and chairs by Ruhlmann, centered with a Puiforcat silver tea service, 1925.

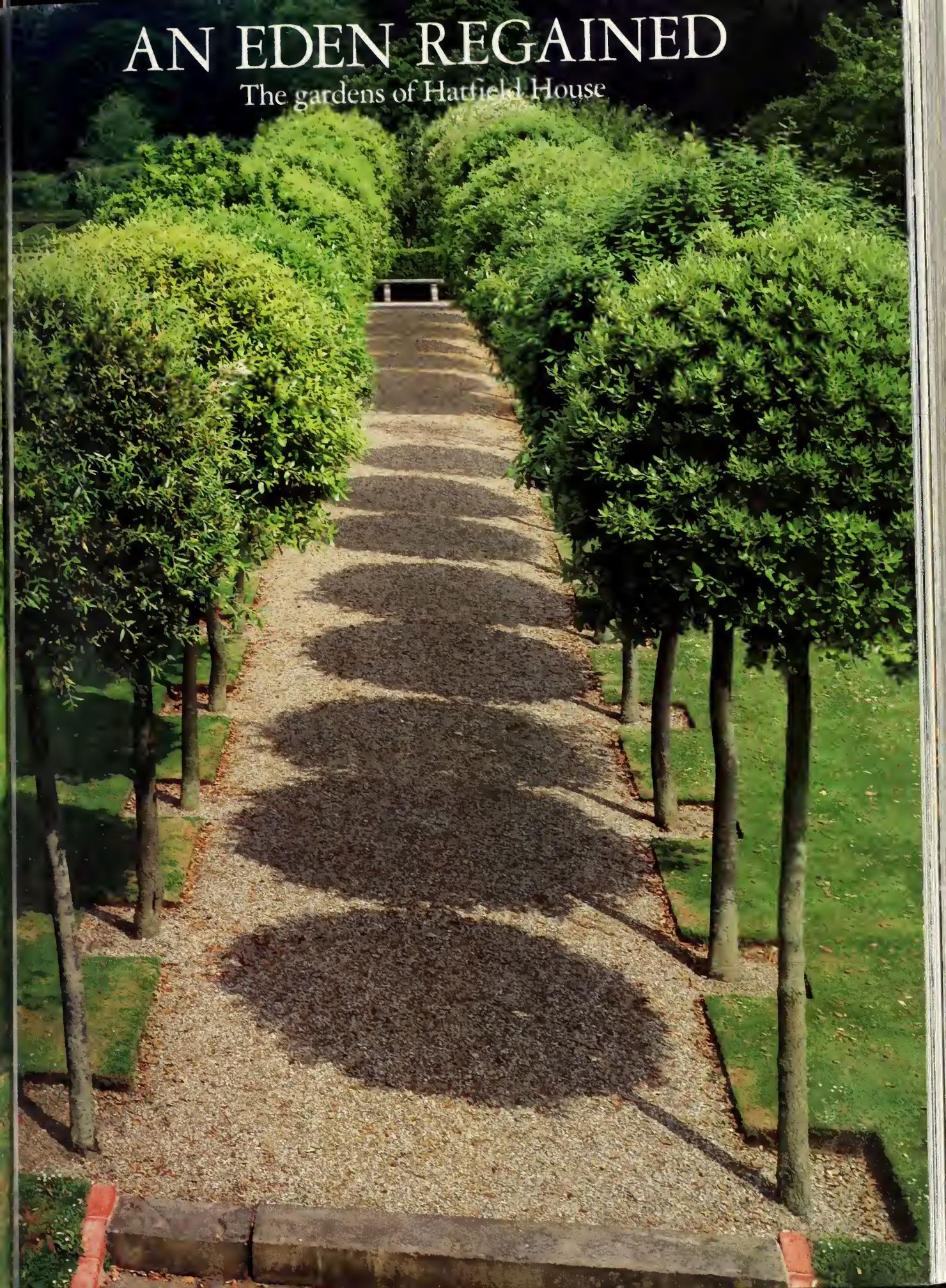
Above them, a hanging light fixture of alabaster and silvered bronze by Cheuret, 1930. To the left of the window, Bill Jensen's gouache *The Meadow*, 1980-81; to the right, *No. 30* by Morris Louis, 1962.





AN EDEN REGAINED

The gardens of Hatfield House





To bring the magnificent gardens created by Robert Cecil for his great Jacobean house back to full glory, the present generation relies on seventeenth-century diaries and the bills and plant lists of John Tradescant the Elder, Cecil's gardener, first of the great plant hunters

A mulberry tree planted by James I. A doubtful mount, a medlar tree (which has walked through the years over many yards of ground layering itself again and again, and traditionally planted by John Tradescant), some ancient walls, a pond still called the New Pond though made by Robert Cecil or his son, and a labyrinth planted in 1840. Not very much still remains in the garden from the earliest days.

However that may be, I thought that if I was to give you a picture of the gardens at Hatfield and tell you something of what we are trying to do, I should start at the beginning, for that is what today we are trying, in a sense and measure, to return to.

Hatfield House was built in the years 1607–11 by Robert Cecil who had been Queen Elizabeth I's Chief Minister and was now Chief Minister to James I. Built in the shape of an *E* as a compliment to the queen, the house was a Renaissance palace hung with gilded leather, velvets, and silks and embroideries and as rich in

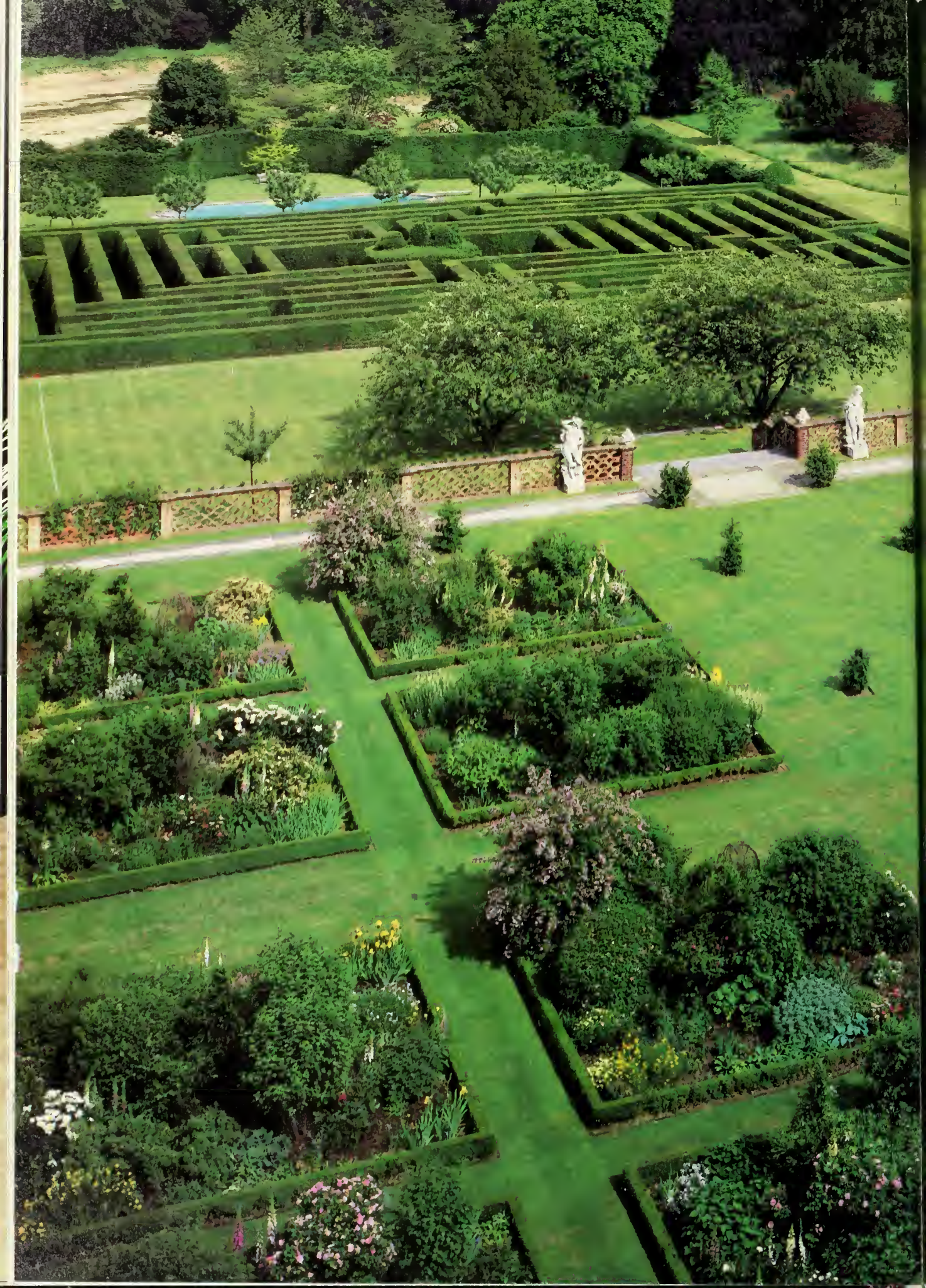
tapestry, furniture, and pictures as money and the modes and fashions of the day could make it.

Outside, the house was enclosed by courts; the North and South Courts, a Great Court, a Base and Little Court, and within their walls were other buildings: twelve small buildings, no less, before the house, round turrets, and a gatehouse with a room over the gate and we read of the castles at the coming in of the courtyard. Each of these buildings was essential for the life of a great house—one held doves and one falcons, another hounds. There was the smithy, laundries, a beerhouse, a plumery, and even a fox house—it was a world of its own—intimate and self-sufficient and out beyond the courts were the gardens.

Robert Cecil was a keen and interested gardener like many of his contemporaries. He had been given the Palace of the Bishops of Ely—Mortons Palace at Hatfield, where Queen Elizabeth had spent much of her childhood a virtual prisoner—by King James in exchange for his childhood home at Theobalds. Though he never lived there, he must *(Text continued on page 213)*

The East Garden Rose Parterre, *preceding pages*, with one avenue of *Quercus Ilex*. These oaks, pruned high in a manner unusual in England, allow an unobstructed view, *opposite*. The statues are Italian. Reflecting Jacobean design principles, beds are geometric but plants are randomly placed. *Above*: South Court of Hatfield House, finished in 1611. Inside, on the newel of Grand Staircase, is carving of John Tradescant, gardener to first Earl of Salisbury. *Overleaf*: The 140-year-old yew maze has more than three miles of surface to prune.









Bricks from three sides of the Old Palace, *opposite*, a childhood home of Queen Elizabeth I, were used to build Hatfield House. Banquet Hall remains, overlooking new Knot Garden created in 1980–81 with flowers of the Tudor era. *This page, top:* In this walled scented garden Lady Salisbury has softly blended colors, shapes, and heights. An important bulb collection includes varieties first introduced here by John Tradescant. *Left:* Honeysuckle wraps a bench in a delicate perfumed shade. The steep banks are seldom mowed, letting wild flowers proliferate. Trellis fence borders the West Garden. *Below:* The scented garden contains a central herb collection including lovage, sweet cecily, hyssop, and anise. Honeysuckles trained as standards surround fountain.





The West Garden, *opposite*, is contained by pleached lime walks and inner hedge of yew. Beds cut into the grass display peonies, astrantias, monardas, phloxes, polemoniums, and soapworts. *This page, top*: Elizabethans planted pinks, favorites of Robert Cecil as herbs for strewing. With 142 different varieties, Hatfield has an outstanding collection of dianthus. Chestnuts mark the start of wilderness area.

Right: Pleached lime walks appear in illustrations of the gardens made in 1830.

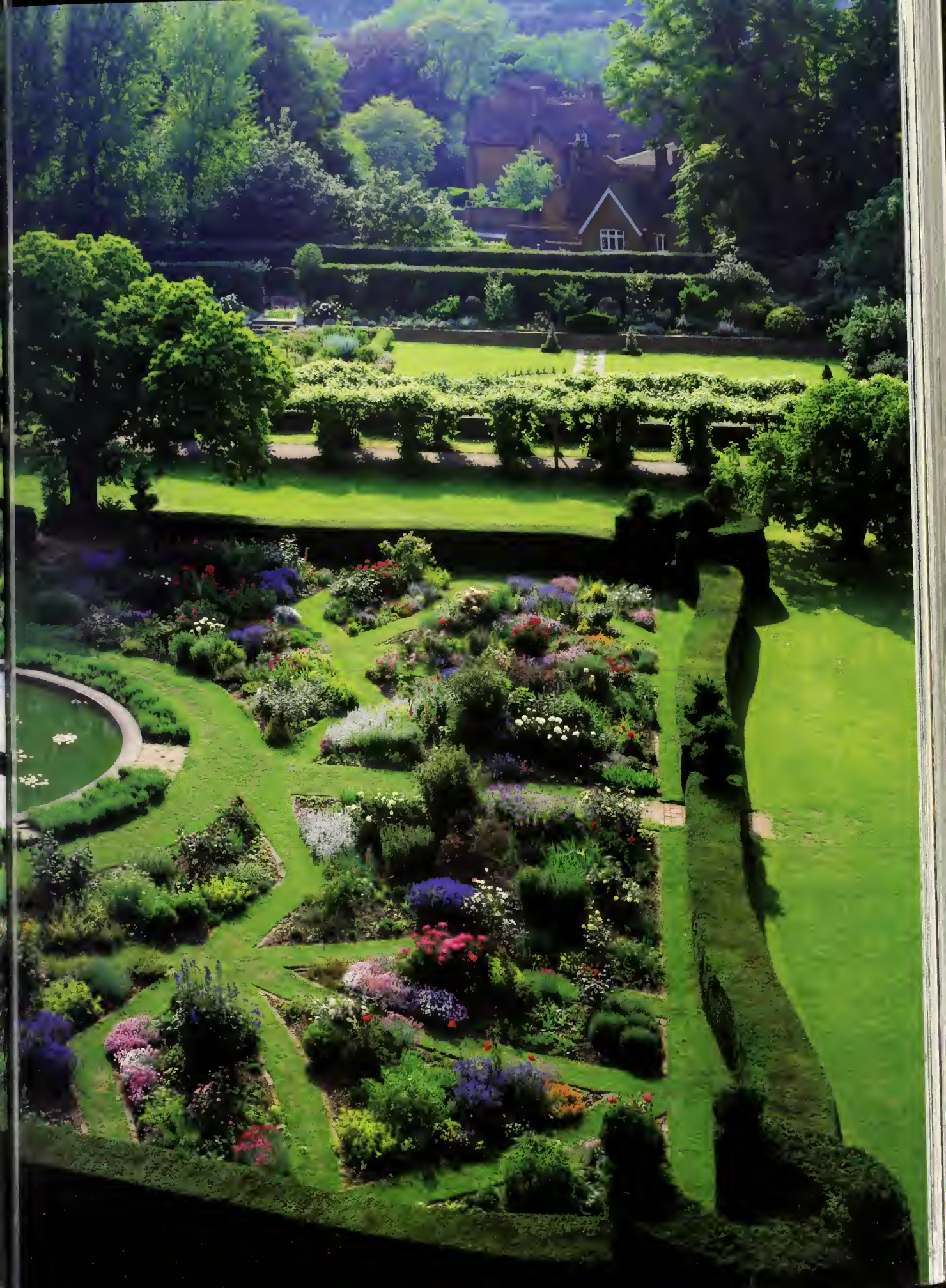
Below: Huge copper beeches along the southern boundary of the West Garden were planted by the fifth earl's wife 250 years ago.

The fountain's center basin may be by Saloman de Caux, who helped lay out the gardens at Hatfield and Wilton.

Overleaf: Restoration of the West Garden in Jacobean style began in 1900. The present marchioness began nine years ago in scented garden beyond lime walk at top. At right is mulberry tree planted by James I.









98A BOUNDARY ROAD

Architect Max Gordon's light-filled container for the much-talked-about collection of Charles and Doris Saatchi

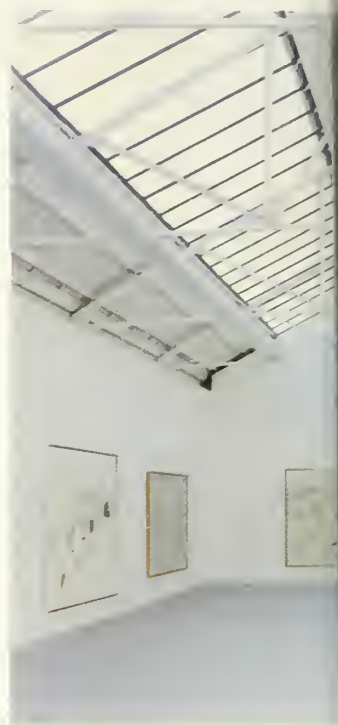
BY PETER SCHJELDAHL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ADAM BARTOS



Andy Warhol in the long gallery
and in small gallery, right



Donald Judd in the main hall
with the long gallery in background



Cy Twombly in the gallery
opposite Brice Marden

Having assembled the most imposing contemporary art collection of the last fifteen years—hundreds of works representing dozens of important artists in unparalleled depth—Doris and Charles Saatchi have now created, with architect Max Gordon, one of the best exhibition spaces of the same period. Like much else about the Saatchis' way of doing things, the six-chambered space, completed this past winter, is magnificent and shy. A wallboard shell within the shell of a former paint warehouse, it is almost an American football field in length and feels longer, with its many skylights, its marching steel beams, and the bizarre perspective of its trapezoidal main hall. It has no name other than its address on a dowdy street in a nondescript outlying neighborhood of London. Approached by way of blank, asphalt alleys, it gives a visitor roughly the sensation of traversing stale scrub woods in Northern Arizona to the rim of, suddenly, the Grand Canyon.

The surprise of this awesome secular temple in cozy, nook-and-cranny London is pure Saatchi, and reminded me of a famous television spot for British Airways dreamed up by the agency of Saatchi & Saatchi Charles runs with his brother, Maurice: Manhattan Island comes in for a landing. Heavily American, with a strong secondary contingent of Germans, the Saatchi collection is similar to that airborne borough, as a blazing—though, until now, more rumored than seen—anomaly in a nation that preens itself on politely shunning foreign and avant-gardish enthusiasms. Pure Saatchi, too, is the exaggerated dis-

cretion of the new space's hideaway site. As extreme in their rage for privacy as in their impulse to aesthetic grandeur, the Saatchis maintain a public profile low to the point of invisibility. They agreed to speak with me about the new space and, a little, about their collecting, but not about themselves, please.

Barely fifteen years ago, Charles and American-born Doris began collecting with a Sol LeWitt drawing, initiating their enduring commitment to that most hermetic, American, and unpopular of revolutionary modern movements: Minimalism. After a wobbly spell in the middle seventies—"We made the mistake most people do," Charles told me, "of trying to 'represent' this and that tendency"—their collection regained depth and drive in a selective embrace of forebears and young Turks of painting's continuing international efflorescence: Baselitz, Clemente, Guston, Kiefer, Mangold, Marden, Martin, Morley, Polke, Ryman, Schnabel, Stella, Twombly, and Warhol in staggering numbers, and Bartlett, Fischl, Golub, Jenney, Jensen, Longo, Murray, Rothenberg, Salle, Winters, and others in quantities merely extraordinary. Favored object-artists, besides Minimalists, include Artschwager, Borofsky, Burton, Chamberlain, Samaras, Shapiro, and Sherman. An English component—Deacon, Hodgkin, Kossoff, Scully, and Willing—is of a relative size more apt to affront than to appease local rooting interests.

Long before I met the Saatchis last year—hired to contribute to a four-volume catalogue of nearly five hundred



Brice Marden in the narrowest upstairs gallery

works in the collection (published by Lund Humphries in association with Rizzoli)—I was well aware of their activity, which like an overgrown satellite has had violent orbital effects on the planet of the art world, yanking reputations and markets to and fro. They are among the most open-handed lenders in collecting history, and their names have been a litany on the wall labels of major shows for years. The fearsome scale of the Saatchi phenomenon could not but cause a certain nervousness, tempered by recognition of its undeniable passion and intelligence—except in England, where cynicism about the Saatchis’ motives and political resentment of Charles’s advertising work for Margaret Thatcher run deep. (Harsh press reactions brought a bitter end to their brief foray into patronage of the Tate and Whitechapel galleries.) I anticipated a pair of intimidating people.

I was wrong. In person, the Saatchis are an attractive, still-youngish couple, reticent but buoyantly informal in manner, distinctly modest in house, garden, and personal style. Neatness, efficiency, and absence of fuss—in all things, economy of means—are their hallmarks. Until being tripled for the new space, their art staff consisted entirely of a young American factotum, Julia Ernst. (Logistics of the collection are contracted to an East End firm, MoMart.) But for stubborn flooding problems, the Boundary Road transformation would have taken only a few months from conception to completion. (It took a bit over a year.) The design was a group effort that subsumed the egos of the Saatchis and their old friend and fellow art

cognoscente Gordon, who called it “a swift collaboration, with lots of quick decisions based on a tremendous concordance of view.” The reason for undertaking it was uncomplicated, according to Charles. “Purely selfish,” he called it. “We wanted to see our paintings hung.” Directing every detail of the hanging is a job Charles reserves for himself.

It is a transcendent space, conducive to exaltation, but it is not easy or comfortable. Its pitiless austerity and dwarfing scale will spell bliss to some visitors and anxiety to others. It tips its hat in one way to such religiously contemplative Valhallas of modern art as Amsterdam’s Stedelijk Museum and in another way to the sort of down-style taste that rejoices in raw and parsimonious materiality. The lovely old industrial fretwork overhead strikes a note of cards-on-the-table candor.

My own most disconcerting association, especially considering the lugubrious winter weather during my visit, was to the kind of “space and light,” sensory-deprivation aesthetics characteristic of many Southern California interiors. Gordon was quick to agree, and to identify the underlying attitude: a way of nonchalantly “assuming”—down-playing, if not concealing—the technology of the building, in defiance of the “strong aesthetic connotations” of technology in Europe (as seen in the ultra-tech rococo of the Centre Pompidou). “The space is very laconic in its architectural effect,” Gordon added.

In a climate where the *(Text continued on page 210)*



WHAT A SWELL PARTY IT WAS

The life and good times of the Payson house at Greentree

BY STEVEN M. L. ARONSON PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEN JENSCHEL



Mr. and Mrs. Charles Shipman Payson, *opposite*, in the library before a costume ball. *This page*: Mrs. Payson's bathroom, painted by portraitist Bernard Boutet de Monvel.



The house is made of fieldstone, gray stone that on this

gray day is magnificently melancholy. Half-hidden in mist, it seems—big as it is—to be shy of observation. It is in fact a very private house. For half a century the embroidered feet of royalty, presidents, and movie stars glided on its greensward.

Until her death a decade ago, the house was presided over by one of the most colorful women in America, Joan

Whitney Payson, an aristocrat in the best sense of that now unfashionable word—high-spirited, warm-hearted, courageous, generous. Recently Mrs. Payson's heirs put the estate up for sale, ending an era that began with her wedding on a summer afternoon in 1924.

The sunny-faced bride was the paternal granddaughter of William C. Whitney, Secretary of the Navy under President Cleveland; on her mother's side she was the granddaughter of John Hay, aide to President Lincoln and later Ambassador to the Court of St. James's and Secretary of State under Presidents McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt. As for her father, Payne Whitney, he was the third richest man in the United States, his fortune exceeded only by those of John D. Rockefeller and Henry Ford.

Joan Whitney was by all accounts a model heiress. She had "never numbered any lounge lizards or dubious noblemen or other undesirables among her dancing partners," a society columnist wrote fastidiously, adding that "only a very strong-willed girl could have kept her feet in the more sober path she set for herself while so many of the girls of her age and circle in society were jazzing madly off into the primrose byways." Now, wearing a medieval-style gown of white satin with a train four yards long, she was marrying Charles Shipman Payson, the handsome, Yale-educated son of a down-East banker. "Knowing Joan Whitney as a young woman who always does the things she should do, and never those she should not, her friends are sure that the bride and her attendants

will not smoke cigarettes on their way to and from the marriage altar, and that the hip pockets of the best man and ushers will not bulge with well-filled flasks," clucked another society reporter approvingly.

There were twenty motorcycle policemen on hand to direct traffic at the entrance to Greentree, the six-hundred-acre Whitney estate at Manhasset, Long Island, which the bride's father had bought for *his* bride in 1904. It now boasted, in addition to the basic stables, kennels, and swimming pools, a polo field, a movie theater, a private gymnasium, garages for 28 cars, three grass tennis courts, a nine-hole golf course, and an army of three hundred servants. Among the thousand wedding guests were Mr. and Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, Reverend Peabody of Groton, President Lowell of Harvard, Mrs. Stanford White, Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr., Miss Ellin Mackay, who would soon be shocking society by marrying a young Jewish composer by the name of Irving Berlin, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Astor, and the architect William Adams Delano.

For the annual Fourth of July costume parties, the drawing room became a ballroom, a great carpet was rolled all the way from house to pool to protect the ladies' dancing shoes, and a late supper would be served under a marquee flying the Greentree Stable colors, watermelon and black

Delano was the impeccable master of elegant country houses for the rich and wellborn. (He also built them clubs in town: the Union, the Brook, the Knickerbocker, the Colony—a string of structures that did more than shelter their fellowship, that virtually defined their world.) Four years after their marriage, the Paysons, who had been living in a Greentree cottage that Payne Whitney had given them completely furnished as a wedding present, commissioned Delano to build them a house of their own on the property. They needed a big house—there were children to think about, of which there would eventually be five—but ostentation was to be avoided at all costs. Well, that was Delano's specialty—he once confided to a friend of his that he far preferred the coziness of the Knickerbocker Club to the grandeur he had been commissioned to give the Union Club.

The new thing in the twenties was for a rich man's house to be much more domestic in scale, and what Delano in fact designed for the Paysons was a fieldstone Georgian house with a rather casual plan. He took care to mix the formality of the Georgian with the informality of the fieldstone—indeed, he was playing with formality and in-



formality—so that the feeling of the house became that of imposing intimacy: like its mistress, grand and cozy at the same time. Set in a rectangular courtyard with a shallow apsidal end and an island in the center bounded by high yew hedges, the entrance to the house is low and modest. But once inside, the foyer is a rich overlapping pattern of black-and-white marble squares.

Immediately to the right are numerous changing rooms where every inch of wall space is covered with memorabilia chronicling the Whitney family's involvement in sport. Mrs. Payson's grandfather had been the leading American money winner and had built up Aiken, South Carolina; her uncle Harry was the great stable owner of *his* generation; and her mother, who had had horses triumph twice in the Kentucky Derby (Twenty Grand in 1931 and Shut Out in 1942), was hailed as "First Lady of the Turf"—"the kind of woman," said *Fortune* magazine, "who smiles at everybody, whom butcher boys extol, whom stableboys adore." Mrs. Payson herself, having inherited the fondness of her forebears for the vigorous diversions of outdoor life, especially the higher forms of horsemanship, was co-owner with her brother John Hay Whitney of the formidable Greentree Stable. After she bought the Mets in 1961 ("to bring a National League team back to New York after the desertion of the Dodgers and Giants"), she began giving her beloved horses baseball names: Jolly Roger, Hall of Fame, One-Hitter, Third League.

To the left of the entrance hall is a little vanity box of a ladies' powder room, with a series of naiad panels in green enamel, which Mrs. Payson commissioned her friend, the noted society portraitist and mural painter Charles Baskerville, to design for her. It was the last word in daring modernism for the early thirties.

A dramatic spiral staircase ascends two floors toward a low, gently detailed saucer dome—a kind of preamble to Delano's great coffered dome at the Union Club—from which is pendent a single globe in a wrought-iron frame. The first-floor landing is surfaced with glazed blocks of wood intricately laid like brick in a herringbone pattern, their end grains exposed to resemble a fancy stable floor. Here Delano has once again married opposites: the formal feeling of brick, the physical warmth and acoustical resonance of wood.

Off the landing is the paneled library where Gilbert Stuart's great *George Washington In His Later Years* once hung. The Paysons presented it to the White House in memory of their son Daniel, who was killed at the age of nineteen in the Battle of the Bulge. A Bellows, four Brueghels, several Winslow Homers, and a Rembrandt also peopled these walls. Mrs. Payson thoughtfully had posters of the Rembrandt printed up for friends.

Jo Davidson's busts of Mr. and Mrs. Payson flank the entrance to the enormous, beautifully proportioned drawing room, into which one sails through a high, arched door with a swan's-neck pediment and a lunette of three curling waves. Despite the heavy Empire-style hangings on the windows, the room is airy, and there is an easy, altogether English scale to the furniture. On the



walls, a shock of pictures: Renoir, Matisse, Sisley, El Greco, Manet, Cézanne, Corot, Toulouse-Lautrec, Picasso, Goya, Van Gogh. On an old library table, its leather top quite beaten in by the sun, stand several small Henry Moore-like bronzes and a grandchild's lollipop jar. A George III mahogany breakfront holds Mrs. Payson's collection of miniature ornaments—like many large people, she was fascinated by the small-scale; in fact, her nickname from childhood was "Mouse."

There is nothing miniature about Mrs. Payson's spectacular, uncharacteristically sybaritic bathroom on the third, master-bedroom floor: from the fluted corner columns supporting the

(Text continued on page 212)

COURTESY OF PAYSON FAMILY COLLECTION



From the family albums, *clockwise*, from opposite top: an early photo of Joan Whitney Payson; one of her three daughters, Sandra, with son Blair Meyer, in the drawing room at the annual costume ball; Oleg Cassini poses with Grace Kelly in the early fifties at the top of the spiral staircase; the front of the Payson house designed by William Adams Delano.





Pool chairs and cushions piled up against the muraled walls in the main room of the pool house, built by Stanford White in 1910.



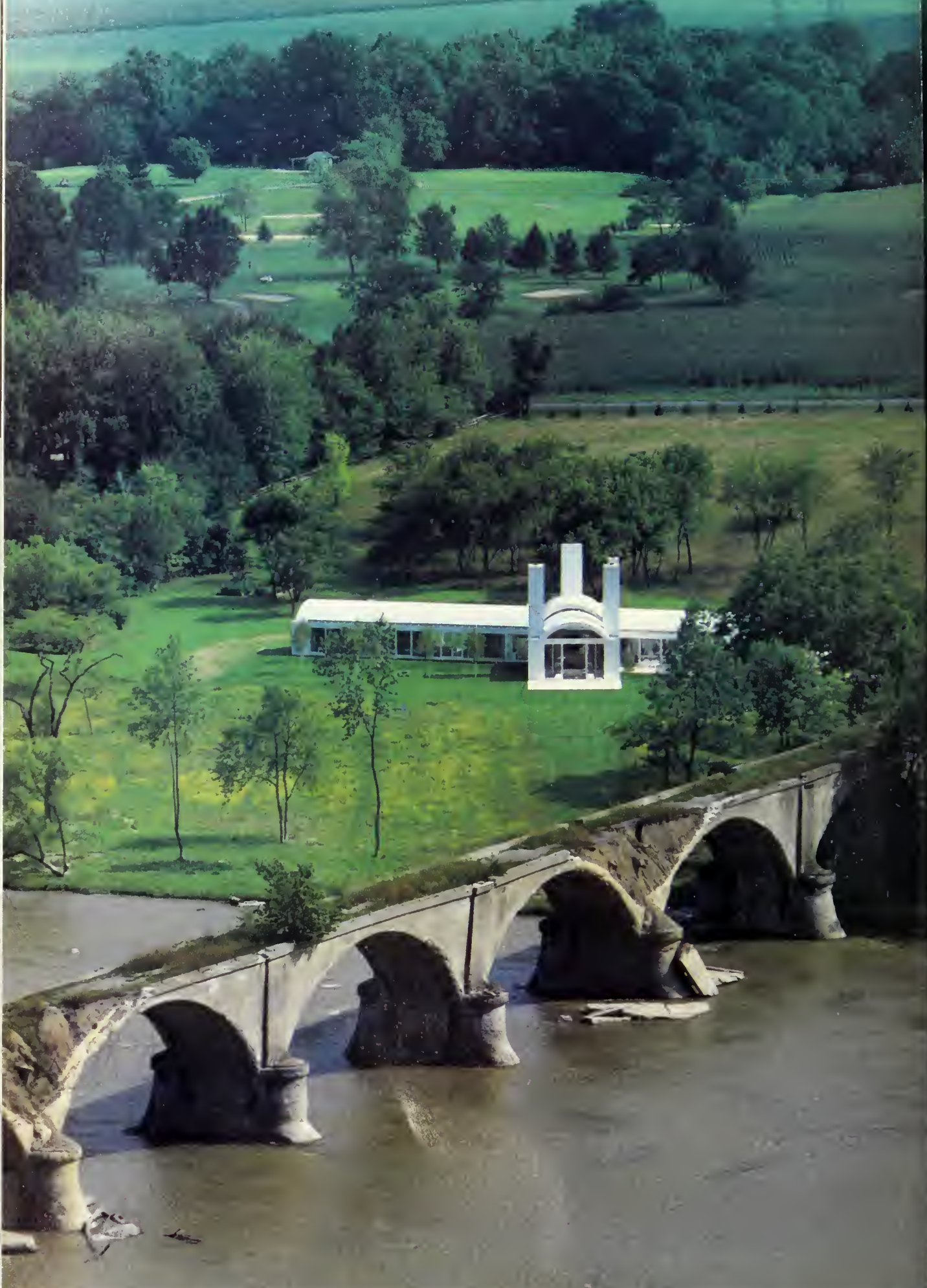
A view down the main hallway to the drawing room from the small family dining room, *above*, papered in an old hunting mural. *Below*: The last stop after summer parties: looking from the deep end of the 110-by-40-foot pool, surrounded by lattice, to the pool house.

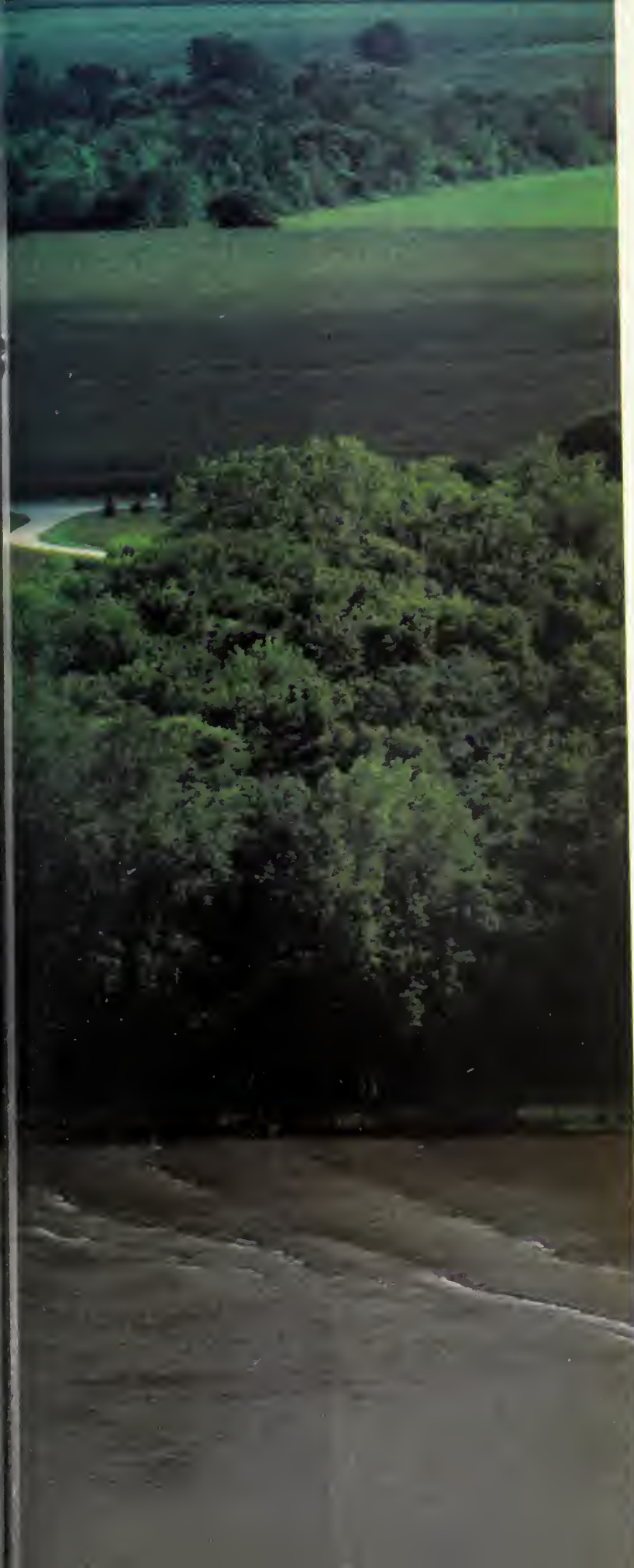




The powder room, *above*, designed by Charles Baskerville in the early thirties. The green enamel naiad panel on the sink cabinet is one of several in this room painted by Baskerville.
Below: The pond, with a sculpture by Xavier Medina-Campeny.





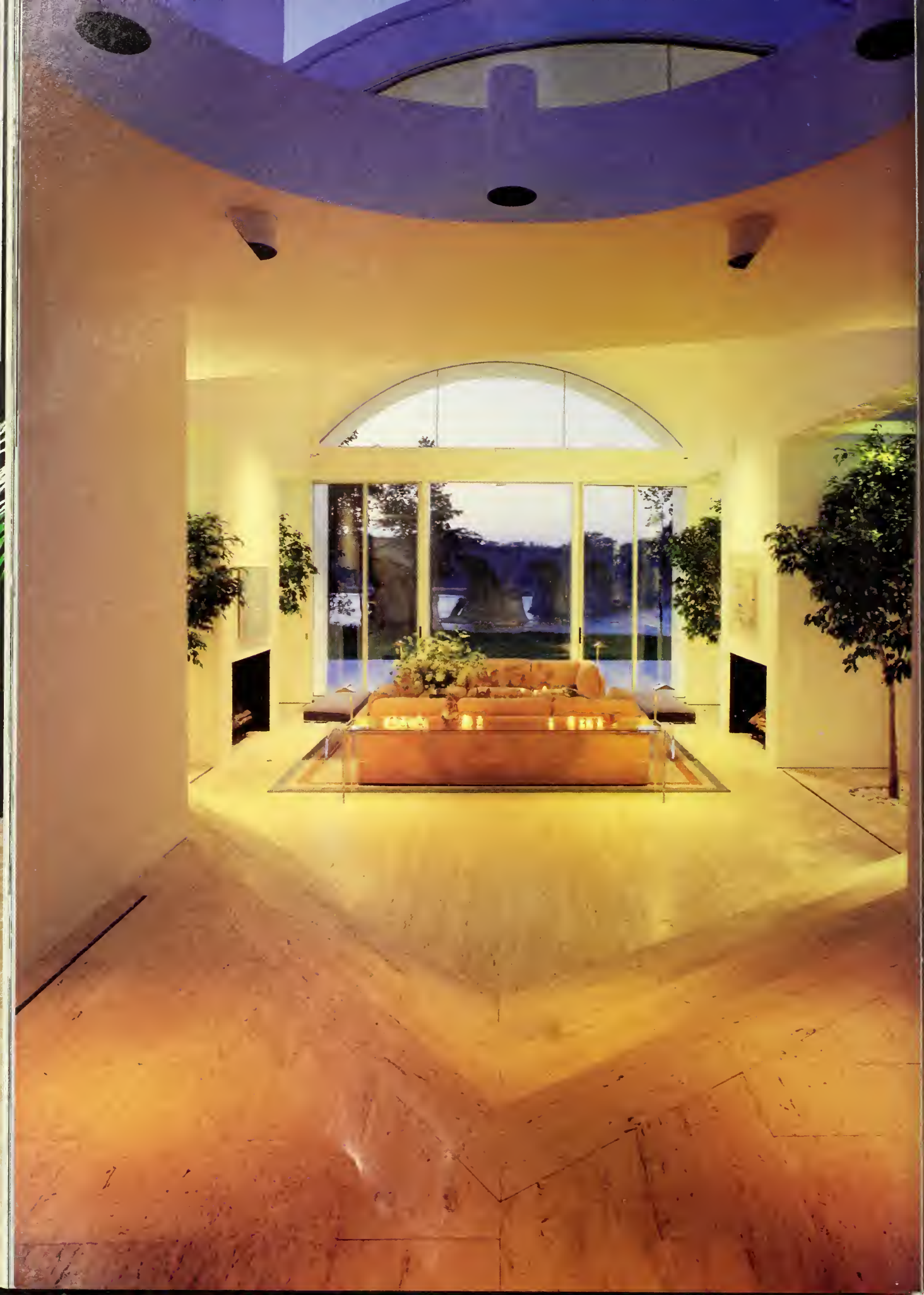


A VIEW OF THE BRIDGE

Hugh Newell Jacobsen's
design for a house
on the Maumee River

BY WILLIAM WALTON
PHOTOGRAPHS
BY ROBERT LAUTMAN

On the Maumee River in northwest Ohio, architect Hugh Newell Jacobsen has positioned his newest house so every room has a romantic river view. The crumbling bridge is "something Piranesi would have loved." Its arches are echoed throughout the design, a cruciform centered by a dome.





The river is timeless. The bridge speaks of time passed. The house, drawing strength from river and bridge, is of both today and tomorrow.

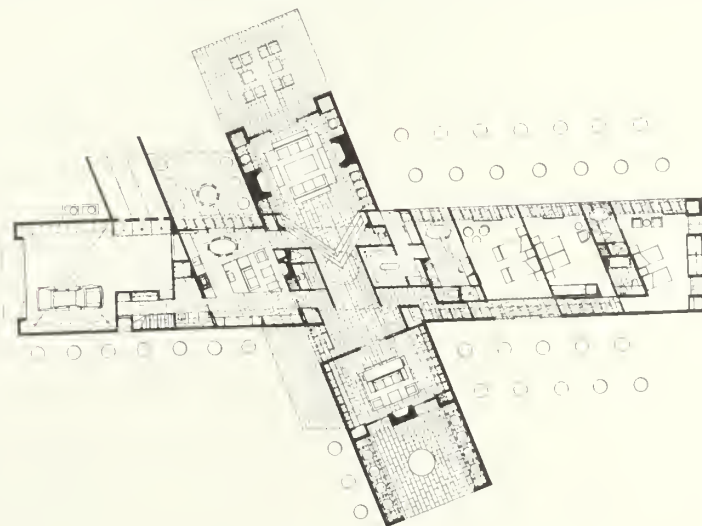
Bridge and river were already there, and it remained for Hugh Newell Jacobsen to complete the composition with an immaculate white house that knits the three elements into a landscape of magical beauty.

Meandering through land rich in Indian and Colonial history, the Maumee River rises in Indiana and flows across the northwest corner of Ohio before emptying into Lake Erie at Toledo. Some twenty miles above Toledo, the

river, broad and shallow, gurgles under an abandoned railway bridge. Once the route of the Lima & Toledo Railway, the twelve pale tan stone arches of the bridge are intact, but decay has set in, and bushes, small trees, and a tangle of wild vines sprout between the crumbling joints. When Jacobsen's client first took him to the site, the architect's interest suddenly quickened as he envisioned working near "a bridge Piranesi would have loved."

Without the resonance of the bridge, the site would be undistinguished, merely a gentle riverbank rising to woodlands that screen the nearby secondary highway. The gener-

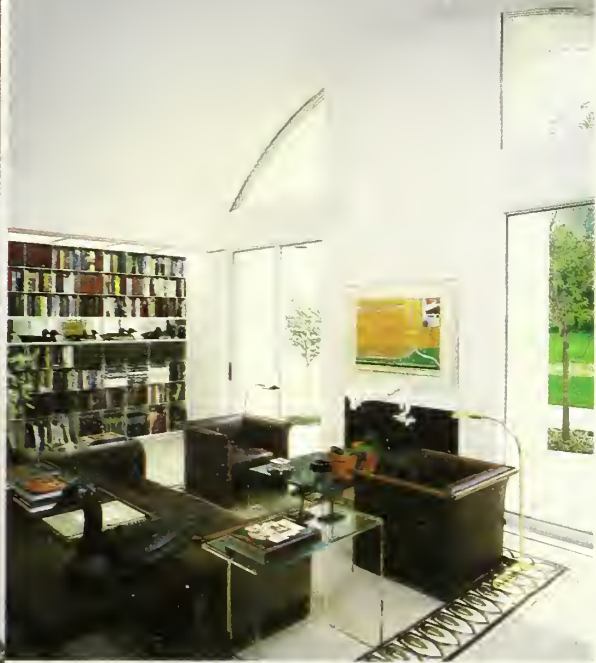
A circular dome showers sunlight and starlight into the atrium, *opposite*, which centers the house. V-shaped steps lead to the living room, where terra-cotta-colored sofas rest on an architect-designed rug repeating the terra cotta, blue, and beige of Jacobsen's Etruscan palette. Walls are all white; the floor, honed travertine. Six ficus trees are automatically fed and watered by concealed pipes. *Above:* Rear view centers on the sun-trap, a terrace closed on three sides. *Right:* Plan shows the generation of parallelogram rooms.







A carpet of black-eyed Susans, *opposite*, sweeps from the riverside up to two terraces outside the living room and kitchen areas. In a corner of the living room, *this page*, the bridge view competes with *Speedboat* by Milton Avery, one of two of his paintings in the living room.



al area is billiard-table flat, given to farming grain, vegetables, some corn, nothing spectacular. But a sense of history hangs over this part of Ohio where early settlers engaged in bitter struggles with the Indians. Nearby is the site of the Battle of Fallen Timbers, where Mad Anthony Wayne defeated a powerful Indian coalition in 1794 and helped rescue the frontier of the old Northwest Territory. Just twenty years later General William Henry Harrison, "Ol' Tippecanoe," defeated another enemy, this time the British invaders from Canada, who were driven out of Fort Meigs and eventually back across Lake Erie in 1814. Historic markers and Indian burial grounds are everywhere.

The crumbling bridge, completed in 1908, speaks of more recent times and problems. For a mere three decades the bridge carried the electric trolleys that were then an important link in the nation's interurban transportation system. Automobiles and the national highway system ended all that, and the bridge fell into desuetude. If the masons had not built so well, that might have been (*Text continued on page 194*)

Furniture in library, *above*, can be pushed aside to convert the room into a dining area, *right*. French 17th-century table is surrounded by stacking chairs, emerald velvet on brass.







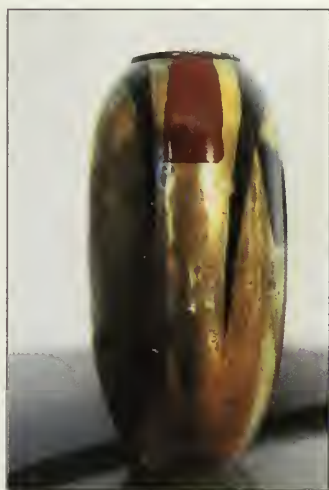


Master bedroom, *opposite*, is papered in pale tan linen, the same fabric used for headboards and bedspreads. *This page:* Night view reveals structural elements used to create a bridge-river composition.



LACQUER PERFECT

The art of Jean Dunand reveals the luxurious side of the Art Deco movement



BY CHRISTINA DE LIAGRE PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHEILA METZNER

A baluster-shaped vase, *opposite*, with geometric decorations in black, red, and gold lacquer on a patinated brown ground, circa 1925, against Jean Lambert-Rucki screen, circa 1923. *Above*: Three views of a vase with abstract geometric design in red and black lacquer on an unpatinated ground with traces of silver dotting.



An underwater fantasy: reddish-brown and magenta spheres overlap on a patinated brown ground, circa 1915. Beside it, a vase of metallic gold and yellow spheres that seem to rise like bubbles against a Dunand screen of fish in five-color lacquer.



An Art Deco vase signed Jean Dunand (1877–1942) could be had for \$100 from a Left Bank dealer in 1970. This year at Christie's in New York, a Dunand vase was sold for \$71,500. A bargain when compared to his lacquered panels done for the luxury liner *Normandie* sold last year by New York dealer Bruce Newman of Newel Art Galleries for a cool \$2 million. The grand salon's 32 panels, sculpted in gold lacquer by Dunand from drawings by Jean Dupas, had previously been auctioned in 1962 at Le Havre for \$500. Pieces that once could be picked up for a song are now commanding prices that make Wall Street look like a bad investment.

Quietly gaining momentum since the early seventies in Paris, and catching on in New York in the early eighties, Art Deco has finally come back with a bang. Though some of fashion's finest—Rochas, Saint Laurent, Lagerfeld, and Geoffrey Beene stateside—were closet collectors of Dunand for years, well before his stock went up. Art Deco dealer Cheska Vallois, one of the figures instrumental in the revival, admits that these days 95 percent of her rue de Seine clientele is American. Madison Avenue gallery owner Anthony DeLorenzo has been collecting Dunand for two and a half years to mount the first major American exhibition in New York in May. "Getting through to someone in France who might have something to sell is harder than getting through to the President of the United States," says DeLorenzo, whose detective work has paid off; he has found some eighteen screens, ninety vases, and twenty pieces of furniture to put in his show at the gallery bearing his

name. The feverish demand for Dunand vases these days can be measured by the number of fakes produced. They have been cropping up recently (not all of Dunand's work was signed)—some of them close to perfect renditions of his work.

Fakes, perhaps, but you won't ever find any of Jean Dunand reissued the way some of Eileen Gray or Mallet-Stevens has been, for today his technique is out of reach commercially. "Dunand turned to the traditional methods of Chinese lacquer to express a very modern sensibility—and the quality of his work was in many

(*Normandie* panels aside) for my father's work in *laque de chine*—vases, screens, furniture—are really equivalent to what they were in their day. Don't forget a lacquered piece took us over a year to make." The man he still calls "Papa" took him out of school at sixteen to help prepare what was to be Dunand's triumphant participation in the 1925 L'Exposition Internationale des Arts Décoratifs—the first major exhibition of decorative arts to be held after World War I and to which Art Deco owes its name. A luxuriously lacquered smoking room for the Am-



cases superior to his spiritual forebears," says Félix Marcilhac, an Art Deco expert whose shop on the rue Bonaparte is the sanctum sanctorum. "He crashed the gates of an extremely repetitive Oriental aesthetic and arrived at a totally new language." Marcilhac's book on Dunand, *Sculpteur, Dinandier, Laqueur*, to be published in the autumn, will join the other recent retrospective volumes on pioneers of the interwar period, Ruhlmann, Franck, Chareau, Lalique.

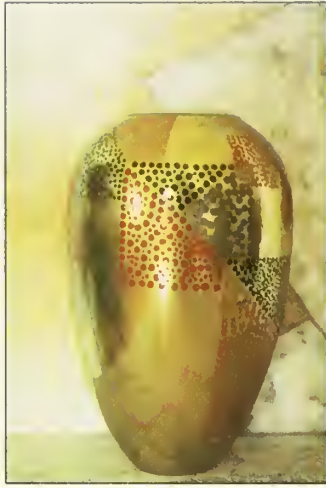
Least surprised by all the fuss is Dunand's son, Bernard, 77, his closest collaborator and keeper of the keys. "The prices paid today

bassade Française pavilion in red and black complete with a silver leaf ceiling was praised for its "magnificently barbaric harmony of color."

Like Eileen Gray, Jean Dunand learned the arduous art of lacquering in 1912 from Sougawara, the great Japanese master then living in Paris. It was the turning point in a career that had begun with *dinanderie*—as hammering metal is often called, from the Flemish town of Dinant, where the production of brassware flourished in the Middle Ages. The once solitary craftsman who, upon marriage, had decided on *dinanderie* as a more reliable

profession than sculpture, suddenly found himself taking on up to a hundred Indochinese workers to help execute commissions in lacquer. Considered more adept at the art, the Indochinese were also said to be less allergic to fresh lacquer, which often causes rashes and fever.

The technical excellence demanded in hammering and chasing metals (never striking the same point twice) served Dunand well in the painstaking process of *laque de chine*. At first applying it to sections of his *dinanderie*, he zigzagged his way to increasing Cubist complexity. Panels and furniture soon became part of the repertoire which meant at least twenty coats of lacquer, or rather forty, as the reverse side had to be done as well to keep the wood from warping. Each layer took up to three weeks to dry in a humid room after which it was rubbed down and smoothed before the next coat. "We had several *chambres humides* in the workshops we built around our house in the fourteenth arrondissement. My father rigged up gutters around the cement walls so water would run constantly," Bernard Dunand recalls adding wistfully, "Only a small commemorative plaque remains of what was once our own entire city block." Then there was the role of the moon. Since lacquer is a resin extracted from trees in the Far East, it is sensitive to the whole natural cycle of life. It only dried by a waxing moon. Results were best when the moon was full. Under those conditions, a folding screen or a piece of furniture took at least a year to finish. Though lacquer applied to metal is dried by heat in a kiln, even the smallest bibelots took months of work. (Text continued on page 205)



An *au chapeau* vase with *ailettes*, *opposite*, one of the rarest Dunand vases, circa 1925–30. *Above, clockwise from top left*: One of the first vases of *coquille d'oeuf* with two-color lacquer, circa 1925, against Dunand screen designed by Jean Lambert-Rucki; lacquer with silver dotting, circa 1920–25; black lacquer with *coquille d'oeuf*; winged vase of red and black lacquer on gray patinated ground; vase of encrusted silver on brown patinated ground, circa 1918–22, against Dunand's *Le Cirque*, a four-panel wood screen designed by Jean Lambert-Rucki, circa 1925; black lacquer with *coquille d'oeuf*. *Below*: An early vase, of geometric linear designs of encrustations of silver on patinated ground.



COLOR FEAST

Rooms by Mario Buatta for San Francisco days and nights

BY ELAINE GREENE PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARY NICHOLS



A CHOICE OF DAYS

A one-volume abridgement
of the authors' classic
autobiographical work,
Happy Days, New Year
Days & Halloween Days.



Pale yellow walls, fresh flowers, and a cotton print from Clarence House make any foggy morning sunny. On the wall, from left, are works by Joan Miró, Larry Zox, and Barbara Weldon. On Korean coffee table: Japanese geese, a Thai figure.



The owner of this turn-of-the-century San Francisco house decided to settle in California a few years ago and thereupon commissioned an unmistakably Eastern interior designer, Mario Buatta, to decorate her three-story house. A woman with two teen-age sons, she was raised in Texas, is well traveled, and has ties to New York and Southampton, yet there was no one geographical style she wanted to capture. She is content with a respectful bow to San Francisco in its Oriental mode and some clear references to a few of the places she has spent time in, especially England, the fountain-head of the Buatta style.

Mario Buatta describes the building as "an 1890s detached Victorian, somewhat Georgianized a few decades into its life." A staircase winds through the center of the house, and its landings are used by the art-collecting owner as small galleries. Flanking the stairwell on the main floor are a yellow living room and a teal-blue dining room; on the second floor, the main bedroom is apricot, the library garnet red. All these walls are glazed and luminous.

The owner chose these strong colors with her decorator's blessing but with some trepidation, and she

Casper, the English sheepdog, waits for his family at a front window, *above*. Courtyard planting is by Robert Bell of The Greenery. *Right*: A Picasso hangs in a corner of the garnet-red library, a room often used for the cocktail hour. Clarence House print; Stark carpeting.







is pleased that the house turned out to be “not like an Easter egg.” This danger was averted, Buatta and his client feel, by his choice of a matte-finish putty color for the stairwell, providing “a neutral core.”

Mario Buatta is always glad when a house is large enough to permit him to include several day and night rooms: some at their best in the sun, some made for candle- and firelight. His client, who knew Buatta as a friend before she called upon him to decorate her new house, worked closely with him in devising areas for entertaining, for her daily piano playing, for homework connected with a film she is currently coproducing, for her boys when they are home from school, and for those peaceful moments when she can just gaze at the Bay and the bridge.

Her art collection as well as an accumulation of antiques were the raw materials Buatta was given to work with, among them the library’s lacquered bureau-bookcase and the chairs placed near it. “I like decorating with clients who have slowly acquired objects that represent their history and their taste,” the designer says. “It makes it far easier to create a personal interior landscape for them to live in.” □

Editor: Marilyn Schafer

The center of this house of many colors is the graceful, pale stairwell, *above Right*: The dining room’s permanent table always wears a pretty skirt, this fabric by Clarence House. Ombre stripe at windows from Brunschwig; Brighton-inspired chairs from McGuire.

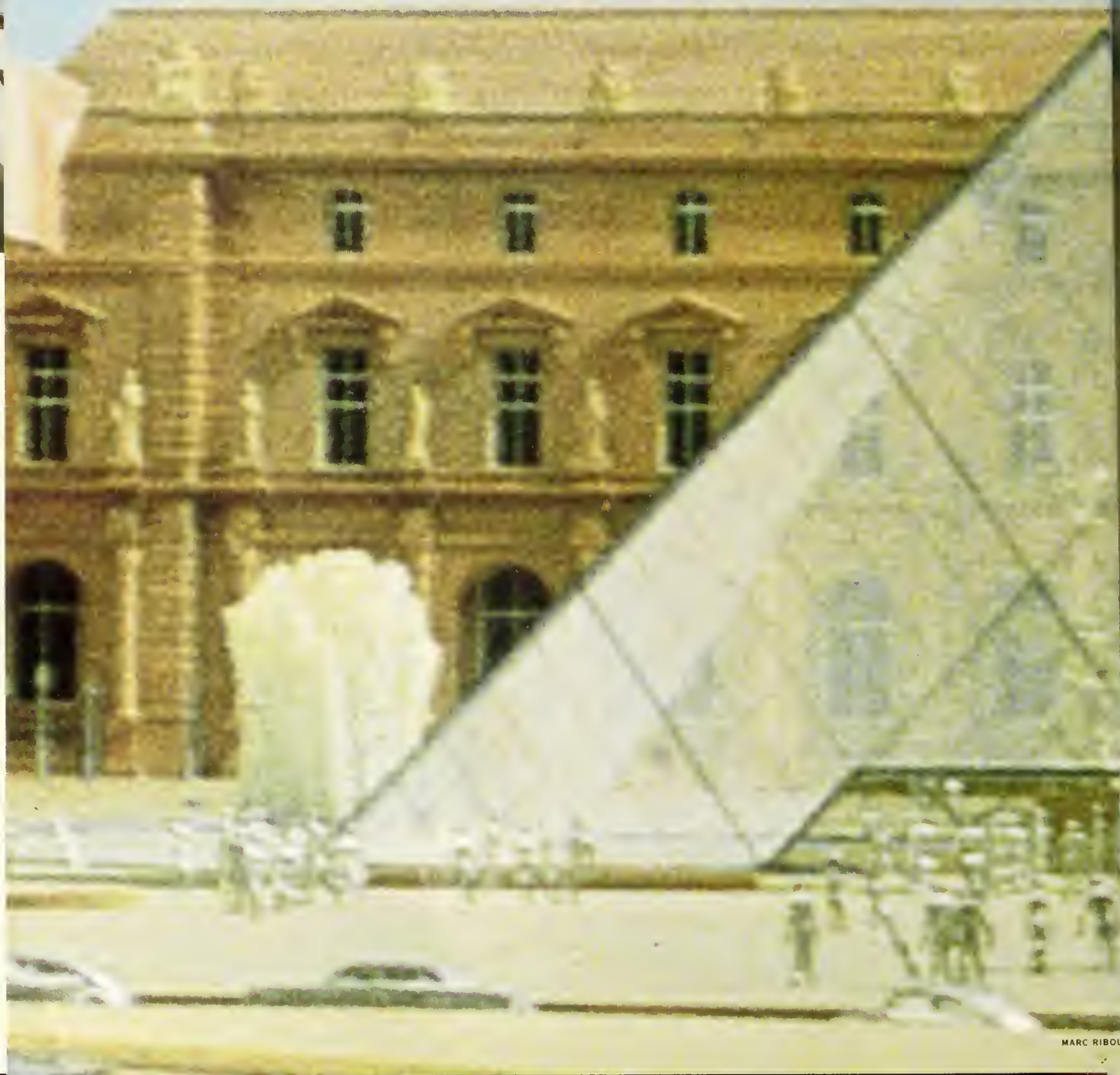


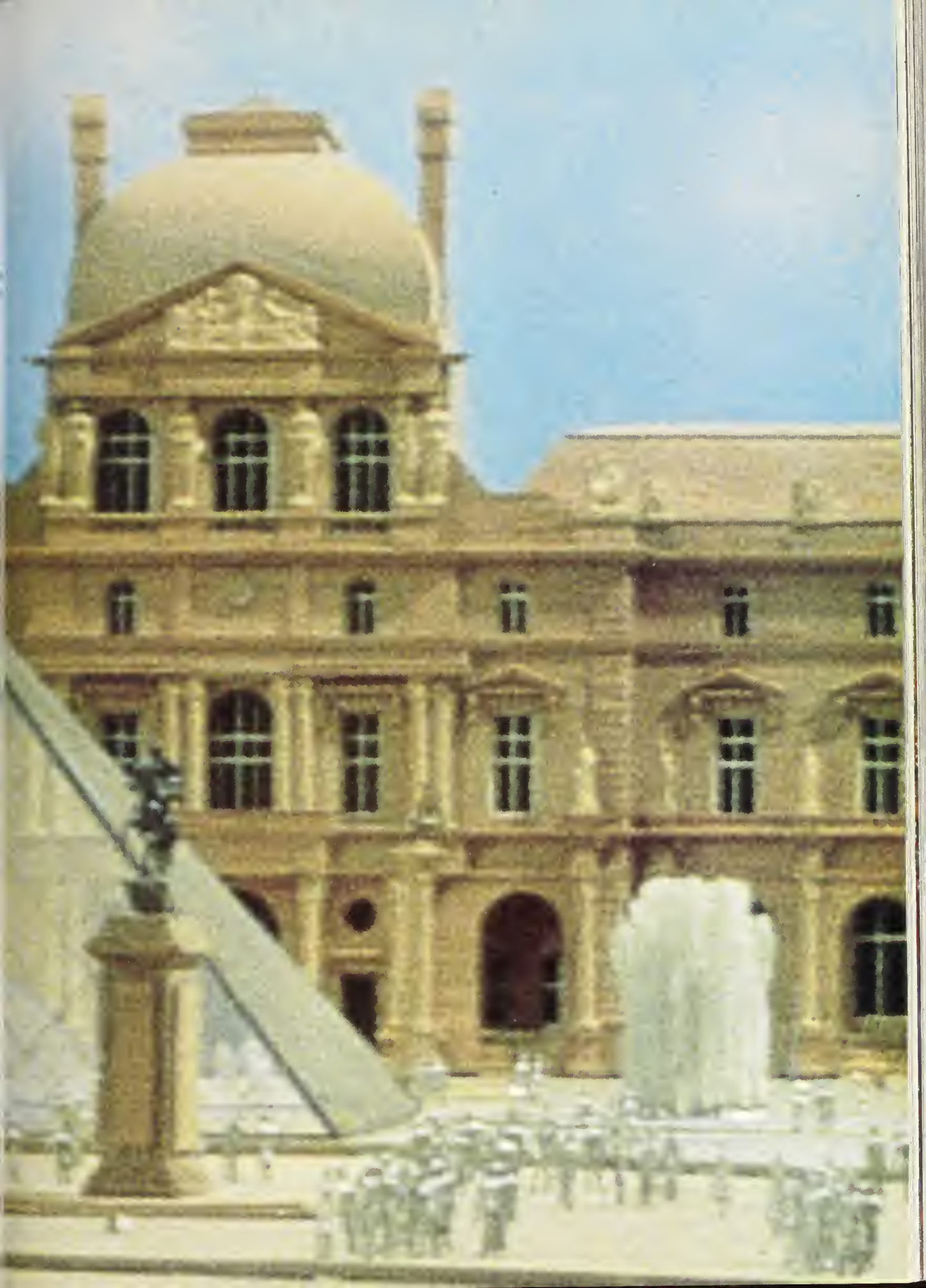


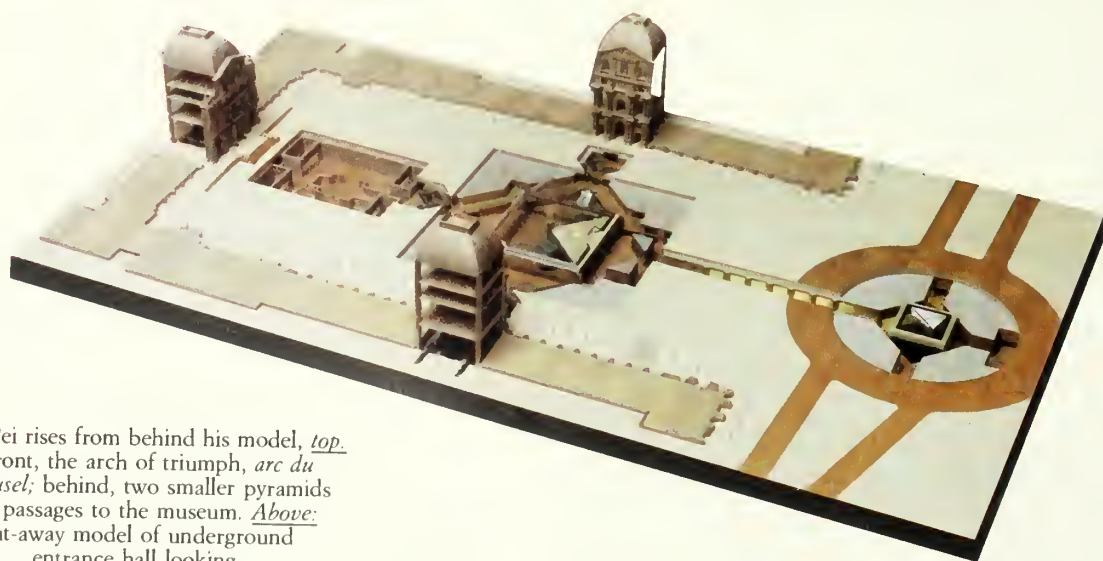
THE JEWEL IN THE GROUND

I. M. Pei's controversial pyramid for the Grand Louvre brings to light the rich evidence of eight hundred years of French history

BY OLIVIER BERNIER







I.M. Pei rises from behind his model, *top*.
In front, the arch of triumph, *arc du Carrousel*; behind, two smaller pyramids light passages to the museum. *Above*:
Cut-away model of underground entrance hall looking across the *cour Napoléon*, and entrances.

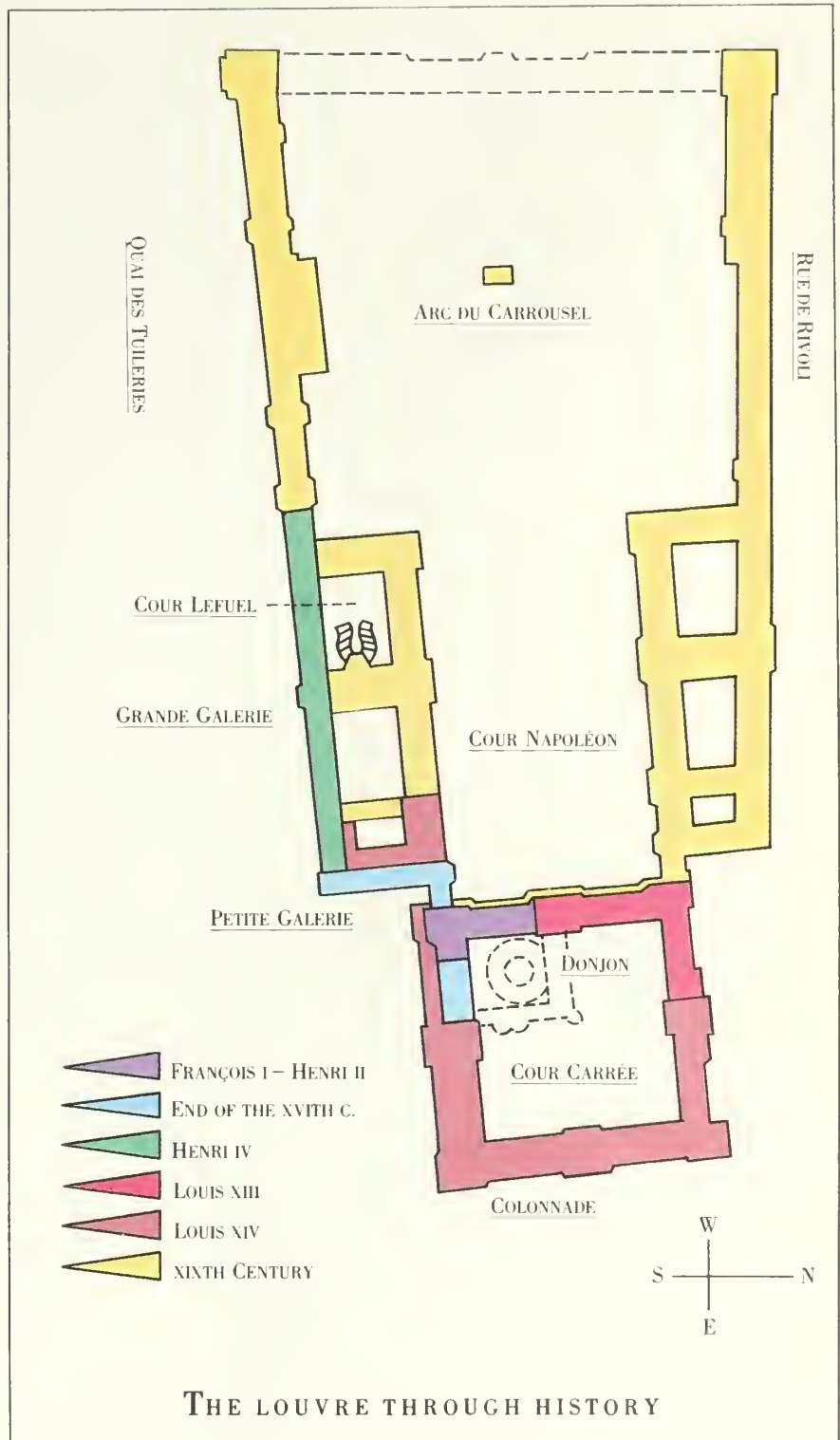
When it was first built, around 1190, it embodied the very latest word in military architecture; when, a century and a half later, it underwent the first of many major modifications, it became the most splendid palace in Europe, but palaces, too, go out of fashion: the Louvre's fate, from that day in 1365 to his, has remained consistent only in that every century has put its mark on it.

That the Louvre needed improvement must have been the longest-lived cliché in architectural history: from Charles V, who first transformed the fortress into a residence on through the Renaissance kings and Henri IV who ordered the building of the long, riverside gallery; from Louis XIV, who provided it with a decent, modern façade to Napoléon III who made it look the way it does today, transformed, rebuilt, extended, reshaped over more than six hundred years, it has become one of the world's great museums without quite losing its early vocation: palatial in aspect, its north wing still houses that essential arm of the state, the Ministry of Finances. It is thus not very surprising that when President Mitterrand, a man sensitive to architecture, history, and the visible manifestations of power, looked around for a suitable monument to enshrine his memory, his glance fell on the Louvre.

Whatever the merits of the project that ensued—and they are hotly debated—the President's decision has had one wholly positive consequence. Because I.M. Pei's plans for an underground entrance hall called for digging a very large hole in the middle of the *cour Napoléon*, it was decided to turn both this space and the *cour carrée* over to teams of archaeologists. The result has been to make history come alive.

Not only did Michel Fleury, the archaeologist in charge of the *cour carrée*, unearth the foundations of the earlier structures, it has also been decided that they were too good to hide again. Mr. Pei was asked to modify his plans, the Permanent Architect of the Louvre is designing a new crypt, so that when the *cour carrée* is, once more, repaved (as it must be to preserve one of the most beautiful architectural ensembles in France) the public will still be able to see the fortress of Philippe Auguste and the palace of Charles V—or, at least, their foundations.

This decision has, very rightly, met

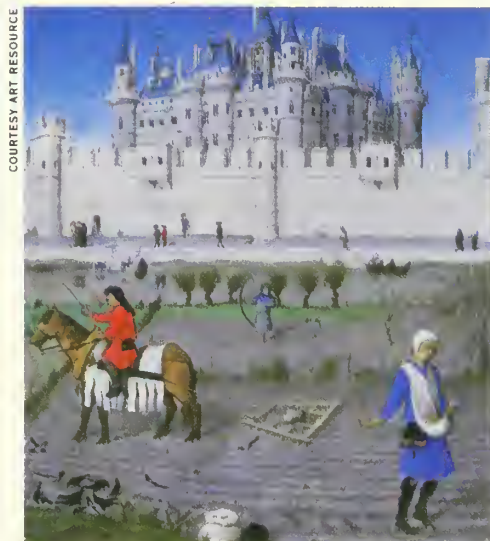


with universal approval; still, fascinating as the sights in the crypt will no doubt remain, they can hardly compare with the view of the excavations, open to a pale blue winter sky and lit by the golden-pink light of Paris. Seen from a height, it is the plan itself of the original structures which lies revealed and surrounded by 21-foot-deep

moats, while the blue-clad workers busy about the last of the excavation looked startlingly like the figures in a medieval miniature.

There, round and massive in the southwest corner of the *cour carrée*, stand the foundations of the keep, isolated at the center of a moat, and surrounded by a powerful curtain wall





COURTESY ART RESOURCE

PHOTOGRAPHS
BY ADAM BARTOS

Excavations in the *cour carrée* show the round keep, moat, and towered, fortified wall surrounding it, *above*. Stone pile for the drawbridge is covered by blue tarp in foreground.

Opposite: Foundation of keep with 16th-century wing behind *Left*: Miniature from *Les Très Riches Heures du duc de Berry* shows Louvre in 1395; keep is tallest tower.



reinforced at regular intervals by round towers. In the center of the east wing, twin towers flank an empty space which was once the grand entrance to the Louvre. This is underlined further by the presence of a small stone island in the middle of the exterior moat which once supported the beams of the drawbridge.

This earliest Louvre, built by Philippe Auguste around 1190, was actually a fortress just outside the walls of Paris, and it embodied the last word in defensive architecture. It stood there, unchanged for 150 years, with its dungeon used, indiscriminately, to house prisoners of state and the Royal Treasury. All the while Paris grew; when, finally it burst its old boundaries, and new city walls were built in the mid fourteenth century, the fortress lost its *raison d'être*: the Louvre was now within the new defensive system. Still, it was too good to tear down, so King Charles V, after consulting with Raymond du Temple, his architect, decided that the old fort would become a brand-new and luxurious palace.

By 1375, when the work was completed, a gleaming array of walls and towers reflected in the waters of the Seine enclosed a large new wing and a vast assemblage of remodeled rooms: we see this first of the Louvre palaces, tall and impressive, depicted by Pol de Limbourg in one of the most graceful miniatures of *Les Très Riches Heures du duc de Berry*.

As in most fourteenth-century architecture, height was the key. First, Charles V had both towers and walls raised: the keep, for instance, originally some ninety feet high, now reached well past the hundred-foot mark. All towers were topped with pointed roofs surmounted in turn by tall, gilded weather vanes and high, conical chimneys. The old curtain wall, now safe behind a new set of fortifications, was pierced by wide windows while, all around the top, it was adorned with



Restoring the 16th-century façade: the cornice, *top*; marble inset and semicircular pediment, *center*; half-concealed by the scaffolding, the entwined initials of Henri II and his mistress, Diane de Poitiers, *left*.

ulpted motifs. And in one of those
wers, the King installed a kind of
om which no medieval palace had
er contained before: there, in his li-
ary, the King started the collection of
nscripts from which, centuries lat-
the Bibliothèque Nationale was to
ow.

Not content with transforming Phi-
pe Auguste's fortress, however,
arles V also ordered the building of
arge new wing, completely unmi-
y inside and out. Its foundations are
ll clearly visible, as are those of the
ulpture-laden grand staircase which
ce led from the courtyard to the roy-
apartments; and because the quality
the stonework had improved with
e passage of time, Charles V's addi-
ons are clearly recognizable: while
e remains of the old curtain wall are
ade of rough-hewn, loosely joined
ones, the new buttresses are a model
smooth and sophisticated masonry.

It was probably then that deep la-
ines were dug; and they have turned
it to hide not only hundreds of pieces
broken crockery and metal objects
ut also fragments from a fourteenth-
entury helmet and horse trappings
at were used in a tourney, then dis-
ided.

In the end, however, the old palace
id not see much use. After Charles V's
eath, his son Charles VI's lapse into
sanity, and the English conquest in
1422, it became, briefly, Henry V's re-
sidence. After that, it remained largely
empty as the monarchy moved to the
oire valley; and when, in the 1520s
rancois I returned to Paris, the Re-
naissance had come: the Louvre had
ecome old-fashioned, uncomfortable
nd altogether unfitted as a residence
or the King. Still, it was the only prop-
er royal palace in Paris, so new plans
ere made, and in the 1550s, the south
nd west wings of the palace were torn
own and the *cour carrée* was begun.

The immediate result was a well-dis-
uised improvement: while new, more
omfort- (Text continues on page 202)



Detail of the lush Renaissance
décor: a river god topped by
pediment with garlands of fruit,
Roman-inspired faun, a fanciful
leaf frieze, *top*; triangular
pediment with faunlike *groteschi*,
center; in a niche, the original
sculpture is replaced by a 19th-
century Venus, *right*.



When Henri II decided to build a new, modern Louvre, he called on the great sculptor Jean Goujon: his architecture curves around an oculus near the intertwined HD of Diane and Henri.



LIFE ON LOCH FYNE



The rhythms of a writing family's days in the Highlands

TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES

Strachur House, *above*, in Argyllshire on the shore of Loch Fyne, built in 1783 for General John Campbell, a commander of the British forces in the American War of Independence. *Opposite*: Coats, cromachs, saddles, golf clubs, and fishing rods are kept on the porch, added to the main entranceway in the 19th century to help guard against the cold winds that blow off Loch Fyne.





An unsupported stone staircase leads to the first-floor landing, *above*, where walls are hung with 18th-century landscapes. *Opposite*: Sir Fitzroy's office, where he writes when the weather does not permit him to work outside in the Bearpit. *Below*: A view of back of the house, with pollarded lime trees leading to the park.





When Chopin visited Scotland in September 1848, already a dying man, he sailed across the Clyde from Glasgow to spend a week with Lady Murray, a former pupil, who was then living in Argyllshire in a house on the shore of Loch Fyne. Chopin hated this Scottish tour. His ill health made him play badly, he disliked being stared at as though he were some kind of wild animal by the hordes of Scots who came to see him, and he complained constantly of the cold, damp, and discomfort. He appears to have considered Strachur House, Lady Murray's home, as being no exception, and could scarcely wait to get back to London. Perhaps things might have been different had he received the kind of welcome which visitors to Strachur are used to getting from the present owners, who have made it a favorite and celebrated resting place on the long haul from England to the west coast of Scotland.

Strachur was completed in 1783 for General John

Campbell, a commander of the British forces in the American War of Independence, who had returned from the war determined to build for himself a fine house in keeping with his standing as a great soldier and a laird. He almost certainly designed it himself, possibly with the help of some local architect, and it is not unlikely that in his choice of design he was influenced by the restoration work being carried out by the Adam brothers at neighboring Inveraray Castle, which had been seriously damaged by fire. The central staircases are, for example, identical. Around the house Campbell laid out a park, a new and English concept quite unusual in the Highlands of those days, with beech avenues and stands of silver and Scots firs planted, so it was said, in the formation of one of the battles in which he had fought. When the project was almost finished, he called in the local minister, who was working on a report of the locality, to admire the view from his favorite room, now the library.



The far drawing room, *above*, on the first floor, which is hardly ever used except for parties. *Opposite above*: The dining room had the original 18th-century handpainted Chinese wallpaper there when the Macleans bought the house. The Sheraton table is used for dinners and lunches with guests, otherwise all eating is done in the kitchen.

"Strachur Park is a very great ornament to this part of the Highlands," wrote the Reverend Charles Stewart in 1792. "It appears to the greatest advantage, viewed from the road that is carried down the opposite shore of Loch Fyne. A large basin, which is formed by a curve of Loch Fyne, lies immediately before the principal front of the house. The other front commands a view of the whole pleasure grounds, and of the neighbouring hills. . . . The General's tradesmen, his labourers, and even his crofters, have their houses built of stone and lime with slated roofs; these, an excellent inn, and the minister's house and offices, which are close to the General's house contribute much to enliven the appearance of the place. Everything about it has a new, neat and finished look. . . ." A traveler to Strachur today will find that little has changed since this description was written. The view from the far shore is still the finest, the surrounding houses are just as neat, and the inn, where the oysters

from Loch Fyne are of a rare sweetness, is as excellent. No longer, however, is it the Campbells who are in residence. Strachur is today the home of another great soldier, Sir Fitzroy Maclean, Hereditary Keeper and Captain of the Isle of Dunconnel, descendant of Lachlan the Wily, war hero, ex diplomat and politician, travel writer, and a Scottish laird who might well have stepped straight out of central casting.

Fitzroy, his wife, Veronica, and their four children came to Argyllshire in 1957, after ten years spent near Lancaster, in the north of England, for which he was the local Member of Parliament. In doing so they were fulfilling a long-held desire to return to the land of their forefathers, for while Fitzroy is descended from the Macleans of Ardgour, a Godforsaken piece of land to the north of Loch Linnhe, Veronica also comes from an ancient Highland family, the Lovat Frasers from Inverness. As luck would have it, at the very time the Macleans had decided



Another view of the porch, *right*, with tokens of the sporting life. Stag and roe deer trophies (shot by Sir Fitzroy) hang over boule balls, the odd breastplate, fishing floats for nets, and a lantern. Family Wellingtons are lined up underneath.



The Storm Bedroom, *above*, in the back of the house, where one traditionally went when it was blowing too fiercely on the front. The bed is Venetian and the green wallpaper—hung with views of St. Petersburg—is bookbinding material found by Lady Maclean. *Below*: Sir Fitzroy in the Bearpit, where he always writes when it is not raining. *Opposite*: The drying room, on the ground floor, where logs are stored and coats, boots, and laundry are dried.



to uproot, the Miss Campbell then living at Strachur wanted to sell. They took one look at its magnificent position on the loch, at the burn running down behind the house, at its wild gardens, and at its beautiful lofty rooms looking out over mountains and water and parkland, and they knew they need search no further. It was a wise decision, for Strachur has embraced them ever since and, in spite of the fact that they have lived there for less than thirty years, already has that indefinable smell and atmosphere of a house inhabited by the same family for generations.

Much of this is due to the strong characters of its owners. Veronica is never still. Brought up by her parents, as she put it, "in a tradition of excellence," she is obsessive in her attention to detail which is what she believes makes for true perfection in the running of a house. "It's a tradition which was

(Text continued on page 192)

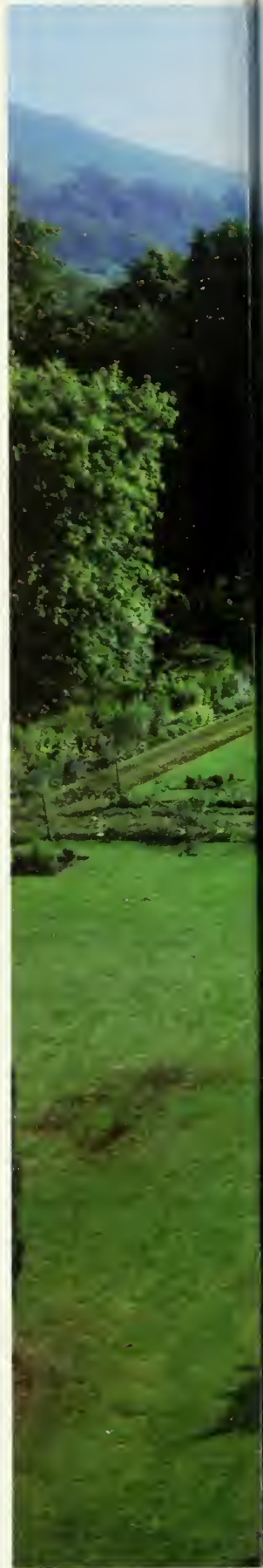




The housekeeper and cook, Mrs. Cockerill, sits beside Lady Maclean, author of many cookbooks, in the kitchen before breakfast, *above*. Beans are from the garden and eggs from the farm.

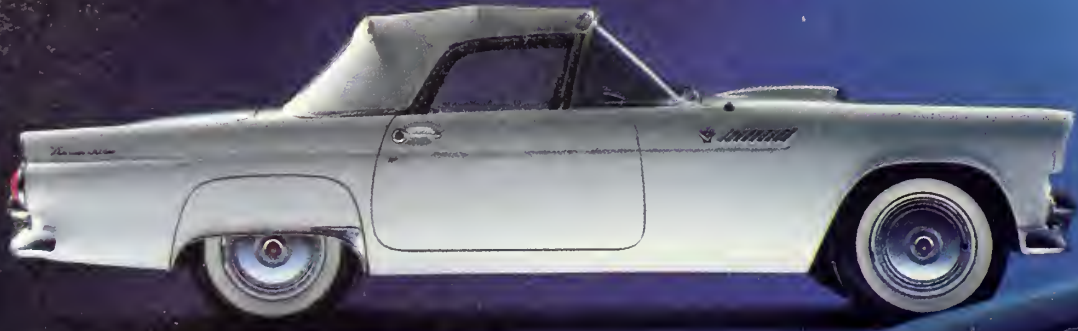
Below: Son Charles Maclean, in his study/bedroom where he writes when he's at home.

Right: The path at the back of the house looking toward Inverglenn. The round area in the middle is known as the Bearpit.





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LIFE ON LOCH FYNE

(Continued from page 186) effortless in our parents' and grandparents' day, because they had a lot of people to help them. You can still keep the essence of it much more simply, but you must have a desire for not losing that kind of style." This means that she is constantly on the move, scuttling about the passages, forever checking that there are enough flowers in all the rooms, that the bedside tables are fully supplied with Malvern Water and munchies, the bathrooms with smellies, that the fires are crackling and the drinks tray groaning, all this in between planning the meals, putting in some work on one of her own books, and occasionally answering her husband's distressed cries of "Darling! . . ." which echo round the house as he searches in vain for some mislaid necessity. When the hustle and bustle become too much, her refuge is the garden. It is a magical place, part tame, part wild, and planned so that there are treasures to look at all the year round. In the spring it is the bulbs, masses of tulips, daffodils, and lilies, and the banks of azaleas and rhododendrons. As the summer comes on the herbaceous borders, marked by an avenue of limes running down from the house, begin to abound with twenty different varieties of geranium, tobacco plants, pansies, blue Himalayan poppies, lilies, sage, and catmint, all tumbling over themselves and buzzing with bees. Roses ramble everywhere. In the autumn there are maples, and three huge eucryphia, a profusion of white flowers in stark contrast to the great Irish yews which have watched over the house for over two hundred years. Beyond the main garden a charming woodland walk wanders along the mossy banks of a burn, through stands of beech and oak, round a small loch and back again, passing en route the all-important kitchen garden.

Fitzroy's domain is the library, a beautiful sunny room on the first floor with a view across the garden to three mountain peaks. Books are everywhere, strewn all over the floor, piled on the desk, in chairs, some in bookcases. Bonnie Prince Charlie looks down from the walls, sharing his space



Top: The bridge leading to Strachur House. Above: Sir Fitzroy's horse, Cloudy, grazing by Loch Fyne.

with various Maclean ancestors, including Colonel John Carlyle, who went out to America from Dumfriesshire in 1740 and founded the town of Alexandria, near Washington. In the window stand a pair of eighteenth-century globes, one terrestrial, one celestial. There is no doubt that this is the room of a man of letters and a traveler, an impression which is carried through into his bathroom, which leads off the library, also littered with books, and beyond that into his wonderfully Spartan bedroom with its heavy Scottish fourposter bed, more books, endless pairs of shoes, and his much-loved collection of hats—(to the tune of "Twelve Days of Christmas") four flat caps, three tam-o'-shanters (Balmoral bonnets), two Sherlock Holmeses, one Albanian fez, and a Georgian hat with a string.

The routine of life at Strachur never varies whether the house is full or empty, and is part of its charm. Fitzroy's day begins at eight with a swim in the loch, followed by a somewhat eccentric breakfast of a foul-tasting drink made from goat's milk, called kefir, a Turkish speciality guaranteed to purge the intestines. Then, fez on head, or

Balmoral-bonneted, bearing the first of endless huge mugs of cold China tea, and accompanied by Jock, the faithful Labrador, he retires to a sunken area of the garden known as the Bearpit, where he conducts the morning's business at a slate table set on stone pillars. This consists of some work on whatever book he is writing at the time (when I was there it was a collection of lurid Highland legends, and was proceeding under the working title of *Tales of Sex and Violence in the Western Isles*) in between dealing with a series of constant and enjoyable interruptions. Every morning, for example, Big Jim, a 22-stone ex lion tamer who is the head cook at the Creggans Inn, the local hotel owned by the Macleans, brings him the papers, a visit which also provides a good excuse to hear the local gossip. Then Veronica arrives several times to discuss the garden, the family, the hotel, and, most importantly, the meals, conversations which are usually carried on simultaneously ("voices overlap" is written constantly on the transcription of my tape) so that in the end both parties believe that it is their point which has come across best. If guests are lucky, Big Jim will not have left without depositing in the kitchen some local delicacy, such as a box of fresh langoustines.

The food, as anyone who has ever stayed there will confirm, is a major feature of life at Strachur, and is an interest of Veronica's which stems from her childhood at Beaufort Castle, Inverness, a place which is legendary in the annals of country-house cooking. Her earliest memories are of a French chef, Monsieur Darde, who gave a classical French basis to the simple country food and, before he left, set up a number of local girls who all became superb cooks and carried on the tradition. An aunt, Ethel Lindley, who was an ambassador, was an equally important influence, since she was a regular visitor and brought with her recipes from all over the world. So the Beaufort repertoire grew and grew. "It was really very delicious," remembers Veronica, "but oddly enough, my mother couldn't boil an egg. Yet she was always able to impart to cooks what was

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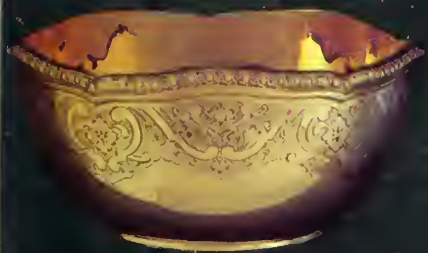


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LIFE ON LOCH FYNE

wrong. She used to have long talks every morning when she ordered lunch, and I remember her saying, 'Might it be that you didn't put enough of this in? or that?' When she was old and living in a flat in London, she would have starved unless someone cooked for her. She just didn't know how to do it.' This is certainly not true of Veronica, who is an accomplished cook—the author of three successful books on the subject—though she is the first to admit that she owes much of her prowess in the kitchen to a remarkable woman who has been with her since she was eighteen. Rhoda Cockerill, known in the family as Dayda, originally came to Veronica as a nanny, graduating to cooking when the children were more or less grown up; since then she has ruled over the kitchen with a rod of iron tempered with a skillet of gold.

Lunch may be in the kitchen or, if the weather is fine, out comes Fitzroy's ancient and much-loved convertible Morris Minor (what he really longs for is a Rabbit) to transport a picnic up the glen. The afternoons are always lazy. Naps. Veronica ambling round the garden. Fitzroy taking a gentle ride on Cloudy, his trusty, gray Highland pony, then easing his aching limbs into a sauna. Each evening begins with a swim, and then a fine malt whisky is substituted for the cold tea, a silver beaker for the china mug. When dinner is over, and the last crumb of one of Rhoda's superb puddings has been downed, a losing battle is fought with a television set which only works if it is given a great bang every few minutes. Fitzroy watches, Veronica bangs. So the days pass, and Strachur lives on, casting its spell on all who pass through it. □

A VIEW OF THE BRIDGE

(Continued from page 154) the end of a sad story. But the kindly erosion of time has given the 1,200-foot bridge a new lease on life, this time as a romantic ruin, mellowed by sun and rain, more reminiscent of European than of American landscape.

Its commanding presence was seized by Jacobsen as the anchor of his design, a cruciform floor plan whose main element exactly parallels the river while the crossbar aims—askew—toward the bridge. The key word here is "askew." Not being at a right angle, the crossbar dictates the shapes of the rooms in the main element, all parallelograms. The shape gets repeated in many details, down even to the drawers of bedroom built-ins.

Where the two elements of the cross intersect, an eight-foot dome admits both daylight and starlight to an atrium, which is the core of the house. The shorter crossbar is a sweeping, light-filled space extending from the living room on the river side up four steps to the atrium and thence through an archway to the library, which doubles as a dining room when the occasion demands.

The longer element containing three bedrooms with baths on one side is bal-

anced on the other side by the kitchen and a three-car garage including space for a snowplow, an implement never to be overlooked in northwest Ohio.



The skewed crossbar of the house, whose center is a domed atrium, dictated parallelogram-shaped rooms.

The house has no windows. Instead, sliding glass doors admit light and air and every room has a view of the bridge, whose arches echo through the house—arched ceilings, arched over-



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windows, the shape suggested gently, not copied. These arched shapes are responsible for the extraordinary feeling of generosity in light and space that Jacobsen has created.

When the architect came to the exterior of his river-bridge-house composition he saw the need for assertive verticals to give variety to the simple horizontal masses. He chose to emphasize the chimneys, four of them, each serving active fireplaces. Fattened and almost doubled in height, they admirably perform their dual functions.

The Jacobsen touch has been felt in every corner of the eight-acre site. First, he had the land cleared of scrubby undergrowth, carefully preserving shade trees, especially those clustered atop high ground behind the house. Several acres on that side of the house were then sown with meadow grass, which seems to have taken a happy hold on the rich clay soil. The same process was repeated on the river side, except the native plants were the black-eyed Susan and the daisy, which

have already yielded their first bumper crop of summer bloom.

As a landscaper Jacobsen has remained true to the precepts of his Washington, D.C., neighbor the late Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss, who told him to "always paint your garden with a wide brush." The owner of Dumbar-

Here Jacobsen has abandoned his customary suppression of color

ton Oaks and its glorious gardens, she knew whereof she spoke.

Aside from a heavy new interplanting of evergreens on the public side of the site, the landscape has been treated with Jacobsenian simplicity. So has the interior. Here he has bowed to the wishes of his client and abandoned, at least temporarily, his customary suppression of color. Instead of variations

on white he has used what he terms a Etruscan palette—terra-cotta pink, reduced bleached blue, and warm taupe.

One bedroom is painted in blue-gray, another is papered in a fine taupe linen. All other walls are white, with the exception of a cocoa-brown lacquered powder room. Color breaks out in the furnishings of the living room and library. The living room couches are terra cotta placed on a architect-designed rug that plays wide stripes of terra cotta against faded blue on a beige background matching the travertine floor. The travertine has been honed to a matte finish, making it look less like marble. In the library the sofa and easy chairs are upholstered in brown leather, and in the kitchen a sofa and chair are covered in a faded blue fabric. Not a riot of color, but the result is pleasant and, well—Etruscan.

The oldest object in the house is the first thing a visitor encounters—a handsome grandfather clock that actually belonged to the client's grandfather. The clock seems perfectly at home with its closest neighbor, a blue painting by Kenneth Noland, nearly eight feet tall, one of his latest, in which he has returned to the chevron motif of earlier work. Here his chevron happens to echo the lines of the V-shaped steps leading down from the atrium into the living room, just one of the many cross references with which Jacobsen has enriched the house by the river.

These cross references are quicker to spot than Jacobsen's way with manipulating scale, done by building his rooms without baseboards, door frames, or any other telling details. By erasing them, he withholds information until the space is occupied. Only then does the scale become apparent.

The owners, with the last ficus tree in place, have been putting the house to good use. They have spotted a half-grown bald eagle sitting in their locust tree, watched geese, ducks, and many species of songbirds migrate over their land, caught an occasional white bass on a dry-fly cast from their own lawn.

But the blessing that seemed to move them most came when the spring freshets swept the winter ice down the Maumee this year, creating the worst floods in many a decade. The bridge house, they found, had been wisely placed well above the flood plain. □

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron

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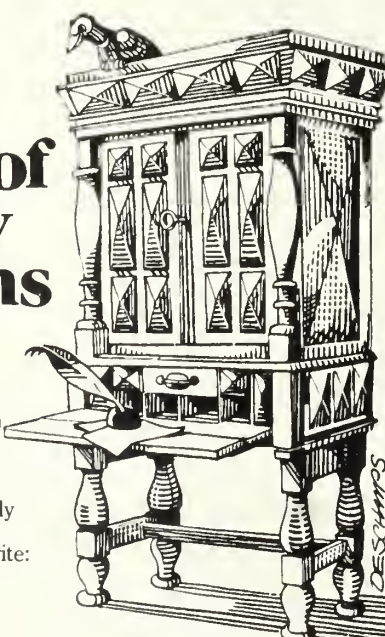
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JOURNAL



ARATA ISOZAKI, MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART, LOS ANGELES

SENSEI SENSIBILITY

New Public Architecture. Recent Projects by Fumihiko Maki and Arata Isozaki, Japan House Gallery, New York, through June 30.

Though only three years apart in age, Fumihiko Maki and Arata Isozaki seem to have emanated from two different eras in architectural history. The 57-year-old Maki's work is dignified, tasteful, and



FUMIHIKO MAKI, NATIONAL MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, KYOTO

lacking in the ambiguity and irony that typify the designs of the 54-year-old Isozaki. If Maki might be termed the

I.M. Pei of Japanese architecture, then Isozaki is its Robert Venturi.

But this joint exhibition is

more than a study in opposites. What is most interesting is the architects' recent moves away from their most familiar modes: Maki's buildings becoming more self-consciously artful in a manner pioneered in Japan by Isozaki, Isozaki's taking the historicist turn of his colleagues in the West. This show explains much about the role of artistic influence in Japan's highly absorptive culture.

Martin Fille

RHAPSODY IN B&W

André Kertész: Of Paris and New York. The Art Institute of Chicago, through July 14. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, NYC, Dec. 12-Feb. 23, 1986.

This meditative master of light gave the clocks, stairs, and chimneys of cities the eloquence of sculpture. Often at the heart, though, some chance human scene provides a humble yet dignified sense of scale. *On Reading* was his *Family of Man*. Elsewhere, Kertész immortalized a single tulip (and a veritable bouquet of nudes) with a fun-house mirror—and "shot" Dada's poet Tzara with a gaze as intense as a burning glass.

Margaret Morse



MELANCHOLIC TULIP, 1939

DETROIT INSTITUTE OF ART



TRISTAN TZARA, 1927

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green chives, a rough-hewn, perfectly golden crust, a rich lip of sauce that is a perfect complement to the almond. It is, however, a different story when you add the almond. The almond, with its rich, buttery and egg-y texture and the crunch of the skin and the beauty of a warm, golden-brown almond, is a perfect complement to the almond. It is, however, a different story when you add the almond. The almond, with its rich, buttery and egg-y texture and the crunch of the skin and the beauty of a warm, golden-brown almond, is a perfect complement to the almond.

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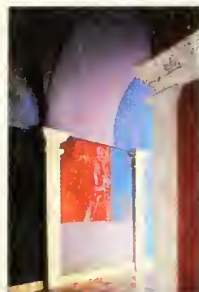
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Rack of Lamb with Almond Madeira Sauce





Fifteen years ago, artist David Novros completed his first fresco—a wall piece commissioned by Donald Judd for his New York building. Since then Novros has created frescoes in Houston, Dallas, Newark, Marina del Rey, in modern and historic structures, private and public spaces. The painting of the classically modeled Old Federal Courthouse in Miami, *above*, is his most recent endeavor. Using traditional fresco technique—ground pigment



ADAM BARTOS

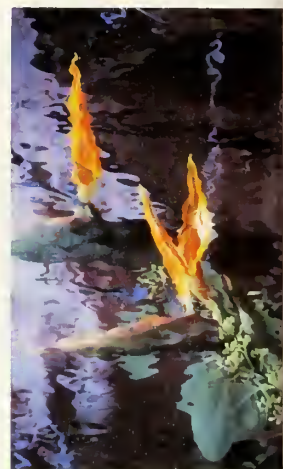
printed into wet plaster—Novros covered three sides around the building's central cloister with murals of deep, bright colors and layered symbolic shapes. These frescoes are in many

ways indebted to their antique antecedents, but they reveal just as clearly their connection with abstract art and Novros's own contemporary vision.

Amy McNeish

BOTANIC MAJESTY

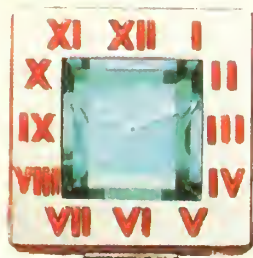
Not reflected on water but photographed through glass, Robert Hazzon's poster for Museum Edition in New York, *below*, conveys both graphic power and the evanescence of its subject. M.F.



HAZZON'S GARDEN OF EDEN

A LA CARTIER

The jeweler's art is an elusive one, not falling neatly into any larger



MYSTERY CLOCK, 1931

category and seldom receiving great popular attention. But revived interest in glamour and ornamentation may bring the topic into focus, and anyone needing an introduction would do well to turn to Hans



POCKET WATCH, 1919

Nadelhoffer's *Cartier: Jeweler Extraordinary* (Abrams, \$50). The book offers visual and verbal evidence of the intricate but fluid relationships jewelry may have with fine art, fashion, and decoration. Many color photographs illustrate why Cartier's designers and craftsmen set standards in their field for decades. A.M.

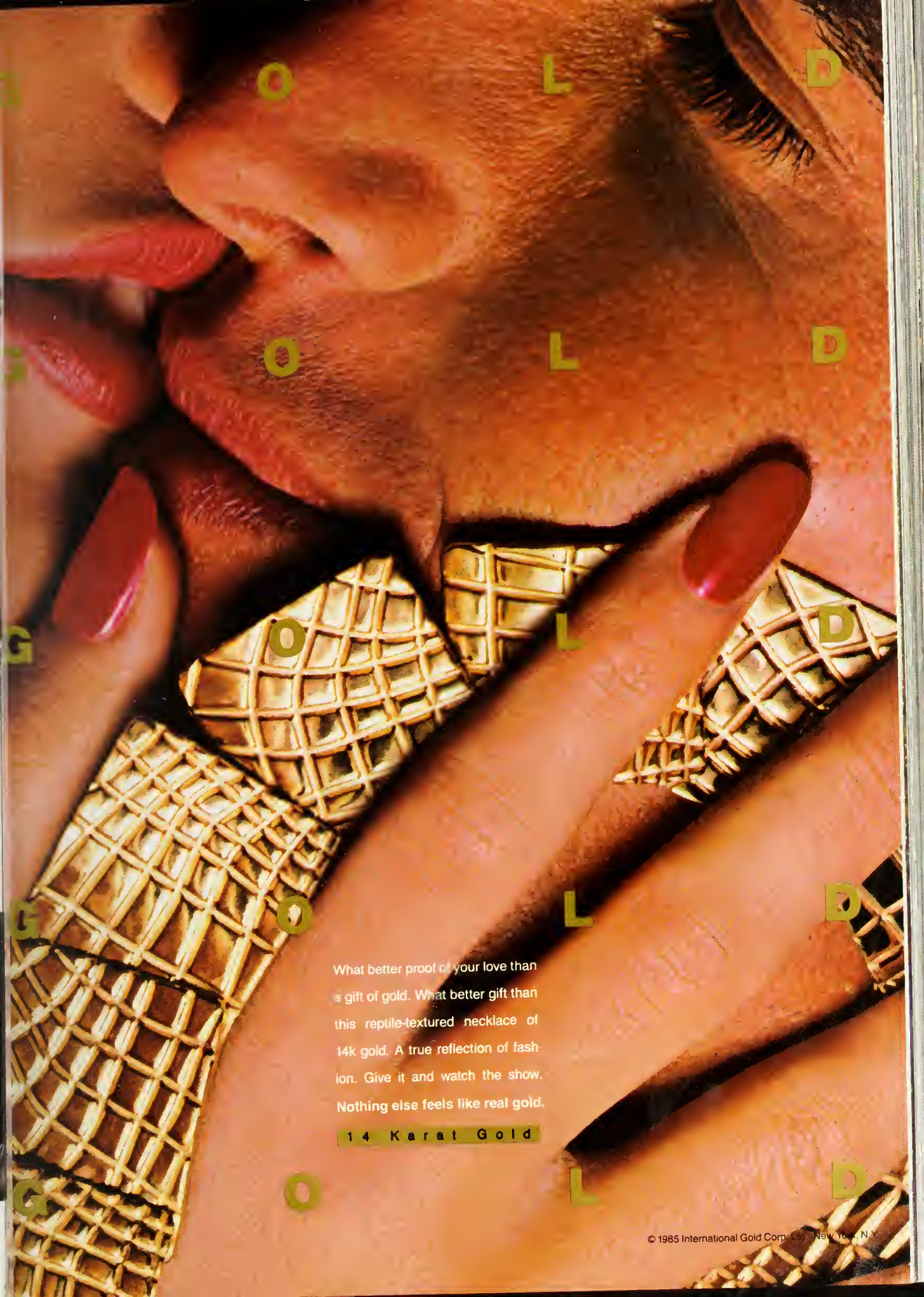
PRETTY RING TIME

After three decades of *Ring* cycles based on the minimalist, Freudian-inspired stagings of the postwar Bayreuth Festival, a return to traditional values more in line with Richard Wagner's explicit instructions is signaled by the San

Francisco Opera's new mounting this month of the mighty tetralogy. Directed by Nikolaus Lehnhoff, with sets and costumes by John Conklin and lighting by Thomas J. Munn, it provides a highly romantic vision for a new generation of Wagnerites. M.F.



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(Continued from page 177) able, more luxurious royal apartments came into being, the palace itself looked like an architectural nightmare: unfinished wings ran into medieval constructions, doors opened to unroofed floors, and, always, the stink so characteristic of the palace remained because the latrines discharged their waste into the moat which still surrounded the building. Sometimes, of course, there were worse things than just a bad smell: when, in August 1572, Charles IX and Catherine de Médicis ordered the slaughter of all the Huguenots, the victims of the Saint Bartholomew's Day Massacre were flung out of the windows into the water which ran red with blood for an entire day.

With the onset, in 1560, of the wars of religion, construction largely came to a stop, and it was left to Henri IV, the Huguenot turned Catholic on the grounds that Paris was worth a mass, to continue the work. Like his style of government, his buildings reflected a blend of the old and the new: while, on

the one hand, he had Jacques II Androuet du Cerceau, his architect, complete the west wing of the *cour carrée* in the style used fifty years earlier by Lescot, he also added first a short gallery which jutted out of the building toward the Seine—today it is the *galerie d'Apollon*—then an immensely long gallery which marched parallel to the river all the way to the Tuileries.

It is, in fact, one of the paradoxes of the Louvre that its shape was devised so as to link it to the Palace of the Tuileries, built for Catherine de Médicis in the mid sixteenth century, a building which today no longer exists. Henri IV, in fact, ordered his long gallery not just because he liked to walk indoors, but also because a connection to the Tuileries was the obvious next step.

The old gateway between its twin towers, however, survived long enough to shame Henri IV in 1600: his new bride, another Médicis princess who had been raised in that model of avant-garde architecture, the Palazzo Pitti, asked in disbelief whether this

antiquated, inconvenient, and battered remnant could really be the entrance to the King of France's palace. "It must be a joke," she asserted, "the real Louvre was elsewhere. It wasn't, of course; so, as soon as she got the chance, she built herself a proper residence, the Palace of the Luxembourg."

The next Queen of France, too, hated the old-fashioned Louvre. In time she moved out with the six-year-old Louis XIV to a brand-new house, the Palais-Royal. She had cause to regret it though: when the Parisians rose against the government, the open, welcoming Palais-Royal was indefensible, and, as soon as she could, she moved back to the still fortresslike palace.

There was not much the child-king could do about it all, except remember, but when, in 1660, he began his personal rule, he promptly decided he must have an impressive place to live in, so, of course, he started to improve the Louvre. With that sure instinct for architectural genius that was so characteristic of him, Louis XIV chose Le Vau as the architect in charge of completing the *cour carrée*. The result was a masterpiece: strong but sensitive, the new décor picked up the rhythm of Lescot's Renaissance façade while introducing the clarity and classical measure of the new French Baroque.

Even with a new *cour carrée*, however, and the destruction of almost all the remnants of the old Louvre, the palace still needed a new, grand entrance. Le Vau was the obvious choice as the architect in charge, but both the King and Colbert, who supervised all building, had come to resent his dictatorial attitude; so Le Vau was fobbed off with the completion of the Tuileries palace, which he carried off successfully, and the most famous architect, sculptor, and designer of the age was called in what the Cavaliere Bernini had done for Saint Peter he was now to do for the Louvre. Soon after his arrival in Paris the Italian came up with a plan for a powerful curved façade decorated with giant columns. The first stone was laid with great ceremony, the work was about to start when the French preference for measure and restraint reasserted himself: Bernini was out—consummation President Mitterrand kept firmly in mind when he announced that, unlike his seventeenth-century predecessor, I.M. Pei need

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no change of the ruler's mind. Thus, the new façade turned out to be the first example of the new French style: Le Vau together with Perrault, engineer, designed the majestic colonnade we know today. Even that, however, remained unfinished as the king turned to Versailles; the work continued, slowly, all through the eighteenth century, but the *courée* was only completed, and the colonnade roofed, under Napoléon.

All that part of the Louvre survives; but in acreage and visibility, the palace owes more to Napoléon III than to any of his predecessors: what the visitor to the museum, who enters through the *cour Napoléon* sees, therefore, is a nineteenth-century building whose immense size helps to conceal its utter lack of architectural distinction.

Starting in 1851, a new façade was applied to the Henri IV riverside wing; a new, north wing was built alongside the rue de Rivoli to link the Louvre and the Tuileries on that side as well; and the entire façade of the *cour Napoléon* and the *cour du Carrousel* was transformed according to plans by Lefuel and Visconti. Today, the newest addition to the Louvre has begun in the space enclosed by those nineteenth-century wings; and it is attacked just as vigorously as the transformation of the 1350s was in its own time: then, people said that the new façades and wings were destroying priceless vestiges of the past; now, it is claimed that, by partially blocking the view of that façade, Mr. Pei's pyramid is spoiling Lefuel's achievement.

It seems, in fact, probable that the pyramid will improve that dreary accumulation of purposeless columns and bird-rate sculpture. First, at ground level, a new treeless, plantless garden will fill the *cour Napoléon*: the main, forty-foot-high pyramid, flanked by two smaller pyramids, two large fountains, and the Napoléon III streetlights, will create a formal outdoor space in which the structures will look very like gazebos. "I took my inspiration from Le Nôtre," the garden architect responsible for the parks of Versailles and Vaux-le-Vicomte, Mr. Pei says; but in fact, it is impossible not to think instead of the "fabrics," those fantastic, often ephemeral pavilions with which English gardens were adorned at the end of the eighteenth



Excavations in the *cour Napoléon* with the *arc du Carrousel* in the background.

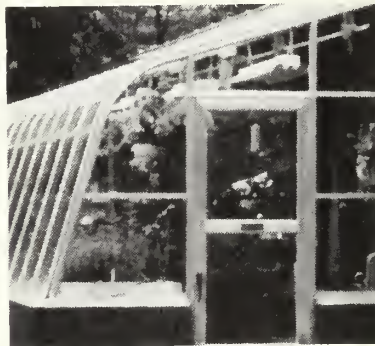
century. On a sunny day, with the fountains twinkling and the glass glittering, the *cour Napoléon* will look as if it has been filled with a parterre of diamonds; on a gray day, the structures will no doubt look warm and inviting, as well as, in part at least, transparent: in either case they will do no disservice to the façades by Lefuel and Visconti.

The pyramids, the fountains, the very idea of a central underground entrance are Mr. Pei's alone. "I was given

the most general kind of assignment," he says, commenting on the commission handed him by President Mitterrand. "It was assumed that facilities would be added and that the galleries would be reorganized, but there were no specifics at all: I looked into the problem to see what should be done."

Thus encouraged, Pei first considered the possibility of using three ground-floor entrances. "That," he says, "was impractical: one, in the *pavillon Richelieu*, was too small, another was flanked by staircases built for Henri II and Henri IV and could not be modified, and the third, the entrance hall now in use, is unattractive and inconvenient because it keeps long lines of people waiting outdoors. I was left with an apparently insoluble problem: the Louvre is a complete building to which you can't add an extra, modern wing; but new spaces are needed, for services, restaurants, and a more convenient entrance." Relishing the challenge, he looked over the plan and came to the conclusion that the only

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THE JEWEL IN THE GROUND

place for this addition was the *cour Napoléon*.

This seemed all the more reasonable that the space in question, long used as a private parking lot for the Finance Ministry, cried out for improvement. And since there could be no question of putting up a massive building which would have looked out of place and obscured the palace itself, the architect says, "I decided that the new space must be underground. That, in turn, created new problems and determined the character of the visible, above-ground structures."

The problems in question were complex: because the Seine is so close, it is not possible to dig very deep, and a flat ceiling, even if it were made of glass, would make the visitors feel they were in a low, uncomfortable space; then, any access to an underground space has a natural tendency to look like a subway entrance; finally, Pei says, "I was determined to provide a series of tall, well-lighted spaces." After considering several simple geometric forms of

which, Pei says, he has always been fond, he decided that a forty-foot-tall pyramid, flanked by two smaller pyramids, was the answer. And when President Mitterrand was presented with the project, he single-handedly approved it. "It is a great help," Pei says, "to deal with one man only."

Just as Versailles was Louis XIV's personal project, so the new Louvre is that of the President's. Indeed, Pei was chosen by M. Mitterrand at the suggestion of Emile J. Biasini, the president of the public corporation set up to oversee the transformation; there was no competition even though it is normally the rule in France for great public buildings: when he was asked by the President to enter a competition, Pei promptly said that he made it a rule never to do so. "Well," Mitterrand answered, "we are flexible."

"The project was an irresistible challenge," Pei says. "No foreign architect has ever left his mark on the Louvre." And, in fact, what Pei and Mitterrand together have planned is nothing less

than a complete transformation of the museum. Not only will all the galleries in current use be reorganized, not only will the pyramids rise above a vast underground, but the Ministry of Finances is scheduled to move out of the north wing so as to give the museum more space.

In the end, if the project is indeed carried out as planned, and barring political vicissitudes, the *Grand Louvre* will embody yet a new stage in the building's long history: the erstwhile fortress, the former palace, the partly improvised galleries will give way to the kind of institution more often found on this side of the Atlantic.

All that is still in the future—the completion date for the entrance hall and pyramids is December 31, 1987—but already, as the bulldozers begin to dig, one thing is certain: after so many centuries of continuous growth, the Louvre, transformed yet again, is entering on a further stage of its rich and varied existence. □ *Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron*

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LACQUER PERFECT

continued from page 162) Then instead of encrusting *laque de chine* with horn, ivory, or mother-of-pearl, Dunand discovered the virtues of *coquille d'oeuf*. "With only a simple eggshell one can obtain a variety of effects. It depends on the way you place the shell, whether you use large pieces, whether inside or the outside of the shell is on top." (The concave side made indentations while the other side did not.) Applied to screens, vases, jewelry, entire tabletops, or as a background for portraits, *coquille d'oeuf* was Dunand's ingenious way of obtaining the shimmering white—not part of the normal lacquer palette. The effect was dazzling and the pieces prized for their unadorned modernity. Early on he had embellished his metal objects by patinating them with acids or encrusting them with gold, silver, or nickel—but *coquille d'oeuf*, for many, remains the favorite imprint.

Jean Dunand apparently had time for everything—even six children. He never bought a car because he liked to

catch up on sleep by napping in taxis. Besieged with commissions from the top talents of the day—Ruhlmann, Printz, Legrain, among others—to lac-



Patinated vase in front of screen with herons

quer furniture of their design, Dunand also put his hand to some fine custom-made interiors of his own for an elite that included *couturière* Madeleine Vionnet and milliner Madame Agnès. (This furniture for Vionnet's *hôtel particulier* comes up for auction at L'Hôtel Drouot May 31, one of the biggest Art Deco events yet.) He designed lacquered accessories for hats by Agnès, buckles for Vionnet's shoes (these were designed by her White Russian taxi-driver husband), and made his own line of jewelry, powder compacts, watch and cigarette cases, as well as small plaques for bound books. (Between commissions these *petits objets* kept the work force busy.) Then discovering diluted lacquer and *coquille d'oeuf* took on textiles, he went into more cooperative ventures with Vionnet and Schiaparelli, painting geometric designs on scarves, dresses, hats, and handbags. In 1925, *Vogue*, in fact, considered him the inventor of painted fabrics. Claim to fame enough.

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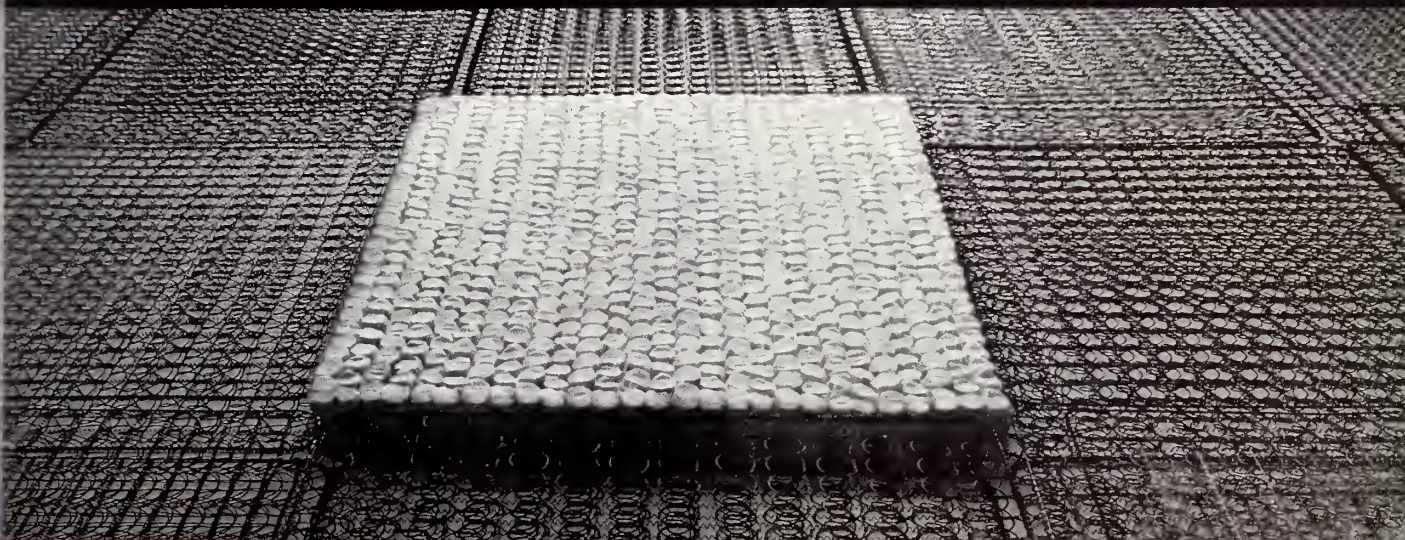


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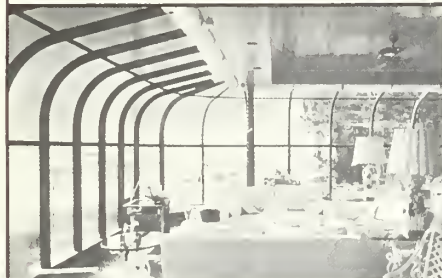


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LACQUER PERFECT

his craft, Jean Dunand had an insatiable appetite for everything that made Paris sizzle. “Josephine Baker and her *revue nègre* was an enormous influence on my father. We went time and time again. She had her portrait done in lacquer too, for that was quite the thing in those days. American women would come to buy hats at Agnès, and once they saw her portrait in the showroom, of course, they wanted one too.

“Before Josephine Baker, there was the Ballets Russes and their Cubist sets.” Dunand found inspiration in all corners of the globe without actually going anywhere. Not Africa, not the Far East, though Oriental and Negroid motifs and figures are recurring images.

“Audacious, that’s what he was,” says Dunand *filis*. “His entries in the *salon des artistes decorateurs* were often huge decorative panels and screens. ‘What are we going to do with that after the show?’ I would say. But, of course, that’s how he proved he could do monumental art. So when the day of the luxury liners came, naturally they thought of him.” First came a game room for the *Ile de France*, a dining room for *L’Atlantique*, and then in collaboration with his son Bernard, a smoking room for the *Normandie* (1935)—whose panels in engraved gold lacquer depicting the “Pastimes



Two-tone patinated vase

and Joys of Mankind” catapulted Dunand and *père* to the height of international fame.

Swiss-born Dunand was keenly attuned to the joys and pastimes of Paris. Appropriately, his shipments of lacquer from Hanoi arrived in recycled French wine kegs. Destined to go beyond frontiers, he came to the right place at the right time. There were those fortuitous encounters and associations, starting out with Sougawara that would continuously give the *diandier* a new bent. Most fortuitous of all, perhaps, was the luck of living next to a bakery, that most Parisian of institutions. For that, in fact, was the crucial source of all those eggshells. □

A REMEMBRANCE OF ROOMS PAST

(Continued from page 110) sively more and more run-down house became a paradise for children. They ran free, they bicycled, they bathed, they read, they absorbed their idiosyncratic surroundings. There was not much to eat, but they were never short of fresh flowers in astonishing quantity. Though not far from Paris—they could see the Eiffel Tower from the second floor of the house—it was a self-contained world, a world apart from the war, and it left an ineradicable impression.

Among the children who spent much of the war there were Xavier Fourcade, now internationally known as an art dealer, and his younger brother Vincent, who is now (with his partner, Robert Denning) one of the most sought-after decorators in New York.

They loved the house, and when the war was finally over and it could be put back into something approaching decent shape their father asked Xavier Fourcade to see what could be done. Whereas many people at that time found it humiliating to have anything but eighteenth-century furniture in their houses, Xavier Fourcade loved the huge scale and the wild invention of Art Nouveau furniture. (He also knew where to buy more of it for next to nothing.) But there were elements in the house that were beyond repair, like the elaborate portieres of caramel-colored velvet embroidered with Queen Anne’s lace that had to be stored in trunks. The boys’ father had his share of French thrift, and no great extravagance was encouraged. But Xavier

ven then was alert to every tremor of the market—he knew, for instance, that the forced closure of the great Parisian brothels had caused many an astonishing piece of furniture to come on the market—and in contrast to the eiges and the pale honeys that had been mandatory in 1900 he used the right and lively colors that were all the rage in the fifties. Gradually, the house came back to a double life, in which choices of the heyday of Art Nouveau coexisted with high-keyed color. Xavier Fourcade also brought some appropriate paintings, like the portrait of La Belle Otéro that had been painted by someone called Dannat in 1899.

Thus transformed, the house stayed being till 1979, when the Fourcades' father died. The brothers were well established in New York, the rest of the family was widely scattered, their mother did not care to keep on the huge house by herself. Inevitably, it was sold. But what to do with the great custom-built Art Nouveau ensembles, and the additions that Xavier Fourcade had been able to make at almost laughable cost, and the tattered relics of earlier days that had been in trunks for thirty years?

For the Fourcade brothers, these things were their youth, their formation, their introduction to life. Vincent Fourcade by 1979 had a highly developed sense of what could be done with a house—any house—and above all of what could be done with the fundamentals of a house that in a real sense had been the making of him. Almost



In the downstairs bedroom a French mantel, circa 1820, displays an Austrian clock.

without hesitation he bought the contents of the house, and in 1980 he bought the land on Long Island on which his new house, Monsoult, now stands.

He had no architect, no builder, and nothing specific in mind. What he did have was a lot of furniture that was too big, too strong, and too peculiar to take dictation. This was furniture that would tell the house what to do, not the other way round. Vincent Fourcade was bound to it not by "taste" but by a primarily atavistic connection. "Professionally, I would never have made an Art Nouveau room," he said recently, "and the furniture that I had just bought was in very poor condition. It had hardly been touched for eighty years, and it required an immense amount of attention. I saw at once that the new house would have to be made to measure to fit the furniture, and also that I should need more of the same kind of thing to go with it. So Bob Denning and I went around New York, and to the auction sales. People who will pay anything for Tiffany lamps are frightened of the big set pieces, so we were able to buy quite well.

"Then I worked out the plan of the house. I wanted one enormous living room with a very high ceiling. It had to be living room, dining room, library, everything. I wanted five bedrooms and a kitchen. I wanted a house that was easy to live in and to maintain, with no space wasted on corridors or unnecessary rooms. I always remember how in our house in France the most distinctive furniture was in the front hall, where no one ever got to use it. So I made up my mind that this time around the furniture would make the living room. I didn't know quite how to do it until I found out that Schinkel had designed a shooting lodge for Prince Antoine Radziwill that had a living room three stories high. In the middle of it was an immense double-sided fireplace with a flue that was like a great pillar holding up the house. I saw that, and I said to myself that that was what would give the room its oddity—I think a room has to be odd—though, of course, I couldn't foresee quite what it would look like.

"When it was built, it looked like I had the flue of a factory in my living room with two openings at the bottom of it. How was I to dress it up? Well, it



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A REMEMBRANCE OF ROOMS PAST

so happens that I have a photographic memory. I learned my trade by going out every evening as a young man. I went to dinners, dances, balls—everything. I went to every pretty house in France and Italy and other places too, and I remembered them all, even down to what was on each little table. And I remembered how in great Art Nouveau houses like the Solvay house in Brussels they had varnished brickwork next to sophisticated paneling.

“So I decided to keep the patterned bricks of the big chimney quite bare, as if I had meant to do it all the time, and I had them painted with six coats of paint and then varnished, so that they looked like enameled tiles. But I still had the problem of the two openings. I needed something strange, but what? Then I remembered how Guimard had made doorways in the shape of monsters’ heads with open mouths and how the Italians had done the same during the Renaissance in gardens like Bomarzo, and I decided to do to the same. But how to do it? That was something else.

“Then one day I happened to look into a new restaurant on 49th Street between Second and Third and I saw a staircase, half-finished, in the style of Guimard. It was being made by someone I had never heard of, called David Mills. So I left my card, and he called me, and he turned out to be a nice sort of boy who loved sculpting plaster and also loved Art Nouveau. He agreed to do it, and he and his sister came every weekend and worked on it, and except that we always ran out of plaster just before the store closed and had to run out for more, it all went perfectly and he made two fantastic faces—two faces of very ugly people with wide-open mouths.

“As that living room is really very big, I decided to give it unity by using a fabric that could go all the way up the 21-foot walls and also go on the furniture. So I went to Le Manach and asked to see his damasks, and there was a wonderful one, a sort of 1900 horsechestnut-leaf pattern, that was just right, and I had it made up in chintz. You can make a terrible mistake and end up with a place looking like a zoo, but this one was not too heavy, and we had it made up with the same caramel background that I already had in the



pieces of velvet salvaged from the pierieres in France. In this way I could have both the velvet and the chintz on the same chair, if I wanted to, so that the feeling of the old house and the feeling of the new house became one.

“I took care to have some very small chairs and some very small ones, because in an enormous room changes of scale are important, and I also brought in a lot of sculptures as punctuation to offset the sweetness of the fabric. They are not very good sculptures—I believe that some of them were meant to be trophies for the Olympic Games many years ago—but they ricochet off one another. You have to be very skillful to make a big room comfortable, and it has to be as comfortable when you are two or four as when you are twenty.

“As for the house in general, I do not want it to look like a transplant

This was furniture
that would tell
the house what
to do, not the other
way around

French house that would act as a shelter in the landscape. I wanted it to look very American from the outset, and very symmetrical. I really lifted it from South Carolina, where they have a large parlor room and a big porch and usually two wings. I adore verandas and like to live on them all summer. I already had such firm ideas, and I already had a very good contractor who was all set to go, it was not a very inviting job for an architect. But the permits were to be applied for, and local laws to be observed, and so I asked Steven Potter if he would undertake the thankless task of being my architect, and he agreed. As a matter of fact it is thanks to him that we now have the little hall with its stand for hats and coats and umbrellas and the prettily banquettes that I cut down from the ones in the pool room in France. He told me, and quite rightly, that people had to have somewhere to put down their things.

“My builder, Robert Hartwell, w

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quite extraordinary. I knew him very well, and we worked with him on every detail. So we could, for instance, try moldings for the inside that we normally only use outside. A great piece of luck was finding that fantastic doorway that stands between the hall and the living room. It's so big that no one had ever dared to buy it, but in this house it's exactly right."

Upstairs and downstairs, a cosmopolitan fancy has been at work in this house. The large areas of terrazzo flooring may have a bloom like that of the floors in a Roman villa, but they were inspired by the long-running, hard-wearing look of the terrazzo floors in River House in New York, and they were carried out by a team of second- or third-generation Italian craftsmen who drove out from Queens in a truck and arrived at six o'clock every morning. Other unexpected derivations could be adduced. (Who else would have got the design for the wooden railing on the staircase from the work of a Scandinavian watercolorist called Carl Larsson?)

But fundamentally this remains a family house, full of family things. Even the tiles around the tub in the downstairs bathroom were taken from an old window box in the French house. There are family portraits, family photographs, and family jokes, like the fake book bindings on a bedroom door connecting with a bathroom, for which Xavier Fourcade took the names of the great French writers—Bossuet, Racine, La Fontaine—and matched them with the titles of pulp thrillers of our own day. The present is very strong in this house, but the past is very strong, too.

If it sounds like a Proustian adventure, that's exactly what it is. If there are also Chekhovian elements—well, it so happens that the name of the house near Paris was La Cerisaie (The Cherry Orchard). When the owners of the house come down for the weekend, with their station wagon full of potted flowers, they greet their surroundings in just the way that the owners of the doomed estate greet their beloved house in Act I of the great play. But the difference is that this particular cherry orchard will not be cut down, nor the Proustian overtones soon cease to be heard. □ *Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet*

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(Continued from page 139) available light, even through glass roofs, often suggests vaporized pewter, a technology-minimizing exhibition space calls for some fancy technical resourcefulness. To begin with, everything except the floor—a softly matte slate-gray achieved, after many experiments, with a tennis-court paint—is painted a white that is made hypersensitive to light by a gray undercoat. Hidden fluorescent tubes in troughs bounce a pale apricot-colored glow off the ceiling, its intensity adjustable for an optimum mix with the prevailing sun; the sunlight is filtered by layers of plastic film in areas that catch direct rays. The result is a fine-tuned environment, a perceptual machine, a cathedralesque gestalt with a single purpose: to induce a state of extremely heightened receptivity to visual art.

You do not so much enter the space as, after enjoying the deceptive reassurance of a medium-sized anteroom, dive into it: down steps (onto a floor excavated to maximize the vertical)

into the center of the rakishly angled main hall, about fifty-seven yards across by about seventeen wide at its broad end, with walls fourteen feet high. Off to the left is the fleeing depth of a raised, hundred-foot-long gallery, flanked by three rooms: to its right, a spacious, exquisitely proportioned oblong to rival the most perfect in any museum and a funny, squarish, chapel-like enclosure, and, to its left, the building's pet headache, an oppressively low-ceilinged, tediously rambling afterthought (originally intended for storage). "A killer," Charles calls it, not without affection and an appetite for the challenge it presents.

The first fraction of the collection to make up an installation subject to change every few months comprises works by Donald Judd, Brice Marden, Cy Twombly, and Andy Warhol. (Emphatic single pieces by Bruce Nauman and Richard Serra hold forth in the anteroom.) "They are artists not seen enough in England," Charles explained. Represented mostly by work

from the sixties (in Warhol's case, mostly from his halcyon period, 1962–65), they also convey a mighty sense of the collection's fundamental ardors and art-historical vision.

Judd, doyen of Minimalism as a visual sensibility, is properly granted the main hall, where a cannily sparse deployment of masterworks in metal and colored plastic—staying well clear of recent, Brobdingnagian, console-like plywood relief that functions as a kind of flagship for the inaugural installation—generate a chaste version of Baroque harmonies.

Assembled from the now-distant lean beginnings of a cluttered career are the fifteen paintings by Warhol that occupy the central long gallery and the "chapel" (where a giant Mao hierarchically and hilariously dominates what would be the altar wall) amount to a major rediscovery, persuasively asserting Warhol's primacy to the last two decades in art.

The Mardens and Twombly among the earliest and the most restrained paintings in the collection provide a kind of historical preface to the later, unbuttoned, Neo-Expressionist pictures that at some point will occupy the same walls. In the "perfect" room, Twombly's pictures have the kind of hanging, at once intimate and grand, that every painter yearns for. The classic Mardens look a bit irritable in the problem space, but, located with excruciating care to provide a compensatory rhythm of viewing, they are all the more poignant for withstanding their ordeal.

For most people, the list of favorite places to view art must surely include New York's Frick Collection. And for those undaunted by the several shocks of art since Minimalism, the Saatchi space must now be included: not because it makes art look better than it is but because, giving art every possible consideration, it exacts the severest of tests. Bad art would be flagrant there. Monumentalizing an era's most sophisticated agreements on how art ought to look and ought to be looked at, 98A Boundary Road is already an address as much in history as on an obscure London street. □

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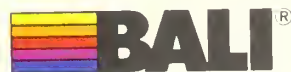
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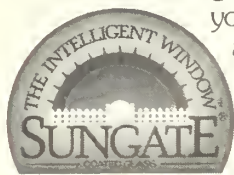
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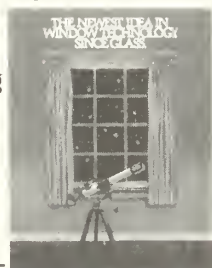
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WHAT A SWELL PARTY IT WAS

(Continued from page 143) marble slab that forms the large sink, to the tiny fireplace that warmed her in the morning as she stepped down into the white-and-gray-marble sunken tub, to Bernard Boutet de Monvel's canvases of baby-faced amorini guarding the mirror and holding the garland over the washstand, with the familiar Latin motto *Nosce Te Ipsum*—"Know Thyself"—painted in warm sunburn tones. A background of foliage runs around three sides of the room—firm blue-green for the leaves, red-brown for the trunks. The effect is positively tropical.

With her attention to detail, Mrs. Payson was a Napoleon of hostesses. She was forever organizing bridge, backgammon, and golf tournaments, recitals, and fancy dress balls. "Joan was 'operational'—that's an old Air Force term. She got things *done*," says Charles Baskerville. "She always carried an elaborate bag filled with all the day's newspapers and the racing form and enormous lists of things to do which she kept checking off."

In their house at Greentree every Fourth of July the Paysons traditionally staged a costume party to mark their wedding anniversary—"Come as a Picture," "Come as a Book." The thousand guests could be counted on to represent the best of breed not only of the social but of the literary and theatrical worlds as well. ("During the filming of *Gone With the Wind*, which Joan and her brother Jock heavily invested in, she was always rushing back and forth to California where she got into the movie set and had a marvelous time," Charles Baskerville explains. Mrs. Payson was also a major backer of *Life With Father* and *A Streetcar Named Desire*—as another friend of hers once pointed out, "she dabbled nicely.") Celebrating with the Paysons over the years were the Philip Barrys, the Stuart Symingtons, the Fred Astaires, Robert Benchley, Paulette Goddard, Reed and Diana Vreeland, Bill and Babe Paley, Shipwreck Kelly, Mona Williams, Gary Cooper, Ogden Phipps, Clark Gable, Serge Obolensky, Gene Tunney, the Averell Harrimans, the Winston Guests, the Sid Caesars, Mary Martin, Piggy Warburg, Katharine Hepburn, and the Nelson Doubledays.

On these occasions tiny lights were

concealed in the hedges that lined the driveway, and huge urns were filled with flaming torches. The drawing room became a ballroom, a great carpet was rolled all the way from the house to the pool to protect the ladies' dancing shoes, and a late supper would be served under a marquee flying the Greentree Stable colors, watermelon and black (chosen by Mrs. Payson's mother from a favorite tea gown). And sooner or later everybody would end up in the pool, where underwater pa-



Steps by the side of the house leading to the cutting gardens and back lawns.

rel lights played on the walls. (The 110-by-40-foot pool holds three hundred thousand gallons—not of mere town water but of water from artesian well on the property. "It's not heated, either," adds the superintendent of outbuildings on the estate. "Mr. Payson he was from Maine—he liked cold water.")

The Paysons used the house but four days a week a few months a year. Every January they migrated with their retinue to Hobe Sound, Florida, where they remained till March. In July and August they were at their residences in Saratoga, New York, and Falmouth Foreside, Maine. In the fall, when they were not in their 22-room apartment in Manhattan, they were at their breeding farm on the Paris Pike near Lexington, Kentucky. Until the end of her life in 1975, Mrs. Payson maintained a private railroad car, *Adios II*, which had a lounge, a bar, and three bedrooms. "The only problem," a friend said, "was finding a train to carry her Pullman car where it was going when she wanted to go there."

But wherever she went in all her amplitude of spirit, it was the house at Greentree that—in the parlance of the two sports she figured in so prominently for so long—was, for her, home plate and the finish line. □

Continued from page 126) have bought it old-fashioned and poky and quickly decided to pull part of it down and build a new house. How often is a love of gardening born in childhood and Cecil's love for it may well have stemmed from the days of his youth at Leobalds when his father had made a wondrous garden and where Evelyn had raised its labyrinth and little mount, named the Mount of Venus. "Its upon the whole," he said, "one of the most beautiful spots in the world." (How at "upon the whole" seems to engage the praise!)

Certainly Cecil spared no trouble, pains, or expense to create a garden which would be a fit match for his new house. He had found elaborate gardens surrounding the Old Palace and quite possibly incorporated some or part of them into his new plans, though these were to be far grander and more elaborate.

From the courts and terraces about the house, steps, lined by painted and carved lions, led to a parterre. There were espaliers on the sides and here untains played. Their designer was Loman de Caux, the Frenchman. From here you had a prospect of the great Water Parterre, also designed by de Caux, where a French visitor tells us you have also in those places where the river enters into and comes out of the parterre, open sorts of boxes, with seats around, where you may see a vast number of fish pass to and fro in the water, which is exceedingly clear and they seem to come in shoals to enjoy all the pleasures of the place."

Here too was a great marble fountain carved by the Dutch tomb carver Arret Johnson, an elaborate centerpiece with a great artificial rock in its basin on which stood a metal statue painted to resemble copper. The bottoms of these streams were lined with colored pebbles and sea shells and little leaden leaves. Snakes and fishes were scattered about the face of the rock and the bottom of the stream. Here were allées and avenues, orchards, walks, and arbors, a bowling green with four mounts—those hills to be clambered up to view a fair prospect—presumably for the spectators of the game and for those who were bored with that to look at the garden. Here were knots and borders set with hinks, Cecil's favorite flower. He made

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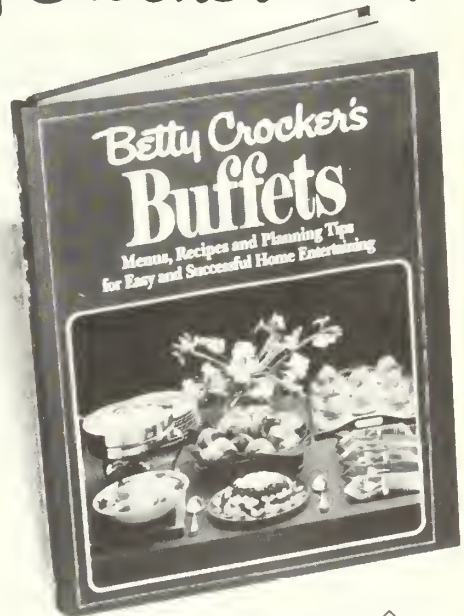
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RANDOM HOUSE

AN EDEN REGAINED

a vineyard, two great enclosures facing each other across the river Lea, one with elaborate clipped-yew walks zig-zagging down the slope to the water, and the other for the thirty thousand vines which were sent him from France by Madame de la Boderie as well as the five hundred fruit trees from the French queen who sent her own gardener with them and two others to help set them.

Chaundler, Mountain Jennings, and Bartholomew, the latter too old to do anything but advise, were Cecil's gardeners, but the one who became his chief gardener and designer was John Tradescant the Elder. To him he entrusted the planting of his garden. He sent him abroad and Tradescant ranged far to bring back new treasures. We have all his bills for plants, seeds, roots, and trees bought for the gardens and from these lists and contemporary descriptions (alas! we have no plans), a fascinating picture can be built up of what the gardens might have looked like, and when Robert Cecil died so

sadly before his house and garden were complete, his son William continued to employ Tradescant and send him abroad.

Tulips were brought back, the Catalonian jasmine, the great rose daffodil, lilac and acacia trees, apricots and cherries, lilies from Constantinople, cistus, Tradescant's "the Holyrose," and roses, above all roses—the great white roses, the albas, Fladson roses (what were they?), sweetbrier, murrey and parti-colored roses. All were brought from overseas and planted in the gardens at Hatfield. And one other precious plant came and first grew in England in the gardens there and that was the plush anemone, the velvet anemone, the great double anemone—a florist's flower and to become a cult as did the pink, the auricula, and the tulip. Grown by Caccine in Italy it was given to Tradescant by L'Ecluse, gardener to Emperor Maximilian. It was bred from coronaria and grassiensis by Goaty and Pons.

Now here I must tell you a little

tale—this last anemone (grassiensis was in the last years thought to be lost). However, to my great joy it has been found by a skilled gardener and kind friend who has been on the track of it for me for several years. I now have the plant and hope once more to grow the velvet anemone at Hatfield.

For over fifty years the great garden flourished but toward the end of the century a sad decline set in. Pepys, on visit, noted "that the rain was coming through the roof of my Lord's house at Hatfield" (my foolish Lord, I'm afraid was his adjective), and the gardens decayed along with the house. The house moldered and slept for many years before the remains were largely swept away, and the park, in the prevailing fashion, brought up to the walls of the house. The interests of the Lady Salisbury of the day were in gambling and hunting, not in gardens; she had her own pack of hounds and it must have suited her well to have it so.

Her son had other ideas; his taste were not those of his mother and when he restored the gardens he made them as he thought they were in Jacobean days. He made terraces round the house, new parterres, and a labyrinth and planted groves and built elaborate openwork walls. Many of the alterations were inspired by the visit of the young Queen Victoria to the house in 1848. The North and South Courts were enlarged, gazebos built, and walls and grand gateways constructed, indeed the last touches were being made to a great set of gates on the South Front as the queen's carriage turned the corner of the house!

I have told you this history of the garden and especially what is known of the original garden made by Robert Cecil and his son as well as something of Tradescant and de Caux's work there because they have had a profound influence on my ideas, plans and plantings at Hatfield in the last years.

Tradescant's lists of plants and trees and the descriptions of the gardens by visitors in the seventeenth century, as well as what I have gleaned from papers and bills in the archives, has led me to read all the literature I could on the garden and plants of the period and to visit other gardens of this time here and abroad, especially those in Italy, a country that had so much influence



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AN EDEN REGAINED

Robert Cecil's work at Hatfield. This, and knowing roughly the plan of the garden in the seventeenth century, helped to form a picture in my mind's eye of the garden as it may have looked then.

The Elizabethan and Stuart gardens, although in many ways homely and simple, were architectural too, and in a subtle way adhered to strict rules of form. They were, as we have seen, very much extensions of the house they surrounded, and with it formed a blended whole most comfortable to the eye.

This must have been very true of Hatfield; the walls of the courts were close to the house, much closer than they are now. Today the house is more divorced from its gardens, much of the intimacy has gone; here in its surroundings there has been much change to what seems alien to it. The great house that Robert built still stands, save for a few small details, much as he saw it in 1611, a Jacobean palace marvelously unchanged. Our aim has been and will be to restore as far as is possi-

ble this intimacy between the house and garden.

Without the mind, feelings, and outlook of those gardeners of long ago, one could not and would not want (and indeed too much has been irrevocably altered) to re-create exactly, but with the bones fairly clothed of an early plan, one could hope perhaps to regain some of the feeling and manner of those early gardens. I feel, as the Elizabethans and Stuarts did, that I do not want to break with the past—they, simply, tried to make lovelier all that was most attractive in medieval times by their principles of beauty and sense of form.

At the same time much thought has to be given to labor saving: we have six gardeners for 45½ acres. There is a huge vineyard on two sides of the river Lea made by Robert Cecil and his son William with its yew hedges now grown into somber yew walks towering to the sky, lonely and romantic, but still to be weeded, clipped, and maintained. There are two cold houses, and

one small hothouse (none too hot either and soon to be colder alas!). We have some help from two of the estate maintenance staff who clip the hedge once in the season. Mercifully many of the changes we have made and many we want to make will in the end save labor.

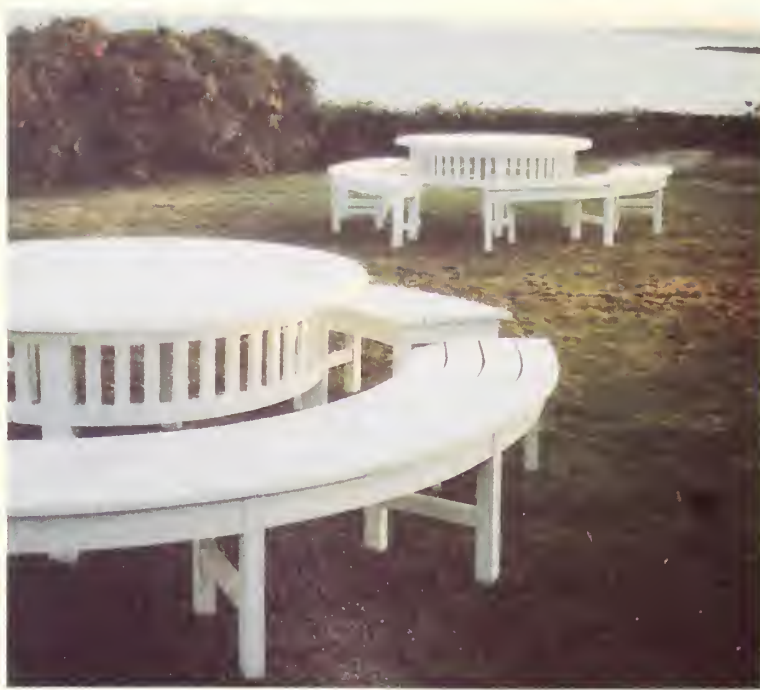
Along the edges of the beds and borders, as well as under the box hedge edging the beds, bricks are laid end to end, which saves that slow progress of the man with the clippers, and the edges are cut with a weed eater, a machine with a fast-moving nylon-thread cutter—a marvelous labor-saver for trimming and clearing jobs in the garden. They say a healthy body and one full of vitality best resists disease, so must the soil team with life if the plants are going to flourish, so we pour out quantities of leaf mold and manure and use some bone meal, fish, and calcified seaweed.

We have made a Sweet Garden planted with scented things for all seasons: winter sweet and honeysuckle scented tulips and crocus, a chocolate scented perennial cosmos, a scented mimulus, magnolias, mahonia, philadelphus and lilacs, daphnes, pansies and violas, and a crab apple with flowers smelling of violets, and, of course roses and pinks—old-fashioned pink and old-fashioned roses, some going back to the seventeenth century and perhaps grown in the original garden—a romantic thought, and now a collection of some 65 varieties.

At the heart of this garden, gated and surrounded by old brick walls dating back to the fifteenth century and enclosed on the west by a clipped holly hedge, is the Herb Garden surrounded by a sweetbrier hedge made up of the double marbled Lady Penzance (who seems to have lost her husband Lord Penzance).

It is entered on camomile-planted paths edged with paving and under arches covered with hybrid sweetbriers: 'Meg Merrilees' and 'Anne of Gerstein', the only ones tall enough to meet in the middle. On the left and right of each arch are standards of early Dutch honeysuckle with 'Miss Jessop's Upright' rosemary before them. These paved and camomile paths lead to a sundial with various thymes planted at its foot, and the broad paths are edged with lavender 'Munstead', grown from

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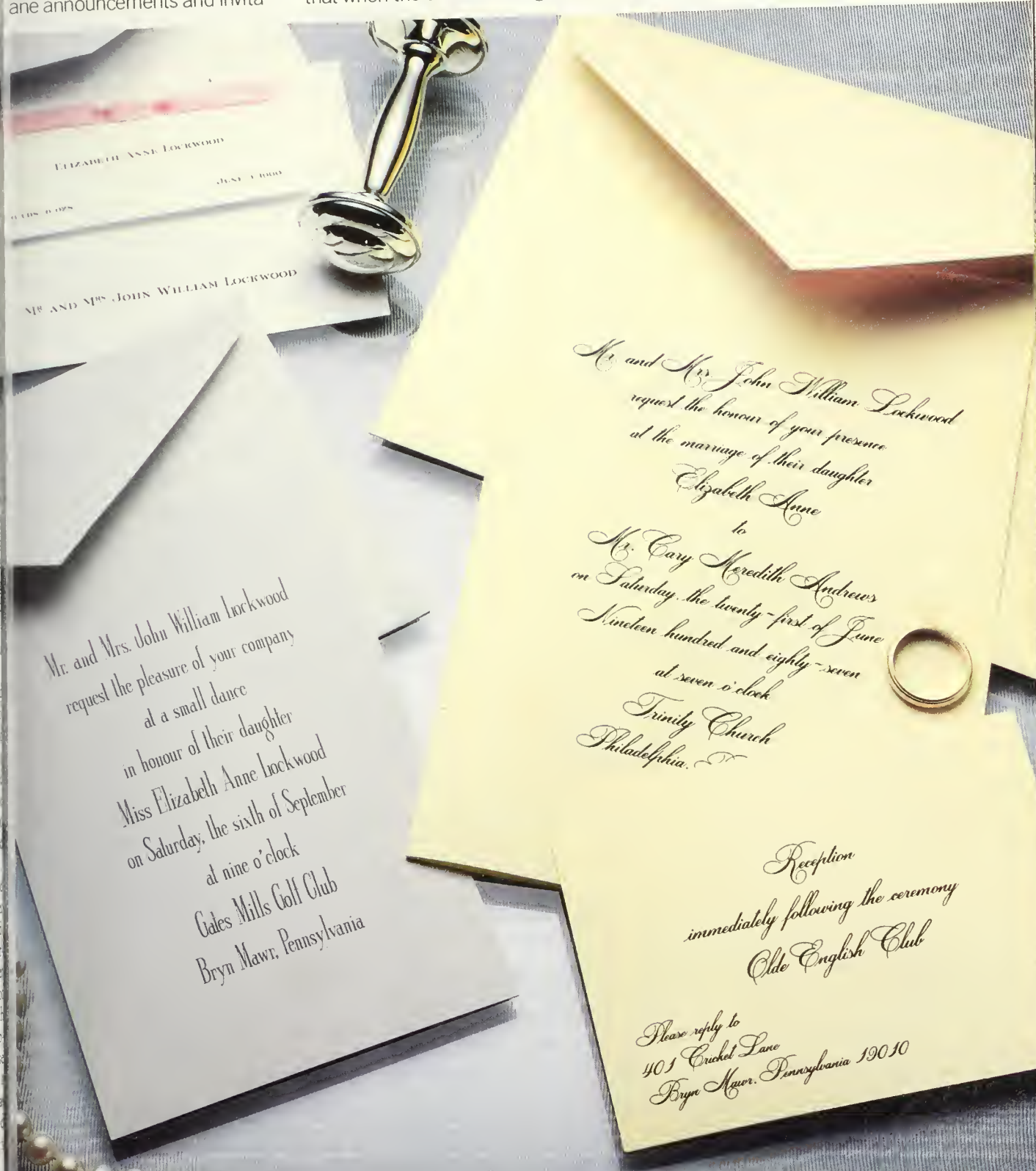
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AN EDEN REGAINED

seed so the colors are a great variety of mauves and one charming pink-and-white seedling has appeared.

The beds are not only planted with a collection of herbs but with some of the oldest and most scented roses: centifolias, gallicas, and damasks and with foxgloves and small scented bulbs. At the innermost corners of the large beds globe artichokes are planted with their silvery-gray stiff leaves giving a firm architectural contrast to the other plants, many of which are small-leaved, fluffy, and feathery.

In one corner of the scented garden facing south I have made, from an old rockery, alpine beds to hold the small precious scented bulbs and plants that would get lost or smothered in the big beds and borders.

On the west is a raised border faced with a low brick wall, topped with stone, and broken by three seats planted in the Elizabethan manner with camomile and box clipped into seat backs. Facing is a long border interrupted by paved edged paths planted in the centers with a variety of thymes and a border facing full south divided by a path.

Above this garden is a parterre where the old privy garden lay, surrounded by an undulating yew hedge and copied from one of the parterres of the Old Palace from a plan found in the archives, planted with roses, some of the hardier grays, helianthemums, violas, hollyhocks, pinks, and sunflowers—a mixture of small shrubs and herbaceous plants, these replacing much bedding out and annuals which are so labor-absorbing. At the center of this parterre there is a large fountain planted with water lilies with golden carp in it—not alas a Saloman de Caux fountain, but the center basin is very old and may well be one of his. Outside the yew hedge are lawns and here is the mulberry planted by James I, the only one left of four. The others I have replaced and we have rooted cuttings of King James's tree. A walk goes round the four sides of this garden, covered by a canopy of pleached lime of unknown age. Its asphalt path is very ugly but viewed with much sentiment by my husband and his family as it was laid by the Lord Salisbury, who was three times Victoria's Prime Minister and



Ancient tree in the park at Hatfield

who used to tricycle round here and through the park on a network of asphalt paths with a small boy perched on the back to open the gates for him.

On the east side of the house where de Caux made his great parterre and water parterre there is a terrace which we reconstructed when it had to be destroyed in the remaking of the muniment room which is beneath it.

The perron, balustrade, and wall are new and the statues are Italian and seventeenth century and came originally from a villa near Como. The parterre below the steps is formed by sixteen box-edged beds planted with roses, tree peonies, peonies, iris, tradescantias, and many other plants. There are borders under the walls facing north and south and a small alpine scree garden in the southeast corner. Here I am trying to create what to George Eliot was the ideal garden and whose description of it had so charmed me—I wonder if you know it—a garden full of homely plants, vegetables, and fruit (Tradescant had mingled fruit and flowers), “a charming paradisaical mingling of all that was pleasant to the eyes and good for food—you gathered a moss rose one moment and a bunch of currants the next; you were in a delicious fluctuation between the scent of jasmine and the juice of gooseberries, the crimson of a carnation was carried out in the lurking of the neighbouring strawberry beds.”

Running down from west to east either side of the parterre, walks of *Quercus Ilex* brought from Italy nine years ago.

Below this parterre and down some steps is a lawn for croquet and below that is the Maze planted in 1840 and below that a garden with a pool and

paved walk of newly planted apple trees. The apples are old varieties: ‘Col. Vaughn’, ‘Flower of Kent’, of which may well have been grown by Tradescant. Beyond still is the Pond which with the Wilderness garden to the southwest of the house is planted with forest and ornamental trees, camellias, rhododendrons, azaleas. Here we have cleared many *Rhododendron ponticum* and are planting shelter belts to grow more camellias, magnolias, and shrubs with underlying of bulbs and woodland things.

It is my dream and vision that one day the house and garden at Hatfield may be as harmonious as a woman's face in the right hat—a place planted with the deliciously fragrant homely plants which filled the gardens of the Tudors and Stuarts with sweetness and the hum of bees and also a place of fancies and conceits, which will together fulfill the idea of a garden as a place where pleasure and peace are both to be found.

There is still much to be done. We have made an Elizabethan garden with knots and a labyrinth in the courtyard of the Palace (1498). There is a fountain in the center and it is planted with all the flowers I can find, beloved by the Tudors, auriculas and double primroses, ancient pinks Cecil love *Lilium chalcedonicum*, the great rock plantain, and the plume hyacinth, a collection of historic tulips and a collection of historic narcissus dating from the seventeenth century given by the Hortus Bulborum in Holland.

It was here that the young Elizabeth spent much of her childhood—a prisoner—and I like to think that we shall be able to walk among and smell the same flowers and plants that may have comforted her melancholy.

But today the force that moved hill and made a great water parterre in a year is no longer with us and wonderful as our team of gardeners are we cannot move so fast and there is half a lifetime's work to be done.

But is that not the chief delight in making a garden? The continuing, painting and repainting of the pictures—the reaching for a perfection that always seems to be just around the next corner. □

Editor: John Bowes-Lyon

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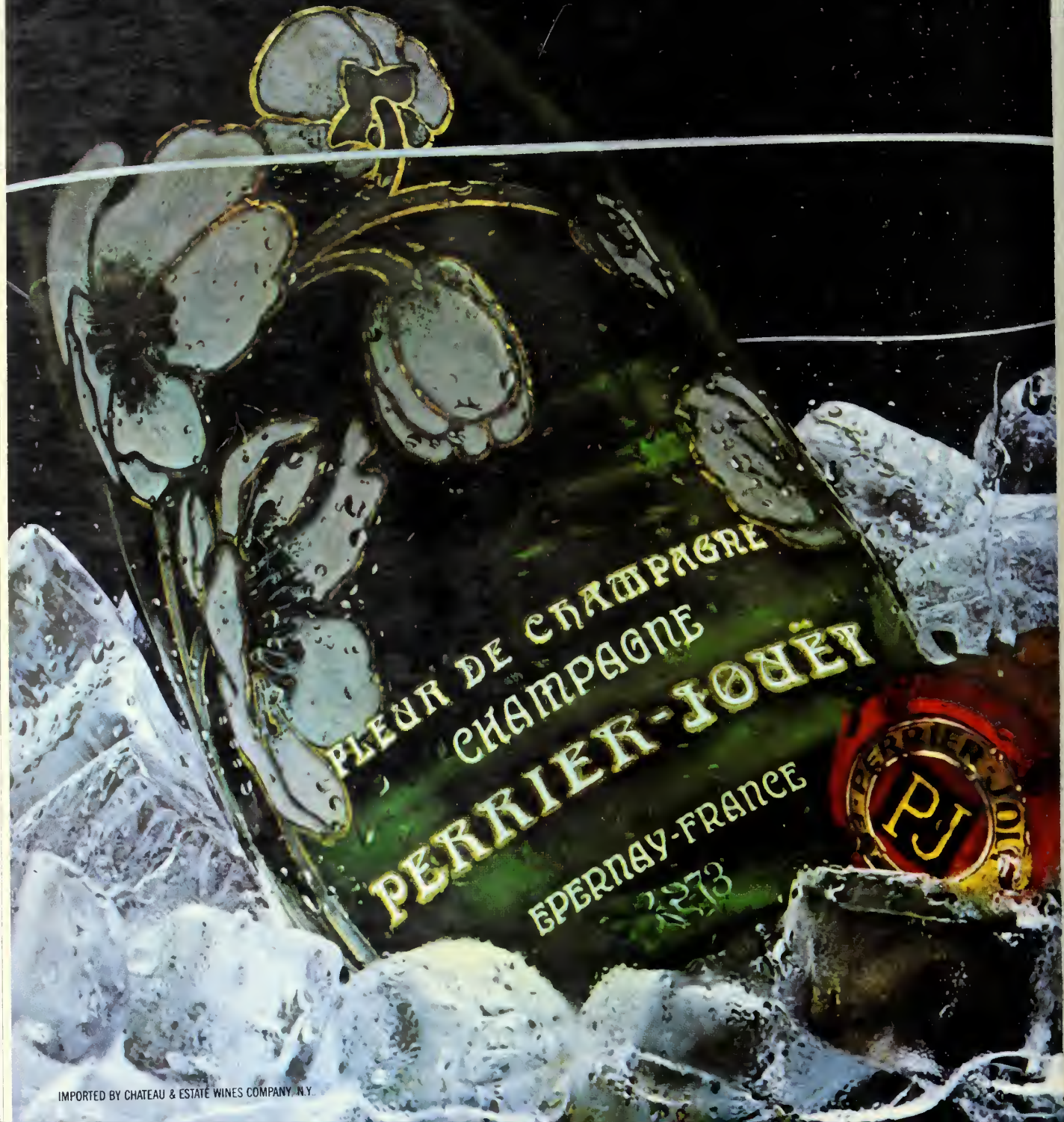
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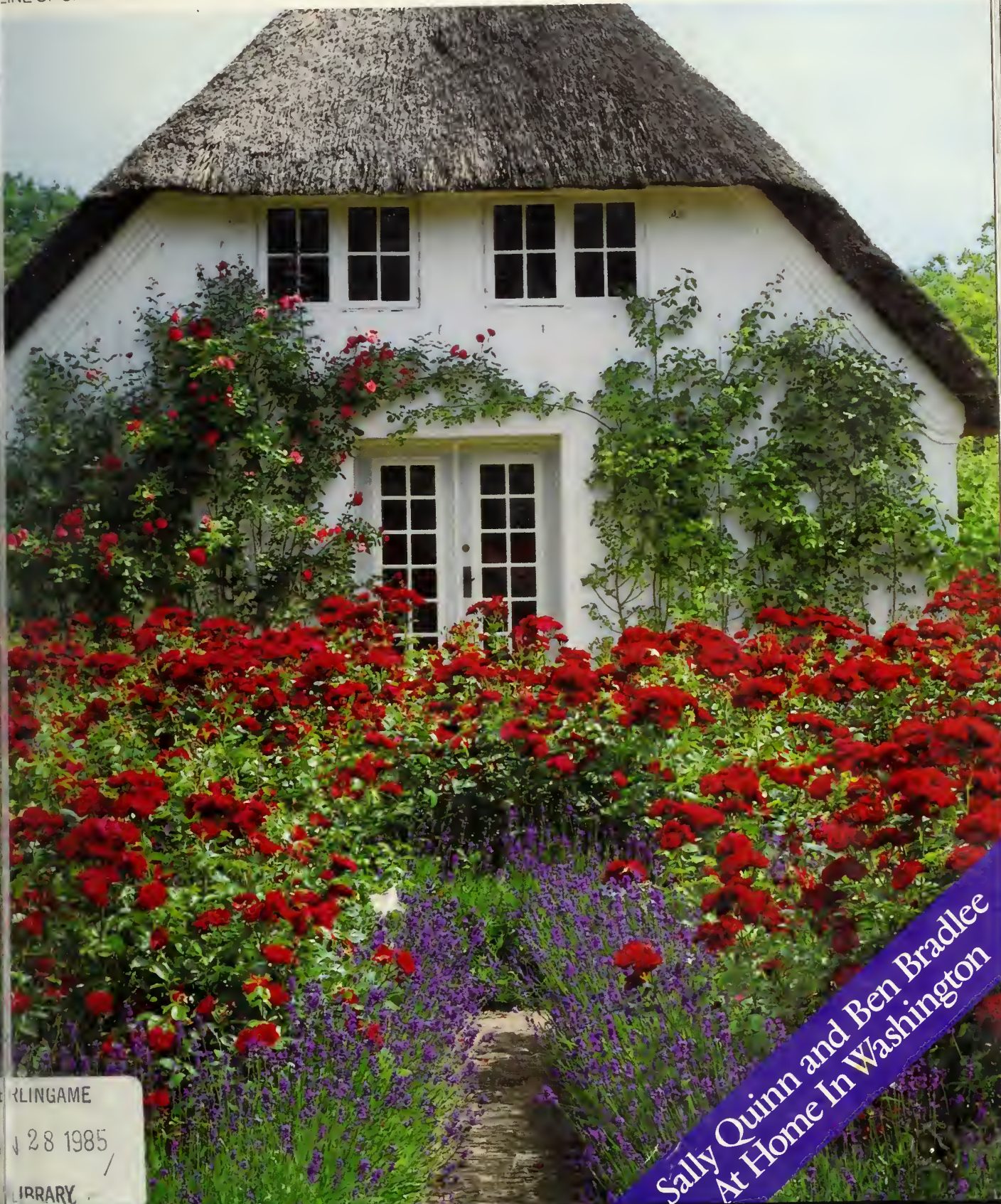
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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

It was Arthur Miller who wrote, in the April 1983 *House & Garden*, that "Keeping a garden makes you aware of how delicate, bountiful, and easily ruined the surface of this little planet is." I was reminded of that perception as we put together our story on the Bouverie ranch for this issue. "Owner after owner plundered and exploited this bit of land," David Pleydell-Bouverie tells us, "cut down groves of oak and madrone, dynamited the steelhead trout out of the streams, dug great holes and sold the shale for road material and finally, in 1911, took wagonloads of beautiful volcanic rock across the valley to make Jack London's famous Wolf House."

Then, in the thirties, just as it was about to be cut up and sold to developers, Mr. Bouverie was able to buy it and ensure the future preservation of the several hundred acres that make up his ranch in northern California. See page 84 for Jacques Dirand's photographs and Rosamond Bernier's text on the "blissful, stylish, open-hearted, and entirely constructive life" lived on the land David Bouverie is giving away, year by year.

Fifty years ago another garden was given away by Denmark to its crown prince, Frederik, and his bride, Princess Ingrid of Sweden. It wasn't long before the now Queen Mother decided to plant an English garden on the twenty-acre park surrounding Gråsten Castle, and she has been at it ever since. Perhaps because this queen turned out to be a real gardener, Gråsten Park has a personal intimacy in contrast to the



David Pleydell-Bouverie sharing his conservationist vision with a group of youngsters touring his 500-acre spread in northern California.

formality of most gardens surrounding official residences. As our cover reveals, Queen Ingrid has a particular passion for roses: each of 27 separate beds is devoted to only one sort of rose. For more of the garden where Gravenstein apples were developed, turn to page 68 to see the photographs by Marie Holstein; the text is by Hathaway Hardy.

Our apologies are due another respected garden maker and writer, Marjorie Salisbury, whose credit for the text on her garden in the June issue—*An Eden Regained*—was inadvertently dropped during production of the issue, along with the credit for Mick Hales, who photographed the restored seventeenth-century gardens at Hatfield House.

Having just laid out our story on the house of Gilbert & George, we were more than a bit excited as we made our way to the preview of their exhibition at the Guggenheim Museum in New York. Through the doors, we immedi-

ately spotted the artists, standing side by side in their English worsted suits, as much a part of the exhibition as the paintings that hurriedly demonstrated the increasing strength of the photo-world. The two men have accomplished since they met and began their artistic collaboration in 1967. As we looked at their uniquely contemporary vision of the

world we could easily imagine them telling their story to Brenda Richardson, who quotes the artists in the catalogue published by The Baltimore Museum of Art: "We are only human sculptures in that we get up every day walking sometimes, reading rarely, eating often, thinking always... loving nightly, finding amusement, encouraging life, fighting boredom, being natural, daydreaming, travelling alone... philosophising a lot, criticising never, whistling tunefully, dying very slowly, laughing nervously, greeting politely and waiting till the day breaks."

They wait for the daybreak in a renovated row house on Fournier Street where they have amassed an extraordinary collection of furniture and pottery of the English neo-Gothic and Arts and Crafts movements. Critic John Russell collaborated with his wife and our editor-at-large, Rosamond Bernier, on our story, page 130, with photographs by Richard Bryant. At home as well as at the Guggenheim, Gilbert & George embrace life with rare beauty and special insight.

Lou Gropp
Editor-in-Chief

Frederick Forsyth's Rolex is like his novels. Tough, accurate and very stylish.

Frederick Forsyth is not prolific writer.

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Apart from his Rolex, Frederick Forsyth is particularly pleased with the coat you see him wearing in the photograph.

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A man in a dark suit, white shirt, and dark tie is seated at a table, enjoying a meal of oysters. He is holding a fork with a piece of oyster and a small shell. In front of him is a plate of oysters on the half shell, garnished with lemon wedges and a tomato slice. A glass of white wine is also on the table. The background is dark and out of focus.

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ALL ABOUT STYLE

By Nancy Richardson

■ ART FOR DECORATION'S SAKE

While today's art scholars argue about what ought to be the subject matter of serious art, some collectors, decorators, and photographers of interiors are by-passing the issue of artistic seriousness and heading straight for the visual ideas that the content of a painting offers. Still-life painting in particular provides plenty of this sort of inspiration. Though many such paintings were commissioned as decoration or made to satisfy a commercial market, they sometimes qualify as serious artistic exercises and often imply a metaphysical truth. The desire to look at paintings for design inspiration doesn't always traffic in great art, yet the best ideas are usually found in the best pictures. The austere treatment, for instance, of a few simple objects seen in much still-life painting for the three hundred years from Zurbarán—by way of Chardin and Meléndez—to Manet and Cézanne fits our century's ideal of elegant simplicity exactly. In their way, the prudent, matterbound elements of Dutch still lifes afford a model for the arrangement of country mantels, window sills, and tables. Collectors and antiques dealers ignore the philosophical implications of seventeenth-century *vanitas* pictures and admire the objects—musical instruments, documents, armillary spheres, chalice-shaped ivory or bone fantasies, marble busts or architectural fragments in stone, pipes, locks, and pens. Part of the charm of these pictures is their offhanded composition—another lesson not wasted on decorators. Eighteenth-century still lifes of bookshelves with books stacked both sideways and straight up and down, nineteenth-century Japanese trompe-l'oeil panels showing life-sized cupboards filled with stacks of paper, boxes, brush and ink pots provide ideas on the arrangement of open shelves. Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century trompe-l'oeil still lifes by Europeans—Marcos Correa, J.-F. de la Motte, Edwaert Colyer—and Americans—Frederick Peto, Raphael Peale, and William Michael Harnett—of letters, eyeglasses, newspaper clippings, and ribbons tacked up on pine boards can inform the arrangement of present-day bulletin boards and trompe-l'oeil for kitchen cupboards. In the tradition of more is more, the dessert and buffet paintings done by Monoyer and Desportes in the eighteenth century are unabashedly splendid and aristocratic displays. What a way to stack oranges, show off silver, mix fruit, flowers, and precious objects and otherwise give the atmosphere of a high feast. Other eighteenth-century still lifes show porcelain pots filled with flowers and used as



Albert Hadley's star wallpaper for Mrs. R.T. Wilson, New York



Top: *Artichokes and Tomatoes in a Landscape* by Luis Meléndez. Above: Stephen Lorber's *Dawn*. Above left: Contemporary still life, Fritz von der Schulenberg.

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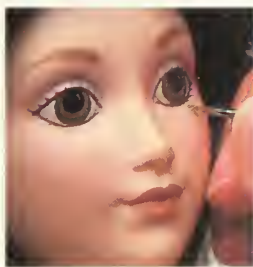
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ALL ABOUT STYLE

devices for filling niches or fireplaces in summer. The contemporary still life shown here, a photograph by Fritz von der Schulenberg, implies points of both decoration and flower arrangement. A Neoclassical jar filled with old roses stands in front of an Etruscan wallpaper and illustrates the fact that Neoclassical interiors are cold and historically inaccurate without adequate doses of flowers and plants. (See the essay on Osterley Park House in the *Victoria and Albert's Album 3* with this photo on the cover; 999 Bookshop, New York.) Stephen Lorber's present-day still life of Shaker baskets is both an exploration of textures and an exercise in how light plays off simple things. (Alexander Milliken, New York.) An exhibition of the work of eighteenth-century Spanish still-life painter Luis Meléndez at the National Academy of Design in New York until September 1 is a reminder that certain excellent still-life artists continue to be little known.



Many of Meléndez's still lifes were meant to decorate rooms in Spanish royal palaces. Both startling and appealing are his heroic fruits and vegetables painted against a receding landscape and sky. The fruit is polished and often bursting. The immediate reaction is to make such an arrangement on a nearby sideboard and invite the neighborhood in. And indeed when the exhibition opened in New York, Jean Shanks's decorations took their cue from the paintings.

■ **SUPER STARS** Carriage and curtain linings, finely patterned old papers on the insides of armoires and bureau drawers often end up having a greater impact than boldly patterned wallpapers and fabrics used in full view and in ample amounts. Albert Hadley's gold-star wallpaper is such a design and he uses it, in this case, to set off old engravings and linen hand towels in a tiny New York powder room. Think how the stars sang when he lined a small country bedroom with a version of this paper where the stars were iridescent and the background a pale ice blue.

■ **PEOPLE WANT TO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES** Late-nineteenth-century industrial architecture often ended up by looking as romantic as the Crystal Palace or the Eiffel Tower. Today a blend of technology and fantasy is still appealing to young architects and designers such as Jean-Pierre Heim and his wife, Christine Feuillatte. Their twelve-by-seven-foot contemporary glass screens are etched with an illusion of architecture and louvered in order to function as real windows. Shown at the B&B America offices in New York, these tough-yet-lyrical creations can act as glass walls, room dividers, scrims against ugly views, or—if actually installed—as tour-de-force Palladian windows.


■ **LOST SECRETS OF THE RECENT PAST** There was a moment in France just after World War II that people today who ought to know love to recall. It was a life that centered around the Lopez-Willshaws and Carlos de Beistegui. A taste for theatrical



Louvered glass screen etched with two-dimensional architectural fantasies



Watercolors, *left*, by Alexandre Serebriakoff and Catherine Serebriakoff
Top: Dining room, Château de la Celle les Bordes, 1984. *Bottom*: Tapestry drawing room, Charles de Beistegui, Paris, 1950



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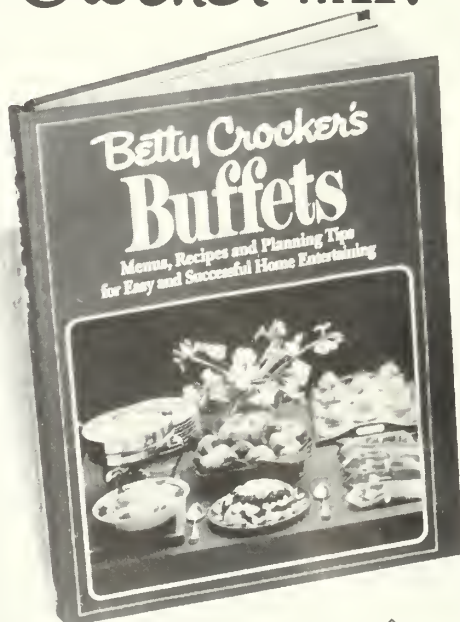
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RANDOM HOUSE 

décor prevailed in these years after a brief flirtation with the Modernism of Le Corbusier and the pared-down furniture shapes of designers like Jean Michel Frank. Emilio Terry was then architect many of them used along with decorators Stephan Boudin, Victor Grandpierre, Georges Geffroy, and Beistegui himself. Alexandre and Catherine Serebriakoff, Russian-born brother and sister artists trained in designing sets for the ballet, encountered this world in the forties and thereafter turned their talent to making watercolors of the houses, private theaters and stylized spectacles that made such a lasting impression on the guests who this group entertained at great banquets and fetes. The Serebriakoffs admired the concept of luxury achieved in the period because it was based not only on the extraordinary possessions money could buy but also on great interior refinement. Lopez and Beistegui, for instance, were both perfectionists and used the same craftsmen but applied their taste in different directions. Lopez was interested in the period of Louis XIV, admiring the Sun King's flamboyance as well as his grandeur. Beistegui, on the other hand, loved the look of English houses in the early nineteenth century and sought to recreate their ease with the use of comfortable, big furniture—often shagreened mahogany—and objects in silver, bronze, or gilt that would gleam against a dark background. As the forties became the fifties, sixties, and seventies, the Serebriakoffs continued their profession of recording the most luxurious houses of each era. Many of these houses no longer exist or rooms have been rearranged by subsequent owners, yet families have tended to hang on to the Serebriakoff watercolorists. Sometimes these little works are signed by both brother and sister, but for the most part the pictures carry only his name. Catherine Serebriakoff did the details—minute copies of portraits and human figures—after Alexandre decided on the composition, treatment of light, and arrangement of furniture—analyzing each room as if were a set. For the first time and until July 5 there is an exhibition of fifty of their watercolors in Paris at La Demeure Historique, the association of private historic houses, 57 quai de la Tournelle every afternoon. Laure de Beauvaucraon has organized the exhibition. □



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LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF OLD BERLIN

Childhood memories of a *gemütlich* way of life
that soon would be swept away forever

By Gabriele Annan



The street where I was born has disappeared from the map of Berlin. Not a stump remains of the acacias that lined it and filled the oppressive summer air with a smell like the inside of my box of wooden bricks, only sweeter. The last time I went there, rabbits were munching willow herb where the cook used to stand over the long black range. Only the yellow brick church of St. Matthew sticks up over acres of rubble stretching away to the new Mies van der Rohe art gallery. An undistinguished mid-nineteenth-century building, it has nevertheless been carefully restored. Seeing my adult feet on the familiar green, black, and dirty-white encaustic

tiled floor brought back memories of the funerals I used to attend there.

My nanny took me to one whenever she could. We both liked the hymns, the clash of puce and yellow flowers in the wreaths, and the pitying glances I attracted, poor orphaned tot that I seemed to the passers-by when we emerged. I also put up with the long walk across the Tiergarten (Berlin's Central Park) to where there was an undertaker's shop with a dear little baby's coffin in the window, all covered in white spotted muslin. On her free Sunday afternoons Nanny stumped off with a bunch of flowers, a bag of sandwiches, and a bottle of

schnapps to visit some dead acquaintance or other in a cemetery—not a relative, because they were all buried in Silesia where she came from. After forty years in the city she was still a peasant *dépaysée*. Heavy and slow, with flat, patient brown face, she smelled *savon de Marseilles* except on travel journeys, for which she drenched herself in eau de Cologne. She was never cross and I loved her very much. I was an only child and we needed one another about equally.

We lived on the edge of the Tiergarten in the "Old West." "Old" was a relative term in a city where few buildings date from before 1800; but at least this quarter had been built before the rush to the perimeter where the forests came—and still come—right up to the city. The Tiergartenstrasse along the park was full of imposing *palazzi*, mostly embassies. Several quiet, leafy streets ran down from it to the canal; their medium-sized houses, each in its shadowed garden, aspiring more or less energetically toward Schinkel. Our neighborhood was guarded by two glum caryatid sculptures which took years to overcome. Our own house had steps and a pillared portico. The door was answered by a manservant supervised by Bob, my father's bad-tempered black Alsatian. My mother had two yapping West Highland terriers called Bessie and Tommy, and her navy-blue roadster sported a curb-level hatch for them into the dickey. I had a melancholy Aberdeen called Frank. English names were fashionable: not only for dogs, but for little boys as well. Every one kept dogs, even though they had to be leashed and muzzled (for fear of ra-



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IMPRESSIONS

The street where I was born has disappeared from the map of Berlin

bies) on the street. Dogcatchers were said to lurk, ready to scoop up any offender. I was sure there was one by the canal, and never took Frank that way.

Once past Bob, you came to a pretty oval staircase lined with English sporting prints. They seemed to go on endlessly with horses racing from left to right or from right to left as I toiled up to the nursery. Halfway up was a window with a cream silk festoon blind to hide precisely what I loved to see: the courtyard belonging to a building in the street behind our house.

Individual houses like ours were rare in Berlin. Most people lived in tenements with two or three courtyards leading back from the street. The apartments at the front were often *bochberrschaftlich*—highly aristocratic. They could be vast, with more and grander rooms than our house had. Red Turkey carpeting went up the communal stairs which were marble to the *piano nobile* and guarded by a concierge. The first court was less luxurious: lavender-scented Miss Hislop, who gave English lessons, lived on one of these with worn green haircord on the stairs and spittoons on the landings. But the stairways in the second and third courts had no carpets at all and smelled of boiled cabbage, fried potatoes, and urine. That was where the poor lived. Poorest of all were the *Trockenwohner* who occupied newly built apartments that had not yet dried out: as soon as they did, the landlords would move the *Trockenwohner* on. Their children, Nanny said, died of tuberculosis and rheumatic fever. You could not grow up in Berlin without sensing the terrible poverty all around. To a rich child, the poor seemed both romantic and threatening.

Each tenement courtyard contained a sort of goal post for hanging up carpets. People were supposed to beat them every Monday when all windows were kept closed until eleven o'clock. No beating was allowed at any other time: this was one of many prohibitions nailed up under the great gateways. But they could not keep out the beggars selling bootlaces, or the woman who wailed *La Colomba*, or the or-

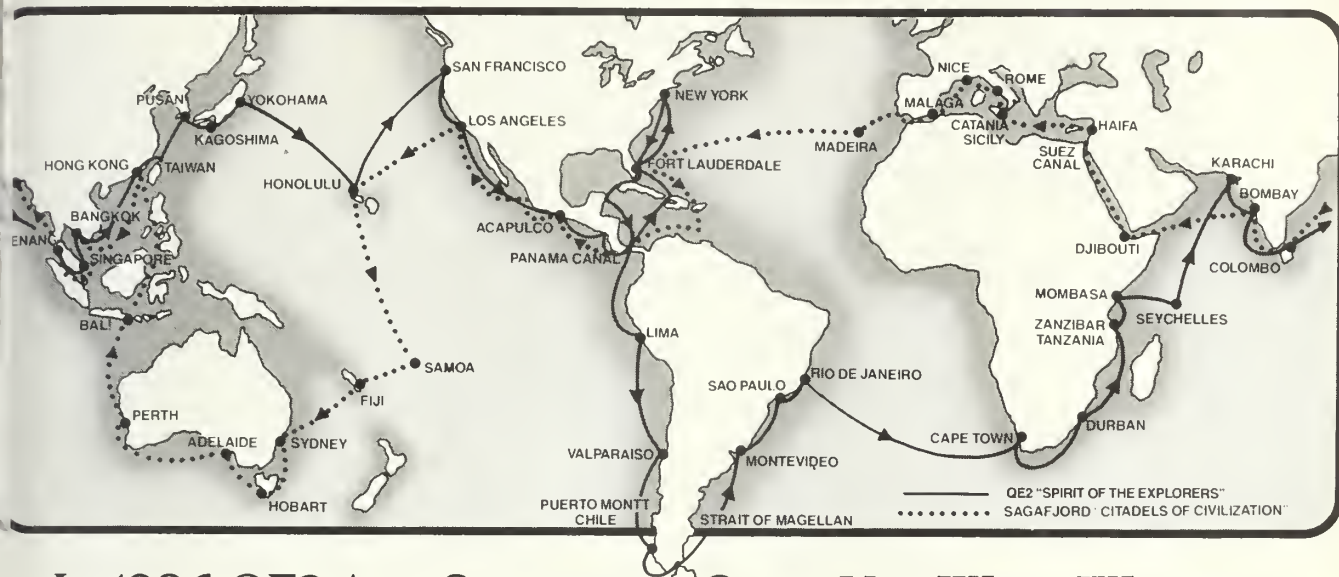
gan grinders with monkeys and sometimes marmots. We kept a supply of coins wrapped in paper to throw to them, but I begged in vain to be allowed to buy their animals and set them free. So I worked instead on my fantasy of filling the courtyard with water to the first-floor windows and keeping a hippopotamus family there.

The hippos in the zoo, rising unpredictably from the muddy water, gave me a weird *frisson* like the Witch of Endor in the Doré Bible which I looked in the library after lunch (the salo with its crystal chandelier, grand piano, pier glasses, and throne-shaped Empire chairs was used only for parties and music lessons). Nanny did not care for the library because the green leather upholstery was powdery with age and came off on my starched rompers. In any case, it was not her territory: after lunch she would go and lie down in her room next to mine, and I would be sent up quite soon after.

The nursery was hygienic but friendly: it had a blue linoleum floor and the furniture was painted white. Curtains and walls were blue-and-white *toile de Jouy*, and during my compulsory insomniac siestas I would make up stories about the girl garlanding the goat and the boy fishing by a hump-backed bridge. But this did not work a night. Nanny left her door ajar, but even so, big, slimy fish got into my bed and the Witch of Endor tried to come up through the library ceiling underneath. When Nanny went down to supper with the servants in the kitchen I would creep out to the landing and listen to their voices coming up the food lift. Then at least I knew that not everyone in the house had suddenly died. I felt like Andersen's little match girl, shivering and desolate on the cold landing floor.

My mother's room was on the other side of mine. Pale yellow chintz with ochre and sepia roses filled it with perpetual sunlight. The chintz was called *Malmaison* and I have been trying to find it again ever since. A waist-high conservatory called a *Blumenfenster* was filled with rather unappealing German favorites like gloxinias and

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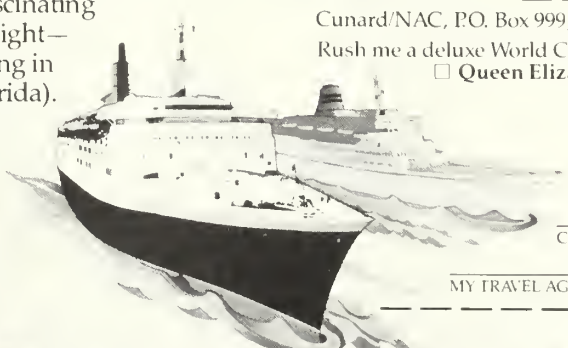
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meaty begonias. Still, when the inner window was opened, a delicious dam green smell came out.

All the other windows in the house were double casements. From autumn to spring, bulb glasses stood between the panes: until just before Christmas they wore conical hats of marbled Italian paper to keep them dark; then the hats came off and soon there were pink and blue hyacinths with an intoxicating spicy sweet scent. But this scene was bad for you at night: Nanny knew of a girl dying in her sleep from the smell of flowers. So then the inner window was closed and only the top flap opened to let in a sharp splinter of icy air.

My parents' rooms were separated by the breakfast room. They actually did breakfast there sitting on a striped Biedermeier sofa at a round Biedermeier table. Afterward my mother moved to the little Empire desk where I now work. She wrote figures in blue morocco-bound books and once a week Herr Schulte came from the office to take them away and leave a blue leather pouch full of money. While this was going on I sometimes danced solo to the sound of a wind-up Gramophone, always averting my eyes from the records, though, because the sight of the dog listening to his dead master's voice made me cry. "Tit Willow" sung in German by a bass was banned altogether because it threw me into paroxysms of grief.

My father's room was like an aquarium: everything dark green, walls and curtains in dark green striped and watered silk. A smell of Pears soap came from his bathroom. Sometimes he consented to be a Sultan, and I, in a towel and turban, was his slave Abdullah. I laid out his cuff links and tie (always my favorite blue foulard with white spots) until my assiduity wore him out and he presented the slave to the Sultana. But she was hopeless at keeping up the game. We were soon back to "Mummy" and "darling" and I would slink off to Nanny, anxiously passing the door to the attic stairs. I was not allowed to open it, let alone go up. I should disturb the servants, my mother said. I knew that this was a fib because they always welcomed me in the kitchen; so why not in their bedrooms? There must be something unmentionably threatening up there. □

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THE RICHES OF MODERNISM

Lloyd Macklowe foresaw the new taste for luxurious handcrafted twentieth-century furniture

By Steven M. L. Aronson



Lloyd Macklowe, *above*, surrounded by his wares: a Georges Barbier poster above a tea set by Philippe Wolfers on a Josef Hoffmann and Koloman Moser foxed-oak desk. *Below*: a Karl Witzmann clock in front of a Hoffmann and Moser foxed-oak and marquetry cabinet.



For fifteen years, Lloyd Macklowe has carried a superb range of Art Nouveau and turn-of-the-century French furniture, sculpture, objects, and jewelry in his New York gallery on Madison Avenue and 77th Street. "I started out as a collector," he says, "but I soon found that the only way I could continue was to sell something occasionally. That's how it all began."

Three years ago, Macklowe decided to extend his interest in Art Nouveau, which he saw as a bridge between nineteenth- and twentieth-century decorative arts, to furniture and design that were totemically twentieth-century. He established, next door to the Macklowe Gallery, a shop to which he gave the resoundingly declarative name "Modernism, Gallery of Classic Furniture and Objects."

The new gallery specializes in both Viennese furniture from 1900 to the mid twenties by such masters as Josef Hoffmann, Josef Olbrich, Hans Ofner, and Koloman Moser, and the flower of French Art Deco furniture from the twenties by Jean-Michel Frank, Jules Leleu, Pierre Chareau, Émile-Jacques Ruhlmann, and Edgar Brandt, among others. And, Macklowe admits, the cross weave of cultures is juxtaposed with "whatever I can find that has form and architectural merit. I occasionally have turn-of-the-century pieces—Mackintosh, or German furniture from the same period, and even Bauhaus. And some of my Art Deco furniture goes right up through the thirties."

"Lloyd Macklowe has been the forerunner of a brand-new field over here," says Alastair Duncan, head of the department of nineteenth- and twentieth-century decorative arts at Christie's and author of the recently published *Art Deco Furniture*. "I recognized before anyone else that the market would swing from Europe to America. And indeed, there's a particular urgency in America now to collect architect-designed furniture of the century."

"All of this *is* actually very popular at the moment," Macklowe grants, surveying the significant loot he has assembled in his gallery. For Modernism is no dust-bitten warehouse, no archaeological museum of functionally dead objects. There is not a moribund fragment or ungainly form in sight—rather, a wondrous array of chairs, chests, tables, desks, lamps, clocks, and even four-piece bedroom sets.

"A lot of contemporary architects and designers are very interested in the furniture," Macklowe elaborates. "Some want it for itself and others u

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BANANA TREE: a panel from the ROYAL PROMENADE scenic wallpaper.

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THE DEALER'S EYE

it as a prototype for their own designs. I'm not going to tell you which ones *they* are—you can figure that out for yourself," he chuckles. Among the architects and designers who do make frequent visits to Modernism, many with clients in tow, are Richard Meier, Charles Gwathmey, Michael Graves, Joseph Durso, and Noel Jeffrey.

"These Hoffmann baskets are interesting," Macklowe offers. "They're made of white-painted metal. Originally they had clear-glass liners so they could be used for hors d'oeuvres or flowers. Hans Ofner did those sweetmeat dishes over there, sometime before 1910. And here's a 1906 collaboration between Hoffmann and Koloman Moser for an office—desk, chair, flower stand, and cabinet, all in foxed oak. What they did was rub white pigment into the oak to accentuate the grain and give it a very warm feeling; then they decorated it with inlays of different woods and mother-of-pearl in a geometric pattern. And this is an amazing piece of furniture, a 1907 cabinet by



Some of Modernism's smaller objects

Fritz Nagel in black lacquer that was featured in a 1908 issue of *Das Interieur* in Vienna. It has repoussé panels with set stones in brass by Georg Klimt, brother of the famous artist.

"This cabinet is by the French lacquerist Jean Dunand," Macklowe says, moving toward a platformed space where some of the gallery's Art Deco objects are displayed. "It's a unique piece of furniture—there's only one and this is it. A lot of good French twenties furniture was commissioned for the home. That's why it's so rare. It wasn't made in the same volume as Viennese furniture—various furniture

companies in Vienna manufacture and sold Wiener Werkstätte designs, so pieces still turn up. But you'll never find anything like, for example, the burlled amboyna bedroom set over there by Jules Leleu. He made it in 1923 for a villa in Lyon."

Macklowe is at his most avid when speaking of Leleu. "Look at this metal," he exclaims, stroking a Leleu sharkskin buffet from the late twenties. "This is even lined on the *inside* with sharkskin. Leleu made very few things in sharkskin, maybe only ten over a period of time, because they were very expensive to produce and also because sharkskin is an extremely difficult material to work with. You cannot believe how hard this stuff is." He thumps the buffet. "It's like a rock."

The next object to which Macklowe turns in his exuberance is made of a material so fine it looks as if it might pucker if even puffed on. It is a Jacquard Adnet parchment cabinet, formerly in the collection of designer Karl Lagerfeld. The cabinet has seven drawers, each a different size, representing Macklowe supposes—the seven days of the week.

"I also carry ashtrays and lamps—it's all part of providing a complete interior. Over there are the original palm lamps—you see reproductions of them out in California but these are the French originals, done by Serge Rochon around 1930. They're plaster of Paris on a wire frame. And *this* is one of the most exciting lamps I've ever seen—bronze cobra lamp by the French designer and ironworker Edgar Brandt, made around 1925, with a shade by the Daum Brothers of Nancy. The terracotta vases in the corner were made for Primavera, the French department store, in the twenties—they're signed by Madeleine Sougez. And this silver and-ivory tea set is by Philippe Wolfers, a Belgian.

"I like to think that there's nothing in this gallery that wouldn't make an addition to some museum. Indeed, shortly after Macklowe opened Modernism, he sold the Metropolitan Museum a white-painted angular-paneled, curvilinear-armed wood chair by Ettore Bugatti.

"Museum-quality" implies an extravagant price—what actually is the price range for the spoils of Modernism? "A thousand, fifteen hundred

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CAROLINA MIRROR

llars, and up," Macklowe replies. The Viennese furniture goes for up to thirty, thirty-five thousand, and as for French Art Deco, well, that Leleu irkskin buffet is seventy-five thousand. But there are very few things that could be in that price category. The table where we're sitting now, for instance, which is Hoffmann from 1906, only twelve thousand five hundred. The whole thing—the table, the chairs, the two armchairs, the two side chairs. Of course, there's less and less of this furniture available now, and its popularity combined with its lack of availability tends to exert an upward pressure on prices—year by year you're rising slowly. But if you hunt hard enough, there will always be good buys. A lot of the furniture I get in Europe, but really anywhere I go I might find something."

"Macklowe makes the effort," says Astair Duncan. "He travels, he searches out objects and brings them back—whole containerfuls. A lot of dealers just sit in their stores and buy at auction here, which is why there are very few dealers of top quality in this country."

Macklowe's hunt for buried treasure has taken him to some of the world's mustiest attics, cellars, barns, and garages—indeed, to wherever the longer-loved shards of depleted estates have been relegated. It has certainly had its dangerous moments. "A representative of a titled French family approached me and said they had some furniture to sell made by DIM, Decors Intérieurs Modernes," Macklowe recounts. "He took me to this house in the seventh arrondissement—was so huge I couldn't believe one could still live in all of it, but they did. He showed me the garage, a four-car garage, and he told me that the furniture I was interested in was piled up in the back. I had to push two vintage cars out of the way, and as I stood up I bumped into some hunting trophy on the wall and got stabbed in the head by a pair of ancient antlers! But the important thing is I got a great bedroom out of that garage."

Macklowe's search for objects of modernist distinction has also had its endipitous side. In the window of a shop recently sat a silvered-bronze clock of such stunning geometry—all right lines, flat planes, and hard

edges—that it drew the attention of passers-by. Priced at \$7,500, it was made around 1923 by the firm of Süe et Mare, which went on to design twin pavilions for the Paris Exposition of 1925, as well as to decorate the French Embassy in Washington, the grand salon of the *Ile de France*, and parts of the S.S. *Paris* and *Normandie*. "The firm's work is represented in the collections

Macklowe is at his most avid when speaking of Leleu

of both the Metropolitan Museum and the Musée des Arts Décoratifs—and I found that clock in a Miami junk shop!" Macklowe exclaims, hugging his luck. "I paid next to nothing for it."

Whatever their provenance, the objects he exposes us to are ones we might not otherwise see. "Before Lloyd Macklowe," says Penelope Hunter-Stiebel, a free-lance curatorial consultant and a former curator of twentieth-century decorative arts at the Metropolitan Museum, "the market in Art Nouveau, Art Deco, and Wiener Werkstätte was very localized—there were French collectors who went to French dealers for French Art Nouveau and French Art Deco, there were Viennese collectors who went to Viennese dealers for Wiener Werkstätte, and there were, of course, American collectors who went to American dealers for Tiffany. What Macklowe has done—through his travels and his contacts with auctioneers and with other dealers, large and small, on every continent—is bring to Madison Avenue the pick of the world's market in twentieth-century decorative arts. He's broken through the provincialism of the field, and that's really a major contribution." □

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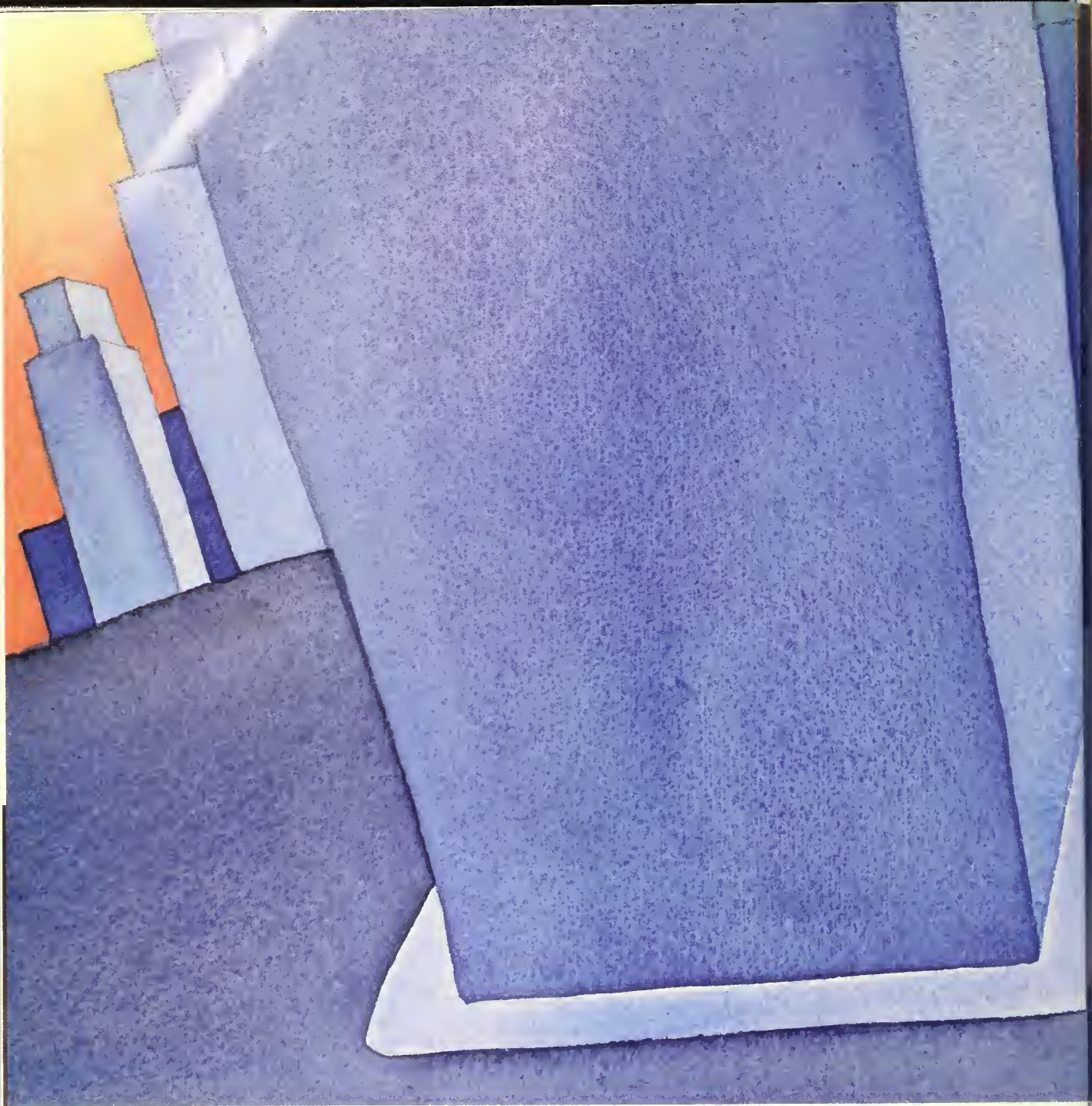
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BOTANIC BATTALIONS

The great estates of nineteenth-century England were maintained by armies of proud and dedicated gardeners

By Allen Paterson

Time was, not so very long ago, when, it seems, everybody kept servants. Read any novel by Charles Dickens and the dependence upon domestic assistance in early Victorian days appears complete. The arrangement of domestic staff was as rigidly hierarchical as the families they served, and visiting menservants and maidservants took the rank of their employer upstairs. "In grand houses," as Mr. Girouard explains in his book *Life in the English Country House*, "the steward, housekeeper and head cook (usually a male chef) ate in the steward's room, along with the head gardener, the senior lady's maids and valets, and the coachmen. A footman or steward's room boy waited on them."

The inclusion of the head gardener in that hierarchic sequence of below-stairs dining suggests an outdoor mirror image of the indoor staff of a big country house—that of the gardeners, gamekeepers, foresters, and general estate workers, not to mention the laborers on the home farm.

Certainly the head gardener on a big estate was a man of some importance; in the 1720s the Duke of Chandos's head gardener at Canons was paid the then considerable sum of £100 per annum while the secretary, the librarian, and the chaplains only got £75. Doubtless, if good at his job he earned it, being responsible for the cultivation of many acres of land and the overseeing of a veritable army of men.

Just as inside the house, the gardens were divided into departments and by the nineteenth century such a differentiation had reached its apogee. Horticultural technology had progressed amazingly yet any form of automation was virtually unknown. Only in one aspect can one see the possibility of labor saving. In 1830 Edwin Budding invented the cylinder grass mower, adapting the idea of the cylinder of spiral blades



Greenhouse staff at Halton, Buckinghamshire, early 1900s, noted gardener Ernest Field, far right.

which was used in the textile industry to cut the nap of cloth. The growth of grass, he realized, is very like cloth in habit and could be attacked similarly. Mr. Budding wrote of his revolutionary invention, "Country gentlemen may find, in using the machine themselves, an amusing, useful, and healthy exercise."

The rising middle class, for whom John and Jane Loudon wrote so profusely in their books and magazines, might well be amused by a little "useful and healthy" grass mowing. In the

great country houses it is as likely that the patrician owner would push the mower and peruse *The Suburban Gardener and Villa Companion* as he would peel the potatoes for luncheon and consult Mrs. Beeton's *Household Management* for advice on how best to do it.

But then, he was not always there. Gone were the days when Pope could write: Happy the man

whose wish and care

A few parental acres bound

Happy to breathe his native air

On his own ground.

The exigencies of the social round prevented it. At the moment

when English gardeners

were at their most beautiful, "the Season"

began and everyone trailed up to London

(you went "up" even if, coming from

Yorkshire, you traveled "down" south

some two hundred miles). A ceaseless

round of balls and parties began, inter-

persed with the Royal

Academy's Opening Show, Ascot (further horse racing could follow at

Goodwood), and the Royal Regatta at Henley. This at the beginning of July

signaled the end of the season and families which avoided Goodwood and

which didn't sail at Cowes could well enjoy their gardens for a month before

packing up for Scotland to pursue grouse and deer.

From 1888, however, there was a day each year in the third week of May

when fashion and flowers could legitimately meet. This was the first, Fe-



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GARDEN PLEASURES

lows, day at the Royal Horticultural Society's great spring show. Originally held in Lincoln's Inn Fields, it moved to the ground of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, and has been *the* Chelsea Show ever since. Even now in these more egalitarian days when "Fellows" have become "Members" and the party of royals visit the evening before to avoid the crush the change has caused, the first day of Chelsea has a certain air of social grandeur about it. Seventy-five years ago, to be there was *de rigueur*, each keen garden-owning gentleman followed at a respectable distance, silk hat by bowler hat, by his head gardener who had come up from the country. Next day the latter was back in his domain, deciding where all the newly ordered plants should go.

The head gardener's position was one of organizing and planning; he was in sole charge of what today could be considered a considerable horticultural business with a work force of complexity and of highly specific roles. Directly responsible to him were only slightly lesser men. The inside foreman

was in charge of the greenhouses and conservatories, while an outside foreman led the pleasure grounds and kitchen garden staff. In the higher establishments each of these had its own foreman. As with the upper indoor staff, foremen were followed by a host of minor mortals, journeymen, apprentices, and boys. Under the inside foreman these varied from specialists in orchids or in the production of musk melons to humble potboys who did nothing from one year's end to the next but scrub unknown thousands of clay flowerpots. This suitable chastening period was considered necessary until they showed the spark of potential which would gradually light them up the hierarchical ladder. All the great names in eighteenth- and nineteenth-century gardening began in this way. Lancelot Brown worked in the gardens at Wallington in Northumberland and at Stowe before, at that great palace of Lord Cobham, he began to be involved in the laying out of grounds and earned the immortal nickname "Capability."

Sir Joseph Paxton, member of Par-

liament, a Director of Railways, an designer of the Crystal Palace for the Great Exhibition of 1851, also began thus and working at the Horticultural Society's (not yet Royal) gardens at Chiswick he became arboretum foreman in 1824. By fortunate chance he became head gardener to the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth in 1826 at 25 shillings a week, plus a house. Such was his success in transforming the Chatsworth gardens into a national showplace with unparalleled greenhouses that only a dozen years later he was sought as head gardener at Windsor Castle at £1,000 per year. Paxton refused and pursued his glittering career with the duke.

In the 1830s the inefficiencies of the royal gardens at Kensington Palace, Hampton Court, and Windsor had become a public scandal with, it is recorded, gross underproduction of simple requirements such as parsley and spinach, while excesses of pineapples and cucumbers were almost as remarkable. The situation became so serious in the first year of Victoria

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gn a House of Lords inquiry was set . Eventually great new kitchen gardens were developed at Windsor covering over thirty acres. Clearly the organizing genius of a Paxton was required.

The queen's new gardens reflected the horticultural possibilities of the time. Long ranges of glasshouses, heated to every necessary environmental temperature, provided flowers and fruits out of season as well as countless young plants needed for annual planting in the vegetable plots and ornamental grounds. Every garden well supported and lined with fruit according to its aspect; peaches and nectarines, sweet cherries, and figs enjoyed the warmth of south walls, red and white currants, gooseberries, and sour cherries accepted their reverse. Apples, pears, and plums favored others and, as well, made architectural patterns as their formally lined shapes lined the walks.

The head gardener's house, like that of a spider's in the middle of its web, stood centrally and a couple of rooms with the best views of the garden were

reserved for Her Majesty's own use. Though head gardeners traditionally maintained a fiercely proprietorial air about "their" gardens one cannot imagine Queen Victoria being daunted as Reginald Arkell relates:

The Queen was in the garden
A-smelling of a rose
She started for to pick one,
To please her royal nose;
To please her royal nose;
When up speaks the gardener;
"You can't have none of those."

The annexation of space in the gardener's house by the owner was not uncommon. At Castle Howard in Yorkshire one may still see in the charming eighteenth-century house two elegant and sunny rooms so designated. If anything they are even more desirable now than that parts of the kitchen gardens there have been turned into one of the finest rose gardens in Britain.

Castle Howard has happily found a modern role for some of its kitchen-garden areas. At far more country houses this has been the first part of the grounds, being out of sight and often out of mind, to be let go as staff is re-

duced. A great estate has no longer, even if still maintained in some prosperity, the population it once did. The nineteenth-century family and its friends and relations, the dozens of indoor servants and the outside staff together may have comprised a hundred souls and more. All were fed from the kitchen gardens and home farm.

Today, with garden visiting having become something of a national sport, there is a sad irony in the fact that the once impeccable maintenance is seldom possible, especially within those high brick walls. However, where a big kitchen garden still exists, even run with careful economy, it is of absorbing interest to visitors. Perhaps we can all relate to the noble lord's rows of leeks and lettuce because our own at home look just as good. But where there is still a working vinery or a peach house or two, where a central walk arches between a pair of summer borders backed by espalier apples and pears, where sea-kale pots still do the job for which they were intended, we get a glimpse of a vanished age. □

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CULINARY CONQUESTS

Some immodest thoughts on the battleground of the table

By Alexander Cockburn



We drove south on the San Diego Freeway, past the neon sea of L.A. International Airport, through the purple twilight to Manhattan Beach and the restaurant they call the Saint Estéphe. I was well armed, for beside me at the wheel of the Nissan Sentra was a man I'll call Mercator, a professor of economics at UCLA, undiluted in his radical convictions, awesome in appetite, his palate trained in Mexico, Paris, Budapest, Moscow, and the Upper West Side of Manhattan; in the back seat was his wife Augusta, a child of Portuguese colonialism, nourished on the *caldo verde* of Lisbon, the *muamba* of Angola, the *feijoada* of Brazil.

We'd heard of the Saint Estéphe a few weeks earlier, with reports filtering in of a successful fusion of New Mexican with New French cuisine. As we rolled along the freeway I brought reports of the food frenzies of New York, of gastrofads bursting like comets in the night, gone in an eyeblink: the mus-

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tard mania, the vinegar madness, the peppercorn frenzy; American tongues darting at the spinning globe, at Szechwan, Osaka, Bangkok, Hanoi, and now, most recently, at Mexico and the great American Southwest.

Mercator addressed the inside of the Sentra as though it were a lecture hall. "You ask, why this frenzied food fadism, this orgy of gastroglobal eclecticism? Consider. There is a familiar pattern in which food in the imperial, mother countries is influenced by, even replaced by food from annexed, or colonial or even neo-colonial areas: Algerian or North African or Vietnamese food in France; Indonesian or Surinamese food in Holland; Indian food in Great Britain. In pre-revolutionary

Russia the best food came, still coming from the Transcaucasus, from Armenia, Azerbaijan, Georgia, and central Asia. Why?"

The tempestuous Augusta burst forth: "Food from imperial countries is inherently bland. Being in temperate areas the imperialists are less likely to be using interesting condiments and spices, and besides they're so busy specializing the world that they have no time."

"What about French food?"

"Stolen from Italy via the cooks Marie de' Medici, when she crossed the Alps to marry Henry IV. The cuisine of France is oversold. English food? Bland beyond belief. Think of the least imperial countries in Europe: have the best food: Italy and Hungary, which is the crossroads of eastern Europe." Augusta fell silent, and Mercator, peering for the exit sign to Manhattan Beach, resumed.

"How else can we account for

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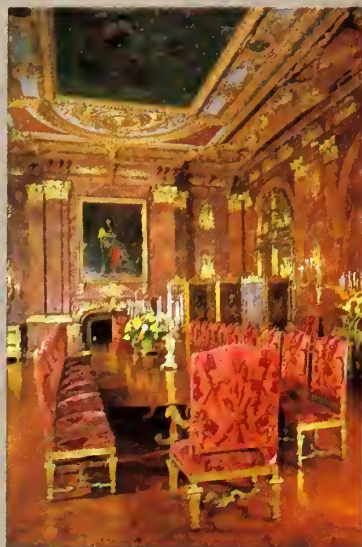
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mania here for Third World food? As an economics professor I could point to the ready availability of cheap raw materials as an essential component of colonialism. As a student of our political culture I could cite liberal guilt over colonial repression, the frumpies—formerly radical, upwardly mobile professionals—saying to themselves, ‘If we can’t fight for their causes, the least we can do is eat their food.’”

Mercator suddenly swerved the car into the exit ramp and there was a startled blare from behind as a Buick wooshed past us into the red ribbon of taillights streaming south. I thought of the cult of Vietnamese food, of the success in lower Manhattan of two restaurants, dowdy Saigon and modish Indochine. “Don’t trust liberal guilt,” I said. “It’s always two-edged. What could not be conquered in the Mekong Delta is consumed at the table; in an anthropological paradox the defeated devour, symbolically, the victors.”

We drove down Sepulveda Boulevard. The Saint Estéphe was in a shopping mall and at last, to our left, we saw the gray expanse of Manhattan Village Mall. Obedient as only California drivers are, Mercator obeyed the NO U-TURN, NO LEFT TURN signs. As we searched for a legal left turn Augusta brooded further on the appeal of Third World cuisine: “It is the exoticism of the subordinate. You and I read qualities into a culture that conform to the stereotypes and reinforce our dominant position vis-à-vis that culture. The English, for example, eat Indian food. They tell each other that the true Indian eats fiery curries to make himself cool in a hot climate. What they are really saying is that the Indian is impervious to pain and hence can be treated abominably; because they think that the Indian must be silly to think he can get cool in this way. The Dutch say that the Indonesians eat such mountains of *rijsttefel* that they cannot work hard, proving they must be lazy. Take this craze for Mexican food. . . .”

But at last Mercator had made his legal turn, gone back along the boulevard, and was parking in front of an undistinguished concrete structure labeled Saint Estéphe. From the outside it had Bad French Restaurant written all over it, the sort of place that sells Steak Diane and crêpes Suzettes to the notables of small towns across Ameri-



ca. But the interior was chaste, the menu seductive, and the meal—for all its bad faith—a beautifully contrived affair.

The cooking was modern French technique, *nouvelle* in presentation with some polite, though restrained bows in the direction of the American Southwest, mostly in the higher hucksterism of the menu’s language. It spoke of the Sangre de Cristo mountains, the civilization of the first American Indians, the small villages of Hispanic settlers and the natural foods—corn, chile, beans, wild herbs, pumpkins, piñon nuts, squash—that had “blended together to make America’s first historic cuisine.” The Saint

The menu spoke of the Sangre de Cristo mountains, the civilization of the first American Indians the small villages of Hispanic settlers

Estéphe, the menu suggested, has concocted “a modern Southwest cuisine by taking these raw materials and adding “new interest, inspiration and refinement.”

We ordered blue corn tortillas “served with smoked salmon and two types of American caviar.” They were cocktail canapés, resting on white plates and set off against a trim of small red peppers. A snap of Mercator’s jaw and they were gone. We had a tiny can-soulet of sweetbreads with pinto beans and wild rice. The only element here the Southwest could claim for its own would be the pinto beans, but the dish was good. As our third hors d’oeuvre we had “New Mexican style ravioli stuffed with *carne adobada*, served with a cream garlic chèvre sauce”—four pale squares, a mini-UN of ingredients: Southwestern filling, Italian envelope, sauce from a peasant product of the eastern Mediterranean.

Contented as we waited for the ma-



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dishes, perched in the western edge of one of the largest Spanish-speaking cities in the world, we debated the fashion for Mexican food and the meaning of the Saint Estéphe.

“After all,” Mercator pointed out. “though Mexico has some of the most sophisticated food in the world in the United States we basically eat what the cowboys have round the campfire: beans, enchiladas, rice, and tacos. What’s being enforced is the peasant stereotype, a version of pastoral. The classic Mexican leftover dish is *ropa vieja*, literally ‘old clothes.’ You tell us it’s on the menu of the Cafe Marimba in New York for \$14.95. That’s like selling a hot dog with sauerkraut for \$10. Now the colonized are not only exotic but also threatening. Mexico conjures up an image of illegal immigrants flooding across the Rio Grande, of perilous external bank debt, of drug smuggling. It has these dual connotations—quaint but threatening. Hence you get attempts at domestication and cultural pacification via a pastoral version of Mexican cuisine and, even less threatening, the notion of New Mexican food. New Mexico isn’t going to threaten America. It *is* America.”

Augusta, who had just been reading Marcuse, burst in, “Yes, it is the very image of repressive tolerance! The proliferation of Third World food is a concession to immigrants, allowing them a toe hold in the American dream. You integrate the Third World into American cuisine while at the same time segregating it from American society. As an immigrant you have the vicarious pleasure of seeing your food move out of the gastro-ghetto into middle-class respectability in a fancy restaurant where you might be lucky to work as busboy.”

The main dishes came: the menu’s “fresh prawns from Arizona served Southwest bouillabaisse style, flavored with nopalitos and chile pods”; though entirely unrelated to bouillabaisse in any style the prawns were great and the little bits of nopal cactus served as signifiers of the Southwest as surely as an ox skull on a whitewashed wall signifies Georgia O’Keeffe. Signifier of the Southwesternness of the *suprême de volaille* was *jicama*, Mexico’s retort to the daikon radish, this year’s crisp texture of choice though, in the Saint Estéphe’s presentation, pointlessly



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LARSEN

AT THE TABLE

shredded. The delicious saddle of lamb had its signifying *posole*, and the New Mexican *carte d'identité* of the equally delicious veal chop was established by a *sopaipilla*—a square pouch of puff pastry from which one tears a corner to pour in honey.

We ate and we drank and as we did so parties of sober-looking men in suits and ties came in to eat, straight from the office evidently even though it was now well past nine, Hughes engineers, aerospace executives, traders and guardians of the Pacific rim. As the hefty bill arrived I told Mercator and Augusta of the feeding frenzies of the East Coast: bogus regionalism disguised as the "new American cuisine." In New York at Jams, for example, Norwegian salmon with *jicama* and green-pepper *concasée*; sautéed foie-gras salad with *jicama*, sherry vinaigrette, and deep-fried spinach; red-pepper pancake with salmon and Oestra caviar.

Mercator raised his hand. "Stop, please! It's the same here in Los Ange-



A strictly French dessert: Saint Estéphe's striped almond chocolate cake.

les, as you well know. Probably worse." But it was my privilege to give myself the final word. "The last refuge

for an elite frantic to define itself, yet with nothing creative to say, is conspicuous, relentless consumption of commodities of which the most basic is food. The British elite, at the height of their empire in the late nineteenth century, conspicuously consumed meals which were vast in size and, amid the belches, proclaimed, 'We gorge, therefore we exist.' Today, the conspicuous consumer in the United States knows that to gorge is to die. He renders his orgies of consumption—hugely expensive to be sure—more theatrical. He nods to the humble New Mexican pueblos with a blue corn tortilla. He winks at the Orient with a cumin seed at China with a water chestnut, at Siara with some lemon grass, at Japan with dried *bonito* shred. He consumes the world by symbols and the more he eats down the more he pays up. Ideally only conspicuous consumers must ingest all these symbols at the same time, for then truly they can fold their napkins with a contented sigh and say, 'We are the world.' □



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THE ALL-AMERICAN PORCH

Old-fashioned, comfortable, and sometimes terribly stylish, it is our national summer living room, a box seat to the outdoors

By Mark Hampton

In this lovely season I think of porches: the nostalgic, varied, old-fashioned, enormously comfortable and sometimes terribly stylish porches of American houses, outfitted for long, hot summers. The porch with its rocking chairs, old sofas, wicker, gliders and swings, its iced tea and palm-leaf fans, its hanging plants dripping on painted planks—this porch is, in fact, an American phenomenon. The idea of a warm-weather outdoor retreat is so exotic to the English mind that it practically doesn't exist in English houses. What we call a porch, the English call a veranda, a word taken from the Hindi and suggesting the intense heat of India. One of the pleasantest porchlike places ever seen in Britain was in fact not a porch at all. It was Cecil Beaton's

winter garden, which was half glassed-in roofed gallery, half greenhouse, with Gothick mullions at the windows, a profusion of basket furniture, blue-and-white Chinese porcelain pots and garden seats, and masses of flowers.

To some architectural historians the American porch as a summer living space has Southern antecedents. Practically every example of Southern American domestic architecture, whether Palladian, Greek Revival, or French or Spanish Colonial in its origin, includes in a major frontal way a porch, call it what you will. This tradition seems to have lodged itself into the



The grand but invitingly informal porch at Westbury House

mind of the American builder just as firmly as that of green shutters. The marvel of the climate in the United States is that even in Minnesota, Michigan, and Maine, not to mention the other northern latitudes where winters are so unforgiving, the summer months are regularly and dependably hot and sunny. Consequently, the architecture of American houses, whether built for year-round use or for summers, has come to include an encyclopedic variety of porches. Moreover, the porch as a summer living room exists as a happy appendage to the grandest of houses whatever their style.

The porch in the illustration is a very familiar one to many people. It is the west porch of Westbury House on Long Island, New York, which is open to the public. The great Phipps house was built in the first decade of this century. The porch is the perfect marriage of grandeur and comfort. It is just as easy to imagine spending time there oneself as it is to imagine Edith Wharton sitting on one of the vast sofas talking to Bernard Berenson or Daisy Buchanan with Jay Gatsby (Mrs. Buchanan's house, not Mr. Gatsby's), or even Nellie Lutyens having a cocktail with Lady Sackville.

Architecturally the Phipps porch is an Ionic order post-and-beam structure attached to an Edwardian version of a Christopher Wren house. The ceiling is rough-

oak but constructed in a very intricate way and supported by beautifully finished stone columns. The floor is polished marble laid in contrasting squares. The furniture is, according to one member of the family who remembers it from many years ago, nearly exactly the way it was originally. It consists of a couple of gigantic sofas that do not match, slipcovered in chintz, a few chairs of various types, some assorted tables, and lots of plants. The whole combination was loosely assembled, and it was clearly arranged for comfort and informality, the major purpose of porch furnishing. It seems to me that the

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edom with which the furniture was and is) arranged on this gorgeous Westbury porch results from a desire to soften the rigidly architectural atmosphere of the space itself, which as a matter of fact seems to apply to porches in general. In their hard, structural way, they need all the ad hoc tricks of interior decoration. Loosely arranged furniture is visual shorthand for an informal mood.

A similarly grand porchlike space with an equally inviting atmosphere in the midst of great architectural detail exists at Vizcaya, Burrall Hoffman's palazzo in Miami, Florida, built 1914-1916. The house itself, although somewhat gauche and corny, is a pastiche of fifteenth- and sixteenth-century Italian design, and it is as beautiful as possible to be. Vizcaya's east porch, or loggia, is wonderful. The ceiling is vaulted and the space is open on both its long sides, facing the ocean in one direction and into a courtyard in the other. The end walls lead into the house. The floor is paved with marble in an extraordinarily complex pattern of interlocking circles, better than the tiling at Lincoln Center. In the middle of this palatial space sits a heroically scaled marble-and-stone Renaissance table. Around this table and tucked in and out of the huge plants in pots and wooden tubs are simply lots and lots of wicker chairs with deep seat cushions and smaller pillows stuffed in the back. The effect is perfect; it is enormously inviting, but it is unexpected, and being unexpected is probably one of the ephemeral qualities that make up chic, a word that lovers of fashion have argued about ever since it came into use in France in the 1850s. The Vizcaya porch is definitely chic. It is also nostalgic and romantic, and I suppose that these qualities are very much a part of the planning of all successful porches and terraces and gardens.

Another porch I've always loved thinking about (I saw it once years ago) is in Maine, looking through huge trees down to the water. It is part of a house with dark timbering of that curious sort that is neither Tudor nor Norman. It is dark. The porch does not attempt to be light; it is furnished with shiny black wicker of all sorts, with lacquered canvas covering its cushions and everything looking terrific against the dark posts and beams of the timbered

structure of the porch itself. The flowers and plants are equally controlled, consisting of nothing but masses of geraniums in all sorts of terra-cotta pots, many of them covered with moss, the way pots should be.

A coat of paint can be the perfect answer to lots of porch questions, and is not a compromise either. I can recall many porches with old rocking chairs of one design, benches and tables of another, and, of course, the ubiquitous wicker of various shapes and styles, and the underlying element that held the whole thing together was the uniform paint color of the otherwise unrelated furniture. The best porch colors are dark green (the color of shutters), whites of all varieties, grays, natural tones, and black. It is not exactly a rainbow of choices but as a background color for the foliage and potted verdure of summertime and as a companion color for the architectural details of most houses, one of these colors will speak in the classical vocabulary of porch decoration. They are also colors that allow the free use of awning stripes, chintzes, and sailcloth slipcovers and the assorted mats and old rugs that end up on porch floors.

A porch that has been created in recent years and that embodies all the qualities of the past that I love but which belongs to two people very much of the present is one in the Connecticut house of Virginia and John Saladino. The architecture of the place is Georgian and Palladian, and the porch makes reference to all the periods that are combined by the Saladinos' own personal style as well as all the periods that are found in the charming Georgian Revival style of so many American houses built fifty or sixty years ago. Arranged in this lovely setting of moldings and columns and pilasters are an antique marble cistern or lavabo against a wall, lead garden chairs that were already there and had been for a long time, and a modern sofa, designed by John Saladino, consisting of a very strict post-and-beam frame and made soft and comfortable by a terry-cloth-covered pad. From then on, it is pots and paths and topiary and daydreams of Derbyshire or Tuscany or the wonders of Connecticut itself as you look to the distant hills. Whatever else they are, porches are box seats from which those of us who worship nature can relax and watch the show. □

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WEAVING WONDERS

One of the last great Bauhaus teachers,
Anni Albers has brought color and texture to the Modern Movement

By Nicholas Fox Weber

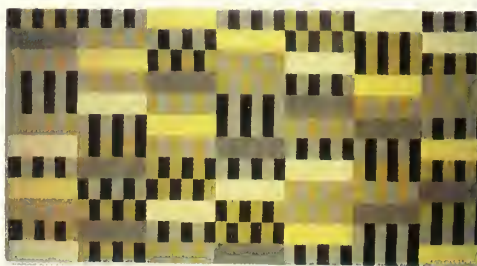
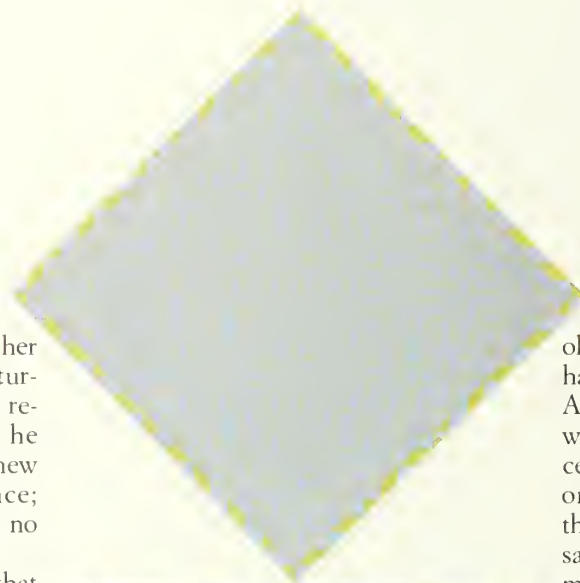
When Anni Albers at age 22 told her father, a Berlin furniture manufacturer, that she wanted to attend the recently formed Bauhaus school, he scowled. "What do you mean 'a new style'? We've had the Renaissance; we've had the Baroque; there are no new styles."

It was at the Bauhaus, however, that Anni developed the pioneering approach to abstract art and textile technique that has led her through over sixty years of creativity and quiet yet radiant influence as a weaver, writer, teacher, and printmaker. And it was the new style that eventually proved to be Anni's ticket to America, and hence her parents' salvation.

An American architecture student named Philip Johnson had admired samples of Anni's textiles on a visit to the Dessau Bauhaus. One day in the summer of 1933, shortly after the Gestapo forced the closing of the school, he ran into her on a street in Berlin and accepted an invitation for tea. Knowing that her husband, Josef, a Bauhaus teacher, was out of a job, and that Anni had a Jewish background (from the Nazi viewpoint, although she had been confirmed in the Kaiser Wilhelm Gedächtniskirche), Johnson asked if they would like to go to America. Anni said yes but gave it little more thought until a cable arrived asking Josef to head the art faculty at the new and progressive Black Mountain College in North Car-

olina. The founders of Black Mountain had gone to The Museum of Modern Art and asked Johnson (then affiliated with MOMA) for the name of an exceptional art teacher, and he had recommended Josef Albers, suggesting that Anni could teach weaving. Anni said that they thought North Carolina might be in the Philippines, but after hearing a bit more, they cabled their acceptance, with the warning that Josef spoke no English. The Black Mountain founders urged them to come anyway, and in November 1933 they sailed, visa and immigration formalities having gone surprisingly smoothly because of the intervention (unknown to the Alberses) of several influential Americans who had formed a committee to rescue German artists.

It wasn't the first time that Anni had plunged from one world into another. For a woman whose grandfather, Rudolf Ullstein of publishing fame, owned one of the first telephones in Berlin, she wouldn't answer it "because bells were only for domestics," the Weimar Bauhaus had been quite a change. She had rented an inexpensive room, with baths available only once a week, near the school. Having failed on her first attempt at admission, she was kept from heading home by the sight of



Top: Anni Albers's *DO V*, screenprint, 1973; Center: *Black, White, Yellow*, wall hanging, 1927; Bottom: Anni Albers in 1929.



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DESIGN

nt of ornament and refer to no sub-
t matter or historical style. These are
tricately balanced, rhythmic abstract
mpositions, simultaneously serene
d playful. With the pure visual pow-
of the late abstractions of Mondrian,
e hangings make a claim for textiles
a high form of art. They were every
t as serious in intention as the oils and
intercolors of Klee and Kandinsky,
o of Anni's older heroes at the Bau-
us. And even the smallest samples of
ni's drapery and upholstery fabrics
veal tremendous imagination and
ive a strong, sure voice. Metallic
reads take on a worldly, nocturnal el-
ance; jute and unbleached cotton
em to extol their rugged, handsome
ctionalism. The beauty of simple
aving techniques, of the way that
arp and weft can make something
at covers, clothes, or shelters, is
oked in all its power.

Practicality and aesthetics were in-
parable for Anni. In 1930, by which
ne she had been married to Josef for
ve years and had briefly headed the
aving workshop in the absence of its
ual director, she received her Bau-
us diploma for a sound-absorbing,
ht-reflecting material for an auditor-
im in Bernau designed by Hannes
eyer, the second Bauhaus director.
e principle of this fabric was based
part on the properties of velvet (con-
aled on the side that did not show).
it its simple, unfussy appearance was
long way from the velvets of Anni's
ildhood.

She had not dropped her past com-
etely, however. There was the time,
r example, when Josef told her that
ies van der Rohe and his "lady
end," Lily Reich, were coming for
nner; a recent bride determined to
o her best, Anni decided to make but-
ter balls with the butter curler her
other had given her at the time of her
edding. Lily Reich's first words on
itering the Alberses' house were,
Butter balls! Here, at the Bauhaus?
t the Bauhaus I should think you'd
ave a good, solid block of butter!"

It wasn't the only time that Anni was
ade to feel unsure of herself socially,
eptical about the world around her.
he realities of life—arranging for



PO I, screenprint and offset, 1973

family and friends to leave Germany in
the late thirties, coping with infirmity
and loneliness since Josef's death in
1976—have often been taxing. But the
different aspects of her art—her "pic-
torial weavings," as she grew to call her
wall hangings in America; the textiles
she has designed for Knoll and Sunar
and other firms; her writing (published
in two anthologies, *On Weaving* and
On Designing); and more recently her
printmaking, which she began in
1963—have long given her an emo-
tional stability that has effectively
countered life's vagaries.

The pictorial weavings indicate the
visual depth and jewel-like richness
possible with linked threads and are
testimony to Anni's statement that af-
ter Paul Klee recommended that she
"take a line for a walk" she let thread
do all it could. Some pieces, like *Unti-
tled* and *City*, are exuberant evocations
of urban life, grids superimposed with
endless dynamic motion and linking.
These small pieces of art are vast in
scope, full of visual interplay, of infi-
nite simultaneous conversations. Her
openwork fabrics, first manufactured
by Knoll in the late fifties, are paeans to
the moving simplicity of undyed fibers
and simple, competent knotting. The
first of the drapery type that dominates
numerous bank lobbies and corporate
headquarters today, they are viewed by
experts as part of Anni's introduction
of the openweave into twentieth-cen-
tury textile design (the artist herself

points out that it is at most a reintro-
duction, taking an idea developed by
her much-beloved Peruvian predeces-
sors).

The woven work has been in several
exhibitions, including the first one-
person show for a textile artist at The
Museum of Modern Art (Philip John-
son installed it); there have been major
graphics exhibitions at, among other
places, the Bauhaus Archive in Berlin
and The Brooklyn Museum. The trav-
eling exhibition that opened at the
Renwick Gallery of the National Muse-
um of American Art in Washington on
Anni Albers's 86th birthday shows the
various aspects of her work.

The prints give evidence of her
ceaseless ability to immerse herself in
machinery and technique, in the com-
ponents of art. They utilize the particu-
lar capabilities of etching acids,
screenprint overlays, the enlargements
and reversals possible in photo offset,
deliberate off-registration in lithogra-
phy. Like all her art, they make no at-
tempt to disguise reality—of materials,
of structure, of how they are made—
and at the same time they celebrate the
power of visual themes to provide re-
freshment and diversion of the highest
order. The *Wall* series she was working
on at the time of her 85th birthday,
which gloriously filled a gallery on the
boulevard St.-Germain this past win-
ter, does not deny the harsh truths of
life—in fact the works *depend on* the
tremulousness of her hand—and yet
they rejuvenate and invigorate us in
their subtle motion, their asymmetrical
balance, their careful revelry. The val-
ues Anni Albers discovered and began
to explore as a rebellious, committed
young woman have served her well and
given to the world a body of work that
is both calm and lively, practical and
spiritual. □

Editor's Note: "The Woven and Graphic Art of Anni Albers" will be at the Renwick Gallery, Smithsonian Institution, through Jan. 5, 1986, then travel to the Yale University Art Gallery, Jan. 30–Mar. 26; The Ackland Art Museum, University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, Apr. 19–June 2; The Portland Art Museum (graphics only) and the Oregon School of Arts and Crafts (textiles only), June 29–Aug. 25; and the Frederick S. Wight Art Gallery at UCLA, Sept. 28–Nov. 17.



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and the Montelenas, and some folks with rather odd names, like the Duckhorns, and the Stag's Leaps.

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HOUSE & GARDEN, JULY 1985

GRÅSTEN'S GARDENS

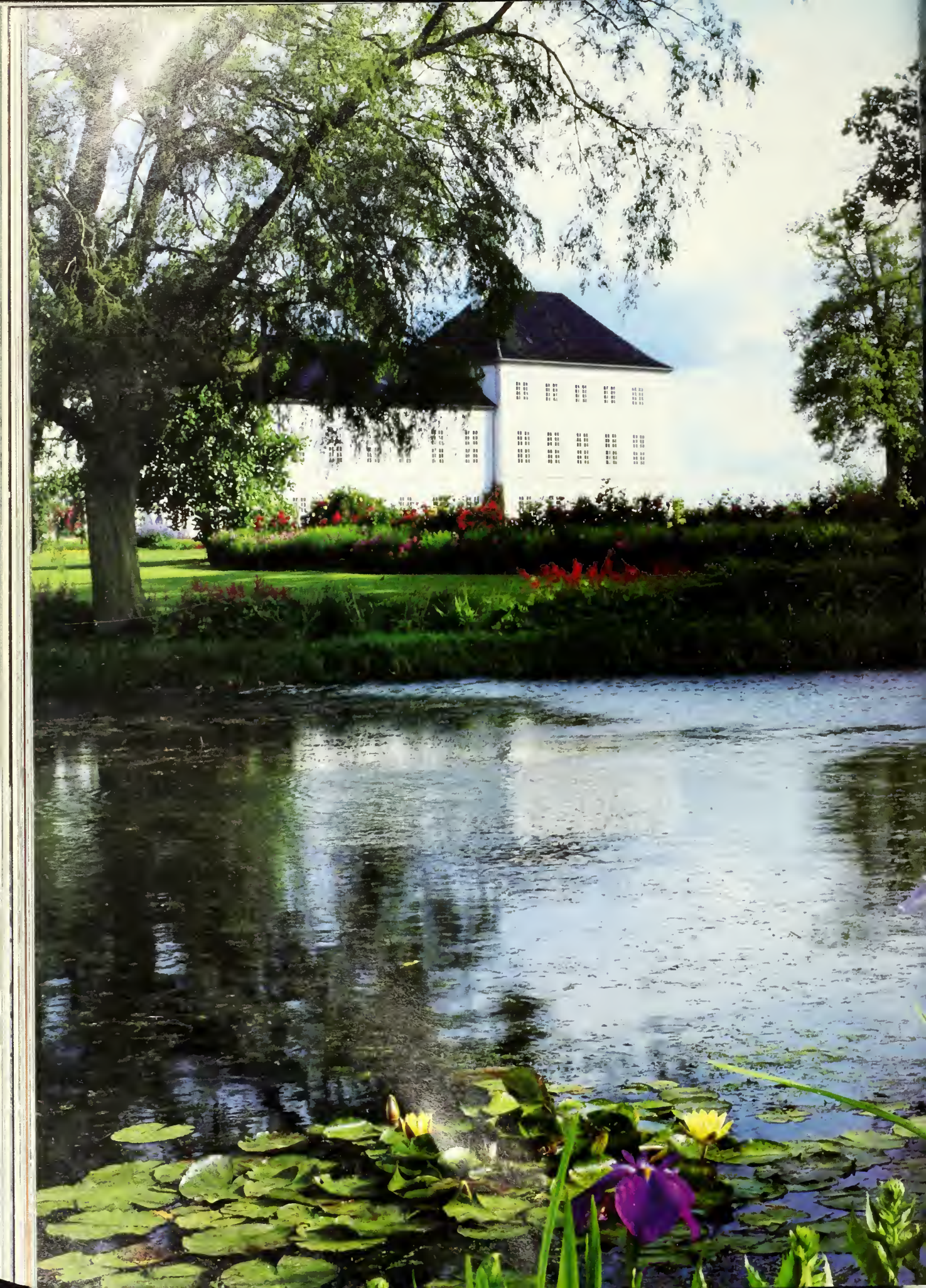
The summer retreat of Queen Ingrid,
mother of Queen Margrethe II of Denmark

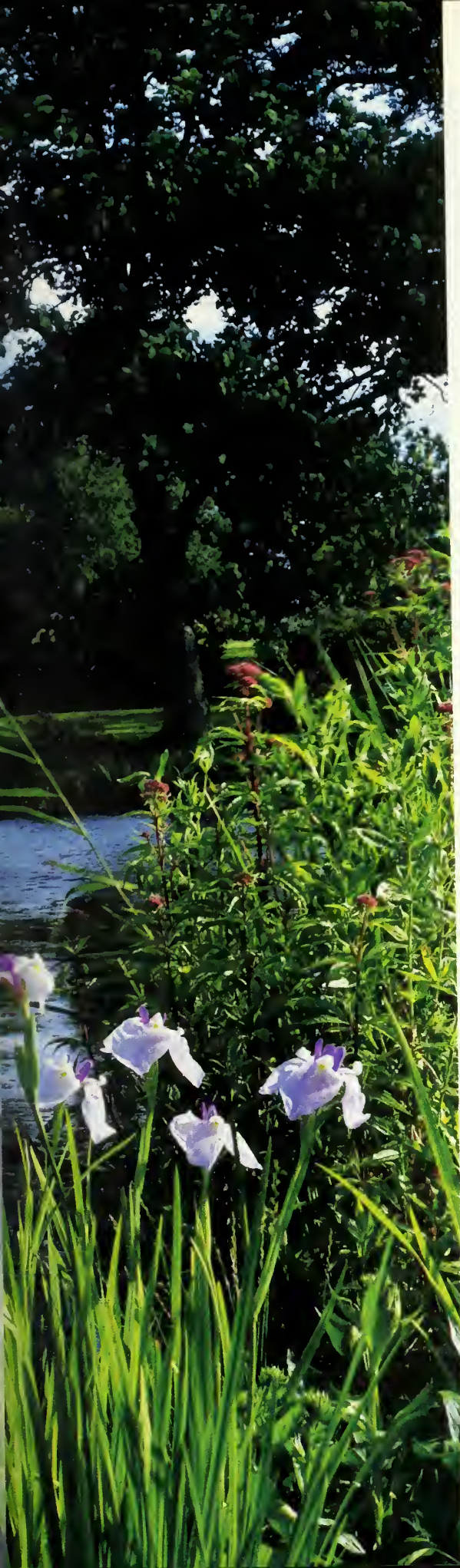
BY HATHAWAY HARDY
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARIE HOLSTEIN





"A garden must be more than just sweet," and the massing of startling colors in Grästen's gardens illustrates the strength of the queen's gardening convictions.





Fifty years ago Denmark presented its crown prince, Frederik, and his bride, Princess Ingrid of Sweden, with a summer retreat, Gråsten Castle. In turn, the old palace's twenty-acre park presented the young couple with a botanical variation of neglected Victorian clutter. "Worst of all, there weren't many flowers then. As a matter of fact, there were no flowers at all—other than a small bed of roses out in the middle of a lawn," recalls Queen Ingrid. "I didn't think that was very exciting and had it removed."

The queen continued to clear away the overgrown vestiges of another epoch's and another owner's tastes. "She ordered everything but the oaks cut away, I'm told," the head gardener P. J. Moseholt explains, "but that I can't swear to: I've only been here twenty-three years." Gråsten's first head gardener contended that the then crown princess duly informed the staff, "We are about to plant an English garden! We'll start with the borders."

Breaking with local tradition, the queen swept her lawns directly into undulating borders without the usual frontier of gravel paths. Instead, the paths meander through broad plantings of foxglove, phlox, hydrangea, and aconitum. As inspiration for her project, Queen Ingrid was free to draw on her summers spent at Bagshot Park in Surrey, the country estate of her maternal grandparents, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, or on the landscaped cliffs and ravines of Sofiero, the summer home of her father, King Gustav VI Adolf. "I started with delphinium. I wanted masses of them, and now everything is massed. That way it isn't noticeable if you've cut ten or even twenty flowers. It also helps to keep the weeds down. In gardening, it's not for naught one has English grandparents."

With its ponds on two sides and a country town or rolling hills beyond, with a scattering of three-hundred-year-old oaks, Gråsten provided freely the most difficult elements of an English garden to fabricate. After opening and seeding lawns, Queen Ingrid, the head gardener, and the Inspector for Royal Gardens began planning views.

"The important thing is to have a good gardener," and 14 of them strive to create the continuous succession of color that typifies Gråsten. *Left:* Japanese irises frame the 17th-century castle. *Above:* Queen Ingrid in her garden.



BENT PAULSEN



“I’ve borrowed much from my father’s garden.” *Clockwise from top left:* “My mother brought this marguerite from England at the turn of the century. It was one of the first things I planted. I like to call it Sofiero.” The generous lawns make peace between the blazing border colors. A 40-year Gråsten veteran, the pink geranium cultivated for the window boxes lost its name decades ago. “Creating views was critical.” Thick beds of day lilies mark the line where the park slips into rolling Danish countryside.



“Another of my passions are primulas, which are fantastic.” *Clockwise from top left:* “They start in the very earliest spring and the last is, I think, yellow florindae, which is very tall. The brilliant blues of the queen’s favorite delphinium relieve the castle’s blinding whiteness. For textural variety hydrangea and other flowering bushes are mixed into the beds of massed *Lysimachia punctata* and a calceolaria hybrid. “Training roses into the trees is an idea I borrowed from English friends,” and several floribundas extend the flowering season of the Gravenstein apples, a strain developed at Grästen.



“It is typical of Gråsten to have willows and oaks together, a happy combination. The willows belong here naturally in the damp earth. The oaks are the last vestige of the original rococo parterres.” *Right:* Primulas line the banks of a stream. *Above:* At the “Princesses’ Doll house” where Hans Christian Andersen wrote *The Little Match Girl*, ‘Gloire de Dijon’ climbs the wall and ‘Moulin Rouge’ is framed in ‘Hidcote’ lavender.

Woodland trees and undergrowth were allowed to creep along the banks of the pond nearest the castle’s main façade. Only where Gråsten’s broad stone stairs and grassy embankment approach the water is the greenery kept back to expose the water, the gables of the town and the thousands of migratory birds resting among the reeds.

At the far end of the park an old-fashioned, half-timbered and thatched staff cottage—now a playhouse for royal grandchildren—is surrounded with a seemingly traditional country garden. Hollyhocks and a scent garden of aromatic geraniums and sage bask in the warmth of a southern exposure and the view. Looking back over a brook falling from the old moat and a water meadow with its water lilies, there is a glimpse of the whitewashed castle through oaks and apple trees. Window boxes dripping petunias and a hedge flooded with bush roses assures a bucolic view of the cottage from the other direction.

Close inspection of this “country cottage yard” exposes it as a well-kept and critically detailed estate garden. The bush roses ‘Moulin Rouge’ are edged with ‘Hidcote’ lavender, *(Text continued on page 160)*









"My oldest daughter and I designed these cottage borders in scallops to make them seem deeper." Beds of heliotrope, calceolaria, lobelia, mesembryanthemum, ageratium, alyssum, and verbena compose the "Persian Carpet" spread around the well.

OPEN HOUSE IN ATLANTA

Art, primitive and new, and period furniture find a peaceful setting in a reworked Georgian house

BY MARGARET MORSE PHOTOGRAPHS BY FELICIANO





By demolishing sections of walls, the owners connected the solarium, living and dining rooms. A Papuan fertility figure and Heery & Heery's wrapped-pole sculpture back a divider and a slice of a Basquiat painting is seen nearby. Tressard "Tahiti" cloth covers three antique French chairs and Scalamandré pearl taffeta, the sofas. Three-legged end table by Bob Trotman. Stark rugs.



Simple furnishings in the solarium, *right*, include drop-cloth-covered Flexform chairs, Eileen Gray tables, a Stark rug, an antique blanket chest. Outside the neo-Palladian window is Caroline Montague's stainless steel *Down Draft*. *Top*: In the study, Keith Haring's *Reaching for Heart* tarpaulin. *Above*: The dining room, appropriately enough, displays Basquiat's *Esophagus*.





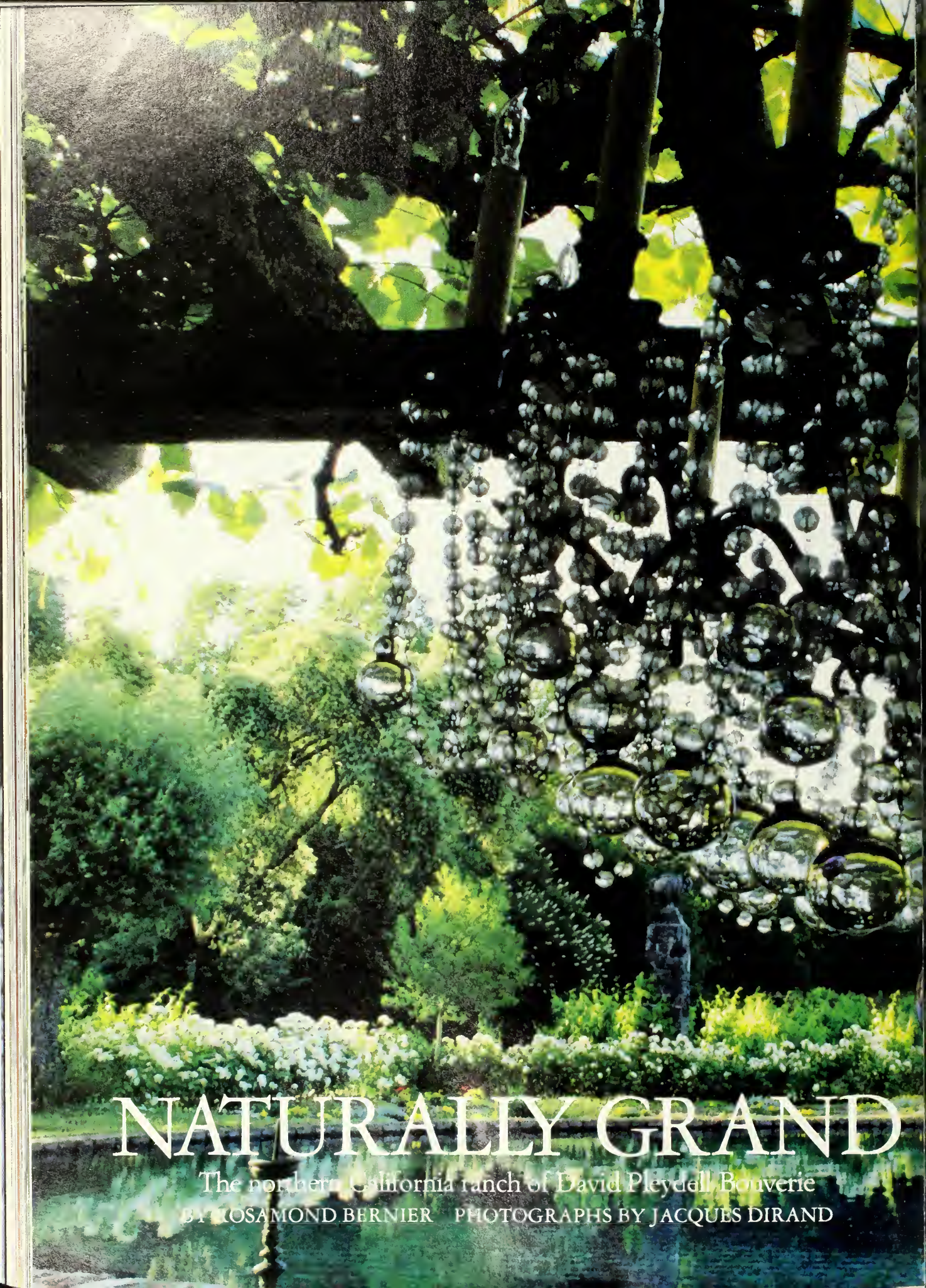
The verb “gut” has a harsh sound but visitors to Allen and Kelli Questrom’s house in Atlanta surely think of it as a kindly process, for it was by this radical surgery that the rooms in the traditional 65-year-old house were made to open into one another as seamlessly as if they had always done so. For the Questroms, executives in retailing and advertising who required a large house in which to entertain, the clean-sweep remodeling with new wide windows and French doors brought each room closer to the surrounding woods and terraced gardens. There paths amble through stands of hickory, magnolia, azalea, and dogwood, and a creek threads its way under fieldstone footbridges.

The furnishings testify to the Questroms’ personal taste and history. From a former house in upstate New York came antique French chairs. From an Art Deco duplex in Los Angeles came later classics like a bronze Giacometti table in the living room. From travels came primitive art. In Atlanta the Questroms added contemporary primitivist paintings and, to strengthen the undercurrent of tradition, Empire, Biedermeier, and Regency pieces found for them by decorator Dan Carithers. Mrs. Questrom compares the house to “a temple for a spontaneous accumulation of things, where the objects can show their individuality yet live in harmony.” □ *Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet*

In the master suite’s spa room, *right*, an Empire table has a sculpture-garden view. Three-footed stool by John Dickinson. *Above*: Breuer’s lounge chair from ICF and banquettes furnish sitting area. Over banquette, painting by Willem de Looper.





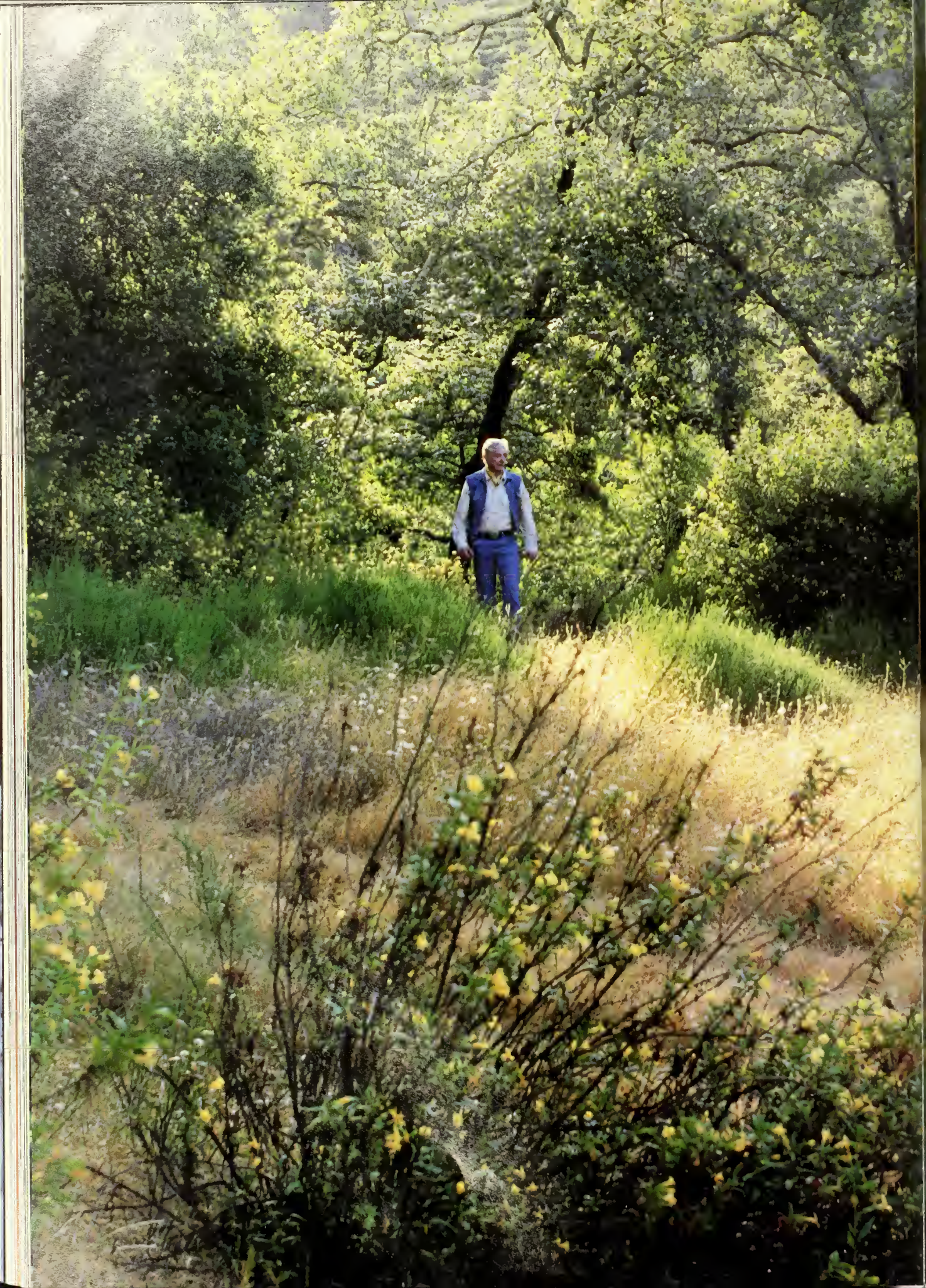


NATURALLY GRAND

The northern California ranch of David Pleydell Bouverie

BY ROSAMOND BERNIER PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES DIRAND







A 19th-century French chandelier, *preceding pages*, hangs from the wisteria-draped trellis over the terrace of Bouverie's house. *Opposite*: The owner in a sea of wild flowers, an area frequented by nature classes. *Above*: In foreground of a guest-house living room is an 18th-century Nigerian Epa mask. On table, a ceramic sculpture by David Gilhooley, one of many Bouverie owns.

Botanist and boulevardier, cosmopolitan and conservationist, David Pleydell-Bouverie is a manifold man who leads a blissful, stylish, open-hearted, and entirely unproductive life on several hundred acres of land in northern California. On that property, and within just a few yards of one another, there are nine places to live and nine well-provided kitchens. But there is no "big house." Still less is there a "showplace." It is difficult to have a showplace without a show person, and David Bouverie (as he prefers to be called) is disinclined to talk up the fine houses he has designed and built, the celestial landscape he saved from dereliction on the one hand and the developers on the other, and his wonderfully wayward and understated collections of this and that. He is delighted to have his friends come and go, and he takes un-

told trouble to see that they have a memorable time, but the Bouverie Ranch in the Valley of the Moon in Sonoma County is the last place in the world of which the word "pompous" could ever be used.

"It's just a bit of land, really," he will say, if pushed to talk about it. "But blessedly beautiful land, about five hundred acres of it. It's about 45 minutes by car from San Francisco, but it's also about fifty miles from the ocean. The climate is like that of southern Italy, but with the difference that we get thirty inches of rainfall in the winter, so the trees are large and lush.

"The eagle, the bear, and the mountain lion were lord- ing it here with a few Pomo Indians until the Spaniards came riding in, 160 years ago, and the wild oats were as high as the Spanish saddles. The Pomo Indians used the





David Bouverie likes small rooms with overscaled pictures, like his living room, *left*. Marine view above fireplace is by members of the van de Velde family. Plaster bacchante was done by Marian Brackenridge, a Sonoma artist. On right wall, between gold-framed mirrors and George III sconces, is a painting by Mathias Withoos. Ceramics on table by David Gilhooley. In foreground, Bouverie's much-worn rancher's hat with rattlesnake-skin trim. *Above*: Lunch is regularly taken on the terrace outside Bouverie's living room, but first, drinks are served around the corner, where the terrace continues.



In the kitchen/dining room, *above*, farmhouse Queen Anne chairs are at a mahogany-inlaid-with-walnut table holding Mason ironstone china. On cabinets are Central European dueling pistols and two icons—at left is a 16th-century Byzantine one, the other is 14th-century Russian. Czechoslovakian chandelier; 18th-century decorative pictures. *Right* A full moon conspires with white roses banking the pool.

huge cave underneath the waterfall as a place for secret ceremonies, and in fact I was warned by the Pomo Indians of the present generation not to disturb the tunnels in that cave. If I did, they said, ill would befall me.

“Owner after owner plundered and exploited this bit of land, cut down groves of oak and madrone, dynamited the steelhead trout out of the streams, dug great holes and sold the shale for road material and finally, in 1911, took wagonloads of beautiful volcanic rock across the valley to make Jack London’s famous Wolf House. Then, in the thirties, just as it was about to be cut up and sold to developers, I was able to buy it. I was in my twenties then, and I’ve been here ever since.

“I’d been in love with America since I first came here when I was 21. If I especially liked northern California,

and if I preferred warm sunny cottages to any one big house, it was because I had grown up in huge cold houses in England where the only luxury was the art on the walls. Both my grandfathers were enormously rich—William Bouverie, the fifth Earl of Radnor, lived in Longford Castle and owned, among other things, the entire town of Folkestone, and Alfred Vickers is said to have manufactured 75 percent of all the armaments that were used by the European Allies during World War I—but as I was the fourth son of a second son, and as primogeniture is very important in England, that didn’t do me too much good. In fact my parents told me that they couldn’t afford to send me to university, though they employed fourteen gardeners at that time.”

Though he never talks (Text continued on page 174)







Lunch is sometimes served within a circle of *Sequoia sempervirens* in the lower part of the canyon, *opposite*, a short walk from the house. Table is set with Mason china and a Georgian silver wine cooler given to Bouverie by Vincent Astor for designing a building. *This page:* Behind the waterfall in Bouverie's canyon are secret caves once used by the Pomo Indians for magic rituals.



THE BEAUTY OF LOGIC

In a quiet California beach town, architects Janice Kay and Michael Batter build a machine for living

BY BARBARA FLANAGAN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARY E. NICHOLS

Ever since Le Corbusier's 1923 manifesto, *Towards A New Architecture*, made the enigmatic claim "the house is a machine for living in," the phrase has been pinned on everything from high-tech, low-art tract cottages to high-art, low-tech villas. Sixty years ago, young Modernists were more diligent about finding the right interpretation: should the perfect house work like a real machine or just look like one? No one was really certain. Yet the philosophical confusion did not slow down the influence of the French master, alternately

This hillside villa, *above*, divides both indoor and outdoor living space into formal and informal zones. Indoors, the upstairs is for daily living, the downstairs for entertaining. Outdoors, the east garden is a level, concrete-and-flora grid, the west garden a windblown grassy slope. *Opposite*: The pool courtyard separates living areas from bedrooms. Chair is Eero Aarnio's "Gyro."





Sunlight and ocean winds, moving through the very center of the house, are reflected and deflected by many movable surfaces. On summer days, the sliding roof and eleven pivoting doors open up to the Mediterranean-like elements.





In the living room, curves are distributed carefully—in the floor plan, the chimney, Roberto Sebastiani Matto's puzzle seating, and in artist Nancy Kay's golden sculpture. *Opposite:* The circular accents are the Zanussi "Torum" light in the background and two Corbusier/Perrin-designed chairs.





hailed and condemned as the true father of the “International Style.” For even though the Machine Age has become the Floppy Disc Era, Le Corbusier’s legacy still inspires plenty of new acolytes.

A recent homage, designed by Batter Kay Associates of Solana Beach, California, may be just the kind of interpretation that Le Corbusier—who was actually much more Mediterranean romantic than mechanic—would have praised. This seaside villa is a reminder, and perhaps even an ex-post-facto model, of the sensually useful living machine Le Corbusier

was trying to equip with abundant “baths, sun, hot water, cold water, warmth at will, conservation of food, hygiene, beauty in the sense of good proportion.” Batter Kay’s commission offered not only a healthful Côte d’Azur-like climate and site but also the kind of enlightened resident “Corbu” revered—a real engineer. (“Our engineers are healthy and virile, active and useful, balanced and happy in their work,” the architect wrote.) The clients—a computer pioneer/manufacturer and his wife, both in their mid sixties—exercise daily on every level of the house and also happen to admire art,

Italian industrial design, and the famous manifesto. They were in perfect harmony with their architects.

Janice Kay Batter and Michael Batter met the Modern Movement at Harvard, studied with latter-day Corbusians like Charles Gwathmey, and tirelessly tracked down the original work through France and Switzerland. Once fluent in the Purist language of spare shapes, materials, and details, the two architects prepared to spread the European message. Batter Kay Associates moved west to begin practicing in a quiet beach burg where many of (Text continued on page 182)

White is “always powerful since it is positive,” Le Corbusier wrote. *Above:* Architects Batter Kay think that white is always right since it is capricious: each night this house becomes moonlight blue outside and incandescent pink and yellow inside. *Opposite:* With the pool dark, the courtyard is filled with architectonic reflections; with underwater lights on, the room turns a dramatic, undulating turquoise.





MICALAGO MICHELAGO

The Australian Victorian house that
starred in *My Brilliant Career*

BY LEO SCHOFIELD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIM STREET-PORTER





Like most houses of prosperous graziers, Micalago evolved haphazardly. *Opposite:* Loggia and clock tower are part of a scheme of unification carried out by Sydney architect Leslie Wilkinson in the forties. A high, wide hall, *this page*, bisects the Georgian house.





I believe in the psychic powers of location. The Norfolk sequences in *The Ploughman's Lunch* with that flat sky had real power." Margaret Fink, the producer of the celebrated Australian film *My Brilliant Career*, is talking about her search for a house to use in her movie.

"I spent three years looking at every important historic country house in New South Wales, but I knew the moment I saw Micalago that this was it. It had a wonderful period garden that I needed for the outdoor scenes and dozens of splendid rooms many of which we used." Fink and her designer, Luciana Arrighi, altered the exterior color scheme and redecorated several rooms for the film—"we had to make it a hundred years younger"—for Micalago is no fly trapped in amber. Its particular potency lies in the fact that it has expanded almost continually since one Count Rossi settled here around 1827.

A commissioned officer in an Anglo-Corsican regiment, Rossi was appointed Superintendent of Police in the colony of New South Wales in 1824. At Micalago he built a simple, unpretentious cottage: a fairly rudi-

Sun-washed drawing room, *left*, with doorframes and fireplace made from Richmond red cedar, a timber now extinct. *Right, top to bottom:* Whitewashed piers and pickets and a Wilkinson-designed iron arch at the gate leading into the courtyard; the woolshed where sheep were shorn, wool "classed" according to quality and baled for shipment to Sydney; one of the earliest outbuildings at Micalago with outside kitchen chimney and undersize roof heights.





mentary foursquare little building bisected by a central hall with two rooms off on either side and one of those peculiarly Australian low-slung verandas running all round. Rossi's house still stands, used now for guest accommodation, but built onto and around it is an extraordinary sequence of out-buildings, courtyards, and pavilions that make Micalago one of Australia's loveliest and most idiosyncratic country homesteads.

Adjoining the original cottage and set at right angles to it is the imposing house begun in 1837 and finished five years later by Alexander Ryrie who acquired the property from Rossi. Made of stone blocks, some two feet thick, Ryrie's house is ringed with the traditional Australian shaded veranda, a kind of architectural bushman's hat. A feature found at Micalago as in almost all Australian colonial buildings, the veranda, besides lending a distinctive outline to a building, had precise functions. In the fierce heat of the Australian summer its roof shaded the walls of a house, keeping the rooms inside cool. Shutters on French doors were usually shut, too, on very hot days, (Text continued on page 180)

A Georgian desk, Victorian cedar furniture, and chintz, right, give a typically Australian country-house look to the master bedroom.

Left, top to bottom: Spring blossoms in a corner of the wide veranda; the formal dining room, with family furniture shipped from England in the early 1800s; a 19th-century dray for hauling wool now has a purely decorative role.









AN ARTIST'S LIFE, 1985

The art-encrusted loft of
Julian and Jacqueline Schnabel

BY DORIS SAATCHI PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI

By the main doors into the living and dining area is Francesco Clemente's specially commissioned fresco. The Florence Knoll table and Paul McCobb chairs are used for rare dinner parties. More often, the Schnabels eat in the kitchen with a few close friends.



REMANA SAN
SANTO...



Works in Julian Schnabel's office, opposite, are often paintings kept on hand for future reference. Currently under scrutiny is *St. Rita* from his last show at New York's Pace Gallery. Above: Julian Schnabel by Andy Warhol from a photograph by Jacqueline Schnabel waits for Schnabel's serious business on a rowing machine. The double-headed lamp is a Schnabel design.

When it comes to brightening up the house it is amazing what a difference a can or two of paint can make. In a featureless former printing plant on a bleak Manhattan street, paint has transformed a warren of dark, ungainly spaces into a family home filled with Mediterranean sunshine and peopled with gods, kings, saints, and apparently unrecalcitrant sinners.

Of course, not everyone is as handy with a brush as Julian Schnabel. In 1977, single, short of cash, and struggling for recognition as an artist, he found a place to live and work in a midtown neighborhood so nondescript that New Yorkers had not bothered to give it a nickname. With only his dog and cat for company and a few drop cloths over plywood bases for furniture, he painted in a studio where it was always night, as he had partitioned off the area where the windows were and leased it to another artist so he could afford the rent.

The neighborhood is still anonymous, and Julian, now married, prosperous, and internationally renowned for his paintings on backgrounds of broken crockery, velvet, tarpaulin, and board, is still there.

When his ménage and the interest in his work grew, he



There are plenty of places to sit in the Schnabel living room. One of them is a hundred-year-old French reproduction of an Empire bed with cushions covered in a variety of fabrics, including batik and sari cotton. On right wall is Schnabel's *Mud in Mudanza*. On column is a Schnabel portrait of Jacqueline drawn by candlelight during a Mexican holiday.





needed more space. But instead of moving out, he and his Belgian wife, Jacqueline, moved sideways and down, bit by bit, in the same building. By 1983, they had acquired the huge apartment and studio they now share with their two young daughters, Lola and Stella, and a nanny. All traces of Julian's original place are gone. The lodger's old space (the one with the windows) is now a large, bright kitchen. Julian's original studio is an open-plan office. And the old kitchen is the top half of a two-story studio created when the floor was removed.

The present plan, devised almost entirely by Jacqueline with architect Buddy Mear, owes its layout partly to Julian's need for a self-contained but adjacent studio. "I may not paint every day, but I have to have a place I can go into at odd hours. If I had to get dressed and go somewhere else, I would work less," he says. The plan also owes a great deal to Jacqueline's European upbringing in rambling, turn-of-the-century apartments with foyers, high ceilings, grand rooms, and private corners for separate family activities. The Schnabel apartment is arranged as several satellite areas around a central 25-by-35-foot living and dining room with 11-foot, 6-inch ceilings and 9-foot, 6-inch doors. Julian has a choice of access to his studio from the apartment or directly from the street, and anyone bedding down overnight in the office can use the kitchen at all hours without disturbing the rest of the household. At the opposite end of the space, sitting room, bedrooms, and bathrooms for the children and nanny are cloistered behind glass-and-wood doors and Jacqueline and Julian have a self-contained bedroom, dressing room, and bathroom suite. Such pragmatism is not altogether surprising in an aviatrix's daughter who came from Antwerp to New York seeking adventure and built an old-fashioned barbecue on the terrace of her first apartment in the city with stones and bricks she found on the street and hauled upstairs in the dead of night.

Nor is it altogether surprising that an artist whose work is centered on feelings has a highly developed sense of the romantic. "I wanted a place that looked as if it had always been here," says Julian. Walls and ceilings were scraped and left rough, then painted a yellowed white. Pipes were left exposed and doors were painted and repainted in different colors, then half-stripped to let the various layers show through. Apparently worn with time and left untouched, such elements give the apartment the sweetly melancholic air of an urban ruin.

Julian added reminders not just of age but of antiquity. A load-bearing pillar standing roughly at the center of the apartment has become a crudely squared, flared pier like something salvaged from the underground vaults of an early medieval church. At the same time, it has become "something we could use," as Julian puts it, providing space for small paintings and drawings while it holds up the floor above it. An undesirable but indispensable beam across the studio space has been shaped with plaster into an apparently ancient rafter weathered by exposure. In the children's bedrooms, where there is little light, Jacqueline and Julian commissioned trompe-l'oeil artist David Cohen to paint sunlight on the walls in murals copied almost exactly from Pompeian frescoes.

Among the flotsam (Text continued on page 182)



The headboard of the Schnabels' bed, *opposite*, started out at the foot, but according to Jacqueline, "It looked like a coffin, so we had to change it around and make a smaller endpiece." On the wall is Schnabel's *Ethnic Types 15 and 72*. Above: Schnabel's *Mutant King* occupies one wall of the children's sitting room. Below: The view from the Schnabels' bed is of his *St. Sebastian*, whose plight is emphasized by a prickly cactus beside the Gio Ponti mirror on the dressing table. The armchair is an old favorite recovered with pony skin.



The children's bedroom open into one large room with beds at opposite ends. The murals by David Cohen are painstaking copies of frescoes at Pompeii, the children's beds Schnabel scaled-up versions of collapsible campaign beds.





AUTOBIOGRAPHY AS A GARDEN

BY ANN LEIGHTON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER MARGONELLI

Every garden is a party, whether the designer has created it for himself to invite his soul or conceived it as a jolly get-together of old friends and showy newcomers to impress chance visitors. In either case the garden will be the gardener's most telling self-portrait, more truly revealing than posed sketches in other mediums. Even if the garden is designed especially for him, to take care of slavishly although it is another's inspiration, it will reveal much about the owner. Dedicated independent gardeners may look incredulously at those who are willing to devote their energies to maintaining others' inspirations, but let us remember that garden history began with Adam and Eve taking care—up to a point—of a garden designed especially for them.

And let us not hide and hedge. I see all my faults reflected in what I grow: sentimental attachments fraught with childhood associations, blind loyalty to long-departed donors whose gifts I have not the heart to discard; adolescent fondness for plants with stories attached that exceed the aesthetic values of the plants themselves; a fixation on excitement and tricks in color where long expanses of massed and muted pastel shades can be pointed up by one prick of orange or lacquer red—I admit them all. When, as a devoted wife, I recognized my husband as a master gardener, bold, brave, proud, refusing to harbor anything not grown from seed by himself, full of humor and curiosity, bent upon assembling interesting plants, not in the least unable to discard anything, I knew he was my exact opposite.

So when we finally found our permanent home, how we managed to garden together—when all we agreed upon was that each of us wished to create his or her own garden—was resolved by our gardening as rivals, politely touring each other's accomplishments at the end of each day. Under his tutelage I had hoped to end as a dry-fly fisherwoman and on my own initiative to become a perennial-border queen. I ended my fishing life still confined to a wet fly and I have never been able to get brightly through August without annuals. Our garden solution was that I undertook a long curving perennial border following the contours of the landscape around the lawn (his) while he turned a steep bank into a central rock garden into which he poured his interesting treasures. He was in charge of the extensive vegetable garden. I did the woodland paths and the wild flowers. Walks at the end of the day were totally amicable.

Which was as well, because, when we had finally been able to settle into our permanent home, we had encountered quite a problem. From living in a succession of five houses and gardens in Burma and India, we found ourselves living around Boston trying out different sections in rented houses with frequent periods of house hunting. So, when my husband telephoned to me, visiting my sister in Washington, that he had finally found the perfect place for us, I felt it was just another hope and I did not hurry home. He said there was a wonderful view across miles of marshes to the sea. He said also it was on the way to a great stretch of beach, and one of a half-dozen typically American summer houses built by Boston families bent upon simple living and communing with an impressive environment. We would be the first who had ever spent a winter there. The idea was to winterize the house with its lovely view, write there through the winters, and rent it for the summers, which we would spend in England. So we moved in with our two little boys.

Of course it was not quite as simple as that. I had arrived from Washington, in my own time, to find matters proceeding at top speed. My husband had made the marital error of showing the place to my two best friends who called me to say through their teeth that I had to like it, he liked it so much. Of course, nobly silent, I hated it. It seemed to me the exact opposite of anything I had ever dreamed of living in. I had grown up in a large Federal town house with an ample early-nineteenth-century garden, actually the spark of my later interest in accurate historical garden restorations as living records of past societies. Every room was identifiable and self-contained with a name like parlor, library, nursery. Here we were perched upon a little hill with one other house in sight and all rooms flowing into each other and into the view. But finally, of course, after one summer away while the house was being reroofed and relined and stuffed with rock wool, I began to see its charm and we gave up any idea of summering abroad. Because, by then, we had started on the garden.

A distinguished landscape architect had designed the elaborate little midsummer garden for his friend who was joining the colony on the beach road. Judging by the ample servants' quarters, which we were to convert gradually into children's studies, expense and upkeep had no place in the plans. The garden was a jewel, tightly enclosed—sometimes

(Text continued on page 176)



The border, *above*, runs from below the terrace backed by a low fence, to meet an old stone wall that ascends the hill. All the peonies, except the old double white 'Festiva Maxima', are the best seedlings from four single Japanese peonies bought fifty years ago. One, 'The Colonel', gives a touch of red, *below*, to pale, pale blue Siberian iris, yellow bearded iris, and a pink peony called 'Emily'.





Under a leaning Japanese maple at the top of the bank, *top*, the rock garden became a medieval tapestry of small bright flowers: white arabis and snow-in-summer, yellow potentilla and creeping broom, little pink, rose, blue, and white geraniums, blue creeping phlox, pink and white rock roses, and dark blue veronicas. *Above*: The setting sun, slanting its light across the little valley to the north, picks out the landscape to shine, leaving the garden proper in darkness in the foreground and pointing up the primary reason for fostering the entire landscape. It is Browning's "when the quiet end of evening smiles, miles and miles." On the left an oak underplanted by a Japanese maple, a wild cherry over the wall, and a giant shagbark hickory to the right.



Across the terrace toward the southern view, *top*, the eye leaves the formality of the start of the border and is carried across the tops of trees in the orchard and the field beyond that to miles of marshland and low distant hills. Ornamental trees give foliage color spring and fall. The large white clematis on the corner, trained to climb the wisteria, is *C. Henryi*. *Above*: View to the north extends to include Mount Agamenticus in Maine, depending on how good one's eyes are, or it can slope to an undulating field darkened by the shadows of trees. In the face of such competition the border yields to a low shrubbery of grays and greens before it picks up color again and ascends the rise toward the skyline.



DECORATING DEADLINE AT THE BRADLEES'

Rooms loomed, friends
laughed, and painters hid, but
Sally Quinn lives to tell how she made
her historic house a home

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTOPHER LITTLE

Sally Quinn, *above*, on the porch of her house
in Washington, D.C. *Right*: Prominent in one seating area
of the living room is a reversible Coromandel screen whose
white side was traditionally shown at times of mourning.
Low table is Japanese. Quilts and throws can be found in
almost every room of the house.







I seem fated to persuade my husband to buy houses he's not particularly enthusiastic about.

This one was all wrong for us. It was too dark, too gloomy, too cold, and above all, it was much too big.

There was no question about it. This was a big house. *The Washington Post* had once described it as a "40 room mansion in Georgetown." I actually tried to count the rooms, but I never know whether bathrooms, pantries, and walk-in closets qualify as rooms so I kept coming up with different numbers.

One very hot day, shortly after we bought the house in July 1983, we had left the front door open while we were surveying the construction, and after a while I heard a noise in the entrance hall.

Standing there, bedecked in Washington Monument T-shirts and hats, were some twelve tourists fanning out to take pictures and inspect the premises.

"May I help you?" I asked politely but firmly.

"We just wanted to take a few photos," said one as he began clicking away.

"Excuse me, but this is my home," I said, emphasizing the word *home*.

Sally Quinn and Ben Bradlee's house, *above*, was built in 1793 and owned decades later by Robert Todd Lincoln. *Right*: Three sofas in the generous living room were cut down from fifteen-foot banquettes custom built by the previous owners. Chairs are in Brunswick & Fils's Bentley Ticking Stripe. An old tapestry from London covers the ottomans. Painstakingly mixed wall color was dubbed Quinn Rose by the painter. Pillows are variously Iranian patchwork, favorite chintzes, and Sally's needlepoint.







THIS MAN WAS
TALKED TO DEATH

THE GREAT HOUSES OF PARIS

THE KENNEDY YEARS

VANITY FAIR

THE GREAT HOUSES OF PARIS

THE KENNEDY YEARS

THE INSTANT

EMERSON

KEEPERS OF THE SEA

THE GREAT HOUSES OF PARIS



Faux bois in the library, *left*, was done by Malcolm Robson, who also recently worked at Mount Vernon. Watercolor of pencils, above sofa, is by Polly Kraft. When Ben and Sally saw the Currier & Ives now in the bookcase, he said, "This is me! This is me!" Silk paisley is from Cowtan & Tout. *Above and below*: The dining room is where much of the Bradlee ancestors' Canton china is displayed. Tablecloth fabric is Scalamandré.





"You live here?" asked another, incredulous.

"Gee," said a third, as I was escorting him to the door, "we thought it was one of them institutions."

Mental institution was what came to a friend's mind when I told her I was going to decorate it myself.

"But it's forty rooms," she said.

"No, no," I replied. "Bathrooms, pantries, and walk-in closets don't count."

I rationalized about the size, but I found it difficult to overcome public perception. Especially when I would walk in to show a friend the house and find my stepson playing basketball in the thirty-by-fifty-foot living room. It didn't help when a local magazine ran a picture of the house on its cover (with the purchase price) or that TV camera crews and photographers were waiting out front every morning when we would come over to meet the contractor.

The tennis court was a favorite topic of conversation among our friends. A congressman friend, Timothy Wirth, printed up matchbook covers that read "Club Q-B," and others asked for membership. Friends began calling from New York asking for room reservations for the weekend.

(Text continued on page 170)

Quinn and Bradlee's porch, *right*, runs the entire width of the house and overlooks the garden, tennis court, and recently added pool. In the summer, the porch becomes both living room and dining room. Sally furnished it with ferns, antique wicker, and a faded-looking cotton from Greeff to enhance the Southern manor-house feeling.

Above: Flower prints from a portfolio by Teresa Hagg are among sixteen hanging in the room. Screen was found in the attic at Grey Gardens. Floral chintz on bed is

Tudor Rose by Rose Cumming.







MEET

Gilbert & George

1984

THE HIGH AESTHETIC STYLE OF GILBERT & GEORGE

BY JOHN RUSSELL PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD BRYANT



British artists
Gilbert & George
live in London
amid the visionary
artifacts of the
Arts and Crafts
Movement

As a “good address,” Fournier Street, London, E.1, is never going to rival Piccadilly or Belgrave Square, but it has its place in social history, the history of architecture, and the history of art. (Habitues of the Market Café that is one of its attractions would add that it has its place in the history of fair dealing, too.) Dominated at one end by one of the noblest of Nicholas Hawksmoor’s London churches, it is within a moment or two of a public house that is named after Jack the Ripper, once the terror of the neighborhood. The street as a whole dates from the early eighteenth century, a time at which unornamented London row houses had both a plain grandeur of proportion and an exceptional finesse of detail. The houses in Fournier Street were mostly lived in at one time by Huguenot weavers, and for that reason many of them still have broad panoramic windows that open onto bagfuls of sky.

This was from its beginnings a cosmopolitan quarter, and there is a building not a minute away that has served successively as a Protestant church, a synagogue, and a

(Text continued on page 162)

A photo-piece by Gilbert & George, *preceding pages left*, called *Meet*, 60 by 72 inches, 1984. *Preceding pages right*, “Clutha” art glass by Christopher Dresser, 1885; at right, “The Goose Neck” design. *Right*: Gilbert & George with part of their Brannam Art Pottery collection, showing slipware and sgraffito ware from 1880s and '90s.









The early-18th-century façade of Gilbert & George's house, *above*, with Regency remodeling. *Top, from left*: "Clutha" art glass is on Charles Eastlake sideboard; in foreground, pottery by Sir Edmund Elton. An oak Gothicized chair by William Butterfield is beside Bruce Talbert sideboard with Brannam pottery from 1880s and '90s. Bruce Talbert hanging behind 19th-century neo-Gothic bench by an 1878 Eastlake medieval revival bookcase; vases and botanical plate designed by Christopher Dresser. *Bottom, from left*: Christopher Dresser brass and red painted candlesticks and brass jug are on Augustus Pugin neo-Gothic table; on the left, painted 18th-century sideboard attributed to Morris & Co. holds "Watcombe Terr-cotta"; in cupboard on right is collection of Minton and Royal Worcester, 1870-80s. Another "aesthetic" sideboard by Charles Eastlake holds pottery by Elton. Pugin neo-Gothic buffet is to left of glazed cabinet by Charles Eastlake with *Aesop's Fables* decoration by Clement Heaton, 1870s; all vases designed by Christopher Dresser and made at Lintorpe art pottery, 1879-82.





Gilbert & George's coats, opposite, hang on Christopher Dresser's 1876 iron hall stand. All the vases, *this page*, on Charles Eastlake 1876 Medieval Revival bookcase and elsewhere in this room by Christopher Dresser. Silk-velvet chairs designed by Pugin are around octagonal neo-Gothic table by Howard & Sons. Mahogany 1888 lily-pad occasional table designed by George Jack is between two chairs by Guild of Handicrafts. "Celtic Hunting Rug" by George Bain.

BEYOND SIMPLICITY

Nantucket's pure
air and light and landscape
inspire an artist/designer



BY ELAINE GREENE
PHOTOGRAPHS
BY FRANÇOIS HALARD



On Shaker pegs hangs foul-weather gear beside a wisp of a homemade wreath, *opposite*.
This page: Abbie Zabar admires and collects baskets for their form, texture, color, and "because they can only be made by hand."



A five-room cottage became a single rectangular space ending in a living area, *top*. Sofas from Italy are covered in linen. *Above*: The existing breezeway, a lovely tunnel of shade in summer, was improved by a drapery of white wisteria.

Abbie Zabar, a young collagist and graphics designer, needleworker, onetime architecture student, and creator of this house, can't even set out a plate of cookies without arranging them. It is not that she takes extra time or frets about the impression she is making; there is simply a design mechanism in her head that composes, colors, and edits everything that comes into her vicinity.

Although editing is always a component of design, it seems especially important in the Zabar style. To borrow an old classification used to describe writers, she is a "taker-outer," not a "putter-inner." More than one friend has called the day after a visit to the Zabar New York apartment or the Nantucket house to tell Abbie, "I went home and threw away a lot of things."

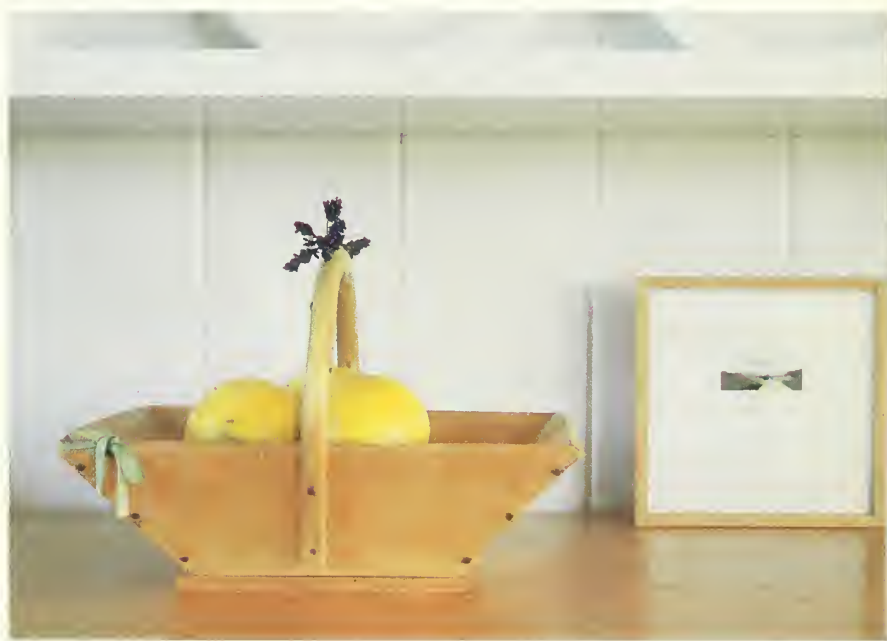
Every object Abbie Zabar puts into a room is there for both usefulness and a particular kind of quiet beauty. When she discusses aesthetics, she uses the word *essence* a lot, and she speaks of the extensive remodeling of two modest buildings in Nantucket as "bringing in the essence of their setting."

Actually, that setting—isolated, surrounded by low, wild vegetation, and endowed with a view of a nearby pond and the Atlantic not far beyond—was the most persuasive reason to buy the property. The forty-year-old cottage and twenty-year-old guest house were ordinary and inconveniently laid out. The breezeway that nestled between the buildings was the one appealing feature.



The cottage always had a peaked ceiling, *top*, but Abbie Zabar sheathed its raw wood. New walls are tongue-and-groove pine. *Above*: Nearby ocean beach.

Right: A wood basket for berry gathering, a Zabar collage.



Every object in an Abbie Zabar room has been put there for both usefulness and quiet beauty

Abbie Zabar gutted the cottage, removing five little rooms to create a single sixteen-by-forty-foot space for cooking, dining, and living. The door to the kitchen area has been redesigned to reach all the way up to the first header. It is Venturiesque: vernacular and overscaled. Following the vernacular is part of Zabar's way to essences. She designed the china dresser in the kitchen to look "like the one good thing we kept when we took the place apart."

Architectural symmetry is another of Abbie Zabar's preoccupations. In the cottage there were five original windows opening one long wall but none on the other, so she installed five new, identical windows. The main bedroom, in the smaller building, included two badly (asymmetrically) placed single windows, and the designer, ignoring the negative votes of contractor and interested friends, centered the openings by rebuilding two entire walls. One new window fits into a built-in storage arrangement based on a careful study of Shaker examples and fitted with knobs bought from a Shaker Village catalogue. The Shaker sensibility is close to this young woman's.

Once Abbie Zabar was asked to make a list of "favorite things." The result is as evocative as Oscar Hammerstein's and could almost make a collage portrait of a woman devoted to essences: "White cotton sheets . . . clay flower pots . . . wooden garden furniture . . . baskets for everything: laundry, carrying my cat . . . beeswax candles, never scented ones; crushed lavender instead for nice smells in the air . . . cross ventilation and screen doors that bang, not air conditioning . . . hedges instead of fences, and I cut mine with hand shears instead of electric power . . . a centerpiece of strawberry plants with the flower and the berry, not cut flowers. . . ."

Abbie Zabar's favorite craft is doing embroidery in cross stitch, which she says is found in almost every culture. Her favorite art is collage in paper, "a simple, direct material." But when you look at her snow scene in which seven shades of white paper are precisely butted together, you wonder, as you do in her house, what simplicity really means. □ *Editor: Babs Simpson*

A wall occupied almost entirely by Shaker-style storage in the main bedroom, *top left*, includes a charming little window seat with French provincial upholstery fabric. *Center left*: Abbie Zabar based her gate on local examples. *Left*: The long flank of the forty-year-old cottage, at right, is now the social space; on the left stands the twenty-year-old guest house, now sleeping quarters. The deck is new, the *Rosa rugosa* old.





The main bedroom, *top*, retains its old pine floor and original fireplace, now stripped of its mantel, and has new tongue-and-groove walls and plastered ceiling.

Typical Abbie Zabar bed furnishings include white cotton sheets with her own cross-stitch embroidery of initials and pine trees, a granny afghan she crocheted in various whites. *Left*: The same room's linen closet is freshened by a lavender sprig.

Above: The pond near the house, the ocean not much farther away.





The honeysuckle and dried flower wreath by Abbie Zabar, *opposite*, exemplifies her artful simplicity. *This page*: The kitchen's new red door, seen from the breezeway.

A SEDUCTIVE SPLENDOUR



Geoffrey Bennison's sumptuous Paris
apartment for Princess Firyal of Jordan

BY JEAN MARIE BARON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OBERTO GILI

Princess Firyal of Jordan, *above*, photographed by Horst sitting under an Utrillo in her library. *Opposite*: Looking toward the dining room through the passage called the "Winter Garden," with Imari plates and jars over the door and on a late-19th-century buffet. Chintz on the walls was washed in tea to make it look as if it had been there for years.



The velvet cushions are piled on a
sofa in the drawing room. The Gothic
black lacquer cupboard is
lined with its original chintz. The hand painted silk
Austrian shades are lit from behind at night.







In the library, *left*, a Roman marble torso circa 100 B.C. and, reflected in the mirror, *Three Little Girls in a Boat* by Henri Lebasque. *Opposite*: The corner window of the drawing room overlooks the Marigny gardens. Needlepoint-covered club fenders around the fireplace were custom designed for the room; on the chimneypiece, a bronze head of Venus by Renoir. The 17th-century daybed was found at a Monte Carlo auction; late-19th-century Persian carpet is a Ziegler.

When in 1853 Baron Haussmann was named Prefect of the Seine, Paris began to take on a new look. He cut large avenues through the capital from end to end and organized fetes where thousands of gas jets dazzled the night. Prolonging the Champs Elysées along the bordering the Marigny gardens, avenue Gabriel and its luxurious apartment houses had front-row seats for these unbridled festivities. It is on the *premier étage* of one of them in a vast apartment bathed in tree-dappled sunlight that Princess Firyal of Jordan decided several years ago to make her



Paris home. This prestigious place, having belonged to the widow of the celebrated art dealer and collector Paul Guillaume, was haunted by the great Post-Impressionists—Renoir, Cézanne, Degas, Douanier Rousseau—that had ornamented its walls. To give it a new identity would require the intervention of a great master of decoration. The choice did not take long: to install her new “palace” Princess Firyal called on someone who in Paris, London, and New York, having made his mark on houses for the Goldsmiths, Rothschilds, and Reeds, was by

many considered the greatest: the late Geoffrey Bennisson.

“What was astonishing about Bennisson,” according to his assistant Jean Pierre Maksym, who accompanied him to numerous jobs around the world, “was the way in which he involved himself in the places on which he worked, and the important part that he devoted to the interpretation of a period.” Thus at Princess Firyal’s the dominant tone is Napoleon III but the ingredients are multiple. Beyond the sumptuousness that one might say was necessary, the initial mood that strikes

one is that of comfort, a comfort that makes one wish to stay home, which was Bennisson’s intention.

Right from the entrance hall one is captured by visual pleasure. On a background of red Fortuny cotton, a Gobelins tapestry from 1720 signed by the master weaver Audran shows a man costumed as Don Quixote inviting some ladies to dance in a ballroom. On the kind of black-and-white floor that one always finds in the best private houses is a nineteenth-century Caucasian carpet and on the gilt-wood Louis XV (Text continued on page 158)

The 18th-century ceiling in the library depicting Mercury and other classical gods was discovered in a warehouse, so dirty the paint was almost black. The Princess's writing desk is a Régence *bureauplat*. Paintings to the left of the door: *L'Enfant des Signant* by Louis Valtat, and above it a painting by Monticelli. At right, a 1969 collage by Salvador Dali hangs below a nude by Henri Lebasque.







Imaginative lighting plays an important role in the dining room, *these pages*. Each of the carved gilt pedestals that hold the princess's collection of famille rose and Imari casts a warm glow of light on the porcelain. Panels of gold and black lacquer, Chinese wallpaper and mirror are set into the marbled walls. The 18th-century side table, opposite, is one of a pair. Wood and tole chandelier, above, comes from an Italian church. At the window, right, shade appliquéd with flowers and birds cut from old fabric.









The walls of the Princess's bedroom, *detail this page*, are covered in cream-colored English lace, mounted on top of a slightly darker damask, an idea inspired by Russian interiors. *Opposite:* The flower garland on the canopy of the fourposter bed was copied from a piece of 19th-century painted velvet belonging to Bennison. The painted ceiling was brought from England.

A SEDUCTIVE SPLENDOUR

What was astonishing about Bennisson was the way in which he involved himself in the places on which he worked, and the important part that he devoted to the interpretation of a period

(Continued from page 151) console with its pale gray marble top are ranged large eighteenth-century Imari jars. Beyond the flanking bronze Directoire candelabra on gilt-wood candlestands is a portrait of a woman by Rubens.

Open double doors offer a glimpse of the grand salon and its magnificences. The sky on the ceiling is cloudless and around it twist and twine pale garlands of leaves painted by hand. On all sides one sees trees and light and rosy-yellow grape leaves on a lozenge background, a fabric that Bennisson had redesigned from an antique one found at the Victoria and Albert Museum, and used for both curtains and wall covering. Two very different objects face each other from opposite ends of the immense room: on the chimney, a head of Venus in bronze sculptured by Renoir in 1915 casts a serene eye on a striking English Gothick cabinet made about 1760. Inside the latter, among branches of red coral stand minutely ornamented Yung-Cheng plates, and all around it, setting it off, hang brown and black collages, the delicate works of the daughters of Maria Theresa of Austria.

What attracts attention next is the parquet de Versailles unexpectedly lacquered black, about which the lady of the house at first expressed some doubts. These vanished when Geoffrey Bennisson pointed out its necessity to show off the two remarkable pink-and-blue Persian carpets that it seems to frame.

An indispensable balancing point, a large round English marquetry table occupies the center of the salon. Here the books that show the Princess's pronounced taste for decoration take their rightful place: *Le Style Louis XV*, *Le Style Second Empire*, *Les Céramiques Orientales*, of which she is passionately fond. Again, here very diverse objects come into unexpected equilibrium:

above the large sofa in beige silk a charming painting by Charles Sims from 1912 showing a mother and child chasing butterflies brings in a touch of spring gaiety. One imagines that to enjoy it the Princess might stretch out on the Louis XIV daybed covered in indigo velours which faces it between two high windows where the leaves and flowers of the silk undercurtains soften the light into reflections of color. Walking slowly toward the next room one notices two dark tables that seem similar, but one is a Napoleon III gueridon lacquered black and encrusted with mother-of-pearl and the other, an 1850 English table in papier-mâché painted with flowers.

The library with its intimate proportions is cozier. The eighteenth-century boiseries in natural oak were a decisive element in the Princess's enthusiasm for this apartment. They cover all the walls and are punctuated by works of art, the most original of which is a collage by Salvador Dali where one sees the Eiffel Tower invaded by butterflies that seem to fly right up to the ceiling. The ceiling was discovered by Bennisson in a pitiful state in a London antiques shop, and restored on the spot before being transported in five pieces and mounted by a team of English artisans. Today the god Mercury rides the clouds and gods, goddesses, and cupids lean on balustrades. The Régence desk, where the Princess sits to write letters or contemplate a Roman torso, is inhabited by a variety of objects, among them photographs of her sons in their college in England and a little panel of ivory and mother-of-pearl engraved with the sacred words of the Koran.

But to tell the truth, when the fire crackles softly and the plated shades of dark green silk diffuse a filtered light, one is above all tempted in this very British atmosphere to sit down at

the backgammon table or stretch out on the deep love seats in front of the fireplace. Woven to order, the suave-colored fabrics suit the room; the red damask of the cushions recalls that of the entrance hall; the flowered cotton on the love seats is that of the winter garden which leads to the dining room where a new surprise waits; an exotic harmony of fine porcelains, birds, and flowers. Geoffrey Bennisson often said it was the most successful of the rooms.

Under a sky-blue ceiling where birds seem to fly about, an eighteenth-century Italian chandelier lights with its candles four set-in panels of black and gold from a nineteenth-century Chinese screen. Entirely painted *au pochoir*, the walls and the doors of very light blue lightly marbled enhance the warm colors of the Imari and famille rose porcelain plates and vases. Each object lighted from its wall bracket carries us into the heart of a magic cave.

At the other end of the corridors, the bedroom, finally, merits a chapter in itself, so much detail and perseverance has it demanded. The ceiling is Louis XVI, ornamented with a goddess surrounded by angels seated on clouds; the curtains of hand-painted silk are rose and green like the carpet marked with the letter *F*, which formerly belonged to King Fouad I of Egypt. But the most extraordinary thing is that the entire room—the walls damasked in pale yellow, the specially made canopy bed, the dressing table—is covered with a lace embroidered for months in England according to ancient mode thought to have disappeared. "The idea might have appeared crazy," says Jean Pierre Maksym, "but Bennisson invented every day and up to the last moment; only he knew whether the miracle could be produced." □

Editor: John Bowes Lyon

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GRÅSTEN'S GARDENS

(Continued from page 74) a low bushy variety the queen imported herself. The "typical" sweet pea trellised to the north side of the cottage is actually a perennial form of lathyrus that does not die back and blooms freely. A "Persian carpet" of heliotrope, calceolaria, ageratum, alyssum, verbena, lobelia, and mesembryanthemum surrounds the garden well. Six months of planning are required for this "carpet." Against the plain garden walls roses and clematis alternate according to their flowering cycles. On the slope below the cottage lie 27 separate beds of roses, each with only one sort of rose. The assortment changes all the time as Queen Ingrid or one or another of her gardeners discovers a new, better rose. It then replaces the "worst" rose and the process continues. The favorite rose at Gråsten just now is called 'The Fairy', which overflows the steep banks of the moat brook. Unable to find the rose in Denmark, Queen Ingrid brought a few slips from England where she had first seen The Fairy's



Roses, asperulas, day lilies, and primulas along path.

masses of pink flowers.

Another idea borrowed from England was to train climbing roses like 'Belle Hélène' into the branches of apple trees. The pink roses open shortly after the park's Gravenstein apples have dropped their blossoms. Gravensteins were developed at Gråsten itself in the 1600s but were popularized after

the castle was temporarily held by the Prussians, thus the Germanicized name. Hundreds of other roses are trained to climb the walls of the castle and soften its unbending whiteness. A sunken garden centered on a small fountain has smaller, less goal-oriented roses that exist simply to scent and brighten afternoon teas.

The side of the park that slips into the shallow waters of the smaller pond is thickly bedded with day lilies. "I have a weakness for that flower," laughs Queen Ingrid. "It would be enough that it thrives in any soil and climate but it also has all these fantastic colors as well." Until a few years ago there were only the usual yellow and orange varieties at Gråsten. Then the queen saw a catalogue from a hemerocallis grower in southern England and today the castle's fourteen gardeners look after twenty-five sorts of the lily.

A few years ago the queen planted in the forested hill above the old moat now called the "picture pool." She did not remove anything; rather she added rhododendrons, azaleas, forsythia, and white flowering hawthorn. In May and June the little forest casts pastel reflections over its picture pool. With thought to the thousands of visitors allowed to visit Gråsten when she is not in residence, she had paths laid out through her new "spring forest."

In contrast with the stiff formality of most gardens surrounding official residences, Gråsten Park has a personal intimacy. Each detail reveals something of the owner. Strictly maintained period gardens nearly always lack the spontaneity of a garden with a mistress who can claim "a passion for primulas." At Gråsten, Queen Ingrid has indulged this passion and underplanted the park with thousands of primulas. After the riot of bright summer flowers the dusky reds and mauves of the primulas and foxgloves bloom again against the dark wet trunks of December trees. The helleborus opens the new year with caps of heavy snow and begin what the head gardener calls "our own special color symphony." □

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(Continued from page 132) mosque. Fournier Street has a very good tailor, Mr. Lustig. At the Market Café, porters from the nearby market can count on getting straightforward food of a quintessentially English kind at almost any hour of the day. There is also another café, not five minutes away, in which a small group of the faithful gathers daily in the belief that any day now the Savior will walk in there in the guise of a Bengali social worker.

Fournier Street is anything but dead, therefore. But my own favorite house in Fournier Street is No. 12, which belongs to two still quite young British artists who call themselves "Gilbert & George, the sculptors." Gilbert & George today are international celebrities, preeminently because of their work but also for the strange and symbiotic persona that drew large audiences when they appeared as performance artists and is hardly less remarkable in private life.

It was from No. 12 Fournier Street that, in common with other fortunate

people, I began in the late sixties to receive in the morning mails a series of unsolicited and undeniably peculiar communications. Gilbert & George at that time had a surreptitious reputation. Neither then nor since have they been sculptors in the sense that Donatello and David Smith were sculptors, but they had appeared here and there as living sculptures. They were Pygmalion, but they were also Galatea. In the best-known of their pieces, they powdered their faces bronze, stood on a table with an old-fashioned wind-up phonograph between them, and did a mime routine to an ancient 78 rpm recording of "Underneath the Arches," a song that had been made famous before World War II by two great English vaudevillians, Flanagan and Allen. Sometimes they did this routine in public for eight hours on end, like eighteenth-century *automates*, with never a sign of fatigue or a lapse of concentration.

They were also known for their courtly and obsolete mode of speech,

for their matching English schoolbo suits of gray flannel (rather short in the leg) and for their ritualized manner of getting through the day. At all time and everywhere they were together looking alike, behaving alike, and talking alike in a precise, perfectly modulated and understressed way. Such was their apparent twinhood that it was difficult to remember that while George was in all things English, Gilbert was raised in the Dolomites.

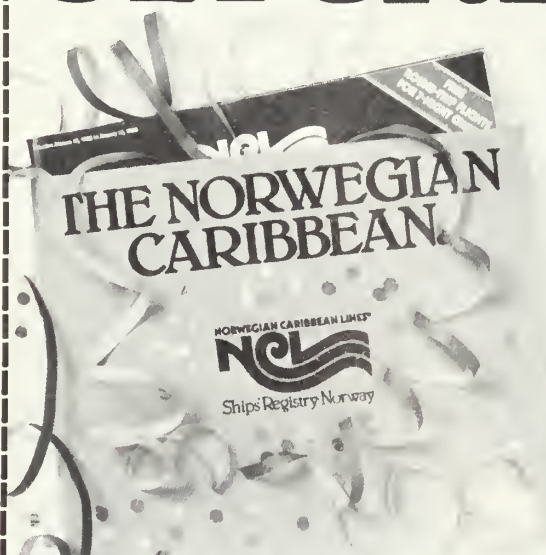
What came through the post was a single sheet of deckle-edged paper printed on both sides and folded across the middle. There was a drawing of Gilbert & George exploring the English countryside, a line or two of prose or verse, a personal dedication to each recipient. At the end were a laconic "Goodbye for now," a reproduction (unauthorized) of the Royal arms, and two signatures in red ink. "Gilbert," read one, and "George," the other and it would have taxed even the FB to tell one hand from the other.

Before long, these communications were much talked about, and a complete set of them became an envied possession. They were the very antithesis of the hard sell. The drawings might have been made by a very intelligent dormouse. The verses could have come from a Victorian keepsake that had passed into rather strange ownership. Storm and stress played no part in them. Nor was there ever an indication that anything was expected of us in return. Given that they clearly cost money to make and money to mail, I eventually asked if I could not contribute to those expenses. "Absolutely not," said George, lightly. "Quite unnecessary," said Gilbert, more lightly still.

So there the matter rested. I left England forever. Gilbert & George became famous. So far from continuing to work in miniature, they began to draw on sheets of brown paper that measured in all fifty, sixty, and seventy square feet. They were shown, here and there. People bought them, all over Europe. And they went on to work with enormous photographs—all taken by themselves—that they turned into accumulative images of the scale of Veronese and Tintoretto often with legends of their own devising, and before long with areas dyed bright red and brighter yellow. These

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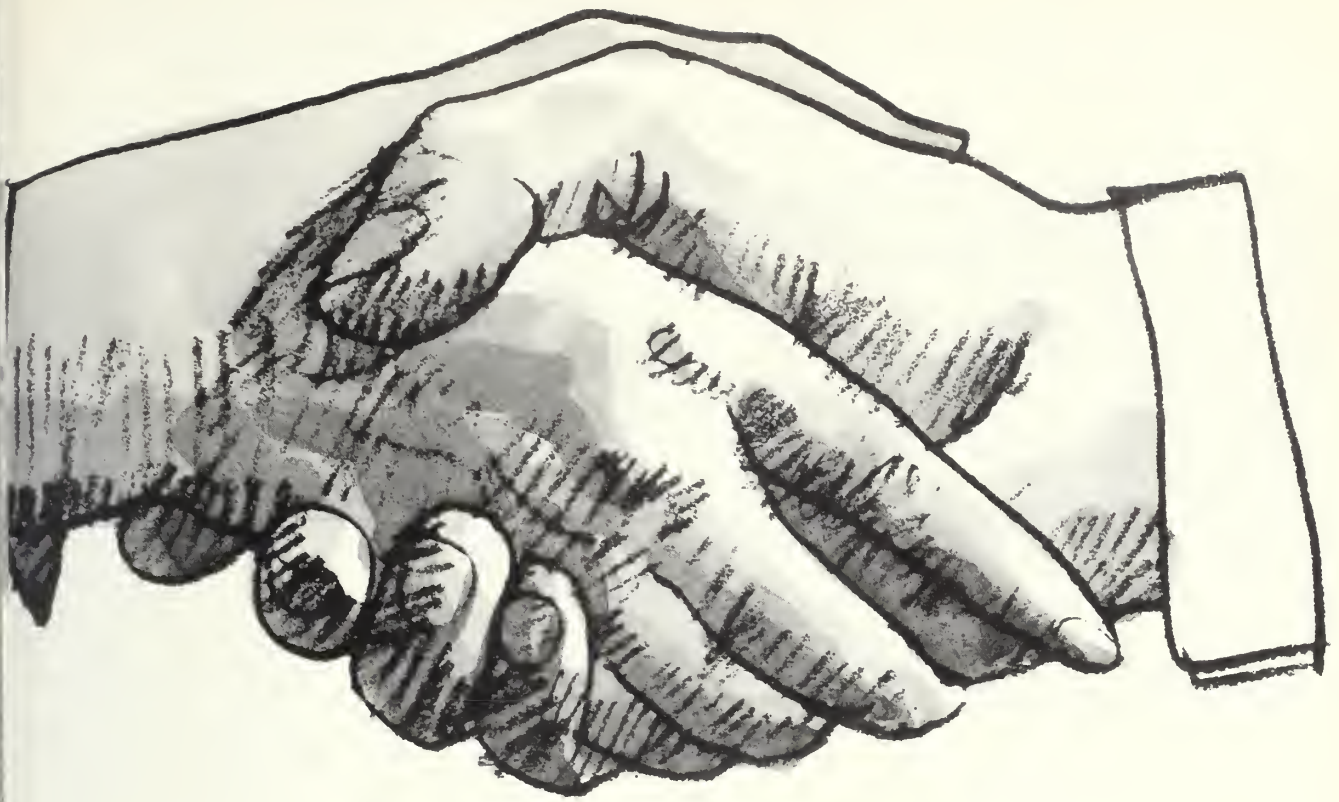
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THE HIGH AESTHETIC STYLE OF GILBERT & GEORGE



On the top floor of the house, one of the few places to sit down

too were shown, bought, and shown again and again in museums. They had a flat, frontal, all-out attack that was very different from the hesitant imagery and the reticent turn of speech that had marked the postal pieces. All that they had in common with the postal pieces was the fact that they too originated at No. 12 Fournier Street, London, E.1.

Since their student days Gilbert & George had had a studio at street level in No. 12 Fournier Street. (It had previously been a motorcycle repair shop.) Later, they bought the whole house and set about its rehabilitation. It took three years to get it back something like its original plain state, and meanwhile the interior of the house turned up in photo-pieces like the "Dusty Corners" series of 1975 and the "Dead Boards" series of 1976. Though by then relatively clean, the house was a disaster area. Nothing worked. Every ceiling gaped. It had no furniture. Veterans of World War II could remember bombed houses that were in better condition. In the landscape of alienation—human, social, architectural—that was the prime subject of the photo-pieces of the mid seventies, No. 12 Fournier Street came in right on cue.

But the activity of Gilbert & George is in essence an optimistic activity, and with time No. 12 came to look very beautiful indeed—so much so, in fact, that everyone who came to see it said,

"It's quite perfect as it is. Don't do anything to it." Now, one of the "Four Laws of Sculptors" that Gilbert & George wrote out for themselves in 1969 was, "Never worry assess discuss or criticise but remain quiet respectful and calm." Even so, they got tired of hearing that No. 12 was "perfect as it is." Their needs were few—they take breakfast, lunch, and dinner at the Market Café every day, and in close on twenty years they have never cooked a meal at home, let alone aspired to entertain there. Still, they didn't like it that they weren't even allowed to go out and buy a couple of chairs.

So they went looking for chairs. They went to office suppliers, and they looked in at auction houses, and they called on antiques dealers. They had trouble finding anything they really wanted, but finally they settled for two chairs which, unbeknown to them, spoke for the Arts and Crafts Movement of late Victorian times. They were the kind of chairs that a rather decadent doge of Venice would have sat in, had there been doges at that time.

Thus launched, Gilbert & George began to furnish No. 12. It is relevant that they are tremendously, unremittingly, and unsurpassably organized. Their archives are both impeccable and out of sight. They never make an unnecessary move. "If someone gives us something to wear, we put it on at

once. Otherwise we have everything made exactly alike by Mr. Lustig. One of their recent photo-pieces measured 166 by 424 inches, but they planned it, plotted it, and put it together in quite a small studio/darkroom at the back of No. 12, and it came out perfectly. That is why they often spend up to fourteen hours a day in that studio. "Everything has to be double, treble and quadruple checked in the dark. Not that that is the difficult part. We physically make the pieces, but that is completely separate from actually creating them. Once we have made the design, the model, it's just physical work. Apart from the physical work, what we do goes direct from the brain to the wall." It was in this way that in 1981 they made 54 big photo pieces without any help, and also designed their catalogues, planned the installation of every show, made working models of every gallery (not least, of the Guggenheim Museum, where their work can be seen through June 16).

No. 12 today is filled, as much as furnished. It is in fact a small museum of the more insubordinate activity of the decorative arts in England in the last part of the nineteenth century. If an Egypto-Japanese chair with overtones of African tribal art came on the market, Gilbert & George are bound to have it. If pieces of furniture were sold off from the House of Commons in the thirties and forties, Gilbert & George are getting their hands on some. (They never go shopping any more. Offers come every day in the mail.)

But, as will be clear from the illustrations to this article, the real collection and the one that marks out No. 12 Fournier Street as one of the most astonishing houses in London, is the collection of late-nineteenth-century British pottery and ceramics. There is something almost demented about the size of this collection. There are areas in which Gilbert & George own fifteen or twenty times as many objects as any museum in Britain. Begun in 1979, the collection has a growth record that would set new records in the stock market, and sometimes we feel that like the protagonist in Eugène Ionesco's play, *Le Nouveau Locataire*, Gilbert & George will end up by being

Manuel Canovas

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walled up alive among their Aesthetic sideboards, their Brannam art pottery; their "Clutha" art glass, designed by Christopher Dresser; their huge and self-contained collection of work by the visionary potter Sir Edmund Elton; their oak neo-Gothic furniture by Augustus Pugin; their "Watcombe" terra-cotta collection; their Gothicized chair by the great architect and designer William Butterfield; their medieval revival bookcase designed by Charles Eastlake; their neo-Gothic buffet (by Pugin, again); their mahogany lily-pad occasional table; and the early-twentieth-century Celtic hunting rug carpet by Charles Bain.

Even the cast-iron hall stand on which they hang their matching overcoats by Mr. Lustig is part of the collection in that it was designed by Christopher Dresser in 1876. As Gilbert & George are, in their photopieces, paragons of individual effort, they are drawn by instinct to the work of people who, like themselves, struck out on their own. If Christopher Dress-

er (1834-1904) is a great favorite of theirs, it is not merely for the beauty and strangeness of his designs but for his preemptory and highly unfashionable technical demands. Dresser insisted, for instance, that only recycled glass should be used in the manufacture of his glass pieces. Even more disconcerting, by the standards of the day, was his insistence that no piece of his glass should ever take more than three minutes to make.

Demands of that sort put a heavy burden on craftsmen who had been trained in quite other ways, and Gilbert & George delight in the memory of one particular man who would sit for hours at his bench, staring at his hands, only to say very loudly, toward the end of an apparently infertile day, "There are the hands that can do it," and forthwith set to work. What to most people would seem merely eccentric is to them one of the touchstones of creativity. What they cherish about Sir Edmund Elton (1846-1920) is, for instance, that he was the exact opposite

of Christopher Dresser. Where Dresser would do anything, go anywhere and collaborate with any manufacturer who would take his designs and carry them out to the letter, Elton was a lone dreamer who virtually invented the profession of studio potter. Set to work, he refused all technical advice, dug his own clay, found out how to build his own kiln, never formed himself into a company, and until the day of his death had only one assistant boy whom he had picked out when he was about to leave school. Between Dresser, who thought nothing of exchanging vases with the Emperor of Japan, and Elton, who pursued a solitary activity in the big house that he had inherited in Somerset, there was nothing in common except the will to go their own way.

Like many other people whose life consists primarily in making images, Gilbert & George do not "collect" pictures. In fact the only picture/painting in the house is a visionary painting called *The Flaming Ramparts of the World* by Reginald Hallward, who has the distinction of being mentioned by name in *The Picture of Dorian Gray* by Oscar Wilde. (Gilbert & George also own a particularly beautiful photograph of Oscar Wilde as a young man.) What they have just begun to collect on the other hand, is the illustrated book, in a form that was brought near perfection by Christopher Dresser and others in the period of which they are especially fond.

Seen in the context of the silk-and-velvet chairs by A.W. Pugin, the wall hangings designed by Bruce Talbot for Templetons of Glasgow in the 1870s, and the tables crammed with pots and ceramics and renderings of colored glass of strange vegetable facies, these magnificent books in gilded leather bindings add a note of definitive luxury. ("That one was sold by the Gloucester School of Art," they will say of some particularly sumptuous example.) But then No. 12 Fountain Street has settled into its new life as if it had never had any other. Climbing the stairs, moving from floor to floor and room to room, we remember the historic misjudgment that was made by the principal of their art school when someone asked his opinion of Gilbert & George. "Whatever you do," he said, "don't get involved with those two. They'll never get anywhere." □

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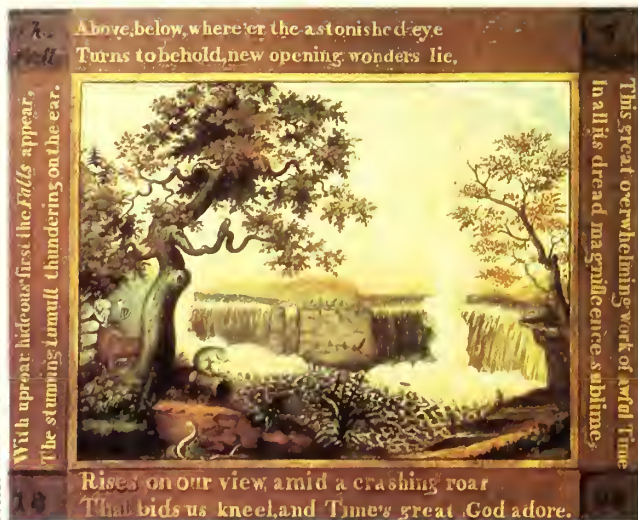


FALLS PERSPECTIVE

Niagara, Albright-Knox Art Gallery, Buffalo, July 13–Sept. 1; The Corcoran, Washington, D.C., Sept. 21–

WARTS AND ALL

Duane Hanson's disconcertingly realistic sculptures have started and unsettled viewers since the



FERDINAND RICHARDT (DETAIL, LEFT) AND EDWARD HICKS OHS

Nov. 24; The New-York Historical Society, Jan. 22–Apr. 27, 1986.

Before 1900, artists seeking pay dirt headed for Niagara

Falls. With grand Hudson River School-ers, *Niagara* shows painting's last gorgeous gasp before Realism took up a camera. *Margaret Morse*

early 1970s. Cast from live models, his vividly lifelike figures populate a world that we uncomfortably recognize. Now his work can be seen in a different dimension. *Duane Hanson* by Kirk Varnedoe (Abrams,

\$16.95) includes over a hundred color plates of Hanson's works; once removed by the camera's lens, they take on a heightened feeling of isolation and emptiness.

Anne Rieselbach



DUANE HANSON'S FLORIDA SHOPPER, 1973, LEFT, AND BEAGLE IN A BASKET, 1981, ABOVE.

CAPITAL GAINS

With the opening this June of the DeWitt Wallace Decorative Arts Gallery, Colonial Williamsburg's 6 million annual visitors are being offered an additional way to experience one of the world's outstanding collections of English and American antiques. They can continue to enjoy the let's-pretend fun of imagining life two centuries ago in the buildings of the historic area; but now they can also view furniture, textiles, painting and prints, ceramics, and metals as art objects seen in a scholarly way.

In addition to permanent departmental exhibits and study collections, three large adjoining galleries will



THOMAS FRYE MEZZOTINT, 1760

always be devoted to a major special exhibition: "Patron and Tradesman" is the opener, and it deals with the collaboration of these two groups and the resulting style changes.

The museum is an unobtrusive design by Kevin Roche, placed behind a reconstructed 1773 hospital. *Elaine Green*

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DECORATING DEADLINE AT THE BRADLEES'

(Continued from page 128) Local tour buses added the house to their stops, and at any given moment we might peer out the window to find eighty or so faces peering back. At my son's birthday party, a group of white-haired ladies showed up from the historical society, thinking the balloons at the front door were an invitation to sight-see.

So there I was with this very large house, a lot of skeptical friends, and enough furniture for six standard-sized rooms, which is what we had had before. My first goal was to make it warm and cozy. I wanted every room to have a place to curl up and be comfortable. Secondly, I wanted it to be bright and happy. And finally, since the house was built two years after George Washington left office and was once owned by Abraham Lincoln's son Robert Todd Lincoln, the age and the history of the house had to be respected.

In order to make a house cozy you have to have something to curl up *in*. The previous owners had ordered fifteen-foot-wide by banquettes, which had to be brought in through the graceful Palladian windows in the living room and would have required removing the windows once again to be taken out. We bought the house so quickly that there was no time to remove them so I inherited the sofas and some twenty huge down-filled pillows as well. The next day I had two industrious upholsterers in the living room with handsaws cutting the sofas down to size. Out of the banquettes we ended up with three beautiful sofas for the living room, two for my husband's study, and a six-foot round ottoman, which adorns the basement for the moment but which I know I'll find a use for someday. I tore the pillows apart and used the down to add deep, sink-in cushions on the three sofas and to refill most of the old furniture I had in the rest of the house.

To me, cozy means many things, but there are specific elements I think really do contribute. Down cushions are one. Rugs are another. I know shiny wood floors are supposed to be unbelievably chic. But they are also cold and uninviting too. Cozy is being able to



Copies by Gregory Stapko of Bradlee ancestors painted by Gilbert Stuart.

take off your shoes and sit on the floor. Besides, when we have parties, a lot of guests end up sitting (or lying, as the case may be) on the floor. At the last big dinner I gave, one of the guests remarked that the living room looked like the beach at Coney Island on a sweltering summer day.

I also like rugs on top of rugs. Smaller Oriental rugs or kilims over plain carpeting make the room even cozier.

Fires make things wonderfully inviting, too. Happily Ben's favorite relaxation is chopping wood in the mountains of West Virginia. This is helpful since we have twelve working fireplaces in the house.

Soft indirect lighting makes people look prettier and gives a warm glow to a room. Also, any kind of throw or quilt or blanket just seems to invite people to make themselves at home. I do needlepoint and my pillows make it more personal.

I love curtains and this house is the kind that can carry them well with its fourteen-foot-high ceilings and generous spaces. Curtains are wonderful at night to close out the darkness and create an intimate feeling.

Yet I've done hardly any curtains here. The Palladian windows are so beautiful I hate to cover them up, and all the rooms have the original shutters so we do have privacy. Still, when I found the perfect chintz for the living room I was thrown into a state of terminal indecision.

For one thing, if curtains didn't work it would be a rather expensive

mistake. And every time I decide one way or another someone changes my mind. At Christmastime, friend brought over a Parisian houseguest described as having the most exquisite taste in France. After seeing the bay windows in the living room she turned to me and exclaimed, "My dear, with courage you have, not to do curtain would never be so brave!"

Anthony Powell actually wrote a book called *Books Do Furnish a Room*. And I can't think of anything that makes a room look more lived-in than books in bookcases, stacked on the floor and on tables, strewn about everywhere. I suppose going to a used book store and buying shelffuls is better than having no books at all, but it is nice to have read some of them. Many of our friends write; we always have more books around than space for them, and they just keep getting piled up on top of each other. So it makes me laugh when a well-known decorator asked me recently, "Who ranged your books for you?"

I always like it when things do not look too decorated. But that look can be a tricky sort of reverse snobbishness sometimes. There is nothing worse than having everything deliberately matching except everything deliberately not matching. Anything that's studied never works. My favorite kind of room looks like everything matched at one time but that over the years a chair was re-covered here or there, a quilt was brought in from another room and left unintentionally. This house is too newly done for that but my goal is to have it appear as though it had been this way forever.

Color is elemental to a bright and happy house, not to mention to our moods. I am so affected by it that I can be terribly depressed in a room painted a color I don't like. When we bought the house the colors were, to me, rather dark and gloomy, mustards, browns, purples, magentas. The house faces south toward the Potomac, and huge windows invite sun all day long, wanted it to look light and airy and welcoming. I like happy colors, not nursery-school colors but soft, muted colors that make me feel good



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DECORATING DEADLINE AT THE BRADLEES'

I mixed most of the colors myself with the help of the painter. In my last house another painter had gone off on a drinking binge after a week of mixing paint for the dining room. This new painter had nerves of steel. He could take anything, and did. It took us five days to get the right color for the living room. Umber, it turns out, did the trick. He calls it Quinn Rose. It happens to be the most flattering color in

the world and at night people actually glow from it. It's also festive, a "let the good times roll" kind of color.

I had to be careful because the house is historic and I didn't want the colors to look too modern. Aubergine and taupe, for instance, were wrong. I went to Mount Vernon to see the newly researched colors there only to find the drab old Williamsburg colors replaced by bright garish turquoises and greens.



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It seemed that a middle ground was what I needed. The mahogany wood graining, popular at that time, was beautifully done, and I was lucky to get the same person who worked at Mount Vernon, Malcolm Robson, to do the faux bois in our library. We cheated a little bit by doing a soft honey-colored pine, a grain George Washington never would have chosen because pine was so cheap and readily available in those days. Malcolm also did the faux marbre in the hall below the chair rail. Then I got carried away and asked him to do the outside of my bathtub. Luckily Ben realized I was losing control and put a stop to it. Still, I keep thinking of the chest in the kitchen. . .

For color, the dining room was the biggest challenge. Ben's ancestors were shippers from Salem, Massachusetts, and they would bring back barrels of Canton china from the Orient as ballast. Rather than leave it in the cupboards, I thought it would be prettier to display it on the walls. I wanted contrast and thought yellow with blue moldings would give the rooms an eighteenth-century feeling. After a week of yellows the painter began hounding me. His wife claimed not to have heard from him in days. I was unable to sleep, so distraught was I over this dilemma. Finally, in desperation, I consulted a historic-house color chart and a few days later at 5 A.M. I woke up and shook Ben. "I've got it," I said triumphantly. "Hepplewhite Ivory and Woodlawn Blue."

The painter, relieved, thought the worst was over until we attacked Ben's study. I wanted it to be a pretty, soft green. "The color of—" I was saying as my eye struck a leaf in the middle of a giant maple tree outside the window. "—that leaf!" I cried.

Several minutes later the painter was standing on the roof ledge leaning precariously toward a frail limb, trying vainly to pluck the elusive leaf from its stem. This was not nearly as precarious as subsequent efforts to match the color of the leaf. Four days later. . . I think umber did the trick again.

I wanted the house to look all of a piece, so I used bits of the same color from one adjoining room to another. The living room is rose and has touches of yellows, browns, and blues. The dining room is blue and pale yellow. The library is browns with touches of blue

d yellows and roses. Each room
ves a little clue of the other like
ead crumbs in the woods. In fact,
th a three-year-old I already have
al trails of bread crumbs throughout
e house.

With a Federal house, and a particu-
historic monument at that, there is
ways the temptation to make it into a
riod museum. Ben has some beauti-
things from the period, which add a
eat deal. But this is a 1980s house,
d when we entertain we don't have
tlers behind every chair. We have in-
mal parties, often buffets, and even
ore often we'll eat in the kitchen,
ich doubles as a sitting-playroom.

People often say it looks like an Eng-
h country house. But it's not. This is
wo-hundred-year-old house in the
art of the city that is home to two
orking journalists and a small child.
at's exactly what it should look like.

I am an Army brat and have spent
y life moving and traveling. Both of
ave things we have collected from
ver the world, presents we've been
en, things that remind us of various
ents in our lives. Many are worthless
anyone but us. But these are person-
hings we love, and without them our
use would not be a home. We are
t, however, always in agreement on
s. I have a beautiful hand-painted,
ersized Japanese shell that I wanted
hang on the living-room wall and
ich Ben suggested would make an
rigning sink for a powder room. He
en produced the art critic of *The
ashington Post* one Saturday while
were hanging pictures to persuade
e of my folly. The shell now hangs in
e living room but Ben had his re-
nge. In our bedroom is a pastel baby
ture of his mother.

There is a balance between what is
ropriate for a Federal house and
at is not. I had several modern
intings and prints I loved. They
n't really work in any of the rooms
we consigned them to the halls. My
orite graced the entrance hallway, a
ge splatter of bright pinks, roses,
is, and yellow, perfect with the liv-
g-room walls. Only it wasn't. To my
spair, it was simply out of place.
n's brother inherited a pair of Gil-
rt Stuart portraits of Bradlee ances-
s. We had them copied by a man
o works with the National Gallery
Art. They're not the real thing but

they are surprisingly close. And there is
something amusing about having fake
Gilbert Stuarts in a grand house like
this. It seems to say we don't take it all
that seriously.

Shortly after we moved in, Art Buch-
wald gave us a mezuzah as a house-
warming present. A mezuzah is a
Jewish charm that is placed on the
front doorpost to bless a house. Re-
cently we had a gathering to which we

invited the Canadian Ambassador and
his wife, both Jewish. They arrived in
their limousine, took one look at the
mezuzah, turned around, and got back
in their car.

"Keep looking," the Ambassador
told his chauffeur. "This must be the
wrong house."

In fact, it was the right house. For
them and for us. The mezuzah works. □

Editor: Carolyn Sollis

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NATURALLY GRAND

(Continued from page 90) about it, David Bouverie in England in the thirties had a promising practice as an avant-garde architect—not least as a result of his having built that rarity in those days, a small but distinguished airport. But when he was thirty, he gave all that up and decided to make something that would be, first, a little paradise and, second, an eventful nature reserve that would remain in perpetuity as the epitome of what nature has to give in this part of northern California.

"I've always felt that I had to do something so that the land would never be ruined, unlike so much of what was intact when I arrived here. I only had five hundred acres, but it has a most extraordinary variety that you wouldn't get in any other part of the country. You have the oak pasture land, with its two hundred different kinds of wild flowers. You have the stream life, with steelhead trout coming all the way up from the ocean to spawn. You have deer and mountain lion, and every kind of animal and many different kinds of



The recreation building is past a 17th-century Italian wrought-iron gate.

birds. Geologically, it's very interesting. In quite a small space you have just about everything that can be found in this part of northern California."

David Bouverie is too modest to say, but there are salamanders in the canyon that are the delight of the San Francisco Aquarium. There is a rare and not at all repulsive wood rat, fifteen inches in length (five of which are tail), that is a vegetarian and lives off eighteen different kinds of food, all found on the

property and not excluding the leaf and the fruit of poison ivy. There is a primrose whose name was given to by Pliny and another that was named after a celebrated botanist in Prague. There is a lily called *Disporum Hookei*, a name that has nothing to do with mating habits but derives from Sir William Hooker, the first director of Kew Gardens. In fact, there is simply a limit to the beauty, variety, and strangeness of what can be seen on the reserve, which already is visited day after day by informed and enthusiastic groups of people.

"The first thing that I did was to give 21 acres, which form the Bouverie Wildflower Preserve, down on the highway. I am in the process now of giving 365 acres to the Audubon Canyon Ranch, a tax-exempt organization that has very good biologists and a board of nature lovers and people of consequence who do a great deal for preservation. We work very well together. They have the heronry, with two hundred nesting egrets every spring, and a very good education program. It's only fifty miles away from the coast, but the flora and fauna are totally different.

"So I'm giving it all away, year after year. After that, I may start giving the buildings away. The first to go will be the hexagon house, which will be given to the first resident biologist. Eventually, M.F.K. Fisher's house may be occupied by a botanist or an ornithologist who will be teaching classes constantly. Hardly a day goes by without a class of thirty or forty people being conducted along the five miles of road. It might have to do with beetles, with wild flowers, with ferns, or with the seven different kinds of oak or the other indigenous trees.

"I did some planting myself, as a matter of fact. I planted the wisteria and planted all the trees around the house except for the big oaks in the courtyard. I planted the white locust that is now forty feet high, and the horse chestnut, and the cypress that now looks quite elderly. Things here grow four times faster than they would in Connecticut.

"Everything that you see here was designed by me and built by local people, except for the big barn. I built the way peasants build their houses in Austria, with whatever (and whomever

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to hand. I bought the bell in the tower for almost nothing from the William Randolph Hearst sale, and I had a local man pile up the stones until he told him to stop. I've never wanted to make 'a statement' here, let alone an architectural one. For me, the ranch just represents the comforts, the informality of living in northern California. People come here and say, 'Oh, it's so English' or 'Oh, it's so Italian.' And the Spaniards come and say, 'Oh, it so much reminds me of southern Spain,' and I say, 'Well, it reminds me of northern California.'

'People think it's like an English country house, and it does have the English country house clutter. But there's not much here that came directly from my family in England, except the footmen's stools, which are by William Kent and come from Longford. I inherited absolutely zero, except my mother's portrait. Most of what you see here I bought in England, here and there, but a lot of things came from the sale of Butterfield's, an auction house in San Francisco. There was never meant to be anything good in the inheritance, but I got some of my best things there.

I've always enjoyed overscaling—putting big pictures and big pieces of furniture in quite small rooms. My pictures are good, bad, and indifferent—they're part of a *mise en scène* than museum pictures, though the Chalon of George IV's Persian horses being taken out for exercise has come up in the world quite a lot since I bought it. My parents were family Sargents, but I had to buy them from relations who were going broke, except that my aunt gave me his portrait of her. Some of them I sold because I was buying my apartment in New York and wanted to cash it. But I still have his *Ships at Spitby* and his portrait of Edward Sargents, which I think is very good.

'I love to entertain here, but I don't care much of the local gentry. People who can only talk about their social life and their possessions may be perfectly nice, but I have nothing in common with them. I prefer the self-made millionaire farmers—German or Italian origin—who get up at six every morning and work very hard. I have nothing in common with them, because I know what they're talking about. We don't talk about art or poet-

ry or philosophy or the intangible. We talk about their subject, and I don't find anyone dull on a subject that he knows really well.

"My friends are a very mixed lot. Some of them are very rich, some of them haven't got a bean. There are artists and writers and actresses, but I once had a Satanist with his wife and a lion—it really runs the gamut. I had a housekeeper for fifteen years called Mrs. Gilmore. Mr. Gilmore was a useless sort of man who only wanted to go fishing. One day he had a friend to stay, and I was on the telephone in the next room and overheard the friend saying to Mr. Gilmore, 'What's he like? What's it like here?' And Mr. Gilmore said, 'Oh, it's all right. Of course you never know who you'll see next, the Queen of England or the Chinese laundry man.'

"I like to have every meal in a different place, indoors and out. The ranch is designed to allow for that. I also like to surprise people by bringing out the best silver for a picnic, and having crys-

tal chandeliers out in the open on summer evenings, and having champagne in a hollow tree on the way to a picnic, and sometimes I have a belly dancer perform after lunch, out there in the sunshine. There's no warning. Everyone's out there in the bright dappled California sunshine, and the music starts, and there she is. She's a neighbor, and I love to spring her on people.

"That's for small parties, though—eight or ten. When there are thirty people, they can damn well entertain themselves. I also have poetry readings and chamber music out of doors. People come and have lunch, and then they're given ten minutes off, and when they come back the table has gone, and the chairs have gone, and they all get a comfortable chair and sit down and listen to whatever's going on. Once I had eight one-hundred-foot balloons, all in different colors, and if I ever get rich I'd like to have helicopters. That's the closest thing to playing God."

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verie Ranch whom everyone has heard of and very few people get to see is M.F.K. Fisher. W.H. Auden carried a great many people with him when he said that no matter what she was writing about, M.F.K. Fisher was the best writer of prose in the United States of America.

"I got to know M.F.K. Fisher because a beautiful girl came to stay here one weekend and told me that I was a disgrace. How could I not know M.F.K. Fisher, the only great writer who lived within a hundred miles of me (San Francisco included)? I said that naturally I knew all about Mary Frances. But she was a recluse, and certainly not in the telephone book, so what was I to do? Anyway, I was riled, and I got her address, and I wrote to her, and she said that she wouldn't come to lunch, but that she would ask me to lunch, if I'd like to come. So I went over to her Victorian house in St. Helena, on a very hot day, and she had a big earthenware tureen with ice-cold crab bisque and chunks of ice-cold fresh cucumber in it, and delicious croissants, and then a hot peach with hot fresh strawberries on it. That was our lunch, and it was the first meal we had together, with some good white Napa mountain wine. Then she started coming over here, and we decided that it would be nice if she lived here, and so I designed a house for her, and here she is."

Whether in the long term or in the short one, this is an ideal place in which to stay. Nobody is on top of anyone

else. The status of the guest list is such that, while everything is welcome, nothing is expected. The host is ever present, in his short rancher's jacket and broadbrim hat with snakeskin trim, when we want to see him—which is just about always—and discreetly absent at all other times. He never seems to be doing anything urgent, and yet he gets through a great deal of business—not only for the nature reserve and all that it entails, but on behalf of the San Francisco Museum, which he served for many years as a trustee and unofficial, unstinting host.

This particular long-time visitor always remembers the exchange of letters between an earlier Bouverie, the second Earl of Radnor, and George Washington in the year 1797. Lord Radnor had written from Longford Castle to congratulate Washington "on withdrawing yourself from the scene of public affairs with a character which appears to be perfectly unrivalled in history—the Voluntary Resignation of Authority." Almost by return mail, in the terms of the day, Washington wrote back that he was "placed in the shade of his vine and fig trees and now, at the age of sixty-five, am recommencing my Agriculture and Rural pursuits..."

Without any disrespect for Mount Vernon, I know of no better place in which to indulge in "Agriculture and Rural pursuits" than the five hundred acres, one day to be public property, of the Bouverie Ranch in the Valley of the Moon. Editor: Dorothea Walker

AUTOBIOGRAPHY AS A GARDEN

(Continued from page 118) doubly—by clever fencing, hedging, and flower borders. A rustic path from the road climbed the side of the hill and led to a formal grass terrace, prettily fenced, from the front slope down to the vegetable garden, orchard, and the field below. Under the front windows wide beds were planted solid with roses. At the other end of the enclosed terrace a fence and a hedge with a gate and an arched trellis hid the garden proper, which was reached down a flight of steps to a square lawn. It was shaped

rather like a church floor plan, with a garden seat standing where the altar would be and facing the house across a lawn defined by a square gravel path and edged by borders of bright summer flowers backed by the solid little fence. The choir sections of the church were cut into corners extending into the lawn and were backed, behind the fence, by wild growth on one side where a generous grape arbor harbored a path up the hill to a wild area of long grass and bushes where the view commanded everything, including the

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elaborate little garden. We tore it all out and began again on our own.

It was then we backed into our basic premise. If you have a wide view—and ours was half of the horizon—you can shut it out and sit inside a garden, which is its own only source of interest. Or, if you like to walk and look about, you can adapt your garden to distant views as parts of your plan, being careful to stay within the landscape and never to compete with it. Which has its blessings, for, if one is to confine oneself to one home the year round, it can be very refreshing to raise one's eyes from a border in seasonal transition to contemplate the sky. And it can afford the gardener great solace to weed for hours and then glance over a wall to miles of marsh with ribbons of blue water about which one need do absolutely nothing. If one likes to sit in the middle of a jewel box planted to be at its most charming in midsummer only, one must have recourse to other gardens at the other seasons. There would be the frustration.

Looking at pictures of glamorous gardens solid with tulips or foaming with azaleas or aflame with chrysanthemums, one can wonder at the moving—of both plants and people—involved to stage such lavish short-run productions. In our year-in year-out, companionable, reciprocal, wrap-around garden with its friendly offerings of minor “peaks,” we take comfort in the faithful reappearance of our old plant favorites. We even prolong their stays by planting them in various positions and exposures so when a fine show has subsided in one spot we have only to climb a hill or look into a shady corner to see it all over again. In the winters we can welcome odd but festive little reminders in berries and rose hips and the swirling golden balls of clematis seed-heads. Since our climate is too severe for some of the more spectacular garden features (we can have lavender but must cut back the chaste tree and caryopteris and bring rosemary indoors), we shelter them under the front windows, covering them with occasionally tinsel-sparkled branches from the Christmas tree.

Gardening alone now for over twenty years, I can savor again the pleasures of a companionable, personal garden although the rock garden has escaped me to turn into a gentle medley of small

plants of all shades like a French meadow in a medieval tapestry.

And about color. Gardeners are always discovering for themselves what other gardeners could have told them long ago. But it is easier to believe what one has learned with one's own hand white is necessary to carry the human eye to the end of a carefully planned border of pastel or primary colors; then in a muted border of pale blues and pinks and lemon yellows a touch of laquer red here and there brings it to life the way Chinnery touched up the nostrils and eye corners of his portrait that gray on its own in splashes becomes a color, bright and shining by lawn or under the shafts of iris leaves breaking the surf of gray-green mint and geraniums along the border.

Incidentally (though not really played-down), it is a pleasure to see clouds scudding across the sky above thicket of shrub roses or to be able to look over the lower half of a lawn into a mown field surrounded by full-grown trees of many sorts of groups, contrasting their forms and foliages in a stately three-sided border of their own—larches, acacias, hickories, fir spruces, oaks, and pines. A solitary hop hornbeam, a liquidambar, a catalpa stand up beyond the orchard to do their special turns at special seasons. And in the wood where wild flowers are supposed to look as if they had always been there, it is not too out of keeping to enjoy—through trunks of mature white pines—the sight of a pond covered with sheets of pink water lilies. Or later, there to hear flocks of wild geese and ducks getting up off the water with the sound of tearing silk. In our garden one can walk and watch them year round, even alone. □

CORRECTIONS

Because of a mechanical error the bylines for both the author and photographer were omitted from the cover story in the June issue. The author of *An Eden Regained* is Marjorie Salisbury and the photographs of the Hatfield House gardens are by Mick Hales.

In the April issue of *House & Garden* the names of the craftsmen responsible for the Donald Judd winter garden bench, page 158, were omitted. Judd's furniture is made by Jim Cooper and Ichiro Kato of New York City.

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VANITY FAIR

MICALAGO, MICHELAGO

(Continued from page 106) but the doors behind them were open to allow a little air to circulate through the dark interiors. In more temperate times both doors and shutters were thrown open and furniture often taken out onto the balconies so that owners could enjoy in equal measure the balmy weather and the sweeping vistas of the surrounding countryside.

The drive south from Canberra, Australia's national capital, takes you through countryside so lush and beautiful that it is difficult to keep your eyes on the road. Finally you arrive at the tiny township of Michelago. There is a reason for the curious difference in spelling between the house and the hamlet. Country properties in Australia are known as stations and Ryrie's property was, in the late nineteenth and early twentieth century, called Micalago Station. When the southern railway went in, the logical thing was to name the nearest rail siding after the district's most celebrated property. But Ryrie objected to sharing the name and so the township and its attendant railway stop became, with the addition of an *h* and an *a* changed to an *e*, Michelago. Intended to avoid confusion, the decision has merely added to it, landing the current owners with a whimsical postal address of "Micalago," Michelago.

Alexander Ryrie's descendants still own and run the property. Much reduced in size by government appropriation after World War II, Micalago, at six thousand acres, is now only one third of its former size. But a high degree of mechanization makes the running of six thousand sheep on the property still a worthwhile business. James and Dibby Ryrie who manage the property with their son James, cannot hide their affection for Micalago. The archetypal Aussie countryman, Ryrie Senior will invite you to sit under a great *Cupressus funebris* in front of the house. "I made this table myself so we may as well sit here." His wife takes the visitor through the garden, pointing out a 130-year-old apricot tree. "I made jam out of its fruit this year." Past avenues of great quince trees, the weight of the fruit turning their branches into earthbound parabolas of leaves and knobby golden globes.

"There's a saying that when a woman marries a farmer in this district she has to promise to love, honor, and bottle," says Dibby Ryrie with a smile. We walked through tunnels of crab apples, pierced by shafts of sunlight that dappled the path under low-growing pines and Australian native trees. Slightly unkempt, the garden nonetheless has a romantic air that derives both from its age and its unmanicured appearance. Breaks in the trees reveal views of rolling hills studded with eucalypts like so many Fred Williams paintings. By the roadside in the distance a stand of golden poplars shimmers in the light afternoon breeze. "When I married James, my sister-in-law told me that I might not have any money but I'd always have those trees," observes Micalago's current chatelaine.

On one walks, past harness rooms and rooms for keeping fruit throughout winter, past small staff cottages to the rude timber woolshed that, decked out with bunting and bales of hay, served as the background for the ball scene in *My Brilliant Career*. Buildings that have in truth grown like Topsy around the main house seem to have been planned in the most logical and orderly way to create a series of enclosed courtyards. In one, a river of white Japanese anemones ripples against the whitewashed walls of a long low series of storerooms. In the stable courtyard a tall clock tower above the entrance lends an oddly municipal air to the scene. This was added by the distinguished Australian architect Professor Leslie Wilkinson, around the time he also built a two-storied bedroom block that finally linked Rossi's little cottage with the main house. Extraordinarily all this linking architecture of whatever period (and much of it is easily identifiable as later additions) seems somehow to fit together into a pleasing and cohesive whole without any feeling of the hybrid about it.

Perhaps the reason Micalago sits so comfortably in its valley is that it initially grew out of it. All the material used to build the original cottage, the big house, the woolshed, and the outbuildings was locally derived. Timber was cut from the surrounding hills. Sandstone for the main house was quarried within a stone's throw of the building.

And the hardwood in the wide beam of the floor of dining and drawing rooms is a mountain timber called brown barrell, cut in the hills immediately behind the house. Micalago is a country house, with no pretensions to being anything else, its function dictated its form, necessity its growth. And the garden on every side is a kind of glue holding the disparate elements of this extraordinary complex together. "It is not easy to make a garden here," says Dibby Ryrie. "Anything that is growing in this garden has survived extreme cold, extreme heat, and extreme drought. The last drought started straight after the filming of *My Brilliant Career* in 1979 and lasted four years until 1983. I think we must have lost about half the plants in the garden."

The recovery has been phenomenal. Australians, particularly those who live in the country, are used to nature's ways. Now, as pale blue convolvulose rampage around the door leading to the kitchen, as the sun turns alleys of quinces a molten yellow, it's hard to believe there has ever been a water shortage here. There will be other droughts but Micalago and its garden will no doubt survive as they have done for a century and a half. And they will stand to remind the visitor of the uniqueness of the Australian landscape, its beauty and cruelty, of the vision of the people who set out to conquer it, of English manner translated into an often alien antipodean environment, of ambition circumscribed by conditions.

The immigrant's desirable Georgian house needed a sun hat—and the veranda was born. Oak trees planted to remind settlers of home now provide nests for birds one will never see in an oak tree in England, exotic black and white and red cockatoos. The formal dining room with its scarlet paper, Regency portraits, and Queen Anne chairs is today a less appealing place to eat at Micalago than in the garden at that table the owner made, underneath a great tree as old as the house. The meal is Mediterranean, the house transposed English. But the blue hills spiked with eucalypts and the cerulean sky powdered with clouds as long and fine and white as tail feathers of a cockatoo are unmistakably Australian. □

Editor: Babs Simpson

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(Continued from page 115) from the distant past is some modernist jetsam that reflects this Euro-American union. Alvar Aalto, Frank Lloyd Wright, Jacques Adnet, Florence Knoll, Gio Ponti, a Venetian chandelier, dime-store drawer pulls, Carolina oak, and Italian pink marble meet in a comfortable hodgepodge of not-quite-antique furniture, found objects, and Schnabel handiwork. There is a choice of 22 places to sit in the Schnabel salon and a choice of several different surfaces to sit on, among them buttery brown leather, curved plywood, black-and-white pony skin, charcoal-gray blanket wool, and frayed cotton with a faintly discernible pattern described in its day as "moderne." A door handle discovered in an abandoned Long Island beach shack was the inspiration for

freewheeling cast-bronze variations by Jacqueline and Julian, the most fantastical resembling the leg of a mythical half-feathered, half-furry creature. The family beds are Schnabel originals: a version of a campaign bed in steel with cast-bronze rosettes for the children and a gigantic rolled and waxed steel sleigh bed for Jacqueline and Julian that looks like an heirloom handed down by the Sorcerer of Swan Lake.

In the Schnabel household, it is art that counts above all else and art is everywhere. There are paintings by Beckmann, Kiefer, Warhol, Van Vliet, and Bleckner, works by Clemente, drawings by Beuys, and Twombly, a photograph by Man Ray. Mostly there is art by Schnabel, massive constructions of animal, vegetable, and mineral matter that seem to hold up the walls like ram-

parts against the encroaching outside world.

Monumental as they are, they comfortably with the objects of the domestic life they protect: a pint-size panda-bear rocking chair; a Mickey Mouse plastic doll's buggy; an unceremonious rattan sofa; a birch-bark wastebasket from a summer-camp crafts lesson; two broken but servicable 1930s bedside lamps; an elegant slate-and-wood table made by a friend; a Magnum rowing machine; a fusty, fifty-year-old radiator that works far more reliably than the fancy new German range beside it; and finally, stacks of nameless junk waiting to be transformed into a Schnabel artwork, with the help of a can of paint. □

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff By

THE BEAUTY OF LOGIC

(Continued from page 100) their clients still feared "the little white boxes on the hillside" they had seen in magazines. Janice Batter recalls, "Our work was definitely alien to this area, but we felt it belonged here. We find that once our clients are exposed to this kind of architecture, they enjoy the light and the space and no longer want to live in anything else."

The architects explain that there is more brute utility in this suave-looking house than meets the eye. In fact, the more inconspicuous the services, the more advanced they are likely to be. For example, the concealed radiant heating system is entirely solar-powered, with long narrow collector panels screened by the roof parapet, a hot-water storage tank underground, and tiny computerized heat sensors in each room. In addition, the kitchen is plumbed to receive solar-distilled water from the roof and to send out compost material to the garden. And the engineer is further updating his house with photovoltaic cells that store electrical energy as well as a computerized lighting system that uses it creatively.

The pristine surfaces of the pool courtyard, water, and ceramic tile also absorb sunlight during the day and release it during the cool beach nights. In the hottest summer months, the own-

ers simply slide aside the clear plastic roof and throw open the courtyard's two parallel walls of doors. All eleven nine-foot-high doors can pivot at ninety degrees to direct the ocean winds across the very center of the house.

Even the floor plan of the house has its own invisible efficiency. As in all their work, Batter Kay spent most of their design time proving that the two-dimensional floor plan is the "generator" of three-dimensional drama. That is, the logic goes in before the beauty goes on. The architects guide clients from diagrams to drawings to study models, refining the plan until each room is aligned for the best exposure to sun, wind, views, and family vicissitudes. All the abstract architectural artwork—the sophisticated layering of solid and transparent wall planes and the still subtler choreography of grids and curves—is the white-on-white icing on a solid wholesome cake.

Here, the family's decision to live on the second floor and to entertain on the ground level—inspired by a visit to Le Corbusier's Villa Savoye outside Paris—allowed the architects to provide as much convenience as drama. Instead of an earthbound hearth, the kitchen is a lofty control tower/lab—equipped with sewing and kitchen machines and a computer; surrounded by

window walls, endless counters, and a deck leading to a hydroponic grow house.

The house "expands" horizontally and vertically for family parties. The double-height living room—large enough to welcome visitors for a daughter's harp concerts—leads to a pool courtyard, which opens onto garden terraces. Sculptural staircases and pipe-railed bridges and decks blur the boundaries between indoors and outdoors as they make functional connections.

Each day mundane trips become ceremonial ones; ordinary views are celebrated. An outdoor stair, framed by flying "wing walls," permits a couple to move freely from the kitchen to the vegetable garden and, in fact, encourages them to take that trip of theirs. The spiraling ribbon staircase, the focal point of the pool and link between two levels of bedroom suites, adds more ambiguity: is that pool pavilion an informal indoor atrium or a formal outdoor courtyard? Both. It all depends on how the clients fine-tune the house to the variables of season, weather, time of day—and, of course, personal caprice. The house is, after all, a responsive, manageable vehicle for living well. □

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff By

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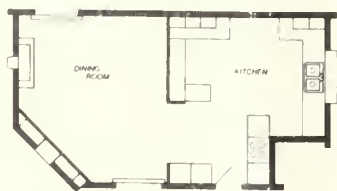
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August 1985

HOUSE & GARDEN

THE MAGAZINE OF
CREATIVE LIVING
Volume 157, Number 8

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Arata Isozaki's glass-brick stairway in the new Palladium

Anyone wanting to see what art and architecture, decoration and design are all about in the eighties should simply get on line with everyone else waiting to get into the Palladium, New York's new knockout disco, designed by the Japanese architect Arata Isozaki with the help of French designer Andrée Putman and artists Francesco Clemente, Kenny Scharf, and Keith Haring, among others. Isozaki's design—a stunning structure set within the 59-year-old, 104,000-square-foot Palladium theater on East 14th Street, is a wonderful example of how modern design can integrate a historic building and how the boundaries between art and architecture, decoration and design can be blurred. Banks of seats around the dance floor at the building's center evoke the theater the Palladium once was and make this New York City's most civilized disco to date. Conversation and more tradi-

tional conviviality are as welcome as modern music and movement in this new art amphitheater. From Francesco Clemente's fresco near the blinding glass-brick entry stairway to the nostalgic lace-swathed Mike Todd Room in the upper reaches of the seven-story Palladium, the spaces manage to be grand and intimate, awesome and human, androgynous and sexy. We plan more on this synergistic commingling of art and architecture in a future issue.

Almost simultaneous with the Palladium opening, the Whitney Museum of American Art unveiled Michael Graves's design for a major addition to its original Marcel Breuer building on Madison Avenue. Another stunning example of how a major architect can respectfully add to a building from another period and another sensibility, Graves's design, with Martin Fillier's critique, is on page 80 in this issue.

Farther from home, our story on traditional architecture of Kyoto also has an Arata Isozaki connection. American architects Allyne Winckman and Ronald Rose both worked with Isozaki, first in Los Angeles and then in Tokyo, during a two-year interruption in their study of traditional Kyoto town houses. They met the architect Kojiro Yoshida during the summer of 1981 after being awestruck at the site of his house during the Gion Festival. Prepared for the festival, the house appeared then just as it does in the photographs taken for this issue. Winckman and Rose's drawings—based on months of measuring and documenting the house—enrich our story, page 82. A grant from the Graham Foundation will permit their study of the architecture in Kyoto to continue.

Lou Groop
Editor-in-Chief

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COME BACK, MRS. KINDHEART

The characters who peopled the old Emily Post conjure up a bygone era of taste, tact, and style

By P.J. O'Rourke

I've been paging through the new, totally revised, terribly up-to-date version of *Emily Post's Etiquette* written by Mrs. Post's granddaughter-in-law Elizabeth L. Post. It's a big book, thorough, tidy of organization, and legibly printed. I have no doubt it would be handy if I were planning my wedding or funeral. And I'm sure it contains all manner of sound advice for conducting a new, totally revised, terribly up-to-date life. However, almost all of the people I know have been left out.

Muriel Manners, Mr. and Mrs. Eminent, Sarah Stranger, and Mrs. Kindheart are nowhere to be found. The late Mrs. Post used these friends and

acquaintances to illustrate her little dramas of courtesy and faux pas. She sketched her characters with marvelous economy—never a word about their physical appearance, inner conflicts, or personal history. Yet they came alive upon the page. I give this example from my mother's copy of the eighth edition, published in 1945:

NAMES LEGALLY CHANGED

Whatever may have been the reason for changing the name by which one has been known, social and business associates should be notified of the change if embarrassing situations are to be avoided. The quickest and simplest way of telling them is to send out formal announcements.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN ORIGINAL NAME
Announce that by Permission of the
Court They and Their Children
Have Taken the Family Name of
Brown

What subtlety there is in "embarrassing situations," social "associates," and "Whatever may have been the reason." One knows it didn't turn out well for the sad and rather pushing Name family (pronounced Nam-ay). Their import business was expanded with vain optimism and sank beneath a weight of bank debt. Today, John Original Jr. is some sort of rapsallion Hollywood person and the Name daughter, on her fourth divorce,

PATOU JEAN PATOU PARIS
JEAN PATOU JEAN PATOU PARIS
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JEAN P. PATOU PARIS
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These people did drink (champagne, at least) but they didn't argue and back over my bicycle in the driveway afterward



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Superior skin care
with a French accent.

ROBINSON'S

drinks before noon.

There are no such adventures in the new edition. The exotic Names have been replaced by the prosaic Milsokoviches who are changing their handle to Miller, probably to get something that will fit on a Visa card. And that raptier thrust "may have been" is gone from the opening sentence.

In this and every other way Elizabeth L. Post's *Etiquette* is blunt and homely. It contains paragraphs on such subjects as BYOB parties, pregnant brides, illegal drugs, meeting people through personal ads, and unmarried couples who live together. To tell the truth, I already know how unmarried couples live together. I probably need to learn less. Anyway, Emily Post would never have broached the subject. She would have thought it, well, bad manners.

Nor would the elder Mrs. Post have held a respectable lady's past up to ridicule. But the new edition of *Etiquette* is decorated with facsimile quotations from the first edition of 1922:

Dishes are *never* passed from hand to hand at a dinner, not even at the smallest and most informal one.

There are many places which are unsuitable for young girls to go whether they are chaperoned or not. No well brought up young girl should be allowed to go to supper at a cabaret until she is married. . .

. . . do not greet anyone until you are out on the church steps. . . "Hello" should not be said on this occasion because it is too "familiar" for the solemnity of church surroundings.

Perhaps these weren't inserted for amusement but to show how manners change with time. I found them, though, neither funny nor informative. Instead they filled me with sad longing for the elegance, dignity, and sophistication I knew in my youth.

That is, the elegance, dignity, and sophistication I knew *about*. And the way I knew about it was from Emily

Post. I was a bookish child brought up in a house with few books. What reading material we had was stuck on some shelves by the front door. One rainy Saturday when I was about eleven, I was sitting on the linoleum examining the spines of a New Testament, a Fatima Farmer cookbook, *How to Win Friends and Influence People*, a Reader's Digest condensation of *Life Among the Savages*, a paperback *Bridge Over the River Kwai* which I'd already read, and a family snapshot album. It was then I noticed a large book on the bottom shelf. The binding was a deep compelling shade of blue embossed with the single foreign-seeming word *Etiquette* in silver cursive letters. I pulled it out and cracked it open. I think the first thing I saw was a black and-white photograph of delicate rattan chairs arranged around a table in a little garden. In the background were brick gateposts with a small fountain visible behind them. The caption read "AT TEA TIME IN A CITY YARD The inviting charm of a garden setting—even that of a city yard—is all too often overlooked." Undeniably true of the yard in the factory town where I was growing up. I turned the pages.

If you carry a stick, it should be of plain Malacca. . . Above all—unless you are a dancer on the stage (like Fred Astaire)—avoid an ebony cane with an ivory top. . .

Boston's older ladies and gentlemen always dance at balls, and the fact that older ladies of distinction dance with dignity has an inevitable effect on younger ones, so that dancing at balls has not degenerated into the vulgarities of wiggling contortions.

Champagne glasses ought to be thin as soap bubbles. . . a thick glass will lower the temperature at which a really fine champagne should be served and spoil its perfection.

I was transported. Here was a world I did not know, had not even hoped existed. Here was a society where beauty and grace were serious matters

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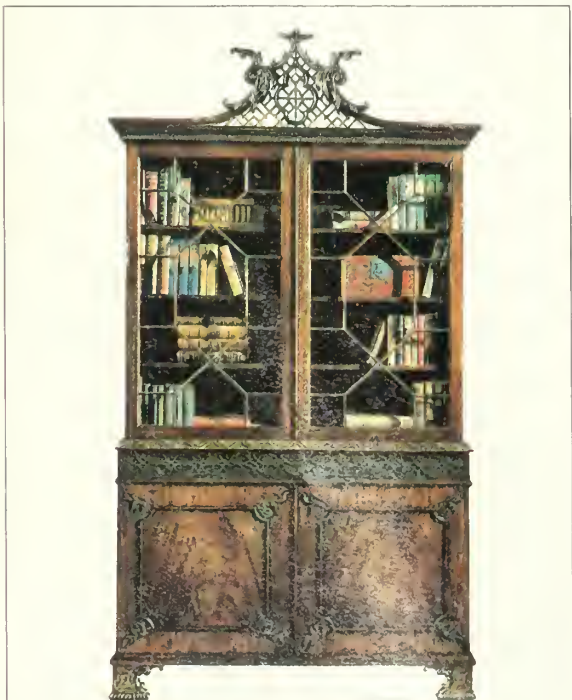
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Here were people who made studied efforts not to act like fools. I read on.

The endeavor of a hostess, when seating her table, is to put together those who are likely to be interested in each other. Professor Bugge might bore *you* to tears, but Mrs. Entomoid would probably delight in him just as Mr. Stocksan Bonds and Mrs. Rich would probably have interests in common.

I didn't think I'd be bored to tears by any of them. They all sounded like preferable dinner companions to my two screaming sisters and fat, bullying stepfather. I was only a simple eleven-year-old, but I thought I'd get along all right. After all, Mrs. Post said, "... simplicity is not crudeness or anything like it. On the contrary simplicity of speech and manners means language in its purest form, and manners of such perfection that they do not suggest 'manner' at all." Simplicity I had. As for the other guests, I supposed not even Mrs. Rich would tell me to get the hell out of the house or go soak my head. "The code of a thoroughbred..." said Mrs. Post, "is the code of instinctive decency, ethical integrity, self-respect, and loyalty."

These people did drink (champagne, at least) but they didn't argue and back over my bicycle in the driveway afterward. And it wasn't just because they were wealthy, for I found my own mother described in *Etiquette*. She was "Mrs. Three-in-One" who had no servants and "must be cook and waitress and apparently unoccupied hostess." Her parties were said to be a delight and invitations to them eagerly sought. Why, my family could live in this world, I thought, if we but willed it. We wouldn't even have to move into the better neighborhood on the other side of Upton Avenue. Mrs. Post said, "A gem of a house may be of no size at all, but its lines are honest and its painting and furnishing in good taste... all of which may very well contribute as unmistakably to the impression of 'quality' as the luxury of a palace." I resolved never to carry an ebony cane with an ivory ball top to my sixth-grade class.

The *Etiquette* book had been a wedding present to my mother from exactly the kind of aunt who would give a 28-year-old woman an etiquette book

Marc Chagall July 7, 1887 — March 28, 1985
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for a wedding present. I doubt it had been opened before. I appropriated it to my own use and spent hours studying how to address a duke (call him "Duke"—"Your Grace" is for servants and retainers), what color waistcoat to wear with a cutaway (black), and when to use the "cut direct" (never, and I heartily wished the same were true for a punch in the eye in Toledo, Ohio).

But the people were what I like the best, and they came to populate my fantasies. There was Mrs. Toplofty, very reserved and dignified but awfully decent once you got to know her and she invited you in for Kool-Aide. And Mr. Worldly who always had something clever to say about the Detroit Tigers. Mr. Clubwin Doe was lots of fun at the YMCA. And the Oncewere family, though they'd fallen on hard times, still had plenty of style at kick-the-can and stoop tag. There were visitors, too, members of European noble families such as Lord Blank, and the vague and haughty Duke of Overthere (none of us ever called him "Your Grace"). We always suspected these fellows of having designs on the "better situated" neighborhood debutantes, especially on the spoiled and willful daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richan Vulgar. No one would actually "cut" the Vulgars, but we were rather cool to them when they wanted to borrow the leaf rake. Actually, certain members of our own set were a bit "fast" themselves. Mr. and Mrs. Uppal Knight, for instance, gave parties that went on until after 11 P.M. And the frankly naughty Cigaret Colcrème was "separated" and had men friends who drove convertibles.

And thus it was that while my boyhood chums were pulling the wings off flies I was discussing ants and grubs with Professor Bugge and Mrs. Entomoid and handling three forks and four different kinds of stemware.

Of course, in the real world, I have never quite made my way to that perfect land of kindness, taste, and tact. Though I'd like to think sometimes I've been on the path. I hope to get there yet. But I wonder if any bored eleven-year-olds, sitting by bookshelf in trailer or tract house, will be inspired to undertake the same journey by the new edition of *Emily Post's Etiquette*. I fear not. □



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NOTES FROM THE RURAL UNDERGROUND

In the Texas wildflower network a clear path leads to M.W. Carlton
By Laura Furman

To put a new twist on a traditional brag: gigantic Texas is a botanical treasure-house holding 5,000 of the 25,000 American species of wildflowers. Their swift beauty is seen in a bloom as famous as the sturdy bluebonnet, the state flower, and in one as little known as the spectacular early-morning-blooming yellowshow. Today Texas wildflowers are being crowded out by the plow and the cow, by the increase in population, by concrete and pollution. What stands between the present status of many species and their extinction—besides strong environmental policy—is knowledge. A good amount of information on wildflowers comes from scientific research, but Texas wildflowers have other champions, an underground of individuals who love plants and devote themselves to cultivating, collecting, observing, and sharing precious information on germination,



Top: A field of *Liatris punctata* in Caldwell County. Above, from left: The rare yellowshow; showy primrose; Texas bluebell.

blooming, and tolerance to weather. One who has taught many of a new generation of flower growers and nurserymen is 85-year-old M.W. Carlton of Caldwell County.

A spry, blue-eyed, white-haired man, dressed invariably in denim overalls, Carlton lives on a blackland prairie provident for cotton, cattle, oil, and wildflowers. In spring, the fields are blanketed with bluebonnets, Indian paintbrushes, wine-cups, showy primroses, and many other flowers; and in summer—when almost everything else is burned up by the sun—snow-on-

the-prairie and sunflowers.

Central Texas farms are an acquired taste, less impressive at first sight than New England homesteads. But once you love them, you do so for

their crabbiness and toughness, for being a match for the land. The turnoff from a winding country road to Carlton's gate is marked by an orange mailbox, and the washboard driveway leads down a gentle slope to a modest white wooden house and the Wildflower Area, a lawn dotted by garden beds fenced in with chicken wire. Shrubs like desert willow are planted here and there, and places where penstemons and spiderworts bloom are marked by sticks to save them from the mower. On a rise a little ways from the house are mature golden-ball lead trees that shade the graves of family pets, one marked by a stone carved "Baby."

Carlton has been visited here for over a decade by botanists and garden-

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ers in search of information, plants, and seeds. Each fall he gathers hundreds of pounds of acorns from native oaks and mountain laurel for nurseries. A series of interviews with Carlton by a young horticulturist is being transcribed at Lady Bird Johnson's National Wildflower Research Center, and he is contributing plants and seeds, research, and landscaping to the Center's herbarium. So far he has given them a chart showing blooming periods of several species over a six-year period and a record of frost damage and survival of natives on his farm after the unusually cold winter of 1983-84.

Carlton was trained as an agronomist and spent years teaching, in one way or another, about soil and growing things. Curious and alert, Carlton has a habitual gesture—shoulders up, hands held out with palms up, one higher than the other—that expresses his affectionate acceptance of wild things. Carlton may make this gesture when talking about a triumph, like the pink bluebonnet he was able to cultivate through several generations, or a failure, like last spring's loss of 101 Blanco crab apple seedlings. In a long lifetime, he's seen enough of the death of plants and animals to let it go by. If armadillos, rats, rabbits, rattlesnakes, drought, rain, and extremes of cold and heat don't defeat a plant, he isn't going to cry over an experiment that fails.

Carlton's interest in wildflowers started when he was a boy up on a horse in Live Oak County. "I wasn't there for the flower show, I was working cattle. But you can't keep from seeing what's under the horse's foot." He looks at an individual plant as a naturalist does, as part of the whole environment, and this vision has guided his work. Years ago, with his wife, Nana-bell, and other wildflower lovers, he covered a lot of Texas, observing and collecting. He'd drive the pickup, with his wife and friends in the cab or in the back on bales of hay, and stop when they spotted a plant they wanted. From 1935 to 1945, Carlton also hunted each fall with ten men, and on those trips he added to his knowledge of plants, sometimes at the expense of a shot at a buck or a wild turkey. Throughout his work as an agronomist, Carlton has built a photographic record of Texas wildflowers and other forms of wildlife. On his retirement in 1968, he was finally able to devote himself full time



Carlton in the Wildflower Area


to native plants, and by 1979, he has 156 species growing around his yard and in his Wildflower Area.

His is more of a collection than a garden, and the beds, beautiful in bloom, are more like laboratory tables than ordinary flower beds. In back of the shed where he keeps his beehives is a covered trench bed for protecting potted plants such as irids and yellowshoys from varmints and harsh weather. Carlton's shed is a paradigm of his methods, combining sophistication and rural thriftiness. He often uses half-gallon buttermilk cartons for starting plants, and has a large quantity of cartons, pots, fencing material, stakes, buckets, sieves, empty cans, and other garden paraphernalia. He stores a substantial collection of bulbs and corms in an old refrigerator—the kind most Texans use for keeping beer—and in a disused stove he stores seeds gathered from his fields and beds.

His showiest bed is four feet by twenty-eight and holds twenty-two diverse flowering plants. The soil (pH 7) is made up of sandy soil, soil from under very old live oak trees, and compost. (He makes a potting soil of live-oak mold screened three times with coarse sand, nitrogen, and some phosphate fertilizer added, forming rich black gold.) Only three species introduced to the bed have failed so far, and the flourishing survivors include blue-eyed grass; an unusual sun-loving Turk's cap; pinewoods lily; dalea, a silver-leafed, violet-bloom; and the most spectacular penstemon flowering in Texas, the scarlet *Penstemon Murrayanus*. "It's a question of providing soil so that the plant can live and do well. For most people that's a better terminology than balancing. You can balance soil for orchids or you can balance soil for string beans, but if you fix it so that the plant can live and grow why that takes care of it all."

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Carlton's best recorded contribution has been to the fragile yellowshow *Amoreuxia Wrightii*, seen from northern Mexico to the nearby Edwards Plateau and as far east as Nueces County on the Gulf Coast. By the seventies the yellowshow was listed in the Smithsonian's Report on Endangered and Threatened Plant Species and recognized as very rare and acutely endangered by the University of Texas Rare Plant Study Center and the Texas Organization for Endangered Species.

On a drizzly day in 1953, Carlton was visited by three undaunted wildflower fanciers who were eager to see the native plants Carlton was growing. One of them, Mrs. Margaret Kane of San Antonio, told him of a serendipitous event. On an outing to New Braunfels, Mrs. Kane visited a friend and spotted *Amoreuxia Wrightii* in her garden. With seed she obtained that day, Mrs. Kane had succeeded in raising the plant. She presented Carlton with a packet of about a dozen seeds, thereby beginning his extended research on the yellowshow. Years of observing and experimenting resulted in their coauthoring a 1977 article on the yellowshow in the popular *Texas Parks and Wildlife* magazine, giving precise information on the plant's requirements. In 1984, Carlton distributed free yellowshow seed through the newsletter of the late Carroll Abbot, an influential wildflower enthusiast.

Carlton won't accept credit for saving the yellowshow, partly from modesty and partly because it remains to be seen if the plant is saved. "We've done more to grow the plants and to make the seed available to other gardeners. He gives his shrug. "The yellowshow, like a lot of other plants, is on the downhill slide."

In 1834, when Texas wildflowers were less endangered, the Scottish botanist Thomas Drummond collected seed of annual phlox (*Phlox Drummondii*) not far from Carlton's farm and sent them to W.J. Hooker at Kew Gardens, who hybridized them into the flower that was to become so popular in Victorian gardens and so widespread today. It is possible to trace a continuum from the European naturalists who first exploited the riches of Texas wildlife to contemporary botanists and naturalists whose consciousness has been educated by individual investigators like M.W. Carlton. □

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SAG HARBOR

Long Island's historic whaling port has a present continuous with its past

By Jason Epstein

Some of the most illustrious residents of Sag Harbor—this patchwork relic of a whaling port on the nether fringe of the gaudy Hamptons, a hundred miles east of New York City—dwell not in the restored mansions along Main Street or in the old seafarers' houses on Madison, Sage, Union, and Jefferson but in Oakland Cemetery at the south end of town. There beside rutted carriageways in a glade of oaks beneath their worn markers of granite and brownstone lie the Howellses, Hands, Mulfords, Huntings, and Piersons, whose ships returned laden with oil and whalebone from the Bering Sea and the Sea of Japan, who hunted seals from the coast of Oregon to the edges of Antarctica and who, in the brief decades of their great prosperity, built the sturdy houses and churches that still dominate this resilient little settlement.

Architecturally, Sag Harbor remains much as these whalers and their descendants left it more than a century ago, when the whale fishery had become a memory and the port had fallen into its long decline: a unique collection of styles from Colonial to late Victorian, including many examples of Georgian, Federal—with their long shingled sides, clapboard fronts, and mantled doorways—Greek and Gothic Revival—even a church in the Egyptian Revival—as well as Italianate,



The Egyptian Revival Whaler's Church designed by Minard Lafever before its steeple blew down in 1938, *above*, and today, *right*. *Below*: Harbor view around the turn of the century.



gingerbread, Queen Anne, and other late-Victorian modes, interspersed with "factory houses," built by the owners of the old brick watchcase factory for their immigrant workers nearly a century ago and which are still intact.

Insufficiently genteel in spirit and appearance to attract the sustained interest of philanthropic antiquarians and until lately of no interest to developers, Sag Harbor has so far remained more or less itself: an actual place,

continuous with its past; a unique collection of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century buildings in various states of restoration and decay, whose occupants, for the most part, regard the rarities as their everyday—or at least their weekend—dwellings. Sag Harbor, for all its antiquarian interest, nothing like a museum, for the sense the past inhabits its old streets not as a completed action but as ongoing experience. Never having outgrown its o



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shapes and boundaries it casually accommodates the present within them.

On soft July nights when the street lamps seem to float on the heavy summer air and the shadows of chestnut trees fall across the picket fence alongside Benjamin Hunting's salt-white mansion with its Greek pediment mounted upon four Corinthian columns and its frieze of whale teeth and blubber spades sharp against the sky, one can imagine—as one can also imagine on winter mornings when the snow has silenced every street in the village—that Sag Harbor has gathered itself into its past, that the Howellses and Hands are still in their parlors and the intervening years have compressed themselves into a moment. It is this curious sense that one has from time to time in Sag Harbor of occupying two centuries at once that suggests the essence of the place, draws one into it, provides that feeling of dimension so rare in American places which often annihilate the past or re-create it as décor.

In 1791, on the last day of August, from the same Long Wharf where tourists now stroll on summer mornings, Captain Isaac Hand set out for Martinique aboard a brig named for his wife, Sally. In its hold were thirty-two tons of hay, twenty bushels of sour, three thousand pine boards, twenty barrels of whale oil, twenty-two barrels of beef, twenty sheep, three hogs, and twenty-dozen fowl, all of it the wealth of the nearby Hamptons, whose rich soil and teeming waters had already enriched four generations of settlers from Kent and Devon and which still support those of their heirs who have chosen to stay. For the two centuries before they became a resort, these towns that formed Sag Harbor's hinterland were a self-contained and prosperous economy, associated politically, culturally, and, therefore, architecturally less with New York than with New England, a short sail across the Sound. Two years before Hand set out on the *Sally*, Sag Harbor had become the first Port of Entry for the State of New York, partly because Henry Dering, Sag Harbor's collector of customs, was a political supporter of President Washington but also because Sag Harbor at the time was clearing more square-rigged shipping than New York City and had become one of

the major ports in the United States.

Returning, Hand must have carried the usual rum, sugar, and molasses and probably mahogany, too, for the local builders had begun to look beyond their native pumpkin pine, ash, and oak. By 1806, according to a Boston geographer, East Hampton's 1594 "inhabitants" owned 886 slaves and some of these may have been below Hand's decks as well, for Sag Harbor served what amounted to a plantation economy, though to this day villagers prefer to skirt the possibility that Sag Harbor may once have been a slave port. After the War of 1812, Sag Harbor's waterfront was crowded with oil cellars, ship chandlers, smithies, warehouses, and similar paraphernalia of a world port. Whalebone was piled high on the Wharf awaiting a rising market, and in the brief years of their prosperity the top-hatted gentry made their way to Bay Street amid Fijians, Sandwich Islanders, Kanakas, Portuguese, Malays, Chinese, and Africans mingled with the local Montauketts and Shinnecocks.

Melville's Queequeg came to America from his South Seas home on a Sag Harbor whaler, hoping, once he got here, to become a Christian. But after one look at Sag Harbor, he went on to Nantucket and after a look at that place decided to stay a pagan.

But the rowdy seaport supported an increasingly prosperous gentry. By the 1820s, the money that had furnished the parlors and adorned the young ladies of Sag Harbor was sufficient to import as distinguished a New York architect as Minard Lafever, a master of the Greek Revival. Sag Harbor after the War of 1812 had become a boom town and by the time it had rebuilt itself after the great fire of 1817 and assumed pretty much its present proportions, its population had quadrupled. After New Bedford and Nantucket it was the country's third busiest whaling port, the Kuwait of its day.

But by the 1850s kerosene would soon replace whale oil, whales had become so scarce that there was talk of extinction and the California gold fields offered a promising alternative to the hard days and long voyages of the whale fishery. On February 9, 1849, the *Sabina* sailed from Sag Harbor for San Francisco with eighteen whaling captains among its eighty-five

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passengers. None of them returned. By 1870 Sag Harbor had become "a deserted village... disaster and decay [had] attached themselves to the whalers. The old merchants are nearly all in their graves... and there [is] heard only the ripple of waves washing over piles, black and rotting, marking the site of former wharves... The more enterprising young men go West. The girls stay at home and grow into old maids. A glance on Sunday at the congregations in the village reveals only a male head here and there in a forest of bonnets."

The industrial growth that enriched and whose decline finally devastated such other old port cities as Fall River and New Bedford barely occurred here. A cotton mill built in the 1840s succumbed during the Civil War and burnt in the 1870s. The flour mill, the brass foundry, the pottery, and the hat factory also failed. Only the watchcase factory, whose old brick buildings thick with ivy now stand empty, succeeded well enough to encourage a final burst of carpenter Gothic and Italianate construction, the last resting place as far as one can tell of Sag Harbor's residual capital. For the following half-century Sag Harbor slept, kept alive by the watchcase factory and an associated silversmith, the old houses occupied by the expiring relics of the whaling families or cut up into rooming houses for the watchcase workers.

The whaling families are now in their graves and to visit them in Oakland Cemetery after one has lived for a while amid their streets and houses reinforces that intimacy with the past that so pervades this place. Largely impervious to the great opulence of the nearby resorts and even to its own summertime tourists, most of them day-trippers lured here from across the Sound by the wistful Barnums of the Merchants' Association, Sag Harbor exists in a dimension of its own so that one wonders what a casual visitor makes of the place which provides so few obvious entertainments and whose allure has so much to do with a peculiar foreshortening of one's sense of time.

A year or so before he died George Balanchine visited Sag Harbor, told the friends who brought him here that the place reminded him of the South of France as he had known it years ago and that he wanted his next home to be

here. But even on the brightest summer day there is nothing about this Atlantic port with its iron-gray water and its margins of oak and pine to recall the Côte d'Azur, least of all the waterfront café with its inappropriate Mediterranean pretensions where Balanchine had been sitting under the Cinzano umbrellas. Perhaps what actually attracted him was this same foreshortening, this compression of the past, this confusion of now and then, and for a moment he may have imagined that it was his own past rather than the past itself that had gathered him up.

One would have thought that when he died Balanchine's friends would arrange a grave for him on San Michele in the Venetian Lagoon beside Diaghilev and the Stravinskys. But his friends didn't want him so far away so they found him a place in Oakland Cemetery, not far from the grave of David Hand who died here in 1840 at the age of 81. Hand had been a privateer during the Revolution, was captured by the British, taken to Brooklyn and imprisoned in the Wallabout from which he escaped and returned to Sag Harbor on foot. He was captured again by the British and this time imprisoned in Halifax but escaped from there too and once again walked home. By the 1820s when the young James Fenimore Cooper lived here and began writing novels, Hand was a legendary Sag Harbor character and Cooper is said to have used him as a source for Natty Bumppo—the Deerslayer—the eponymous hero of his Leatherstocking novels. When Natty Bumppo first appears in Cooper's saga he is an old man and lord of the forest, presumably the same old man whom Cooper had known in Sag Harbor. "He stretched out his long neck and straightened his body, as he opened his mouth which exposed a single tusk of yellow bone, while his eyes, his face, even his whole frame seemed to laugh, although no sound was emitted except a kind of thick hissing, as he exhaled his breath in quavers."

One thinks of Balanchine up there in Oakland Cemetery beside this old fellow and feels in their juxtaposition that same condensation of time, that lamination of worlds so typical of this town which, like an unexpected metaphor arising from an unnoticed corner of the mind, startles and comforts at once. □

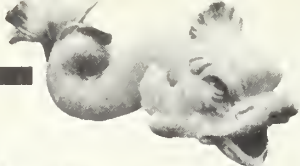
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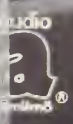
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THE MIRROR IMAGE

For light, illusion, sparkle, or optical whimsy, there are few rooms a mirror can't improve

By Mark Hampton

People think all too often that mirrors are a little showy, perhaps a bit commercial and more appropriate in dress salons and nightclubs, or too Baroque, too Rococo. The fact remains, however, that mirrors are both beautiful and useful. Their beauty is often overshadowed by the richness of their frames but the silvery sparkle and the sense of illusion that they contribute to a space is certainly uplifting. Mirrors are also very durable. Like porcelain, they combine opposing characteristics of fragility and durability—a tantalizing dichotomy.

The word *mirror* probably comes from the Latin word meaning "to admire," and for many centuries the only mirrors in existence—whether of highly polished metal in ancient times or of glass backed with metal in medieval times—were small hand mirrors made expressly for the purpose of looking at oneself. Early in the sixteenth century a couple of very enterprising men from the island of Murano in the Republic of Venice obtained a license granting them the exclusive privilege of making mirrors. Theirs were glass, usually beveled, backed with a silver-colored amalgam, and large enough to hang on the wall. For the next 150 years, Venice monopolized the mirror trade in the Western world.

These early mirrors, highly prized



Rose Cumming's dining room, circa 1964, in a house since demolished.

and famous throughout Europe, were treated with the same care and attention that collectors gave their paintings. The estate of the French minister, Colbert, who died in 1683, contained a Venetian mirror 46 by 26 inches valued at 8,016 livres. A painting by Raphael in the same estate was valued at 3,000 livres. These mirrors were not intended for the guest powder room: they were major pieces of interior decoration. It is no wonder that Louis XIV's

Hall of Mirrors was and is one of the world's most astonishing rooms. The idea of a room primarily decorated with mirrors was truly palatial. It is almost impossible to imagine the manufacture and shipment of all the mirrors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. How on earth were they packed? Were there great, horse-drawn equivalents of today's eighteen wheelers piled to the skies with hay rumbling along the roads of England and the Continent? There must have been.

Perhaps the most familiar mirrored room with the exception of the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles, is the round room in the Amalienburg, one of the "Maisons de Plaisance" in the park of the Nymphenburg Palace outside of Munich. Designed in the 1730s by

Cuvilliés as a hunting lodge for the Electress Amalia, this little pavilion contains a suite of rooms of Rococo perfection. The most dazzling of these rooms is also called the Hall of Mirrors. The background of the paneling is pale blue. The carving, almost too ornate to believe, is silver leaf. And the panels themselves are completely filled with large panes of beveled mirror. The effect of the icy light combined with the extravagant design is preposterously rich.

Due to the element of white metal in mirrors, they shed a light that is as cool



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as silver. Therefore, when combined with cool colors, mirrors can create a marvelously frosty effect. The room illustrated belonged to Rose Cumming. It was the dining room on the ground floor of her enchanting house across from The Museum of Modern Art on West 53rd Street in New York. The room itself was low (ground floor, after all) and dimly lit by one bay window slightly below the level of the sidewalk and facing north. It was an unprepossessing room to say the least. The walls were paneled with painted Venetian moldings in which were set squares of very old, very discolored mirror. The squares were held in place by tarnished brass rosettes that had once been gilded. The moldings and the intervals of wall in between the panels of mirror were painted a soft gray with traces of polychromy. The floor was white marble with squares of black. The rest of the furnishings were varied to the point of incoherence; the background and Rose's taste held it together. Although everything was in a state of decay, the

evenness of tone in the room was perfect, and because of the combination of faded mirror and shades of gray, there was a cloudy quality that can only be called ethereal—one of the lovely possibilities of mirrors.

The special qualities of fantasy that were second nature to Rose Cumming are not available to most of us. Neither are antique Venetian mirrored rooms, for that matter. But mirrors and their endless uses are certainly at the fingertips of all of us. One of the most practical uses of mirrors, in the past as well as now, is the creation of light on an otherwise gloomy wall or in a dark part of a room. Forgetting whatever else they reflect, it is important to remember that they throw light back into the room. The perfect example of this is the pier mirror, one of the first wall-hung types. Pier walls—walls between windows—are always cast in shadow as a result of the light passing through the windows to the other side of the room. By hanging long mirrors in these narrow spaces, the inevitable shadows

are replaced by reflections of the side of the room where the light has come to rest. In this century, a new alternative has presented itself, and that is just to haul off and cover an entire wall with great sheets of clear mirror. That, naturally, creates both additional light and the illusion of doubled space. It is an even more effective trick when used in conjunction with some kind of view. The thing to remember, though, is to place the mirrors at a right angle to the wall with the view, not opposite it.

If you want to combine confusion with illusion, mirrored folding screens are marvelously decorative and whimsical. The most beautiful ones of all were made for Syrie Maugham and had sixteen or twenty panels seven inches wide edged in tiny frames of beveled glass. I once found one in a client's garage, where it had been packed away years before in plywood crates, about five panels to a crate. Assembled, the screen gave the effect of a row of giant prisms. What it would cost to make one of those screens today I couldn't even begin to imagine. We all know, however, that simpler versions can be fabulous.

Far from considering mirrors too showy or the least bit inappropriate for any kind of room, I think there are no many rooms that couldn't use one. One of my favorite rooms and a perfect example of just how far you can go is a Stratfield Saye, the home of the Duke of Wellington. The room I love so is mid-Georgian with dark green architectural elements picked out in gold. The walls are covered in an early Victorian wallpaper festooned with gold swags and garlands, and there are lovely paintings against this rich background. But it is full of mirrors as well and they are not parts of a large matching suite. There is a pair hanging on the window wall in their proper position a pier mirrors. There is another larger grander one hanging over the fireplace. Finally, there is a second pair flanking the principal door to the room. With the windows and therefore the natural light confined to one wall all these mirrors perform their many functions. They reflect the beauty before them, their frames provide decoration on their own, and they throw light back into the room. It seems to me that you could make a very strong argument in favor of mirrors not as a luxury but as a practical necessity. □

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SURREAL MEALS

Dinner with Dali was always a sideshow

By John Richardson

Dinners with Dali were very disturbing. How could one forget that, in the heyday of his genius, he had endowed such mundane food as poached eggs, loaves of bread, and sardines with erotic menace? The artist's guests—this one at least—found the innocent act of breaking open a roll or taking a fork to an oyster opened up a can of Freudian fears. Even the cutlery and glasses engendered paranoia. Mightn't they, also, prove to be soft?

Disturbing, too, was Dali's way of transforming dinners into stunts—especially in later years, when his meticulous technique had deteriorated, and his vaunted “genius” had burnt out, leaving a heap of hype and ashes. The appearance in a restaurant of the artist and his muse-wife, Gala, was choreographed to be as eye-catching as possible. A pair of ocelots emphasized the circus atmosphere, so did the accompanying exhibitionists and genderbenders. Less fun were the creepy, conniving courtiers whom Dali unfailingly attracted.

As a director of the gallery that handled Dali's affairs (art was no longer a word that could be applied to his output), I was obliged to attend a number of these functions. It was impossible not to be fascinated, at the same time embarrassed by this seedy old conjurer with the rhinoceros-horn wand and the waxed whiskers. By the time I met him his act was all patter and very little sleight of hand, and his grand manner had become pathetically fustian.

I will never forget an evening in a New York restaurant. When the headwaiter arrived at the table, Dali fixed him with his famous Mephistophelian glare and ordered the meal in thickly accented French: “We want to start with something supergelatinous—viscous and persistent as memory: tripe.”

“No tripe, *maitre*. How about some beluga caviar?”

“Madame had it for breakfast. No, we will have *angulas*, baby eels sizzling in oil like souls in torment.”

“No *angulas*, *maitre* . . .”

And so the charade continued. Dali running through every conceivable oddity from wild boar to cuttlefish—all unavailable. Silly, because he was in fact a serious connoisseur of food. In the end we settled for straightforward

oysters followed by straightforward gigot—perfection! Unfortunately, when the sommelier appeared, the performance started up all over again.

“A magnum of Lafite, 1945,” Dali commanded, blowing gourmet kisses at the ceiling. On cue, the well-primed waiter looked crestfallen.

“The last one sold for a fortune.”

“How about La Tâche, or Pétrus?”—and the artist went on down through all the more obvious vintages. We were finally served some perfectly good claret. Dali may not have invented the conceptual work of art, but he certainly invented the conceptual banquet.

The most disturbing feature of Dali's dinners was his daunting Russian wife, Gala. Gala was said to be almost ninety and to have an insatiable appetite for cash and boys. She was also rumored to hail from one of those Shangri-la valleys in Georgia where

everybody lives (off yogurt) to be over a hundred. Whatever her origins, she was a brutal old haggler who drove home her wheedling demands for money with jabs of ancient elbows and blows of mottled knuckles. After one gruesome dinner at Maxim's, which left me black and blue, I refused to deal with her ever again.

“Dali need more money”—Jab!

“Gala, that was my kidney.”

“Good. Double the payments.” Jab!

Meanwhile Dali had focused attention on himself by ordering dish after dish that had to be flambé

A culinary creation of Dali: shoe with cauliflower and pasta.





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AT THE TABLE

There had been a not very successful attempt to set the soup on fire; then a sea bass had been charred over fenne sticks. Now it was the turn of a *bécasse* (woodcock), except that Dali had detected a solecism. "Send it back," he announced, "it is missing the vital garnish—entrails. Without them I refuse to eat it." A chef was summoned; he excused himself deferentially, but I did not like the glint in his eye when he returned the offending woodcock to the kitchen nor its taste when it reappeared.

The last meal I had with Dali took place in his house at Port Lligat in Catalonia. The famous villa assembled out of five fishermen's shacks was a disappointment: as anachronistic as vintage Schiaparelli. Effects that had once made people wince, like the pool sadiistically paved with sea urchins, seemed merely silly. The surrealist pagoda of a dovecote had a certain charm, but the plaster gazebo at the end of the pool was as tawdry and forlorn as one of those roadside stalls on the outskirts of Mexico City that peddle Hispanic kitsch. As for the grove of dead trees and dead bamboos—Dali's idea of a garden—this looked like nothing so much as the graveyard of Surrealism.

Inside was as sad and campy as outside—a fun house for the living dead. In the cramped entrance hall a gigantic stuffed bear decked out in a tiara and necklace held up a lamp that cast too much light on a grubby pink satin sofa shaped like Mae West's lips. Despite the presence of soft-footed servants, everything had a dusty, musty look. None of this would have signified if there had been evidence of work in progress. Alas, the only recent painting Dali had to show was a double portrait of Gala—unfinished and, I suspect, unfinishable. The bleary eye and the shaky hand, even with the help of local "ghosts" could no longer manage what Dali had once called "hand-done color photography."

"The Wizard of Was," someone had recently called him—with good reason: his psyche was an old tube with all the paranoia squeezed out of it. Hence the constant recycling of images, the cult of the signature. Hence, too, the persistent sales pitch, for Gala required large sums of cash to lavish on the medieval fortress of Pubol (thirty miles inland) which her husband had



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given her, as well as on her very young men. True, Dali still made vast amounts of money mostly out of lithographs, but (according to his secretary and *hommes d'affaires* Captain Peter Moore) his finances had suffered a recent setback. The manager of his Paris hotel had asked the artist to empty some of his safe deposit boxes; over the years he had crammed them so full of banknotes that they constituted a hazard. When Dali did so, he found to his horror that much of the currency was o-

Dali had focused attention on himself by ordering dish after dish that had to be flambé

solete. More had to be made quickly.

If "Avida Dollars" (André Breton's anagram for Salvador Dali) could no longer come up with the art, how were his dealers going to come up with the money that the Dalis' *train de vie* necessitated, let alone the exhibition of the new work that had already been scheduled? Among the solutions I suggested was a show of "ready made" dud old masters which a few quick-to-paint trademarks—a swarm of ants, a melting telephone, a rotting sardine—could transform into no less dud but far more valuable Dalis. The artist agreed; he would, he said, resurrect such "automatic" gimmicks as ink blots made by aleatory octopi or ink-loaded bullets fired at sheets of paper—gigantic Rorschach tests whose "secret identities" would be unveiled by a flick of the master's brush. Instant art!

The champagne that accompanied our discussion, and the surrealist banquet that ensued more than compensated me for any previous disappointment. The artist kept very Spanish hours, and luncheon was served late in the afternoon on a bust-studded terrace overlooking a landlocked cove—which, to please the artist, Franco had declared "a national beauty spot." So much of Dali's ominousness had rubbed off on the view—the background to some of his most disturbing paintings—that, I expected, in my vi-

AT THE TABLE

state, to see the rocks oozing with watches and the beach sprouting historic crutches. No less eerie was scene reflected in a mirror that Dali embedded in a rock: ourselves ed in elephants' craniums.

Dali's home cooking turned out to excellent but bizarre. I am vague ut the first course except that it was ed from the artist's baroque cook- k, *Les Diners de Gala*: was it "Frog am" (an Eiffel Tower of skewered *nouilles* emerging from a cauliver soufflé), or the excellent "Pig's Soup"? However I will never for- the main dish: a set piece of local sters served in a chocolate sauce ed with Fundador. Delicious? Not ctly: the richness on top of too ch booze, heat, paranoia, and ego- nia induced nausea. Nor will I ever get the Zeffirellian table setting: sil- epergnes of spectacular vulgarity d a pair of ornate candelabra ablaze h candles. A neat demonstration of realism, for the afternoon sunshine dered the flames virtually invisible. ou see, light cancels out light," Dali d. "We would need an eclipse to ke the flames visible." He was al- ost right: only when a cloud ob- ured the sun could one see why the x was melting. There was one other rrealist touch: the master's breath. I is tempted to light it: to judge by the ndle flames, nobody would have no- ed if it had caught fire.

The conversation on this bright mmer day was all about hibernation -Dali's hibernation. "Immortality ex- erts," he said, wiping chocolate sauce f his preposterous moustache with a bster claw, were preparing an elabo- te cylinder in which to refrigerate his ody after death—"prior to eventual urrection." Let's hope refrigerators ill recharge the Dalinian batteries, I emember thinking, otherwise his ealers are going to be out of business. needn't have worried. The "jackals" o quote Reynolds Morse, the Ameri- an owner of a Dali museum) who sur- ound the dying artist are already at ork. Between July 1981 and April 1983—a period of total physical col- ouse—Dali was said by his entourage o be producing a painting a week: five mes as many as he had produced at is peak. Imagine what his icebox out- ut is going to be! Or will he emerge rom cold storage as a chef, the *métier* e was once tempted to follow? □



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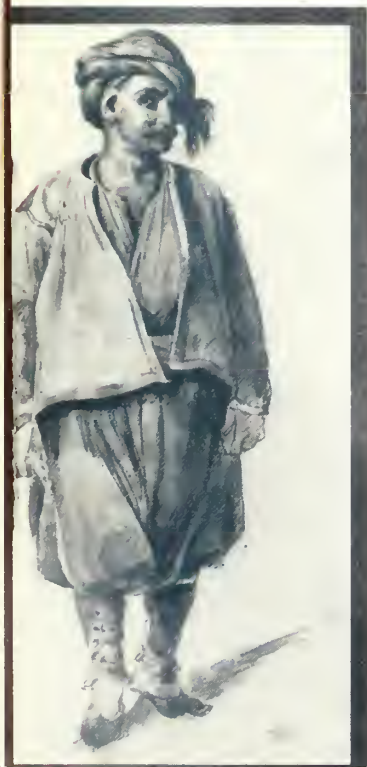
JOURNAL



MORTAR CONFLICT

The Critical Edge: Controversy in Recent American Architecture; Newport Harbor Art Museum, Newport Beach, Calif.; through Sept. 25.

This exhibition scrutinizes the most "important" works of architecture since 1970 and the critical responses that these structures have evoked, from Johnson/Burgee's AT&T "corporate highboy" to Perez Associates/Charles Moore's Piazza d'Italia, above. *Donovan Webster*

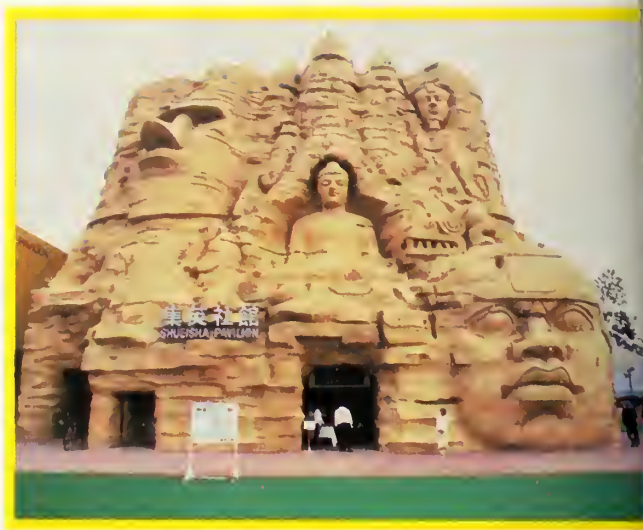


GRETCHEN'S
FRUIT 1973

COMIC RELIEFS

Red Grooms: 1956-1984. Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia, until Sept. 29.

Unlike environmental artists who eye big-city life with angst, Red Grooms celebrates it as a walk-in comic book. His *Mr. and Mrs. Rembrandt* razzes highbrows but, like the masters, Grooms embraces humanity with swift, sure strokes. This retrospective, a Technicolor fun house of 170 works, see above, will visit Denver, L.A., and Nashville. *Margaret Morse*



TO ROCK AND TO RUIN

Expo '85: For Man at Home, Tsukuba, Japan, through Sept. 16.

First see a 50-foot tomato plant, then a poly-primitive cinema, below, for a reel of historic ruins—Future Shock in perspective.

BATTLES OF GERICAULT

Master Drawings by Géricault, Pierpont Morgan Library, New York, through July 31. San Diego Museum of Art, Aug. 31-Oct. 20. Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, Nov. 9-Jan. 5, 1986.

Grounded in classicism, Géricault's work contains romantic and realistic elements as well and marks an important turning point in nineteenth-century art. Exhibition and catalogue include equestrian portraits, studies for major paintings, Eastern scenes, and watercolors, such as *Study of an Oriental*, left.

Amy McNeish

PLASTIC CRAFTED

Material Evidence: New Color Techniques in Handmade Furniture, Renwick Gallery, Washington, D.C., through Sept. 22.

Workbench picked the artists, Formica provided materials, and the Smithsonian Traveling Exhibition Service is circulating the result—finely crafted, colorful objects, see below, of ColorCore, a new laminate.



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Revived in 1981 after a fourteen-year hiatus, *Arts & Architecture* is an L.A.-based, not-for-profit magazine. *The Arts & Architecture Portfolio*, released early this year, is one creative show of support for the endeavor. Four architects and six artists provided images for the collection, and sales—through Freidenrich Contemporary Art in Newport Beach, California, and the John Weber Gallery in New York—will benefit the magazine. Included are works by Peter Shire, Alexis Smith, Michael Graves, Tom Holland, Michael McMillen, Frank Gehry, Charles Moore, Barbara Kasten, Arata Isozaki, and Ron Davis.

A. M.



RICHARD PANDISCO

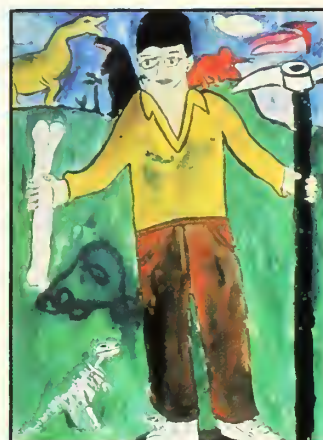
HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW?

Gardeners humbled by hungry rabbits or failing greenhouse heaters can take heart. From Sarah Ponsonby of Wiltshire, England, comes a test of horticultural luck that is more easily won. It is *The Garden Game*, above. This cabbage-patch rendition of Monopoly supplements rolls of the dice with various cards of chance—Weather

Report, Act of God, and

Compost Heap—and teaches companion planting in the bargain. Up to four persons can play, moving around the board with tiny garden tools. The first player to finish planting a garden that has observed the rules-of-green-thumb wins. At Neiman-Marcus, most Conran's stores, and FAO Schwarz in New York City.

M. M.



SWEET DREAMS

Crayola Dream-Makers, Minnesota Museum of Art, St. Paul, through July 27; Wichita (Kansas) Art Museum from Aug. 8.

Over one million second-, third-, and fourth-graders entered Binney & Smith's 1984 school program, studying famous achievers and then portraying their own aspirations. The 105 prize-winning works are touring the U.S. through 1986. David Cacho of Corona, CA, eight, painted *Searching the Past*, above, "My dream is to become a paleontologist and find out what killed the dinosaurs."



BUD VASE, PETER SHIRE



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What appears to be a model for a futuristic city, right, is actually a highly functional complex designed to give optimal climates for plants. Tree-

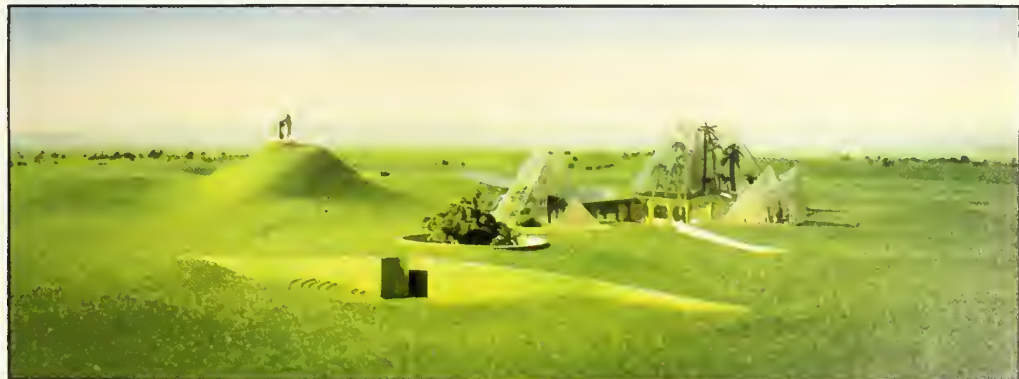
embedded crystalline forms rise from a carved landscape; these are the rooftops of the earth-sheltered complex—its base is twenty feet below the

ground to protect plants from too much sun.

A large courtyard, which dominates Ambasz's scheme, is reached on axis from the sunken entry.

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Anne Rieselbach





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The point is that Gallo wines today are comparable or superior to those of other vintners, regardless of the price.

And, considering all we've done to accomplish this, we were sure you wouldn't blame us.

We acquired the finest wine grapes that could be found anywhere in the world.

We replanted hundreds of acres of California's finest wine-growing regions with these costly and classic



European grape varieties.

We imported oak from France and Yugoslavia, to make one of the world's finest aging cellars.

And we introduced a line of new varietal wines that has pleased the harshest of critics.

And, of course at the same time we've kept in mind the fact that most people can't—or shouldn't—spend ten or twenty dollars just for a bottle of fine wine.

In short, Monsieur Dupont, we've done everything we could possibly do to make sure Gallo wines today are the best that wine can be.

By the way, Monsieur Dupont, we're pleased to announce that just last year alone, Gallo won 141 more awards in domestic and international competition. Why, that's more than any other winery!

What do you think of that, Monsieur Dupont?

Monsieur Dupont?

Today's Gallo.







HOME OF OUR FATHER'S PRIDE

George Washington's Mount Vernon restored to a state
its illustrious owner would recognize

BY MARTIN FILLER PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES DIRAND



The west front of Mount Vernon, *above*, painted by an unknown artist in 1792. *Below*: George and Martha Washington in 1796 pastels by James Sharples. *Opposite*: In the Little Parlor, the harpsichord Washington imported from London in 1793 for his granddaughter Nelly Custis. Beyond the far door, the Large Dining Room.

George Washington now seems like a vestige of the feudal age in comparison to his younger contemporary Thomas Jefferson, a prototypically modern man. But our first President unquestionably possessed at least one timeless quality: unimpeachable virtue. He was also ambitious and eager to increase his status in the world. Those of us today who find some of our political leaders excessively preoccupied with their own financial gain or who fear that the major participants in the electoral process must now either be rich or have access to great wealth should bear in mind that George Washington never shunned material reward honestly acquired.

As he prospered, he added lands to his estate and landscaped them as grandly and as fashionably as any English lord. Mount Vernon was the seat of his pride and object of his constant concern. Even during the most perilous moments of the Revolutionary War, the commander-in-chief took time from military matters to write to his manager on everything from crops to new construction. As his fame grew, his house became crammed with gifts from well-wishers—a polychrome marble mantelpiece, china of all sorts, silver, furniture, and even the key to the Bastille—but no one could ever say that George Washington had entered public life for his personal aggrandizement. He remained the model of the selfless public servant but knew that his central place in the life of the young republic made it incumbent on him to live up to his role in a manner suitable to his station, time, and place.

From an early age, Washington (like Goethe and Beethoven) was marked by his contemporaries as a man of destiny, and his activities were carefully documented by those who came in contact with him. Augmented by his own methodical recording of his public and private affairs, the sum provides a remarkably informative account of his daily routine. And since the last 45 of his 66 years were spent as the master of Mount Vernon, that great house is known to us perhaps better than any other American home of the eighteenth century.

After Washington's death, his relics, from innumerable locks of his hair to the Philadelphia Sheraton tester bed in which he died, were treated with the reverence worthy of a secular saint. Proudly handed down with impeccable provenance from generation to generation, an unusual number of his possessions still exist today. But the miraculous preservation of so much of George Washington's material world stems from the remarkable survival of America's first historic museum house.

At a time when few communities in America are without their carefully maintained domestic landmarks, it is difficult to believe that Mount Vernon had sunk into dereliction only fifty years after its most famous inhabitant's demise. With no children of his own, Washington willed the mansion house and home farm of Mount Vernon not to Martha's children by her first marriage or to the Custis grandchildren but instead to his nephew Bushrod Washington, son of his younger brother John Augustine.

George and John Augustin were the sons of Augustine









Mount Vernon's grandest interior, the Large Dining Room is one of the most splendid examples of Robert Adam's influence on designers outside of England.



In contrast to the Large Dining Room's Adam delicacy and grace, the earlier West Parlor, *above* and *below*, conveys all the vigor and substance of the Chippendale style. It has recently been repainted in the same Prussian blue that Washington used, and the furniture, with the exception of the tea table and hostess' chairs, has been ranged around the perimeter of the room in the 18th-century fashion.





Washington had his pine-paneled Study, *above*, finished in faux bois graining to give it a richer look. *Below*: The Small Dining Room, newly painted in the original verdigris, retains nine of its original Chippendale ladder-back chairs. Over the mantel is Edward Savage's 1798 engraving of the Washington family. *Overleaf*: The vista westward from the Bowling Green toward the Mansion House Farm Gate.







Washington's second marriage, and after their father died, when George was eleven, the boys went to live with their older half brother Lawrence, from whose widow George bought the estate in 1754. Originally called Little Hunting Creek Plantation (which Lawrence Washington had renamed Mount Vernon in honor of an Admiral Vernon he had served under in the British Navy), it was managed by John Augustine while George went off to his first campaign in the French and Indian War. The agreement between the two brothers was that in return for running the farm while George made his fortune in the military, John Augustine would secure George's portion for his own descendants.

Despite Washington's conscientious efforts to the contrary, the soil of Mount Vernon and its adjacent lands—which totaled eight thousand acres during his lifetime—turned out to be poor, and farming it was not profitable enough to support the large and impressive establishment that was in fact a village of almost four hundred. (Washington had to resort to trade as a means of supplementing his income.) Mount Vernon in the years after the Revolution became a magnet for eminent visitors both domestic and foreign, and Washington was determined to be the grand seigneur, as much for political as private considerations. Though the frequent entertaining occasionally seemed more a chore than a pleasure (Washington once likened Mount Vernon to “a well resorted tavern”), it is obvious that the house and its dependencies were conceived with hospitality as a primary objective.

But George Washington's heirs had an increasingly difficult time making the plantation a self-supporting enterprise, and by the middle of the nineteenth century the upkeep of the house and its grounds became a burden too great for his collateral descendants. Their eventual attempt to off-load the dilapidated house on the state and federal governments failed, and the future of this national legacy seemed imperiled. It is one measure of the extraordinary place Mount Vernon occupies in American history that it was recognized as being so important well before the concept of historic conservation became common. In 1853 (almost 25 years before the centennial of our independence in 1876, now generally considered the point at which Americans first became interested in preserving our past), the remarkable organization that saved Mount Vernon was founded by Ann Pamela Cunningham. The Mount Vernon Ladies' Association, as it was named, launched a national fund-raising program that culminated five years later with the purchase of the mansion, its outbuildings, and some two hundred of the surrounding acres (since increased to five hundred) for \$200,000.

The timing could not have been better, for soon Mount Vernon was to face a threat even greater than ne-

glect: the War Between the States. Fortunately, such was George Washington's posthumous regard that during the Civil War, which laid waste to so much of the South's architectural heritage, Mount Vernon was respected as a hallowed place by Confederate and Union soldiers alike and was spared by both sides as a common patrimony. It was almost as though Washington's legendary skill at remaining above the partisan political fray lived on at Mount Vernon.

As the years progressed, more and more Washington artifacts and memorabilia were returned to the mansion. Thanks to the careful inventories made following the deaths of George and Martha (as well as other contemporary accounts of the house's appearance) it was possible to replace the furniture, decorative objects, and pictures with a fair degree of certainty as to their original positions. The quest for greater historical accuracy continued, and in due course the famous exhortation of Ann Pamela Cunningham to “keep it the home of Washing-



Greenhouse, *left*, destroyed by fire in 1835, rebuilt in 1951 with old bricks from the reconstruction of the White House. *Opposite page, top row, from left*: Green satin festoon, paper border in Large Dining Room; gilded wood bracket, crystal luster in West Parlor; Washington's secretary-bookcase by John Aitken, Philadelphia, circa 1797. *Middle row*: Canton and other Chinese Export ware in the Pantry; engraving of the owner in the Passage, the central downstairs hall; detail of fireplace surround in the Nelly Custis Bedroom. *Bottom row*: Windsor chairs on the piazza, added to the mansion in 1777; white cotton dimity curtains in General and Mrs. Washington's Bedchamber; in the Yellow Guest Bedroom, a transitional Queen Anne-Chippendale side chair.

ton” might have been better phrased, “make it *more* the home of Washington.”

That task has not always been easy, in that all shrines attain a degree of untouchability. Whether George Washington would have recognized a room or an object became confused with some people's desire to believe that he could have. But Mount Vernon's current curator, Christine Meadows (who has served in that capacity since 1964), holds greater store in archaeological evidence than some of her predecessors, and the recently completed restoration of Mount Vernon's interiors brings them closer than ever before to the appearance they had when Washington lived in them. As a homeowner constantly concerned with upgrading his living conditions, there is no question that he would have approved.

Starting in 1979, the rote practice of repainting the rooms the colors they had “always been” was replaced by a scholarly attempt to (Text continued on page 162)





The Lafayette Bedroom, *opposite*, was occupied by Washington's French comrade-in-arms during his several visits to Mount Vernon. His portrait hangs above the mantel. Fabric by Brunswick & Fils.

This page: Foxgloves opening into bloom in the Flower Garden, which is restricted to varieties known to have been cultivated prior to Washington's death in 1799.







On the top floor of the mansion are the bedchambers used by the younger members of the family when their own quarters on the second floor were given over to houseguests. The Washingtons' grandson, George Washington Parke Custis, slept in the room on the right.



A HOUSE IN BLOOM

A Hudson River Victorian classic romantically
restored by Marc Rosen and Arlene Dahl

BY ELAINE GREENE PHOTOGRAPHS BY FELICIANO



Marc Rosen and his wife, Arlene Dahl, *above*, in the east parlor. Cut glass, rose quartz, and famille rose porcelain typify the couple's country style. Their aim in decorating was to be true to the spirit of the 1859 building yet contemporary in incorporating lots of daylight, fresh air, and comfortable seating. *Opposite*: The house has a wide porch on both major façades. This is the front porch, a summer living/dining room from which a sloping lawn, gardens, and woods—but no other houses—can be seen. The porch floor had been painted, but after a trip to Natchez, where porch planks are only varnished, Rosen had the surface stripped and polyurethaned—the varnishing is repeated every year. Antique table linen by Françoise Nunnallé.



The decorating of the larger of two parlors flanking the center hall began with an antique piano and a pair of pink sofas Marc Rosen found in a warehouse. The original marble mantelpiece, like those in every other room, had to be stripped of many layers of paint. Cotton lace window shades throughout the house are pretty daylight filters, and at night windows resemble etched glass from the outside.





When Rosen found the present dining room, *top*, it was a disorganized kitchen walled off from the large parlor. A woman born in the house in 1909 recalled the original plan, and Rosen found the sliding doors seen here stored in the barn. Chair fabric, Lee Jofa. *Above*: Restored front façade with reinstalled original shutters now blueberry blue.

Six years ago when Marc Rosen brought his friend (now wife) Arlene Dahl to see the dilapidated Victorian house he had just bought, she, too, saw past the peeling paint and missing shutters and clumsily altered floor plan. "This house is a star," she said. Treetops, as the 1859 homestead is still known, has been the love object of succeeding owners, even the previous family, which was too large and busy to keep up with the maintenance demands of the fourteen-acre property near the west bank of the Hudson in Rockland County, New York. Arlene Dahl, a prolific writer on beauty, astrology, and other mystical matters, revels in the "wonderful vibrations" here. Marc Rosen feels he was "fated to live at Treetops," a hidden-away place whose narrow overgrown road he happened upon and explored the very day he drove back to the city, opened the *Sunday Times* real-estate section, and saw an ad offering Treetops for sale. He returned and bought it the next morning.

Rosen and Dahl have strong design credentials. He is an Elizabeth Arden vice-president responsible for display and package design and the winner of the 1984 Fragrance Foundation award for his Karl Lagerfeld bottle.



Interior design has been a passion since his childhood when his mother took him along on antiquing expeditions, and this is the third major decorating assignment he has given himself. Arlene Dahl, although best known as an actress, was trained in fashion and has been a successful lingerie designer. Her education in decorating and the art of entertaining took the form of a close friendship with Elsie de Wolfe in Hollywood during the late forties. Several excellent drawings in the house, one a Delacroix, were gifts from the legendary decorator.

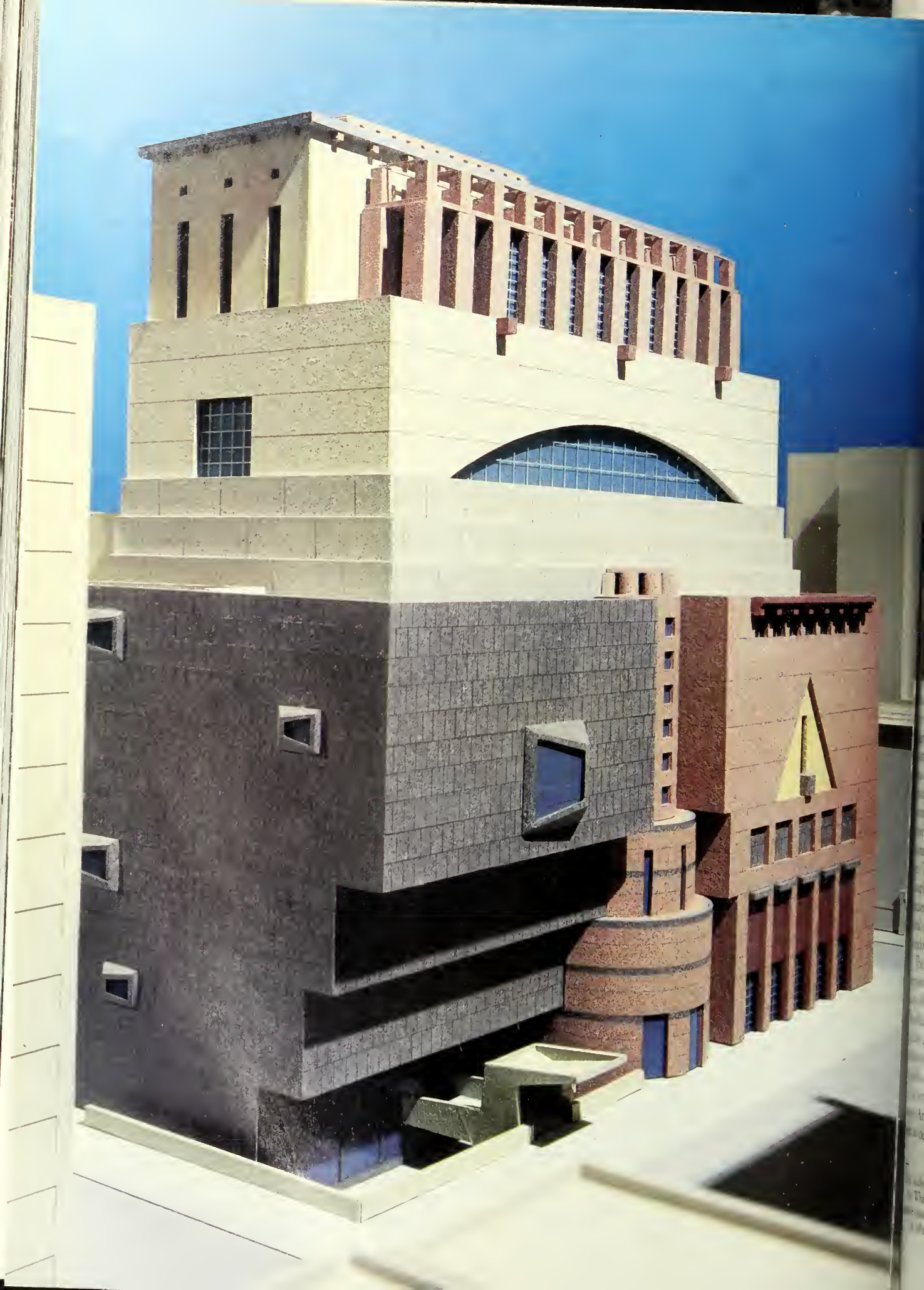
Combined in the Hudson River house are favorite objects Rosen and Dahl have lived with before—he had one previous marriage, she five—and many new acquisitions made especially to suit the Victorian setting. Marc Rosen's collections of famille rose, rose quartz, and green jade, and his wife's red hair, one suspects, led to the pink-and-green color palette throughout.

This weekend refuge of a sometimes overbooked city couple is saved for quiet family living except for a big Christmas smorgasbord every year and a summer lawn party—events their guests say are worth waiting for. □

Editor: Carolyn Sollis



The small Siamese-pink parlor, *top*, a little-supper-for-two room, is filled with cabbage roses in a Rose Cumming print. Painting of a child was a presentimental purchase by Arlene Dahl years before she gave birth to a daughter it resembles. *Above*: The mirrored wall at left doubles the front hall's apparent width.



Graves tops Breuer with an ingenious addition to New York's Whitney Museum

BY MARTIN FILLER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ED CORNISH



One of the greatest challenges facing the high-style architect is how to devise a distinguished addition to a building by an eminent predecessor. The current interest in contextualism is intensified when an existing work by a well-known archi-



ct is involved. Although the recessive approach can sometimes be taken to ridiculous extremes, most people would agree that the introduction of new buildings in crowded city settings must be done with greater care than the recent past has shown. The cause-and-effect relationship between the profit imperative and urban density has led to some monstrous impositions on our civic landscape, but only lately have our great cultural institutions begun to feel the lure of commercial gain that has long spurred real-estate developers. The staggering increase of public interest in the arts, coupled with the burgeoning of what can only be termed the museum industry, has resulted in a wide range of architectural responses, from the construction of money-making condos to the conversion of warehouses.

The Whitney Museum of American Art, one of the most spirited presences on the contemporary scene, is faced with a set of problems shared by other museums in this country: insufficient room for both the display of its permanent collection and the changing exhibitions necessary to attract attendance; the desire to increase its educational programs for public hungry to learn about art; and the need for more office and service spaces to support the growth that almost every American collection (save the Frick and the Freer) sees as desirable, if not inevitable.

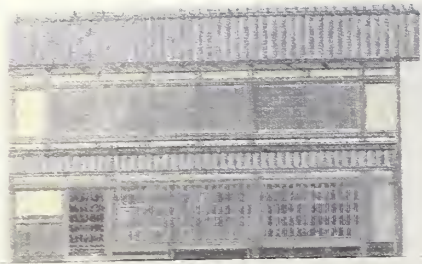
The dark gray granite mass of Marcel Breuer's 1966 building for the Whitney Museum, *opposite*, will be balanced by the pink granite base of Michael Graves's addition, *above*, the upper stories of which will span both structures on Madison Avenue.

What makes the Whitney's case unique is its existing home, the cantilevered gray granite monolith that has loomed over the corner of 75th Street and Madison Avenue since 1966. Marcel Breuer's assertive design has had few vocal supporters over the past two decades, but lately it has come to be more widely admired for its undeniable strength and integrity. Unfashionable though it may appear in the dawn of the Post Modern Age, the Whitney's Brutalist building has at last attained a kind of period fascination.

It would be hard to name a contemporary architect whose aesthetic is more opposed to Breuer's than Michael Graves. His selection in the fall of 1981 as architect for the museum's expansion was greeted with surprise that turned to deep concern when word leaked out that he intended to build not only next to the Breuer structure, as had been announced, but also on top of it. The juxtaposition of Graves's polychrome palette and his taste for historicizing detail seemed certain to fatally diminish the original building. Thus the unveiling of his scheme in May turned out to be one of the pleasanest architectural surprises of the year.

This is Graves's best design yet. A large work with neither the coarseness of his Portland Building nor the finickiness of his Humana Headquarters, it captures much of the liveliness and variety that have marked his most successful small-scale projects. The architect has not tried to obliterate Breuer's given; deftly and respectfully, he simultaneously sets it off and incorporates it into the larger whole. On the southern half of the block-long site along Madison Avenue between 74th and 75th Streets, Graves proposes a cubic base wing approximate to the Breuer building in size and volume. Its pink granite cladding assures the legibility of the old structure as a separate entity, a more sensitive choice than trying to co-opt it by matching the stone. The distinctive trapezoidal window above the canopied entrance to the 1966 wing will be playfully echoed by a triangular, translucent alabaster window reminiscent of those by Arata Isozaki at his Tsukuba Civic Center in Japan.

Joining old and new will be a stepped, cylindrical "hinge," a telescoped, pink granite column banded in gray, emphasizing the symmetrical nature of the composition and rising only a bit higher than the level roof lines of the Breuer building and Graves's base structure. Surmounting both will be a triple-tiered frieze (Text continued on page 169)



A MERCHANT'S HOUSE IN OLD KYOTO

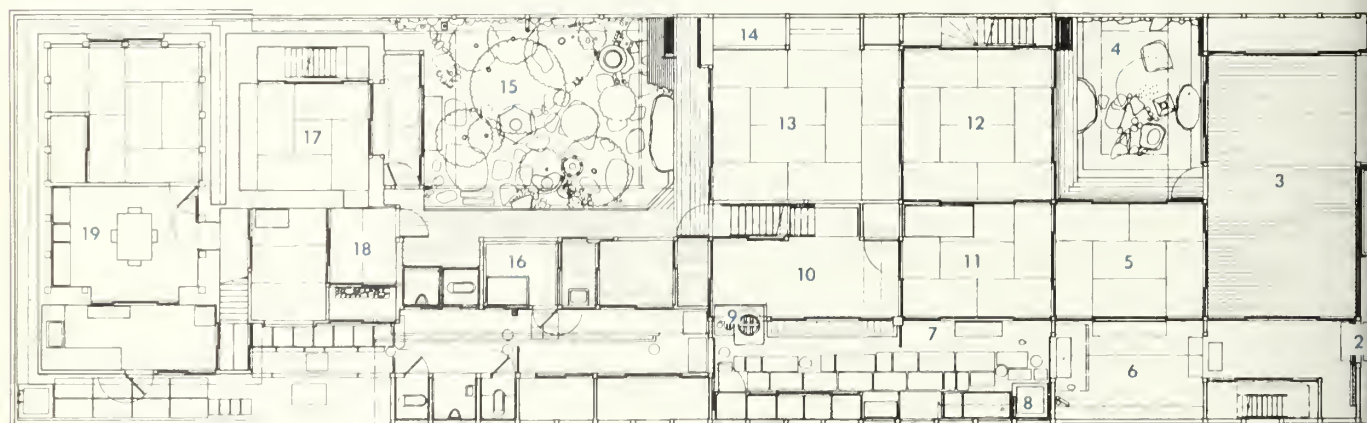
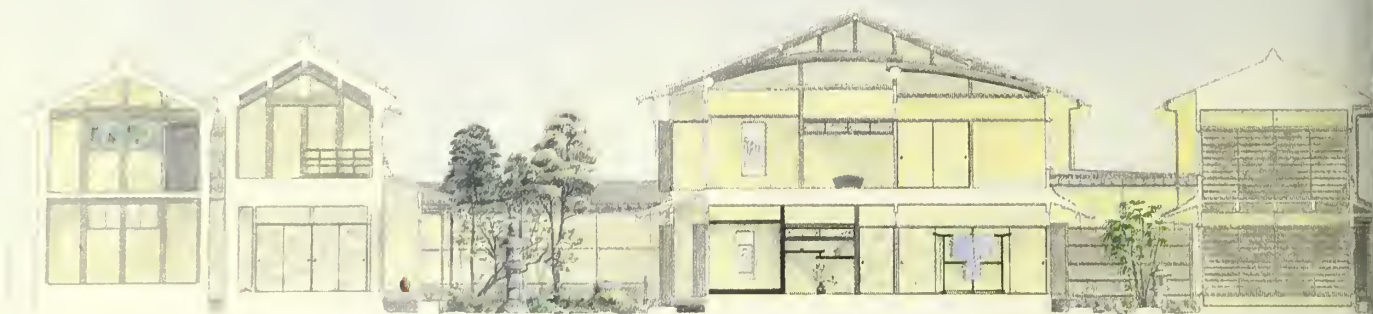
The
restoration
of a family
treasure

BY KOJIRO YOSHIDA
PHOTOGRAPHS
BY TOSHIO MORI





The courtyard garden of the Mumeisha, *above*, looking into the house with shoji replaced for summer by reed doots. The first-floor latticework of the street façade, *opposite above*, is removed for the annual Gion Festival, *opposite below*.



Floor plan, from right: 1. Street 2. Doorway 3. Gallery 4. Garden (*nakanuiwa*) 5. Entry (*genkan*) 6. Garden (*tsubonuiwa*) 7. Kitchen (a portion of the *torinuiwa*, which extends from the front to the back of the house) 8. Well 9. Hearth (*kamado*) 10. Kitchen (*daidokoro*) 11. Portion of the kitchen with tatami floor 12. Middle reception room (*nakanoma*) 13. Main reception room (*zashiki*) 14. Picture alcove (*tokonoma*) 15. Inner garden (*okunuiwa*) 16. Bath 17. Tearoom (*chashitsu*) 18. Entry to rear suite 19. Western-style room

The section and plan of the Mumeisha, above, as well as the street façade on the previous page, are part of a set of measured drawings by architects Allyne Winderman and Ronald Rose, who met and began working with Mr. Yoshida in 1981 during their study of traditional Kyoto town houses. Right: A lantern-lit float on the street in front of the Mumeisha during the Gion Festival.



The mountains and rivers of Kyoto are serene, and the changes of the seasons bring the natural blessings people long for into bloom. The shrines and temples have such a clear, clean beauty that it is said one can feel the flow of one's own mind when one sits in a teahouse facing the gardens.

But is this really true? Is modern Kyoto so beautiful? Luckily, the city escaped being bombed in the last war, and thus it is blessed with many good, old things. But there has been no conscious reflection upon the life-style it has built in the unprecedented growth since the war; its place in Japanese history assured, Kyoto does not question itself, and the level of its culture has sunk to that of convenience. Even Shinto and Buddhist priests have defaced sacred grounds with parking lots in order to make money, casting aside any thought of living in simple poverty. Tradesmen, too, change with the changing world and in their unreasonable search for convenience destroy with their own hands the pure form of their merchant homes and proudly spend large sums of money on mortar walls and concrete boxes.

But one thing that serves to temper this destruction in Kyoto is the midsummer Gion Festival and its organizing body, the Gion Association. This is a yearly festival for which all of the Kyoto townspeople contribute some of the fruits of their hard daily labor; a feeling of community based on faith cultivated since the middle ages in Japan pervades all the events of the festival and does not allow any one individual to dominate. This is because it is a time to comfort the ancestral spirits and together celebrate the health of all. The floats dedicated to the deity of the festival are decorated with tapestries brought to Japan from Persia, India, China, and even Europe itself by European ships, and show off the inventiveness of the neighborhoods.

The sliding doors that form the façade of the houses in each neighborhood and rigidly differentiate inside from outside are removed for the festival. This opens the houses up all the way to the back garden so that everyone can enjoy their form. These houses thus become places the people of the city share together.

The furnishings that decorate the houses at this time are chosen according to the family's social position. "Social position" here is not social status based on public power but position decided upon by the family according to its own means. The modest pride taken by each family in its home does not disturb the community harmony but rather serves to heighten it.

Kyoto was the capital of Japan from the late eighth century, when it moved from Nara, until the middle of the nineteenth century, when it moved to Tokyo. It is the site of the old Imperial Palace, which was finally left behind after repeated political changes. The real power had already moved to Edo (modern Tokyo) by the end of the seventeenth century, and it is precisely because of this that Kyoto people began to take pride in originality born of their own land. In their pride, they brought to maturity the form of the Kyoto town house and the elaborate merchant culture.

The Kyoto townspeople work hard at their family businesses day and night. The spirit it takes to eliminate everything that is

(Text continued on page 152)



A sheer curtain gives to a puff of summer breeze at a doorway to the veranda surrounding the inner garden, *above*. Devices like this curtain, as well as hanging reed blinds, shoji and reed doors, folding screens and foliage, soften views. *Below*: Mr. Yoshida, the artist who owns the Mumeisha, rides in a float during the summer festival.





Tiled eaves shelter two outside doors, *above*. On the left is the entry to the kitchen area for family members, employees, and tradespeople; to the right are sliding doors that lead guests through a tatami-floored room to the main parlors.

Right: A view from the front doorway to the parlors. The sliding interior doors of the front room have been removed for the festival, leaving a composition of posts and fine reed blinds to frame the kimono, folding screens, and antique carpets.

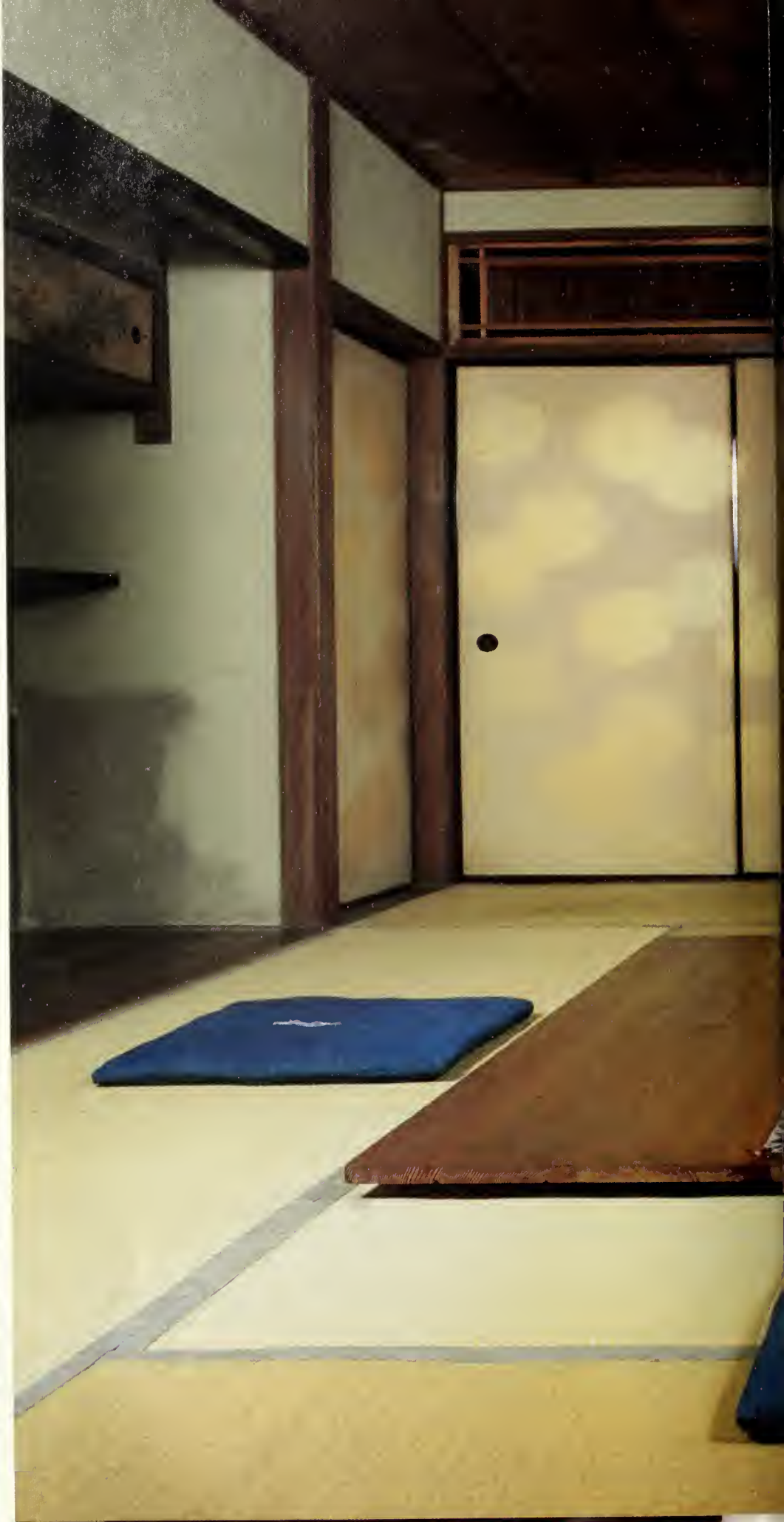






Teapots, vases, and serving dishes are grouped around the masonry cooking hearth in the kitchen, *above*.

Below: Greenery lines the peaceful inner garden with its mossy stone lanterns and water basins. Behind is the *zashiki*, or main parlor. *Right:* The furnishings of the *zashiki* are exceptionally restrained, deferring to the picture alcove and side alcove just out of sight to the left.







A mixture of old and new in the *toriniwa*, *this page*. Its lofty height, designed to vent cooking smoke, also brings ample natural light to the work area. *Opposite*: Geta, not worn in the house, stand ready for chores on the first of a series of garden stepping stones.



double identity

Behind the grand façade, Newport hides an eccentric charm



BY ALAN PRYCE-JONES
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DUANE MICHALS

But you can't buy a house in the Hamptons," said Mrs. John Barry Ryan. "It would be like running a bar." This was said over a Newport weekend twenty years ago. And before I knew where I was, Mrs. Ryan had put into my hand a list of local houses on sale.

I looked at it gingerly. From the little I had seen, Newport appeared to be a naval town divided into two parts: one, all sea-bleached clapboarding and clumps of hydrangea, reminded me of Deauville. It was inhabited by rather elderly bodies carefully tanned. The other part was like an English Cinque Port, Sandwich say, in which narrow streets were lined with small ships' captains' houses, but painted in Colonial colors of blue and buff and oxblood. The common denominator on the sidewalks was the white uniform of countless sailors in shy search of a good time.

The real-estate market, as reflected in my list, looked promising. For years it had been in the doldrums. Fine houses by the sea or on Bellevue Avenue were sold for a few thousand dollars, often completely furnished, with good antiques thrown in. As to the little city houses, nobody wanted them at that time, and I noted that the first two offered me were priced at \$2500 the pair by the mayor, who was settling the estate of an old lady locally celebrated as a hermit.

Her houses, mostly before 1900 and often much earlier, were on a steep and narrow street descending toward the harbor. When I found my two they were in a pitiable state of dilapidation, hidden behind an enormous hedge straggling higher than the roof. The small rooms were full of smashed furniture, tattered clothing, and the evidences of a life lived

behind locked doors, such as cartons of ancient milk and empty soda bottles lining a rusty stove. But the old floor were intact, the two tiny staircases in the main house were of a certain elegance, there were spreading lilacs in a yard which looked like a stone quarry, speckled with shards and scraps of broken glass, set oblongs of moth-eaten grass.

Still, at \$2500, I thought, one can hardly go wrong. Even if I never again set foot in Newport, I could have fun restoring the ruins, and one day I might even get my money back. So I went to visit an antique-dealing friend from New York, who had restored a similar house—in 1962 he was perhaps the first to do such a thing—and got from him the name of his builder. We all concluded that the two houses could be made habitable for \$30,000 or so, and two days later I found myself a Rhode Island householder.

My neighbors were an elderly black lady, a Greek bartender, and an old fellow clinging to a family home which was slowly disintegrating round a glazed octagon. Farther up the street stood a Gothick cottage of extravagant design here and there I noticed a classical doorcase, a fanlight, a flight of stone steps, a stretch of brick walkway. The street was a pattern book of Newport buildings which, I was to discover later, covers the whole gamut of New England architecture, from the saltboxes run up by the first settlers to the inflated "cottages" of the rich in the 1890s. All that is missing is good contemporary building of the last forty years.

During the seventies I added to my tiny colony two more houses. By that time a tentative interest in the old houses had been abandoned, and the prices were gradually rising from a few hundred to the many thousands they cost today. Each time I pass one of the handsomest of them, I delight in remembering that it was bought, before the boom began, for a dollar and moved to a better site.

The builder and I set to work. I paneled the downstairs rooms in printed cotton stretched over the battens. I had rugs made in Portugal and discovered delft tiles for the fireplaces in London's Portobello Road. Since none of the rooms were large, I brought up to Newport pieces of almost miniature furniture, supplemented from the antiques shops of Rhode Island which, like all such, were more rewarding to comb through twenty years ago than they are today. One house became a green and white library, another, less attractive in itself, was improved, I think, by turning three minute rooms into one, large enough to hold a piano. I did not object to a miniature dining room, which can only seat six. It is a fault of Newport entertaining to overcrowd dining rooms, so that where there is comfortably room for sixteen the hostesses crams in twenty-four, none of whom can raise a fork to their lips without injury. I decided to make entertaining on any scale impossible.

Naturally, friends, and especially New York or European friends, found all this absurd. Why did I not live in a proper house, instead of scattered over different dollhouses? All I can say is that the system works. Guests can escape their

host. The yard, built round two terraces at different levels, links each house to the next and gives somewhere to sit out on a warm evening behind a screen of *arbor vitae*. Mercifully, unlike the spacious gardens of Bellevue Avenue, mine has no mosquitoes.

I began to observe the city. In the sixties "Newport" meant the 1890 cottages. It meant a rich, but on the whole not very rich, summer population with the uncommon feature of continuity to bind it together. Sons followed fathers in the same house; people who had moved elsewhere returned; summer neighbors went to the same winter resorts. The owners of the cottages felt a fierce loyalty to Newport and to their inherited traditions. They were polite but unenthusiastic about newcomers, and generally hostile to change. They ate with one another at home—for there were virtually no hotels or restaurants; or they entertained at the Clambake Club, originally a fastness for husbands but eventually invaded by hospitable wives. They swam at Bailey's Beach and there only, paying no heed to the chilly shallow water and the algae lurking among weed and battered plastic. They kept to a strict schedule: a first appearance around 1:00, two cocktails and a brief luncheon at 2:00, and away to the Counting Club by 2:30. At other hours the beach was deserted except for the children and nannies.

What drew me to Newport was first of all the physical beauty of its seashore and having succumbed to the physical charm of Aquidneck Island, I next took stock of its inhabitants, and soon saw that for oddness they were unmatched in the United States. There was one old gentleman who played ardent golf, followed by a caddy in the days when such existed as a matter of course. He found it more rewarding to play without a ball—an object which only impeded the perfect drive, the dramatic putt. There was a tiny old lady, Miss Alice Brayton, who claimed immense age and even immenser authority over her entourage. At ninety-odd (probably she was much younger), she watched, martini in hand, over her topiary garden, planted with elephants, giraffes, bears, even a cop in a privet. Nearby, next to what had once been a famous center of hospitality, the Glen, lived a mere octogenarian, Augusta Sigourney, to whom is due part of the inspiration for an annual Jumping Derby, which assembles at the Glen some of the best show-jumpers from all over the world for a breakneck week. Mrs. Sigourney was a very beautiful old lady, with the mind and energy of a twenty-year-old. She was a talented painter and also possibly the most dangerous car driver in the state. It seemed quite ordi-



One of Alan Pryce-Jones's Newport houses, *opposite*. *Above*: A portrait of the author in his sitting room. *Below*: A view of the garden in the spring.

nary when she put a Mercedes accidentally into reverse and pinioned me under it.

The days were already over when all that was needed to launch a career—or cut it short—was the luck of a nod from Mrs. Vanderbilt or Mrs. Baker as they passed judgment from a table by Bailey's Beach. But there survived from older days a kind of glamour based on money or wit or willfulness. One of the characteristics of Newport—a trait which may partly account for the longevity of its residents—is life lived, in summer, at a constant level of fantasy. The real world is not so much kept at bay as overlooked. Brains tick and hearts throb on the land side of the Newport Bridge, but the little city itself purrs along in never-never land, the citizens of which, for a few sunny weeks, move in an amiable pavane, perfectly content with one another.

The city outside their gates is very different. It is fiercely political, eagerly on the make, torn between the wish to cash a quick dollar and the fear of losing its new prosperity by showing it too clearly, life downtown and life on the Avenue, as they call it, do not interlock, they coexist. And when somebody actually does something, both Avenue and city are astonished.

case in point is that of a great local benefactor, whose activity over the last ten years has changed the face of Newport entirely. The benefactor is Doris Duke, who had inherited a gaunt stone house on the cliffs. The idea came to her to buy and restore as many as possible of the neglected Colonial houses: an idea which, some time before, had struck another benefactor, Mrs. C.D.L. Pepys. With a group of friends Mrs. Pepys set to work under the title of Operation Clapboard, but Miss Duke was able to be much more ambitious. She not only restored fine old houses, she moved them to better sites; she created a most attractive museum of Newport furnishings; she designed a public park near the waterfront and reset the houses around it. In short, she changed the whole aspect of the city and above all brought back into fashion small, convenient houses which, during the nineteenth century, had slowly sunk into slumdom.

Fantasy extends into the winter. People think of Newport as a summer resort, but the aficionados eagerly await the clear blue skies of January, the sudden paralyzing blizzards when one can be lost in the snow a hundred yards from home. The scale of life retracts. There is no traffic; boatyards seem desolate; but by Christmas Newport looks almost Dickensian. The summer crowds distort what in winter be-

comes again a very human little city, still firmly rooted in the nineteenth century, a city of craftsmen and talented amateurs. It is then, rather than in August, that I feel grateful to Mrs. Ryan for steering me toward what has turned out to be a safe haven. □







FRUITS OF THE GOLDEN AGE

Still lifes in the seventeenth century brought realism to Spanish art

BY SUSAN FREUDENHEIM

Still Life with Flowers and Fruit, Juan van der Hamen y León, 1629.
Lila and Herman Shickman Collection, New York.

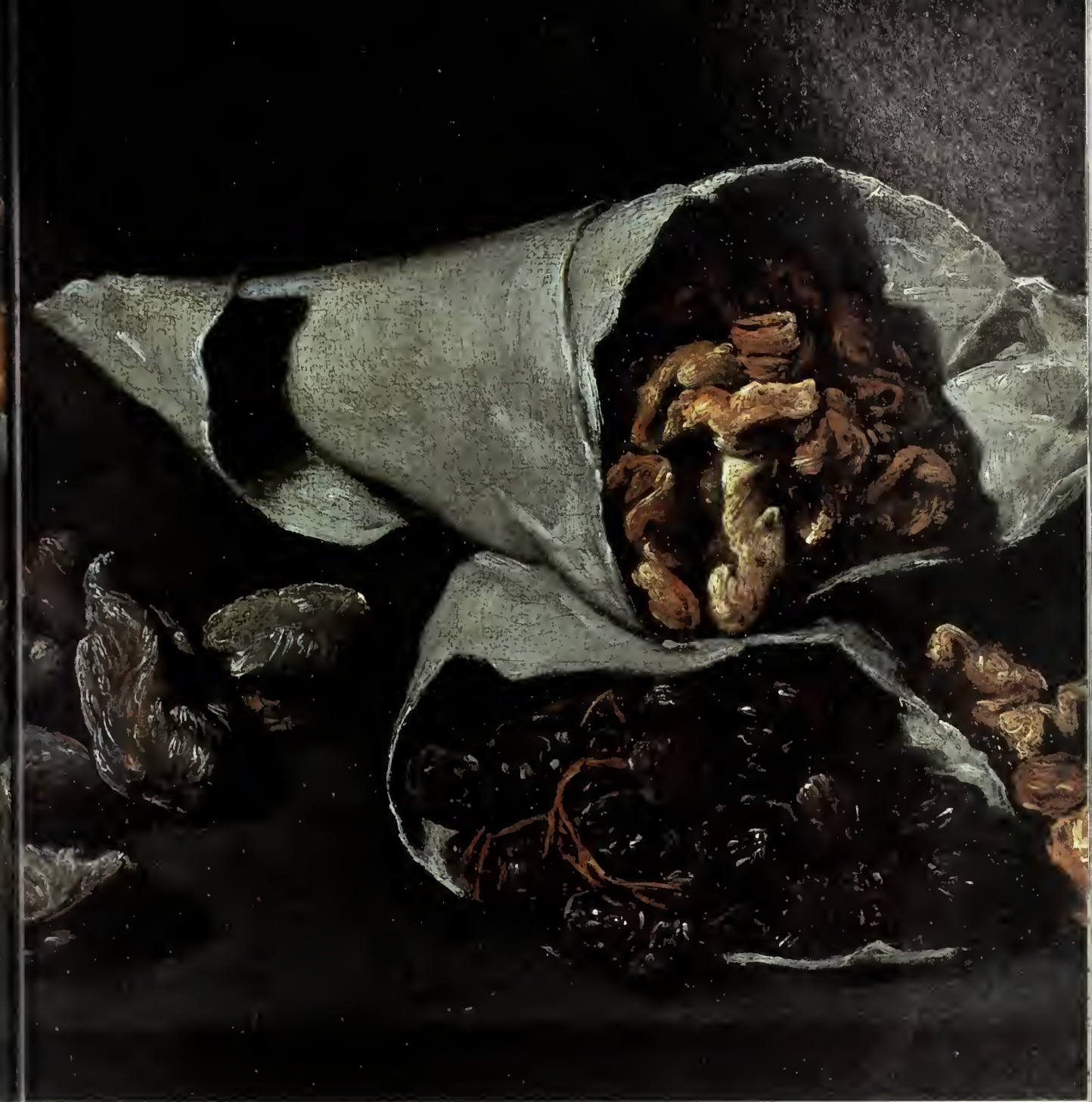


Specific kinds of courage are demanded of each generation; not only the styles of heroism change. When at the beginning of the seventeenth century the Spaniard Juan Sánchez Cotán (1560–1627) painted his first radically true-to-life sliced melon or his first infinitely detailed leafy cabbage, staging them in an unadorned window frame, the enormity of his challenge to Spanish religious painting must have

seemed incredible to him and his contemporaries. The intensity of their struggle to breathe modern life into Spanish culture cannot be underestimated, for in spite of the fact that Sánchez Cotán's clear vision might appear commonplace today, it revolutionized Spanish painting and laid the groundwork for a secular still-life tradition that has since attracted every Spanish master from Francisco Zurbarán to Pablo Picasso, and has engendered

some of the greatest pictures of all time.

As painters of secular themes, the seventeenth-century artists must have shared at least some of the feelings of struggle expressed by their contemporary playwright Lope de Vega on his deathbed; he waited until he knew these would be his last words to proclaim: "All right, then, I'll say it: Dante makes me sick." Like Lope de Vega who had written more than 1,500 pica



Still Life with Dried Fruit, Francisco de Burgos Mantilla, 1631. Yale University Art Gallery

resque plays that revolutionized Spanish theater and yet still felt challenged by the power of Italian poetic spiritualism from three centuries before his time, Sánchez Cotán painted remarkable still lifes that opened a new world of verisimilitude, but he gave it all up at age 43 to become a Carthusian monk and thereafter devoted his talents to decorating the monastery with undistinguished religious paintings.

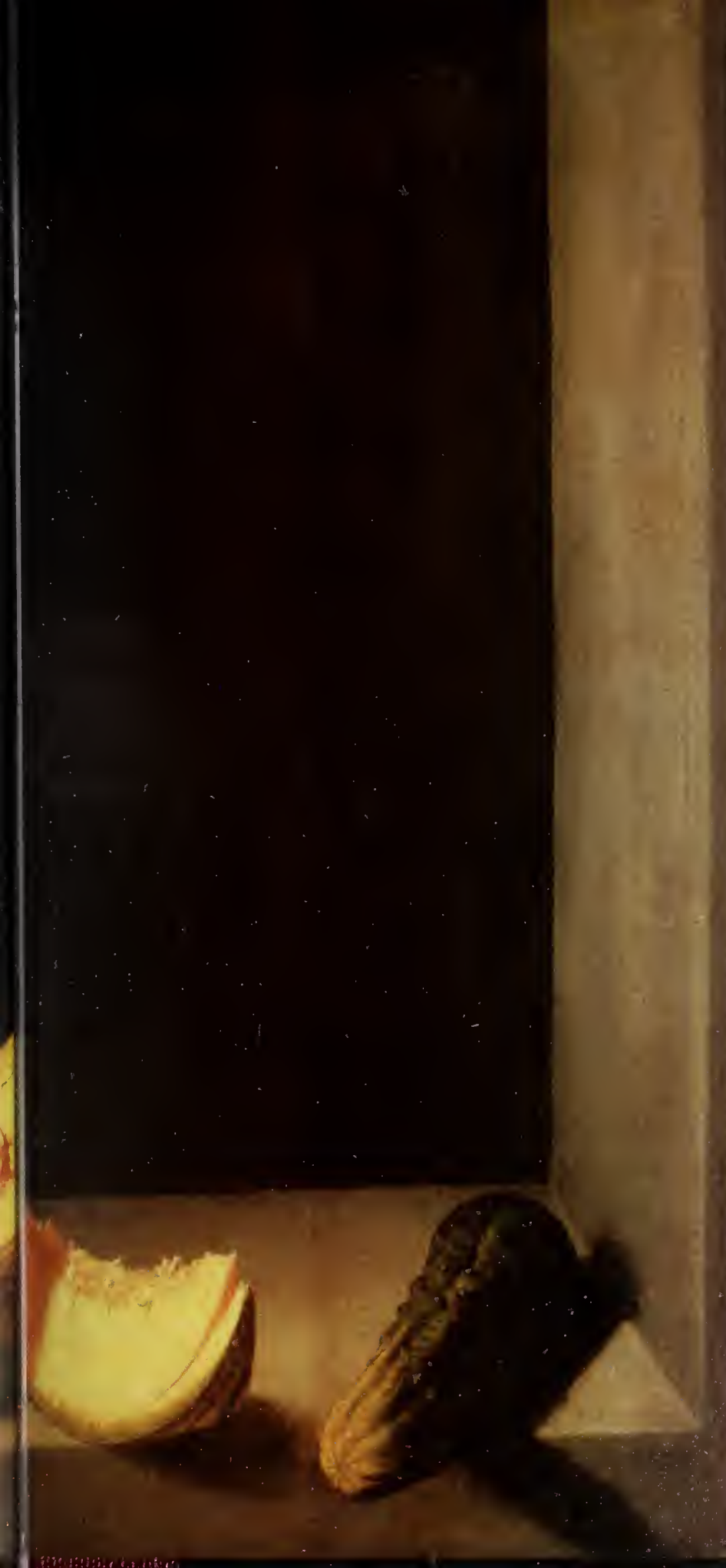
Although we cannot know precisely

what Sánchez Cotán felt or what he wanted us to feel as he focused his incredibly discerning eye on even the humblest products of nature, his passionate attention to physical reality can still revivify not only the way we look today at paintings, but also the way we look at the natural world. He presents his subjects as if making an offering, forcing their forms up against the edge of his carefully defined setting and challenging the absolute two-

dimensionality of the picture plane. After viewing one of Sánchez Cotán's still lifes the temptation to run to the market and look again at foods we might previously have taken for granted is very strong, and no simple cabbage or melon can ever again seem quite so ordinary.

Our knowledge of the heritage of Spanish still life really begins with the work of Sánchez Cotán, a Toledan, and that of his followers, including the

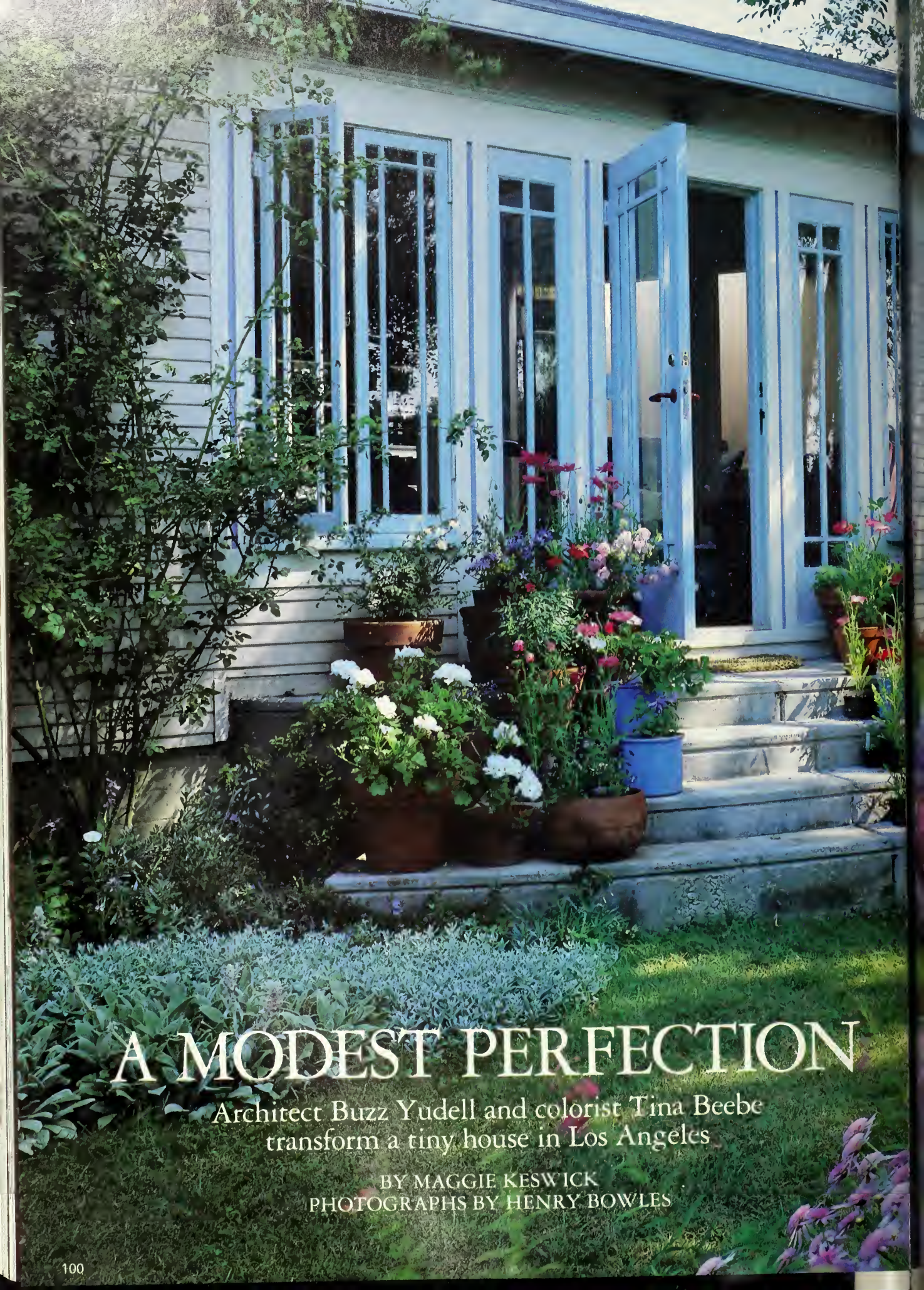




Madrilenian painters such as Juan van der Hamen y León (1596–1631), Cristóbal Ramírez de Arrellano (active in the 1630s or 1640s), or Antonio de Pereda (1611–78). These Spanish art-revolutionaries were not specialists. They brought to their inanimate subjects an intensity that matched the fervor they applied, often far less successfully, to religious subjects. Their style of still-life painting, a genre that was new throughout Europe at the time, shows itself to be peculiarly Spanish and motivated by intentions quite distinct from those which inspired Dutch still-life painters, who celebrated mundane subjects for their familiarity, or Italian artists, who immortalized the fecundity of life. Sánchez Cotán and his countrymen portrayed lifelike subjects with a static precision that sustained a spirit of peace and serenity even as it also rewarded the scientific eye. These Spanish artists kept their images close to life scale, but their attention to detail surpasses normal vision, especially as it is dramatized in minimal settings with raking light against impenetrable black backgrounds. The complex silhouettes of each component—Sánchez Cotán's cardoons, van der Hamen's pastries, Arrellano's grapes, and Pereda's walnuts—are sharply defined, but the fully modeled illusion of three-dimensionality is equally intense. As a result, the paintings maintain an incredible degree of timeless serenity, even as they are made up of lively groupings of inanimate objects that continue to appear very familiar today.

But, as with every neat generalization, there is always the exception, and among Spanish artists at the beginning of the seventeenth century the Sevillian Diego Velázquez (1599–1660) was exceptional indeed. And his efforts in the radical new still-life genre raised the stakes considerably. Unlike his contemporaries, when Velázquez tried his hand at still-life subjects he combined the genre with history painting by also including the human figure, making what the Spanish called at the time *bodegones*, but what today we might term “inter- (Text continued on page 166)

Quince, Cabbage, Melon, and Cucumber, Juan Sánchez Cotán. San Diego Museum of Art.



A MODEST PERFECTION

Architect Buzz Yudell and colorist Tina Beebe transform a tiny house in Los Angeles

BY MAGGIE KESWICK
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY BOWLES



Overflowing the irregular borders each side of the front gate are scabiosa—blue, crimson, pink, and white. In pots on the steps outside the house grow miniature roses, the pink-veined petunia 'Apple Blossom', Shirley poppies, and a pale blue flax.



The sitting terrace in the most private corner of the garden, *above*, is paved with brick loosely laid in a pattern of squares to surround small shiny green tiles and soft green cushions of erodium. Tina Beebe's luminously painted floor, *opposite*, reflects light upward to increase the feeling of space and unite different parts of the house. The low table is made of glass blocks.

An unpretentious building is a difficult thing to get right today. From time to time in the last thirty years even major architectural practices like Skidmore, Owings and Merrill have made a play of modesty and the search for a "background architecture," which pre-Modern builders, working within a tradition, once managed unselfconsciously. Functionalism aimed to create a well-tuned environment in which other things could happen, while in the sixties Charles

Moore—who first trained Robert Yudell and Tina Beebe at Yale and now works in partnership with them—pioneered a new vernacular of easily available materials which affected a whole generation of designers in America. The trouble today is that real vernacular is so debased, and architects' vernacular so quirky. On the one hand are little suburban homes carrying the full weight of design manifestos; on the other, the all too 'umble products of Robert Venturi's

pursuit of the "ordinary and ugly."

Robert Yudell's work with Moore Ruble Yudell includes St. Matthew's Church in Pacific Palisades, a large housing project for Berlin, and an art institute for San Antonio. His wife, Tina Beebe, describes herself ambiguously as a Color Consultant, a career that has little to do with choosing cushion covers and at present involves her in a master plan to unify the architectural development of Irvine

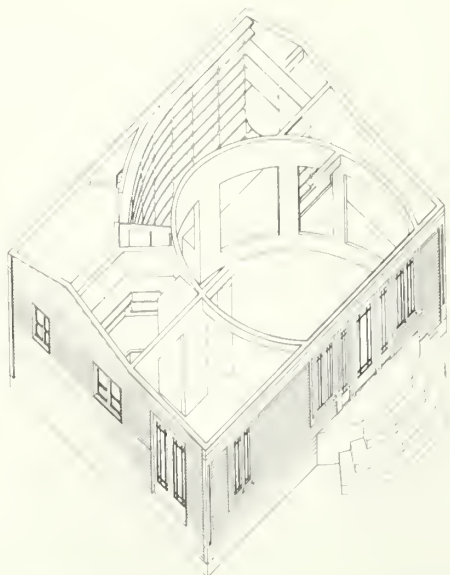




The bed, elongated to twelve feet, is covered with the same cotton as the seating banquettes that continue the elliptical curve around to the entrance windows on the right, *above*. The old ceilings have been removed so that the room rises to the full pitch of the roof. *Below*: Axonometric plan.

Ranch in Southern California.

In remodeling this tiny pavilion, anchored like a pleasure barge among ranunculus and roses, the Yudells did not set out to change the world. Their concerns were practical and specific and centered chiefly on how to enable two adults to live harmoniously, for an unspecified number of years, in a space somewhat smaller than most people's living rooms. The property they bought in Ocean Park lies a little inland from the coast, between



the beach bungalows of Santa Monica and the racy refurbishments of Venice. Originally developed for vacation cottages, by Los Angeles plot sizes the entire area was substandard and this bungalow, thrown together for renting in the forties, stands on one half of one of these plots: even in this unpretentious area it was described by the realtors as a "tear-down in the backyard." What makes it unique is the sensitivity of its transformation, and the ingenious spatial planning



The view from the “library” across the open space of the ellipse, *above*, to the “dining room” makes full use of all the available space. Light floods in from the garden windows on the left. *Below*: A floor-to-ceiling mirror, left, reflects the bedroom wall’s curving bookshelves. The secret door leads into the bathroom.

that makes its smallness a delight.

Like all complex achievements that seem effortless, this one required a rigorous reassessment of how the owners wanted to live. Their priorities were as unpretentious as the house: a good façade to come home to, a place in which to entertain friends, and plenty of book space. In addition, the building itself was pressed tightly into a corner of the street-side fence leaving, once they had removed



thirty tons of concrete from it, an L-shaped yard in which to make a garden.

It would be impossible now to think of the house without it. Indeed at first sight the new façade seems no more than a simple clapboard background of gray, pink, and cream that complements the flowery display from which it rises. On better acquaintance it reveals itself as a carefully considered composition of modest but elegantly pro-
(Text continued on page 158)



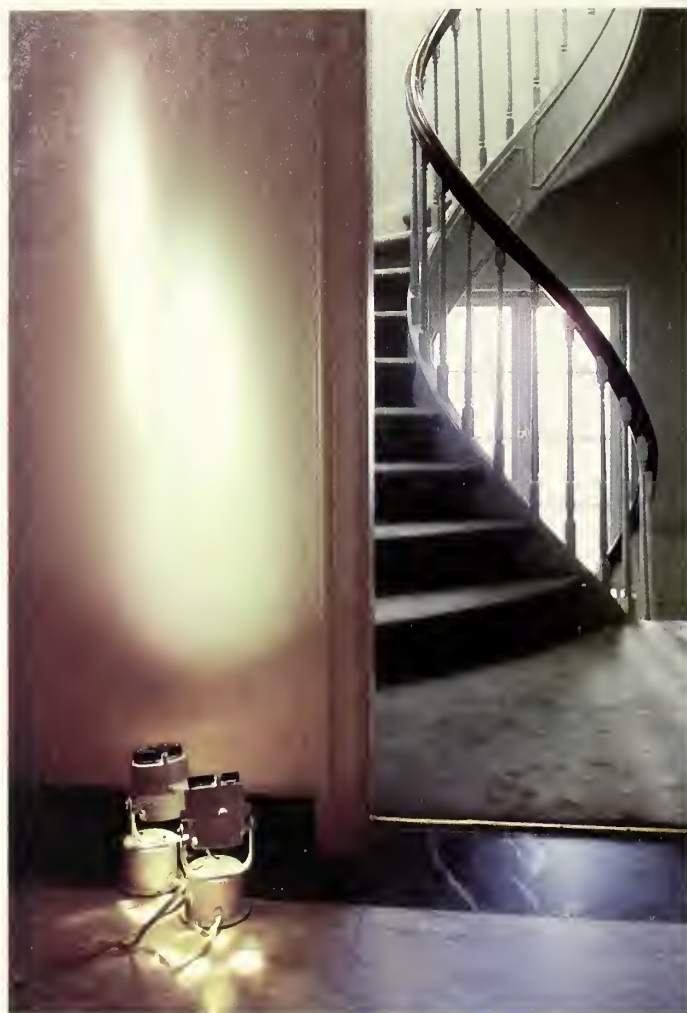
STRICT AND SENSITIVE

Designer Peter Preller creates interiors that are
a perfect fit for fashion designer Jil Sander

BY MARIE-PAULE PELLÉ PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALAN GINSBURG



In the dining room: table and console designed by Peter Preller, snakeskin chairs from Karl Springer, an Art Deco *lampadaire*, a pastel by Cy Twombly, 1925 French appliqués by Perzel, 19th-century Japanese vases, Tiffany candlesticks with flowers arranged by Hide.



Two colored spots, *left*, play their own modern art game on the wall beside the main stairs. *Opposite:* Candlesticks designed by Peter Preller, bowl and vases in *pâte-de-verre* compose a kitchen still life.

A major fashion force in her native Germany, Jil Sander has in twelve short years made her name the symbol of an immediately recognizable style—refined, discreet, chic, simple. Hard work and a generous helping of talent have brought her from the small village of Weselburen near the North Sea to Hamburg by way of textile engineering studies, a few years at UCLA, a stint as a fashion editor at *McCall's*, a collaboration with the best German fashion magazines, and finally her own firm.

Almost equal to her love of fashion is her affection for the neighborhood where she opened her first boutique—Pöseldorf—and her admiration for the man who turned dilapidated Pöseldorf into the smartest neighborhood in Hamburg, the antiques dealer Eduard Brikama. Under his guidance a simple garage became a delightful *hôtel particulier*. Thus Jil Sander was able to find her house hidden in a jungle of greenery two steps from the Alster River. At this point another person enters the story: Peter Preller, a longtime friend of Sander's.

"Jil is one of the rare people who know exactly what they want, and above all, is capable of total trust, an ideal client for a designer. When she asked me to do her house she requested that it be strict and sensitive, rigorous but reflecting her femininity. It wasn't a question of tearing everything out but rather of redesigning to provide both

the private and public areas she needs. And it had to be very up-to-date. Neither Jil nor I are attached to the demands of old stones: professionally we are focused on the present. The past only appears in Jil's house in the most subtle way, in objects that she chooses for herself with the utmost conviction. To this house I could bring everything that I like and apply my own philosophy in the best possible way."

Apprenticeship as a carpenter and work in naval shipyards gave Peter Preller his love of the well-finished object. "A house is just as demanding as a boat. Everything should be as perfect, as homogenous in form and color. Jil Sander does not like violent chromatic harmonies and to suit her the house is a haven of peace in colors and materials. Nothing excessive in order to show off her collection of contemporary art. The result: a house that makes its statement by its discretion.

"I love the classics. I admire Wright, Mies, Saarinen, the Bauhaus, and find Richard Sapper extraordinary! Without turning my back on today's fashions I often go the other way. When the progressives turn to the amusing Italian school of Memphis, I'll choose the opposite: round, full, peaceful forms. It's a sort of solid cocktail that I wanted to make for Jil's house because we share a point of view that we refer to as classical avant-garde." □

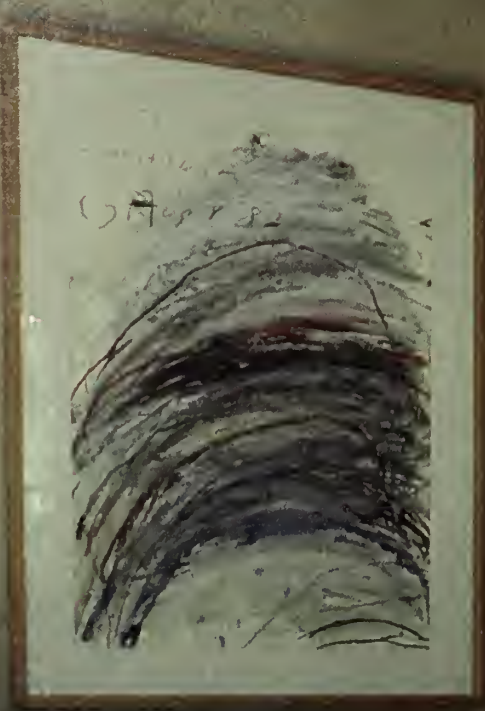
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A Cy Twombly drawing hangs over the sofa in the main living room, and next to it a Paladino. The chaise longue in the foreground, inspired by Biedermeier furniture, was created by Hulda Seidewinkel; the chair by Eric Jacobson. Choice pieces from Jil Sander's collection of Gallé glass are distributed throughout the room.



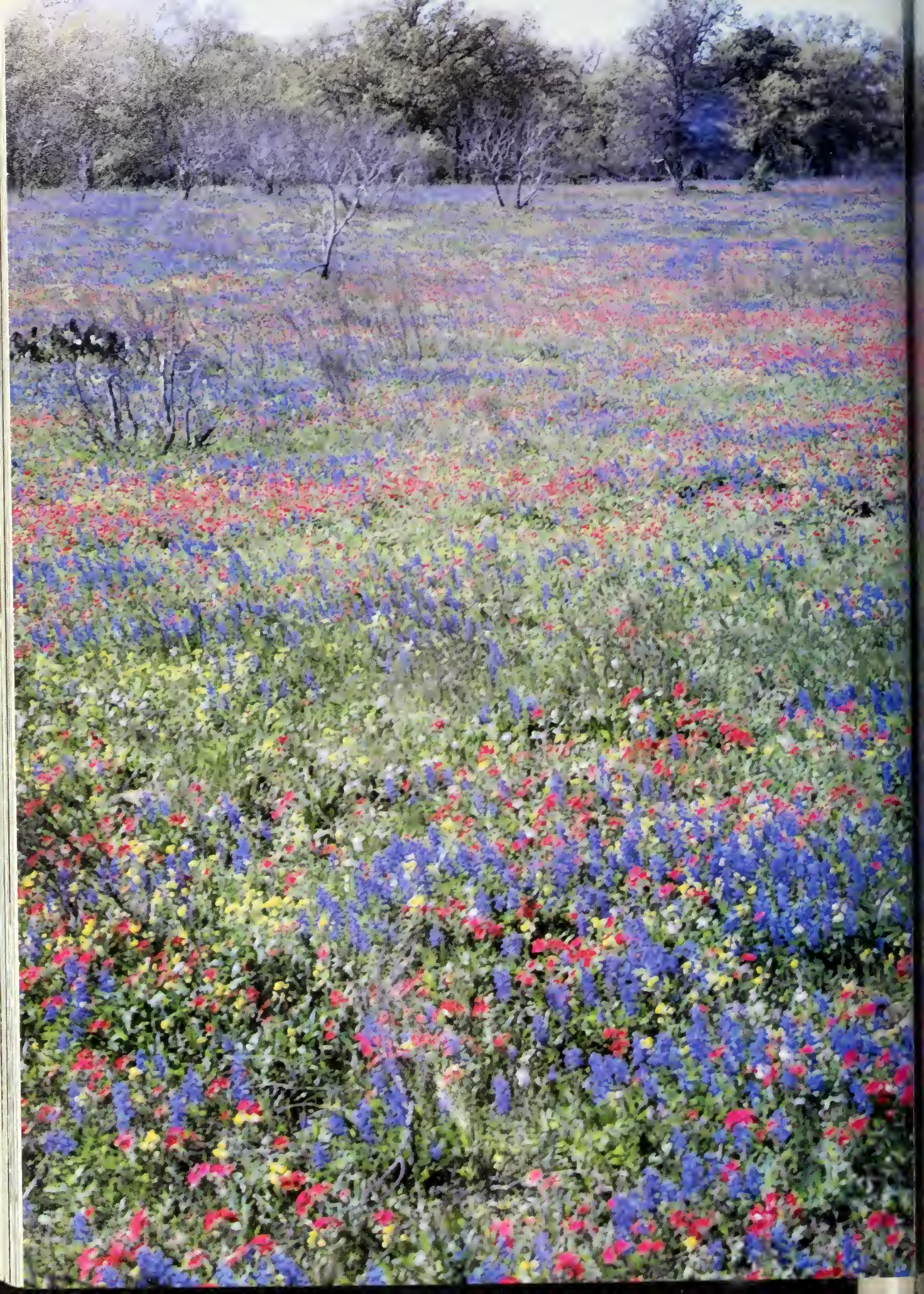





Double framing for the window in the master bedroom, *above*: Fortuny curtains, a pair of paintings by Paladino. *Below*: In the guest bedroom, built around the classic Knoll leather daybed, are an important Michael Buthe painting, a 19th-century Chinese chair, marble desk by Peter Preller, lamp by Kevin Gray, French taffeta curtains. *Opposite*: Marble birdseats by François-Xavier Lalanne.









CALL OF THE WILDFLOWERS

BY WILLIAM BRYANT LOGAN

PHOTOGRAPH BY
M. W. CARLTON

There is no doubt that growing a wildflower meadow is one of the finest and most uncommon of garden pleasures. I know you may say that what you want is a prairie or a grassland or a savannah, not a meadow, but let's not be picky. What I'm talking about is a garden grown in an open, sunny space, using forbs—a fancy name for wildflowers—and grasses. When you describe your blooming plot as a brilliant tapestry, however, you will find me willing to argue. A tapestry is carefully planned to yield a premeditated decorative pattern. It is far more like the perennial border than it is like a cultivated meadow. Every gardener collaborates with his plants to the extent that he makes it comfortable for them to grow, but only the meadow gardener allows the plants to collaborate in the design. For you must know that not all the wildflower seed you plant will come up, and plants that flower gloriously one year may disappear the next, to be replaced by a hitherto dormant species. You can, of course, control your materials to a certain extent by choosing forbs and grasses whose color, height, and form you wish to see together, but the pattern they create over time is largely up to them. The meadow gardener is more like the process-painter, who dribbles layer after layer of pigment on the can-

vas, until with his help, the materials have expressed themselves.

Until a decade ago, it was only highway departments and conservationists that did this sort of thing, the former for roadway beautification and the latter to restore endangered landscapes. Gardeners caught on late but fast, and like their forerunners, they can be divided into two groups. Group one wants beauty first, botany after. Its members are supplied by the same mail-order seed companies that stocked the highway departments, though the range of products now offered to the general public is more than copious. You can buy premixed meadow seed in a can, in a sack, in a bag, in a pliable plastic stick like a soup mix, even on greeting cards. There are tall mixes, short mixes, Texas mixes, Alaska mixes, international mixes, mixes for every region of the country, dryland mixes, annual mixes, grass mixes, even mixes that are supposed to grow anywhere. The firms will tell you where and how to plant the seed, and one will even provide you with a computer-designed custom mix for your unique location.

When you mention this consumer fantasyland to members of group two, they may react as though you had made an indecent suggestion, notwithstanding the (Text continued on page 155)

Bluebonnets and Indian paintbrushes in Central Texas. For a story on the photographer, wildflower grower M.W. Carlton, see *Garden Pleasures*.



A GROWN-UP COTTAGE

On Long Island, a glazed-and-gridded tower enhances two barns converted by architect Carlos Brillembourg with Jonathan Lanman

BY HEATHER SMITH MACISAAC
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN MADERE





New windows transform the barns into a lantern, *preceding pages*, seen from across the pool. *Above*: Ladderlike trellis brings the dining pavilion outside and the picturesque porch in. *Opposite*: The staircase by master woodworker Michael Reilly grandly sashays skyward, pausing at a bedroom landing before reaching the tower. *Overleaf*: Pattern plays off pattern in the brilliant open space of the larger barn. Windowpane-cast beams of early morning light spill across and uplight textures of shingles, rafters, beams, balusters, and beaded board. Red tables were designed by Carlos Brillembourg.

During a drive on Long Island, last autumn, we saw with pain and mortification, the suburban villa of a wealthy citizen, a narrow, unmistakable 'six-story brick', which seemed, in its forlornness and utter want of harmony with all about it, as if it had strayed from out of town in a fit of insanity and had lost the power of getting back." Though they mirror modern sentiments, these comments were neither excerpted from a conversation with architect Carlos Brillembourg nor lifted from the diary his client might have kept during the building of his country house in Sagaponack on eastern Long Island. In fact, this condition was reported well over a century ago by Andrew Jackson Downing, in his time the preeminent tastemaker and writer on landscape gardening and domestic architecture. Though in 1850 he was referring to the suburban houses springing up on western Long Island, his observation was prescient for all the Island. Particularly in the Hamptons, once a wholly rural area, it is as if those many potato fields earmarked for sale or devel-

oped in the past few years, no longer nourished by regular tilling and fertilization, have by some malediction incubated a mutant strain of house seed that is so vigorous and fast-growing it can no longer be held back.

That there was a slight contradiction inherent in wanting a private and peaceful country house in the Hamptons probably occurred to Brillembourg's client only after he had purchased two acres of land surrounded by smaller plots ripe for just the kind of development he sought to escape. For along with its potato-field heritage, this property offered an irresistible bonus—two shingled barns, one larger than the other, placed end to end toward the northern edge of the property. The client recognized in these native structures the base for a house that would evoke the best of the Hamptons from "then," harmonize with its older neighbors in the gentle landscape, and easily hold its own against future encroachers, which, true to form, have sprouted all around the house.

For Carlos Brillembourg (*Text continued on page 168*)



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Master bedroom, tower, and dormers, *top*, all in white clapboard, pop up and out from the shingled barns like spring-loaded toy boxes. *Above*: Under the interior gazebo, dining can be a year-round springtime picnic. *Opposite*: Standing like guardhouses at the deep end of the pool are twin cabanas for pool equipment and a changing room.

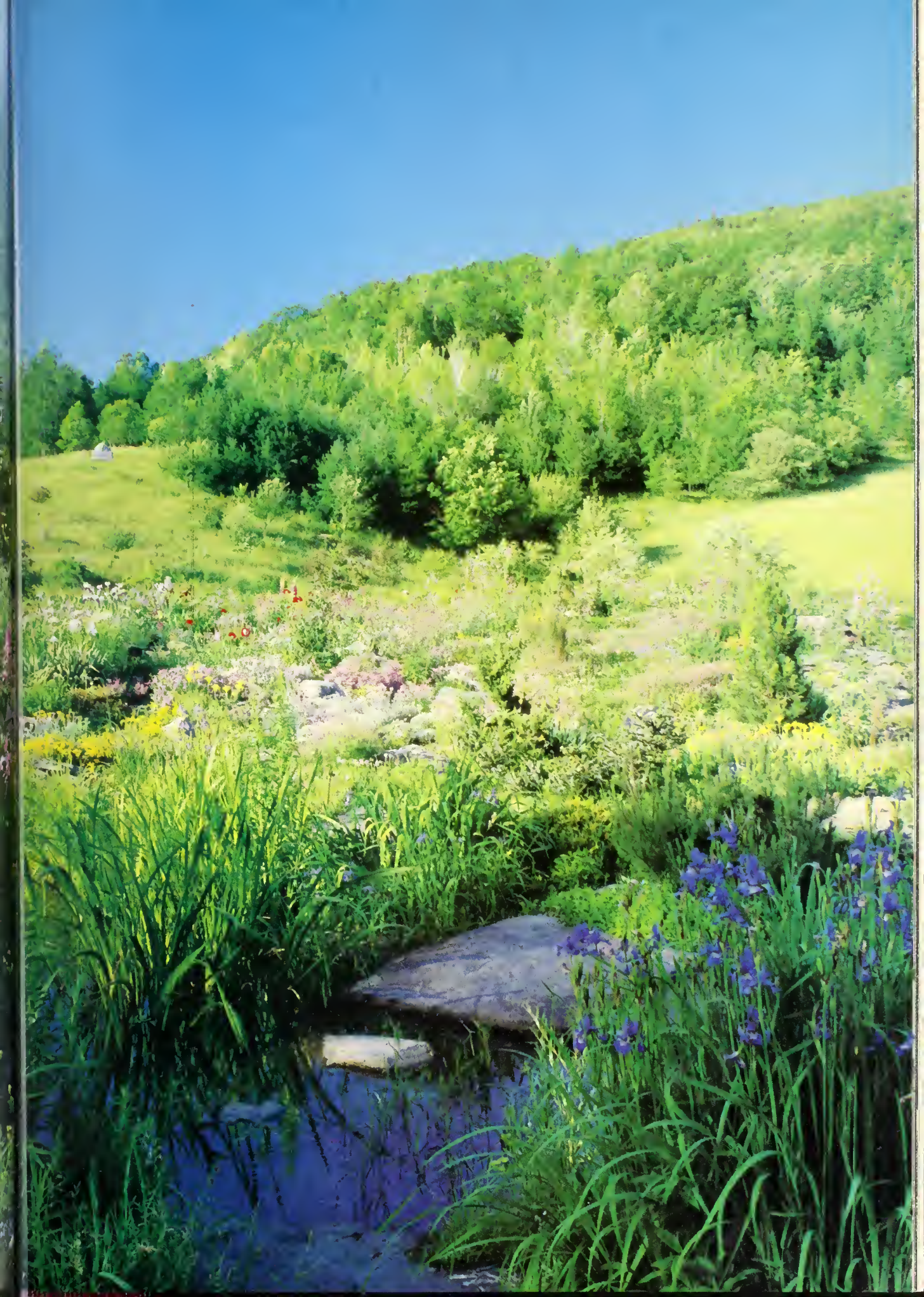


THE LITTLE GARDEN THAT JUST GREW

Ten years of successful improvisation
on a farm in upstate New York

BY ANN DUNAWOLD PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER MARCONELLI







The little pond in Pat Thorpe's garden, *preceding pages, left*, fringed with Siberian iris and sweet flag, blooms later with other hardy natives—cardinal flower, clethra, wild rice. *Preceding pages, right*: High woods and a bowl of meadows ring the rock garden spangled with June flowers. Bob Lobe's arklike sculpture peers down from the far field.

Obedient plant, coneflower and sweet rocket, lupine, foxglove, and peony—these old-fashioned perennials are the first flowers Pat Thorpe planted in her weekend garden on a hill in Otsego County, New York, ten years ago. Today, more than three hundred perennial species overflow the small walls and deep beds. Otsego County, fifty miles west of Albany, is farmland, much of it stony and steep, some of it abandoned long ago for flatter places. But many farmhouse gardens remain: clumps, dots, and rows of plants at doors, around outbuildings, and in a straight and narrow border along the nearest fence. These American “cottage gardens” are less luxuriant than their British counterparts because, when the thermometer falls to thirty degrees below zero for weeks, there is a smaller range of plants to grow. Only the occasional hardy sweet pea, Concord grape, or stand of summer phlox and black-eyed Susan hints at the horn-of-plenty feeling of English cottage gardens: tangles of flowers, annual and perennial, ranging in appear-

ance from the sublime to the cheerfully ridiculous. A gardener on these cold windy hills has to be brilliantly inventive to duplicate the effect of flower-heaped English cottage beds, or the more sophisticated cascading walls of Gertrude Jekyll's book, *Wall, Water and Woodland Gardens*. It also helps to have, as Pat Thorpe does, a bad case of “plant envy”—the desire to try to grow everything in everyone else's garden.

Set behind a white frame farmhouse and a crumbling barn, Pat Thorpe's garden has the openness of those upstate “yards” and the richness of Gertrude Jekyll's planted dry walls. Jekyll's style depended on a deliberate mixture of familiar and exotic plants, and she often used the hardy little flowers that, in her day, were no longer grown anywhere but in a cottage garden. Pat Thorpe's first cottage flowers were simply handed to her by her neighbors as newly dug gifts from their own gardens—how could she say no? At that time many of these offerings were “mystery plants,” and identifying them wasn't



An abundance of rocks led to yards of stone wall. *Above:* A mere shelf of a bed overflows with variegated ribbon grass, *Dianthus deltoides*, and veronica. Harison's yellow rose blooms with iris against a background of baptisia and *Rosa rubrifolia*. *Opposite:* In high summer, this garden of less than an acre has hundreds of different plants in flower. Yucca candles and bunches of yellow verbasicum are silhouetted against the top of the dam.

easy. Many were not in the nursery catalogues then and often she had to wait, Pat says, "until somebody's grandmother walked in and said, 'Oh, ragged robin!'"

Most of these plants proved so successful that they still form the backbone of her garden design. To them Pat Thorpe has added Gertrude Jekyll's "signature plants," the yucca and the giant mullein; wild plants; big tall soldiers like the spearlike snakeroot (*Cimicifuga racemosa*); a haze of smaller flowers—campanulas, dianthus, geum, and trollius; and several self-sowing annuals and biennials—digitalis, calendula; matricaria. Pat likes the angular, airy, odd, and refreshing; many of the things she grows, like *Thalictrum aquilegifolium* or *Coreopsis verticillata*, have leaves and stalks as beautiful as their flowers. One bed, borrowing a phrase from Unamuno, is called the "semillero de horrores," or the "seedbed of horrors." There Pat sows seed she and her husband, Harold Stults, have collected wherever they have traveled—in the Alps, in South America—from plants they have never seen in

bloom, so they have no idea what to expect.

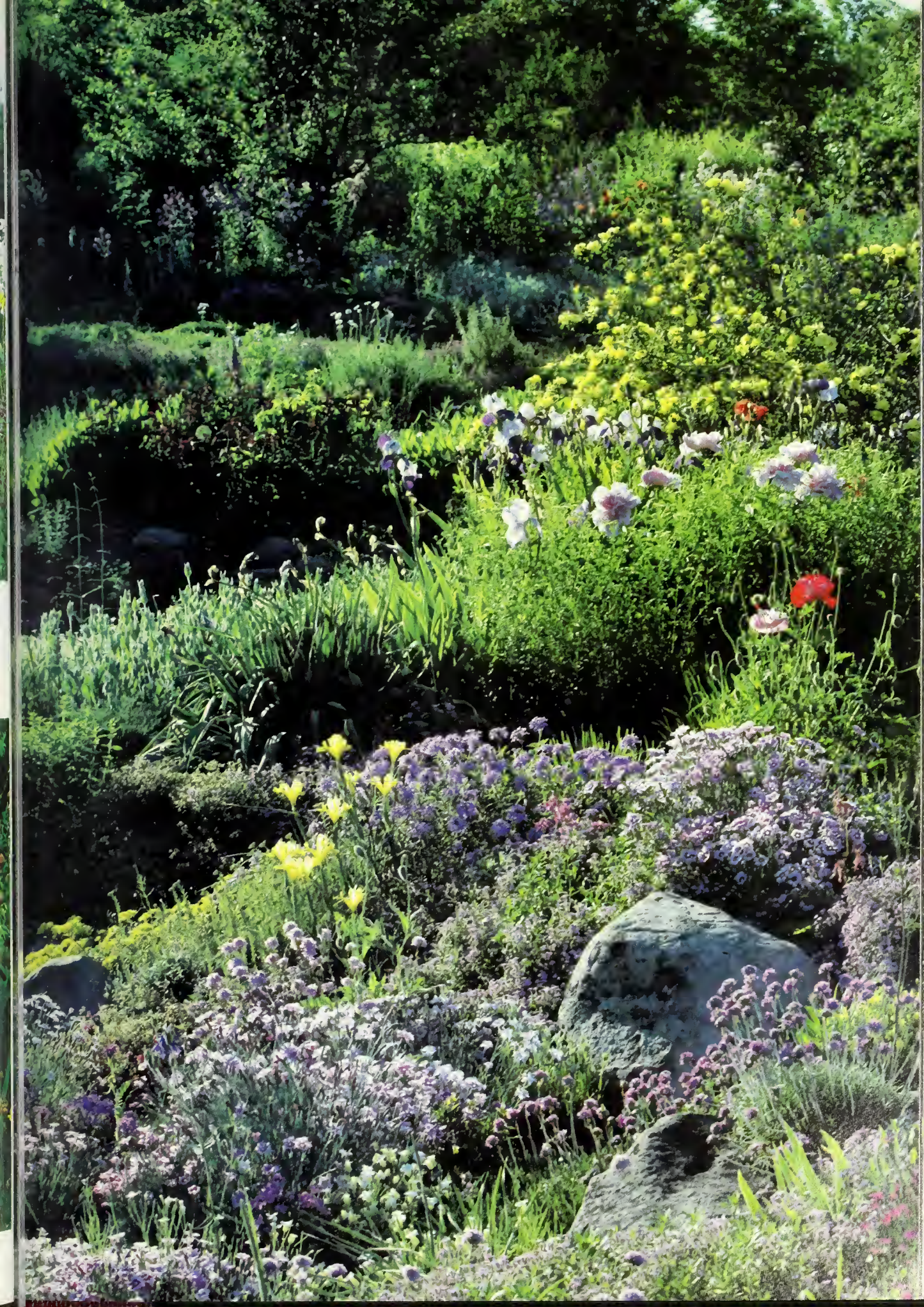
Pat and Harold bought the farm in 1972, but the garden didn't begin to take shape until 1975. By that time horticulture had taken over her life completely and she had become a professional florist in Manhattan. ("Foxgloves"—she grows more than ten species of digitalis—is the name of her firm.) It's startling to notice that there are almost no conventional "cutting flowers" in the garden, and that the beautiful and original floral arrangements she does in town have the same airiness of outline that her plantings do. The garden, her knowledge of horticulture—and her husband's enthusiasm for rocks—all luckily grew together. She started with herbs, both annual and perennial, as book after book of garden advice told her how herbs loved terrible soil.

The herb garden was successful, so they ventured farther up the hill toward the desolate three-story chicken house that still frowned over the crest like, Pat says, "a visitor from Appalachia." (Text continued on page 168)



In herb garden, *above*, artemisia, drumstick alium, and creeping thyme grow with American wildflowers like butterfly weed. *Below*: Orange and yellow fill this classic border; thistle-like knops of *Centaurea macrocephala* stand behind yellow tiger lilies and matricaria. *Opposite*: The rock garden, begun only five years ago, is now a flood of dianthus, armeria, columbines, *Silene maritima*, verbenas, and sedums. Shirley poppies nod among fluffy seed-heads of early pulsatilla.





**BY
ARTISTS
FOR
ARTISTS**

David Ireland
and
Robert Wilhite's
Jade Garden
in Washington,
D.C.

BY DENISE
DOMERGUE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY
HENRY BOWLES

Black lacquered table and chairs by Robert Wilhite sit in front of his lamp, which illuminates David Ireland's Twomblyesque wall treatment. Ireland stripped door on right to show all former layers of paint.





The Jade Garden is everything its name conjures up and not in the least what one would expect. Tucked into an unlikely corner of central Washington, D.C., it effectively spirits the visitor away from the jostling and din of the city politic to a tranquil, labyrinthine sanctuary of polished celadon. Not at all precious or extravagant, it is rather a paragon of Zen “sublime austerity” and an extremely practical place. The fittings of a fully equipped apartment are put to the service of the occupant and his quotidian rituals. From all too prosaic origins—450 square feet of abandoned washroom on the second floor of the old W.T. Grant five-and-dime building now devoted to galleries and dance studios—California artists Robert Wilhite and David Ireland wrought an astonishing and ironical metamorphosis. Their assignment: to construct out of the most uncharismatic, nondescript little square room a permanent, functional, site-specific “sculpture” that would serve as an apartment/studio/retreat for national and international artists invited to sojourn at the Washington Project for the Arts.

This two-pronged project was the brainchild of Jock Reynolds, an artist himself and executive director of the W.P.A. (The Washington Project for the Arts is a nonprofit artists’ organization and showcase for experimentation by artists involved in visual and performance art, media arts, dance, music, and literature.) “We wanted to create a situation,” Reynolds explains, “where visiting artists would have the time to think, conduct research, and talk with other artists in the community with no constraints or pressures whatsoever to produce anything.” Reynolds had also given much thought to the issue of the transitory nature of most installation-oriented art. Since its founding in 1975, the W.P.A. has sponsored 52 commissions of temporarily displayed public art, so the staff is no stranger to the exhausting effort and frustration that such art, by its very ephemeral status, can often engender. Reynolds melded these two concerns, assuring the feasibility of the artists’ residency program and at the same time, creating a practical environmental piece that would be ongoing. For this he sought out West Coast artists Robert Wilhite and David Ireland.

Los Angeles-based sculptor Robert Wilhite has eschewed the notion of “art for art’s sake” and his work has intentionally teetered between aestheticism and functionality. A skip through his career shows a progression from early conceptual pieces that summoned up sculptural environments through hypnotic suggestion, to per-

formance pieces with quasi-functional props, to wildly inventive musical instruments or “sound sculptures,” to impeccably conceived and crafted furniture.

“I deal with the idea of furniture in the same way as I do sculpture. I strip down furniture to its essence where proportions and line are perfect—and to the rudiments of sculpture—to basic geometry, and then combine the two so that each reference becomes intertwined. I like the tension created by walking that fine line between what is conceived of as art and what is conceived of as non-art, function, and non-function.” His furniture varies from simple “three-dimensional line drawings in space” to interplays of planes and lacquered volumes. He adheres to a rigorous yet elegant and refined simplicity. Craftsmanship is subordinated to the concept. For him, it is “something that must be unquestioned, that must disappear into the piece until it is not an issue.”

David Ireland is best known for his singular architectural transformations. The remarkable Victorian house where he resides in San Francisco’s Mission District is a living archaeological monument lovingly excavated by him. The “relics” and “social accessories” (old wallpaper, brooms, collections of string and rubber bands . . .) are modified, rearranged, and displayed as testimonials to the homely, incremental passage of its inhabitants through time. The house has been picked clean of layers of decorative elements, moldings included, to a point just short of disquieting and preserved under a satiny patina of polyurethane. However, the elusive

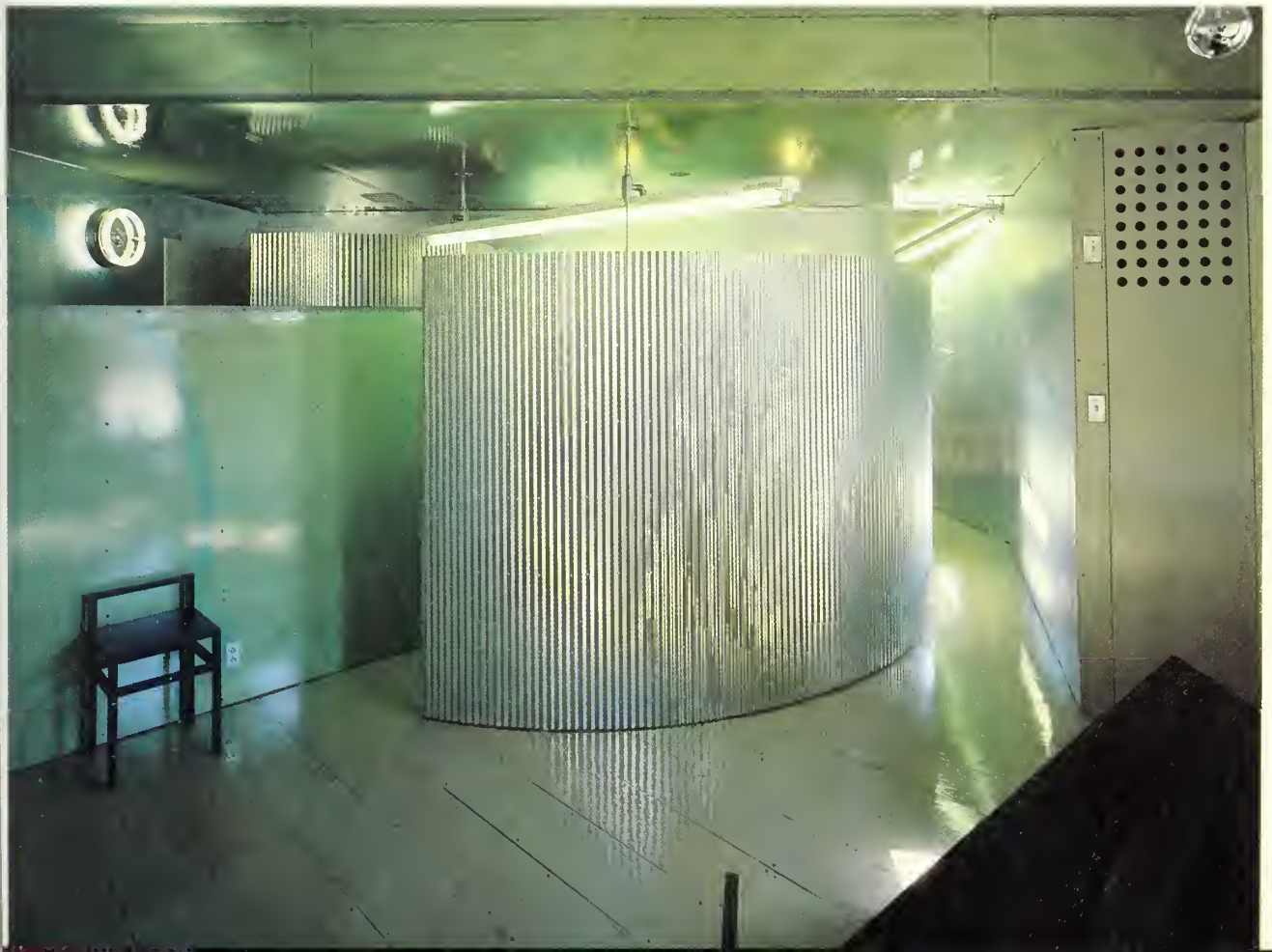
edginess that invests the house becomes warm with its shrines of assembled artifacts, and eloquent with echoes of the unassuming rituals of one hundred years of daily living and of Ireland’s intimate selective social anthropology.

Ireland transformed another house nearby, this time inside and out, into “an architectural light sculpture equipped for living.” It is now known as the Capp Street Project and lends its versatile drama to an artists’ residency program, lodging three or four artists per year commissioned to do a project in or on the site. In a city obsessed with its own period prettiness, Ireland’s reductive approach to architecture refocuses the sense of past and present, giving a humanistic character and depth to otherwise trite and purely cosmetic notions of “restoration.”

Although they had never previously collaborated, Reynolds was convinced that “these two guys would probably cook up the most interesting thing possible . . . Collaboration can be disastrous, but it was something about their sensibilities that made me think it would



Ireland made ceiling lamp, *above*, of copper plumbing pipe with porcelain fixture. *Opposite top*: A view into kitchen whose shape is defined by partition of corrugated galvanized sheet metal. *Below*: Bathroom is on other side of green waterproof dry-wall partition. The plywood floor and partitions were done on a diagonal to give a sense of space and everything covered in high-gloss polyurethane to give jewellike quality.





Reflected in the only mirror in the apartment, *above*, over the sink in the kitchen, is the sculptural effect of different partition heights and bed designed by Wilhite. Uzzolo in Washington, D.C., has contributed all the linens and appliances for the space. *Opposite*: Three kinds of lights glow off many surfaces: hanging bulb with silvered globe, fluorescent tube, and circular incandescent. Plywood floor has been stained gray and partially rubbed out.

work.” The two artists began by getting acquainted with the site. For months they haunted Washington’s museums, roamed its streets, steeped themselves in its history. They tossed about ideas ranging from projecting the room outside the windows to theatrical arrangements of log-cabin Americana. In the end, their plan of action was a direct response to Washington’s imposing Federal façades: their sober solidity and didactic grandeur would be in perfect counterbalance to the intuitive, unaffected, almost serendipitous feel of the solution.

At first, that intractable old “sow’s ear” of a washroom resisted Ireland’s inclinations to acknowledge the history of a place. Undistinguished by any salient feature, it did, however, have one quality that he liked. All the windows save one had been boarded up and the last was covered in plastic that diffused the light. “We sat around on upside-down five-gallon pails and stared at it,” Ireland recalls. To recapture that light quality became “a question of in-

tegrity.” Removing the boards in the overfenestrated space during the process of reconstruction nearly obliterated that possibility, but Ireland managed to bring that quality back.

Rather than having a back-door entrance, they decided to enhance the idea of “installation piece.” They situated the entrance in the W.P.A. itself and thus made the artists’ apartment integral with the gallery’s activities. A few feet were borrowed from the gallery to create and lengthen a hallway of corrugated sheet metal. The windows were blocked off with curved corrugated walls, and slit horizontally to allow a controlled amount of light to illuminate the passage. Two windows were retained and they framed a felicitously direct view of the National Archives as a stately, paradigmatic reminder of the wealth of information and resources that lay outside.

The curved corridor narrows slightly toward its end. “Coming through this (Text continued on page 164)





ART OASIS

The uniting of two great Impressionist collections in the Palm Springs home of Ambassador and Mrs. Walter Annenberg
BY JOHN RUSSELL PHOTOGRAPHS BY FELICIANO



Much in favor with heads of state, and with other persons variously famous, for its comfort, its security, its exemplary golf course and its no less exemplary hospitality, the Palm Springs property of the Hon. and Mrs. Walter H. Annenberg has lately acquired a second celebrity. Since the Annenbergs' collection of late French nineteenth-century painting has been amalgamated with that of Walter Annenberg's sister, Mrs. Enid A. Haupt, it takes rank as one of the most remarkable holdings of its kind now in private hands in this country. "Amalgamation" may not be quite the right word, in that a certain amount of trimming and refining went into the present ensemble, but the collection as it now exists in Palm Springs is one in which Paul Cézanne, Paul Gauguin, Vincent van Gogh, and Georges Seurat look their best, with Edouard Manet, Auguste Renoir, Edgar Degas, and Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec as eminent alternates. In more than one case, moreover, the paintings bought by Mr. Annenberg from Mrs. Haupt result in the kind of conjunction for which many a museum director would kill.


I first became aware of the Annenbergs as collectors when he was Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. Not only did they have very good French paintings in Winfield House, the ambassadorial residence in Regent's Park, but it became known to one or two people that he was interested to acquire more. He particularly liked the painting by Henri Rousseau called *Surprised!* that was one of the stars of the recent Rousseau show at The Museum of Modern Art. But while in negotiation with its then owner, the Philadelphia collector Henry Clifford, he discovered that the National Gallery in London, which had no Rousseau at that time, was also anxious to buy it. Not only did he withdraw, but he sent the National Gallery a check for \$300,000 toward the cost of its purchase. (Among other acts of

The main house, *preceding pages*, of the Annenberg compound in Palm Springs, designed by architect A. Quincy Jones in 1965, sits on its own golf course.

Right: Gauguin's *La Sieste*, 1894, which once belonged to Annenberg's sister, Enid A. Haupt







In the atrium against a wall of porous Mexican rock hang some of the prizes of the collection, *left to right*: Van Gogh, *Les Oliviers*, St.-Rémy, 1889, and two Gauguin still lifes: *Three Tahitians*, 1896, and *Still Life with Fruit*, 1896; in the center, Gauguin's *La Sieste*; to its right, Cézanne's *Still Life with Melon and Pomegranates*, 1900–1906 and *Le Plat de Pommes*, 1877–79, and finally, van Gogh's *Women Gathering Olives*, 1889. In the foreground an Arp, *Simplicité Sineuse*, 1960. Furniture was done by the firm of William Haines.



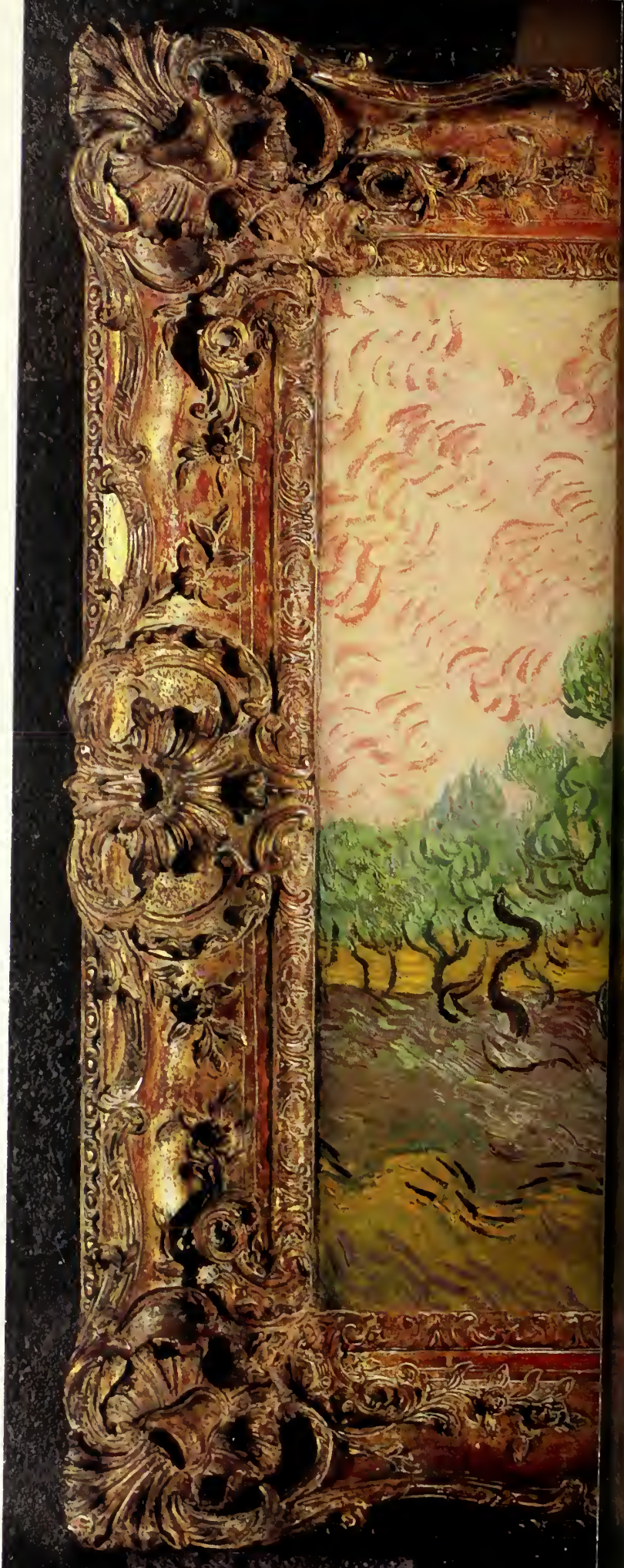
friendship toward Great Britain, he sponsored what is undoubtedly the most beautiful book about Westminster Abbey that has been published in our lifetime.) Though not a collector in the manic, obsessive sense, he allows paintings to fire his imagination—“Unless I am excited by something, I don’t want it in my house”—just as he sometimes gets galvanized by good causes that are related to art.

It was, for instance, largely as a result of a nine-year campaign by his newspaper, *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, that the Barnes Collection was forced to open to the public, in no matter how limited a way. And when he found that a heavily trafficked road now separates Claude Monet’s house in Giverny from its garden, he paid for a pedestrian tunnel to be built beneath the road, thereby making the garden safer and more agreeable to get to.

There are also times when he can’t wait to be rid of paintings that most people would be only too delighted to have. Not so long ago, for instance, he sent Picasso’s *Woman with Mandolin* of 1925 for sale at auction, where it was bought for a very high price by Norton Simon. “I couldn’t wait to get it out of the house,” Mr. Annenberg said afterward. He has, in fact, what might be called a primary, elemental approach to works of art. But when the collection was shown at the Tate Gallery in London it impressed as being true metal, neither splashy nor outrageous, but the real thing and the solid thing. The monumental *Daughters of Catulle Mendès* by Renoir looked in London, just as it looks in Palm Springs, to be one of the finest paintings of its date.

The Renoir in question is a hefty, museum-type painting, and in time it was joined by others. After Winfield House, the relatively low ceilings of the Annenbergs’ house in Philadelphia made the collection seem out of scale, and in 1961 they bought the property outside Palm Springs that is now called Sunnylands. All that it then had to recommend it was a vast acreage of raw sand, for Palm Springs is not in itself a place of natural beauty. Still less is it prime agricultural land. Even today, the visitor who follows the standard di-

A close view of van Gogh’s *Women Gathering Olives*, 1889, which Annenberg bought from his sister.







rections—"Just go down Bob Hope and make a left on Frank Sinatra,"—may wonder if someone is putting him on.

But then there appears a long high straight wall, and some tall new trees flickering and shimmering in the desert light, and eventually a metal door, complete with liveried Cerberus forever on the watch. Once admitted, we breast a slight rise until—presto!—the greenest grass outside of Oxford and Cambridge comes into view, together with the shelving terrain of a golf course and, just within eye level, a house that looks at first sight like a flying saucer with a college education.

Neither then nor later is there any attempt to dominate or "make an effect." Designed by A. Quincy Jones, the house has as its natural center a fifty-foot square atrium into which light floods down from a raised cupola. Originally this room was lined with a thick bank of flowers. But, when the Haupt paintings came in, that bank was taken away and two very large walls of porous Mexican volcanic rock were added as a practical and hospitable background for the paintings.

Those paintings can very well take care of themselves, and with one exception the Annenbergs have not attempted to bring in masterpieces of furniture that might compete with them. The exception in question is the very large and heavy pair of silver doors with sculptures in low relief, from Rajasthan in India, that they bought when they lived in London. These take the place of the banished Picasso, and very glad Walter Annenberg is to see them, too. ("I couldn't wait to get rid of that dumb woman.")

The Annenbergs do, however, have quite a number of smaller objects of art—Cycladic, Archaic Greek, Mexican, Sepik River, Chinese Tang figures—and they also have some very good sculptures. The most conspicuous of those sculptures is the Rodin of Eve that stands in a shallow pool in the center of the atrium with a pianissimo trickle of water and an environment of papyrus and other plants. Jean Arp is there, too, in fine busty form, and Alberto Giacometti. But fundamentally this is a painting collection with, as annex, the celebrated Cézanne sketchbook that came from Mrs. Haupt.

Not every scholar approves the way in which (*Text continued on page 150*)



In the sitting room, *opposite*, under Monet's *Les Coquelicots*, Argenteuil, 1875, also purchased from his sister's collection, are reminders of Annenberg's time as Ambassador to London, brought up to date by a portrait of Margaret Thatcher on the extreme right. There is also a wall leading to Memory Room with thirteen years of Christmas cards, starting in 1972, from the Queen Mother, which always arrived "Registered Special Delivery." *Above*: Walter Annenberg with his portrait by Wyeth in which he is wearing something inspired by the choristers' robes at Ely Cathedral.



Hanging above the orchids from the Annenberg greenhouses in the atrium, *opposite*, are, from left, Manet's *Madame Manet à Bellevue*, 1880, and two Fantin-Latours: *Roses in a Bowl*, 1883, *Roses and Lilies*, 1888. *This page*: Van Gogh's *La Berceuse*, 1889, hangs above Japanese and Chinese objects.



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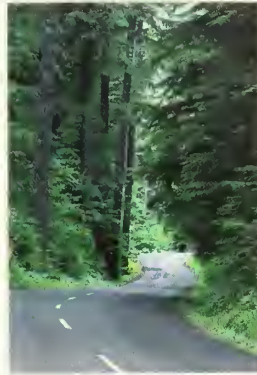
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(Continued from page 145) that sketchbook has been broken up, with every sheet framed individually. But the alternative in such cases is to keep the sketchbook shut tight and out of reach of all but the most privileged visitor. And eventually, that privileged finger and thumb, multiplied fifty or a hundred times over, can do irreparable damage, as has happened to the sketchbooks by J.M.W. Turner in the British Museum.

So the sensible thing is to enjoy the opportunity—a unique one—of watching the great man's hand as it rummages around among images of all kinds, from memories of the Louvre to the landscape outside his own door. From there, the lucky visitor to Sunnylands can move to the wall on which a great new Cézanne arrived not long ago from the Haupt collection. This painting is of the archetypal "house divided"—the epitome of a world fated and foredoomed, shaken down the middle by some seismic event—or, it may be, by old age and indifference. Either way, the marble cliff on the right side of the canvas reminds us that the mineral world outlives almost any house built by man, just as the tufts of young foliage on the trees remind us that the world renews itself even if the house that meant everything to someone has self-destructed.

Among the paintings that stand out in the house, just as they stand out in these pages, is *La Berceuse* by Vincent van Gogh. This is a portrait of Madame Roulin, the wife of van Gogh's friend, the mailman Joseph Roulin. Roulin was a favorite with van Gogh—not least for his stirring way of singing "La Marseillaise"—and he and his wife were clearly symbols of stability for him. In fact, he painted Madame Roulin over and over again, both before and after he had a mental breakdown that caused him to be sent to a hospital in Arles. (Thirty of his neighbors banded together and said that he was not fit to be loose, whereupon the police came and took him away.)

Van Gogh clearly thought highly of his portraits of Madame Roulin. Not only did he give her the portrait—probably done in January 1889—that now belongs to the Annenbergs, but he



A Dégas, a Renoir, and two Cézannes in the atrium.

asked his brother to give another to Paul Gauguin, if he would take it, and a third to his younger colleague, Emile Bernard. (It did not escape him, either, that Madame Roulin had a good eye for painting and had chosen the best of the lot.) Not long after, the celebrated and immensely artful Parisian dealer Ambroise Vollard got hold of the Roulins and persuaded them to sell him all the van Goghs they had—five family portraits and a still life—for 495 francs.

Another painting that commands the eye in Sunnylands is *La Sieste* by Gauguin that came from Mrs. Haupt. This was painted in Tahiti in 1894, at a time of penury and demoralization for Gauguin. But nothing could be more eloquent of relaxation than the poses of the women on the stoop, the long slow shallow curve of the composition in the foreground, and its green echo in the background on the right. Even the use of the coal-heated British iron with which the woman facing us is doing her laundry doesn't look like hard work. There is something grand, still, and resolved about this painting that shows us how, at no matter how difficult a time in his life, Gauguin could distill the eternal from the ephemeral.

Yet perhaps the happiest result of the combination of the two collections is that van Gogh's *Olive Trees: Pale Blue Sky* now hangs on the same wall as his *Olive Picking*. Both dated late 1889, they represent a characteristically vigorous reaction on van Gogh's part to the New Testament subjects with which some of his painter friends had been busy. "Their Christs in the Garden, with nothing really observed, have got on my nerves," he wrote to his

brother Theo at the time. "Of course with me there is no question of doing anything from the Bible, and I have written to Bernard and Gauguin that our duty is to think, not to dream. I was astonished that they should let themselves go like that.

"To shake that off, morning and evening these bright cold days, with a very fine clear sun, I have been knocking about the orchards. The result is five size 30 canvases, which at least constitute an attack on the problem. In view of the strength of van Gogh's feelings it is curious that the pyramidal composition and the attitudes of the three women olive pickers could be said to echo many a Deposition in European old-master painting. Be that as it may, it is only rarely that in a private collection so crucial a moment in van Gogh's career is so neatly illustrated.

Paintings of this class are a hard act to follow, but most visitors find their way into the room in which Walter Annenberg's portrait by Andrew Wyeth has pride of place. It should be said here that Mr. Annenberg is, even by the standards of Palm Springs, an inventive dresser. (In the words of one observer, "His colors are worthy of the desert sunsets.") Andrew Wyeth, no mean judge of costume, originally wanted Walter Annenberg to pose in one of his (Wyeth's) fencing jackets. When it turned out to be too small there was plenty in Mr. Annenberg's own closet to choose from. In particular, he had admired the impeccable cut of the robes worn by the choristers in Ely Cathedral, and when he was in England, he had them copied by the ecclesiastical tailors who were responsible. And it is in this quasi-monastic outfit that he was painted by Mr. Wyeth. The man who looks out from the canvas is not someone to mess with, and Mrs. Annenberg ventured to say that the expression was too hard. "There is nothing of the cream put about Walter," said Andrew Wyeth, and the painting stayed the way it was.

One or two charming trifles notwithstanding, there is nothing of the cream puff about Walter Annenberg the collector, either, and this is a big-boned collection in a big-boned landscape. □ Editor: Rosamond Bernier



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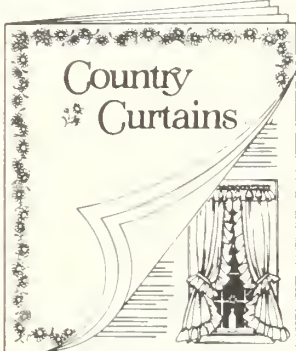
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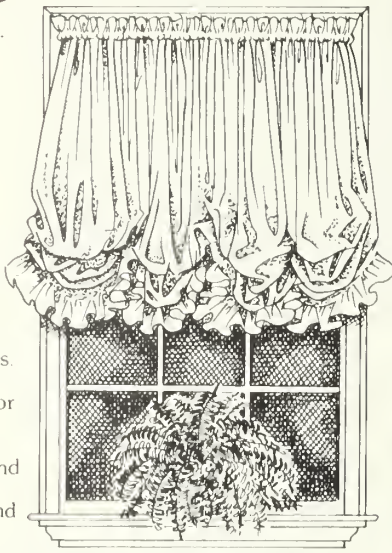
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MERCHANT'S HOUSE IN OLD KYOTO

(Continued from page 85) unnecessary and to avoid wasting even the tiniest amount of money makes their businesses certain of success. Yet no matter how tough the game of business becomes, out of respect and gratitude to the spirits of the ancestors who bore them, they never cause trouble for others. It is precisely because of this that they gain the acceptance of society as a whole. They spend what little wealth comes their way first on ordering implements for Buddhist memorial services and next on service for the summer festival. It is these principles that are expressed in the formal beauty of the Kyoto town house.

By linking together the idea of position with a consciousness of history, I am groping to understand what the role of the disappearing traditional houses and neighborhoods of Kyoto was and should be. At the age of nineteen, I was determined to go away to study the arts in order to become psychologically independent of my father and of Kyoto. Amidst the hustle and bustle of Tokyo, I lived alone and cooked for myself, spending each day at design, submerged in Western art forms, classical music, and the works of the French writer Romain Rolland.

About the time I graduated from art school, I visited the old temples and shrines of Nara and Kyoto as part of an art history seminar and came into actual contact with their architecture, Buddhist sculpture, gardens, and wall paintings. I realized then that Kyoto is not simply the city where I had lived most of my life up to that point, but that it is an arena for learning about the classical traditions of my country.

Needless to say, this seminar trip changed my aesthetic consciousness. But it also changed my life. Together with the new leader of the folk arts movement, Professor Mizuo Hiroshi, I tried to trace the footsteps of Yanagi Soetsu, an important advocate of the value of folk art. In putting together a volume of texts for the study of his thought, I gained strong insight into the value of articles crafted by nameless artisans for everyday life.

Right at this time, I was hit hard by the sudden death of my father, and placing a period to the end of eighteen years in Tokyo, I returned to my birthplace. That was in 1973, when I was 36 and the winds of the oil shock were

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blowing wildly around the world. In Kyoto, I made my first order of business the restoration of the family house, as I could never live comfortably with the metal window frames and shutters in the caveless tile walls of a house that had once exemplified the beauty of the standard Kyoto town-house form.

Ishida Baigan, founder of the Shingaku movement, which was popular among the merchants in Kyoto during the mid Tokugawa period, had great influence on Kyoto's merchant way of life. I decided to name my newly rebuilt home Mumeisha after Baigan's Meirinsha, the school where he taught the Shingaku doctrine of simplicity and frugality to the Kyoto townspeople.

After five years, the Mumeisha became what it is today. It is a product of a maturation within myself that could not have taken place without the double filters of the fast-paced life of Tokyo and my interest in the West, both set against my love for the Gion Festival. The houses and neighborhoods we



A veranda edges part of the inner garden

live in every day prescribe our way of thinking; buildings express our thoughts more truly than anything else.

Mumeisha was built in Meiji 42 (1909) as the combined shop and home of a clothing wholesaler. It exhibits the standard form of the Kyoto town house built in the *omoteya-zukuri* style. The frontage on the road is about 10 meters wide, and the house continues back about 36 meters, covering a 370-meter lot. The entryway faces east, and the sides of the house are flush with the

houses on the right and left. The house is made up of three parts: the shop facing the street, the house, and two storehouses, all linked together by two small gardens. A passageway runs along the south side of the lot connecting the three sections of the complex. A bath, two flush toilets, and a shed have been added onto this basic form.

The most important part of Mumeisha is the kitchen. This is understandable since the kitchen is the place in Japan from which the basics of everyday life come. It is constructed with the ceiling open for ventilation all the way up to the main, second-story roof, and the beauty of the arrangement of pillar and beams around the central pillar gives testimony to its importance.

The two gardens to the east and west of the main room of the house serve to let natural light into the rooms. But they have other functions as well. Because of the difference in temperature between the rooms and the gardens, a fresh breeze blows through the room even when there is no wind outside. This ventilation is indispensable during the hot, humid Kyoto summers.

The natural blessings of the garden are also welcome. In the middle of a big city with few natural havens, these two small gardens keep us in touch with the constant changes of nature. The ferns are the first to sprout in the spring, and the sunny area on the veranda reminds me of my childhood. The rainy season in June brings wet, white gardenias midsummer, the light sound of pruning shears before the festival. A torrent of cicada song marks the lingering end of summer, and the cry of the clear-toned cicada can be heard when the cool breezes of autumn begin to blow. The white sasanqua blossoms of the fall are double-petaled, the scent of the fragrant olive ubiquitous. And the small white flowers of an old camellia tree soften the hard winter.

Mumeisha: a place in today's world of continually expanding values where people with generous hearts can get together without regard to occupational differences and learn from the legacies of nature and of those who came before. There cannot be a more fitting name for this house than Mumeisha which means "the hall for casting light on the unnamable things of the present." □ *Translated by Elizabeth G Harrison*



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Continued from page 115) fact that a good many of them started out in group one. Still, they are a pleasant and gentle assembly of maniacs, one well worth joining. Native species are their ruling passion, but they have raised their consciousness so far that it has become an aesthetic. You will find them looking about the small, local nurseries that cater to their kind, poring over the minutes of a prairie conference, or ending over seed-heads beside country roads, along fence rows, in old cemeteries, or next to the railroad tracks. A California gardener even keeps careful note of the summer and fall brush fires in his region, so he can return the next spring in quest of native "fire followers" like the little red poppy *Papaver ulifornicum* and the bright golden-ardrops, *Dicentra chrysantha*, plants that seed only in burned-over ground. Given the ecological bent of such people, you might expect to find their gardens provided with only a few endangered species. Quite the contrary, theirs are more diverse than any made from a store-bought mix.

One virtue that all meadow gardens share—or learn to share—is patience. Whatever the ads may suggest, you cannot just scatter seed and jump back to avoid the sprouts. Most of the commercial seed mixes promise flowers within ninety days, and they are right enough, as far as that goes. The reason is that the mixes usually contain one-third to one-half annuals, assuring immediate color, barring an act of God: complete disregard of the cultural instructions. What happens after the first year is by no means as certain. Since most of the seed for such mixes is raised in the western United States or imported from Europe, the annuals may not reseed in other locations. Likewise, some of the perennials may not survive a cold winter. The best solution, fun for the continuing surprises brings, is to reseed every year or two with a new mixture or with the seed of individual species. Three years ago, Tina Beadle planted the half acre in front of her Long Island house with a carefully prepared seed mix. The results were lovely, if not spectacular. The next year, she experimented with a mail-order mix from a California company, and nothing came up. Undaunted, she ordered a dry-land mixture from a Colorado company, supplementing it

with a few species she particularly liked. The new season brought her a sea of poppies, bachelor's buttons, and sunflowers. For the coming year, she plans to plant masses of blue salvia, in homage to the fields of lavender she remembers seeing in Provence.

The purists—people who would choke at the thought that a single non-native species had found its way into their gardens—need patience of a different order. By choosing indigenous plants, they hope to create a meadow that will maintain itself, requiring only an annual mowing or burning to assure a lovely crop of flowers and grasses year after year. It's not impossible to get very quick results. You can buy mature plants for the garden from local native-plant nurseries, but the cost is typically ten times that of planting seed. The trouble with seed, especially with the more dependable perennial seed, is that it may spend several seasons just putting down roots. In the meantime, the garden looks rather like a weed patch. Bob and Mickey Burle-

son seeded a 35-acre meadow garden on their farm near Temple, Texas, with upward of one hundred species of forbs and grasses. They collected and broadcast almost all of the seed by hand, Mickey throwing it off the back of a trailer while Bob—whose asthma, he said, kept him from sowing—drove the rig. Some weekends, they started before sunrise and were still planting under the moon. "We took such pains," remembers Mrs. Burleson, "and the second year we felt like failures. We had heavy Johnson grass and not a lot else. Some of the perennials never even bloomed until the third or fourth year." Now that five more seasons have gone by, their prairie takes care of itself. Prairie gentian, prairie hyacinth, Maximilian sunflower, and penstemon stand out among the dozens of species that bloom.

When you have a four-hundred-acre farm as the Burlesons do, you can tuck away a 35-acre naturalistic prairie without too much trouble. Most of us must work on a much smaller scale.

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CALL OF THE WILDFLOWERS

This being the case, it is the rare gardener who doesn't ask, "Where can I put this thing?" and, "What will the neighbors say when I do?" I remember vividly my father leading me back through the roses to show me a lovely volunteer foxglove four feet tall. At that moment, he was prouder of it than of his hybrid teas and azaleas, his camellias and rhododendrons, but the thought of filling a garden with wildflowers like that would have made him unbearably anxious. How could he control them, and what would people say? The neighbors were mad enough about the compost heap.

Unfortunately, meadow gardening has the distinction of being the only form of horticulture that is actually forbidden in some towns. It pays to check with local authorities before you begin any really ambitious planting. It is too bad that this is the case, since the well-planned meadow is more often the victim of weeds than it is the source of them. At its best, the garden looks half wild, and it is more lovely for its combinations of flowers than for any individuals. The rosy purple blazing star shades into the pink monardas, the lemony stiff goldenrod into the deeper yellow of the black-eyed Susans. Before the meadow plantings have established themselves—usually during the first year or two—the show may very well be interrupted by invasive weeds, particularly late in the season. For this reason, it is important to mow or burn the meadow each year before the weeds have set seed.

Where you cannot afford an extensive wildlike planting, there are a number of ways to get a less conspicuous meadow effect. Some gardeners lay in a stock of meadow mixtures, strewing the seed on bare spots in the sunnier part of the garden. This method has the happiest results in informal border plantings, though for these you should avoid mixes that contain grasses and large, rough-textured forbs. If you do, imitate the perennial border, sowing lower plants to the front and larger ones behind. A bolder approach is to take a curvilinear chunk out of the lawn and convert it to meadow. Darrel Morrison, whose teaching at the University of Wisconsin spawned a whole generation of prairie gardeners, limit-

ed his own prairie to a small oval in his Madison backyard. There, he planted more than thirty species of native grasses and forbs, including Indian grass, big and little bluestem, prairie dropseed, blazing star, butterfly weed, whorled milkweed, showy goldenrod, leadplant, and pasqueflower. The prairie strikes its own unique note in the garden, but it leaves room for the children to play and it does not seem poised to conquer the neighborhood.

The front garden is another matter. So many people have replaced their front lawns with meadow in Milwaukee alone, that Lorrie Otto is able to lead a daylong bus tour to visit them each August. Since you can't really hide a street-facing garden during those first slow years, you ought to adopt a planting strategy. One option is to buy mature plants for the street side only, so passersby will exclaim over the flowers even during the first year. Behind them, you seed the remainder of the space, unperturbed that it may look weedy for a season or two. Another option is to replace the grass with meadow a piece at a time, so the neighbors can get used to the idea gradually. This method has another advantage, for you will be able to experiment with different soil amendments and watering schemes.

Sometimes the neighboring gardens will suggest a pattern of sowing. When landscape artist David Kropp created a suburban prairie garden in Peru, Illinois, he was faced with a Victorian flower garden to the left of him and a smooth table of manicured lawn to the right. A rough-and-ready mix would just not do, so he concentrated the showier flowers on the left flank of the garden and sowed a neat, thick flank of Indian grass on the right. The diversity of the planting did not suffer: he put more than sixty species into it.

Kropp mixes his own seed, using indigenous plants. He is wary of commercial mixes, and he has his reasons. They contain only about fifteen to thirty species, some of which are naturalized exotics or even garden hybrids. When the mail-order nurseries say "wildflowers," they mean plants with a wildflower look, not natives and not necessarily plants derived from wild seed. You can increase diversity by

adding mix to mix as the years go by, but you will discover that companies feature many of the same plants in different mixtures. Red and blue flax (*Linum grandiflorum* var. 'Rubrum' and *L. Lewisii*) are common, as are bachelor's buttons (*Centaurea Cyanus*) and California poppy (*Eschscholzia californica*). It is good to see, however, that the invasive weeds once included in some mixes have almost all been removed. These are flowers that, pretty as they may be, can take over the meadow and seek lebensraum elsewhere in the garden: purple loosestrife (*Lythrum Salicaria*), Queen Anne's lace (*Daucus Carota*), chicory (*Cichorium Intybus*), and some species of goldenrod. But don't reject a mix because you detect a suspicious-sounding common name. Check the Latin. There is a perfectly delightful Queen Anne's lace that is not a *Daucus* but an *Ammi*. And while the goldenrod *Solidago rugosa* may take over a northeastern garden, its brothers *S. nemoralis*, *S. odora*, and *S. flexicaulis* will not.

All of this is not to say that the commercial mixes look impoverished. Steven Davis has tested a number of them over the last four years at the American Horticultural Society's River Farm near Washington, D.C. He has been pleased with the results. Still, once you have had experience with commercial mixes, you will probably venture to buy individual species as a supplement or indeed to order all individuals and mix them at home. The major seed companies—Clyde Robin, Applewood and Environmental Seed Producer among them—all catalogue a range of species as well as premixed seed. Look especially at the color booklet offered by Environmental Seed Producers. It costs five dollars, but it pictures sixty different species, most of which are offered by all the firms.

If on the other hand you side with the nativists, you are better off going to a local nursery that specializes in indigenous plants. The problem is finding it. You can make a good start by sending to the National Wildflower Research Center in Austin, Texas, for your state's resource list. It details nurseries, mail-order firms, and local experts. Another resource is the New England Wildflower Society's nationwide guide



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COMMERCIAL & RESIDENTIAL ENCLOSURES

to nursery sources for wildflowers and native plants. Take a good deep breath before you begin, for soon you will be combing a tableful of field guides to confirm your pleasure in the *Dodecatheon Clevelandii* that has just come into flower. You will thrill at a call from the nurseryman at The Natural Garden, informing you that the rare Kankakee mallow is at last in stock.

In the end, perhaps, you will join the collectors of seed, learning where the pristine meadow, prairie, grassland, or savannah survives. Like the Bursesons, you may find yourself knocking at the doors of old Czech farmers who have long maintained small swaths of native prairie in the belief that prairie hay makes their stock sweat less. You must examine the plants carefully, so you will be able to recognize them from habit and leaf shape alone, once the

flowers have gone to seed. And how will you tell when the seed is ripe? Have the plumes on wind-borne seeds lost their iridescence yet? Has the seed-pod turned from waxy to dry? Can you still crush the seed too easily in your hand? When you slice a seed in two, is its interior watery, or has it become nice and doughy? Some seed will drop within a day or two of ripening. Have you tied paper sacks to each stalk to make sure you won't lose it?

Your labeled bags of seed are all around you now. One sort there looks like polished feldspar, another like cornflakes, some like tiny shuttlecocks or squid, a few like mere fingernail dirt, others like primitive flutes, still others like hedgehogs or grenades... and one or two look just like seeds. There is no pleasure like the feeling when these odd bombs at last burst into flower. □

A MODEST PERFECTION

(Continued from page 105) portioned windows symmetrically arranged around the front door, but asymmetrically set in the whole façade. These were salvaged from the demolition of an older bungalow nearby: using them all along the front opens the interior out into the garden, like a pavilion. In addition the subtle variations of color are not just arbitrarily decorative but designed to bring out the wooden trim that, arranged as an understated system of piers and architraves, emphasizes this as the main entrance to the house.

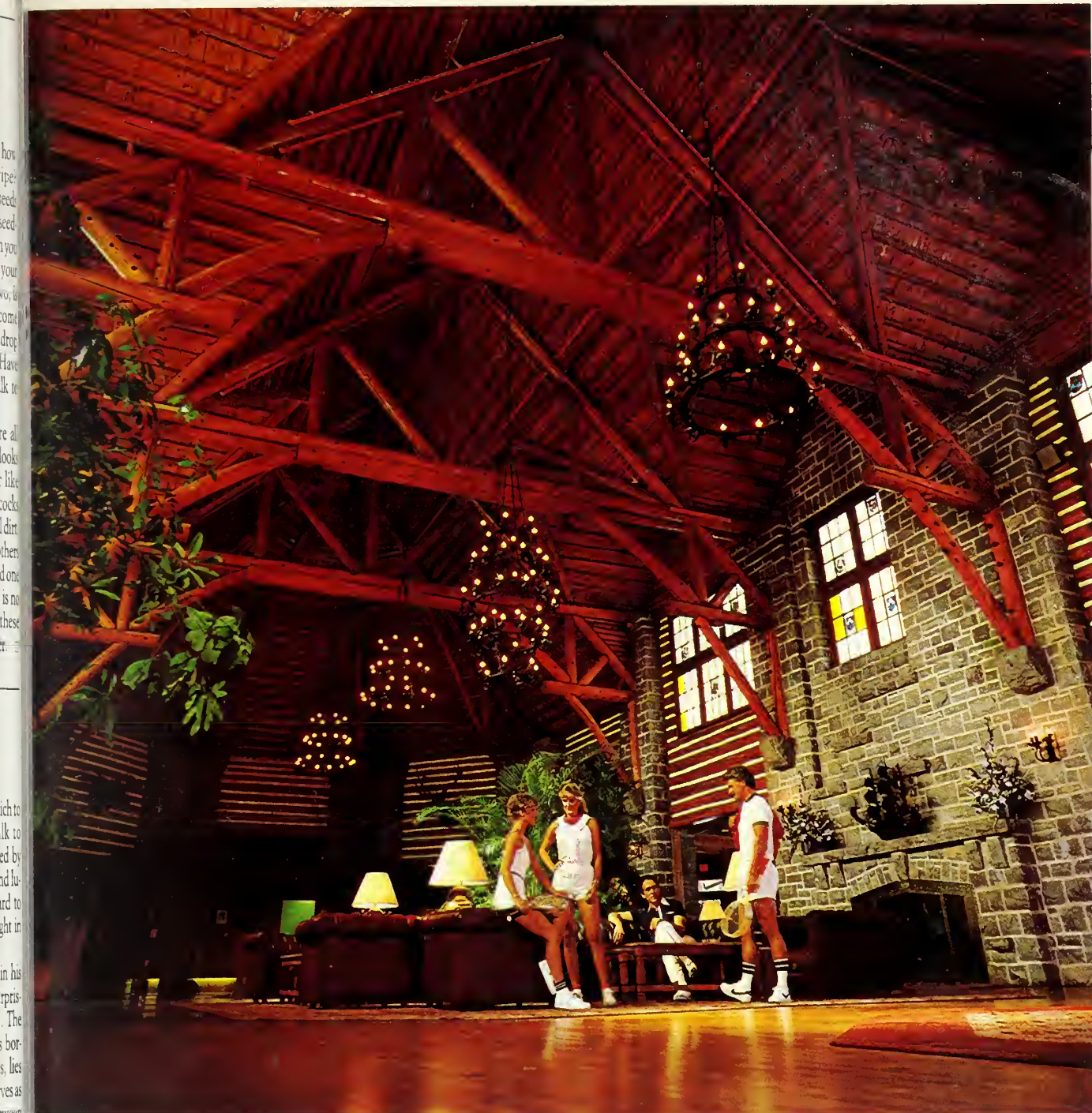
A similar unity of purpose in the choice of shape and color happens on a much more complex level inside. Originally divided into six miniscule box-rooms, it is now (except for the unexpectedly large bathroom) all opened out into a single space, ingeniously conceived as a main sitting area with areas off it which are partly hidden, and partly visible. To define this main "room" Buzz Yudell invented a kind of shifted and fragmented Baroque which takes the familiar ellipse of European palaces, makes it much too big for the space, moves it out of the diagonal, and finally breaks it up and scatters it around the room—leaving various oddly shaped alcoves be-

tween it and the outer walls in which to read, sleep, cook, eat, and talk to friends. The whole is then unified by the floor which, painted a pale and luminous gray, reflects light upward to give an added impression of height in the room.

In fact there are two ellipses in his plan, one inside, one out, each surprisingly large for such a small plot. The exterior ellipse, a curve of grass bordered by white-blooming shrubs, lies in the elbow of the garden and serves as a transitional outdoor room between the irregular bordered path of the entrance garden and a more private sitting-out terrace tucked around the side of the building.

The interior ellipse is much less conventional. Set askew within the rectangle of the old bungalow, it is aligned to pick up a diagonal axis that passes from the front gate through the glass entrance window and into the house. Too big to fit completely inside, however, its end pushes out under the front door and, spilling down in a series of widening steps, extends the interior space into the garden.

Even more daring is the way it is treated inside the house. In such a tiny space, a complete ellipse all round the room might well have been overpower-



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A MODEST PERFECTION

ing, and this one is thus fractured and scattered. Sometimes it appears only on the ceiling, sometimes on the floor. In one place only banquette seating holds the line, in another it is taken up by the curved inner face of a pillar. Here the cornice takes over; there the end of the bed extends itself twelve feet to get into the act. The idea of combining several surfaces and functions to suggest but not complete the outline is effective since the mind subconsciously seems to fill in what is not there. At points one looks around the room and finds the ellipse has actually disappeared altogether—leaving the dining-room table and chairs quite openly exposed.

But it is the leftover spaces that do most for the illusion of depth. From each of these there are diagonal views across the open ellipse and, by subtle changes of color and materials, each is made to feel like a separate room with its own character. Lying in the “bed-room,” for instance, it is possible to see through a sliver of space at the end of

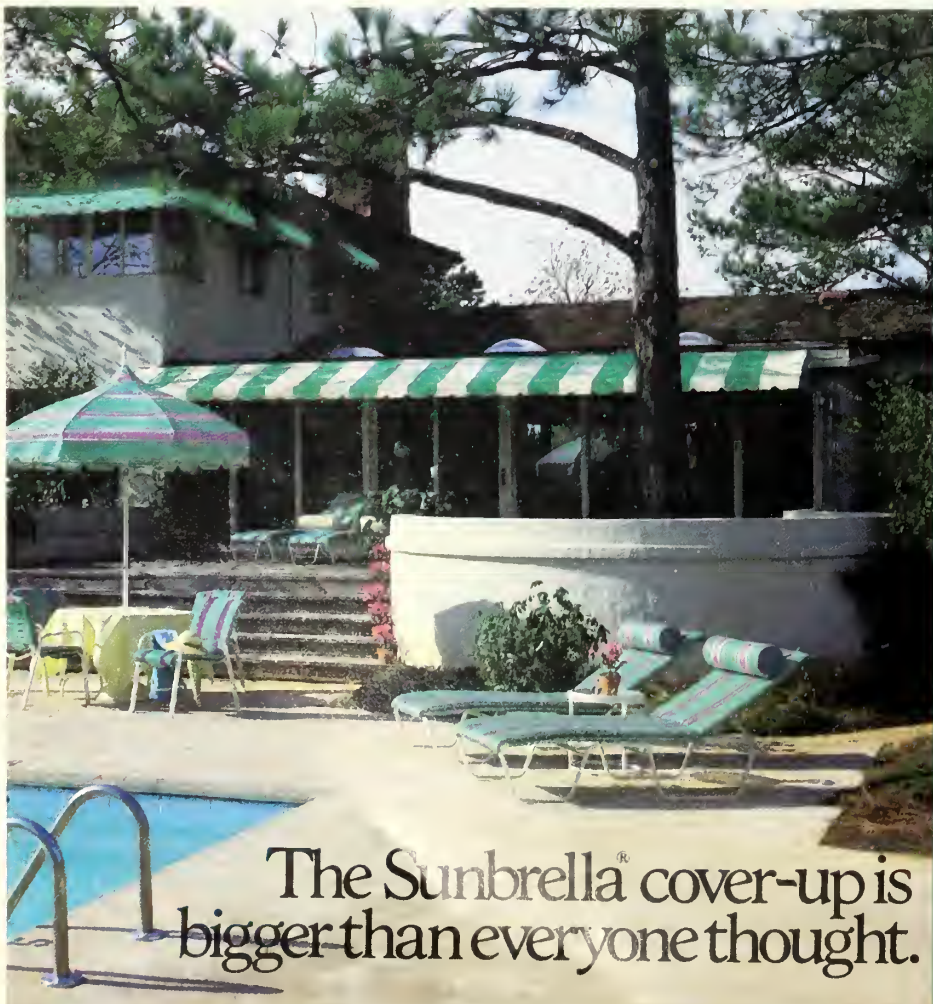
the bed into part of the ellipse and still remain hidden. The largest of the leftovers, its character is mysterious and contemplative because it has been painted in shadowy colors and its windows covered with rice paper to filter the light. A curving wall of books is mirrored into infinity on one side, on the other a short wall shields the privacy of the bed itself. But on the more public side of this same wall is the “library”: here light spills down from a hidden roof-light illuminating bookshelves painted a comparatively clear pink. Next to them a wide, triangular-shaped seat curves around to fill space between the ellipse and the wall and doubles as a bed for overnight guests.

Conceptually the ingenious doubling of functions which is so enjoyable in the house is close to a number of familiar ideas—from Buster Keaton’s bed-sit, to Frank Lloyd Wright and the Pullman car, to Kisho Kurokawa’s Tokyo capsules. As in a yacht, everything has its place—and needs to be kept in it. And the simplification of life that

this demands is close to Le Corbusier’s vision when, in his *Manual of the Dwelling*, he advised the world (or hopes with irony) to “take a flat on size smaller than the one to which your parents accustomed you. Bear in mind economy in your actions, your household management and your thoughts.”

The Yudells did this of necessity. What is unique is the grace with which they’ve managed it. Like that other design partnership of Charles and Ray Eames, they illuminate everyday things by the way in which they use them. An insignificant flower, a glass bottle, a dish of shells—any of these in Tina Beebe’s hands can seem exceptional. And to sit chatting in their ellipse with the pale floor gleaming and the doors and windows open to bring the warm scents of the garden indoors is enough to make all of life seem better. Ultimately it’s the sensibility of how they do things as much as what they do that makes them, and this little house, special. □

Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byro



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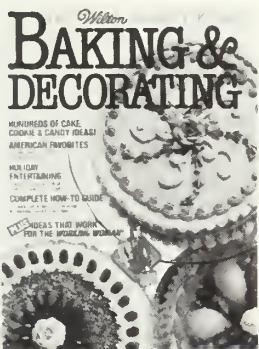
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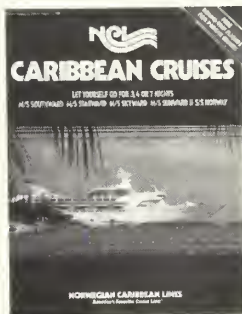
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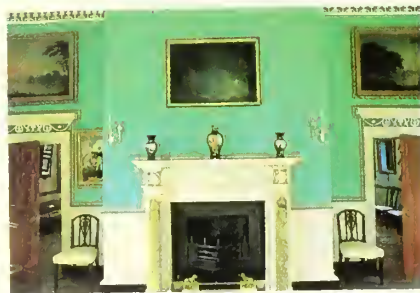
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HOME OF OUR FATHER'S PRIDE

(Continued from page 68) determine what colors had actually been used during Washington's time. Working with both physical and documentary evidence, Miss Meadows and Matthew Mosca, an architectural historian and specialist in restoration paint colors, found that the hues Washington decorated with were quite a bit brighter than had been previously believed. Taking some 2,500 samples and subjecting them to chemical analyses, Mosca was able to identify not only the precise pigments but also the chromachronology of three separate palettes used in successive repaintings of the mansion, datable to just before Washington's marriage to Martha Dandridge Custis in 1759; after his return from the Revolutionary War in 1786; and immediately following his retirement from the Presidency in 1797. The results of Mosca's investigations jibed perfectly with descriptions of pigments purchased in those years, and in keeping with the established policy of maintaining the house as it was at Washington's death, the last of the three color schemes was adopted.

But the painting was not accomplished without controversy. It has been known for some time that our Colonial forebears favored colors much more vivid than the muted pastels that for years have been considered "Early American." The fading of fabrics and the accumulation of grime on paint over the course of two centuries has dimmed their original values, and to eyes accustomed to a gentler spectrum of tones, the "new" schemes at Mount Vernon—verdigris in the two dining rooms, Prussian blue in the West Parlor, the Downstairs Bedroom, and the Nelly Custis Bedroom, and trompe-l'oeil wood graining in the Passage and the Study—seem striking, if not downright garish. More than one observer has insisted that "George Washington wouldn't have liked this." Yet in light of the incontrovertible proof that he in fact did, the strong negative reaction some people have had to the restoration must be attributed to the highly personal impression we have of the historical past.

Scarcely less contested have been the removal of varnish from the wood-



In the Large Dining Room, the marble mantel and Worcester porcelain garniture presented to Washington in 1785 by Samuel Vaughan, an English admirer.

en floors and the revised furniture arrangements. In keeping with the practice now followed in period reconstructions in museums around the country, the interiors at Mount Vernon are not nearly so crowded with objects as before. The postmortem inventory of 1800 has been strictly adhered to, even though some visitors familiar with the house before the restoration have found the results "barren." (It has been largely forgotten that even the rich had many fewer things in the days before the mass production of furnishings.) That perception of sparseness has been further accentuated by the return to the eighteenth-century practice of putting virtually everything around the perimeter of an interior. (As Peter Thornton's indispensable *Authentic Decor* amply illustrates, furniture by and large did not move into the middle of rooms until well into the nineteenth century.)

Understandably, there are still some gaps in our knowledge of what went where at Mount Vernon, especially in the realm of fabrics and carpets, the most perishable components of a room; none of the Washingtons' originals have survived. But surmise has not triumphed over common sense, and the conjectural window treatments, upholstery, and floor coverings tend toward the safe rather than the daring. The atmosphere throughout conforms to what its owner described as "my . . . republican style of living."

In fact, the interiors seem very like what we know about Washington the man. He towered over his contemporaries both figuratively and literally. The public rooms, especially the magnificent two-story-high Large Dining

Room, have a pronounced sense of verticality, imparting the uncommon stature (6 feet, 2½ inches) of the man who built them as much as Frank Lloyd Wright's low ceilings speak of his small size (5 feet, 8½ inches). The taste displayed at Mount Vernon is quite correct, formal, rather self-conscious, and somewhat stiff. Washington, though no faddist, kept abreast of the constantly changing London fashions in dress, design, and decorating, and was resentful when his purchasing agents in the English capital tried to fob off outmoded merchandise on him, as was often done to Colonial mail-order clients presumed to be too provincial to know the difference. The unexpected and the original were neither offered by the English nor sought at Mount Vernon. There propriety was the key, rather than the ingenuity and quicksilver brilliance that one can sense in the rooms Thomas Jefferson made for himself at Monticello. One of the few surprises at Mount Vernon is the Worcester porcelain garniture given to Washington by an English friend in 1785 and still in place on the Large Dining Room mantel that was part of the same present: though the three vases are painted on one side with predictable pastoral motifs, the other sides sport lions, tigers, and leopards.

Graciousness and generosity can be felt, but never extravagance, ostentation, or expenditure if none was needed. The Small Dining Room is centered by a fine mahogany table, the top of which was left uncovered during meals to show off the handsome wood. The Large Dining Room, however, was like the Great Hall of an English country house, used for multiple purposes: card parties, balls, and levees were held there, as well as banquets. Thus that room had no permanent dining table, and guests ate at a board-and-trestle arrangement draped with cloth to obscure the workmanlike improvisation underneath. The front shelves in the Pantry were painted the pleasing but costly Prussian blue, while the shelves in the less-visible storage room behind it sufficed with cheap, utilitarian black. Quality was prized, but thrift even more, as Washington's careful, even obsessive, accounting reveals.

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Vernon is the survival of its setting. Standing on the eight-columned piazza that commands a sweeping vista of the mile-wide Potomac River, one can enjoy a panoramic view entirely unencumbered by modern interventions. This is particularly unusual only fifteen miles south of our national capital. But well before suburban sprawl began to engulf the Washington area, steps were taken to prevent construction from marring the sylvan outlook that George Washington would recognize as readily as his house, even two hundred years later.

But nowhere is his presence more immediate than in the second-floor bedroom that he shared with Martha in the southwest corner of the house. It is

a very plain but commodious room, the only incongruously grand touch being the rather fussy Louis XVI ormolu-mounted clock (signed "Bruel à Paris") on the severe wooden mantel. Portraits of all four of the Washingtons' grandchildren line one white-washed wall, next to the four-poster bed in which the hero of his age breathed his last. On that freezing day, December 14, 1799, the grounds of Mount Vernon were blanketed in a mantle of white; two weeks later, the United States of America began the nineteenth century blanketed in a mantle of black.

As much as any building in America, Mount Vernon allows us today to understand both the similarities and dif-

ferences between our attitudes and values and those held by the founding fathers. More convincing than Colonial Williamsburg, more conventional than Monticello, more personal than Independence Hall, Mount Vernon can be seen as a built diary of the life of George Washington. His motto was *Exitus Acta Probat*—"the end proves the deed," but that is not to be misconstrued as "the end justifies the means" in its cynical, modern sense. Mount Vernon, where he ended his life and astounding career, is proof enough that no matter how far Washington traveled or how high he rose, this house always remained the center of his universe. □

Editor: Clare Rutbrauff Thomas

BY ARTISTS FOR ARTISTS

(Continued from page 134) narrow passage was important for me," says Ireland. "It communicates an almost claustrophobic anticipation of something." It's as though you were pulled by the hallway through the narrow aperture and then spilled into the apartment where your sense of space is further disoriented by the sight of Wilhite's triangular table fanning out vertiginously from a thirty-degree angle. Kitchen and bathroom are partitioned off by curvilinear walls of varying heights covered in corrugated metal panels. It is less for privacy than for a sense of mystery that the space was laid out as it was. With his longtime fascination for the channels and labyrinths of temples and tombs, Ireland wanted his "concourses of entry and egress" and the circuitous floor plan to "lead people through a miniature adventure."

Fussiness was avoided by Ireland's expedient approach to materials. His kind of experiment with the most direct route from unmanipulated commercially available building material to finished architectural product is more Dada than Post Modern. Eight-foot sheets of dry wall are screwed to the wall with the gap from the top of the dry wall to the ceiling left bare. The "negative molding" thus created lifts

the ceiling and adds character to an otherwise bland elevation. Elsewhere, metal corner beading, Phillips Screws, electrical light fixtures, and other underpinnings are left exposed.

The standard color of water-resistant dry wall happily saturates the apartment with its pale green hue. Ireland the environmental sculptor becomes Ireland the painter. He selectively sands a painted door to reveal its underlying layers of paint, scratches into the dry wall à la Cy Twombly here, expressionistically trowels on joint compound there. The floor is fir plywood, ripped into nine-inch-wide strips of random lengths, screwed down diagonally, and rubbed with a pale gray stain. Dry wall, floors, and nonmetal surfaces are coated with a polyurethane varnish. Without artifice or deception, Ireland has perceived and accentuated the tender green of a building material meant to be camouflaged, and achieved an informal yet refined elegance equal to the most soigné glazed wall treatment.

That the sun floats around the space in mesmerizing geometric patches of light by day is not accidental. Both Ireland and Wilhite use light and shadow as a physical component of their art. By night, Wilhite's galvanized aluminum

squares suspend a Suprematist void in the center of a luminous halo. These are juxtaposed to fluorescent circles and obliquely arranged bars. One begins to notice the interplay of sharp shadows with the simple geometry of the furniture, whose dimensions are tailored to the space. The daybed nestles into the triangular alcove, a graceful pie-shaped table marries the curve in the kitchen partition, triangular table and chairs manage to assert a presence without overwhelming the space. A geometric mirror hangs over the kitchen utilities, and the counters are made of broken slabs of one-inch pink marble recycled from the old wash-room stalls.

The net effect is expansive despite its size, and invitingly tactile and sensuous despite its bare-bones practicality. For all its rootedness in contemporary art ideas, the Jade Garden fulfills its promise. It's gentle restraint and serene beauty do indeed quiet all who enter and give them room for reflection. □

Editor: Lloyd Ziff

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(Continued from page 99) iors” or domestic scenes. (In contemporary Spanish *bodegón* has become an all-inclusive term for still life.) Velázquez produced only a small number of *bodegones* and only in his youth, before he became court painter to Philip IV, but he painted them with a vitality and evenness of hand that marks the true genius. With equal attention to detail he endowed his human subjects and their kitchen wares with the form and textures of their living models, thereby incorporating the reverence of a truly Spanish sensibility into a much larger picture of life.

This spring, assembled for the first time in America, two of Velázquez’s *bodegones* can be seen together with a significant selection of the still lifes of Sánchez Cotán and their contemporary painters from Madrid, thanks to the exhibition “Spanish Still Life in the Golden Age: 1600–1650” organized for the Kimbell Art Museum in Fort Worth by Kimbell Deputy Director Dr. William B. Jordan, with the collaboration of Sarah Schroth of the N.Y.U. Institute of Fine Arts. The juxtaposition of these paintings from the first fifty years of the genre, probably the most remarkable period, has only emphasized the absolute compatibility of Velázquez’s outstanding vision of his time with that of the other best early-seventeenth-century Spanish still-life painters because the latter’s non-anecdotal compositions all contributed to the same dramatic shift of focus from the universal to the particular that characterizes Velázquez’s work. Somehow these often small and always nonpolitical paintings manage to convey, across the centuries, the challenge of a new discovery and the excitement of a vital intellectual climate.

Looking back from our vantage point in the midst of a world where everything is observed and recorded, where photographs, paintings, drawings, movies, television, and even literature reproduce every detail of our modern life over and over again, and where artists force the issue of this media blitz by incorporating hyper-busy media images into their work, it is difficult to imagine much less empathize with a world such as Spain was until the close of the sixteenth century, a world



Grapes, Apples and Plums by Juan de Espinosa. Museo del Prado, Madrid.

without mechanical documentation. More particularly, Spanish artists produced surprisingly little self-conscious documentation. Although the Spanish empire had long wielded enormous international power, and the court was populated by a strong circle of intellectuals, until about 1600 Spain remained highly insular and wrapped up in a kind of mystical Catholicism that bred visions of saints, not naturalism.

We cannot really know the extent to which the private eyes of Spain had been focused on the heavens rather than on earth, but we *do* know that, even as the Renaissance flourished throughout Europe, the arts in Spain retained the abstract anti-material qualities of the middle ages. And further, that sixteenth-century Spanish painting was, to put it politely, not so good.

But the turn of the seventeenth century was a moment of truth. For a variety of reasons both political and cultural, in one of those confluences of intellectual and emotional energy that seem to happen only once a century anywhere in this universe, if at all, the Sleeping Giant woke up.

As Sánchez Cotán was painting his first sharp-focused true-to-life images of uncooked vegetables and game, Lope de Vega was writing his first plays featuring the lives and loves of common folk, and Cervantes was producing the epic *Don Quixote*—whose


impact would be equal in magnitude to that of Dante on Italian culture and Shakespeare on English. And not only the arts, but also the study of mathematics and the sciences flourished. Spain’s religious fervor would not disappear, but for the first time the insuppressible intensity that had characterized Spanish attention to the spiritual domain would be focused full force on the secular world as well. And all of these developments would be reflected in the modest yet spectacular art of still-life painting produced by Sánchez Cotán and his fellows.

The consistent theatricality of these pictures has already been mentioned, and Sánchez Cotán applied a geometric asymmetry to his compositions that many have thought linked to mathematical concerns of the times. And the flourish of finery that distinguishes van der Hamen’s pictures reflects a gourmet taste for pastries as well as an international array of glassware and pottery that reveals the sensibility of the court of Madrid under Philip III. Add to that Velázquez’s views of peasant life or Pereda’s *Vanitas*, and Spain’s complex culture begins to reveal its rich variety.

Contemporaneous documents report that the cognoscenti in Toledo and then Madrid lost no time in recognizing and supporting the vitality of these pictures, and the wealth of still-life paintings made during the first decades of the century more than testify to the artists’ enthusiasm; they must have loved the control that the medium allowed them to exercise over their subjects. Within the intimate confines of a still life, they could freely display their *ingenio*—that tour-de-force compositional and technical ingenuity so valued in intellectual circles of the time. What attracted the collectors then could likely be the same qualities that demand attention today, for the source of excitement of these pictures is not just visual; the physicality of their illusion is so hard to resist that the pictures also stimulate our senses of smell, touch, and taste to such an extent that they breathe a new life into us. Neither purely decorative nor didactic, these pictures invite us to become participants in their magic. □

The show is in Fort Worth through Aug. 4, then at Ohio’s Toledo Museum, Sept. 8–Nov. 3.

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THE LITTLE GARDEN THAT JUST GREW

(Continued from page 127) A lilac allée has now replaced it. Harold built his first dry stone wall; they introduced a thyme lawn and substituted a flowering hawthorn for the aluminum clothesline tree.

Shortly after this the swamp filled with rusting cars that lay in a hollow of the big meadow above the house was made into a pond. The strong horizontal line of the flat dam enclosing the pond anchors the garden's busy small stone walls and hundreds of plants. The view over the water leads your eye to the ocean of meadow grass beyond, and to the wooded hill, so the whole landscape becomes part of the garden. The pond is visible from much of the garden, but not from the house. To provide a water view, they added two small ponds below the dam, not more than twenty feet from the house. Starting with several two-ton rocks excavated from the bottom of the big pond, and a lot of Japanese iris, they soon created a water garden. Their latest interests, a rock garden and a scree (a sloping bed of crushed stone that duplicates growing conditions in high glacial moraines), lie above the water garden. Then they linked the perennial beds at the top of the hill with the water



Blooming in the scree (an Alpine slope) are miniature hypericum, edelweiss, and *Gentiana cruciata*.

at the bottom. Desperate experimentation with beautiful Victorian hybrid perpetual roses proved that only the hardiest shrub roses would survive Zone-4 weekend gardening. Consequently, the slope between the perennial beds and the ponds was dotted haphazardly with the tough veterans:

Rosa rubrifolia, *macrantha*, and *Harrisii*; the common moss rose whose soft green feathers surround every flower; pale 'Cuisse de Nymphé' (more modest in English—'Maiden's Blush') and 'Tuscany Superb', the deepest deep red. The connecting network of walls and terraces they built was planned around these large shrub roses.

These roses, the flowering hawthorn, a crab apple, and three evergreens are the only plants inside the garden over six feet—a real indication of how open it all is. The small changes of level, varied foliage, and alternating plant heights within the beds themselves, provide rhythm, and many surprises. Shelter is created to the north by the lilac allée, to the west by a low shrub border, and a *Rosa multiflora* hedge, pruned so severely that for once the arching canes are beautifully silhouetted. Perhaps *Rosa multiflora* is the best symbol of Pat Thorpe's talent: no longer a weed, its shorn spiny branches decorate vases in Manhattan, while in Otsego County it is the surprising neighbor of the crown imperial, a plant grown in cottage gardens for two hundred years that looks like a refugee from the tropical rain forest. □

A GROWN-UP COTTAGE

(Continued from page 118) and his then partner Jonathan Lanman, the barns were both inspirational and disciplinary. Brillembourg credits them with "saving me from building some crazy thing like all the rest. The barn as a found object had a strong presence and type so the rest of the architecture had to be at least as strong." Retaining the materials and simple forms of the barns was a prerequisite in the minds of both client and architects, but new forms, distinguished from the old by their white clapboard cladding, bring the house into our time and wash the interior with the one essential missing ingredient—light. Three sets of dormers now straddle the smaller barn,

which is given over to bedrooms for guests and the client's son. At the opposite end of the house, a new pyramid-capped master bedroom pops out from a corner of the living room.

But what delivers the house from the classification "nostalgic" is the glazed and gridded tower, whose vertical posture balances the strong recumbent mass of the barns. Above a gazebo-like dining pavilion is a retreat reached by way of an elaborate stair—reminiscent of grand old summer cottages—which links the interior spaces in a fanciful promenade. During the day the tower is a lookout across saffron-colored fields to the blue sea; at night, it is a lantern in the black landscape. From this

perch, one takes in the whole of the bright open space, below, of the larger barn, which is furnished simply to allow the many textures to dance ornamentally. The multipaned sash stacked up around the fireplace, the white-coated shingles, beams, and rafters balanced at ground level by beaded-board wainscoting, and the overscaled trellis render this space a cool porch in summer, a solarium in winter.

From the lofty vantage of the tower, the devices used to ensure privacy also become clear: the orientation of the house and its major windows toward the ocean and the grassy expanse to the south, the shrubs and fence around the far edge of the pool and cabanas, and

he privet hedges on the western border, which will eventually form an allée or the driveway and enclose the sweep of lawn.

"The highest merit of a villa or country house, after utility and beauty of form and expression is, that it be, as much as possible, characteristic of the country in which it is built." A.J.

Downing again, though it might just as well be the architects or client speaking proudly of this Sagaponack cottage. Brillembourg, with Lanman, has distilled the best of the shingle and clapboard local buildings and fashioned a thoroughly modern house that yet has "a domestic feeling . . . that purifies the heart." □

THE SUM OF ITS ARTS

Continued from page 81) of paler pink granite, which in form and tone further refers to the Breuer design below. The lateral development of the upper floors, which will give the Whitney a total of 40,000 square feet of gallery space for its permanent collection, is dignified by the shallow arch of the eyebrow window running the length of the Madison Avenue elevation. Above it are further setbacks for more offices and conference rooms, and at the very top, a new restaurant.

The Graves design is appropriately dignified, largely devoid of the nostalgic sweetness that has given some of his projects a coy charm not suitable for Manhattan. Though the upper half of the ten-story, 134,000-square-foot addition has a pronounced Italianate flavor (enhanced by another version of the pergola that has become one of this architect's most favored motifs), it is not out of keeping with the fanciful tops of the older buildings on the Upper East Side. The only elements that weaken the stoic monumentality of the overall design are the fake projecting beam-ends that imply a post-and-lintel timber structure rather than the real steel-frame system.

The layout of the interiors is logical and much simpler than many of Graves's floor plans, as welcome a trend as his stronger façades. The excessive stress on circulation that makes some Graves interiors seem like the products of a procession-mad Roman emperor has here been replaced by corridors and galleries much more open than had been feared, but enjoy-

ing the clear sense of direction that had been anticipated. The Whitney's core holdings—only one percent of which are now on view—will be mounted in spaces specifically conceived for each work (one of Graves's most convincing selling points) while the more flexible Breuer wing will take on the role of *Kunsthalle* for temporary shows.

Museum officials would like to see the new building completed in time for the sixtieth anniversary of the Whitney in 1990, but the \$37.5 million project still has several major hurdles (fund-raising aside) to overcome before construction can begin. Falling within the Upper East Side Historic District and the Madison Avenue Special Preservation District, it must be approved by the New York City Landmarks Preservation Commission, which will surely question the demolition of the less-than-memorable late-nineteenth-century brownstones now occupying the site.

But the important issue of maintaining context and continuity must always be evaluated in terms of the value of the alternative, and it seems certain that Michael Graves's new Whitney Museum will add much to the cultural richness of a city that has always seemed oddly short of architectural masterpieces. Its boldness is tempered by a real attempt at beauty, a goal no longer prized as highly as it once was in art and architecture. For the latter medium at least, this imaginative design promises to raise the Whitney from its unquestioned national stature to a new international eminence. □

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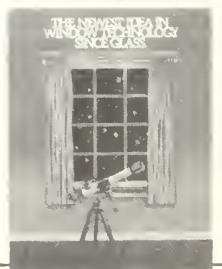
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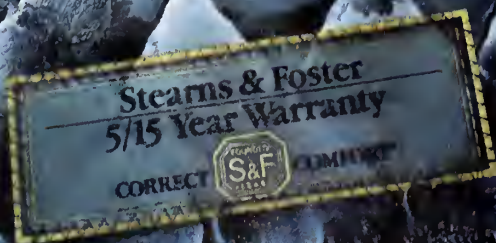
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